COFFEE BOUND TO COME DOWN

Effect of Increased Production of America's Favorite Beverage.

BUMPER CROP GROWN IN BRAZIL

Instructive Figures About the Imports and the Amount Consumed in the United States—Millions for the Morning Tipple.

The world will undoubtedly enjoy cheap coffee during the next few years, reports the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. That is made clearly evident by Consul General Seeger, the United States consular agent at Rio Janeiro, in his annual report, now being prepared for the printer by the State department. The worlds coffee trade has reached a critical stage in its history.

The area of the Brazilian coffee plantations has been so much increased and is continually increasing to such an extent that for years to come a great over production must inevitably be the rule.

According to the New York Coffee exchange's figures the world's visible supply of coffee on October 1, 1902, was 13,005,000 bags of 132 pounds each, almost equal to a year's consumption. Not included, of course, were the amounts stored by retailers in Europe and the United States, in themselves a vast aggregate. Never before was there so great a surplus of coffee on hand.

The date selected corresponds nearest to that of Consul General Seeger's report referred to, viz, October 9. At that date "vast quantities of coffee were coming in regularly from the interior to the ports of Rio and Santos," the chief primary markets. The stocks then in sight in Brazil were as follows: At Santos, 1,637,940 bags; at Rio, 715,157 bags.

The Brazilian coffee production for the harvest year 1901-1902, which closed June 30, 1902, is officially reported by Consul General Seeger as follows:

	Bags.
Received port of Rio	4,971,686
Received port of Santos	10,149,327
Received ports of Victoria Bahai, Pernambuco, etc	878,987
Total	16,000,000

Early Estimates.

No authentic figures have been given out by our Brazilian consular agents regarding the present crop, 1902-1903, the marketing of which will be commenced on July 1 of this year. In his report of July 17 Consul General Seeger estimated it at 10,000,000 bags, or nearly 6,000,000 bags less than the yield of the previous season. In his last report he raises this estimate to 11,000,000 bags. Some American authorities have stated it higher, while others have made it less. The consul general's figures may, therefore, stand. Though considerably short of the yield in 1902, it is still an enormous crop.

It is peculiar of the coffee tree that as soon as a new crop blooms, which in Brazil is some time in October, the experts can make very close estimates of the forthcoming yield. Already the new Brazilian crop (the harvest of 1903-1904) promises to be considerably larger than the present one, the marketing of which closes June 30, 1903.

Mr. Seeger estimates the crop of 1903-1904 at 13,000,000 bags, based on expert information. Various other statements regarding the crop leads to the conclusion that the yield will more likely exceed than fall below these figures. It is obvious that no figures obtainable are absolutely reliable, but it may be taken for granted that Consul General Seeger's estimates are carefully made in the public interests and entirely free from bullish or bearish market influences. He expresses the opinion that a considerable decrease even from the present low prices of coffee is inevitable in the near future.

These are the data, fairly reliable, upon which is based the belief that coffee will continue to rule cheap for several years to come, and probably much cheaper than prevailing wholesale prices. The visible supply of coffee in this country is, in round numbers, about 200,000 bags greater than at this time last year, but just now with a decided tendency to decrease. The importations of coffee from all quarters of the globe in the month of November were only 50,787,539 pounds, as against 100,841,671 pounds in November, 1901. This falling off by more than one-half has steadied prices at the ports of entry for the time being.

Cause of Low Prices.

In view of these statistics of production the unprejudiced observer will easily understand that the present unprecedented low price of coffee has resulted only from natural causes. Nevertheless, it is gathered from Consul General Seeger's reports that the great mass of Brazilian people and most of their newspapers hold the American coffee exporter and speculator responsible for the depreciation in coffee prices, and are crying for reprisals.

The fact is, however, as Mr. Seeger thinks, that the returns derived by producers from their coffee crop—low as they are in comparison to those secured some years ago, when the Brazilian planters could count with measurable certainty on an annual profit of 50 per cent—are probably still 20 to 25 per cent greater than they would be if prices were not sustained through artificial means by a combination of influential speculators in the United States. He says that whatever view the American consumer may take of the situation, the Brazilian coffee planter and dealer instead of vindictively blaming their northern consumers for the present hard times, caused by the coffee collapse, ought to be thankful to American speculators who artificially hold up the price of coffee at the expense of consumers. Moreover, they should be even more thankful to these Americans, who, through the employment of large capital and excellent methods of preparing coffee for the market, and then distributing it, have so largely in late years increased the American demand for this Brazilian product.

Coffee is now to Brazil what wheat and cotton were to the United States before we became a great competitive manufacturing country—its chief exportable product. The world's annual consumption is about 2,000,000,000 pounds. Brazil produces about three-fourths of this aggregate, and the United States, the greatest coffee consuming nation in the world, buys nearly one-half of all Brazil's output.

American Imports.

The following interesting exhibit of American coffee imports for the eleven months ending November 30 will be instructive. The tabulation is a consideration from advance sheets of the treasury summary just issued:

Imported From—	Pounds.	Cost.
Central America	42,284,988	$ 4,187,409
Mexico	29,298,785	2,465,725
West Indies	19,345,490	1,356,136
South America	57,255,275	4,122,132
Brazil	696,972,331	42,429,470
Europe	3,746,170	441,224
East Indies	18,730,738	2,081,129
Asia and islands	4,499,154	506,189
Africa, etc	383,429	52,887
Totals	872,496,437	$59,212,622

The department estimates the December importations at 50,000,000 pounds, making a grand total for the calendar year of 922,491,437. Thus this country takes within a fraction of half the world's estimated consumption of coffee. Only 27,220,520 pounds have thus far been received from Asia, Africa and Europe, and the total for the year ending December 31 will not exceed 28,000,000 pounds. The vast bulk of American coffee importations, 895,161,917 pounds for the year 1902, have come from America.

We have taken as much coffee from Mexico alone as from the whole eastern hemisphere. Mexico, the West Indies and little Central American republics had furnished us with 91,534,211 pounds up to November 30, more than three times the quantity received from all Asia, Africa and Europe in the like period. It appears that the daily average consumption of coffee in the United States is slightly above 2,500,000 pounds. Therefore, from all the world outside of America we import in a year no more than a ten days' supply. Under the increasing pressure of the avalanche of Brazilian coffee the price of the East Indian product has steadily declined for the last twelve years, according to Mr. Fee, our Bombay consul. In 1890 producers got $25.62 per 112 pounds, or nearly 23 cents per pound, and in 1900 it touched bottom level, $11.67 per 112 pounds, only a fraction over 10 cents per pound.

A Wireless Proposal

A Short Story.

You may imagine my disappointment as I stood on the dock at Southampton and saw Minneapolis steam slowly out of the harbor, taking from me the dearest girl in the world. Not only was I chagrined at losing the pleasure of an ocean voyage with her—the strolls up and down the deck, with the shining expanse of water all around us, the quiet tete-a-tete in snug corners by moonlight, the long days and evenings with nothing to do but revel in her sweet companionship—but there was a particular reason why I was anxious to sail with Eleanor on Minneapolis. She had promised to give a final answer to an important question I had asked her several times, but to which she had returned only evasive replies. You can see, therefore, that my cup of misery was running over when I realized that an accident to my train had made it impossible for me to secure that answer, and the somewhat strong language which I hurled at the slowly vanishing hulk of the departing steamer may be excused.

I had in fact spent my holiday in Europe thus far, apparently, to no purpose. Was ever girl so vacillating, so capricious, so uncertain, and yet so fascinating? When I joined her party in London three months previous I found her effusively gracious, and during the days we spent together there it seemed to me that my suit was making rapid progress. But at Berlin—dull, stupid, inhospitable Berlin—she was formal, cold, distant. At Vienna she melted somewhat, but another suitor joined her train, and I was in despair until I started to pay a visit to relatives who were summering in the mountains. At Lake Constance she was distinctly kind, and when I broached the subject nearest my heart she seemed about to yield—but, alas! did not. Then at Monte Carlo her gaiety among a swarm of butterflies kept me aloof, while at Paris she was sweetest of all, a marvel of tenderness and graciousness. But she would not give me a final, definite answer, reserving that, she said coyly, for the quiet contemplation of the sea voyage home.

A run up to Glasgow on business took me from her, and now she had gone and I was not with her. Was ever fortune so outrageously fickle?

Well, there was nothing to do but submit. I could not take the Minneapolis, that was sure. But it suddenly occurred to me that there was one thing I could do. I could take the first train down to Plymouth, and there embark on a steamer of the German line, a faster vessel than Minneapolis, and, in all probability, be on the dock in New York to claim my answer when Eleanor landed. So, pulling myself together, I bustled about, and was soon speeding away toward Plymouth, assured that, barring another accident, I would be in time to meet Bismarck when it touched there. But I was in the very worst of tempers when I finally secured my berth, and made preparations for a lonely voyage, and I must have made a very decidedly unfavorable impression upon my stateroom companion, a middle-aged German with a terrible accent and a more terrible thirst.

I was still in a bad temper the next morning when I went on deck after breakfast and overheard my name mentioned by one of a group of American women just after I had passed.

"Why, that's Guy Manning, the Harvard half back," I heard one of them say. "He's the man who made that long run that won the game from Yale last year."

Ordinarily, recognition of that kind would have been grateful enough at the outset of an ocean voyage, the more especially as I noticed on passing the group later that they averaged well for beauty. But just then the only girl I cared for was somewhere off on that heaving, trackless waste, and I could not join her. I looked ahead, sweeping the horizon with my glass, wondering where Minneapolis was and whether we should overtake it soon. But I could see nothing and went to the smoking room, where I passed a wretched afternoon playing cards.

After dinner, happening to meet the captain, I asked him when we should overtake Minneapolis.

"Tomorrow some time," he replied.

"Shall we pass near it?" I asked, with, I fear, too evident anxiety.

"Within fifty or sixty miles," he answered. "Near enough to talk to her."

"What do you mean?"

"Wireless telegraph. All the boats of this line and the American line are now equipped with the new system of wireless telegraphy, and we can easily communicate a distance of 125 miles with our instruments."

"Can anyone send messages to Minneapolis, sir?" I asked, pressing a cigar into his hands.

"Anyone who's got the price," he remarked, laconically, as he walked away.

With that assurance my mood changed. I spent the afternoon in preparing a message to send to Eleanor as soon as the [illegible] boats were within communicating distance. Though not a poet, I could have written an ode to Marconi then.

The following morning I was up early, to the annoyance of my fellow-lodger, and at once went on deck. Surely enough, they were already talking to Minneapolis, the delicate little instrument attached to the rigging in the forward part of the ship having put its long, invisible finger upon it.

"It's a fine morning," remarked the officer in charge of the Marconi apparatus.

"Yes," I assented. "I have a message I wish to send to a lady on Minneapolis." I produced the message I had penned, well aware that it was a little long, but I was unable to see how I could spare a single word of it.

The officer looked at it and burst out laughing. "Why, there are 300 or 400 words in that. We can't take love letters. It will bankrupt you if you don't cut it short. Boil it down to four or five words."

Boil down that letter! I felt myself turning red in the face under his ironical smile, and crushed the message in my pocket. "Very well," I said sadly, "I'll write another."

After a short time I produced an abbreviated dispatch, and he received it with a grunt of satisfaction. It was as follows:

"Miss E. F. Rives, steamer Minneapolis: Missed steamer. Is my proposition accepted? Relieve anxiety.

"GUY MANNING."

The message was sent, and I was assured that it undoubtedly had been caught up from the air by the wonderful receiver on Minneapolis. Giving the operator a fee to secure prompt notification of a reply, I went to the dining room. It was afternoon, however, before the answer came. It read as follows:

"Guy Manning, Steamer Bismarck: What proposition? Don't understand.

"MISS E. F. RIVES."

More of Eleanor's arrant coquetry! Here I had been chasing her all over Europe, trying to make her accept me, and she had promised me solemnly to give a reply during the voyage home. And now she could trifle with me in this fashion!

But I resolved to be inexorably specific, so I penned and sent my second love message vibrating through the air. It read:

"Miss E. F. Rives, Steamer Minneapolis: Proposal of marriage. Must say yes.

"GUY MANNING."

I could see the operator smile as he read the message, but he said nothing.

It was a sleepless night for me, as no reply came, and I feared the boats might get so far apart that we could not communicate, though the captain assured me to the contrary. On our third morning out, while I was in the reading room trying to get interested in a novel, a dispatch was brought to me. I tore it open and read this astonishing communication:

"Guy Manning, Steamer Bismarck: What inducements do you offer?

"MISS E. F. RIVES."

Was the girl trying to make a fool of me! It looked so. I could see that something of what was going on was becoming known aboard the ship from the way the passengers began to look at me, and I wondered if the whole passenger list of Minneapolis was laughing at my expense. The lover who stuck his rhymes on trees in the forest of Arden made a fool of himself, exposing his lovesickness to any chance passer, but I, it seemed, had plastered the atmosphere with my proposals for the amusement of every ship that possessed the requisite apparatus to catch them. However, I resolved to be firm, and after an hour or two of deliberation, during which I gazed at Eleanor's picture for courage, I prepared this message:

"Miss E. F. Rives, Steamer Minneapolis: Lifelong devotion, health and fortune.

"GUY MANNING."

That afternoon a terrific storm came up and continued to increase in fury throughout the night. Every effort was made to continue communication with Minneapolis, but after a time no responses were obtained, and the officers said that it was quite unlikely that we should be able to get in touch with the boat again during the voyage. During the next day the storm wore away, the ship plowed along steadily, the sun came out, and the waves ceased their fury, and as I was chatting with the officer at the wireless telegraph station—he chaffing me good naturedly on the difficulties of conducting a courtship by the Marconi system—the instrument began to click, and after messages regarding the storm had been exchanged this dispatch, labeled "urgent," was clearly made out:

"Guy Manning, Steamer Bismarck: Proposal accepted. Meet me at New York.

"MISS E. F. RIVES."

I pass over my subsequent emotions. Those who know by experience need not be told how I felt, and those who do not know don't deserve to be. My only anxiety was to reach the dock and greet my affianced bride; my only annoyance the snoring of my fellow voyager and the odor of stale beer that seemed to emanate from his quarters.

As was expected, we landed well in advance of Minneapolis, and I had time to go uptown and return with flowers for Eleanor. When the boat entered the slip I formed one of an eager crowd to welcome it. As soon as possible I went on board and asked for Miss Rives. I felt somewhat conspicuous with the flowers, but in a tumultuous assembly of hurrying, chattering people, giving and receiving greetings, no one is especially noticed, and suddenly I heard a voice from behind saying:

"Miss Rives, sir."

"Eleanor," I cried joyously, turning to salute her. "Why, no—there is some mistake." I gasped, seeing that the lady, though undeniably one of the most beautiful of her sex, was not Eleanor. "I was looking for Miss E. F. Rives of Boston."

"That is my name and address," she said with entire composure.

"But you are not Eleanor!" I exclaimed.

"No, I am Elizabeth," she said, smiling.

"Oh, I see—I beg your pardon—it was a mistake, due to the similarity of the names. Quite remarkable, I am sure. Hope you'll pardon me for troubling you, but I must excuse myself, as I am anxious to find Miss Rives."

"Pardon me, but there is no other Miss Rives on the boat."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely certain."

"But I communicated with her by wireless telegraphy during the voyage. I was on Bismarck."

She smiled demurely. "You are Mr. Guy Manning, are you not?"

"That's my name," I said, more mystified.

"I know you by sight. Have often seen you on the foot ball field, and know of your family in Boston. So when I received your proposal of marriage by wireless telegraph I, though much astonished at first, thought it would be too bad to disappoint you. You seemed so determined."

"But, Miss Rives, I—you know—the message—oh, what shall I say?" I stammered, growing more confused every second. A small audience was gathering.

"Oh, Mr. Manning, I only answered as I thought the other girl should. If she does not care to ratify my agreement, that is a matter I can't control."

"But I think I shall hold you to your promise." She was charming, and then I thought it was time to turn the joke.

"I don't know about that," she replied, blushing. "You see, the promise was made for the other Miss Rives. Pardon me if I hurt your feelings. I must go now. Should be pleased to have you call on us in Boston. We live not far from your house."

With that she left me. My predicament was most unpleasant. I turned away, consoling myself with the reflection that I was the pioneer in the art of proposing marriage at sea by wireless telegraphy.

The progress of my suit with Miss Rives—which the reader can surmise—has led me to write this for the benefit of the Amalgamated Association of Matriculated Matchmakers.

POWER OF MORGAN INTERESTS

Practical Control of Transportation Lines, Telegraphs, Cables and Thirteen Industries.

In September, 1902, writes S. E. Moffet in Success, the Morgan interests controlled 55,555 miles of American railways, or more than the mileage of Germany, Great Britain and Ireland combined. These lines have a capitalization of $3,002,949,571, which is more than three times the total interest-bearing debt of the United States. In addition, the Morgan influence is powerful in almost all the other important railroad systems of the country. The direct Morgan interests include eighteen railroad systems, one monster steamship company, thirteen industrial combinations, seven banks, three telegraph and cable companies, seven great insurance companies and innumerable smaller corporations of divers kinds. The total capitalization of these various combinations is $6,448,500,000—an amount greater than the national debt of any country in the world and twice the debt of Great Britain. The capital of a single one of the Morgan companies—the United States Steel corporation—is equal to about twice the cost of the Boer war and its net profits for the current year are estimated at $140,000,000, a sum about equal to the annual cost of the British navy and but little short of the total revenues of Spain. The aggregate net income of all the Morgan corporations is probably nearly or quite equal to the public revenues of any of the great powers of Europe, and the taxes on those companies pay the entire cost of maintaining the executive departments of New Jersey.

But Mr. Morgan does not depend on the dividends of his stocks for the bulk of his income. His chief business at present is promoting on a gigantic scale. When he organized the underwriting syndicate that launched the United States Steel corporation the subscribers were pledged, if called upon, to pay in $200,000,000. They actually advanced only $25,000,000 and that was returned in the final settlement. Their profit on this investment was $56,000,000, or over 200 per cent. The share of J. P. Morgan & Co. was about $11,000,000. Every company Mr. Morgan floats—and the number is large—yields profits proportionally. Often he has no need to advance money. The mere magic of his name floats a company, and his clients gladly pay him half a million, or a million, or five million dollars for the service. He has the knack of inspiring confidence. The people who trust him with their money—and he operates chiefly with other people's money, not with his own—do not try to tie his hands with contracts. They let him alone to use his brain in their behalf, satisfied that in due time checks for the profits will be forthcoming.

Bone-Setter at Hudson

With One Operation Instantly

Restores a Paralytic

Miss Rachael Ells of Lamberton, Minn., Who Was Paralyzed for Three Years on Her Left Side.

BONE-SETTER RESTORES HER SENSE OF FEELING

"Miss Rachael Ells is my sister and I saw the Bone-Setter restore feeling to her leg, and I know it is true." —Mrs. G. Shoemaker, Hudson, Wis.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and a plain fact will often stagger one's belief. There is not a man, woman or child in the Twin Cities, where she is so widely known, who will doubt Mrs. Shoemaker's word when she says, "I saw it with my own eyes and I know it is true." Now read her statement:

"HUDSON, Wis., Oct. 1st, 1902.

"To Whom it May Concern:

"My sister, Miss Rachael Ells of Lamberton, Minn., was paralyzed on the left side three years ago last June. She had no feeling in her left arm or leg. I brought her to the Bone-Setter today and he performed one operation with his bare hands upon her leg, which instantly restored the sense of feeling to her limb. I saw this with my own eyes and I know it is true. (Signed)

"MRS. G. SHOEMAKER, Hudson, Wis.
"Sixth St., Near St. Croix."

THE BONE-SETTER'S WORK.

Curing Cripples in Every Way Crippled, With His Bare Hands, Without the Least Pain to the Patient in Any Case, is the Wonder of This Age.

The Bone-Setter's own method of curing cripples in every way crippled, with his bare hands and without the least pain to the patient, in any case, is the wonder of this age. In many cases, righting the wrong then and there, in the twinkling of an eye, there before your eyes; properly placing the irregular bones, when the cripple is a cripple no longer. His work is exclusively confined to the many wrongs of cripples and deformities, whether from birth, disease or accident. Crooked or Club Feet of any variety he makes straight, natural and useful. His method is mild and painless and the result satisfactory in every case. Spinal Curvature, even in long-standing cases, he corrects without plaster cast, felt or leather jackets; stays or braces he never employs. Dislocated Hips and Hip Diseases he cures without surgical operation or confining the patient to bed. Abcesses, shortening deformity and loss of motion and lameness he prevents by correcting the wrong with his bare hands. Crooked and Diseased Knees or Ankles, deformities of all kinds, he treats successfully without pain. Paralysis Resulting Deformities, rendering one a cripple, he corrects without surgical operation. While paralysis is not incurable, it should not be neglected. Spine Trouble with children of various ages, rendering them helpless, he cures, and the results are a little short of a miracle. Tuberculosis of the Joints of long standing he cures without surgical operation or pain to the patient. If you are a cripple, no matter what caused it or how long you have been a cripple, see this wonderful man at once; cripples in every way crippled are coming to him from every state in the union, and his work is a wonder. If you live at a distance, then write him and say how you are crippled. Hudson is less than an hour's ride from the Twin Cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Address, Bone-Setter, Hudson, Wis., enclose stamp and mention Omaha Bee.

HUMBLE ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN

Geniuses of the World Who Rose from Obscurity to Dizzy Heights of Fame.

Euripides was the son of a fruiterer. Terence in early life was a slave. Virgil's father was a potter or brickmaker, and Horace's was a freedman. Plautus was a baker. Greathead, bishop of Lincoln in the thirteenth century, began his career as a beggar, but his powerful talents adorned his brow with a mitre. Luther was the son of a poor miner, Zwingli of a shepherd, and Calvin's father was not distinguished either for affluence or learning. Boccaccio was the natural son of a merchant. Columbus was the son of a weaver, and originally a weaver himself. Arkwright was a barber. Bunyan was the son of a traveling tinker. Bloomfield, Gibbon, Gifford, Linnaeus, Lackington, Dr. Carey and Roger Sherman were shoemakers. So was Whittier. Shakspeare was the son of a wool stapler and butcher, Cowley of a grocer.

Milton was the son of a scrivener, Ben Jonson of a mason, Fletcher of a chandler, Pope of a linen draper, Collins of a hatter, Beattie of a farmer, Butler of a farmer, Akenside of a butcher, Whitehead of a baker, Henry Kirke White of a butcher, Thomas Moore of a grocer. Gay was apprenticed to a silk mercer. Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Tenterton and Jeremy Taylor were sons of barbers. Dr. Maddox, bishop of Worcester, was the son of a pastry cook. Dr. Milner was a weaver. Sir Samuel Romily was the son of a goldsmith. Richardson, the gifted writer, and Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, were printers. John Hunter was the son of a carpenter, and Scott, the commentator, of a glazier.

Ferguson, the astronomer, was a shepherd in his youth. Defoe was a hosier and son of a butcher. Dymond, author of "Principles of Morality," was a linen draper, and traded or wrote according as he had or had not customers. Woods, Curran, Jeffrey, Brydges, Atkins and Lord Ellenborough were all the sons of humble tradesmen. Amyot was the son of a currier, Rabelais of an apothecary, Voiture of a taxgatherer, Lamotte of a hatter, Massillon of a turner, Grienault of a baker, Moliere of a tapestry maker, Rousseau of a watchmaker and Rollin of a herdsman. Claude Lorraine was a pastry cook. Quintin Matsys was a blacksmith. Horne Tooke was the son of a poulterer, which he alluded to when called upon by the proud striplings of Eton to describe himself. "I am," he said, "the son of an eminent turkey merchant." The husband and father of the woman who nursed Michael Angelo were stonemasons, and the chisel was often put in the hands of the child as a plaything.—New York Press.

Sauerkraut for Soldiers.

Fashions in foods change with soldiers as much as with home-keeping civilians. When our troops were first in the Philippines the soldiers wanted candy, especially chocolate creams, and tons of the stuff were shipped away. Now the soldiers are asking for sauerkraut and the government, which always wants to gratify their taste when it is possible, is sending over great quantities of pickled cabbage.

Her Fur Boa for Life Line.

Presence of mind and quick resourcefulness on the part of a young woman saved a young man's life a few days ago. The young woman is Miss Alice Hance, a holiday visitor in an Orange mountain home. To her Harry Turner of Philadelphia, another holiday visitor in the neighborhood of Crystal lake, owes his life.

Young Turner was skating alone on the lake, a portion of the ice having been cleared of snow. He became venturesome and skated over a dangerous spot, not heeding a sign of caution nailed to a post stuck through the ice. His weight broke the ice and he fell into the water, where he floundered helplessly, calling at the top of his voice for aid. He could not swim.

As he grasped desperately at the crumbling edges of the ice he was quickly becoming exhausted when his cries were heard by Miss Hance, who was hastening down the road to meet a trolley car at the foot of the mountain.

Miss Hance ran across the fields to the lake and saw Turner's desperate plight. Calling to him to cling to the "danger" post, she walked out on the ice till she came near him. Then, unwinding her long fur boa from her neck, she threw the end to him. He had just strength enough to grasp and hold it till she pulled him out to safety.

Together they hurried to the nearest farm house, where a doctor was called. Turner will probably be none the worse for his involuntary cold bath.—New York Herald.

Water Jet in a Vacuum.

Fill an empty bottle about three-quarters full of water. The cork must be pierced with a bit of sound straw or hollow glass or a few inches of glass piping of small diameter. In any case this tube must descend near the bottom of the bottle. Hermetically seal the cork with varnish or sealing wax.

Now cover your flask with a large pickle bottle upside down, which must first be warmed over a lamp or candle flame. In order to prevent the air from getting in it must be placed on a few sheets of wet blotting paper, smoothly laid on a plate. Press the pickle bottle firmly down on the blotting paper so as to exclude all air.

Now, in a minute or two, the contraction of the inner air from the cooling of the bottle will cause a jet of water to issue from the medicine bottle—an automatic fountain—and, if the directions have been strictly adhered to, you will perceive it break into a thousand drops of liquid crystal.

Lord Charles Beresford Goes Home.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—Lord Charles Beresford sailed for England today on Saxonia.

Cure Catarrh at Home.

A Practical Remedy So Simple and Pleasant That Even a Child Can Use It.

A neglected cold lays the foundation for catarrh; neglected catarrh lays the foundation for consumption. Dr. Blosser Catarrh Cure will break up the cold, or cure the catarrh and prevent consumption.

The symptoms of catarrh are a discharge, which is either blown from the nose or runs back and drops into the throat; a dull headache; a stopped-up feeling in the nose and head; extreme liability to take cold, etc. These conditions often lead to noises in the head, deafness, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, indigestion and consumption.

If you suffer from any of the above troubles you should begin the proper treatment at once.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure is the best remedy known to medical science for these diseases. It cures 95 out of every 100 cases.

Mrs. T. B. Teel, Clanton, Ala., writes: "Cured my boy of catarrh of four years' standing." Mr. Joe F. Williams, Zion, Miss., writes: "Cured my catarrhal deafness." Mr. J. J. Mitchell, Warfield, Tenn., writes: "It removed every symptom before I had used three boxes."

In order to demonstrate its virtues, a three days' trial treatment will be mailed absolutely free to any interested sufferer. The price of the remedy is $1.00 per box (one month's treatment), sent postpaid. Address, Dr. Blosser Company, 365 Walnut St., Atlanta, Ga.

TESTIMONIALS THAT COUNT

The Twentieth Century Farmer.

An Up-to-Date Agricultural Weekly

WHAT COBURN SAYS.

I am glad to hear of The Farmer's growing circulation and, as I have said to you before, I am constantly wondering how you are able to pull together each week such a fund of interesting, valuable information. You are surely making a paper worth much more than the money asked for it.

F. D. COBURN, Secretary Kansas State Board of Agriculture. Topeka, Kan.

The Best Periodical for Farmers.

WHAT HARRIS SAYS.

I wish to say to you in connection with recent shows wherein I have been interested as an exhibitor, that I consider your plan of reporting them, in view of the brevity, conciseness and completeness on the whole, the best method used by any paper in America today. One can look your paper over and get the facts and points of interest quicker than from any other publication. I am prompted in writing you this solely by the merits of your production.

OVERTON HARRIS, Noted Hereford Breeder, Model Blue Grass Farm, Harris, Mo.

WHAT CLAYTON SAYS.

You will permit me to say I began reading The American Agriculturist more than forty years ago, and since my official connection with this organization, running for nearly twenty years, I have received all the leading agricultural publications of this and of other countries, none of which has surpassed The Twentieth Century Farmer. You and the west are to be congratulated on your success. The gait you have struck, if kept up, will place it in the very front rank of farm literature.

R. F. CLAYTON, Chairman Executive Committee, Farmers' National Congress. Indianola, Ia.

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I consider it a splendid paper for the farmer's family. I think every family in Nebraska ought to read the paper, it is so instructive on so many different subjects. My entire household welcome The Twentieth Century Farmer every week with joy. IRA WILSON. Gothenburg, Neb.

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Of all the farm papers I take it is the best and I would not like to do without it. I. C. CORN. Nodaway, Mo.

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Enclosed find one dollar for renewal of my subscription. I would not like to miss any number of The Farmer. A. L. BIGELOW. Colesburg, Ia.

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It is far the best farm paper we have seen. LeRoy, Kan. E. A. EICLEHORN.

I consider your paper the best farm paper, by far, that I have ever read. Gross, Okla. MRS. GUSSE MEYER.

I like your paper very much, although it is more for the northern farmers and stock raisers than for the south. However no man can read it without being benefited. J. A. M'LATCHY. Dwight, Ala.

I appreciate your paper very much, cannot see how I could get on without it. In my judgment it is the paper for the farmer of the semi-arid west and if more of them would take and read your paper, they would be more successful in crop productions. R. P. ELLIOTT. Vernon, Tex.

I must write you and tell you what an old Mississippi "red neck" thinks of the paper. To make a long story short, it is the best all-around paper that ever reached the gulf hills of Mississippi. This country is getting in line on the stock farming and having and they should by all means have The Twentieth Century Farmer to help them along. The information you give along these lines is certainly the most complete in every detail I have ever heard of. I want to renew my subscription when it is out and if you send me four or five sample copies for a week or two, I will try and get some of my neighbors to join me. Hoping you all the success you most earnestly deserve. T. L. DARDEN, Jr., Sunny Side Plant. Fayette, Miss.

Only One Dollar for a Whole Year.

WHAT OUR ADVERTISERS SAY.

We were a little in doubt as to whether we could make farm paper advertising pay in connection with our business, but are more than pleased with the results. The Twentieth Century Farmer is the only paper we are using, so we know that all replies which we are receiving are from your publication. We are getting business from all over the west as a result of our advertisement in The Twentieth Century Farmer.

THE WESTERN ANCHOR FENCE CO., 205-207 North 17th Street. Omaha, Neb.

Judging from the large number of inquiries this ad has brought forth, the advertising has been a great success. I was agreeably surprised at the large number of letters requesting information about the Big Horn Basin that mentioned our ad in The Twentieth Century Farmer.

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Burlington & Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska. Omaha, Neb.

You will please to discontinue my ad in your paper as I am clear sold out and am getting inquiries right along. Thanks to The Farmer for many sales. I will be with you in the future. Wishing you success.

Selma, Ia. WILL MICHAEL, Proprietor of Pleasant Hill Herd.

I am more than pleased with the result of my ad in your paper. It has brought me a class of customers that appreciate the right kind of stock at good prices. Thanking you and promising to be with you again.

Ogden, Ia. F. E. WENTZ, Proprietor Edgewood Stock Farm.

You may continue our ad for about three issues. Have received a good many inquiries through your paper, much more than through any other paper I have advertised in. J. W. STEVENSON, North Bend, Neb. Prop. North Bend Nurseries.

My "Come and See" advertisement in The Twentieth Century Farmer brings me many inquiries, and I am selling a good many farms—one last week to an Iowa man who said: "Credit this sale to the advertisement in The Twentieth Century Farmer." J. H. CAPRON, Ord, Neb. Real Estate, Farm Loans and Insurance.

We have concluded to take three times the amount of space used last year with you, this coming season, when we make our appropriations.

Clarinda, Ia. A. A. BERRY SEED COMPANY.

We are more than pleased with our experience in advertising in your paper. We get hold of more land buyers from your paper than through all of the other advertising mediums that we use. We expect to use this paper regularly. CORNELIUS & BROWN, Real Estate and Loan Agency. Hastings, Neb.

Write us for sample copies, advertising rates, agents terms and other information.

The Twentieth Century Farmer,

Omaha, Neb.