

THE DAWN IS BREAKING!

The American Farmer Stands on the Threshold of Unprecedented Prosperity.

PRICES OF HIS PRODUCTS ADVANCING.

Mr. Erasmus 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 other first in importance. Still we go on eating and...

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.

More startling than the suggestion of a possible deficit in farm products is the fact that the farm lands of the public domain were considered as a source of food...

From 1880 to 1890 the United States did not add one 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 any rate...

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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...

The deficit may make itself apparent not later than 1892 (and if the famine in Russia and the drought in India are as widespread as reported...

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SOME AWFUL ROCKY YARNS.

Union Pacific Engineers Tell a Few Tough Ones.

SLIDING ON MUD AND ICE.

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 a boy, and the engineer was a passenger train thunders 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 as a "fake."

One imaginative gentleman writes to the Sun about it. He said that he, too, was an engineer, and that he appreciated the good judgment and the keen eye for news which the Sun showed in printing the story.

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 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.

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 ordinary methods was absolutely impossible. To go on was certain death for the child. In the fraction of a second he had formed his plan.

As he says it, "I shouted to Jim, the freeman, to 'choke her,' and 'give her grit,' and then I leaped from 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 soaked my heel in the mud, and if you'll believe it, I stopped that train right there."

As he says it, "I shouted to Jim, the freeman, to 'choke her,' and 'give her grit,' and then I leaped from 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 soaked my heel in the mud, and if you'll believe it, I stopped that train right there."

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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 also jumped up and landed on the engine, with the last coach of my train, which had just swung by. I ran her nose down to the coach, and my freeman made the coupling, and we showed that train into Waterloo, where I switched around and ran in ahead again.

And the funnest 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 right."

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 the 'rambler' over the cut over the 44, sort of a 4-11-4, you know. Well, I was coming in on her one beautiful cold day with a long string of grain loads behind me.

Forty-four began to lead badly just after I left Ashland, and the next 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 freeman got making a good many remarks about the origin of the old man who had sent me out in such shape.

I got her going as hard as I could to run the hill, and when we struck the up grade I was giving it to her for all she was worth. She was pounding like an old Nick, and before we got to the top of the hill she wouldn't get over. Well, we got pretty near to the top, when she threw up her tail and laid down. She was leaning so fast I was afraid she would die on me, and I was afraid to make any more 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. I was so cold that I was afraid to get out of the car, and when we got to the bottom I told my freeman I was going to make a try on a new scheme.

A good wagon road runs around the foot of Raymond Hill and crosses the track on the other side from the New York Express. Since his last, 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. I got out and ran back to the engine, and I was so cold that I 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.

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ceremony due such distinguished visitors.

Before the object of the visit was stated the entire party sat down to an elaborate breakfast. The breakfast was served, and after wine came brandy—the applejack for which the old North state is famous.

After many rounds of drinks the deacons 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 refused. Then followed a long and heated discussion, in which the attorney general of the two states took an active part.

Finally the governor of South Carolina grew angry, and rising to his feet, said: "Sir, you have refused my just demand and have offended the dignity of my office. Unless you surrender the fugitive at once I 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?"

He expressed his respect for the governor of North Carolina, and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The governor rose slowly to his feet and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and his servant became motionless. He was slow about answering, and again the governor of South Carolina demanded, "What do you say?"

"I say, governor, that it's a long time between drinks." The most restored good humor. Deacons and glasses were brought out again, and while the visitors remained, if any one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks.

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 "Bad Tricks in Horses, and How to Cure Them." Extracts from Mr. Keese's paper are given as follows:

To pull a horse that would not permit any one to mount him, Mr. Keese has this to say: "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 I went to the stable, filled my pockets with oats and began feeding the horse from the ground. He ate his oats as usual and stood upon (not too high at first) still feeling from his side, reaching carefully over his neck as he began to look for the oats, then leaned upon him, and finally pulled him 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 was walking as usual, when mounted 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 which he gave me no more trouble in riding."

One of the best ways of handling a horse that would not permit any one to pull him, Mr. Keese has this to say: "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 shoulder. Then in a like manner, using 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 bring his head round 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 by the neck, 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 effective: "For a puller, or one that has the habit of bearing too hard on the bit, start him slowly with a loose rein, talk coaxingly to keep him going slowly as long as you can. When his pace gets too fast pull him gently, whether you are going to the right or the left, and will not get moderately bring him to a stop and keep him there until he gets quiet. Then go another rod or so, but never hold with a heavy hand while driving, for the harder he pulls 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 him to the stable, leaving him while he is out there, and take him out."

Many horse owners abominate blinders and will not use them. The subject is touched upon by Mr. Keese: "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 horse is used to blinders, and he 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 injured and the horse made worthless by the constant use of a short checkrein. Let your horse have a long and a short checkrein."

Balking, says the Long Island gentleman, is always the fault of the trainer or driver. To cure the evil he says: "A colt in training or a young horse that has lately contracted the habit, can be trained so as to do their best at any length they can pull, but if unkindly treated, and they have a lay beyond their strength they will be likely to remember old troubles and not try. But young colts and old geldings can be taught to go well in driving or doing light work, as follows: "Put the balky horse (younger or old) with a good one, have a strong harness, and let the balky horse lead. Do not 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 plenty of room to turn. Have the wagon cramped to the sides, so that the good horse get in and 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 offer: "For the habit of running backward too far and too fast in backing out from a shed or in turning (as some of the old fellows do), keep him going back as far as you can, then give 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 backing out. Backing out on the nose, breathing in his nostrils when he drives in his breath, and talking kindly to him."

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

The governor of North Carolina, with a large party of distinguished friends, met the governor of South Carolina at several miles from town and escorted them to the governor's mansion with all the



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Artificial teeth without plates, and removable bridges. The only reliable method for holding the teeth in the mouth without their dropping out, eating, speaking, singing or when asleep. Most perfect, quick and easy to put on. Act as regular dentists investigate this system.

CAUTION.

No other office in the city or county has the right to use the name of this patented work. We have the WONDERFUL LULL ANESTHETIC. THE ONLY ONE OF THE KIND. NO EXTRA CHARGE for using it. A full set of teeth in 24 hours. Gold and other fillings at lowest prices.

Dr. ROLAND W. BAILEY, DENTIST

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HOTEL.

THE HOTEL RUXTON. Under new management. J. H. FULLERTON, PROP. Table service first-class, \$2.00 and \$3.00 per day. Special rates by the week.

HOTEL DELLORE.

Cor. 14th and Capitol Ave. Just completed, has 100 rooms, three stairways, from the top to the bottom, has fire 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 \$2.50 to \$1.

BARKER HOTEL.

Mr. and Mrs. George Van Orman, have 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. Special rates for base ball and theatrical companies. Tables unsurpassed.

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. J. H. FULLERTON, PROP. Table service first-class, \$2.00 and \$3.00 per day. Special rates by the week.

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Corner 11th and Mason Streets; Half block west of Union Pacific and R. & M. Depots. New building, first-class, excellent location in Omaha, view of entire city, modern cooking, gas, water, etc. Full hotel rates, \$2.00 and \$3.00. Every room has cable and motor cars, pass within one block, except St. James and Madison Park. Rooms for rent by the week and can transfer to those who you wish.

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Cures Colds in the Head by one application. Coughs in a very short time. Hay fever from 2 days to 5 days. Rheumatism instantly. 50c per Bottle. Directions inside. Pharmacies, Grocers, and Druggists. Sole American Agents, CHAS. MCILCOCK, Inc., 110 N. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

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SAVINGS BANK. SECOR 16% & DOUBLE 5% STS. CAPITAL: \$1,000,000.00. DIRECTOR: J. B. BROWN, THOS. KIMBALL, J. B. BROWN, THOS. KIMBALL.

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For this was the second vessel to pass the grand old of the enemy's forts at the capture of New Orleans. She has a war record worth reading and worth remembering, even in these halcyon days of peace and of the white squadron.

Can You Do It?

On the farm of Colonel W. B. Worsham, at Henrietta, Texas, 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.