OF INTEREST TO THE FARNER.

Dats Make an Excellent Feed for all Kinds of Stok.

HOW TO PUSH THE SPRING PIG.

Milch Cows Demand an Unusual Amount of Feed -Points of a Good Butter Maker Queen Victoria's Dairy.

For all classes of stock, oats make an excellent feed. For hogs it is better to feed the grain alone and still better if they can be ground before feeding. During growth, oats is one of the very best materials that can be used to secure a good developement of bone and muscle, and with hogs this is quite an item. For work teams, especially when busy at work during the summer, oats make a better feed than corn, writes a contractor to the Nebraska Farmer. During the winter corn can be used as it is more heating, but during the summer when strength is desired, oats should be used partially if not wholly.

Sheep and stock cattle that are being wintered over for growth can be kept in a good condition on unthreshed outs and they are a cheap feed usually as they supply with grain and roughness. With horses especially there is a considerable waste in feeding in the straw unless it is first ran through a cutting box. Stock soon learn to cat the heads and leave the straw and this is a waste,

If threshed the straw should be stacked up carefully as stock prefer out to wheat straw. Then by using a cutting box and running both the clover hay and out straw through it and adding a small quantity of bran a good outfor can be made up that will be cheap and nutri-

tous.
While outs are a reasonably sure crop generally, yet this year they are largely a failure in many localities, and while generally they cannot be considered a profitable crop to raise for market, yet the prospect is that this year the grain sell at good prices. They can always be used to a good advantage for feed and whether feed in the straw or threshed they should be saved in as good a condition as possible. And in feeding out, care should be taken to use to the best advantage. With low prices for both stock and products it is quite an item to manage so as to realize all the benefit possible and one way of doing this is to avoid waste.

Generally a variety of food will give better result than any single material. No one plant, either oats, corn, wheat rye or barley, contains all the elements of natrition in the right proportion to secure the best gain at the lowest cost, and its is better to use a variety. And one of the best anvantages in cutting the rough feed like corn fodder, hay, oats and straw and grinding the grain is that a better opportunity of securing a good combina-tion is afforded. And if the threshed oats are ground and the straw is cut or if the threshed oats are cut before being fed, and bran, oil meal, corn meal or other material is mixed with them a more perfect return can be secured They make, however, a good feed alone, but are greatly improved by putting in a condition to be mixed with other ma-

Push the Growth.

Now is the time to make the spring igs grow. If you expect to make money n raising hogs you must commence with the pig. A good hog is never made from a poor pig, only at a loss to the owner. It is now about weaning time with many litters, and this must not be made a critical period in the pig's life, says the Western Stockman and Cultivator. Have your feed troughs for the pigs in a separate place from the hogs or sows, and stuff these little fellows with all the good, sweet swill they will Make of bran, ground grain and milk, dish water, all refuse you can ac-cumulate from the kitchen, fill up with water what you lack in other ingredients. Keep two or three barrels for this use, i your bunch of pigs demand it. We do not favor souring swill and always manage to feed out clean the day after it is made. Fine ground rye chop is ex-cellent when mixed with other ground feet, especially wheat, bran and shorts, or ground oats and corn meal. Every owner of pigs who would make the busiress a success, must use some judgment in preparing feed for them, and he must be well well supplied with feed or sell out to some man who is. No man can raise hogs without plenty of grain. This is the first thing to procure. Tame grasses with plenty of good water will grow pigs in a kind of a way, but it is not the way that a thorough hog hardly admires. As a helper to the grain and swill feed, tame grasses, especially clover, is valuable, as all experienced hog raisers know. A good substitute is had by growing sweet corn and cutting it for the pigs anytime after it is knee high.

A Little Extra Feed.

Comparitively few people feed mileh cows any sort of grain feed in the summer. The average farmer considers grass good enough for cows, and often pays comparatively little attention to the quantity and quality of the grass. But it is a fact that it pays to feed a little grain of some kind to mileh cows even when the pasture is the very best, though we cannot give figures to prove it, says the Western Stockman and Cultivator. There is, however, the evidence of experience which is better than figures in proof of the position we take. Our experience is supported by the practice of all good feeders. For example, on the farm of Mrs. T. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., ten of whose cows averaged 18 pounds of butter each for a week last year, the regular grain ration with good pasture is four quarts of wheat middlings twice each day.

P. J. Cogswell of New York state, when testing his Lady Alexis, who made sixteen and one-half pounds of butter in one week, fed only two quarts of bran per day on grass.

Mr. Appleton, owner of the famous cow, Eurotasmia, that made 9454 pounds of butter in one year, fed her twenty-four quarts of mixed grain per day, even when on grass, and the list could be in-creased indefinitely of those who wishing to get the best results, from milch cows feed grain with grass.

The secretion of milk has a tendency to decrease the volume of blood by drawing both upon its liquid and solid elements. To keep up a flow of milk this draft must be supplied by furnishing enough to restore the steady waste. With a good milch cow it is nearly impossible for her to digest enough grass to make up the drain on the system, but with a very small amount of grain she will yield an excess of fat in the milk which goes directly into the churn.

A Good Butter Cow.

A good butter cow should manifest her good qualities at this time of the year liever, for the weather is favorable o her comfort, and the luscious grass of the right growth to be easily converted. September. Classes begin at 9 a. to good milk and cream. It is a diffi-and pupils are dismissed at 3:30 p. m.

cult thing to select a good butter cow and none but the exper dalryman could do it. The novice occasionally strike one by chance, but such luck is seldom noticed, says the Practical Farmer. Yet there are external marks about a cow which determines her good qualities as a butter maker. Every breeder of horses judges the animals by external marks, and puts a great deal of confidence and faith in hese signs. His judgment furthermore Invariably correct.

Physical structure and facial expression have a great deal to do in indicating the character and qualities of an Asarule a good butter cow should have a wide-open, expressive eye, and a face indicating life and energy. The face should also be long and wide between the eyes. The eyes should also be placed well down from the horns, and not way up on the forehead. Cows with this latter characteristic are like buman beings similarly formed. If there is no forehead there seems to be no room for brains, and this seems to act directly butter making quali upon the animal. Cows with slim necks, and large muzzles are usually good butter-preducers. structure of the form should be such as to indicate strength and lithness, with a strong back and abdomen. The teats should be well placed, and the tall slim and not short and stubby. When all of these points are taken into considera-

tion one can judge protty accurately as

to the butter producing qualities of the cow. Regular, healthy breathing should ise be characteristic of the arimal. As a rule the dairyman and beef breeder choose animals with entirely listinct structures. The beef breed chooses his animal with the view of getting one that will turn everything into ment, while the dairyman chooses with higher qualities in her. The ordinary dairyman can invariably select a bow that will be a fair butter producer, out becomes difficult even to him to select one from a herd that is more than ordinarily gifted in this way. After all, however, these external marks have to earned, and cannot be communicated by word of mouth. It is only after observation and experience is handling cows that one can be accurate in his judgment. Good dairy cows, however, are markedly different from beef cows, and this difference is indicated in the calves at an early age. The farmer should not make the mistake, therefore, of keeping and rearing a calf with a distinctly beefy

form for dairy purposes. Queen Victoria's Dairy. As all students of history know, Windor castle stands on a sharp bluff overlooking the river Thames and in the midst of one of the most beautiful pastoral valleys in the world, says the American Agriculturist. The domain of this ancient stronghold has an extent of many acres, to practically use which the late Prince Consort established the Shaw farm within its boundary. One of the most interesting features of this is the dairy. This building is of yellow brick, with sandstone facings. It consists on the ground floor of the milk room, the churning room and the scalding room; the upper floor contains the rooms set apart for the use of the woman in charge; the milk room is fitted up with due attention to labor-saving. The walls and the floor are of subdued coloring, being lined with encaustic tiles; the shelves and the butter-table are of ordinveined marble; the decorathough simple, is

cellent taste, consisting of several small portrait medallions in bas-relief of the royal children, a few pieces of antiquated porcelan and a small fountain at either end. In the center of one side-wall stands the butter table, on which presides a bisque figure of a nymph emptying a stone jar; the milk vessels are shallow white china jars of two gallons capacity each. The cows which supply the milk are milked twice daily—at5a, m. and 8p. m. The milk is skimmed twice a day and butter is churaed on six days of the week, except when the court is at the castle; then, when required for invariant twice is the castle; then, when required for invariant twice. when required for immediate consumption, butter is made twice every day. The dairy herd numbers twenty head of Jerseys, beauties, all pedigreed cattle; to supplement these thirty-five head of non-pedigreed short-horn cows are kept. These latter are equal in appearance to pure-bred short-horns. There is also a herd of pure-bred short-horns, sixty head in number, which are a comely lot. Some individuals of this herd are in progress of preparation for the coming summer shows, and later on will be exhibited at the fat stock show in Smithfield. The treatnent of the cows in milk is as follows: They are put on pasture about April 15 or midday relaxation until the middle of May, when they range both day and Then, according to the state of the weather, they are brought in about September 15, or the first week in October. They are allowed daily exercise at

in November, when they are taken up finally for the winter. The dairy cows during the non-pastur-ing months of the year are fed three times during every twenty-four hours. The allowance is liberal and consists of cut feed; the component parts are chopped hay, chopped roots, (the yellow mangel s preferred), wheat bran, crushed oats, and about two pounds of corn meal sub-divided through the three feedings. The cows which are in full flow of milk have daily in their feed an extra allow-ance of two pounds of linseed cake. A large lump of rock salt is kept in every manger; two cows stand in a twin stall and share a water-tank between them. Extreme care is taken to keep the cow stables at an even temperature and fully ventilated; thus

pasture until the second or third week

pacity of the cow is increased as a milk producing machine.
In March last 100 head of young stock calves and yearlings were in the stables of the Shaw farm. This farm proper consists of 800 acres of pasture land and 150 acres of arable. There are in all on the Shaw farm twenty Clydescale horses; of these ten are mares from which three to five foals are annually obtained. The system in vogue is to sell the colts and o retain the fillies. The glory of the Shaw farm is in its pigs; these are superexcellent. In one pen resides a Berkshire bear which is a gem in his family; the creature is dish-faced, of a most at tractive countenance, his nose is up-ward, and absolutely perfect, being but-ton-shaped; with a latent power for root-

animat heat is economized and the ca-

ing equal to a double weed-grubber with a steam attachment; close by is his beauteous mate, and also near at hand are to be found many of their youthful progeny. There are some specimens of the large white Yorkshire, as also of the small Windsor whites. To complete the Shaw farm a pretty sheet of ornamental

water faces an aviary where handsome breeds of poultry are kept. The Sacred Heart academy for day pupils, situated on St. Mary's agenue and 27th st., is an institution devoted to the moral and intellectual education of

young girls. The course includes everything from an elementary department to a fluished claissical education. Besides the ordinary academical course, music, painting, drawing and the languages are taught. French is included in the ordinary course. Difference of religion is no obstacle to the receiving of pupils, pro-vided they conform to the general regulations of the school. The scholastic term commences the first Tuesday in September. Classes begin at 9 a.

MY BURGLAR.

Detroit Free Press; It was a dream fall afternoon, late in November. stood at my parlor window, watching for my hasband's return from the office. By standing in the pariar bay I could eateh the first glimpse of the horse and phase ton, on a slight rise of ground, just be-

fore you came to our entrance gate. My husband was lates than usual. cold rain began to patter against the panes as I strained my eyes to catch the lest glimpse of the familiar gray horse. I felt blue and low-spirited as I looked out on the dreary scene.

Our house was on the outskirts of the town, with several acres of prettily cultivated ground about it, but at this season the sodden flower beds showed only a few dismal stalks, where but a short time before had been a mass of blooming plants. The trees, stripped of leaves, were tossing their naked branches in the rising wind that shivered and mouned around the corner of the house like a soul in distress. A gloomy forboding seemed to overshadow me, a present-ment of impending trouble. Perhaps baby is going to have an attack of croup I thought. His breathing sounder rather hearse this afternoon.

Just then I saw the phaeton turn into the gate and noticed the unusual speed at which the horses were approaching Our new coach man was driving. The man had been in our employ but a few weeks. He was a sullen, surly looking fellow and I did not like his looks of manners; neither did John, but he said Harry was a good driver and took such excellent care of the horses he would keep him for the present.

I ran out on the steps to receive John. No matter how tempestous the weather, was always on hand to receive his kiss and evening greeting. We had been married two years now, but I was sentinental enough to keep up the custom of our honeymoon.

As John came up the steps he called to he man: "Get your dinner atonce, Harry, and be at the door again in half

"Why, John," I cried, "surely you are not going to town again tonight!" "To town, and to New York as well, he replied. "I received a telegram saying that my mother is very ill, and I must try to catch the 7 o'clock train. order the dinner served at once, little one, and get my traps together, for I must be off as seen as possible."

"O dear John," I said, as we entered the house, tears in my voice, though I tried bravely to keep them out of my yes, "I will not be so selfish as to keep you, but I have had a feeling all the aftermoon that something dreadful was going to happen, and of course it was your mother's illness and your going away; and to-night of all nights in the year, for Martha and Mary are to go to their cousin's wedding at the other of town, so I shall be all alone, and I am such a dreadful coward.

"I am sorry affairs should have combined in such a distracting way," said John tenderly, "but no harm can hap-pen to you in this quiet neighborhood. One of the girls must stay with you. Keep well locked upafter I am gone and have the gas burning all night in the lower hall. My pistol is in the bureau drawer, but I know you are too timid to Harry sleep in the house while I am

be as afraid of him as of any burgar and shouldn't sleep a wink if I knew he was in the house.

I saw that a nice dinner was prepared for John and packed his bag, sprinkling

I bolted and locked the front door and then carefully searched every closet and room, both up stairs and down, the faithful and sypathetic Mary accompanying me with matches and candle. I even looked under the beds for the man that, in my maiden days, I had stood in nightly expectation of finding. I had given up the search since my marriage. my husband having convinced me that it was entirely impossible for a man to creep under a low modern bed. I had tried it myself, and though very slender, had been unable to accomplish the

But this night I searched everywhere. and knew to a certainty that there was no burglars in the house. Mary offered testay with me, but I would not let her remain, knowing that for weeksshe had been looking forward to the gravities of this evening. My bedroom was on the lower floor in a wing opening off from the dining room. It had a deepbay window well secured by an ordinary lock and two stout bolts or nails, for which holes had been bored in the sashes. The other window was in a recess of the room, fastened only with an ordinary catch, but it was quite high from the ground and had besides, in the summer, the protection of an outside wire screen, but this the coach-man had taken off only two days before, when all the outside screens had been put away for the season. I had never worried about this window as a means of entrance for bur glars, thinking it was too high from the ground to be used, when there were other places that could be more easily entered. But all the windows, above as well as below, were well secured against porch thieves and the outside doors were protected by chain bolts, as well as locks

and ordinary fastenings. My dinner was a forlorn meal. I was so lonely without John. I had not been separated from him before since our marriage-not even for a day. I argued with myself to keep my courage up that there really was no cause for fear. evening would probably pass quickly. I had an interesting novel to finish, and would situp until the girls returned, knowing if I went to bed I should not sleep, listening for their coming.

The servants went tearray themselves for the party, and by 8 o'clock had left the house, locking the outside kitchen door, and taking the key with They promised to be home before 12 and would knock at the dining room on their return to see if I was awake and needed

anything.
I saw them go with a sinking heart then locked the door leading from the kitchen into the dining-room, and all the doors leading into the front hall, leaving me the free range of the diningroom, the front sitting-room and my bedroom, which were well secured from intrusion from the rear or from the

I looked out of the dining room window towards the stable and saw a light dimly shining through the open door, so I knew the coachman had returned and was within call if I should need him. I fancied I saw several figures standing the shrubbery near the stable, but the night was so dark and the wind high I could not be sure but they might be shadows of the tessing branches. How I did wish I had the protection a

telephone gives a lonely woman, placed as I was. John had promised to have one put in for my Christmas present, but Christmas was still several weeks

the windows, and the curfain as well, and replenished the fire in the grate and the room looked se cosy and confortable Inimost laughed at my terror at being oft plone in the house. I went to my bedroom to prepare my

onby for the night and he welcomed me with such a happysmile and sweet cooof sounds, it did not seem possible any evil could happen with such a pure, in nocent soul in the house, for surely the angels must be watching over him. Baby was soon undressed and snugl tucked in his little cradle, and, turning down the gas, I went into the front sitting room to finish a piece of work, be ore beginning on my sovel,

The house was new so still the snapping and the creaking the furniture sounded like ports from a pistol; noises always eard in old or new houses, and I had heard them many times before, but they sounded very different now, with no John at hand to explain them away.

If my plane had been in the room, should have drowned the sounds and my ears as well in music, but it stood in the lark parlor, and I could not summon suf-

derent curage to go in there.

Occasionally I stole in on tip toe to take a look at baby, who was quietly sleeping, with no signs of cross in his

even breathing.

I seen finished my work and buried myself in my novel, "Robert Elsmere," n which I was greatly interested. was reading the chapter called "The Cricis," and was so absorbed I had lost all knowledge of outside objects, when a sound of steathly footsteps on the pinzza made me start and tremble. I waited breathlessly for a few moments for something to follow, but as nothing did I con cluded the sounds must have been made by the coachman's dog, which usually sleptin the stable. I returned to my story just as the clock struck the hou half after nine. I reached the end of the chapter, which closes with a description of the squire sitting at mid-night alone in his library; of a sound up tairs in one of his descried rooms; o his hasty search, his horror, his return and his swoon, "born of pitiful human terror," It is a thrilling page and made my flesh creep. Suddenly I heard a sound that could not be the snapping of the plaster, or the creaking of the wood work, orthoshricking of the wind. It was a sharp click, like the slipping of a oolt, and it came from the direction of the bedroom. Then a draft of cold air struck my face and the sound of a gentle thud followed, as of something dropping softly to the floor, and then—silence, and I knew a window had been raised and

One reads of the blood freezing in one's veins, and minedid in those horrible moments of terror that followed. sat as iffrozen in my chair. My heart seemed to stop beating and my limbs seemed paralyzed. The clock struck 10. At that moment my baby's cry reached

someone had entered the bedroom.

ne. Perhaps someone was injuring my child. All the motherhood a woke at that sound, and, with an inarticulate cry, I staggered to my feet and rushed into the bedroom. The gas jet nearest into the bedroom. The gas jet nearest the door was lighted. I turned it up. Nothing seemed disturbed in the room in the hasty but comprehensive glance I swept roundit on my way to my baby cradle, nor was a window open. I seized the child, and new courage seemed given me as I clasped his tender form to my heart and soothed his cries. Could have been mistaken in the sounds

had heard? Perhaps the horror of use it. I shall hope to return by to-morrownight. Would you like to have my brain and confused me. I had read of the pranks imagination some away ?"
"Oh, no, indeed," I said, "I wish you could take Harry with you. I should be as afraid of him as of any burglar meand was beginning to feel reassured. times played with one. Walking back and forth in the room, with the child in meand was beginning to feel reassured by the quiet, every day look of the room when I distinctly saw the heavy curtains of the bay window move; and glancing into the mirror opposite them. I saw a face look cautiously out from behind the curtains, thinking my back was turned. It was not reassuring to see it was the face of Harry, the coachman. He could be in the house for no good purpose, knowing my husband was away and I alone.

I wonder I had the strength to do it but I talked to baby in low, soothing tones as he dropped off to sleep, still walking with him and gradually extended my promenade into the dining so as to have a moment in which to breathe and to think, away from that lowering, repulsive face. In that moment I removed the diamond ear rings from my ears, John's gift to me, and drew my engagement ring from my finger and dropped them softly into a little vase on the mantle, where I hoped they might not be discovered and trusted the burglar had not caught a glimpse of their sparkling beauty. Our wedding silver and much of my jewelry was se-curely locked up in a sale in the butler's pantry, off the dining room. The basket containing the silver indaily use was in my bedroom under a table where Mary placed it at night, hidden from sight by a table cover. Gladly would I give it to the burglar if he would be content with it and go.

I must go back into the bedroom again for baby was going to sleep and must be warmly wrapped and covered. I took my interrupted novel in my hand and the brass poker, the only weapon of defense I could think of, and secreting it in the folds of my dress, went back into the bedroom praying—ch, howf reently—God would watch over and protect me and my helpless child.

It seemed to give me courage to have baby in my arms, so wrapping him warmly in the blankets from his cradle, I laid him across my lap and tried to summon up courage for anything that might happen

I satin a low rocking chair, with my back to the bay window, but in such a way I could eatch a glimpse of the mirror of the slightest movement the man should make. I held my book is my hand and mechanically turned the leaves but I did not see one word on the pages. My whole mind was intent on keeping myself from screaming with nervouster rer, not knowing but any moment a heavy hand would be laid on my shoulder, and perhaps my baby and I would be ruthlessly slain. I pictured poor John's return to his desolate home, and his agony of despair if harm should happen to baby or to me in his absence. I dared not look for the pistol John had in the bureau drawer, for I did not knowhow to use it and feared if the burglar saw me with it, he would fire first, and I relied more on the pokerin case

I could hear the violent beating of my heart, as I sat there in the intense quiet, and occasionally the heavy breathing of the man behind the curtain.

should have to resort to weapons of de-

The clock struck eleven! What would happen before it again struck the hoar? for Harry, I supposed, knew the girls would return before mid-I afterwards learned he had asked them when they would return from the party, and they had laugh-ingly told him about 4 in the morning." My baby now became restless, and attered little croupy cries, so distressing to a mother's heart. I had medicine in durant. e house that would relieve him, one full bottle not yet opened, and one bottle containing a small amount. miles n way.

I forgot my terror is my anxiety y child, and went to the medicine sabiset for the bottle, and then was obliged to take out the basket of silver n order to get a teaspoon, for I did not I drew the shades down securely over up the gas by the bureau to pour out the

medicine, and, as I was putting down the bettle raised my eyes and met the man's eyes in the mirror, looking at me, though he now had on the disguise of black mask.

I felt myself turn white, and trembled like a leaf, though I said with apparent calmness: "Take your massoons cine, baby, I must start the kitchen fire and get some hot water to bathe your and taking baby in my arms, I went into the kitchen, leaving the silver basket in plain sight on the table, hoping the burglar would take it and let himself out the front door.

The gas was burning dimly in the kitchen and the kindling lay in the stove ready for the morning's fire. It was such a relief to me to be doing something and to be out of the bedroom, away from those watchful eyes. The last hour bad told dreadfully on my nerves. Ifeltnearer the outside world, though I could not escape through the door, as it was looked and the servants had the key. Anyway the kitchen poker was a trifle heavier than the one from the sitting room and could deal a deadlier blow. I remembered absole ar ng that cayesne pepper, thrown with force and dexterity, would rout the boldest robber, and I hunted up the package I had bought earlier in the fall hen making torm to catsup.

How eagerly I watched the hands of the kitchen clock now pointing to 11:30. If I could only push them on to 12 and make the moments fly as fast. The servants, I thought, will take no heed of ime and will be sure to be later than 12, ather than earlier than the hour set for heirreturn.

I now heard someone moving in the edroom and the gentle tinkle of silver, and knew the burglar was looking over he contents of the basket. Just then I heard a low whistle of warning outside. The burglar's confiderate, probably! Then a confused murmur of voices that ame nearer and nearer. The servants werehere at last and must have some scort home. How I did hope it was the burliest Irishman in town, so he sould tackle the burghar.

I heard the girls' merry voice on the teps, the grating of the key in the lock, and then their exclamations of astonishment at inding me in the kitchen, with the fre lighted and baby in my arms. "Did you come alone;" was the first

uestion I asked. "Our cousin Nick came asfar as the they replied. "But he started ack on a run, so as to lose as little of the fun as possible, and must be half-way home by now."

My hope of a possible rescuer died Howe yuld I summon help? The girls, if told a burglar was in the house, would probably go into violent hystermust think of some way to get outside help without exciting their suspicions. If came to me like a flash. Come into the dining-room, girls," said, "while you tell me about the party," for I wanted the burglar to hear we were saying, and while exlamations of "Such a good time," 'Elegant fun," "Danced fourteen times efore I carne away," were dimly floatng through my comprehension, I broke

in on their rhapsodies saying:
"Baby has had an attack of croup and
I must have a bottle of Dr. Goodwin's I have used the last dese in the bottle. Will you be afraid to go to the doctor's for it? It is not far and you can oth go; and harry back, for we must retthe house quiet as soon as possible will write him a line to let him know just the medicine I need."

This is what I wrote: "For God's sake come. Burglars are n the house and outside. Bring help and lose no time.

Then I said in a cheerful, alert voice: Now go, and tell the doctor to send the argest size bottle, and if the doctor isn't in give the note to Mrs. Goodwin. She will know the medicine I want." As the girls were going down the

steps I called out so the confederate appetite. could hear me: "Be sure and bring the medicine. Don't come without it." I watched until they disappeared into the darkness, and then locked myselfin, feeling as if I had shut out hope. I calculated the girls would be gone at least twent minutesevenif the doctor should be home, and he was more apt to be out on a round of visits, lateas the hour was. How could I endure these additional moments of suspense? "Un mauvais quart d'heur"indeed for me. O, how slowly the kitchen clock ticked out the next half hour, as I sat with my eyes fastened on its face, and every nerve strained to each the first sound of approteching footsteps. The clock gave a prolonged whire just before striking 12, and each strokefelllikea knell on my listening ears. As the last sound died away there was a movement in the bedroom. The burglar was getting impatient. Would the girls never come? O, herrible! the man was coming through the dining room. Could I face him in that dreadful mask? A terrible tremb-ling seized meand I nearly dropped my poor little boy from my paralyzed arms But again I heard that warning whistle

steps of the burglar into the bedroom. I dragged myself to the door to be ready to unlock it at the first sign of friends. I heard the girl's voices as they came upthesteps. They seemed to be alone.

from outside and the retreating foot-

As I threwopen the door there were my faithful servants, with the dector and several other neighbors and two policemen. The latter had in custody a man who was evidently the burglar's accomplice. All had been hastily summoned by telephone, on the doctor's reading me appeal for help, and had met

at our entrance gale.

A warning sign of silence was given as they came quietly in. I pointed to the bedroom door. The police and doctorentered, the others keeping watch outside and guard over the manualed prisoner, whom they had also wisely gagged lest he should give a signal to the burglar inside the house.

I sank into a chair, the doctor's wife taking my baby from my arms and the servants overwhelming me with ques tions, which I was too faint and ill to

There was a fearful struggle in the bedroom, but the burglar had gotten himself in a trap and there was no escape. Several shets were fired before he was secured. One of them shattered the mirror, in which I had seen that dark and lowering face look out from behind the curtains. I was glad the mirror was broken, for I could never have looked into the depths ngain without seeing that hateful face.
The burglar was indeed Harry, our

coachman, a man who had long been wanted in the next state for many crimes he had committed, and the police reaped a large reward for his capture.

Harry told the policeman he was almost sure I saw him in the mirror when I poured out the medicine, but thought he must have been mistaken. I seemed so cool and self-possessed. He said he was tempted many times to overpower me, secure his nlunder and leave out did not wish to Injure me, as I had ways been kind to him, so he decided to wait until I was a sleep and the house We found my husband's valuable horses harnessed in the stable ready to earry off the booty as soon as secured, and by daylight they would have been

I acquired a great reputation in the neighborhood for bravery, but never was there a more-frightened little woman than I was those three terrible hours I spent locked in with my burgIN A HOG'S STOMACH.

Here is a VeryStrangeStory or a Mos Ingenious Lie.

A Whinton county, Alabama, peddler tells astory which, if not true, evinces an imaginative nower which no one ildeversuppose him to possess A farmer named Greene while in town was persuaded to buy a few Chineselily

bulbs, which will grow if placed in a bottle or jar. They resemble in appear ance a diminutive steer's head, and selon the streets for a mere tribe. FarmerGreene tooks fancy to them

and bought a dozen of the m. reached home he had so bottle or jar to put them in and threw them into the hog lot with a bucket of spoiled pota-

A few days afterward one of his larg est hogs became sick, refusing food, and lying down in a corner grunted as if in constant pain. No signs of disease could be discovered, but a few days after the hog ded. The cause of the deat! was discussed in the usual family coun ell around the supper table, and it was finally concluded best to cut up the nog and find out, if possible, whether or not the disease was contrigious:

This was done, and the cause of death was instantly apparent. The anima had swallowed a Chinese tily bulb whole and there was sufficient moisture in the stomach to cause it to grow. The bulb had not only swelled and sprouted, but leaves had actually formed. The arm flower garden and died

The worst cases of screfuta, saft them; and ther diseases of the blood are card by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Australia.

Prof. E. M. Skelton of Kansas, who was appointed government agricultural agent of Australia, writes enthusiasti cally of the agricultural and mineral re sources of the country. He says Ameri can farmers would be astonished at the products of Australian fields. Two or threserops are often grows in one year from the same ground. There are no checks to crops from cold weather, and no feeding season to be provided for Fruits of all kinds grow in abundance The light-wooded country has the ap pearance of a beautiful park covered with a magnificent growth of grassoften waist high. Great fortunes have been made from the sugar industry. midst of all its bounty farm products are very high; perk, 25 to 40 cents a pound; corn, 50 cents to \$1.50 per bushel; hay, \$25 to \$40 a ton.

Fits, spasms, St. Vitus dimee, nervousness and bysteria are soon cured by Dr Miles Nervine. Free sampless at Kuhn & Cc. 15th and Douglas.

Milwaukee Short on Beer Kegs. There was never sogreat a scardty beerkegs as at present says the Mil-waukee Sentinel. Every cooper in the itywhomakes them has more orders hanit is possible for him to fill. The hot weather, principally, and the "original package" decision are the cause of the great demand which is made on the reveries. The Schitz brewing comoany, a few daysago, placed as order for 0,000 kegs in New York, and other reweries are in a similar fix. The Cin rimati co-operative establishments have peer compelled to partly shut down owing to the scarcity of staves.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for croup and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by Wm. Kay, 530 Phy-mouth ave, Buffale, N. Y.

What Appetites the Crouchs Bave! Mrs. Ambrose Crouch of South Jackon Mich., has been keeping tab on her family and finds that during the past ear she has baked for them 2,368 cookies, 1,988 doughnuts, 117 cakes, 267 pies, 81 puddings and 793 loaves of bread. Her family is not large, either, except as to

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