Scrofula

"Our daughter broke out with scrofula sores all over her face and head. She grew worse until we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla. When she had taken six bottles her face was smooth and the scrofula has never returned." SILAS WANOOY, West Point, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Cornish Economy.

Some of the old Cornish minters are adepts in economy. Richard Tangye, the English engineer, in his autobiography says that compared with these peasants the farmers of New England are extravagant. One man when once asked what his daily work was replied: "Ten hours at the engine and eight at digging. The rest of the day I have to waste." Tangye states that he once saw the same old man fall into a fury of rage because a boy whom he had hired threw away a match after he had lighted a candle with it. "D'ye waste my property, ye loon? Then ye will never be worth a sax-pence of yer own!" he shrieked. A careful old woman lamented a stolen pie for more than forty years. The tears would come to her eyes whenever she talked of the lost dainty.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Lively Sheep.

There is a young married couple in Chicago who are recovering from their first quarrel. It wasn't a bad quarrel, but the bride became quite spunky for a time. They were out in the country and she gazed over the green fields in delight until a herd of small animals caught her eyes, which, by the way, are rather short-sighted. "Oh," she cried, "aren't they lovely? Such nice, fat sheep! Aren't they lovely sheep, dear?" "Yes, darling," responded the horrid man, "they are, but you'd have a deuce of a time shearing them. They are pigs."

Messrs. Ettenson, Woolfe & Co., the largest department house in Leavenworth, Kan. have issued a new catalogue entitled "Helpful Hints." In this catalogue is much useful information relating to dry goods, cloaks, clothing, millinery, boots and shoes, furniture, carpets, and in fact everything pertaining to house furnishing. The catalogue is sent free upon request, and is a work that should be in every home.

coincidences.

Buff, the celebrated singer, who is creating the title role of Massenet's new opera, "Werther," is the grandnephew of the original Charlotte, in Goethe's story, and on the first night of the opera in Vienna one of her grandchildren committed suicide.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Domestic Sarcasm.

Mr. Softleigh, waking in the middle of the night—My, dear, I am sure there is a man in the house. Mrs. Softleigh—Go to sleep again, Algy; you are flattering yourself.—Town Topics.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

If the fool goose had not laid a gold egg she would not have lost her life.

FINANCIAL DEFINITIONS.

What Various People Can and Do Do in the Pecuniary Line.

The poet Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper and by writing a poem on it make it worth $65,000—that's genius, says the Young Lutheran.

Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth $5,000,000—that's capital.

The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and make it worth $20—that's money.

The mechanic can take material worth $5 and make it into a watch worth $100—that's skill.

The merchant can take an article worth seventy-five cents and sells it for $1—that's business.

A lady can purchase a very comfortable bonnet for $3.75, but she prefers one that costs $27—that's foolishness.

The ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels three or four tons of earth for $2—that's labor.

The editor of this paper can write a check for $8,000,000, but it wouldn't be worth a dime—that's rough.

The Autocrat's Jest.

Edward Everett Hale tells this: "A few years ago, in a fit of economy, our famous Massachusetts historical society screwed up its library and other offices by some fifteen feet, built in the space underneath, and rented it to the city of Boston. This was very well for the treasurer, but for those of us who had passed sixty years, and had to climb up some twenty more iron stairs whenever we wanted to look at an old pamphlet in the library, it was not quite so much a benefaction. When Holmes went for the first time to see the new quarters of the society, he left his card with the words, 'O. W. Holmes, High-story-call society.'"

That Terrible Scourge.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "kills the chill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

Knew What He Wanted.

Drummer—I want a pair of congress gaiters.

Dealer—There has been so little demand for congress gaiters lately that we have ceased to keep them.

Drummer—Hum! Then give me a pair of button gaiters and a fire-escape.

When you visit Omaha you should call at C. S. Raymond Co.'s jewelry store, corner Fifteenth and Douglas streets, and examine their jewelry and art goods for wedding, birthday and Christmas presents, also steel engraved wedding stationery, invitations and visiting cards. It is the only first class, up-to-date jewelry, art and cut glass store west of Chicago and St. Louis. Engraving and printing 100 visiting cards $1.50 by mail.

Odd Uses of Aluminum.

Novel uses said to have been found for aluminum are for a folding pocket scale one meter long; a necktie made of metal, frosted or otherwise ornamented, in various shapes, imitating the ordinary silk or satin article, which is recommended for summer wear, and military helmets.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

Brickdust Mortar.

Use of brickdust mortar as a substitute for hydraulic cement, where the latter cannot be obtained, is recommended by the best engineering authorities.

FARRELL'S RED STAR EXTRACT 10c

The best; all grocers will refund your money if you are not satisfied with it.

In every town there is a certain place where all the loafers congregate.

Ayer's

is the name to remember when buying Sarsaparilla. It has been curing people right along for more than 50 years. That's why.

Cool, Bracing Days, These—

Just the kind of weather to get the full benefits of cycling. Columbias are the wheels you can ride the year round, no matter the weather. 5/8 Nickel Steel tubing makes them the strongest, direct tangent spokes do not break, and many other improvements give them unequaled strength and beauty. . . . . .

1897 COLUMBIAS

$75 To All Alike. . . . . Standard of the World.

Hartford Bicycles, better than any except Columbias, $50, $45, $40.

If you cannot pay all cash, pay by the month.

Caution: The Columbia Photographic Contest closes October 1st. Terms of competition may be obtained of any Columbia dealer, or will be mailed by us upon application.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Catalogue for one 2-cent stamp.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

(Established 1780.) Dorchester, Mass.

Trade-Mark.

MR. BRYAN ON WHEAT

THE MOST ETASIVE MAN EVER IN POLITICS.

Speeches that Are Conspicuous for Contradictions, Inconsistencies and Lack of Harmony—Wrong in His Facts and Weak in His Logic—Honest Dollar's Blessings.

He Blows Hot and Cold.

Kansas City Journal: In the course of his syndicate letter to the press last week W. J. Bryan used the following expression:

"Wheat has risen because the foreign crop has been exceedingly short. Bimetallists contend that the law of supply and demand is universal.

"We were told last year that an appreciating dollar was a national blessing, and yet within a year the entire republican press is in ecstacy because the purchasing power of a dollar has been to some extent decreased.

"A large past of this money comes from abroad. Wheat is not only higher, but more of it is being exported. If we had enough money in this country, an increase in the volume would be an injury.

"If an increase in the volume of money, secured by the exportation of higher wheat, gives cause for rejoicing, is it not evidence now that we have an insufficient quantity?"

Mr Bryan is certainly the most illusive and evasive man who ever entered public discussion. A collection of his speeches would be chiefly marked for the contradictions, inconsistencies and lack of harmonies which they contain. He has flickered around on this wheat discussion until no man can tell just where he stands or what he believes. In one breath he declares that wheat has gone up on account of the short crop abroad, and in the next he asserts practically that the price of wheat has not changed, but that the value of the dollar has gone down, and draws the conclusion that wheat might be kept up forever independent of the crop abroad or anywhere else simply by enlarging the volume of the currency.

Mr. Bryan speaks falsely when he says the republicans claimed in last fall's campaign that an appreciating dollar was a national blessing. The republicans claimed in that campaign as in every other of recent years that an honest and stable dollar was a national blessing and that a debased currency would become a national curse. He says the republicans are in ecstacy because the "purchasing power of the dollar has been to some extent decreased." As a matter of fact, the republicans are in ecstacy because the law of supply and demand has enhanced the value of wheat and other great staples, and because this advance has not been attained by circulating an inferior sort of money. It may be possible that the free silver advocate believes the dollar has fluctuated every time a cent has been added to or taken from the price of some product, but this is not the view taken by most students of finance and production.

But what we more particularly started out to show was the audacity of Mr. Bryan in inventing conditions and statistics to prove his theories, and it would be impossible to do this in better form than by quoting from an article in the New York World, published on the same day that Mr. Bryant's syndicate letter appeared. In the extracts quoted above it will be seen that the boy orator speaks of the great volume of money coming from abroad as largely responsible for the increased prices, and to this the World responds as follows:

"But in the last eight months, during which the advance in prices occurred, we have received no money balance from abroad. On the contrary, we have lost heavily. From January 1 to September 1 the net gold exports were $24,788,179. This is a loss of $1,272,059 more than in the corresponding period last year. During the last fiscal year our net loss of silver coin and bullion was $50,050,301.

"Nor has there been an 'increased volume of money' during this period. The amount of money of all kinds in circulation March 1, according to the treasury estimate, was $1,675,694,953. On September 1 there was $1,665,680,498—a shrinkage of nearly $10,000,000.

"Yet there has been and is money enough for all the demands of business. The crops are being paid for and moved, debts by the million cancelled and the wheels of industry started in all directions, not only without any success of free coined silver at 16 to 1, but with an actual diminution in the visible supply of the money we have.

"It is chiefly a question of confidence and of the safe and profitable use of the money that has been hidden or hoarded. Mr. Bryan is wrong in his facts and weak in his logic."

Sorry for Political Mistreeds.

A writer in the Pawnee Republican tells a characteristic story of conversion from Bryanism that came to notice the other day. Going through the court house square a well known and quite thirsty farmer commenced to smile and hold out his hand for a shake. It was such a vigorous, old-fashioned, glad handshake that there was evidently something back of it. "Well," said he, "I have sold part of my wheat. Had sixty acres this year and it went thirty-two bushels. I have just sold 1,250 bushels and got money enough for it to pay off the $1,000 on my farm, principal and interest, and have about 700 bushels left. Last fall I felt pretty blue. I raised over 3,000 bushels of corn and when I got ready to sell it they would not agree to pay more than 8 cents a bushel. Had about 400 bushels of wheat and sold what I could spare of it for 38 cents. I got pretty grumpy and the free silver fellows talked so much about what free coinage would do for silver and wheat and everything else and got me rattled, and, to tell the truth, I went off and voted for Bryan and free silver, but if the good Lord will forgive me I will never be such a blamed fool again. Confound it! I knew we always had good times when the republican party was in power and I knew, too, that the pop ideas were a humbug and their leaders a lot of sorehead officeseekers and rattle-brained adventurers, but I thought there might be something in that notion that silver and wheat had always gone up and down together, and I thought I would try it anyway. Hereafter you can count on me to stick to the republican party, no matter what happens, nor what anybody may say. I always did think it was the best party and never really intended to leave it, but I got weary and rattled and made a fool of myself."

Biggest Humbug of All.

Lincoln Journal: Senator Mutz, of the legislative investigating committee, has turned out to be the biggest humbug of all the pop humbugs who constantly cry out for fairness. On the floor of the state senate Mr. Mutz was heard almost daily appealing for "fairness." In debate he used a voice full of pathos and tears and pleaded for fairness and honesty. "Is this fair?" was a favorite interrogation with him when driven to bay. Sometimes he modified the question and wanted to know if certain things were "honest." Visitors to the senate chamber often heard Mr. Mutz sending tear-drawing appeals almost to the throne of grace in behalf of "fairness." But he "protested" too much, and there was no surprise when it became known that he had gone over the books of Professor Gillespie at the Omaha institution and reported a shortage of over $1,000 without so much as calling on Professor Gillespie for a consultation or explanation of any of the disputed items which the investigators show by their own report they did not understand. But nothing would be thought of this had not Mr. Mutz pledged his word that after he had gone over the accounts covering nineteen years he would call in Professor Gillespie and go over the records with him. A copy of the report was also promised Professor Gillespie, but it was not furnished. The governor and investigators admit that Professor Gillespie has not intentionally kept incorrect accounts, yet by their action they sought to brand him as dishonest and refused to give him an opportunity to defend himself. In the oft repeated word of Mr. Mutz, "Is this fair, is this honest?"

Politics Not Public Weal.

Seward Reporter: The populist governor has removed Prof. J. A. Gillespie, for twenty years superintendent of the Nebraska school for deaf mutes, and appointed in his place a man named H. E. Dawes, formerly a sub-contractor at the blind asylum. Professor Gillespie is the originator of the auricular system for deaf mutes, and is a man of international reputation. Without doubt he has done more for bettering the condition of those unfortunates who can neither hear nor speak, than any other living man. His place was wanted for a pop, and Governor Holcomb ignored his splendid services to the cause of humanity, and put in a man who has never had any special training at all for this highly important and difficult work. In order to get a pretext for the removal of Professor Gillespie, an investigation was made of the accounts of the institution. The investigators could not find that the superintendent had ever converted one cent of the funds of the institution to his own use, but they reported that in the course of the twenty years about $1,900 had been expended for other items than those for which it was specifically appropriated. This was enough to give the governor the chance wanted. The matters referred to might have been shown to be errors in bookkeeping, but the superintendent was given no chance to explain. It was a cowardly act, and shows besides that the governor and his associates are more anxious to put their political friends on the pay roll of the state than they are to have efficient men at the head of the state institutions.

A Striking Parallel.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Thirty years ago the hero of the hour was Brick Pomeroy of Wisconsin precisely as the hero of the hour today is Billy Bryan of Nebraska. A grapic parallel might be drawn between the two. Brick Pomeroy was a journalist—of a kind. Billy Bryan is a journalist—of a kind. Brick Pomeroy had a voice like a fog-horn. Billy Bryan has a voice like a fog-horn. Brick Pomeroy was for cheap money and plenty of it. Billy Bryan is for cheap money and plenty of it. Brick Pomeroy irradiated the region about La Crosse and made it the business of his life to set the Mississippi afire at least once a fortnight. Billy Bryan irradiates the region about Omaha, and makes it the business of his life to set the Missouri afire, if not once a fortnight, yet semi-occasionally as the needs of the republican-populist fusion of which he is the head center, seem to require. Brick Pomeroy had none of the vices of a gentleman. No more has Billy Bryan. Billy Bryan, like Brick Pomeroy, is going to rescue the people (with a very big P) from the money power, and he is pledged to ride down Wall street like a cyclone and to plant the flag of free silver "an' sich," on the dome of the capitol at Washington; how very, very like Brick Pomeroy, who, thirty years ago, did all these things in his sleep died a pauper—

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Hard to Please.

York Times: And now Mr. Bryan argues that high priced wheat is a very bad thing and says that it will kill the republican party and greatly assist him. The consumers are so much more numerous than the producers that the price of all food products ought to be kept down to the lowest possible point. Mr. Bryan says the laboring men will be distressed by the higher price of bread and will raise sheol with the republican party. Some time ago John L. Webster was reported to have said something to the effect that more people were interested in cheap bread than in dear wheat and every pop in the state jumped onto him and tried to tear him to pieces. Now Mr. Bryan has said the same and much more, but it is all right for him to say it. Probably every populist farmer in York county will vote against the republicans now and give as their reason the advance in the price of wheat. The fact is, the rise in wheat is a good thing for the laboring man and every other man as well as the wheat grower.

Won Away From Willie.

Chicago Tribune: The Nebraska state board of agriculture announces that there are yet in the hands of the farmers of the state 100,000,000 bushels of old corn and 50,000,000 millions in cribs. They have 250,000,000 bushels of new corn now safe from bad weather or frost. Out of the late corn, which has been somewhat injured by hot weather, they will save from 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels. The farmers have also raised 75,000,000 bushels of wheat, rye, oats, barley and flaxseed. This makes a total of about 500,000,000 bushels of grain of all kinds, of which about 350,000,000 millions will be shipped out of the state during the next twelve months, and will be paid for in honest gold money. It is not strange when the exports of the state are so great and bring as good prices as they do that Nebraska farmers should be paying off their mortgages and losing interest in Bryan and his free silver delusion.

Concerning Political Roosters.

New York Sun: The Nebraska fusionists, populist, democrat and silver republican, have picked out the rooster as the symbol of their party and ticket, and not a three-legged rooster, either. There is so much unfitness in the world that perhaps it is hardly worth while to ask why the rooster was selected. It does not appear that the tripartite Nebraska has or is likely to have any special reason for crowing. Perhaps the bird of dawning's injudicious habit of letting his voice loose at unreasonable hours of the night, under the impression that morning has come, may have thrown some discredit upon his reputation as a professional announcer and thereby recommended and endeared him to Mr. Bryan, whose own vaticinations in regard to 25-cent wheat have not been indorsed by destiny.

More Pie for Patriots.

Kearney Hub: Gov. Holcomb has been playing a game of politics now with the institute for the deaf and dumb at Omaha. At the last session of the legislature a law was enacted to enable the populists to gain control of the institution, which has been conducted successfully for many years by Prof. Gillespie, one of the most competent persons in that line in the United States. Holcomb's excuse for removing Gillespie and putting in his place a populist who is not competent for the position are not worty of the executive of a state, and he ought to brush away all pretenses and say that he has been actuated entirely by political motives.

The Laugh On the Dreibund.

Globe-Democrat: The most humorous incident of the present state campaign is to be found in the platform of the Iowa silver democracy. There is a plank which reads: "Prosperity has not made its appearance; the mills and shops are closing down; the army of the unemployed is growing larger and the farmers of Iowa are marketing their products at lower prices than ever before." The Iowa silverites made the grim mistake of adopting a platform in June in support of which votes are to be asked for in November, without reckoning on intervening events.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Advantages of Drainage

THE necessity of drainage is not to be determined by the quality of water which falls or flows upon the surface, but upon the power of the sun to carry it off by evaporation; but upon the character of the sub-soil. If that is of sand or gravel the water will pass off below by natural drainage; but if the sub-soil is clay or other impervious substance, the water is checked in its downward course and remains stagnant or bursts out upon the surface in the form of springs. Most of the prairie lands are of the latter character, and wherever such sub-soil exists the land will not only be improved by tile drainage, but it may be said that such drainage is absolutely essential to its proper development and culture. To question the necessity of the process is little less absurd than it would be to ask whether it would be improved by plowing, instead of making hills for corn in the prairie grass with a hoe or spade. All lands require drainage which, at any season, contain too much water—that is, which hold at any time of the year more moisture than is good for the crops, and causes them to suffer, either by freezing out in winter, or having their roots in water during the growing season. Drainage has been appropriately defined as "the art of rendering land not only so free from moisture that no superfluous water shall remain in it, but that no water shall remain long enough to injure or retard the healthy growth of such plants as are required for the sustenance of man or beast." There are some plants, as rice and cranberries, which require a wet soil, but most of those which are useful to man, are drowned by being overflowed for a short time, and are injured by any stagnant water about their roots. The soil of the prairies, in most cases, is underlaid with clay, which not unfrequently contains a mixture of metallic oxides, which cause it to form a substratum almost of the nature of rock, and known commonly among farmers as "hard pan." It is a common impression that clay is impervious to water, and that, therefore, a clay soil—and particularly if it has assumed the solid form of "hard pan" under the surface—can not be drained with tile, and especially if the tile is laid lower than the "hard pan." But that such land is not absolutely impervious is proved by the fact that it is very wet in the spring at almost any depth, while in the latter part of the summer it becomes dry and hard. How comes it to be soaked at any time, if water does not go into it? And how comes it dry, if water does not come out of it? The facts that clay will readily absorb a great deal of water, and that it may be subsequently dried, prove conclusively that it is not impervious to water, but they do not prove that water will pass through it with sufficient rapidity to answer the practical purposes of drainage. It is nevertheless a fact that owners of clay farms almost invariably overestimate the difficulty in draining their land. They know that puddled clay is used for the bottom of ponds, canals, etc., and is nearly or quite impervious. But such is not its natural condition, and it is only reached by working and beating it while wet, or, as in the case of the hard pan subsoil, by continued pressure from above. Nor can clay be kept in this condition except by being constantly wet. If once dried, or subjected to the action of frost, it resumes its natural porous condition.—Anon.

Origin of Forests.

The life of plants as well as of animals began in the water, and from water plants of simple structure there gradually developed the forms fitted to thrive upon land, writes William J. Hopkins in Chicago Record. The first land plants of which we have evidence, although probably not the first that existed, were fern-like in character. As their number became greater the crowding forced each plant to reach out higher after the sunlight and the air. In this struggle for existence began that evolution of those most fitted to survive, which has resulted in the forms that we know to-day. Those which developed the tallest trunks conquered the shorter varieties and forced them either to die out completely or to occupy less favorable situations. The trees of the first great forests, which became the beds of coal of the principal coal-forming period, were weak in structure, not far removed from the ferns, with pithy trunks, requiring much moisture and warmth. They were not well adapted to propagate and spread, as their seeds were very small and incapable of withstanding rigorous conditions. From these forms there gradually developed the palms and trees somewhat resembling the present cone-bearing forms, or evergreens, this process of development continuing until in comparatively recent ages came the prevailing trees of our modern forests. These may be divided into two great classes—the narrow-leaved, cone-bearing trees, or evergreens, and the broad-leaved trees, which usually shed their leaves in the autumn. All have a great advantage over the earliest forms in their strong trunks, capable of supporting a great weight of branches and leaves and enabling them to attain heights of 100 to 300 feet above the earth. The fight for place and existence is now chiefly between the evergreens and the broad-leaved or deciduous trees, and in this struggle the broad-leaved trees are so far superior that the evergreens have already been driven to a great extent to the less temperate, cold regions or to the drier and less favorable soils.

* * *

Methods of Spreading and Growth.—The distribution of forest trees depends not only upon the characteristics of the particular kind and its adaptability to the soil and climate, but also upon the chance of distribution of the seed and the provision against its destruction by animals. Many trees are subject to the depredations of various insect enemies which may prevent seeding or may even destroy the tree; and the seeds of most trees form a more or less palatable food for birds or beasts. Some trees are better protected than others against these chances of destruction and the better protected trees stand a correspondingly better chance of increasing in numbers and surpassing the other kinds. If the squirrels or the wild pigs find the puts of the white oak sweeter and more wholesome than those of some other oaks the standing white oaks will leave few if any descendants and will eventually disappear, while the red oaks flourish. In entering upon new ground the trees having the lightest seeds will be the first to take possession, their seeds being carried to greater distances than those of the others. The light seeds of the willow or the seeds of the maple, which, although heavier, have upon them wing-like attachments, will enable their kind to far outstrip the nut-bearing trees, like the walnut, hickory and oak. These heavy-seeded trees are limited in their reproduction, practically to the distance at which a nut falls to the ground or to the chance distribution by the forgotten hoards of the squirrel. By the swiftness of their march the light-seeded plants will thus more quickly reach regions where the rainfall is just sufficient to furnish the roots enough moisture or the growing season is just long enough to enable them to mature the wood of each year's growth. Beyond this point they can not live. The heavy-seeded forms are plodding surely along behind them and in the final struggle the trees best adapted to the soil at any given locality will endure by the overwhelming of the others.

Olive Culture and Olive Oil.

A new and distinct branch of industry is rapidly being developed on the Pacific slope, says a contemporary. It promises to speedily become of national importance and to relieve the people from all danger of being subjected to deception and fraud in one important article of food supplies. Experts of the department of agriculture who have been investigating the matter have been astonished at the rapidity with which the industry is being developed and have made glowing reports of its future possibilities. At the present time there is being imported annually into the United States 1,000,000 gallons of olive oil. It comes here from Italy and Spain, though the latter country is rather niggardly with its exports, consuming nearly all it produces. The annual production of the Iberian peninsula is 70,000,000 gallons, of which 60,000,000 are consumed at home. If the people of the United States consumed olive oil as do the Spaniards 180,000,000 gallons would be required to supply the demand here. What we do get from abroad is by no means an A1 article. Analysis made by the agricultural department of that found on the market has proved that large quantities of it is nothing more than cotton seed oil or peanut oil labeled and sold as pure olive oil.

No necessity exists for the people submitting to any such imposition. The United States, instead of being an importer of olive oil, should be a large exporter. It is likely to become so in the not far distant future. The investigations referred to show that no better olive-producing soil exists in the world than is to be found in this country. In California there is a territory from 600 to 700 miles long and from 30 to 125 miles wide which is particularly well adapted to olive culture. In addition extensive sections have been found in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Lousiana, Texas and parts of Arzona in which the olive might be successfully cultivated.

In illustration of how olive culture is being developed on the Pacific slope it may be said that from 500,000 to 600,000 olive trees are being planted in California annually. In seven years from the time of planting these trees should be bearing fruit. After they once begin they continue yielding for centuries. A good tree in its prime will produce 250 gallons of oil a year. There is no reason why the territory described, in this country, should not produce 140,000,000 gallons annually, the present market value of which would be $240,000,000.

Fall Rye.

There are a few crops that the American farmer can use more profitably than this. When it is sown early in the fall and the weather is favorable for the plant, it affords a great amount of pasture for calves, colts or pigs, writes S. Blanchard in Journal of Agriculture. In much of the weather during the fall when pastures are short, the cows can be turned upon the land to feed, and that will make the wife smile with joy when she goes to town with her well-filled jars or pails of butter. The farmer, too, will smile with pleasure when he beholds his calves, colts and all other stock entering upon the winter in such fine condition. During much of the winter, when they are turned out of their yards they will start at once for the rye field. In fact, it can be pastured nearly all winter when the ground is not covered with snow. It can also be pastured quite late in the spring, and when the stock is all removed will often spring up if weather is favorable and afford to the farmer a fair crop of grain. Or the field can be plowed up in the spring and planted to corn or some other crop. The fall plowing will have made the land more mellow for any spring crop. All farmers who have fields that can be utilized in this way should not fail to sow rye. Years ago many of the farmers in Kansas pastured their wheat fields when not covered with snow. Some thought it was no detriment to their crops while many question the utility of the practice. But rye is one of our hardiest grains. Drought does not affect it as it does wheat or oats.

Clean Wheat.

There is no excuse for the presence of rye, cockle or chess in wheat at harvest-time. It is not always possible to have absolutely clean seed, and weed-seeds are in the soil, but it is practicable to clean the standing grain when these weed pests appear. Rye shoots up much higher than the wheat, and cockle has a blossom easily seen. Taking two drill widths at a through, a man can pass over an acre of wheat very quickly, clipping off the heads of blossoms of these undesirable plants. We have too much thoroughbred cockle in the country. The fanning-mills take out the lighter and smaller grains of cockle, but too often leave the larger grains in the seed. In this way we have been raising the standard for cockle until some of it is as heavy as wheat-grains. It, together with rye and other filth in wheat, can be wholly eradicated by a little care before wheat harvest. Lowlands often have some docks in the wheat, and seed is ripened before harvest. Getting into the manure, they are carried back to cultivated fields. A watch should be kept for these, and an ounce of prevention saves the cost of a pound of cure.—Ex.

Wheat King of Argentina.—The wheat king of the world belongs to Argentina. He is an Italian emigrant named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Aires. His crop occupies an area of 66,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested he fills over 3,000 railway trucks with his grain.—Ex.

ALASKAN WEATHER.

JAPAN CURRENT PROTECTS IT FROM EXTREMES.

Midsummer Days that Have No Night—Hazy Mornings with a Glorious Awakening at Noon—The Fading of the Clouds.

IN THE current number of the Century there is an article on "The Alaska Trip" by John Muir, the California writer and naturalist. Mr. Muir says:

The climate of all that portion of the coast that is bathed by the Japan current, extending from the southern boundary of the territroy northward and westwad to the island of Atoo, a distance of nearly twenty-five hundred miles, is remarkably bland, and free from extremes of heat and cold throughout the year. It is rainy, however; but the rain is of good quality, gentle in its fall, filling the fountains of the streams, and keeping the whole land fresh and fruitful, while anything more delightful than the shining weather after the rain—the great, round sun-days of June, July and August—can hardly be found elsewhere. An Alaska midsummer day is a day without night. In the extreme northern portion of the territory the sun does not set for weeks, and even as far south as Sitka and Fort Wrangel it sinks only a few degrees below the horizon, so that the rosy colors of the evening blend with those of the morning, leaving no gap of darkness between. Nevertheless, the full day opens slowly. At midnight, from the middle point between the gloaming and the dawn, a low arc of light is seen stealing along the horizon, with gradual increase of height and span and intensity of tone, accompanied usually by red clouds, which make a striking advertisement of the sun's progress long before he appears above the mountain tops.

For several hours after sunrise everything in the landscape seems dull and uncommunicative. The clouds fade, the islands and the mountains, with ruffs of mist about them, cast ill-defined shadows, and the whole firmament changes to pale pearl-gray with just a trace of purple in it. But toward noon there is a glorious awakening. The cool haziness of the air vanishes, and the richer sunbeams, pouring from on high, make all the bays and channels shine. Brightly now play the round-topped ripples about the edges of the islands, and over many a plume-shaped streak between them, where the water is stirred by some passing breeze.

On the mountains of the mainland, and in the high-walled fiords that fringe the coast, still finer is the work of the sunshine. The broad white bosoms of the glaciers glow like silver, and their crystal fronts, and the multitude of icebergs that linger about them, drifting, swirling, turning their myriad angles to the sun, are kindled into a perfect blaze of irised light. The warm air throbs and wavers, and makes itself felt as a life-giving, energizing ocean embracing all the earth. Filled with ozone, our pulses bound, and we are warmed and quickened into sympathy with everything, taken back into the heart of nature, whence we came. We feel the life and motion about us, and the universal beauty; the tides marching back and forth with wearless industry, laving the beautiful shores, and swaying the purple dulse of the broad meadows of the sea where the fishes are fed; the wild streams in rows white with waterfalls, ever in bloom and ever in song, spreading their branches over a thousand mountains; the vast forests feeding on the drenching sunbeams, every cell in a whirl of enjoyment; misty flocks of insects stirring all the air; the wild sheep and goats on the grassy ridges above the woods, bears in the berry-tangles, mink and beaver and otter far back on many a river and lake; Indians and adventurers pursuing their lonely ways; birds tending their young—everywhere, everywhere beauty and life, and glad, rejoicing action.

Through the afternoon all the way down to the west the air seems to thicken and become soft, without losing its fineness. The breeze dies away and everything settles into a deep, conscious repose. Then comes the sunset with its purple and gold—not a narrow arch of color, but oftentimes filling more than half the sky. The horizontal clouds that usually bar the horizon are fired on the edges, and the spaces of clear sky between them are filled in with greenish yellow and amber; while the flocks of thin, overlapping cloudlets are mostly touched with crimson, like the outleaning sprays of a maple-grove in the beginning of Indian summer; and a little later a smooth, mellow purple flushes the sky to the zenith, and ..... the air, fairly steeping and transfiguring the islands and mountains, and changing all the water to wine.

An Ancient Canal.

The Bahr-Joussuf, or Canal of Joseph, which, according to tradition, was built by the son of Jacob, is still in use, after 4,000 years of service, and the life of a fertile province of Egypt is dependent upon it today. It takes its rise in the Nile at Assiout, and after running parallel with it for nearly 250 miles, enters a pass and waters the province of Fayoum. In ancient times it created a large lake in the Fayoum, and modified the climate of the surrounding district. This lake has disappeared, but the remains of irrigation works abound.

Quick Conversion.

Small Boy—"What'll I do with this money bank?"

Mamma—"Put it away, of course. It has a dollar in it that your aunt gave you, and some change your pa and I put in."

"Not now. There isn't any money in it now. I spent it."

"Spent it? What did you do that for?"

"Why, the minister preached so hard against hordin' up riches, that I got converted and spent what I had."—New York Weekly.

A Little French Trick.

An Englishman recently took a seat at a cafe table in Paris. A Frenchman sat on the other side of it. He began to play with the lever of a seltzer syphon, when suddenly, and seemingly by accident, a stream of the aerated water struck the Englishman in the face. The Frenchman apologized profusely and wiped off the water with his own handkerchief. After the polite Frenchman had gone the Englishman discovered that his purse containing nearly f500 had also disappeared

Where He Saw It.

Mr. Hayseed—Marier, I've made up my mind ter send our boy to the city writing school to learn how to write.

Mrs. Hayseed—He writes a good hand.

"Yes, Marier, but he's too slow for these times. The city's the place to learn things, Marier, no matter what. They write like greased lightnin' there. Why, Marier, while I was in the city I saw a man write a two-page love letter in seventeen seconds, by the watch. He was a regular city feller, too—I could tell by his clothes. Why, Marier, when the girl that letter was writ to got it, it took her 'most five minutes to read it. I timed her, too."

"Love letter—girl reading it! Why, where and how on 'arth did you see a letter written, and then—"

"Oh, it's all so, Marier. I saw it in a theater."

Cheap Tickets

Via the Omaha & St. Louis R. R. and Wabash R. R. St. Louis, one way, $9.15, round trip, $15.35. On sale every Tuesdays and Thursdays. St. Louis: Round trip October 3d to 8th, $11.50. Homeseekers' Excursions. South: September 21, October 5 and 19. One fare the round trip, plus $2. Springfield, Ill.: Round trip, $13.25; on sale September 18, 19, 20. For tickets and further information call at 1415 Farnam St. (Paxton Hotel Block), Omaha, or write G. N. Clayton, Omaha, Neb.

Overcome.

His eyes met her's for an instant in a glance of intense and agonized appeal. A moment later he staggered to his feet. "Crushed!" he moaned. He was terribly pale. "Crushed," with faltering footsteps he moved away. "Crushed." All he could do was to tell the policeman on the corner that a girl with a white cap and blue bloomers had run him down with a bicycle. No, he was unable to furnish a more detailed description. She had disappeared very suddenly.—Detroit Tribune.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Peculiarities of Speech.

It is a familiar fact that persons born deaf are usually mute not from any congenital defect in the organs of speech, but from the fact that, never having heard others speak, they cannot imitate articulate utterance. It is probably true, too, that the source of some current errors among those who are not esteemed deaf lies in a defect of hearing. Many persons who habitually tack on the "r" sound to words ending in "w" say that they are unable to distinguish, for example, between "law" and "lor."

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Retired From Service.

Five war ships were sold out of the service by the British admiralty recently, being unfit for further employment. One was a wooden battle ship built sixty years ago. Three of the others were also wooden ships, and one was an iron troop ship

FREE, IMPORTANT INFORMATION

To men (plain envelope.) How, after ten years' fruitless doctoring, I was fully restored to full vigor and robust manhood. No C.O.D.