



PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Fin De Siecle.

[A contemporary suggests that no promise of marriage should be valid unless made in writing and confirmed by a sixpenny stamp.]

"Miss Brown"—his voice trembled and faltered—

"I've something important to say. Have you noticed how much I am altered. And how I am fading away?"

Her heart gave a jump like a rocket. As abruptly she turned down the lamp; her hand disappeared in her pocket in search of a sixpenny stamp!

"You've read and replied to my letters; my feelings you must have divined; don't try to unloosen my fetters. Or say that you've altered your mind!"

"Poor fellow" he's dreadfully smitten. Such words no false lover could vamp. But the words would look better if written (She murmured) and sealed by a stamp!"

"Miss Brown!" the youth stammered and stuttered.

"Miss Brown"—I said that before.

"It's not in my pocket," she muttered. And looked for the stamp on the floor.

"Your eyes and your beauty so real. Hold my heart, as it were, in a clasp!"

Sixpenny ones—would that be legal? Sighed she—"For a sixpenny stamp!"

"Miss Brown, you don't answer me—Bella!"

Cried he, "my heart's given to you."

"It's not here." and she shook her umbrella.

"Here it is. I declare, in my shoe!"

Here it is! and as words are like vapor. This stamp may I ask you to clamp; Then put your proposal on paper; I'll keep—with a sixpenny stamp!"

—Pall Mall Budget.



You ask him to dine with you on Thursday to meet a few people who are anxious to know him.

"Now don't make a muddle of it," you say, recollectful of former mishaps, "and come on Wednesday."

He laughs good-naturedly as he hunts through the room for his diary.

"Shan't be able to come Wednesday," he says; "shall be at the Mansion house, sketching dresses, and on Friday I start for Scotland, so as to be at the opening of the exhibition on Saturday; it's bound to be all right this time. Where the deuce is that diary? Never mind, I'll make a note of it on this. You can see me do it."

You stand over him while he writes the appointment down on foolscap, and watch him pin it up over his desk. Then you come away contented.

"I do hope he'll turn up," you say to your wife Thursday evening, while dressing.

"Are you sure you made it clear to him?" she replies, suspiciously; and you instinctively feel that whatever happens she is going to blame you for it.

Eight o'clock arrives, and, with it, the other guests. At half-past eight your wife is beckoned mysteriously out of the room where the parlor maid informs her that the cook has expressed a determination, in case of further delay, to wash her hands, figuratively speaking, of the whole affair.

Your wife, returning, suggests that, if the dinner is to be eaten at all, it had better be begun. She evidently considers that in pretending to expect him you have been merely playing a part, and that it would have been manlier and more straightforward for you to have admitted at the beginning that you had forgotten to invite him.

During the soup and the fish you recount anecdotes of his unpunctuality. By the time the entree arrives, the empty chair has begun to cast a gloom over the dinner, and with the joint, the conversation drifts into talk about dead relatives.

On Friday, at a quarter-past eight, he dashes up to the door and rings violently. Hearing his voice in the hall, you go to meet him.

"Sorry I'm late," he sings out cheerily; "fool of a cabman took me to Alfred Place instead of—"

"Well, what do you want, now you are come?" you interrupt, feeling anything but genial toward him. He is an old friend, so you can be rude to him.

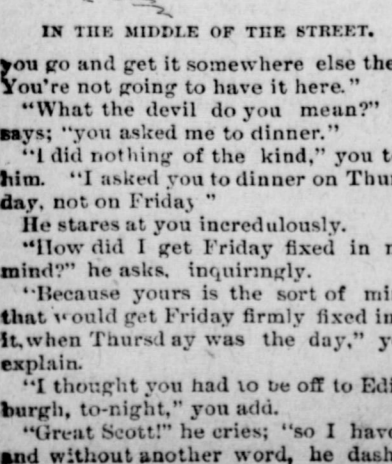
He laughs and slaps you on the shoulder.

"Why, my dinner, my dear boy. I'm starving."

"Oh," you grant in reply. "Well, everybody said he never would get married—that it was absurd to suppose he would ever remember the day, the church and the girl all in one morning—that, if he did get as far as the altar, he would forget what he had come for, and would give the bride away to his own best man. Hallyard had an idea that he was already married, but that the fact had slipped his memory. I myself felt sure that if he did marry he would forget all about it next day.

But everybody was wrong. By some miraculous means the ceremony got itself accomplished so that if Hallyard's idea be correct (as it will be there is every possibility), there will be trouble. As for my own fears, I dismissed them the moment I saw the lady. She was a charming cheerful little woman, but did not look the type that would let him forget all about it.

I had not seen him since his marriage, which had happened in the spring. Working my way back from Scotland by easy stages, I stopped for a few days at Scarborough. After table d'hote I put on my mackintosh and went out for a walk. It was raining hard, but after a month in Scotland one does not notice English weather, and I wanted some air. Struggling along the dark beach with my head against the wind, I stumbled over a crouching figure that



out, and you hear him rushing down the road, shouting for the cab he has just dismissed.

As you return to your study, you reflect that he will have to travel all the way to Scotland in evening dress, and will have to send out the hotel porter in the morning to buy him a suit of ready-made clothes; and are glad.

Matters work out still more awkwardly when it is he who is the host. I remember being with him on his house-boat one day. It was a little after twelve, and we were sitting on the edge of the boat, dangling our feet in the river—the spot was a lonely one, halfway between Wallingford and Day's Lock. Suddenly, round the bend, appeared two skiffs, each one containing six elaborately dressed persons. As soon as they caught sight of us they began waving handkerchiefs and parasols.

"Hallo," I said. "there's some people calling you."

"Oh, they all do that about here," he answered, without looking up; "some bean-feast from Abingdon, I expect."

The boats drew nearer. When about two hundred yards off an elderly gentleman raised himself upon the prow of the leading one and shouted to us.

McQuae heard his voice and gave a start that all but pitched him into the water.

"Good God!" he cried; "I'd forgotten all about it."

"About what?" I asked.

"Why, it's the Palmers and the Gramans and the Hendersons. I've asked them all over to lunch, and there's not a blessed thing on board but two nutron chops and a pound of potatoes, and I've given the boy a holiday."

Another day I was luncheoning with him at the Junior Hogarth, when a man named Hallyard, a mutual friend, strolled across to us.

"What are you fellows going to do this afternoon?" he asked, seating himself opposite side of the table.

"I'm going to stop here and write letters," I answered.

"Come with me if you want something to do," said McQuae; "I'm going to drive Leena to Richmond" ("Leena" was the young lady he recollected being engaged to. It transpired afterwards that he was engaged to three girls at the time. The other two he had forgotten all about.) "It's a roomy seat at the back."

"Oh, all right," said Hallyard, and they went away together in aansom.

An hour and a half later Hallyard walked into the smoking room looking depressed and worn, and flung himself into a chair.

"I thought you were going to Richmond with McQuae," I said.

"So did I," he answered.

"Had an accident?" I asked.

"Yes." He was decidedly curt in his replies.

"Cart upset?" I continued.

"No—only me."

His grammar and his nerves seemed thoroughly shaken.

I waited for an explanation, and after awhile he gave it.

"We got to Putney," he said, "with just an occasional run into a tram-car, and were going up the hill, when suddenly he turned a corner—over the curb, across the road and into the opposite lamp post. Of course, as a rule, one is prepared for it, but I never reckoned on his turning up there, and the first thing I recollect is finding myself in the middle of the street with a dozen fools grinning at me. It takes a man a few minutes in such a case to think where he is and what has happened; and, when I got up, they were some distance away. I ran after them for a quarter of a mile, shouting at the top of my voice, and accompanied by a mob of boys. But one might as well have tried to hail the dead, so I took a bus back.

"They might have guessed what had happened," he added, "by the shifting of the cart, if they had any sense. I'm not a light weight."

He complained of soreness, and said he would go home. I suggested a cab, but he replied that he would rather walk.

I met McQuae in the evening at the St. James theatre. It was a first night, and he was taking sketches for the Graphic. The moment he saw me he made his way across to me.

"The very man I wanted to see," he said; "did I take Hallyard with me in the cart to Richmond this afternoon?"

"You did," I replied.

"So Leena says," he answered, greatly bewildered; "but I'll swear he wasn't there when we got to the Queen's hotel."

"It's all right," I said, "you dropped him at Putney."

"Dropped him at Putney?" he repeated; "I've no recollection of doing so."

"He has," I answered. "You ask him about it. He's full of it."

Everybody said he never would get married—that it was absurd to suppose he would ever remember the day, the church and the girl all in one morning—that, if he did get as far as the altar, he would forget what he had come for, and would give the bride away to his own best man. Hallyard had an idea that he was already married, but that the fact had slipped his memory. I myself felt sure that if he did marry he would forget all about it next day.

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was seeking to shelter itself a little from the storm under the lee of the Spa wall.

I expected it to swear at me, but it seemed too broken spirited to mind anything.

"beg your pardon," I said; "I did not see you."

At the sound of my voice it started to its feet. "Is that you, old man?" it cried.

"McQuae!" I exclaimed.

"By Jove," he said, "it was never so glad to see a man in all my life before." And he nearly shook my hand off.

"But what in thunder," I said, "are you doing here? Why, you are drenched to the skin." He was dressed in flannels and a tennis coat.

"Yes," he answered. "I never thought it would rain. It was a lovely morning."

"Why don't you go home?" I asked.

"I can't," he replied. "I don't know where I live. I've forgotten the address."

I began to fear that he had over-worked himself into a brain fever.

"For heaven's sake," he said, "take me somewhere and give me something to eat. I'm literally starving."

"Haven't you any money?" I asked him, as we turned towards the hotel.

"Not a sou," he answered. "We got in here from York, the wife and I, about eleven o'clock. We left our things at the station, and started to hunt for apartments. As soon as we were fixed, I changed my clothes and came out for a walk, telling Mand I should be back at one to lunch. Like a fool I never took the address; and never noticed the way I was going."

"It's an awful business," he continued; "I don't see how I'm ever going to find her. I hoped she might stroll down to the Spa in the evening, and I've been hanging about the gates ever since six. I hadn't the threepence to go in."

"But you have no notion of the sort of street, or the kind of house it was?" I inquired.

"Not a ghost," he replied; "I left it all to Maud, and didn't trouble."

"Have you tried any of the lodging houses?" I asked.

"Tried!" he exclaimed bitterly; "I've been knocking at doors, and asking if Mrs. McQuae lives there steadily all the afternoon, and they slam the door in my face mostly without answering. I told a policeman; I thought perhaps he might suggest something. But the idiot only burst out laughing, and that made me so mad that I gave him a black eye and had to cut. I expect they're on the lookout for me now."

"I went into a restaurant," he continued, gloomily, "and tried to get them to trust me for a steak. But the proprietress said she'd heard that tale before and ordered me out before all the other customers. I think I'd have drowned myself if you hadn't turned up."

After a change of clothes and some supper he discussed the case more calmly, but it was really a serious affair. They had shut up their flat and his wife's relatives were travelling abroad. There was no one to whom he could send a letter to be forwarded; there was no one with whom she would be likely to communicate. Their chance of meeting again in this world appeared remote.

Nor did it seem to me—fond as he was of his wife and anxious as he undoubtedly was to recover her—that he

represented at the congress of Berlin in 1878, was a Prussian by birth who had disgraced the uniform of the king, but who had become one of the ablest Turkish generals and statesmen. Kiperli Pasha, an Austrian by birth, the energetic and successful governor who quelled the Albanian insurrection and fabulously enriched himself by sequestrating the lands and wealth of the insurgent leaders, leading a life of dreamlike luxury at Janina until he fell from grace and was massacred by order of Abdul Hamid, was another man of this kind. In all the larger cities of Turkey, but more particularly in the harbor cities, are men like that. Smyrna is a hotbed of them. About one-half the Turkish officials there are Greek, Armenian or French apostates, like Dumont, an ex-officer in the engineers, who attained to a seraskierate (a general's rank) and a salary of \$12,000 by rendering valuable services to the porte during the Candidate uprising.

In Persia, though, cases of this kind are even, relatively speaking, more frequent. The present chief of police there, Count Monteforte, is a Neapolitan by birth, held office under the infamous king, became known to history as "Il Re Bomba," and before Garibaldi and the crumbling of this last Bourbon throne to Vienna, where he became a pensioner of the emperor. He was abjectly poor in those days, and every noon he went personally to the Hofburg in Vienna to receive his five florins which his majesty allowed him as a stipend. At last he fled to Persia from his creditors, selling his last trinkets and valuable furs on the way to pay travelling expenses, arriving there in a state of utter destitution, literally a "beggar on horseback." But with his Italian pliancy he soon ingratiated himself into the good graces of the shah. He has been chief of police for a number of years, and has made a good one, establishing in a measurable degree security of life and property in the capital. He has, however, accepted all the Persian vices.

Dr. Tholozan is another odd type. Born as a British subject on the island of Mauritius, he is French by descent and education, and served under France in the Crimean war. Later on he drifted to Persia and became soon chief physician to the shah. He has been in that capacity for more than thirty years, and is two-thirds Persian in his foibles and life, even to the extent of adhering to the Persian system of bribery. But he has remained an undaunted lover of science and research, and his manuscripts, stored away in the home of a Parisian publisher, will create a sensation after his death—for he dare not publish them during life. Baron Maximilian von

"I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD RAIN."

looked forward to the actual meeting, should it ever arrive, with any too pleasurable anticipation.

"She will think it strange," he murmured, reflectively, sitting on the edge of the bed and thoughtfully pulling off his socks. "She is sure to think it strange."

The following day, which was Wednesday, we went to a solicitor and laid the case before him, and he instituted inquiries among all the lodging house keepers in Scarborough, with the result that on Thursday afternoon McQuae was restored (after the manner of an Adelphi hero in the last act) to his home and wife.

I asked him next time I met him what she had said.

"Oh, much what I expected," he replied. "But he never told me what he had expected."—Detroit Free Press.

Married Under Difficulties.

When the Delaware river runs high in the neighborhood of Port Jervis, crossing it is a matter of some difficulty. In the early days when Port Jervis was a frontier settlement, and Parson Van Benschoten ministered to the Reformed Dutch of the bailiwick, he was once called upon to marry a young couple under very trying circumstances. The stream was so high and so rapid that to "skiff" across it was impossible. But the young people were bound to be married, and the parson was not loath to obtain the marriage fee. He appeared on one bank, and the young couple on the other—the best they could do. The parson's stentorian voice resounded amid and above the rushing of the water, as he proceeded with the marriage service, and at last pronounced his young friends "man and wife." As he saw them turn gayly away and begin to mount the opposite bank he roared out: "I say! you can leave the money at Hawkins!"—Youth's Companion.

EXILES FROM HOME.

Fall and Rise of Famous Old World Adventurers.

After Having Made Themselves Impossible in Their Native Lands, They Sought and Found Honor and Fame in the Countries of the East.

[Special Letter.]

One of the most interesting types all through the orient is the European adventurer. The species is not entirely unknown in this country, but the enormous differences in manners, institutions and customs between those obtaining here and there produce entirely different results. The European of shady antecedents and worn-out morality who arrives in this country with the expectation of amassing wealth within a few years by swindling devices, nearly always develops into an ordinary bunco stealer or "con" man, and in that capacity finds his way into our penal institutions. He discovers, too late, the soil of America was not adapted to his growth and blossom. It is otherwise in the orient. The past life of a European stranded in those benighted lands is not inquired into, and if he but be a man of smooth address, of ready wit and quick resources, the way to rapid promotion and phenomenal success lies open to him. At home he might have ended breaking stone in a jail yard, in the orient he may become the right hand of a potentate and grow enormously rich besides. I had occasion to become acquainted with a number of cases of this kind—more or less illustrative of the above explanations—and some of them, as curiously depicting the wide divergences in thought and life between western and those eastern people, may prove interesting.

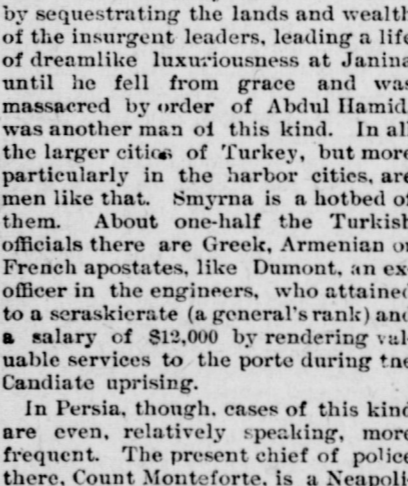
Turkey, above all, is still the paradise of Europeans of education that have made a mess of their lives at home. The number of those who have risen to exalted positions there is enormous. Their identity, of course, is thinly disguised under a Turkish alias, which they had to adopt on becoming renegades. But they may be found in influential positions in every sphere of Turkish governmental life—in the financial administration, in the army and navy, in the custom service, etc. Hobart Pasha, the Englishman whose fraternal relations to a great nobleman did not save his neck from disgrace and dismissal from the British service on account of a cowardly assault on a poor girl, became a Turkish admiral—finally without a fleet, though. Mehemet Ali, one of Turkey's

wild mountain tribes there that are forever rebellious, he promised safe conduct to the warlike chief of the tribe for the purpose of considering terms of peace. The chief came, but was at once seized at the command of Firooz Mirza, the uncle of the shah, and instantly beheaded. Gen. Semnot, believing his military honor irretrievably compromised, committed suicide. The present M. Semnot is the son of this brave soldier and of a beautiful Persian slave whom his father had won from Gen. Borowski in a game of ecarte. Gen. Borowski, too, was quite an original character. A Polish nobleman of ancient lineage, he had lost all save his life in the last great Polish insurrection, and escaped from Siberia to Persia. He was a splendid soldier, but an inveterate gambler, and while commanding at the siege of Herab he lost, one night, all his money, valuables and even his beautiful slave to Gen. Semnot. This grieved him so that next day, while leading the assault on the citadel, he sought death and found it through an Afghan khandjar. Borowski's son by that slave looks much like his father, with the same eagle nose and fierce mustache. But there the resemblance ends. He is a great coward, but holds a fat office under the Persian government, and is the biggest scoundrel and usurer ever in Persia. He never touches a card. I might also mention Gen. Schindler, of German-English descent, and whose life has been an unbroken series of hair-raising adventures: Baron von Staudach, once aide-de-camp to the Austrian emperor, who came to Persia and obtained a general's post after his wild, young son had one night ruined him and disgraced his name during a carousal and a desperate game of cards; Gen. Krauss, another Austrian, whose wife is the most beautiful woman in Persia, and thirty years his junior; De Keen,



ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

representatives at the congress of Berlin in 1878, was a Prussian by birth who had disgraced the uniform of the king, but who had become one of the ablest Turkish generals and statesmen.



ABBAS, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

whose father was Dutch consul at Constantinople, and whose mother was an Asiatic Greek, who is one of the cleverest intriguers in Persia now.

But I'll wind up by telling about a queer Irishman I met in Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus. This jolly, hair-brained son of Erin was the younger brother of an impoverished Irish lord, and had led a haram-scarum existence, traveling in every country, and living by making debts and winning at cards. One day, some twenty years ago, his bad luck would have it that he fell into the hands of a coterie of accomplished Russian officers and gamblers—two words which frequently are synonymous—in Tiflis, and they fleeced him, even to the extent of winning all his luggage and personal effects and holding a note for 5,000 rubles from him. Thus the young Irishman—for he was young then—was stranded there. His family refused to do anything for him, and he has all this time never been able to raise or to earn sufficient money to leave the country. Besides, I believe that he became so acclimated in time that he didn't want to leave. When I made his acquaintance in Tiflis in 1886, he earned a very precarious livelihood as a sort of guide to all the English-speaking travelers who struck the town. He knew every nook and every notable person in that highly interesting city, and he was just as irresistibly jolly and boisterous as ever, and just as good-natured and happy as well.

WOLF VON SCHLIERBRAND

Wedell, a high general in the Persian service, is a second cousin of Bismarck, his mother having been a Puttkammer, just like Bismarck's wife. He was a dashing officer in one of the crack guard regiments at Potsdam, but was soon neck over heel in debt and forced to quit the service. As the Shylocks of Berlin insisted on having their pound of flesh and he couldn't spare it, he came to Persia. He passes most of his spare time in waltzing and leading the german at the diplomatic fetes in Teheran, and is acknowledged to be the most brilliant and indefatigable dancer in the shah's dominion. When not waiting for he is sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt—Unter den Linden. Dr. Albu is another Berlinese, second physician to the shah and his haem and chief of the medical fraternity at the government university in Teheran.

The chief of the mail department in Persia is a man named Semnot, son of Gen. Semnot, a brave French officer who tendered his sword to the shah many years ago. While commanding a force in Luristan against one of the



THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

wild mountain tribes there that are forever rebellious, he promised safe conduct to the warlike chief of the tribe for the purpose of considering terms of peace. The chief came, but was at once seized at the command of Firooz Mirza, the uncle of the shah, and instantly beheaded. Gen. Semnot, believing his military honor irretrievably compromised, committed suicide. The present M. Semnot is the son of this brave soldier and of a beautiful Persian slave whom his father had won from Gen. Borowski in a game of ecarte. Gen. Borowski, too, was quite an original character. A Polish nobleman of ancient lineage, he had lost all save his life in the last great Polish insurrection, and escaped from Siberia to Persia. He was a splendid soldier, but an inveterate gambler, and while commanding at the siege of Herab he lost, one night, all his money, valuables and even his beautiful slave to Gen. Semnot. This grieved him so that next day, while leading the assault on the citadel, he sought death and found it through an Afghan khandjar. Borowski's son by that slave looks much like his father, with the same eagle nose and fierce mustache. But there the resemblance ends. He is a great coward, but holds a fat office under the Persian government, and is the biggest scoundrel and usurer ever in Persia. He never touches a card. I might also mention Gen. Schindler, of German-English descent, and whose life has been an unbroken series of hair-raising adventures: Baron von Staudach, once aide-de-camp to the Austrian emperor, who came to Persia and obtained a general's post after his wild, young son had one night ruined him and disgraced his name during a carousal and a desperate game of cards; Gen. Krauss, another Austrian, whose wife is the most beautiful woman in Persia, and thirty years his junior; De Keen,



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From this congress the better element of the commissioned force was absent, the names, nationalities and idiomatic peculiarities of speech of the individual members being identical in most instances with those of their comrades in arms in the ranks...

"Oh, he can't understand you, capt'in. Ah, don't be hard on him. Only this mornin' he was sayin' how the capt'in reminded him of the old days when the officers was all gentlemen and soldiers..."

"Doyle, open. I want to see you at once." "All silence within. 'Doyle, open, or if you are too drunk to get up, I'll kick in the door.'"

"Sure, where should wife be but at her husband's side when he's sick and sufferin'?" Didn't they root him out of bed and comfort this day and ride him down like a felon in all the storm?

"Oh, be quiet; I must see Doyle, and at once." "Sure, he's not able, capt'in. You know how it is wid him; he's that sensitive he couldn't bear to talk of the disgrace he's bringing on the capt'in and the battery..."

"Stop this talk! He wasn't drinking at all until you came back here to hound him. Open that door, or a file of guard will..." "Och! thin wait till I'm dressed, for decency's sake, capt'in. Sure I'll thry and wake him..."

"How on earth did you get here? Your house was flooded all day," angrily asked Cram. "Sure we made a raft, sir—'Lonetie and me—and poled over to the levee, and I walked every fut of the way down to follow me husband, as I swore I would when we was married..."

"Hush, Jim darlin'! Here's the capt'in to see you and tell you he's come back to have you righted. Sure how could a poor fellow be expected to come home in all that awful storm this morning, capt'in? 'Tis for not comin' the colonel had him under arrest; but I tell him the capt'in'll see him through..."

"Doyle, look up and answer. Doyle, I say!" Again vehement protestations, and now an outburst of tears and pleadings, from the woman. "Oh, he can't understand you, capt'in. Ah, don't be hard on him. Only this mornin' he was sayin' how the capt'in reminded him of the old days when the officers was all gentlemen and soldiers..."

"Yes, sir, and the saber came flashing up to the present. 'She'd wint over to the hospital to get some medicine for the lieutenant just after our bugle sounded first call, and she came runnin' out as I want to call the officer of the day, sir. She ran back to the lieutenant's quarters ahead of me, and was up only a minute or two when down she came wid some bundles, and away she went to the north running, wild-like. The steward told me a moment after of Dawson's escape..."

"'Dawson! escaped from hospital?' 'Yes, sir. They thought he was all right last evening when he was sleeping, and took the sentry off, and at four this morning he was gone.'" "Forty-eight hours had passed, and not a trace had been found of Lieut. Waring. The civil officers of the law had held grave converse with the seniors on duty at the barracks, and Cram's face was lined with anxiety and trouble..."

"'What cabman? That's one thing I want to know. Who is he? What became of him?' 'Sure and how do I know, sir? He was a quiet, decent man, sir; the same that Mr. Waring bade so cruel and made Jeffers kick and bate him too. I saw it all.'" "And was he at the Pelican last night? I must know..."

"Doyle, open. I want to see you at once." "All silence within. 'Doyle, open, or if you are too drunk to get up, I'll kick in the door.'" "A groan, a whispered colloquy, then the rattle of bolts and chain. The door opened about an inch, and an oily Irish voice inquired: 'Hwat's wanted, capt'in?'"

"'You here?' exclaimed Cram, in disgust. 'What business have you in this garrison? If the colonel knew it you'd be driven out at the point of the bayonet.'" "Only the curse of sin and incompleteness. Shall you thry soul and taint thine earth no more." "Serve Him in dailly toil and holy living. And faith shall lift thee to His summit heights: Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights."

him out into the mud. Sure he'd been drinking a little, sir, and was aisy upset, but that's all he knows. The carriage drove away, and there was three of them, and poor Doyle got caught out there in the mud and in the storm, and 'twas me went out wid Dawson and another of the byes and fetched him in. And we never heard of the murderer at all, sir, until I came down here to-day, that's God's troot, and he'll tell ye so when he's sober..."

"'Lie still, you thafe and cur, and sware you to every word I say, unless you'd hang in his place. Dhrink this, now, and go to slape, and be ridly to tell the story I gibe ye in the mornin', or may the knife ye drove in that poor mummy's throat come back to cut your coward heart out.'" "And Doyle, shivering, sobbing, crazed with drink and fear, covered his eyes with his hands and threw himself back on his hot and steaming pillow..."

"'Tell me, who were there when you got Doyle away from that woman yesterday?' 'Only the three, sir,—Mr. and Mrs. Doyle and the negro girl.'" "The utility and importance of the teeth has been known since the advent of man on this planet. While no specific data can be obtained as to the origin of dentistry, we know it was practiced among the Egyptians at a very early age..."

"The best cows for butter. None of the thoroughbred breeds of cows have the exclusive production of fine butter. What are known as common cows, if well selected and fed as they should be, will make butter in no way inferior to the best..."

"Churning in cold weather. Frequent churning is as necessary in winter as in summer. Keeping cream too long without churning is the cause of much poor butter. True, the milk does not sour so quickly in cold weather, but it may be made to yield its cream more quickly by heating it to a temperature of 130 degrees..."

"Profit and loss to the farmer. As the farmer rides and drives over poor mud roads he is heard to heave a sigh and utter his terrible condition; but he never weighs in his mind their effect upon the success of his business..."

"FARMERS MUST STUDY. Not Until They Do Will We Have Improved Highways. The belief is expressed by the national department of agriculture that its road inquiry bureau has done efficient work in collecting and disseminating information on the subject of improved roads..."

"AGRICULTURAL HINTS. AN IMPROVED WELL. Combining the Advantages of Dug and Bored Wells. A novel idea in well-digging was brought out recently in the discussions at a Pennsylvania farmers' institute..."

"FACTS FROM INDIANA. How Good Roads Have Enhanced the Value of Farm Lands. Many persons are accustomed, when approached with a project for road improvement to put the matter off as they would a luxury—'until better times.'" While they acknowledge that better public highways would be a very nice thing at certain seasons of the year, it never seems to have dawned upon them that to improve the roads would be an investment just like raising higher grade stock or using improved and labor saving machinery...

the single stab. Driven downward with savage force, a sharp-pointed, two-edged, straight-bladed knife had pierced the heart, and all was over in an instant. One other wound there was, a slashing one across the stomach, which had led to a large amount of blood, but might possibly not have been mortal. What part the deceased had taken in the struggle could only be conjectured. A little five-chambered revolver which he habitually carried was found on the floor close at hand. Two charges had been recently fired, for the barrel was black with powder; but no one had heard a shot..."

"The barkeeper at the Pelican could throw but little light on the matter. The storm had broken, he said, with sudden fury. The rain dashed in torrents against his western front, and threatened to beat in the windows. He called to two men who happened to be seated at a table to assist him, and was busy trying to get up the shutters, when Lieut. Doyle joined them, and rendered timely aid. He had frequently seen Doyle during the previous month. Mrs. Doyle lived in the old Lemaitre house in the block below, and he often supplied them with whisky..."

"'Only the three, sir,—Mr. and Mrs. Doyle and the negro girl.'" "The utility and importance of the teeth has been known since the advent of man on this planet. While no specific data can be obtained as to the origin of dentistry, we know it was practiced among the Egyptians at a very early age..."

"The best cows for butter. None of the thoroughbred breeds of cows have the exclusive production of fine butter. What are known as common cows, if well selected and fed as they should be, will make butter in no way inferior to the best..."

"Churning in cold weather. Frequent churning is as necessary in winter as in summer. Keeping cream too long without churning is the cause of much poor butter. True, the milk does not sour so quickly in cold weather, but it may be made to yield its cream more quickly by heating it to a temperature of 130 degrees..."

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AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

AN IMPROVED WELL.

Combining the Advantages of Dug and Bored Wells. A novel idea in well-digging was brought out recently in the discussions at a Pennsylvania farmers' institute...



FIG. 1. IMPROVED WELLS. FIG. 2.

floor of the well, resting on a flat stone in the center of the well. For a distance considerably higher than the usual water level in the well, the space around the terra cotta pipe is carefully packed with stones gathered from the fields, or other convenient place. When a sufficient reservoir has been formed of loose stones, the top is leveled off, some clean taken, a laid over all, and the earth taken from the well is replaced...

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DENTISTRY IN ANCIENT DAYS.

Practiced by the Egyptians, as Shown by Gold-Filled Mummies' Teeth. The utility and importance of the teeth has been known since the advent of man on this planet. While no specific data can be obtained as to the origin of dentistry, we know it was practiced among the Egyptians at a very early age...

Experiment with Onions.

An interesting statement was made in a public meeting by J. B. Moore, of Concord, Mass., of an experiment on an onion crop with sulphate of potash. By a mistake his drills sowed at the rate of nine pounds of onion seed to the acre...

The Best Cows for Butter.

None of the thoroughbred breeds of cows have the exclusive production of fine butter. What are known as common cows, if well selected and fed as they should be, will make butter in no way inferior to the best. The first premium has gone far more times to the skill of the man or woman who made it than the breed of cows...

Churning in Cold Weather.

Frequent churning is as necessary in winter as in summer. Keeping cream too long without churning is the cause of much poor butter. True, the milk does not sour so quickly in cold weather, but it may be made to yield its cream more quickly by heating it to a temperature of 130 degrees...

FACTS FROM INDIANA.

How Good Roads Have Enhanced the Value of Farm Lands. Many persons are accustomed, when approached with a project for road improvement to put the matter off as they would a luxury—'until better times.'" While they acknowledge that better public highways would be a very nice thing at certain seasons of the year, it never seems to have dawned upon them that to improve the roads would be an investment just like raising higher grade stock or using improved and labor saving machinery...

It has long been known in a general way that no better outlay of a few hundred dollars could be made by the farmer or country merchant than in building rock or gravel roads, but attempts to reduce the practical value to dollars and cents have seldom been made. A gentleman in northern Indiana recently undertook to find out what the farmers themselves thought of the matter...

The farmers estimated that by reason of the roads already improved their lands had increased in value an average of \$6.48 an acre, one enthusiast placing it at 100 per cent. If all roads were improved the increase was estimated at \$9 an acre. So the increase of value alone on each section of land would amount to \$3,750, or enough to macadamize four miles, which is twice as much road as a section contains...

These are facts, ice cold and not possible to contest. With good roads the farmer would make a great economy of time and force in transportation between farm and market. He would be able to take advantage of market fluctuations in buying and selling. He could do the hauling of farm products and purchased commodities in the time of greatest leisure. The wear and tear upon horses, harness and vehicles would be greatly reduced. The market value of his farm would be greatly enhanced, so that, at the lowest estimate, his 300 acres would be worth \$2,850 more, while at least \$250 would be saved every year...

FARMERS MUST STUDY.

Not Until They Do Will We Have Improved Highways. The belief is expressed by the national department of agriculture that its road inquiry bureau has done efficient work in collecting and disseminating information on the subject of improved roads. It is even said that the good roads movement has received an impetus that is likely to assume satisfactory proportions hereafter...



PROFIT AND LOSS TO THE FARMER.

As the farmer rides and drives over poor mud roads he is heard to heave a sigh and utter his terrible condition; but he never weighs in his mind their effect upon the success of his business. government can do little or nothing in the way of actual improvement. The education that it is giving the farmers will in time make itself felt through the state governments...

But, after all, it is the farmer himself who must be the proponent of improved roads. To a great extent he is the one who has to pay for them, and likewise he is the one who is most benefited by their creation. Therefore, unless he desires to help himself to good roads and is willing to pay his share for them, it is hardly probable that there are those who, as public officials or as citizens, will endeavor to force good roads upon him against his wish...

**The Chase County Courant.**  
**W.E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher**  
Issued every Thursday.

The following is a part of the present pension law signed by President Cleveland:

"That any pension heretofore or that may hereafter be granted to any applicant therefor under any law of the United States authorizing the granting and paying of pensions, on application made and adjudicated upon, shall be deemed and held by all officers of the United States to be a vested right in the grantee to that extent that payment thereof shall not be withheld or suspended until, after due notice to the grantee of not less than 30 days, the Commissioner of Pensions, after hearing all the evidence, shall decide to annul, vacate, modify, or set aside the decisions upon which such pension was granted. Such notice to grantee must contain a full and true statement of any charges or allegations upon which such decisions granting such pension shall be sought to be in any manner disturbed or modified."

**OATH OF THE A. P. A.**  
The following is a copy of the oath taken by those who join the American Protective Association: I do solemnly swear and promise that I will not allow anyone, a member of the Catholic Church, to become a member of this order, knowing him to be such; that I will use my influence to promote the interests of all Protestants everywhere in the world; that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity, if I can procure the services of a Protestant; that I will not aid in building or maintaining by my resources any Roman Catholic church and institution of their sect or creed whatsoever, nor will I do all in my power to retard and break down the power of the Pope; that I will not enter into a controversy with any Catholic upon the subject of this order, nor will I enter into any agreement with a Roman Catholic to strike or raise disturbance, whereby the Roman Catholic employees may undermine and substitute the Protestant, and will counsel with them to the exclusion of all Roman Catholics, and will not make known to them anything of any nature at such conferences; that I will not countenance the nomination of any caucus or convention the nomination of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of the American people, and that I will not vote for or counsel for others to vote for any Roman Catholic, but will vote for a Protestant; that I will endeavor at all times to place political positions of this government in the hands of Protestants. To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear, so help me God. Amen.

**THAT GIANT LOG.**  
Kansas people will be interested to know what has become of the giant walnut log from Leavenworth county which attracted so much attention at the forestry building during the World's Fair, says the Leavenworth Standard. It is highly probable it will eventually be converted into elegant furniture by some foreign company.

J. H. Rudrow, of Lawrence, agent for an exporting firm, found the tree from which it was cut on the farm of P. W. Gowell, in Tonganoxie town-ship. It cost Mr. Rudrow two or three hundred dollars to get the log out of the woods and load it on the cars at Reno, from which station it was shipped to the White City. He sold it then to the Kansas commissioners for six hundred dollars. He says he has been informed since the close of the fair that the Kansas commissioners have disposed of the log to a foreign concern for \$1,200.

Mr. Rudrow does not like to see the giant of walnut logs leave his county that way. He is patriotic enough to be in favor of the State securing at least a section of the log, and preserving it for the benefit of future generations. The log is beyond question the largest of its species extant in the United States, and possibly in the world. Mr. Rudrow says that there never will be in this country another walnut tree so large.

The one from which this log was cut was the monarch of Leavenworth county. It height it was seventy-five feet and the distance from the ground to the first limb was forty-seven feet. Exclusive of the log the tree yielded two car loads of timber. The log was fifteen feet long, seven or two inches in diameter at the top and eighty four inches at the butt. Its weight was 40,000 pounds and contained 3,500 feet of inch board measure. People not acquainted with Kansas who visited the fair could not quite understand how such a giant tree grew in Kansas. The tree was seventy years old when Columbus discovered America.

**THE FARMER'S PROBLEM.**  
The period has reached in the history of this country when producers in every industry must figure on close margins of profit. It is thus the more necessary that every farmer who expects to prosper in his business, avail himself of all the aid and information obtainable. And there is nothing more useful in this line than a subscription to a first-class and practical agricultural journal like the old reliable KANSAS FARMER, a 36 to 38 page farm journal which was established in Kansas in 1883. It runs above most of the journals of its class, and no enterprising farmer can afford to deprive himself or family of it. Every issue has information worth the price of a year's subscription. It only costs \$1.00 per year. Send at once to Kans. Farmer Co., Topeka, Kansas, for a free sample copy and supplement of premiums, best fit offers, etc., and call at this office and subscribe for the CHASE COUNTY COURANT and the KANSAS FARMER, both papers for one year for only \$2.25.

**IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.**  
The Ladies' Guild of the Presbyterian Church will give another of their excellent entertainments, about the 4th of March, introducing the music, song, literature and characteristics of the people of Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales. The success of their Japanese entertainment was so phenomenal that a very general demand is made for more in that line. The refreshments, we suppose, will consist of Irish potatoes, and other delicacies.

**OYSTER SUPPER.**  
There will be an oyster supper and other refreshments served, at the Prairie Hill school-house, on Friday evening, January 19th, for the benefit of the M. E. Church. All are cordially invited.  
By ORDER OF COM.

**BEFORE RUNNING AWAY.**  
From cold weather, inquire of local agent of Santa Fe relative to cheap rates for a winter tour to Texas, New Mexico or Old Mexico. To follow the sun line may prove cheaper than buying hard coal. It don't cost much to try.

**TRY A TEXAS TRIP.**  
To San Antonio, Austin, Ft. Worth or El Paso, and get a touch of summer in winter. The Santa Fe is offering some low rate tickets with liberal conditions as to limits. Texas may be just the place you are looking for, as a home or for investment.

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Ought to See  
at least one  
copy of

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

"Wide Awake" now merged in it

Enlarged by 200 Additional Pages in the Volume Everything Illustrated.

For all publications for boys and girls, ST. NICHOLAS, conducted by Mary Mans Dodson, is unquestionably the best. It has been raised by the press and the people of two continents. Its circulation is unprecedented among magazines for young folks, beginning with the number for November, 1893. It is enlarged by the addition of 200 pages in the volume, and for 1894 it will have the greatest program in its history, including:

**NATURAL HISTORY SERIES,**  
brilliantly illustrated, describing the quadrupeds of North America in a popular way, by W. E. Hooley, resident field taxidermist of the U. S. National Museum.

**"TOM SAWYER ABROAD,"**  
A SERIAL STORY BY MARK TWAIN,

in which the great humorist's famous creations, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," visit the eastern hemisphere (in a flying machine); a series on

**AMERICAN AUTHORS,**  
by Brander Mathews, setting forth in clear and simple form the main biographical facts and the chief literary qualities of famous men in American literature, including Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Hawthorn, Emerson, Lowell, etc.

**STORIES OF INDIA**  
BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

When Rudyard Kipling was a boy in India he used to read ST. NICHOLAS, and now he takes his turn at bringing delight to the thousands of young folk who read it today. He has written for ST. NICHOLAS a series of remarkable stories of boy and girl life in the jungle and with animals.

**"RECOLLECTIONS OF WILD LIFE,"**  
by Dr. Charles Eastman, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, and a graduate of a white man's college—(pictured by a description of Indian life—in camp and on the war-path,—described from the inside. A novelty in literature.

**PAPERS ON THE GOVERNMENT.**  
"How Money is Made" (the Mint), "How the Treasury is Guarded," "How the Government Keeps its Accounts" (the Patent Office), "The Road-Letter Office" With the "Best Point Cases," "How Aries Talk to Each Other," "Life on a Man-of-War," etc.

**SERIAL STORIES BY HOWARD PYLE,**  
FRANCES COURTNEY BAYLOR,  
JAMES OTIS,  
MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL,  
AND THE AUTHOR OF "LADY JANE."

**THE FAMOUS "BROWNIES,"**  
by Palmer Cox, will also be a feature of ST. NICHOLAS.

Are you going to have ST. NICHOLAS in your home in '94? New subscriptions should begin with November. The price of ST. NICHOLAS is \$3.00 a year. Everything in it is illustrated. Subscribe through book-sellers or news-dealers, or remit to the publishers by check, draft, money-order or express-order. Don't miss the Christmas Number.

**WANTED.**—Eight or ten men to represent our well known house in this State—our large and complete stock and various lines, such as nursery stock, plants, bulbs, fancy seed potatoes, fertilizers, etc., enable us to pay handsome salaries to even ordinary salesmen. Wages run from \$15.00 to \$25.00 per month and expenses—according to material in the man. Apply quick, stating age. L. L. MAY & Co., St. Paul, Minn. (This house is responsible.) nov2m3

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**W. M. BLOSSER,**  
CHICAGO.

**THE PANSY**  
announces many new and important features.

A special department, "Our Christian Endeavor Bulletin," will be devoted to the work of the Christian Endeavor Society; The Editor, Mrs. G. B. Allen (Pansy), has long been one of the prime movers in Christian Endeavor work. Rev. Dennis S. Hamlin, D. D., continues in November an article on "The immediate Future of Christian Endeavor." To be followed by helpful and progressive papers from Christian Endeavor specialists.

Other departments of the magazine are to be broadened and enlarged. One is the department of "Athletics," and "Indoor Games in the Home Circle." Mr. A. Alonzo Stagg, the famous Yale pitcher, will contribute an early paper, to be followed by other experts.

**VIRA'S MOTTO,**  
will be illustrated by H. P. Barnes. Margaret Sidney's Golden Discovery Papers will have important subjects. The Pansy Reading Circle is to take up Greek History this year. Elizabeth Abbott will prepare interesting papers. An important feature will be "Daily Thoughts," comprising daily readings for Christian Endeavor Societies and Sunday-schools. The Missionary and Foreign fields of labor will have special departments.

**OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.**  
The Best Magazine for Beginners in Reading.

"A DOZEN GOOD TIMES," by the great "Treat" Gay, will tell about some exceptionally bright, merry children. Margaret Johnson will make the charming pictures. Clifton Scollard will contribute verses for home reading and to "speak" in school. Greta Hyatt will tell about Electricity.

**OUR KINDERCARTEN.**  
A new department (six to eight pages each month) under the care of Miss Sarah E. White, the well-known kindergarten authority, will be introduced. This department of our magazine is for the children. No technical instruction will be undertaken, but the children will be given the best of Froebel's beautiful training. The best-known workers and writers in the kindergarten field will help. Young authors will write poems and stories, to be profusely illustrated by favorite artists.

Sample copies for two cents in stamps. Price \$1 a year; 10 cents a number.  
D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

**BABYLAND.**  
THE BABY'S OWN MAGAZINE. DAINTY, BRIGHT AND WINNING. Merry jingles, gay little stories, pictures in plenty. A charming little serial, in picture and story, will be contributed by Margaret Johnson, and entitled

**THE MAGIC CHEST.**  
During 1894 there will be given to all subscribers FOUR BEAUTIFUL COLORED FULL-PAGE PICTURES.

**HUMPHREYS'**  
Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared remedies, used for years in the treatment of the most difficult and dangerous diseases. Their cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

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THE PILE OINTMENT.  
For PILES, External or Internal—Bleeding or Non-Bleeding—How to Use, Long Standing. The Best and Safest Remedy known, always giving satisfaction and relief. It is also the cure for Hemorrhoids, Ulcers, Old Sores and Burns.

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**SHERRIFF'S SALE.**

**STATE OF KANSAS,**  
County of Chase, ss.

In the District Court of the 25th Judicial District, sitting in and for Chase county, State of Kansas.

Minnie D. Myers, plaintiff,  
vs.  
F. L. Drinkwater, F. H. Hill and William Hill, partners as Hill Bros., C. N. Beal and Ballinger & Hostetter, defendants

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of the 25th Judicial District, in and for Chase county, State of Kansas, in the above entitled cause, and to me directed, I will, on

**MONDAY, THE 27th DAY OF FEBRUARY,**  
1894,

at 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, at the front door of the Court-house, in the city of Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, offer for sale and sell, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, the following described lands and tenements, situate in Chase county, Kansas, to-wit:

One equal undivided one-half (1/2) of Lot No. Four (4), Block No. three (3), in the town of Cedar Point, in Chase county, Kansas.

Said property is taken as the property of said defendants, Drinkwater and Hill Bros., and the same will be sold to satisfy said order of sale, taxes and costs.

Witness my hand and Seal of said Court, at Cottonwood Falls, Chase county, Kansas, Jan. 10th, 1894. Jan 11

**ELECTRICITY**

**NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.**  
Delivered Anywhere by Mail or Express.  
Cures Others.

**Why Not You?**  
The B. B. Bliss Electric Body Belts and their Attachments are superior to all others. Thousands have been cured of

**RHEUMATISM, Paralysis, Catarrh, General Debility, Lost Manhood, Kidney, Liver, Female Complaints, all Nervous and Chronic Diseases, by their faithful use.**

**DEAFNESS.**  
We handle the only Electric invention that is successful in curing Deafness when caused by Catarrh, FEVER, Paralysis, etc.

Send 10 cents for our 100-page Catalogue, which describes treatment. Please mention this paper.

**B. B. Bliss, Iowa Falls, Iowa.**





### GOOD SNAKE STORIES.

They Have the Sanction of the Department of Agriculture.

Starting Discoveries Made in That Strange Region Known as Death Valley—Lizards, Scorpions and Rattlesnakes by the Million.

[Special Washington Letter.] Of all of the snake stories ever told or written, probably the most wonderful and interesting is contained in a recent special bulletin issued by the department of agriculture. There was a government expedition last year to the Death valley, and the official bulletin contains a scientific description of the reptiles discovered there.

The most striking discovery made in that strange desert region is the fact that big lizards abound and practically take possession of the entire country. Some of them carry bouquets of lovely flowers in their stomachs, others can outstrip the fastest horse in running, and others yet are clad in plates of armor. There is one kind which actually resembles in miniature a gigantic reptilian type of the chalk-forming epoch.

Some of these unceasing dwellers in the Death valley are found to be good to eat; but such food can surely be fit only for those highly civilized lunatics of modern times who term themselves epicures. The report states that this food-lizard attains a length of about one foot, is fat, and when properly prepared tastes like bullfrog. Dr. A. K. Fisher and others of the expedition ate several specimens of this kind, lacking other meat, and found them good.

The Indians of that region depend to a considerable extent for food upon the creature, which they call "chuck-walla." They hook it out from clefts in the rock by means of a forked stick or a bit of wire. To catch it on the run is out of the question. So active is the animal that it is hard to get within gunshot of it. This remarkable lizard subsists wholly upon buds and flowers. When cut open its stomach usually is found to contain a good-sized bouquet of yellow cactuses, letus blossoms and salmon-colored mallows. It may be all right for the Indians to regard the "chuck-walla" as a great food delicacy; but for plain, everyday, work-a-day food, ham and eggs or lamb chop will continue to be toothsome enough for me.

In that same Death valley there resides a tribe of horned rattlesnakes. It is not only a tribe, but a whole nation of snakes, and of the most venomous character, too. In fact, there are myriads of them there. Dr. Merriam shot one and stepped forward to knock another, when one of his men cried: "Look out! You are standing on one." The doctor jumped about sixteen feet. The serpent had been tightly coiled up, but the doctor had stepped so squarely upon it that his weight had prevented it from striking. The snake is the smallest of all rattlers. It is two feet long, all specimens seeming to run about the same size. It feeds upon "kangaroo" rats and "pocket" mice, lying in wait for them at the mouths of their holes. It is extremely vicious and its bite is said to be fatal, though this latter fact is doubted.

As though nature had not supplied enough of the venom of the spirit of evil to the valley, in the horned rattlesnakes, that region is also well supplied with a species called tiger rattlesnakes. These are about three and one-half feet in length, and their sting is almost instant death. The rattlers in the west do not grow much bigger than that, though there is a different race of them in Florida which attains a length of ten feet. Dr. Fisher's party killed nineteen of these snakes during a walk of eight miles. They get their name from their tiger stripes. In the same region another kind of serpent is plentiful, which, though not venomous, is very ill-tempered and will fight like

It was estimated that the quantity emitted was not less than a quarter of a teaspoonful. The test was not deemed wholly satisfactory until it had been demonstrated by a microscopic examination that the substance was actually gore. Presumably this squirting of gore is intended to frighten the enemy. As a provision for such a purpose it is unquestionably unique.

They say that the gridiron-tailed lizard is one of the wonders of creation. It carries its tail coiled over its back as if it were afraid to put it down in the hot sand. This animal inhabits the open desert and runs with amazing swiftness. It starts at full speed and stops with equal suddenness, thus eluding hawks, coyotes and other fues. When at rest its colors harmonize so well with the ground that it can hardly be seen. No horse can keep up with it when it is doing its best gait. The expedition had a dog, a Russian terrier, which thought it would be fun to chase these lizards. At the first half-dozen trials the dog was much surprised to see the reptile pass like a flash out of the range of vision. In fact the creature travels with such velocity that the eye can hardly follow it.

But the story of the scorpions is a wonderful one. It is claimed that Death valley is the greatest congregating place on earth for scorpions. They are found there by millions, growing to a huge size. Quite a number were captured, put in alcohol and brought back to Washington by the expedition. They were handed over to Dr. Marx, of the department of agriculture. They are about four and one-half inches long. In daytime they are never seen, being nocturnal in their habits. However, when pulling up bushes for firewood they were apt to be found among the roots. They would crawl under the blankets at night for the sake of warmth. In the morning each member of the exploring party was apt to find one or two scorpions on the under side of his blanket. They secrete such a quantity of venom in the two poison glands at the end of the tail that their sting is quite dangerous. Dr. Marx explained that scorpions rank highest among the arachnids, being above the spiders and next below the true insects.

It is officially ascertained that in Death valley there is a leopard lizard which attains a length of fourteen inches and is very fierce and greedy. Though chiefly a vegetable feeder, it also eats horned toads, smaller lizards and even its own species. In the stomach of one young male that was examined two full-grown lizards of less size were



found. A female that was cut open contained one full-grown horned toad and remnants of a specimen of her own kind. These lizards sometimes swallow lizards two-thirds as big as themselves.

Then there is a whip-tailed lizard which lives on insects and is found everywhere in the valley. It is covered with beautiful blue stripes, is slender and runs like a race-horse. On the sides of the mountains which hem in the valley are found queer scaly lizards, ten inches in length, which live in the yucca trees, twenty or thirty feet above the ground, feeding on insects. Though they could not run fast on level ground, their legs being very short, they jump about so quickly that they are very hard to catch.

After spending an hour in the department library, reading official snake stories, one feels as though the very air is full of reptiles. Among the lessons learned, however, is an appreciation of the fact that these animals are favored with the devices of protective coloration which nature has resorted to for their protection. For example, the horned toads always take the tint of the soil on which they are found. On the alkali ground they are as white as a sheet of note paper, while on the lava crust they are dark, so that the foxes and coyotes which prey on them may not spy them. The rattlesnakes on the valley plain are of a pale hue, while on the mountain sides they are nearly black. The white-tailed chipmunk is exactly the color of the desert sand. When this little squirrel is stationary it cannot be seen but when it runs away, it throws its tail over its back. The tall then shows gleaming white, being intended as a signal to other chipmunks. This is considered an extraordinary instance of provision at the same time for protection and recognition.

The Hatred Small Brother.  
Hester—"Bobby, do the gentlemen think I am pretty?"  
Bobby—"I heard Mr. Lane say if you passed a man on the street he would be sure to turn and look back."  
Hester—"That was nice."  
Bobby—"Particularly, he said, if you were going the same way as the man."  
—Judge.

No Favoritism.  
Indignant North Side Deacon—Is it true that men out of work are to be allowed to come to our elegant church at night and use it as a sleeping place?  
Pastor—Why not, brother? For about an hour and a half every Sunday of your life to my certain knowledge you use it as a sleeping place in the daytime.—Chicago Tribune.

### FARM AND GARDEN.

#### A FARM TELEPHONE.

Easy to Build When You Know How and This Tells You How.

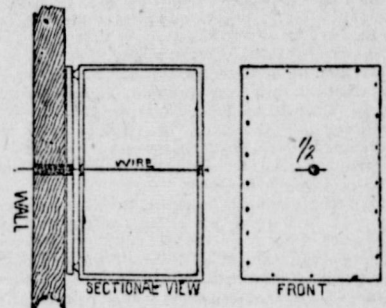
It was between my house and my father's, about twenty rods. The barns are situated midway. The telephone wire consists of two strands of steel binder wire twisted. The cigar boxes must be tight and strong. We nailed the cover down first, using small, fine wire brads. In the center of the cover a hole one and one-fourth inches in diameter was bored with a sharp bit. This for the front side. In the center of the bottom a hole was bored one-half inch in diameter.

A hole three-fourths inch in diameter was bored through the wall, or casing, where it was desired to locate the telephone. A small board the same size of the cigar box bottom, one inch thick, was cut out, and a screw put into each corner. A hole three-fourths inch in diameter was bored in the center. This board was placed on the wall and the cigar box placed over it, the four corners resting on the four screws. These screws should project about one-half inch, and the box should rest squarely on all four of them.

Now take one end of the twisted wire and run from outside into the holes in the wall, and through the board and cigar box. Twist the end of wire around the center of a No. 20 wire nail, then have an assistant outside draw on the wire until the nail is drawn in fast across the box cover.

Run out the wire and attach to a pole or tree over 150 or 200 feet. Use heavy twine for guys and for tying to the wire along the line. Draw it as tight as possible without breaking.

Then cut off and twist around the



wire in second telephone. The boxes should stand nearly perpendicular, and the large wire nails lie horizontally across the holes and box covers. Now shift the boxes and boards so that the wire will be in the center of all the holes. The wire must not be allowed to touch the wood at any point. To prevent this it must be necessary to use small pieces of twine as guys, just outside the walls, to hold the wire away from the wood.

To secure the proper tension to the line wire, now go down the line part way and draw it one side. Then fasten with twine and your telephone is built ready for use. This works on the acoustic principle, and for short distances (less than one-fourth mile) will work very nicely. Any ordinary conversation can be heard nearly as well as by the electric telephone. To "call up" the other end of the line, rap on the box. It can be used at any time unless during a thunderstorm. We have used ours over four years. It cost us less than fifty cents. We could not do without it. It has saved time, strength and money, though it has to be repaired occasionally, and the cigar boxes give out in time.—J. H. Brown, in Farm and Home.

#### ORCHARDS IN WINTER.

Protect the Trees from Rabbits, Mice and Other Depredators.

Now is the time of danger to young orchards while the snow is on and the green grass is out of reach of the rabbits which must eat to live, and in lieu of that which they may relish better will take the bark from the apple or other fruit trees. Wrapping the trees in the orchard with thick paper will be as easily and quickly done as any other method. Semi-pruning and letting the limbs lie around affords protection as the rabbits prefer the scions to the main stalk of the tree. The mice, too, often do great damage under the snow if much rubbish is left about the roots of the tree under which they can harbor. Small trees are often entirely barked around close to the ground. It is safest to clear away the trash and bank up a little with dirt in the fall. A remedy in the spring, if discovered early enough, is to bank fresh soil around where the bark has been removed, before the wood has dried too much, and new bark will take the place of the old. This may be done where the rabbits have gnawed, unless too high up on the trunk, which it is liable to be where the snow has drifted about the trees and which enables the rabbits sometimes to get among the branches. The winter has started in with great severity and it will be well to afford as much protection to the small fruits, especially the vineyards which can be laid down and covered. To many things in the vegetable kingdom the snow and plenty of it, is of supreme importance if it only keeps the ground amply covered until the April snows come to remove it. During these leisure hours the farmers should study the various needs of the different branches of their pursuit by the perusal of the papers and books which come within their reach. This gives them an opportunity of coming in contact with the experiences of others who have given the subjects much thought and scientific investigation.—Western Rural.

Where Bad Roads Lead To.  
Bad roads lead to profanity; they make men swear. Bad roads lead to intemperance; men think it necessary to fortify the inner man with a few rinks to enable them to stand a long journey through the mud. Bad roads lead to cruelty; the kindest-hearted driver often has to stimulate a willing team with the lash. Bad roads lead to poverty; the wear and tear on wagons, harness and animals knock off a large per cent. of profit.—Homer Times.

### REMOVE THE HORNS.

Full Account of the Dishorning of a Herd of Dairy Cows.

Dishorning cattle has become a custom which is very common in nearly all parts of the country, and although there are some people who make a great cry of cruelty the practice is rapidly spreading, and a few years hence horns will be as rare as their absence has been in the past.

Not long ago we had our herd of thirty-two cows and heifers dishorned, and it may be of interest to your readers to know the result of such a proceeding upon cows in milk. The instrument used was one that works with a knife moved by a lever, and which takes a horn off in less than a second after the animal is secured for operation. The cows were put in a stanchion, one at a time. In front of them a common hay fork hook had been screwed to the floor, and with a rope and one of the nose rings which pinch the nose but do not cut it, the heads were drawn down by the attendant and held while the operator took off the horns. The whole thing took less time for each cow than it does to tell it. The rope was loosened and the animal released. The blood flowed, of course; and for a few days they presented a sorry appearance as to their heads, but they never lost a meal, nor did they shrink a pound in their milk by the operation.

As is usual with a herd of cows, the timid ones were always worried by the boss cows, and there was more or less hooking, resulting once or twice in the premature birth of a calf and other mishaps of a less serious nature. Now all that is changed. Quietly and orderly they go to and from pasture. There is no hooking in passing through gates, and if a cow gets loose in the night she does the rest no damage.

Of course we hated to see the horns go, some of them were so pretty; but they will look just as pretty and be put to better use when polished and mounted for a hall rack. We have come to the conclusion that cows have no use for horns anyway. It would be better to prevent the horns from growing at all, perhaps, and this can be successfully done by rubbing the tiny horn buttons of the young calves with a piece of caustic potash slightly moistened, care being taken to touch nothing but the part to be destroyed. If properly done, the horns will not grow.

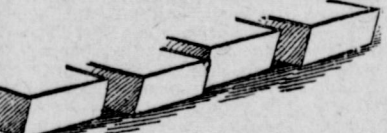
There is, I notice, some talk of breeding the horns off, but when we consider that countless generations of sheep have had their tails cut off, and that no lamb has ever been known to be born tailless, it does not seem probable that it will be a success. Perhaps some will say, why not keep cattle that are naturally hornless? But dairymen who know the possibilities of the Jerseys or Guernseys will be slow to give them up, or to mix the breed with the males. To them I would say, take off the horns and I am sure you will not regret it.—Ella Rockwood, in Country Gentleman.

#### KEEP THE COWS CLEAN.

Do It by Building Uneven Mangers and Even Drops.

There is no reason why a herd of dairy cows should suffer in appearance because covered with filth from fall to spring. The immediate cause for this trouble is floors without drops, or that are too long to match the individual animals. To vary the distance between a manger and drop by having the gutters in uneven positions, would make an untidy appearance in the stable, besides increasing the labor of clearing it, but it is not impossible to make each manger, or pair of mangers, movable, so that each cow, or two cows of the same length, may be accommodated with a length of floor exactly adapted to their requirements. To bring this about, let each manger bottom be firmly nailed to two strips of scantling eighteen inches long, which fit into corresponding slots in the stable floor—slots long enough to permit the movement forward and backward of the mangers. A simple hook or bolt made of wood or iron and attached to the manger in front will firmly hold it in the desired position. If the mangers are not sufficiently heavy to tie to, or if stanchions are used, an upright, two by three inches, may connect the manger with the ceiling above by means of a simple fastening, so that the tie will be solid.

What matter if the row of mangers be somewhat uneven and out of line,



like the illustration, if the object of keeping the cows clean is accomplished? There is never any loss in making live stock, particularly cows, as comfortable as possible. The satisfaction of having clean milk and high-flavored butter will pay for all the trouble it makes. The making of a choice class of butter, that will bring the best winter prices, is out of the question on many farms because of the failure to keep the cows clean.—Country Gentleman.

#### A Profitable Dairy Cow.

A profitable dairy cow is one that yields not less than 600 gallons of milk a year, the milk containing not less than 4 per cent. of butter fat. A cow yielding 600 gallons a year ought to give during the 25 earlier weeks of her milk-flow about 470 gallons, which, at the rate of 1 pound of cheese to each gallon of milk, would amount, after allowing for shrinkage, to 4 cwt. of cheese. And if the milk is for the butter dairy, the produce of 600 gallons containing 4 per cent. of fat ought to be 240 pounds of butter. The best means of developing and improving the milking capacity of cows are selection and breeding. The lives of good milkers should be preserved as long as possible. Statistics show that of all the animals subjected during the last eight or nine years to public test at milking trials those which were over six years old gave from 20 to 25 per cent. more milk and from 20 to 25 per cent. richer milk than those under that age.—Farm and Home.

### Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

"CLIFTON looks unusually happy tonight." "Yes; he proposed to Miss Flintly last night." "And she gave him a favorable answer?" "Yes; told him she was engaged to Snagley."

"Swo' Off, Algy—"What a doosid long yearn this is!" Archie—"Why, it's hardly begun yet!" Algy—"Deah boy, I haven't smoked a cigarette since New Year's!" (Weeps).—Chicago Tribune.

Millions of Dollars Are annually lost because poor seed is planted. Now, when you sow you want to reap. For instance, A. M. Lamb, Penn., made \$5,800 on ten acres of vegetables; R. Key, Cal., cropped 1,215 bushels Salzer's onions per acre; Frank Close, Minn., 100 bushels of spring wheat from two acres; A. Hahn, Wis., 1,410 bushels potatoes per acre; Frank Winter, Montana, 216 bushels 8 pounds out of one bushel planted. This is what Salzer calls reaping.

If YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH 10c to the JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten sample packages of farm seeds. Catalogue alone, 5c postage. [K]

"At last I have reached the turning point of my life," remarked the convict when put him on the treadmill.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Age of Reform. Old fallacies are being refuted, old errors in government policy corrected, old foghorns scouted, and above all, old complaints thoroughly remedied by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Chronic cases of malaria and biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia always knock under to the Bitters. So do rheumatic, kidney and nervous ailments. It is a great reformer.

A fool empties his head every time he opens his mouth.—Ram's Horn.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. 25 cts.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 15.		
CATTLE—Best beefs	3 75 @ 3 25	
Native cows	2 90 @ 3 15	
Native heifers	2 30 @ 3 10	
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 35 @ 5 35	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	85 @ 85 1/2	
WHEAT—No. 2 mixed	82 1/2 @ 83 1/2	
CORN—No. 2 mixed	50 1/2 @ 51 1/2	
OATS—No. 2 mixed	28 @ 28 1/2	
RYE—No. 2	48 @ 50	
FLOUR—Patent, per sack	1 40 @ 1 30	
WYLLIE—No. 1	1 21 @ 1 22	
HAY—Choice Timothy	9 00 @ 9 50	
Fancy prairie	5 50 @ 6 50	
BRAN	58 @ 61	
BUTTER—Choice creamery	23 @ 25	
CHEESE—Full cream	12 @ 15	
EGGS—Chest	15 @ 15 1/2	
POTATOES	50 @ 60	
ST. LOUIS		
CATTLE—Native and shipping	3 60 @ 4 25	
Texas	2 90 @ 3 25	
HOGS—Heavy	4 30 @ 5 15	
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 00 @ 4 00	
FLOUR—Choice	2 50 @ 2 90	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	85 1/2 @ 87 1/2	
CORN—No. 2 mixed	33 @ 33 1/2	
OATS—No. 2 mixed	28 1/2 @ 29 1/2	
RYE—No. 2	46 1/2 @ 47 1/2	
BUTTER—Creamery	23 @ 25	
CHEESE—Full cream	12 1/2 @ 13	
POPK	13 1/2 @ 14 1/2	
CHICAGO		
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 30 @ 5 00	
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 00 @ 4 40	
LARD—Western stock	21 @ 23	
FLOUR—Winter wheat	3 20 @ 3 40	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80 @ 81	
CORN—No. 2	34 1/2 @ 35 1/2	
OATS—No. 2	27 1/2 @ 28 1/2	
RYE—No. 2	42 @ 44	
BUTTER—Creamery	21 @ 25	
LARD—Mess	8 27 1/2 @ 8 30	
POPK	13 1/2 @ 14 1/2	
NEW YORK		
CATTLE—Native steers	4 00 @ 5 50	
HOGS—Good to choice	5 00 @ 6 15	
FLOUR—Good to choice	2 50 @ 3 00	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	89 1/2 @ 87	
CORN—No. 2	41 1/2 @ 42 1/2	
OATS—No. 2 mixed	31 1/2 @ 33 1/2	
BUTTER—Creamery	21 @ 23	
POPK—Mess	13 1/2 @ 15 00	

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BURNS, BRUISES, SCALDS,  
CUTS AND WOUNDS.

SUMMER SNOW for 50 years, the only ready-made cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. Stands up to 100° more cold than others. Superior to all other remedies. Price, 10 cts. and up. Beware of cheap imitations. OLD OAK PROCESS Whole Root Trees are carefully propagated regardless of cost by the one known method that gives fruitful, long-lived trees. They live longer and bear better.—See Advertisers. They GROW—one customer planted 16,500 Without Losing a Tree. You get better at any price, but equally good for less money; ours are the LOWEST PRICED Nurseries in U. S. for good stock—sent world-wide during 69 YEARS. Read the thousands of letters from customers who order year after year. Men do not as a rule send the second, third, and even the fourth order. If not fairly dealt with, YOUR ORDER—we want it, whether for one tree or one million. Because we have the stock to fill 100,000 acres Nurseries. Tested, and hardy, 1st Choice sorts—30,000 per acre in 21 States. We ship everywhere, ship all Winter—13 Cool Storage cellars. Free Packing. Free EXTRA COUNT (11 for 10). FREE FREIGHT. STARK BROS.' NURSERIES & ORCHARDS CO., B. St. Louisiana, Mo., or Rockport, Mo.

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