MY LADY'S SONG.

BY JOSEPH TRUMAN.

Sing again, O, lady mine,
Your rare dity of the Rhine!
Lovely visions rise and float
On the wave of each full note;
Silvery daybreaks brighten slow,
Sunsets blush on mountain snow,
Moonlight shivers on the sea,
Autumn burns in bush and tree,
And a charm lights everything—
As I listen and you sing.

Blowing willows bend and sigh,
Whispering rivers wander by,
Through the pines sweep sea-tones soft,
Sailing rooks shout loud aloft,
Wildfowl crooning cross the mere,
Throstles in the dawn call clear,
Vanished faces gleam and go,
Silenced voices murmer low,
Gentlest memories come and cling—
As I listen and you sing.

Ah! repeat the music's tale,
Love shall perish not, nor fail!
I forget the fear of death,
Breathe in thought immortal breathe
I believe in broadening truth,
In the generous creeds of youth,
In consoling hopes that climb
Up to some triumphal time,
And a dream of splendor bring—
As I listen and you sing.

THE OLD FLINT LOCK.

BY LARRY O'LEARY.

There is an old flint lock pistol here in my library which has an interesting history.

It was formerly one of a collection of antique firearms belonging to a family named Herbin. A number of unexpected deaths had reduced this family to an old grandmother, a young man named George Herbin, and an idiot boy called Morg, an abbreviation of Morgan.

To all the wealth of the family the idiot Morg was heir. He was a silly looking little fellow, who went around with his forearms projecting, his hands hanging limply, his head thrown back most of the time and his mouth wide open. He was 10 or 12 years old, sound in body, and would probably live to an advanced age.

This latter fact was a great aggravation to George, for in case of the idiot's death he would come into the possession of the estate. When he looked at the old mansion and the beautiful grounds, he became greatly exasperated to think that it all belonged to a person who had not the slightest capacity for enjoying it, while he, a man of educated tastes and much refinement, must spend his days in poverty.

George Herbin brooded on his misfortune until he became morose and sullen. Often he would watch the idiot boy for hours just for the pleasure of hating him. He heartily wished the child dead. "It would be better for him and for me," said George.

Morg's only pleasure was imitating the actions of those near him. Often he played in the yard and watched the people passing by. If he saw a man raise his hat to a lady, he would raise his very soberly as if wondering what it was for. He seemed to have a slight curiosity to know things, and occasionally even seemed to be trying to think. But no gleam of intelligence ever came to him.

However he never failed to imitate the actions of others. If he saw the gardener raking, he got a stick and went through the motions himself. If the gardener stopped to scratch his head, the boy scratched his, too. If the hostler curried the horses, the boy imitated him.

Through all the years that he had been able to toddle around this had been his constant employment. There was not the slightest probability that there would ever come to him a mental dawn. His silly laugh and laden eye remained always the same.

One day George was in the library. He was sitting in a great leather-cushioned chair. He had been trying to read, but his mind was full of dark and gloomy thoughts and he had hardly turned a page. Presently he heard a clatter of heavy shoes on the porch and on the threshold. It was Morg entering the room.

George did not look around. The scowl on his face grew darker. He was not a man of pure upright principles. He was one of those who, in favorable circumstances, will lead honorable lives, but when crowded to the wall by adversity, or for some reason made dissatisfied with their lot, will do dark deeds.

Thinking on this idiot boy as the only barrier to his becoming a wealthy man, was rapidly making George Herbin bad. He wished the boy were dead. Is it not a dark soul that can have such a wish?

Rising from his seat George threw the book on the floor and strode over to the mantle. Morg picked up the book and threw it down just as George had done.

George smiled wickedly, devilishly.

On the wall there were fastened some old swords and pistols. One of the latter had become loosened from its fastenings and lay on the mantle. George picked it up and turned it over and over, looking at every part attentively. It was an old duelling pistol and had been used in more than one encounter.

Morg reached up to get it, but he was not high enough; and George laid it down again.

Then he leaned his elbow on the mantle and fell to thinking. He was wishing as usual that the imbecile at his side were dead and that he were rich.

Suddenly George's face became very red, then very pale. His eyes stared fixedly at the old flint-lock pistol.

A terrible thought had come into George's mind. It staggered him for a moment, but his mouth soon took on that set expression which indicates determination.

The child was watching closely. George picked up the pistol, drew back the hammer, and held the muzzle close to his forehead.

It happened that there was a red birth mark visible where the muzzle touched. George usually had his hair brushed down over it, but it was now to be seen plainly. The child was watching closely. George pulled the trigger.

The sparks flew as the flint struck. The child laughed and again reached up for the pistol. George cocked it again and laid it on the mantle. Then he left the room.

When it was dark George entered the library, stealthily. By the mantle there was a chair as if a child had stood on it. The pistol lay near where he had placed it. The trigger had been pulled again and the flint was just over the open pan.

George drew a paper of powder from his pocket and poured a quantity of it in the pistol. Then he took a ball from another pocket and rammed it down. Some finer powder he placed in the pan. After cocking the pistol he replaced it on the mantle and left the house.

It was a bright moonlight night. There were many deep shadows of shrub and tree out on the lawn, and George strolled through them for hours, busy with his own thoughts. His dark, moody feelings were gone. He felt much brighter and looked to the future with pleasure. True, he felt a sense of guilt, for he believed the boy would find the pistol lying on the mantle the next day. What then? George shrugged his shoulders.

"Why should I care?" he thought. "The boy is a curse. He is a nothing. It will be better for all when he is dead. Why need I feel so? I have done nothing. If something should occur, am I to blame? Well, perhaps, a little. But who will know?"

But what if this "something" should not occur? Then what? Poverty and dependence. George's face grew dark.

However it was only for an instant. He was very sure.

Tired of walking, George sat down on a chair just outside the library window.

Meanwhile the brain of the little imbecile was more active than it had ever been before. He had climbed upon the chair, taken the pistol and snapped it, delighted to see the sparks fly. His nurse had found him there on the chair at dusk and had taken the pistol from him.

Morg was put to bed, but he did not sleep. He lay quite still for a long time until his nurse went away. Then he got out of bed laughing, for he was vaguely aware of having played a trick on her.

The great house was quiet and dark. He stole along the hallways, down the stairs, into the library. Climbing up on the chair, he soon had the flintlock in his hands. He got down and went over by the window where he could see his new plaything by the light of the moon. It gave him the greatest delight, and he was gently laughing in his silly way.

He reached the window without making a noise, for he was barefooted. Just outside sat George, wholly absorbed in his own thoughts. The moonlight shone on his forehead. The wind gently blew back his hair. There was the birth mark.

The idiot boy opened his eyes wider. That red spot on the white forehead was connected in his feeble mind with the muzzle of the old flintlock.

Slowly, as if not knowing just what he was doing, he lowered the pistol until the muzzle was within an inch of the man's head.

George had not heard a sound. Now he saw. He turned quickly to find himself confronted with the death he had prepared for another.

His wild, terrified expression frightened the child. There was a flash and a report. George fell back in his chair and a stream of blood flowed from his head near the red spot.

The idiot boy dropped the pistol, amazed at the report. Then he laughed and ran away.

George Herbin had reaped what he had sown.

The Tunnel Seemed Long.

A thrilling experience, although not ending fatally, was had by a railway mail clerk who acted as distributor on a local train, says the Washington *Star*. He had a car to himself, and at one station up in the Alleghany Mountains had left his car for a minute or two to run forward to the engine, which was taking water. The water tank was directly west of the great tunnel, and when the tender was filled and the train started the clerk sprang for his car. The entrance to the car was on the side and a solitary handle was grasped, whereby the clerk pulled himself up to the door. To his horror he found the door had been jarred shut and could not be opened from the outside, and the second that he discovered this fact the train shot into the tunnel. With a desperation born of a terrible death staring him in the face the clerk hammered and kicked on the door and shrieked aloud for help, but the noise of the train drowned his cries, and with both hands grasping the handle his feet on the iron step and his body glued to the side of the car, for fear of being dashed off by the jagged sides, he was carried through the tunnel.

As the tunnel is a mile long and the atmosphere therein is almost stifling this luckless mail clerk's experience can be better imagined than described. When the train shot into daylight again the engineer looked back, as is the custom, to see if his train was following all right, and discovered the clerk in his harrowing position. Quickly stopping his engine the engineer ran back, and with the assistance of the conductor, helped the almost demented man to the ground, where he utterly collapsed, the strain upon his nerves being too great. For six months he was under a physician's care, and after he had become a well man again, he said: "I thought that tunnel was ten miles long, and my head, I imagined, was hollow, with the dense smoke rushing in my mouth and nostrils and coming out of my ears like steam pipes. Whenever I think of that ride my brain reels and I feel myself crouching as I did upon the outside of the car during that horrifying experience."

How They Drive in London.

England is the only place I know of where they drive to the left. English drivers say that by sitting on the right and driving to the left they can better watch the hubs of approaching vehicles, and thus prevent collisions. I don't exactly understand this, but it is the explanation they give for driving to the left.

Quick-going vehicles will turn a corner sharply, but the driver raises his whip to notify the vehicle in his immediate rear that he is about to turn. "Cabbies" are more considerate concerning fellow-drivers than they are thoughtful about the lives and limbs of pedestrians. All their attention is given to the roadway. Pedestrians must look out for themselves or be run over. That is why so many of the Lodon police are engaged solely in attending to street traffic. Yet, with all their vigilance, more accidents occur in London proportionately, than elsewhere. London drivers are polite and very civil to each other. If an obstruction appears in front of a horse, or if for any reason, he is obliged to suddenly slow up, the driver will immediately notify the driver in the rear by holding out horizontally his left arm; and this sign is passed down from one driver to another until the very end of the line of blocked vehicles is reached.—*New York Home Journal.*

How to Pour the Sauce.

"Have you any idea why this Worcestershire sauce bottle has such a peculiarly shaped stopper?" asked a notorious bon vivant of The Man About Town the other evening over a bit of cold roast, a horse-radish jar and some "steins."

The Man About Town had often noticed the long, slender glass stopper, but had never wasted any thought as to its particular use. He ventured a guess that it was given that shape for the purpose of keeping the strength of the sauce unimpaired.

"No, that's not it. Not one person in a thousand can tell, not one person in a thousand knows how to pour out this sauce properly. If you simply pour the sauce out of the bottle, you are apt to get more than you want; besides, an untidy stream of the brown condiment will trickle down the side of the bottle and stain the wrapper. Now, take the stopper, hold it up against the mouth of the bottle with three fingers of the left hand and pour out the sauce. You can direct the sauce, limit the amount, and when you are through not a drop of it will flow down the neck of the bottle. This is the decantation principle in chemistry.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Pretty Certain.

A well-known Detroit millionaire was saying to his confidential clerk the other day: "Now I've arranged those papers for my wife and children all right so that if I die—"

"*If* you die," interrupted the secretary, "say *when* you die; there's no *if* about dying."

THE man who is true to the best he knows will do to trust anywhere

REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

Importance of Small Farms—An Important Subject for Farmers to Discuss—How to Make a Drinking Fountain for Poultry—Live-Stock Notes—The Dairy, Household, and Kitchen.

THE FARM.

Roads.

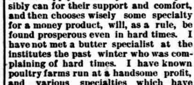
ONE of the most important subjects that farmers can discuss at their institutes is the improvement of country roads. Within the last quarter of a century marvelous improvements have been made in railway and ocean transportation, but within that time there has been little or no progress in the making or improving of common country roads. Railroad transportation rates have been reduced until it costs no more to carry a bushel of grain to the seaboard than it does to haul it the average distance from the farm to the railroad. It does not look very well, then, to be grumbling about freight rates when there is such an enormous waste of power dragging loads of grain from the farm to town over bad roads. Good roads would greatly lower the cost of transportation, and bring the farmer nearer the market. In no better way can the selling value of the average farm be increased than by good roads. The popular way to make any expense abhorred is to show it up as a tax. A very good application of this can be made to bad roads. Some of the taxes about which the farmer is urged to grumble are utterly insignificant in comparison with the indirect taxation of the bad road over—and often through—which he hauls his products to market. It costs money to build good roads, but they are worth all they cost. It costs a good deal more to travel over bad ones than it does to build good ones. One of the best things the farmers of any community could do for themselves and the common welfare is to unite and thoroughly improve the highways. The best methods of doing this should be discussed and decided upon at the institutes, and organized efforts made to carry out the improvements.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Importance of Small Farms.

The most successful farming I have ever seen has been on small farms, says Waldo F. Brown in *Country Gentleman*, and in my own practice the most profitable and pleasant farming I ever did was on a farm of forty acres. A majority of farmers, I think have too many acres, and would make more money and do less hard work if a part of their land were sold and the money invested in improving the acres left. Many farmers act as though they considered the great object in life to die possessed of many acres, while undoubtedly it ought to be to enjoy comfort as they pass along their journey. I have had a chance to contrast the large and small farms to some extent the past winter, and I have been confirmed in the opinion that as a rule the man with a small farm has less care and a larger per cent of profit than one with a large farm. On a large farm there is a loss of time in drawing the crops, taking out manure, and in getting around to feed stock, and the owner cannot give that personal attention to which the owner of a small farm can, and as a consequence there must be innumerable small losses which aggregate a large sum. The man who manages a small farm, first to supply his family all that he possibly can for their support and comfort, and then chooses wisely some specialty for a money product, will, as a rule, be found prosperous even in hard times. I have not met a butter specialist at the institutes the past winter who was complaining of hard times. I have known poultry farms run at a handsome profit, and various specialties which have brought comfort and competence to their owners. The family with a full supply of fruit, vegetables, poultry and dairy products, meats and breadstuffs supplied by the farm, and which has a surplus of each to dispose of to pay bills, can live easily and comforably on a small farm, and will not need to cultivate a great breadth to meet expenses, for these can be kept down to a low limit. It is not the acres we cultivate, nor even the bushels of grain produced, that determine the profit of farming, but the most important factor of all is the art of production, and next to that is the wisdom with which we feed and sell the products of the farm. A common mistake and one which often means lifelong bondage for the farmer and his wife is to buy a second farm after they reach middle life and run in debt for a part of it and increase their cares and labor without increasing their net profits.

Ditcher for Surface Drainage in Wheat.

The generally accepted opinion among leading farmers is that land for winter wheat should not be plowed near the time of sowing, but should receive frequent shallow cultivation and be compacted as much as possible. This top cultivation naturally fills up the furrows. To re-open these use a ditcher. Easily made and costs little. This implement used before—not after—the drill will lift the soil out of the furrows and the wings will spread it back evenly, leaving the land nicely rounded to be crossed at right angles by the drill, and the little channels made by the feet of the drill should be left unmolested to form a ready exit for superfluous water. Description: A—pole 7 feet long, 10 inches in diameter. B—wings 4 feet long and 4 inches by 1½ inches, screwed to the upper part of A with one or two braces further back. C—point, the foot of an old cultivator will do. D—about 2½ feet of old sleigh shoeing attached to A and C by the same two bolts. E—piece of old saw or sharp edged tool projecting downward through A to act as a rudder. Total cost: A little ingenuity, one and one-half hours' work and a blacksmith's bill of 45 cents.—*J. H. Cannon, in Practical Farmer.*



Livestock Notes.

The following notes on stock are from the columns of the *Northwestern Farmer.*

In the Summer at least, mill feeds can be purchased and fed to pigs with profit.

If you are breeding pigs to sell young raise the ones most sought for in your vicinity.

Wheat middlings is a good material for growth, and corn one of the very best to fatten.

Pigs naturally have a strong, quick digestion when it is not over crowded or clogged.

Improper feeding of the dam often causes serious disorders with the pigs. Use care in this respect.

With pigs, young animals give a better return for the food given than those that are more matured.

Breed, feed, fatten, and market the hogs young. This is the surest way of clearing the most profit.

If you are feeding for profit see that the pigs have a good pasture, fresh water, and a comfortable shade.

Properly fed out a ton of wheat middlings will go farther in making growth with pigs than a ton of corn.

One advantage in letting pigs have the run of a good pasture is that they will usually take all needed exercise.

When they can be secured at a reasonable cost threshed oats make a splendid feed for a young growing pigs.

The secret of good breeding is that the extra food digested goes to profit while if there is no gain it is wasted.

It is poor economy to keep a pig poor and lean all summer in order to give him a good appetite for corn in the fall.

Young growing pigs crave a variety of food, and it can be given in their slops to a better advantage than in any other way.

The sow or boar that has nothing to recommend it but pedigree, should be fattened and marketed as soon as possible.

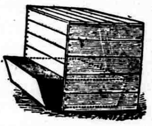
THE POULTRY YARD.

Packing Eggs.

After procuring baskets of light, tough material and proper sizes, writes F. E. Nuss to *Fancier and Farm Journal*, I place a lining of two or three thicknesses of paper on the sides and bottom of basket. Place a layer of Excelsior three-fourth or one inch deep in bottom, then take each egg and wrap it separately in one or two thicknessess of paper (any kind of tough paper will answer.) Taking a small bunch of excelsior wrap each egg, seeing that it is completely covered with a thin layer. Place them in the basket close together large end down, as they will stand long transportation and rougher usage better in this way than any other. When they are all in, press excelsior between sides of basket and eggs; then put a lawyer of same on top of eggs one to one and a half inches thick; then lay two or three thicknesses of paper on this. Take strong muslin, cut out a piece a little larger than the inside of the basket. Take a strong needle (a small sack needle is best) and twine, and sew through the sides of the basket and edge of muslin, drawing the muslin down tight. Now, fasten your card on the muslin; tie shipping tag, with purchaser's name and address, on the handle of basket. Then you have a package that you may feel sure will reach its destination safely, if any of them will. The lining of the basket and the wrapping of the eggs with paper may be dispensed with later in the season, when danger of the eggs becoming chilled is passed.

Drinking Fountain.

Charles I. Junkin, in the *Practical Farmer*, thus tells how to make a drinking fountain for poultry. Materials: An old or new baking pan, the larger the better, and an old box, large enough to hold the pan. Run the pan into the box like the bottom drawer of a bureau, allowing it to protrude two inches, and then board up the rest of the box. Six advantages: 1st. Cheap. 2d. Easily made. 3d. Shaded from the sun. 4th. Cannot be upset. 5th. Water cannot be soiled. 6th. Easily filled and easily cleaned.



Poultry Notes.

Never expect hens to pay for themselves in winter unless you give them a little extra care.

Never fail to have a good supply of gravel where it is available for use when the snow is on the ground.

Never begrudge a few dollars for some fresh blood each year, for it will always be worth more than it cost you if you get the right stuff.

Never cheat yourself with the idea that there is as much profit in an old hen as there is in a young one. An old hen will lay quite likely, but not so many eggs as will a young one.

Never feed your chickens three times a day, twice is often enough unless it be in cold stormy weather, when it is a good plan to throw a handful of fine grain in the straw and litter at odd times to keep the hens busy.

Never forget that every poultry fancier has his hobby and that each and every breed has its merits, but the fowl that can stand the test of the common market is the fowl for the poor man.

THE DAIRY.

Aerating Milk.

The system of aeration, or cooling milk by air, as it passes through the milk, cools every drop and removes all the odors and gases. When we surround milk with ice and cold water, we reduce the temperature before the animal heat and gas has been displaced from the milk. So soon as the milk gets back to the temperature of the outside air, the gasses re-act and rapid fermentation soon spoils the milk.

Never apply cold water or ice to milk until it has first been aerated.

This great invention of aerating milk not only removes the heat, odors and gasses, but will largely neutralize the bad effects of impure water or impure food.

If milk were properly aerated before being taken into the system, the liability of sickness from that cause would be removed.—*Grange Homes.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

A little salt will bring up a low fire if thrown on.

Pine floors can be treated to a coating of boiled linseed oil.

A dulled steel pen can be improved by heating it in a gas jet.

Scratches on furniture can be rubbed with beeswax melted in linseed oil.

A bag of charcoal hung in a cistern of water will absorb all the bad odor.

Good lap rugs for use when washing a baby are made of Canton flannel.

Kerosene oil will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

To keep butter hard, without ice, take a new flower-pot, wash it clean, put it in a wet cloth, and set it over the butter.

Salts of lemon—equal parts of powdered oxalic acid and tartaric acid—applied to rust and ink spots on clothing will remove them.

To destroy the odor of paint in a newly painted room, put a handful of fresh hay in a bucket of water and let it stand in the room over night.

THE KITCHEN.

Kitchen Recipes.

Cream Candy.—Three cups of white sugar. A little more of water than enough to cover. Do not stir while cooking. Let it boil till it ropes, then before taking it off the stove add a teaspoonful of cream of tartar moistened with the flavoring you choose. When cold, pull it until perfectly white.

Potato Croquettes. — Season cold mash potato with pepper, salt and nutmeg. Beat to a cream with a tablespoonful of melted butter to every cupful of potato. Bind with two or three beaten eggs, and add some minced parsley. Roll into oval balls, dip in beaten egg, then in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot lard or drippings. Pile in a pyramid upon a flat dish, and serve.

Chocolate Creams.—Two cups of white sugar; one-half cup of water. Cook rapidly twenty minutes. Turn out on a platter, and with a large spoon stir until cold—when it will be cream. Butter the fingers and work it up into small balls, stick upon a large pin and dip into chocolate set over a steamer and melted; lay upon a greased platter to dry.

Molasses Cookies.—Three cupfuls of molasses and two tablespoonfuls of soda stirred together to a froth; add three well beaten eggs, a cupful of lard, a teaspoonful of ginger, and one of salt. Stir stiff, mix very stiff; they cannot be too stiff. Good ingredients are necessary to make these cakes nice.

TOUCHING HEART-STRINGS.

Away Back in Her Past She Heard the Patter of a Baby's Shoe.

I was rambling through a quaint, crooked old street in old New York the other day, and I found a quaint, queer old place to match the street. It was a little old building of wood, battered and time-worn, a relic of the last century. It was crowded full of such goods as the poor and lowly have to part with when the blood chills for want of fuel and weakness comes from want of food. There were poor and ragged clothing, old boots and shoes, quaint old hats and caps, bedding, tinware, hardware, window curtains, rugs, tools—a veritable museum of relics, and each and every article having its tale of want and discouragement, of woe and misery. Aye! even as I elbowed about, seeking I knew not what, a forlorn-looking woman came in with a worn and faded shawl and sold it for money to buy bread.

And by and by, as I rummaged about, I found something to take away with me—a baby's shoe! Do you smile? Well, God made us to go each his way, and each and every one to work out his own mission. It was a red morocco shoe, old and worn and faded—a shoe which had covered the chubby foot of somebody's baby as he crept about the floor or stood on his feet beside a chair. Not some rich mother's baby, but the offspring of some mother whose days and nights were terrified by the presence of cold and hunger. That wee shoe told me the story of a garret room—of hope and despair, of misery long drawn out—of a mother's love and a mother's broken heart. I wanted it to lay away among my relics, so that I might look at it now and then when men told me that the world no longer had a heart. At the door as I went out I stumbled against an old woman half helpless from drink—a woman whose red and bloated face and scandalous tongue would have shamed the lowest vagabond of New York's lowest dive.

She struck and kicked at me. She dared me to fight. She showered oaths and sneers and gibes at me until I was too astonished to move away. I had that baby shoe in my hand as she railed at me. Her eyes were red and inflamed and I thought her half blind. All at once she ceased her vituperations, bent forward for a closer look and asked in a woman's soft voice:

"Is it a baby's shoe you have there?"

"Yes."

"And you found it?"

"In the store here."

"Give it to me! Please give it to me! I'm sorry for what I said. I didn't mean a word of it. Please do a poor old body a kindness!"

"And do you really want this little shoe?" I asked.

"I do! Please sir, but I'm old and poor! It's a bit of a wee, red shoe, and it's worn at the toe, and—and please give it to me!"

I handed it to her, and she sat down on the step and hugged it in both hands and rocked her body to and fro and wept and crooned and talked to it as a mother might to a living child. Curious, wasn't it, and yet it was not curious. Men may tell you that human nature can be degraded until every sentiment worthy of humanity is burned out of the heart. It is not true. You have only to touch the right chord and the heart will open and the tears come, and the evil passions are slow in taking root again.

Old—sinful—degraded—and yet, as I listened to her crooning and saw her tears fall I wondered who of us dared to judge her—who dared to even blame her for being what she was. Away back in the darkness of the past she heard the pit-a-pat of baby's shoes as he learned to walk. There may have been the curse of drink—the stings of poverty—the midnight of despair. God alone knows how much she suffered and what she has endured. The world thought her a vicious old hag, steeped in vice and wickedness, and men and women stopped and looked on in wonder as the little red shoe touched the chord so long silent and opened the heart of a wife and mother. And so, while I have not added to my store of relics, it may be that the angel of record has turned the leaves of his book and given humanity another credit-mark to count at the last day.—*New York World.*

American Women and Men.

American is the direct descendant of Irish beauty; the lovely hair, teeth, eyes, and complexion of Erin's daughters transplanted across the Atlantic derived in the second or third generation, from change of climate and diet and various other favorable influences, a character of refinement (as well as inter-marriage with Americans) which is not Irish; the features become sharper, the figure lighter, the hands and feet smaller, and the whole result is that delicate and brilliant beauty; remarkable alike for elegance of form and vividness of color by which American women are distinguished.

You ask me if American men are like the English. No; American gentlemen are a cross between the English and French men, and yet really altogether like neither. They are more refined and modest than Frenchmen, and less manly, shy, and rough than Englishmen. Their brains are finer and flimsier; their bodies less vigorous and robust than ours. We are the finer animals and they the subtler spirits. Their intellectual tendency is to excitement and insanity, and ours to stagnation and stupidity.—*Fanny Kemble.*

Why the Screw Was Reduced.

It is always a matter of surprise to the uninitiated that so small an object as the regulation screw can send a huge ocean steamer through the water at twenty miles an hour. The small size of the screw is not due to the perception of any inventor of its greater effect as compared with a larger one, but purely to accident. At first screws for steamers were made as large as possible, it being the theory that the greater the diameter the higher the speed. A vessel was placed on Lake Erie with a screw so large that it was deemed best to cast each blade in two parts, and then weld them together. During a storm all these blades of the propeller broke at the welding, reducing the diameter by more than two-thirds. To the surprise of the captain the vessel shot forward at a speed such as had never been attained before. Engineers then experimented with small propellers, and discovered that they were much more effective than large ones. Had it not been for that accident we might have gone on using the large-bladed screws to the present day.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Couldn't Fool Her Papa.

The daughter of a well-known Detroiter has been in love for a year or more with an Eastern youth, and he did not like it at all. The other morning he called her into his library.

"What do you want to marry that fellow for?" he inquired. "He has no visible means of support."

"Oh, yes he has, papa," she protested, with a queer little smile which he did not fail to note.

"Don't try to work any of your funny business on me, my child," he said sternly. "I know exactly what you were going to give me, but it will not go. His father is not in it. He left town yesterday with all the bank's funds he could get his hands on, and to-day he is the most invisible man on the whole list of our acquaintance."—*Free Press.*

Too Thin.

"It is astonishing," remarked Sam Cooly at the breakfast table, "how extremes meet in this world."

"To what extremes do you refer, Mr. Cooly?" asked the landlady, who was pouring out the coffee.

"Well, you, for instance, are very stout, and the coffee is so very thin," and he stirred up the mixture and smiled in a sickly sort of a way.

"It's not as thin as your excuse for not paying your board bill regularly."

Sam has not said coffee since.

How's Your Liver?

A very unnecessary question to ask a man whose skin and eyeballs are saffron-tinted. Of course his tongue, too, is furred, bowels constipated, head bothered with aches, right rib region plagued with constant uneasy sensations. These you may take for granted, although he may not particularize them, because they are among the invariable accompaniments of liver trouble. Are they chronic? If so, you may be sure he does not, as he ought to do, take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading regulator of livers that are out of order. Commend it to him as highly as you please, you can't say a word too much in its behalf. Sick headaches, constipation, nausea, dyspepsia, and the yellow hue of the skin speedily depart when this reliable corrective is resorted to. Malaria, rheumatism and la grippe are also among maladies which it remedies and prevents. A wineglassful three times a day confers appetite and digestion.

Liberty.

No creature that God made on earth has so little liberty to do as he pleases as man, unless he pleases to obey natural laws.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

Each week a different three-inch display is published in this paper. There are no two words alike in either ad., except One word. This word will be found in the ad. for Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, Little Liver Pills and Wild Cherry Bitters. Look for "Crescent" trade-mark. Read the ad. carefully, and when you find the word send it to them and they will return you a book, beautiful lithographs and sample free.

If troubled with a headache try the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.

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

When the Japanese hitch a horse in the street, they do so by tying his four legs together. Hitching posts are never used in Japan or Corea, except by foreigners.

Stop That Headache—Hubbard's Capsules cure headache, aids indigestion. No cure, no pay. Mail, 25c. H. C. Hubbard, Humboldt, Ia.

A false report does not last long, and the life one leads is always the best apology for that which one has led.

ALBERT BURCH, West Toledo, Ohio, Says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Mrs. Mary Lowell, of New York, a practical electrician, has invented a contrivance by which she is enabled to light her kitchen fire from her bedroom.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

AUGUST FLIES.

The average life of a tradesman is about two-thirds that of a farmer.

We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.

It is better to try to make your home heaven than to try to make heaven your home.

By means of a powerful jet of compressed air a German engineer drives dry cement down into the sand or mud at the bottom of a stream so that the water immediately fixes the cement and it becomes like solid rock, suitable for foundations.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

At the head of all blood-purifiers is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. But it's different from all of them. Whatever is claimed for this, it's *guaranteed* to do. The money is refunded in every case where it fails to benefit or cure. It's because it *is* different that it can be sold so. All diseases originating from a torpid liver or impure blood yield to it. It cleanses and purifies the system, freeing it from all manner of blood-poisons, no matter from what cause they have arisen. For Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofula, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, or any blood-taint or disorder, it is an unequaled remedy. Nothing else can take its place.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol to inebriate, and no syrup or sugar to derange digestion.

It's a concentrated vegetable extract; put up in large bottles; pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children; works equally well *all* the year round.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5.
Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

PILES ANAKESIS gives instant relief, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price, $1; at druggists or by mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

Summer Weakness

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, and That Tired Feeling, are cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Soap
that
Cleans
Most
is Lenox.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequaled as an

Anti-Bilious Medicine.

Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25 cents. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

"Hang It All." Funniest puzzle out. Brand new. Placed on sale everywhere, August 5, 1891. Advance orders reached 500,000! Sells itself. Pleases Papa, Mamma laughs, Tommy tries it, Kittie can do it. $5.00 worth of pure fun for 15c. Agents wanted; sell hundreds daily. Mailed postpaid on receipt of price.

PARKER-WENDELL CO., Mfrs. Minneapolis, Minn. **Can You Do It?**

WE SHIP
THRESHERS COAL
Throughout the Northwest.
COAL RUN COAL CO.,
Streator, La Salle Co., Ill.

HIRES
ROOT BEER
THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK.

Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful Picture Book and Cards sent free to any one sending their address to The C. E. HIRES CO., Philad'a.

PENSIONS—Due all SOLDIERS! ¼ disabled. $2 fee for increase. 25 years experience. Write for Laws. A. W. McCormick & Sons, Washington, D. C. & Cincinnati, O.

LOUIS BAGGER & CO. are the Oldest, Most Efficient, and RELIABLE PATENT SOLICITORS in Washington, D.C.

Dr. WOOD, 413 Fifth Street, SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Regular Graduate in Medicine—20 *years hospital and private practice*—10 in *Chicago and New York*—Established in Sioux City Nine Years—is still treating all Private, Nervous, Chronic and Special diseases, Spermatorrhæa, Seminal Weakness (*night losses*) Impotency (*loss of sexual power*), and all Female Diseases, *Irregularities, etc.*—Cures guaranteed or money refunded—Charges fair. Terms cash. Age and experience are important. No injurious medicines used—*No time lost* from work or business—Patients at a distance treated by mail—*Medicines sent everywhere free from gaze and breakage*—*State your case* and send for Opinion and terms—Consultation strictly confidential, personally or by letter—Dr. WOOD has the largest Medical and Surgical Institute and Eye and Ear Infirmary in the West—Rooms for patients at fair rates, facilities to meet any emergency—A Quiet Home and *best care and skill for Ladies during Pregnancy and Confinement*—Send 4c. postage for Illustrated BOOK and MEDICAL JOURNAL. (☞Mention this paper.)

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to any-one wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Illinois State Medical Institute.
103 State St., Chicago.
Chartered by the State.
Authorized Capital $150,000.
Conducted by a Full Staff of Physicians, three of whom are noted German Specialists.
FOR THE EXCLUSIVE TREATMENT OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.
Ample Facilities for Room and Board.

Each Disease treated by a Physician, who makes it a specialty; five of our staff receiving their education and experience in Europe, where a Doctor must study seven years instead of three as here. If afflicted with *Catarrh, Consumption, Asthma or any Lung Trouble*, consult our Specialist. Our treatment of *Stomach, Liver, Heart and Kidney Troubles* has no equal.

Rheumatism, Goitre, Tape Worm and all Skin Diseases treated.

Our German Eye and Ear Specialist has cured many cases when pronounced incurable.

Our treatment for *Epilepsy, Paralysis and Nervous Troubles* has met with wonderful success.

Delicate Diseases of Men or Women have had special provision made for their treatment.

Strictest privacy maintained and all communications confidential.

CONSULTATION FREE.
If afflicted with any disease address in any language
ILLINOIS STATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
103 State Street, Chicago.

DR. HARTER'S TRADE MARK LITTLE LIVER PILLS

DO NOT GRIPE NOR SICKEN. Sure cure for SICK HEADACHE, impaired digestion, constipation, torpid glands. They arouse vital organs, remove nausea, dizziness. Act like magic on Kidneys and bladder. Conquer bilious nervous disorders. Establish natural DAILY ACTION.

ACTUAL SIZE.

Beautify complexion by purifying blood. PURELY VEGETABLE.

The dose is nicely adjusted to suit case, as one pill can never be too much. Each vial contains 42, carried in vest pocket, like lead pencil. Business man's great convenience. Taken easier than sugar. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent."

Send 2-cent stamp. You get 32 page book with sample.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

EVERY PRINTER
SHOULD USE THE

RAW-HIDE
MALLET.

The Only Safe and Reliable Mallet to Handle Over Type. It Will Not Split or Chip Off. It Will Not Batter Type nor Scratch Cuts. It Will Last a Life-Time with Ordinary Care.

This mallet is made of the best hickory and covered at each end with thick raw hide, which is forced on to the wood by hydraulic pressure. So firmly is the raw hide bound to the wood that no splitting or cracking is possible. The raw-hide covering is one-half an inch in thickness over the ends of the mallet, and extends back nearly two inches toward the center.

PRICE:
2 INCHES IN DIAMETER..................$ .75
2½ " " " 1.00

FOR SALE ONLY BY
SIOUX CITY NEWSPAPER UNION,
SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

BORE WELLS with our famous Well Machinery. The only perfect self-cleaning and fast-dropping tools in use.
LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.
THE "OHIO" WELL DRILL

Catalogue FREE.

MOTHERS: Dr. Snyder's Kidney Balsam cures Enuresis (BEDWETTING.) For circulars and testimonials address, with stamp, Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill. ☞For sale by all Druggists. Price $1.00.

PATENTS Illustrated Hand Book free. J. R. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D.C.

Please mention this Paper every time you write.

BARGAINS
IN SECOND HAND
PRINTING MATERIAL

Consisting of Type, Cases, Stands, Cylinder Presses, Job Presses, Hand Presses, Paper Cutters, etc. The Largest Stock to be found west of Chicago. All in good condition. Complete Outfits furnished upon Short Notice. Estimates and lists furnished upon application. Address or call upon

SIOUX CITY TYPE FOUNDRY,
212 Pearl Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
Address, [illegible] Warren, Pa.