## THE DAWN IS BREAKING!

The American Farmer Stands on the Threshold of Unprecedented Prosperity.

PRICES OF HIS PRODUCTS ADVANCING.

Mr. Erastus A. Benson Argues That Western Producers Will Soon Become the Nabobs of This Country.

The question of the food supply of the human race is the question of all others first in importance. Still we go on eating and wasting food from year to year with scarcely a thought of whence it comes, who produced

it or will the supply go on forever. The question of how long our (American) food supply will keep pace with our increasing population and the foreign demand, may profitably be considered by food producers and food consumers alike. The proud boast that we can feed the world will not much longer be made. it will be glory enough in the not very far distant future (it will come before many who read this article are old) to boast that the United States can feed her own population. Our present enormous food product will be but a bagatelle as compared with what will be required to feed our own population in the lifetime of many new tilling farms on their own responsibility. It may seem superfluous to even suggest the possibillty of a deficit in food stuffs in the near future in the face of the fact that the past fifteen years have witnessed an ever increasing depression in farm products caused by over production. During the last decade the American farmer has endured hardships sufficient to crush any other class of men. The causes which produced this long depression can be stated in four words: "Ruinous competion; over-production," and its duration can be predicted with tolerable certainty. Since 1570 the increase in our farm products
has been enormous and for the most of the

period greatly in excess of the requirements. The last twenty years have witnessed more land brought under the plow in the United States than was ever witnessed in half a century in any other country on earth. During that time enough land to make a great empire has been turned from prairie and forest into fields. The army of farm-scekers extended its line from Canada to the southern boundry of the country and took up its march through the great west, taking up every available piece of land as far west as crops could be produced with any considerable degree of certainty. The mountain valleys where irrigation was practicable without too great expense, were invaded. During these two decades 118,000,000 acres were added to the cultivated fields of the United States, land enough to make a belt nearly seven and a half miles wide that would reach around the earth at the equator. From 1870 to 1880 there was added to the wheat area of the world 22,700,000 acres of which the United States contributed over 83 per cent. The increase in our wheat supply for that decade was greater than the require-ments of the increase in population of the entire wheat eating world. In 1880 only three-fifths of our wheat product was required to feed our own population. In the light of these facts can any one wonder that farm products have been seiling at starva-From 1880 to 1890 the United States did

not add an acre to the wheat area of the world. If the 19,000,000 added from 1870 to 1880 had been distributed through the two decades at say, the rate of 1,000,000 acres per annum, the average price of wheat could hardly have fallen below \$1 per bushel in the local markets nearest the farm. There was more wheat sown in 1880 for our 50,000,000 people than was sown in 1890 for our 63,000,-000 people notwithstanding the fact that the increase of 13,000,000 in population require the annual product of over 6,000,000 acres of wheat. During the seventh decade the wheat producer rushed forward with rapid strides taking at least three steps to the consumer's two. At the beginning of the eighth decade the wheat producer slackened his pace (in the United States stopped altogether) while the consumer kept on the even tenor of his way; and the real object of this inquiry is to find out their relative positions today and certain as nearly as practicable what it will be at a given date in the future.

During the seventh decade the wheat area of the world increased 15 per cent, while the wheat eating population increased only 10 per cent. During the decade ending 1890 the beat area increased only 3 per cent, while the wheat eaters increased 10 per cent. The total increase in population in the two detotal increase in population in the two de-cades was 20 per cent. The total increase in acreage of wheat was 18 per cent. Taking the two decades together there seems no great disparity between the percentage of increase of population and of the world's wheat acreage, but when we consider that five-sixths of the area was added during the first haif of the two decades, while the in-crease in population was the same in each, it becomes apparent that there must have bee a great overproduction during the first half of the two decades or there must soon be a deficit unless the acreage is speedily in-creased. While there was an increase in the wheat area of 3 per cent during the last decade there was no increase of product, as the average yield per acro decreased 3 per cent as compared with the preceding decade. I am now speaking of the product of the world. In the United States the acreage from 1885 to 1889 decreased 3.4 and the product over 6 per cent as compared with the preceding five years. During the last half decade the western district has added to the wheat acroage nearly 3,000,000 acres, while older districts show a loss of over 4,000,000

What is of interest to the western farmer is to know that most of the land withdrawn from the wheat area has not gone into corn to swell the volume of that staple product. Over 13 per cent of the same has been planted in cotton. A large portion has been the rapidly increasing city population in the east. Erastus Wyman in a recent article in the North American Review tells us how Rochester, N. Y., was for years known as the Fiour city on account of its numerous mills situated in the midst of the great what district; but when the milling center was transferred 1,500 miles to the west, they changed the name to the "Flower City" on account of the numerous nurseries and seed gardens that adorn

he surrounding country.

It is estimated that 5.75 bushels of wheat are required for each unit of population. At the end of the seventh decade the product reached the high water mark of 9,16 bushels dor each unit of population, and did not vary greatly from that until 1885 (except in 1881, the year of the short crop), being 3.41 in ex-cess of the per capita requirement. In other words (using round numbers) only three of each five bushels of wheat produced were required for home consumption. The bai-ance was exported or went to swell the sur-plus. If the crop of 1850 had been up to the average, which it was not, the per capital product of wheat would have been only 7.08 bushels, a falling off of 2.98 bushels per cap-lta in the last half of the decade, and this during the time when the great Dakota fields were being developed. With no new flelus of any magnitude to open, it will require but a short time to make the still further reduction of 1.23 bushels per capita, when our wheat crop will be required for home con-sumption. In the meantime the export domand is likely to increase. In 1871 the product per capita was 6.50 bushels, and wheat sold at an average price of \$1.25 per

bushel in the local market nearest the farms can be true and wheat still seil at prices not greatly above cost of production. It is easily answered. The world lives from hand to mouth. The only question asked is, What is the visible supply? As long as the pump re-sponds we never measure the depth of the water in the well. The enormous surplus ed from 1875 to 1885 has made it poss ble to span over the last half decade and meet any deficit which might occur. If figures collected from the most trustworthy can be relied upon, there was in 1890 a deficit of 65,000,000 to 75,000,000 bushels in the world's supply of wheat. Upon the subject I quote from C. Wood Davis, the Kansas farmer and statitician, and there is no better au-

thority.
He says: "The output of the wheat fields of the world, in years of average yield, is also clearly insufficient to meet requirements, and the growing deficit has heretofore been met by drawing upon reserves accumulated garing the earlier part of the minth decade

and from the exceedingly large crop of 1887-8, and the time when the current deficit shall make itself apparent in a painful and

startling manner depends upon the degree to which such reserves have been exhausted. There can be no question that with average crops throughout the world present supplies are insufficient, and yet prices continue below the cost of production, and the agricultural populations are in an impoverished condition, from which they will emerge as soon as the consumers awaken to the fact that the over-

consumers awaren to the fact that the overabundant supply to which they have been so
long accustomed has ceased to exist."

The deficit must make itself apparent not
later than 1892 (and if the families
in Russia and the drouth in India
are as widespread as reported, the surplus must be greatly diminished, if not
wholly exhausted, before the crop of 1892 is
marketed. All stanic crops will follow the marketed). All staple crops will follow the advance in wheat. It will not be a gradual rise in prices but will be an advance that

will cause a revolution such as has seldom if ever come to a class of men.

The dawn is breaking for the American farmer and especially for those of the west for there is where the great wheat and corn fields are and most remain. Seven western fields are and must remain. Seven western states including Nebraska produce on an average 55 per cent, of the corn crop of the United States. In 1871, as said before, the per capita quota in wheat in the United States was 50 of an acre and the average price of wheat in the local market nearest the farms was \$1.25 per bushel. Then becan the ruinous competition and over production which lasted for fifteen years. This can not occur again. The land does not exist to make it possible. It is estimated that only 34,000,000 acres of arable land remain to be brought under cultivation. The amount of land which can be subjected to irrigation, no natter how much money is expended, is very imited. The wide strip of level country east of the Rocky mountains has no adequate water supply. Many mountain valleys will yet be brought under the ditch and many beautiful farms be made where now only sage brush subsists but they will be as gar-

den patches in the surrounding waste. More startling than the suggestion of a possible deficit in farm products is the fact that the farm lands of the public domain which were considered almost mexhaustible, are today exhausted. I mean the free lands on which crops can be raised. The increase in the city population (food consumers) as compared with the farm population (food producers) for the past decade is unprecidented in our history. From preliminary statements issued by the superintendent of census it is doubtful if the rural population has increased at all in the last five years. The farm business has been so depressed that few have embarked in it and many have for-saken it for the city. This will make the evolution all the greater when it comes, as some it must. When the eastern urban population sees the unprecedented prosperity on the threshold of which the farmer now stands, there will be a rush for the country. This will not hurt or dismay the farmer Prices of land will have advanced with the price of crops. The new comer must buy his farm and pay handsomely for it. From the poorest paid laborer in the land the far-mer will find himself the best paid. The unrequited toiler of the last decade will be the nabob of the next. And here in the west it will make better times for us all. All things being equal the Nebraska farmer will receive more than his share of this prosperity, for the average price of Nebraska farm land is cheaper, quality considered, than in any

other state in the union.

ERASTUS A. BENSON. NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Hat pins come topped with coiled serpents

Aluminum opera glasses are an invention A section of a chain studded with diamonds is the heading of a new tortoise shell hair

Monkey skin is liberally employed in the manufacture of card cases and fancy pocketbooks.

A tennis bat in gold, with the network supplied by diamonds, composes a delightful A miniature safe in gold suspended from

the centre of a gentleman's double chain is a recent arrival. A vinaigrette of crystal is encased in a

network of fitigree gold from which several small diamonds sparkle. A moonstone ball between a sapphire and a ruby is the happy combination seen in

adies' ring setting. Shoppers time their movements by small silver stem-winders encased in the clasps of

their com purses. For half-mourning two onvx circles held together by a bar of small pearls form a brooch of suitable character. An umbrella handle of silver has been

created to represent a baseball catcher graspng tightly a huge ball in his uplifted hands Beautiful silver candelabra assume the form of trees with budding branches, in each of which is embedded a candle holder. Fair devotees of the hunt are appealed to n a riding whip mounted with a three-inch

gold handle ornamented with a web of brilliants. Trick match boxes in silver, by which the contents appear and dissapyear at the will of the owner, are meeting with approval.

An appropriate birthday gift for a gentle-man is a gold-backed mustache brush. In an assortment of these articles are some with

#### jeweiled ornamentation. ABOUT THE BIG FAIR.

In the city of Leipsic, Germany, thirty-four firms have declared their intention of participating in the Columbian exposition Texas has decided to set apart a spacion room in its exposition building for an exhibit by the colored people of the state.

Alabama may be represented in miniature at the exposition by a series of comprehenive relief maps. The auditorium for choral music has been

the north court of the manufac turers building. of the important trunk lines in the United States have agreed to transport ex-hibits at half the usual rates. This reduc-tion is made by the different traffic associa-

The Wisconsin state building will be two stories high, with not less than 10,000 feet of floor space exclusive of porches. The whole structure is to be built of Wisconsin material. George Ward, manager of the Commercial cable company, writes to Chief Barrett that he will make a big display at the exposition of cable instruments. He expects to a complete repairing steamer, illustrating the method of repairing cables.

The art department has issued its rules for exhibitors, outlining the plan of the art exhibit. All works to be admitted must be als, with the exception that casts from original works by modern artists are placed in the same class with original figures and groups in marble. There will be three sections in the department—an American tion; a section for foreign countries that are represented by a commission; a section comprising private collections and the works of artists from countries not represented by

How to Treat Sunstroke. It is not wise to carry the sufferer from sunstroke far for help, as time is valuable, says Elizabeth R. Scovil in the August Ladies' Home Journal. Lay him in a shady place, as cool as is to be found. Unfasten bands about neck and waist. Strip the clothing off the upper part of the body and shower it with If ice can be had, crack it, wrap it in cotton and apply it to the head, spine and under the arms. If not, use wet cloths instead, changing them every few minutes. In town, ether and spray can be procured from a druggist, and the forehead and head sprayed, Rapid fanning of the hot surface helps to evaporate the water more quickly As soon as the patient revives a little and can swallow, iced brandy, or whisky and water, can be given. A doctor should be sent for, but he will come too late if nothing is done in the interval. Sunstroke is a fover caused by heat, and the most urgent need is to reduce the temperature by cooling the surface of the body in every way possible. The exhaustion must be met by stimulants.

A Mother's Gratitude. My son was in an almost helpless condition with flux when I commenced using Cham-beriain's Colic, Chelera and Diarrhoea RomSOME AWFUL ROCKY YARNS.

Union Pacific Engineers Tell a Few Tough Ones.

MUD

Thrilling Experiences of Jack Dolan, Jim Bowers and Bill Adams-A Freight Brakeman's Story-Rail Happenings.

Some time ago there was a little story going the rounds of a daring rescue of a child by a locomotive engineer, says the New York Sun. The child was said to be playing on the track, and did not hear a passenger train thundering down upon it. The engineer saw the child, but it was too late to stop the train. Quickly reversing his engine and "giving her air," the engineer slid through his cab window, along the running board, and down on to the pilot. As the engine approached the child the engineer leaped to the ground, ran swiftly ahead and snatched the child from the track, by his quickness and coolness, averting a frightful accident.

To the men who do not know railroad engineers that story was a surprise, and they all denounced it is a "fake." One imaginative gentleman wrote to the Sun about it. He said that he, too, was an engineer, and that he appreciated the good judyment and the keen eye for news which the Sun showed in printing the story. He believed that it was true. He based his belief on an experience which he had had while pulling a fast mail train over the Rocky mountain division of the Union Pacific. He was coming down through a canon with a heavy train behind him. It had been raining heavily for a long time and the ground was soft and sticky. The track was wet and slippery, and the heavy train was running at a fearful speed. His engine was "doing her best to hold 'em back," but in spite of his efforts he began to fear that the train was going to get away from him. Just as he was wondering what he could do to check the tremendous speed of the train he shot around a curve and there on the track not a hundred yards ahead of him was a little girl asleep. To stop by or-dinary methods was absolutely impossi-To go on was certain death to the child. In the fraction of a second he

had formed his plan.
As he says it, "I shouted to Jim, the fireman, to 'choke her,' and 'give her the grit,' and then I slid out on the running board and 'down on her nose,' and jumped off. As she came by I grabbed hold of a spoke in the driver and socked my heel in the mud, and if you'll believe it, I stopped that train right there. Broke my right arm in two places, though, and knocked every blamed car in the train clean off the track. But I saved the child."

Engineer Jack Dolan is known to very railroad man between Omaha and Grand Island. One of the best engineers on the road, the "old reliable" of the division, his experiences have been thrilling and varied. A story is told of his remarkable experience with the first train out of Omaha that had been fitted p with air, Dolan's experiences with the new air brake led him to have remarkable confidence in himself and in his engine, old 53. The first man in the round house board is the first man out usually, and so it happened that one day Dolan found himself ordered out on the pay car. As he said it, he "was on poard to haul the 'grease wagon.' I got 'forty miles' and as much more as I could make with safety. I cut 'er away back and pulled her tail clean out, and I tell you, neighbor, she was turnin' 'em when we sailed out over the summit. Well you know that when you come out

of the woods down by Papio there's a bruising hill to climb and a sharp curve when you strike the level. Over against the hill is a big clay bank. Joslyn was the pay boss then, and he was a kind of a particular cuss about getting along, so I made up my mind to how him what 53 could do. When we pulled up at Gilmore I jumped down to drop a little fat on her. Joslyn velled to go ahead before I got 'round, and when I swung up I hooked her up as soon as she got 'em to turning. Then I gave her grit and opened her up, and we got out of Gilmore as if we were going somewhere. When we struck hill we were doing seventy-five miles if we were doing a foot. Just as we hit the curve on the level a rail turned on us, and d- me! if we warn't against that clay bank in a second. It wasn't any use to goose her, but I shut 'er off and got ready to jump. Just then we got to the end of the clay bank, where the track comes in again. When old 53 hit that rail she sort of give a jump, and I'll be d-d if the old grease wagon and the pay car didn't slide square back on the track again. I pulled her out again, and I don't believe we lost a minute, and Joslyn never knew he had been a hundred yards on clay.

Dolan told that story on the steps of the old Pioneer House in the days when it was headquarters for all the Union Pacific engineers who ran into Omaha Of all the boys who heard it only big Jim Bowers was able to do as well. Bowers was one of the most cheerful liars on the road, and Dolan's story "re minded" him at once of an experience of

his own. "That makes me think of the time ! had with No. 97, when I was pulling fast No. 3 west one day last winter, said Bowers. "You remember just after you leave Elkhorn and get through the big cut there's a long drop over the big grades down to the Elkhorn river and into Waterloo. Well, this day I'm telling you about, something was wrong with No. 97's water works. One of her quirts wouldn't work, and I was fussin' with it all the way out to Elkhorn. I had ten coaches behind me, and I had to hit her pretty hard to get out over the hill. I was afraid she was going to lay down on me before I could get over, and if she died on that hill I didn't know what I'd do. I had her wide open all the way up, and when we struck the top of the hill I was so interested watching that squirt to see if I had got it working that I didn't think to shut 'er off, and she worked steam half way down to the

You can bet she was rolling 'em when we struck the bunch of willows just before you hit the bridge. That was before they put up the new covered iron bridge, The weather was frightfully cold, and the ice on the Elkhorn must have been six feet thick. I never found out just what struck us or how it did happen, but the first thing I know just as we got to the end of the bridge I felt old 97 sort of raise off the rails, and the next second we had slid down the bank and were skating across the river on the ice. As uck would have it, the coupling on the baggage car broke and the heavy train hung on to the rails. We were going sixty miles if we were going an inch, and the way 97 got across the Elkhorn was eral miles from town and escorted them tremendous. You know there's a big

ditch on the other side where they got the dirt for the approach to the bridge. Well, sir, 97 just took up that ditch, and when she struck, the top she jumped squarely on the rails again right behind the last coach of my train, which had just swung by. I ran her nose down to the coach, and my fireman made the coupling, and we shaved that train into Waterloo, where I switched around and got in ahead again. And the funniest thing about it was that when I left Waterloo I looked around her, and I'll be hanged if that squirt wasn't working all

Old Bill Adams greeted Bowers's story with a "humph." Then when none of the other boys spoke up old Bill began, "That reminds me of my experience on a cold day a year or two ago," he said. "I was pulling old 411 then. I remember we used to call her the 44, sort of 4-11-44, you know, Well, I was coming in on her one beastly cold day with a long string of grain loads behind me. Forty-four beto leak badly just after gan I left Ashland, and by the time I got to Raymond Hill she wouldn't hold plug hats. She was worse than seven fish nets. it was cold enough to freeze a brass monkey, and my fireman was making a good many remarks about the origin of the old man who had sent 44 out in such shape. I got her to going as hard as I could to run the hill, and wnen we struck the up grade I was giving it to her for all she was worth. was pounding like the old Nick, and be-fore we got half way up I was afraid we wouldn't get over. Well, we got pretty wouldn't get over. Well, we got pretty near to the top, when she threw up her tail and laid down. She was leaking so fast I was afraid she would die on me, and I didn't dare back off to make another run for the hill. So I whistled off brakes and slid back. It was so cold that there was a streak of ice all along where we had been, formed out of the water that 44 had leaked. noticed that as we slid down, and when we got to the bottom I told my fireman I was going to make a try on a new scheme. A good wagen road runs around the foot of Raymond Hill and crosses the track on the other side from where we were. I put a brace on the rail just where I thought I could jump into the road, and let her go. It was kind of risky, but I thought it was worth trying. Well sir, she struck that brace and went into the road without a quiver. The brace held, and the grain loads followed as slick as grease. The water that leaked out of 44 was frozen as soon as it struck the ground and it made a fair track of ice for the train, and it was the easiest kind of slipping. Old 44 just followed that road as if she'd been trained to it, and when we struck the other side of the hill she dropped on to the rails as if she had been looking them. It was just plain sliding down hill from then on, and when we struck the bottom we had force enough to shove us in on the elevator side track, and we stopped just exactly where I wanted to. Couldn't have done it bet-

ter if we'd had four engines." Old Bill sighed sadly in remembrance of his great scheme, and the other boys walked silently away and left him

dreaming of it. "I remember," said the freight brakeman, "an adventure I once had which came near being my last. We were overrun with tramps during the summer and had to use pretty severe means some-times to get rid of them. Two big, stout fellows, whom I found in an empty box car, refused to move until, by having hot steam turned on them with a hose from the engine, they were forced to vacate. They made threats of getting even with me, but I thought no more of them.

"One cold, rainy night in the following autumn the train stopped at a way-side tank for water. Going back over the cars releasing the brakes. I came to a man seated upon a car directly over a creek which, swollen by the rains, had become a rushing torrent. I told him get off the train. The sound of my voice had a singular effect upon him, for he sprang to his feet, and grasping me by the throat, exclaimed: 'Now, I've got you, You don't remember me, do you, sonny? Well, I haven't forgotten you, nor the time you drove me from the car with hot steam. That creek, down below, is just the place for you, and in

"The top of a freight car, made slippery by rain, is not the best place for a life-and-death struggle, and as he was a heavy man, and held my throat with a grip that prevented ouctry, my chances of escape seemed slim. I made the best effort possible, but each move brought me nearer the edge of the roof, until it needed but a slight effort upon his part to send me whirling into the stream below. Seeing this, he braced himself for a final effort. Events, however, were in my favor. The car, instead of being of a common pattern, was fitted with ladders running up the sides near the center, and I grasped the top rail just in time; for

as I did so the train started with a jerk. "Losing his balance, my would be as sassin plunged forward, and, releasing his grip upon my throat, fell with a splash into the stream below. It was some time before I could regain strength enough to go forward to the engine. By that time the train was miles away, and the fate of my assailant I never learned.

Are You Interested?

The following frank statement from J. E Hare of Trenton, Tex., will be of interest to many of our citizens: "My little boy was very bad off for two months with diarrhoea. We used various medicines, also called in two doctors, but nothing done him any good until we used Chamberlain's Colle, Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy, which gave immediate relief and soon cured him. I consider it the best medicine made and can conscientiously recommend it to all who need a diarrhoea o

A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS. Incidents That Led Up to the Famous

aylings. Every man in the United States is sup posed to know what the "Governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina," but possibly some do not know when and ander what circumstances the famous remark was made.

Nearly a century ago a man prominent in political affairs in Norte moved across the border and settled in South Carolina. He had been there but a short time when he committed some small crime or misdemeanor, for which he was indicted. To escape arrest he returned to his old home in North Carolina. In due course of time the gover-nor of South Carolina Issued a requisition on the governor of North Carolina

for the tugitive criminal. The fugitive had rich and influential friends in his native state, and they interceded with the governor, until he refused to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence followed. inent men in South Carolina told the governor that he had not been treated with proper official courtesy by the gov-

ernor of North Carolina. The result was that the South Carolina governor accompanied by a large party of friends and advisers, journeyed stage to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, for a conference with the governor about the matter of giving up the

criminal. The governor of North Carolina, with a large party of distinguished friends, to the governor's mansion with all the ceremony due such distinguished visit\*

Before the object of the visit was stated the entire party sat down to an elab-orate dinner. After dinner wine was orate dinner. After dinner wine was served, and after wine came brandy—the applejack for which the old North state is famous.

After many rounds of drinks the decanters and glasses were removed, and the governor of South Carolina stated the object of his visit. He demanded the surrender of the fugitive criminal. The governor of North Carolina re-fused. Then followed a long and heated discussion, in which the attorney generals of the two states took an active part. Finally the governor of South Carolina grew angry, and rising to his feet

"Sir, you have refused my just de mand and have offended the dignity of my office and my state. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner 1 will return to my capital, call out the militia of the state, and returning with my army I will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?

All eyes were turned on the governor of North Carolina, and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The governor rose slowly to his feet and eckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckening was firm and dignified as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the governor of South Carolina demanded, "What do you say?"

ed, "What do you say?"
"I say, governor, that it's a long time

The reply restored good humor. De canters and glasses were brought out again, and, while the visitors remained if any one attempted to refer to the dip-lomatic object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between d inks.

When the visiting governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the state line by the governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends. The fugitive was never surrendered.

HOW TO HANDLE BAD HORSES. Instructive Points From a New York Expert.

John Keese of Great Neck, has been contributing a series of interesting and instructive articles on horse training to the New York Evening Sun. His last and concluding treatise appeared recently, and was entitled "Baŭ Tricks in Horses, and How to Cure Them." Extracts from Mr. Keese's paper are given as follows: To train a horse that would not permit

one to mount him, Mr. Keese has "At the first attempt to go upon his

back he made a plunge that took him far out of the reach of the would-be rider, or sent him flying if he succeeded in getting partly upon the horse. After all had given up and gone to their work went to the stable, filled my pockets with oats and began feeding the horse from my hand on either side; then got a box to stand upon (not too high at first), still feeding from my hand, reaching carefully over his neck as he began to look for the oats, then leaned upon him, and finally sat up right on his back, causing him to turn his head so he could reach on either side for the oats. Then untying the halter so he could turn around, he worked his way out of the stable, and in perhaps three-quarters of an hour he would go without the oats, when I put on the saddle and bridle, got on without difficulty, only taking care to move slowly and not frighten him, rode three or four miles, after watch he gave me no more trouble in riding.

In order to stop a runaway the followng method is recommended: "If a single horse attempts to run and you can not pull him in, give a quick, sudden jerk on one rein, slacking the other, and bring his nose around to his the other rein bring it to the other side The pull being sudden and without warning he can not stiffen his neck against it, so that no great strength is required to turn his head from side to side, which will prevent his running. Should this fail by excitement in the driver or other cause, hold his nose tight to his shoulder and with one rein, which will be likely to throw him down with some risk, but not so much as to let him run."

Pulling horses are quite common, and Mr. Keese suggests a remedy that is very simple and at the same time very

"For a puller, or one that has the habit of bearing too hard on the bit, start him slowly with a loose reign, talk coaxingly to keep him going slowly as long as you can. When his pace gets too fast pull him in gently, whether you have gone a rod or a mile, and if he will not go moderately bring him to a stop and keep him there until he gets Then go another rod mile, but never hold with a heavy hand while driving, for the harder he is held the more he will pull. If he is restive and nervous at being hitched up and in a hurry to go, back him out and drive in two or three times, then tie and let him stand an hour or two, then drive to the door and tie, leaving him awhile then drive back to the stable and take

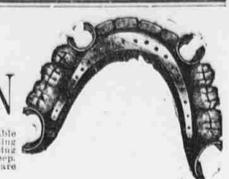
Many horse owners abeminate blinders and will not use them. The subject is touched upon by Mr. Keese:

"Always study the comfort and cheerfulness of your horse if you would have him to do his best. Let no part of the harness chafe or hurt. Keep the blinders well open in front so he can see where he is going and what is coming, If a checkroin is used, see that it is not too short, and have it unhooked to rest his neck as soon as he stops. Besides the pain it gives, I have seen the back inured and the horse made worthless by the constant use of a short checkrein Let a man hold his head for an hour as a

horse must with a short checkrein. Balking, says the Long Island gentle-.nan, is always the fault of the trainer or driver. To cure the evil he says: colt in training or a young norse that has lately contracted the habit, can be trained so as to do their best at any lead they can pull, but if unkindly treated and they have a load beyond their strength they wil be likely to remember the old trouble and not try. But young and old, good and bad can be taught to go well in driving or doing light work,

"Put the balky horse (young or old) with a good one, have a strong harness, a good neckyoke to hold them together. leave the checkrein unhooked and drive around till he will stop and start. Then hitch to a light, strong wagon, where it will go easily, with pienty of room to turn. Have the wagon cramped to the side of a good horse, get in and start the good horse with a pull toward the other to push him off his feet, and if he jumps or plunges give him a loose rein and let him go his own way as much as possible till he can be coaxed into moderation.

In conclusion Mr. Keese has this to "For the habit of running backward too far and too fast in backing out from a shed or in turning (as some of these are inclined to do), keep him going back as far as you can, then drive to the same place and back as before, and repeat till he will come back slowly and stop when you want him to. Never use a whip or other harsh treatment for such horses. Rubbing on the nose, breathing in his nostrils when he draws in his breath, and talking kindly to him,





Persons desiring partial set of teeth are requested to call and see specimens of this kind of work and judge for themselves. Prices for this kind of work are within the reach of all. All this work fully warranted. We have the WONDERFUL LOCAL ANESTHE-TIC for the painless extraction of teeth and make NO EXTRA CHARGE for using it. A full set of teeth on rubber for \$3. Gold and other fillings at lowest prices.

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EMERGENCY REMEDIES.

Necessity Teaches Men in Every Trade to be Their Own Surgeons. New York Recorder: Every man to his trade. A man is either a fool or a physician at forty. Here are two an-cient adages which suggest a combination. Every trade has its special physic, This is true. In conversation a few days ago a New York surgeon remarked that few things gave more pain attended with so much danger as some particles of lime dust in the eye. A gentleman standing by quietly remarked: 'And yet such an accident is of daily occurrence, is attended with hardly any danger and is easily treated." "How so?" came a chorus of voices. "Well, I will tell you. I was brought up to the trade plasterer, a ceiling plasterer. You may not know that the final layer upon a good ceiling is almost pure lime. The terer stands upon a platform and lays on the paste. It falls upon him in every direction, and, especially if he is a new hand, often a spatter falls right into his eye. When he gets accustomed to the work the cyclids seem to get used to it, too, and seems to close automatically in self-defense. Directly such an accident occurs a fellow workman takes a mouthful of water from the nearest pail, and there is always a pail of water handy. opens the eye as wide as possible and

fore he could reach the nearest doc-Immediately other gentlemen had something to tell. One was a wine merchant. "My collarmen have a funny way of stopping bleeding. They think nothing of a cut finger or hand, or even of a large wound. They run to the nearest spirit cask, or claret if spirits are not handy, and let a few drops fall on the wound. It acts as an immediate styptic. Then a big dusty old cobweb is taken from the nearest bottle or corner of a bin and clapped on tight over the cut or abrasion. Cobwebs are splendid healing agents.'

quirts with all his force the contents of

his mouth against the eyeball. This im

mediately cools the lime and also drives

it out of the eye. Simple remedy, isn't

it, and eminently practical. But you see

a man's eye would be burned out long be-

"Sailors," said another, "are never at a loss under such circumstances, their favorite styptic at sea is a bit of unrav elled tarred rope. On land they will take the quid of tobacco from their cheek, or the lining of their cap, and its effect is astonishing. But I have seen a man wild drunk after such a quid has been tied over a wound. I suppose the nicotine gets into the blood and acts as an intoxicant." "Carpenters," said another gentle-

man, "if they cut themselves pick up a handful of fine shavings and clap them onto the wound, and joiners swear by a dab of glue, but one of the quaintest things I ever saw used was I farmer up in Chester county. He got his hand badly torn by a bit of old wire fence, and it bled considerably. With out a thought he stooped down and dug up a handful of soil, spat on it and worked it quickly into a paste and laid it on the wound and bound it up with his neckerchief. In an astonishingly short time he was at work again as if nothing had happened."

The Brooklyn's Pi-ry End.

Today (July 22), in smoke and flame says the Boston Globe, the history of one of the most famous ships of the older navy of these United States will be brought to a close

The Brooklyn, grown old and worn in long and honorable service for the union, is to be destroyed off Hough's Neck. What the fire cannot harm will be taken away and sold, passing to half a hundred ignoble uses. It might almost be called "Old Iron-

sides" of our day, this Brooklyn. One almost wishes for another indignant appeal from Holmes that might stay the work of destruction. For this was the second vessel to pass the gauntlet of the enemy's forts at the

capture of New Orleans. war record worth reading and worth re membering, even in these haleyon days of peace and of the white squadron, A Remarkable Well.

On the farm of Colonel W. B. Worsham, at Henrietta, Tex., there is a remarkable well. It usually contains about eight feet of water, but when the wind blows from the north the well goes dry and remains so until a change of wind, when the water again flows in and resumes its normal height. This strange phenomenon has been observed for several months.

# HOTEL.

TasMisery, one 14th and Hieror, is the most substantially constructed hotel building in Omaha. Several heavy brick firewalls running from basement to roof. All ceilings and floors lined with Asbestos fire proof linng. making it impossible to burn quick. Fire escapes and fire alarms throughout the building. Steam heat, hot and cold water and sunshine in every room. Table unsurpassed any-B. SILLOWAY, Proprietor.

### HOTEL DELLONE

Cor. 14th and Capitol Ave. Just completed, has 100 rooms, three

stairways, from the top to the bottom, has fine elevator and dining room service, is fire proof throughout, fine billiard rooms and the finest toilet rooms in the city. Large sample rooms. Suites with bath, etc. Cor. 14th and Capitol Ave. Street car service in all directions. Rates, from \$250 to \$1

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taken the Barker Hotel under their well known management. This hotel is the best two-dollar-a-day house in Omaha, with all modern conveniences. Fire escapes and fire proof floors. Spec alrates for base ball and theatrical companies. Table unsurpassed.

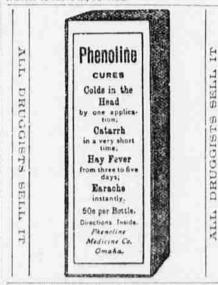
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