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The Indian cucumber is a sort of lily, which grows in great abundance in almost every part of the country, and is said to be an excellent remedy for dropsy. The best part of the cucumber is the root, which grows to the size of two inches in length and one inch in thickness, and was formerly eaten raw by the Indians, just as we eat cucumbers. Its medicinal virtues were discovered by an old woman in Pennsylvania, and afterward admitted by the doctors, which is not the only case of the efficacy of an old woman's remedy being acknowledged by the medical profession.

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Disposal of Our Immigrants.

A study of the nationalities represented in the immigration to this country shows that a little more than 50 per cent of the whole number have come from Protestant countries, and if we should look closely into the matter we should find that the two great political parties in the United States absorb equal proportions of the total volume of immigration. In a theological and political sense, therefore, immigration has been quite equally divided.

When we look at industrial conditions, however, it is learned that the absorption of immigrants has not been equal. The facts in this respect can not be given for 1890, but for 1880 they indicate what may be expected when the full facts for 1890 are reported. In 1880 the whole number of people engaged in agriculture was 7,670,943. Of this number 812,829 persons were of foreign birth; that is to say, 10.06 per cent of the whole number employed in agriculture in 1880 were foreign born. The total number employed in manufacturing, mechanical and mining industries in the United States in 1880 was 3,837,-112. Of this number 1,225787 were of foreign birth, and this number is 32 per cent of the whole number of persons engaged in these industries. The tendency, therefore, of our immigrants is to assimilate with our mechanical industries. This increases the supply of labor in comparison to the demand, and may in some localities tend to lower wages, and sometimes to cripple the consuming power of the whole body of the people. In 1880 12.52 per cent of the whole number of foreign born persons were engaged in agriculture, while 18.88 per cent of the foreign born were engaged in manufactures.—Carroll D. Wright, in the Popular Science Monthly for October.

Dairymen, stockmen, livery-stable men and horse-car men unite in saying that no such horse and cattle liniment as Salvation Oil has ever been put upon the market. It should be kept at every stable and stock yard in the land. 25 cts.

Sound Advice for Young Writers.

If a man believes that he has some talent for writing, it is indeed strange that he can allow himself to be directed by a master or by the rule of any school, no matter how great the master may be or how skilfully devised the rule may seem, writes Pierre Loti in the October Frum. In the first place, is it possible for a writer, no matter how much he may wish to believe it, to belong to any particular school? No, and very fortunately, it seems to me a writer should do what he wishes to do, and do it in his own way, obeying only the all-powerful impulse that he has felt rising from the depths of his nature, without accepting any other judge than the wholly spontaneous impression his own work gives him. What an author has written in this way, whether it be memoir, phantasy, romance, drama, poem or any other name you please, whether it can or cannot be put into school catalogue, whether it have or have not success with the mob—all this is immaterial; for all true lovers of artistic work will surely recognize it if they find in it the breath of life, without which nothing can exist for him.

It is too plain to need a demonstration by chart or diagram that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is what the people need everywhere, for cure of bronchial and pectoral troubles. It is a sure cure.

Rats and Rat Catching.

Said a prominent rat catcher of Philadelphia: "The theory that rats and mice can be whistled out of their hiding places by certain individuals who are said to ply their trade in the old country, I do not believe it. Other means are used and the whistling theory is advanced to cover up the true methods. To eradicate this class of vermin requires much brain work. There are several breeds of rats and mice as distinctly different in their habits and peculiarities as the races of men. Most of the smaller animals are afraid of fire, and a new process is now being used successfully in cellars and houses that are overrun with rats to stampede them by means of this process. When a rat gets old he becomes stout as an old alderman and moves about very slowly. I have seen them about the wharves as large as small cats, and it is singular how, under the cover of night, they will desert a leaking ship or a dangerous coal mine.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

The Greedy Rats.

If wild fowls that are visiting waters get fed, in order to encourage them to remain, the rats will come to see how they eat it and contrive among themselves to appropriate the food. No job is too hard for a rat, and I can say from personal experience that a past master or mistress in rateraft it is hard to circumvent.

The common house rat, the brown one, is a first rate swimmer and a good diver. He will watch the ducks and listen to all their calls, and if the birds have located themselves on some small island he swims out to it, steals the eggs, or kills and eats the young birds.

If the nest is near the water, by the side of some stream or outlet the rats will cross with the young ducks after they have killed them to the other side. A dozen young ducks half eaten have been found under one large stone close to the water's edge. They will watch close by for the departure of man or dog—they know well when these have gone—and then they do their work quickly. Cats and weasels are really benefactors to man for they will kill rats and mice in great numbers. Pheasants and partridges suffer in like manner as the ducks, but to a less extent.—Cornhill Magazine.

There are about 40 lawyers in the city of Denver, or an average of one to every 350 people.

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IRONY.

I set my gaze on two stars that seemed
Twin orbs of equal flame in heaven's dark height,
So close with interblended rays they beamed
From the deep dome of night.

"O happy stars," I thought, "like this to bide
Though mighty changes, lovingly withstood,
Companioned each of each, whate'er betide,
In silver sisterhood!"

Then sounded on my sense, from night's great thrall:
"On either star, this hour, there dwells a race
That knows not if the other lives at all,
So vast their sundering space!"

—Edgar Fawcett.

DEATH ON THE DESERT.

The following story is but an example of many and was outlined to me by a man who lost his companion when actually within sight of the railroad track:

I urged him not to start, begged, prayed and finally swore. "Riley," I said, you are a fool, not a paltry, ordinary fool, but a pig-headed, obstinate, blundering, blithering idiot." I could not say more to a friend, could I?

Swearing I generally find brings more sense into a man's head than entreaty, but if you had only known Riley as I knew him you would have given him up long ago as an uncommonly fine specimen of an ass. So when he looked up at the stars and cooly said:

"I'm going to Salton, and shall be in San Francisco on her birthday." I was sure that he would go. Now, this was in July, and we were in the Chuckawalla district, which every body knows who has been on the desert is some thirty-five miles back of Salton on the north, and is as dismal and forsaken a land as any that can be found.

"Yes, but old Connors will be passing in a day or so and he'll return the burros, dead sure. So why not wait?"

"He said he would be here to-day and he isn't. You can't believe these fellows, anyway. Paul and I'm going to start. Of course you needn't hoof it if you're afraid."

Riley had no right to sneer. I knew the desert better than he did, and the sneer wasn't comfortable. Besides, I never believe that foolishness is pluck.

It was a blazing day. Hot! Why, there is no word for that heat. The sun came up at 4:30 a. m. He rose in a furious mood, and I could tell by his blood red crescent as it tipped the low range of hills to the east that we were in for a scorching time.

If you have never seen a sunrise on the desert it would pay you to go out there and see it. The sand plains were glittering with strange whiteness and were motionless as death. However, no dead body looks at first perfectly still. Man is so used to see fellow-beings breathe that he cannot imagine life is entirely extinct, and imagination is generally so powerful that you fancy you detect respiration in a freshly made corpse.

"Phew, how hot it is, Riley!" I said as my cheek felt the first beams. "We are in for it my boy!"

"We," returned he coolly.

"Yes, we."

"Are you going?"

"Shall I see you go alone?"

"Oh, come now, it's no use your coming. You'll be a nuisance with your platitudes."

"Not at all, my son," I cheerily answered. "I want to see how an amateur behaves when tormented by the terrors of thirst. It will be as funny as the stories which fellows write of the 'sun-stabbed silence,' which they have never seen."

The way is immensely dreary and rather rough in the vicinage of the claims—queer rolling ground liberally bespattered with stones and rubble. The walking is not particularly hard. It is only when you get to the level plain that the weariness of the desert commences.

Your feet first seem to glide over the surface; then they begin to sink, and finally they sink so deeply that every step is accompanied with difficulty.

Riley was not used to this sort of exercise, and the strain soon began to tell on him. We had not walked an hour before he expressed a wish to make a short halt.

The heat was suffocating, and the sun, which was well up in the heavens, sent down a flood of glory which we consigned remorselessly to greater glory.

"There don't seem to be a bit of shade," said Riley gloomily, as he crawled by the protecting branches of a sage brush. "Not a bit."

"You didn't expect trees?"

"Well, no."

He was pulling at his canteen, taking down big gulps of water, and his thirst was growing.

"Be chary with that water," I remonstrated; "you'll be out before you know it."

"Oh, that's all right!" and he took another pull.

He was very white about the face. You have seen a hot iron applied to flesh, have you not, and the scar that rose after the application? His face showed that whiteness.

There was a curious glitter about his eyes. They were generally bright, but under the fierce glare they looked more gay. A queer light shone in them, and they danced as if mirthful thoughts were lurking in his brain. He was plucking nervously at the mise able sagebush, crushing it up by the handful, and throwing the fragments away from him with a jeering laugh.

Now and then he picked up a pebble and hurled it. "Come," said I, "we must start. Every moment the day is getting hotter, and we had better rush on for Salton at once."

"Oh, yes," he sang.

"We'll go to Salton by the sea,
Wherever that town by the sea may be,
And there we'll catch the railroad train,
For Salton's the town to forget all pain."

I looked at him. Riley, the cool-headed, the unimaginative, to sing out some ribald rhyme, compose the wretched stuff himself, and above all howl it with such beastly fervor in "sun-stabbed silence." It was incomprehensible.

The sand was baking hot and the reflection of the sun from its shifting, heaving bosom was exceedingly painful.

I burned the end of a stick and rubbed the charcoal under Riley's eyes. He submitted to the operation gracefully and paid me a trifling compliment upon my skill as an optical artist.

Still he was pulling at his canteen, and I could tell by the gurgle it was running low.

"Riley, you are at the bottom of the thing."

"Yes, curse it!" he said fiercely.

We stumbled along for a few rods when he turned savagely on me.

"Would you let me die of thirst when you have a full canteen?"

"No, but you have been imprudent and selfish, and you deserve to suffer."

"You lie, you ugly brute!"

"Look here, I am not going to stand being called names, and you had better nurse your speech."

"Ha, ha!" he shouted, "you object to being called ugly. You're the ugliest man in Chuckawalla. Ha, ha!" and his demoniacal laugh reverberated over the desert, and to add to its grotesqueness he executed a fantastic dance.

The man was going mad; stark, staring mad.

"Give me some water?" he asked sullenly.

I put the canteen to his lips sufficiently long to moisten them and dragged it away.

He made a dash for the flask, but I beat his hands down.

He looked as if he would make a rush at me and obtain the canteen. I knew what it would soon be—a fight, and a desperate one for the water.

"Supposing now," I said to myself, "I give the fellow all the water he wants, he'll take it at a gulp and then there'll be two dead men. With care and patience we may both pull through."

Ahead of us was a low range of hills. It is the outcropping of the divide that separates the Mojave and Colorado deserts.

"We'll get some shade there, Riley," I said, pointing to the hills, "and perhaps a cactus."

"That is so," he answered, reasonably, "and from there we can see the sea."

His mind had not yet left him. Perhaps, after all, he was sane.

"Let us push on."

I shall never forget the walk. Our bodies were dry—actually cracking with heat. If we could only have perspired we would have been more comfortable and at least safer.

My tongue was getting swollen. It grew thick down the gullet at first, and it felt as if it intended to close the orifice. So choked was my throat that I breathed through the nose.

"Why carry the water much further?" I argued. There were but a few drops left. I put my hand to the canteen and dragged it away.

"Confound him, he drank all of his, and his canteen was larger. I said this to myself frequently. I knew I was saving it, as I knew it was wrong, but still the words kept on forming and reforming themselves, and I was growing furious. "It was all his fault—all his fault." Finally my pent-up wrath broke out in the fierce exclamation:

"It is all your fault."

"You lie!" he answered hoarsely.

His face was white, but his eyes—where were they springing to?

The lids seemed to have drawn themselves over the forehead, and the great white balls were growing momentarily bigger and bulging out from the sockets in a hideous way. The lips were dragged apart and his teeth glistened like ivory. A little blood was trickling from the upper one, which a big black tongue greedily lapped.

"Water!" he shouted. It was not the voice of a human. If it had come from a skeleton I would not have been a whit more startled. I felt a queer throb in my head and a gradual tightening at its base, and then it loosened.

"Let us finish the cursed canteen," I said.

He gave a gasp for joy. However, would not let him hold it. He put his hands over mine and drank. The blood seemed to return to his face, and a few lines came into it, red and streaky, like flesh in a rasher of bacon.

"Now it is my turn." The last drops were gone. Before us yet were many miles. We stumbled on and reached the rising ground.

The sun was directly over us, but under a projecting rock ran a strip of shade.

There we threw ourselves. Far to the south lay the glistening sea—white as the lips of a lily, and on its bosom sailed stately ships, the spires of noble cathedrals lifted themselves from fairy islands, and here and there the dark smoke of some big steamer revealed itself to our startled eyes. Tall palms grew in garden spots, and so complete was the mirage that we smelled the delicious scent of beauteous flowers.

There we lay blinking out across the great sand plains at the cities and verdurous meads of imagination, enjoying the distant sight with the pleasure a critical audience experiences from a well-acted play. Suddenly the mirage lifted, and the blank sea met our gaze. As the panorama melted away a despondency, such as I never wish to feel again, possessed me.

Every thing I had said or done, every thing I had not said or done, presented themselves to me. The girls I had known and loved in the quiet depths of my heart passed like shadows before me. The lovely blonde who had married a millionaire, and in whose house I had only once been at a grand function, came and looked at me. Her blue eyes which I so much admired were cold, and the sneer which she, like a true Southerner, wore when anything displeased her was most pronounced.

Here was I, lying on my side, crouching close to a rock, dying by inches. Would God let me linger long? How could I ever have dared to even think of her in the pleasant fantasies of dreamland, and she then and now a reigning belle! I thought of the palms that filled her drawing-room corners; I heard the swell of the voluptuous music; I even felt the taste of the wine trickling down my throat. Ah! No, it was not wine—only the blood flowing from my cut lips.

I looked at Riley. His eyes were fastened upon me in furious glare. He had drawn his revolver from his belt and was pointing it at me threateningly.

I closed my eyes. Indeed, I felt thankful that he would end my misery.

Suddenly I heard him shout. He had jumped up and was pointing at nothing.

"Yes" he screamed, "I will come. Nothing shall keep me."

He ran as fast as his enfeebled condition would permit.

I heard him shout once or twice and then the report of a pistol.

A new strength seized me. I ran to the spot. Riley was lying on his face, foaming at the mouth, the barrel of his gun was smoking, but he was uninjured.

"Water," he said, and then tried to raise himself. As he did so he fell, dying with the name of his sweetheart on his lips.

I was rescued from Salton. We were only one mile away. The shots had attracted the attention of the mill people.—San Francisco Chronicle.

On Business Principles.

Her mother kept a boarding house, and a young man who lived at the opposition house across the street, was deeply enamored of her.

"I love you better than my life," he murmured.

"I'd be sorry for myself if you didn't," she responded coldly, "considering where you live."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

EFFECTS AND VALUE OF LIME AS A FERTILIZER.

Cannot Be Spared From the Soil—Keeping a Cow One Year—The Chick's Mother — Household and Horticultural Notes.

Lime as a Fertilizer.

Probably there is no one fertilizer that the farmer is so much at sea about, as to its effects and value, as lime. The reports received concerning the results of lime are confusing. In one locality it will not be used, while in another it will be used, while in another it will be applied on fields in such quantities as to make the surface of the soil white. Lime is one of the essential constituents of the soil and to the growth of the wheat plant and can no more be spread than can potash or magnesia. The demand upon lime by wheat is limited. Analysis show that ten bushels of wheat and twelve hundred pounds of straw contain only about three or four pounds of lime. If one should find the soil deficient in this element it can be easily supplied by our barn-yard manure or commercial fertilizers. Rotten stable compost contains about two per cent of lime. If we should haul a ton of barn-yard manure upon our field we would likely have in it forty pounds of lime. Guano has about one hundred pounds to the ton, while bone meal shows at least two hundred and fifty pounds to the ton. Thus we can see that if we should believe our land wanting in lime we can easily supply it at little cost. But this hardly ever occurs and if it does we find it badly deficient in other elements, for lime is one of the most abundant parts of the earth. It has been estimated that it composes about one-fourteenth of the earth's crust. We know that great tracts of our country are made up almost entirely of limestone. The hard water in our wells gives plenty of proof of its universality. If then the inference one would draw from the above, that lime is rarely enough deficient in our soil for the perfection of wheat to demand its application, then the question occurs, what is its use and value to the soil when applied?

Its value and use is mainly for its physical and chemical action upon the soil, says the National Stockman and Farmer, the latter calling into activity inert substances. The best effect of lime is seen on clay soils which have very adhesive texture. I have a field of this character in need of drainage and its capacity to hold water is wonderful. One would be inclined to think it had been puddled and kneaded together, as it is so impervious to water. It was sown in wheat last fall. On a limited space a small quantity of lime was scattered. This spring it was perfectly level and of stony hardness or, to use a common expression, as hard as the road. A wagon could pass over it without leaving any indenture. But where the lime was scattered its physical appearance was entirely different. It did not have that hardness as the rest of the field, but was porous and crumbly. I believe the effects of the lime extended beyond the surface in making the ground porous, for it seemed to be dry and in good condition at a little depth, while the other was saturated with water or hard. This experiment showed that the lime had two effects upon the land—that of making the ground porous and mellow on account of which it afforded better drainage and in consequence the wheat yield was materially increased on the lime spot. If my clover sown on the field does not improve the fault of the land I will at its next seeding make a more extended application of the lime.

Another use of lime in the soil is its liability to destroy fungi and injurious insects that may attack the crop. The fungus which causes rust and similar parasites which tend to devastate the wheat field, I believe will be greatly held in check by liming the land. This also leads to another point, that of potato raising. One of the most serious losses that is sustained in this industry is that of "dry rot." Lime scattered over the potato patch in small quantities will be one of the best preventives. I have a stock well upon the place which is mainly fed by surface water, on account of which it holds more or less sediment, making the water muddy and not desirable for the stock to drink. I find by throwing in small quantities of lime the sediment will collect and soon settle to the bottom and leave the water clear. In conclusion, lime practically applied on land is of no value as a plant food, but its use mainly is to change the physical and mechanical character of the soil.

Keeping a Cow One Year.

The average cost of keeping a cow and the value of the product are considered by a writer in the Ohio Farmer, who replies to a question of what it costs to care for a cow one year and then gives some interesting figures, all the more interesting because they do not harmonize with regard to the average farm, average cow, average price of butter, etc., and figures on only one cow. Let us suppose the average number of cows to be five. It takes no longer to go to the pasture and get five cows than it does one and but a little longer to feed them, clean stables etc. I have been keeping five or six cows for several years and will give some figures that my experience has taught me. I found that to take care of five cows required about one hour and a half per day: at fifteen cents per hour, the highest farm labor wages, the cost per cow per day would be four and one-half cents, multiply by the number of days in a year and we have $16.42; subtract this from $30, the value of the one year's butter product, and we have left $13.58 to pay for feed and pasture. Now for the pay for making and marketing butter. An average cow gives about 5,500 pounds of milk per year, which would make about twenty barrels of skim milk and buttermilk or 100 barrels for five cows. Now let each farmer place such value upon this skim milk as he thinks it worth for feed for pigs, calves and hens and we have quite a commencement towards paying for making butter. Again let each farmer place such value as he thinks proper upon the thirty or forty loads of good manure as it lies in his barn yard before hauling, and I think the average farmer can afford to keep an average cow at the average price of butter at an average price for care, on an average—don't you?

As to Mothers.

Speaking of mothers, I fully believe the best mother a chick can have is the hen that laid the egg. There is no question but that for Game eggs a Game hen as a setter will hatch more chickens and the chickens will grow healthier, than under any other kind of incubator.

Temperature of hens vary somewhat, and nature has designed that each hen shall mother her own eggs, and where circumstances are such that a hen can have a nest entirely to herself, and the eggs can remain in her nest as she lays them, she usually will set as soon as she has laid all she can cover. And chicks produced this way will grow up fine in quality and more perfect in form, than where they are reared in any degree artificially.

When fowls are reared for large quantities of flesh or number of fowls is required more than a very high degree of individual quality, artificial methods pay the best. But in these days of sharp competition in the show pen, if a fancier wants to win a good number of first prizes, it will pay him to raise a small flock of birds, and put care and labor enough to it to rear them in the most natural way possible.

It requires patience and faithfulness in the attention to detail, to be successful in producing a high grade of exhibition birds.

Thoroughbred poultry, like high bred horses, serve two purposes at one time, combining usefulness with the quality of ornamentation and beauty.

It costs no more to feed fine bred poultry that are highly ornamental, and can please the eye, and adorn the grounds, while they supply the table, than it does to feed worthless mongrels.

The poultry fanciers have done the country an immense amount of good by increasing the supply of poultry and eggs, and improving the quality of the same. And unlike nearly every other industry, the increase in demand has kept pace with the increase in supply. To-day the production of eggs and poultry is more profitable than it was thirty years ago. And it would pay the farmers and the townspeople to pay much more attention to producing both poultry and eggs.—American Poultry Journal.

Horticultural Notes.

It is of no advantage to plant out asparagus in deep trenches.

One of the best fertilizers to use with apples is wood ashes and ground lime.

Land that has been in cultivation for a year or two is best for strawberries.

Hogs and clover furnish a good means of keeping up the orchard fertility.

Fruit is a perfect food and if ripe and in a good condition is healthy and nutritious.

The essentials of a good market apple are a fine appearance and a fairly good quality.

When a limb or branch of any kind is taken off a tree the wound should be carefully painted.

Stable manure can always be used to an advantage where the trees are growing in a thin soil.

If we begin to prune trees right and then follow it up, severe pruning will never be necessary.

Pears seem to thrive best on a heavy soil, while quince trees thrive best on a rather damp soil.

Peach, pear and cherry trees especially are fertilizers, containing phosphoric acid and potash.

Usually, if proper care is taken, there will be little need of plowing after the trees come to maturity.

Eight by eight feet is a good distance to plant out grape vines and farther apart is better than closer.

On a rich soil no nitrogen is required for fruit trees, and in many cases it is only a waste to supply it.

One cause of low prices is the overproduction of large quantities of poor fruit and crowding it on the market.

When necessary to plow in the orchard, and especially in an old one, have the whiffletrees short, so as not to bark the trees.

In some localities the growing of specialties can be made profitable, especially where the conditions seem specially adapted to them.

Household Helps.

Pine tar is excellent burned in a sick room as a disinfectant. It induces sleep.

The round point of a lead pencil is a good thing with which to remove a speck of any kind from the eye.

Skimmed milk makes hard-wood floors, stained ones and oil cloths look shiny. A woollen cloth should be used to wipe up the floor with.

To take ink stains out of linen take a piece of mold candle, melt it and dip the stained part of the linen into the tallow. It may then be washed without injuring the cloth.

Newspapers wet thoroughly and crumpled up are excellent to sweep a carpet with, making it look bright, and with far less trouble than it is to wipe it with a damp cloth.

Celery cut up in small pieces, covered with a good mayonnaise and garnished with its own pretty leaves, makes a fine salad. It is invaluable in combination with various kinds of meat salads.

String beans should cook a long time, gently simmering for an hour and a half. If they are to be used for a salad they should be cooked whole; if as a vegetable or as a soup, they should be cut across in small diamonds.

To clean mirrors or any glass surfaces, wash lightly with a sponge and clear water. Then with another sponge apply a light rubbing of spirits of wine, after which dab with a thin muslin bag of whiting. Finish by rubbing with an old silk handkerchief.

Cold cauliflower, dressed with a cream sauce, and ornamented with chopped olives and capers, may be served as a salad. If oil is not desired, melted butter may be used. Garnish with thin slices of cucumber or a green-pea salad. It may be served with a regular mayonnaise dressing.

Crisped crackers are particularly good for afternoon tea and are made in this way: Split the common water-crackers and spread thinly with butter, put them, buttered side up, in a pan and color quickly in a hot oven. They should be a light golden brown when ready to eat, and should be served hot.

A Singing Rat.

A singing rat has made its appearance in Valdosta, Ga. Several people have heard its musical notes on numerous occasions. The strange little rodent makes his headquarters in a store on Patterson street, and occasionally during the day it will appear upon the shelving singing like a bird. The Messrs. Briggs, Mr. Harris, who clerks for them, and President Ashley of the national bank have heard it sing and testify to the truthfulness of this report.

An Indian Word.

The state of Massachusetts was named from the bay of that name. The origin of the word Massachusetts is from the Indian word "massa" great, "wadebnash," mountain or hills, and the suffix "set," meaning at or near.

A Canal Reopened.

Health is largely dependent upon a regular habit of body. The bowels act as an important canal for the carrying of waste matter of the system. They, together with the kidneys and pores, are outlets for debris whose presence is fatal to the body's well-being. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is no violent purgative, but a gentle laxative admirably adapted to the wants of the constipated. It never gripes or wrenches the intestines as all drastic cathartics do, but produces an action akin to that of an effort of nature. Biliousness, indigestion, with their associate manifestation, costiveness, are speedily and completely remedied by this fine corrective, which also conquers malaria, sick headache, kidney and rheumatic trouble, and checks premature decay.

Food Supply of the World.

An article at the end of the report of the judges of the international exhibition held at Paris in 1889, the London Mark Lane Express observes, bears on the food supply of the world. It is from the pen of M. Lohis Grandeau, member of the Conseil Superieur de l'Agriculture: The total population of the globe, which was 1,401,000,000 in 1890 was estimated in 1891 at 1,489,000,000, an increase of 79,000,000 in 10 years, being 5.54 per cent.

The known production of wheat and rye has risen to 3,440,250,000 bushels annually, and that of maize to 2,750,000,000 bushels, one third of which is used as food for man. By estimating 687,500,000 as the amount of other cereals which are used as food, one can give the figure of 4,950,000,000 bushels as annually consumed by man. If this sum is divided among the inhabitants, it will be found that each person consumes about 3½ bushels of cereals a year. The annual production of wheat in the world is about 2,131,250,000 bushels, which only gives about 1½ bushels per head—a very insufficient figure—while rye allows seven-eighths of a bushel per head, making a total of the two latter of 2¼ bushels per head.

IN OLDEN TIMES
People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Protect Our Homes.

I wish to protest against the flood of immigrants that are now coming to our shores. We do not want any more of the class who have been coming, but I would not exclude those who will abide by our laws. I believe that for the good of our country all immigrants should be here 21 years before having the right to vote. They should also be thoroughly versed and educated in our laws and customs so they could vote intelligently and not be led to the polls. Our boys have to be 21 years old before they can vote. Why not have the foreigner here the same length of time? Is he better than our boys? I would also have a property qualification so they would have an interest in our government.—Andrew M. Lagrange, Albany Co., N. Y.

To be Plump, Rosy and Strong
Use JOHN C. BAKER & CO.'S Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Insist on Baker's. Sold by druggists.

The sea of the great Sahara desert is equal to that of the United States.

A big man groans most when he gets sick because there is more of him to suffer.

Have You Asthma?
DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffman's Asthma Cure FREE to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

Gray horses are the longest lived, and roans come next in order.

BEECHAM'S PILLS enjoy the largest sale of any proprietary medicine in the world. Made only in St. Helens, England.

According to the Mohammedan faith there are seven hells.

Hammond's CALUMET Lard, Hams and Bacon. All first-class grocers and market men handle this brand. Made from prime Nebraska hogs. Try it. THE G. H. HAMMOND CO., South Omaha, Neb.

There are 11,000 telephones in Honolulu to a population of 25,000.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Ten days per annum is the average amount of sickness in human life.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemps Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

They call a bicycle "the devil's chariot" in Turkey and the sultan forbids its use.

A LIVE MAN WANTED
to represent us in every town in Nebraska, Western Iowa, South Dakota and Northern Kansas. We carry the Largest Stocks and greatest variety of goods west of Chicago. We make the lowest prices and make a specialty of Alliance and other Farmers' trade.
We carry complete lines in all kinds of merchandise, including Musical Instruments.
Liberal inducements offered to a live man in each town. HAYDEN BROS., DRY GOODS AND CARPETS, Omaha, Neb.

The sunflower bears 4,000 seeds, the poppy 32,000 and the tobacco plant 70,320.

FITS All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Chrysanthemums, served as salad, are a favorite article of diet among the Japanese.

A Drunkard, Morphine or Opium eater or Tobacco chewers, can be safely, speedily and permanently cured by taking the Ensor Cures. Write for testimonials and prices on territory to Ensor Remedy Co., 413 N. 24th St., South Omaha, Nebr.

In Genesee county, New York, there are 155 families who have never seen a Bible.

Are You Going
East or south during the winter, if so THE WABASH desires to call your attention as the tourist route to Florida and all the winter resorts of the south.
Round-trip tickets will be placed on sale about Nov. 1st, good returning until June 1st, '93.
THE QUICKEST ROUTE SOUTH AND SOUTHEAST.
ONLY 15 hours to St. Louis, 37 " " Hot Springs, 39 " " New Orleans, 38½ " " Atlanta, 52 " " Jacksonville, 63 " " Tampa.
With corresponding fast time to all points east and south. The only line running Reclining Chair Cars to St. Louis, Decatur, Danville, Lafayette, Logansport, Ft. Wayne, Toledo and Detroit. Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars on all trains. For tickets or further information in regard to routes call at the Wabash office, 1502 Farnam St., or write G. N. CLAYTON, Northwestern Pass. Agent, Omaha, Neb.
If any young man wants to find out what the wild waves are saying let him go to sea.

S.S.S. CURES SCROFULA
Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.
S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain.
INHERITED SCROFULA
Mrs. T. L. Mathers,