### Hit it Both Ways.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Matthew Steffens is a Chicago policeman who has had a streak of luck. Many a day, when the mercury ran low, has Matthew shivered on State and Harrison streets and contemplated the unhappiness of the policeman's lot. One cold night last month an idea flashed forth upon his inner consciousness and grew upon him as he trod the ice along this weary beat, impelling him almost against his will to woo the fickle goddess Fortune.

And so he took two dollars of his hard earned wealth and bought two tickets, each but a tenth coupon, in the lottery whose monthly drawings are overseen by those two ex-confederate warriors, Beauregard and Early. And when on the 7th of February the drawing occurred it transpired that Matthew's presentiment was a tip from his good angel, for one of his tickets was a tenth of No. 71,575, which drew the first capital prize of $150,000, while the other drew a tenth of a prize of $100. The latter wasn't much, but it showed the fellow's luck.

A Traveler reporter dropped in at the Harrison street station a day or two ago just for the sake of seeing how such a lucky man might look, but Steffens was gone. He had got his $15,000, bought a saloon on State street, and taken a train to the Hot Springs of Arkansaw to thaw out the cold that had accumulated during the recent blizzard. Clerk Daniel Hogan was on hand, and said he saw the $15,000 when it came, on February 13th, all in $500 bills in a Southern Express envelope, from the Louisiana State Lottery.

Mr. Steffens will return to Chicago in a few days, when his many friends will have a chance to congratulate him at his saloon, at No. 385 State street. He is now on leave of absence, but upon his return he will send in his resignation as a police officer, and with such a comfortable little fortune as has thus come to him, like a gift from the gods, he can take life easy, and never shiver on a beat again.

The western freight war will end March 26.

### The Sweetest Girl in School.

"She's the sweetest girl in school!" enthusiastically exclaimed one young miss to another, as they passed down the street together. "Edith is so kind and gentle and unselfish every one likes her. And she has lovely golden hair and pretty eyes. Isn't it a pity her complexion is so bad; it spoils her looks. And then she has such dreadful headaches!" The girls skipped along, but it happened Edith's mother heard what they said. It set her thinking. What could be done for those headaches and the rough muddy complexion, that was such a trial to her gentle daughter. She recalled what she had read of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and on the spur of the moment she slipped into a drug store and bought a supply. Edith took it faithfully, with the result that it cleared her disordered blood, relieved her headaches, made her skin soft, fair and rosy, and now she is not only the "sweetest girl in school," but the most beautiful.

West Virginia delegates will choose national delegates May 15th.

Oft obscure the road that leads to health,
Unmarked by board or sign;
Wisdom avails not, powerless is wealth
To soothe those aches of thine.
But do not despair, with life there's hope,
The cloud conceals the sun;
With Pierce's Favorite Prescription at hand
Your life's full course may run.

More truth than poetry in these lines, as thousands of ladies all over the land now blooming with health testify to the great curative powers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, adapted by much research and careful study to the happy relief of all those weaknesses and ailments peculiar to females. All druggists.

The Kansas City paper company assigned. Liabilities, $30,000.

**C-h-o-o! C-h-o-o!! C-h-o-o!!!**

Don't sneeze, sneeze, hawk, hawk, spit, blow and disgust everybody with your offensive breath. If you have acrid, watery discharges from the nose and eyes, throat disease, causing choking sensations, cough, ringing noises in head, splitting headache and other symptoms of nasal catarrh, remember that the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cts.

Spirits of frumenti is called educated whisky in Bridgeport.

**Land Excursion to Lower California.**

March 31st, cheap land excursion to Lower California will leave Omaha over the Burlington Route, scenic line to California. Those desiring land for farming or speculation send stamp for circulars to C. W. Mount, General Land Agent Lower California Land Association, Barker block, Omaha, Neb.


**ST. JACOBS OIL**

FOR CATTLE. FOR HORSES.

CURES

Cuts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Galls, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Flesh Wounds, Stringhalt, Sore Throat, Distemper, Colic, Whitlow, Poll Evil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ring bones and Spavin in its early stages. Apply St. Jacobs Oil in accordance with the directions with each bottle.

Invaluable for the Use of Horsemen, Cattlemen, Stablemen, Turfmen, Ranchmen, Stockmen, Drovers, Farmers.

FOR FINE HERDS, CHOICE STOCK, Common Herds.

*Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

**Ely's Cream Ba'm**

Gives relief at once and cures

COLD in HEAD, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Not a Liquid or Snuff.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

**A NEW INVENTION** NO BACKACHE. RUNS EASY

75 Cords of Stock have been sawed by one man in 9 hours. Hundreds have sawed 5 and 6 cords daily. "Beats what every Farmer and Wood Chopper wants. First order from your vicinity secures the Agency. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 307 S Canal Street, Chicago, Ill.

**FREE HOMES** At the rate they have been going the Public Domain will all be gone in 5 years. Now is the time to secure an Rich Land in the Sun Shine so at $1.25 per acre. What better could be left for Children? Where else, look or buy land cheap, as well as for information of all kinds, write Information Bureau, Tacoma, Washington Territory, and 10 cents stamps, and receive the beautiful Engraving, a Picturesque Panorama of the Cascade Mtns. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

**SEEDS** Fresh, Reliable. Only 2 and 5 cents per large package. 200,000 Novelty Presents FREE. Mammoth Seed Farms. One acre of Glass. Beautiful Garden Guide FREE. H. W. BUCKBEE, Rockford Seed Farm, Rockford, Ill.

**PENS** USE THE BEST. Stationers keep them. Standard quality, all styles. Sample doz. 10 cents by mail. 26 John St., New York. **ESTERBROOK.**

**PENSIONS** 20 yrs. Practice in Pensions & Soldier Claims. Success or no fees. Send for new laws. C. M. SITES & Co., Atty's, Washington, D.C.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** Sure relief. Price 25 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass. **ASTHMA.**

**IOWA** Grown in IOWA, the garden spot of the U.S., are best matured and give best results. New Catalogue Free. Iowa Seed Co., Des Moines **SEEDS**

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**FREE** By return mail. Full Description of the New Rapid Writing Machine. STOLZ & CO., Cincinnati, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION


## Riley Rose.

BY JOHN M'GOVERN.

The small boy was to leave school and go up on the farm east of town. This calamity came upon him because he was poorer than most boys; he had neither father nor mother, and the self-abnegation of his remaining relatives had endured well, in that it had already lasted two years. Lima prairie had been the limits of his known world. Upon the summit of a great wagon-load of things needed to complete the furnishing of the farm-house the boy and the man pierced the neck o' woods that rimmed Lima prairie, and emerged into Pretty prairie, with its little church-spire far off at one side. Here was a world as large as the boy's own world, and he lived in it something like an hour—an hour that he never forgot, but why he knows not. Then, in the March equinox, as the man and the boy toiled up a hill into another neck o' woods, helping the tired horses, the party came upon the setting sun, standing in the straight western road. And as the darkness closed in rapidly, the man pleasantly chattering with the boy, told him to look around him, for he was now coming out on English prairie. A third world in a day. The man sang, for he was traveling toward his new-made wife. The boy grew faint with unhappiness as the sun which had risen with him that baleful day sank and left him with only a part of his day completed. Then the weariness of the journey came to set the body on watch where the spirit had been the only sentry, and the small boy grew happier. Across English prairie rattled the lumber wagon, and, at last, so said the man, the road turned straight toward *home*. As the step-children take slowly to the name of "mother" for their father's second wife, so this name of "home," for a place the boy had never seen, and never wanted to see came upon him unpleasantly. Perhaps all things which happen to an orphan partake him unpleasantly. But now, well along in the late evening, a "pair of bars" is reached. The twain let the bars down, the farm itself is entered, and a half mile down a lane a candle twinkles, and the good wife peers out into the darkness from the log-house. Here the man and the woman are to pluck riches and happiness from one hundred and sixty acres of land that has been "rented out" for ten years previously.

But, in far-away log-houses, there is more room for orphans than where people are cheaper. The wife was glad the boy had come, and the man was not sorry. So the boy ate his supper with a glee resurrected out of his despair on English prairie, and was put to bed up the ladder on the rattling boards, under the shakes of the roof, where the last snows of the fitful spring sifted in on his coverlet, and made him happy to think he was warm. Down stairs were two persons he knew, and up in the sky was a familiar group of stars. He was not without friends.

There never was one day, hour, or moment, that this boy liked the tilling of the fields. He thought too much. The patience of nature maddened him. But there was a house to be built up at the place where the bars were, and there a dry-kiln had been erected. In this sham house the boy spent many happy days, keeping the fire hot to dry the green lumber, and reading a vast number of papers which the farmer, himself a bright man, had thoughtfully brought from the town. Here the boy learned there was a Chicago *Tribune*, a thing which a worshiper of Horace Greeley must needs regard as envious and heretical, like a second New York City.

And here, at the edge of the farm, touching the living neighborhood, he began to grasp the pulse of the region. Had he been to Riley Rose's? Oh! there was the man!—the greatest farmer, the smartest man at a bee, the handiest man with a fiddle! Really, the small boy began to live. He made inquiries at the log-house. No, they did not admire Riley Rose. There was too much fiddling at Riley Rose's. It was all fiddle and no farming. The young farmer had brought up to the new home a staunch article of orthodox principle. The boy, however, loved Riley Rose before ever seeing him.

Ah! here was Riley Rose's clearing. Forty acres of timber all felled. Stumps as thick as drag-teeth. Piles of wood fifty feet long and twenty feet high. At night a display out-rivaling the northern lights. Surely, if this Titan fiddled, a small boy might be familiar enough to adore him afar.

And then a happy morning, when, in a neighborly way, the farmer and the boy went to borrow a plowpoint or a short whiffle-tree of Riley Rose. There was a log-house, but in what contrast to the one in which the small boy lived! The timber all hewn; two pumps at the door, the front yard green with grass and yet shady with big oaks, gravel walks, a picket-fence between house and barn-yard, and a great swing. But the very charm of the place lay in the barn-yard—a ten-acre grove of healthy oak saplings some fifteen years old. Here was a paradise of domestic animals and birds. The hubbub of the early forenoon in this grove would surely have set the Greek poets to singing. The boy would already have laid down his life for Riley Rose. There was no other like him in the prosaic world which the small boy knew. He did not ask why other men should not have homes that would make happy both man and beast. He simply thanked God in a quick heart that even one good soul should redeem earth from the monotony of pusley and smart-weed.

With the building of the new frame house, and the planting of the corn and the spring wheat, the early summer went away, and yet the gossip ran of the good times at Riley Rose's. The "sociables" had met every week, the crowd had been too big for the house, and Riley has built a dancing floor under the trees. The people would go nowhere else. The good young farmer and his wife shook their heads. It would all come to the bad. The farmer went contentedly to his work, singing "John Anderson My Jo" in the minor key which he loved so well.

Now came water-melon time. There was not a melon on the young farmer's barren acres. But, in Riley Rose's new "forty," notice had been given that melons were free to all—melons that were past the lugging of a small boy. So the farmer and the boy made a trip and brought home half a wagon-boxful, that the great Riley demanded to pile in. There he was. This was the demi-god—a large, broad-faced, Scotch-looking farmer, every inch an optimist. How happy he must be! The small boy did not dare to address him, for fear of telling of the secret love that had grown up. And when the melon-bearers returned home there was a feast, for they had lived on salt pork and bad spring-water until they were all famished for some of the juice o' earth. But the farmer ate of the great musk-melons, things the boy had no tooth for. The farmer did not care for watermelons. He ate melons as he sang "John Anderson"—in the minor key.

And now came the rout of autumn. The boy could almost hear the sounds of revelry at Riley Rose's. How blessed it was, that though the days should be long and hateful on this worked-out farm, still, up there, not a mile away, was a place where men and women laughed and made merry! How ruefully the farmers all about declared that Riley Rose could get more done at one husking bee than any other man could in ten!

It was destined, in the providence of God, that the boy should vanish from these scenes. He went with but a single regret—that fate had kept him away from the one spot on earth that had been worth living in.

Nothing seemed stranger or more joyful than the news, a few years afterward, that another and a beloved family of the boy's relatives had bought Riley Rose's place, and would also try farming. Time had wrought some change for the better in the fortunes of the small boy. He had a guitar, and he was well liked. Therefore, to to visit his affectionate aunt and her daughter, the people who had never been unkind to him, and to visit them in Riley Rose's paradise, became a privilege that could hardly have been dreamed of. And in the days of a delightful midsummer, while the men were off on the creek haying, the women would cook a dinner of spring chicken fried in fresh butter, the table would be spread under the trees, the boy, who gloried in housework, would take a delighted hand at the various industries of that little home, and though the people roundabout might say that the light had departed from Riley Rose's yet what cared the boy? The fact was he, the small boy, had become sole heir of this principality of nature. No wonder the disinherited should complain. To swing, to play the guitar, to pick fruit, to go winter-greening, to shoot the black squirrels and shoot at the red squirrels, to bring in a wild turkey or a goose, to drive home the cows, and hear the tinkling of their bells along with the call of some sweet-voiced bird born in those surroundings—such was the round of pleasures that a succession of visits, in all times of the year, brought to the small boy. And be it said to his credit that he never lifted his head from the downy pillows of that hospitable house, to catch the thread of the dawn's discussion outside—the gobble-bobble and the chanticleer—without thoughts of gratitude for the man who had coined this lovely spot out of the primeval wilderness—who had fenced it away from the mean, ugly, workaday world.

Twenty years afterward the small boy finds his health undermined by the hard summer's work and vigil growing out of the assassination, sufferings, and death of President Garfield. In his desire for rest the small boy's thoughts turn backward to the grove of singing birds and scolding turkeys and chirping squirrels. The ever-present dew of that far-away heaven of a sterile childhood seems to fall upon his soul. Yes, he will travel thither. He will walk once more in those scenes. He will do again for a day as he did once for happy weeks. And then he will go in search of Riley Rose. The small boy is old enough now to speak his gratitude.

Years ago the small boy has heard that his people had left the saplings and the oaks. Why, he knows not, but a railroad journey carries him to their farm, not far from the by-places of his youth. They tell him the old place is gone, but he can hardly believe them. A walk of half an hour brings him to the knoll where the orchard once bloomed. In a dazed sort of way he looks for the picket-fence, the gracious oaks; his eye travels a mile for a grove of saplings. But this, he is told, is the sacred spot—a cornfield, like the meanest cultivated acre in the township. Not far from the road, over a stake-and-rider worm fence, is a pit. Here is the cellar of the joyous old home; here had Riley Rose gained his greatest triumphs on the E string. There the cornstalks are picked soldiers, like Frederick's guard; they grew tall out of the chip-pile, a soil three or four feet deep. Some purchasing Goth had seen no beauty in the place. Troy was; *Carthago delenda est.* The small boy weeps a tear for the orchard, the strawberries, the swings, the squirrels, the cackling, chirping, squealing, bleating, mooing host; he hears (in his mind) once more the midsummer breeze among the upper branches, and departs. And then he bethinks him of the meagre farmhouse a mile away, where the two young people began life so long before. He strolls down the unhappy lane of his youth, where he had carried spring-water when he had a boil on his knee cap; he walks around the pond where the mare he rode from ploughing at noon always lay down in the warm, muddy water to make the men laugh at his expense. He is now under the same tall locust-trees that had stood there in the lane in front of the cabin twenty years before. Over the fence all is wheat stubble. The young farmer had moved to Kansas, had broken more ground than he could keep free of sun-flowers, and had died of overwork and of liver disease probably contracted in the cabin that had once stood here. But that this place should have been leveled was no crime. The small boy would never have visited the locality but for the outrage at Riley Rose's.

Ah! Riley Rose! He at least still lives. A half-day's journey takes the small boy to a certain town, and inquiry in the town shows that old man Rose keeps a saloon at one end of the street.

Behold, then, a saloon-keeper past middle age, beaten, prosecuted, hated politically; and the air of a man who cares little for humanity; with a look of alcoholic, and intensely suspicious of the small boy, who had just entered. Its of no use. The plow, the harrow, the Goth and the Vandal have not gone over the old home more relentlessly than they have plowed and furrowed this face.

Still the small boy must speak. He passes a few commonplaces. He gains a better footing with the proprietor. At last, forgetting Riley Rose, he warms to his subject and describes the homestead which at least in one poor memory, has been kept kempt and inviting.

A picture so eloquent evidently interests and flatters the saloon-keeper. "Lemme see," says he, "that was in Ohley, wasn't it?"

"No, it was in Indiana."

"Oh, yes; I remember now; I did clear a place in Injeanny. Yes, I've cleared more ground than I'd ever open agin. Place in Injeanny—in Injeanny. Oh, yes! I remember now. That was the meanest quarter section that I ever grubbed on. Yes, I got the agur there at last, and had to git out. No, I didn't keer much for the people, if I reecklect right. Jest a middlin' lot, but I don't seem to fix 'em very well. Down in Ohley, naow, the neighbors hated to have me leave. No, I hain't played the fiddle in fifteen year. Bless yer soul! that was afore the days of these cussed prohibition fanatics, that break up a man's business and run him into jail!"

Ay! ay! dear reader; but that was also before Riley Rose, who loved his neighbor as himself, had become a keeper of a village dramshop in a temperance county.—*The Current.*

## Farm Help.

Most farmers feel strongly the need of cheaper help, but, generally, what they seem to gain by lower nominal wages is more than offset by lack of efficiency or other drawbacks. With help on the farm or anywhere else the best is always the cheapest. The best farm help has for many years been growing scarce. It is often not to be had at any price for the most energetic, skillful and enterprising believe they can make more working for themselves. If obliged, as many are, to spend part of what they earn in summer in keeping themselves during the winter, they are probably right in thus thinking. On the other hand, farmers cannot keep men through the winter unless they have profitable work to set them at. It is better for both parties, but whether practicable depends entirely on the ability of the farmer to find or make profitable employment.

It is a matter of some difficulty for many farmers to find continuous profitable work during the summer. This must largely depend on the variety of crops grown. Work there will always be on the farm, work in making ditches, fences and other improvements. Few farmers, however, can employ a large proportion of their own or their men's time in working at things which, though important and profitable, can only be expected to pay after a series of years. They have not sufficient capital to afford it. Their necessities require that most of their summer's work shall be given to crops that bring immediate returns. What they pay for wages, together with other expenses, must be met from the current year's crops. To make these as large as possible the great proportion of work must be devoted to their production and harvesting.

The only way to do this is to arrange the crops so that each season will have its hurrying busy time. The hired man under this planning will have no sinecure, but he will see growing under his eye the wherewithal to pay him, and will work work cheerfully, as only a man sure of his pay can. There is more in this than most people think. The fact has been often remarked that rich men, or those who are active and energetic, can employ better help and get more work from them than the poor and enterprising. Even the Southern slaves in olden times used to pride themselves on being the property of the rich, prosperous master. The feeling is intensely stronger with hired farm help, who see their own prosperity so largely dependent on that of their employers. It is a hard thing for a man to try to farm with deficient capital. Not only is he precluded from taking advantage of markets, but the help he hires will not work for him as they would for one more prosperous and successful.

The poor man attempting to farm, however, can in part make up for his lack of capital, first by trying to do more than he is certainly able to accomplish, and secondly by such arrangement of his farm work as to make the help he has hired do the utmost that is possible. If he is sure to have a large harvest of wheat or other small grain it will be an expensive job to do it all with help hired by the day. Equally or more expensive will it be to hire help by the month for the season without providing profitable work for the time before and after harvest. A few years ago a farmer related to us his experience in a case of this kind. He had upward of thirty acres of wheat, with only one of the old fashioned reapers. In view of this he planted enough potatoes and corn to make work before and after his wheat harvest, hired two men, one for the season and one for three months, and had scarcely a day through the summer when himself and both his men were not urgently needed to cultivate or harvest crops.—*Practical Farmer.*

## Winning a Wife by Strategy.

A delightful old lady tells a bit of amusing history, illustrating how the scarcity of marriagable women in the West fifty years ago facilitated husband-getting for any of the sex who did stray into that part of the world. A Boston woman married a Unitarian clergyman and went to settle in Alton, Ill., where in due time she was visited by a young lady friend. Mrs. F. announced the anticipated visit, and one Sunday morning the guest arrived. Sunday afternoon and evening brought the stranger a constant stream of masculine callers. Many stayed to tea, and twenty-seven came in after evening service. Some called betimes on Monday to make formal proffers of heart and hand; but alas! for their hopes, the fair Bostonian was already engaged to the man who had been clever enough to ride out and meet the stage, becoming thereby her companion not only for the last stage of the journey, but for life as well.—*Boston Courier.*

If you live on less than you earn you will soon be able to count up your cash in the savings bank.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## American Public Buildings.

It is not only jobbery in municipal and State architecture which makes our public buildings inferior as a class to those built by private enterprise. It is not only because the architect of the United States Government is changed from time to time that the works for which that Government is responsible are so often discreditable. The whole system by means of which the government manages such matter is a bad one—bad not merely in the sense that it is not always well administered, but in the sense that it cannot be so administered as to result in an average of works which would rightly represent the standing of American architecture to-day. Until the system is radically changed—until the architectual business of the United States Government is put upon such a basis that it will tempt the hands of our very best architects, and will permit that many of them shall join in devoting to it a portion of their time—until this good day comes, American *citizens* may feel sure of being as well served (if they wish) as any individuals in the world, but the American *people* must be content with worse service than any other nation accepts. It must be satisfied to put itself on record as too blind or too indifferent to see and appreciate and secure a quality of work which year by year excites an ever-growing admiration among our foreign visitors. It must submit to perpetuate the sins of a past generation of architects when it might be giving immense assistance to the virtues of the generation which is now at work and of those others which is to follow in its steps, if we may trust our English critics, with still greater freedom of effort and power and skill.—*The Century.*

## Foreign Politeness.

In Italy, as well as in France, we often find a pleasant disposition to offer service, even if it is not directly paid for. I was once in a city of northern Italy, where I needed some articles of clothing. Having just arrived, I was entirely unacquainted with the place, and inquired of a clerk at a forwarding or express office, where I had some business, the address of a good shop where I could buy what I wanted. He there upon put on his hat and said he would go with me to one. I did not wish him to put himself to so much trouble, but he insisted that as I did not know the city it would be much better for him to accompany me. He took me to the best place in town, helped me in my selection, made suggestions to the shopkeeper, and when I had finished my business, offered to go with me to buy anything else I might want. It is possible that he may have been paid for bringing purchasers to this shop, but the price I paid for what I bought was so small that there could not have been much profit to anybody, and I do not believe that the large and wealthy firm by whom this young man was employed would allow one of their clerks to go out in this way merely to give him a chance to make a little money. Let any stranger in one of our cities enter an express office and try to get any of the clerks to go with him to a tailor's store and help him to select a suit of clothes, and when he has made known his desire, let him wait and see what happens next.—*Frank R. Stockton, in St. Nicholas.*

## Events That Happened on Friday.

Washington born on Friday.
Queen Victoria married on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
Battle of Bunker Hill fought on Friday.
America discovered on Friday.
Mayflower landed on Friday.
Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Bastile destroyed on Friday.
Declaration of Independence signed on Friday.
Battle of Marengo fought on Friday.
Julius Cæsar assassinated on Friday.
Lee surrendered on Friday.
Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday.
Moscow burned on Friday.
Shakespeare born on Friday.
King Charles I. beheaded on Friday.
Richmond evacuated on Friday.
Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday.—*Cincinnati Times.*

## A Cow's Tricks.

The Englishman who traveled around with the menagerie to be on hand when the lion should at last bite off its trainer's head should have turned his attention to Mr. Napoli's cow. That interesting cow of Dayton, Nevada, induced her master to put his arm down her throat to pull out a potato that was choking her, and then calmly closed her jaws as effectively as the lion could have done. That cow has great possibilities.—*San Francisco Post.*

## Agriculture in California.

Southern California agent—There, sir, look over into that field. Did you ever see a man plow so easily as that?

Eastern farmer—By gum! The plow does seem to go easy, don't it? The man seems to enjoy it.

"Yes, sir; keeps jumping and dancing along like a boy; just see his heels fly."

"Looks a good deal like a jig, I must say.."

Little boy (native)—Pop ain't dancin'; he's tryin' to keep outen the way o' the tarantulas an' rattlesnakes wot he turns up.—*Omaha World.*

## Pleasing the Public.

Reporter (confidentially)—"I've discovered some awful abuses in one of the city departments."

Editor—"Glorious! Write 'em up, double lead it and—what party do the rascals belong to?"

"Ours."

"These municipal scandals are mighty dull reading; the public don't care for 'em; go out and see if you can't pick up a good lively cock-fight or something."—*Omaha World.*

## The Stove Door Yawns.

"Spring poetry ought to bring a good price now, hadn't it, Mr. Editor?"

"Why, so?"

"'Cause it's in advance of the season. Strawberries fetch a better price when they've been raised in a hot-house, don't they?"

"So they do, come to think of it. Well, you bring some of your epics around, and I'll raise 'em in my hot-house, and whatever they're worth after that I'll pay you."—*Yonkers Gazette.*


**Salvation Oil** is what you want. It kills pain and cures the worst cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, hoarseness, and headache. Price 25 cts.

Rhyme and Reason: If you can not keep quiet, because your cough makes a riot, there's something, pray try it, a quarter will buy it; be quick now about it; don't be without it; your cough, this will rout it; I beg you not doubt it; Oh yes, you guess! Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

General Rusk, of Wisconsin, is regaining his health at Thomasville, Ga.

TESTED BY TIME. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

Marshal P. Wilder, the humorist, is going to Japan to make the Mikado smile.

The Union Pacific has just arranged with its eastern connections for a series of semi-monthly excursions to all points on its lines in Kansas and Nebraska, and as far west as Sterling, Colorado, on the Nebraska division. Tickets for the round trip will be sold at the rate of about one limited fare by way of all Missouri river points over the Union Pacific. Ten days will be allowed going and five returning, and the tickets will be good for thirty days with stop-over privileges within these limits, over the Union Pacific lines in the states named.

Thomas J. Potter left an estate valued at $300,000.

**If Sufferers From Consumption,** Scrofula, Bronchitis, and General Debility will try SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and permanate benefit. The Medical Profession universally declare it a remedy of the greatest value and very palatable. Read: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in several cases of Scrofula and Debility in Children. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure." W. A. HULBERT, M. D., Salisbury, Ill.

The Greek court will mourn six weeks for Emperor William.

**Cheap Land Excursions.**

To enable all parties interested to make a trip to the country reached by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway System, that company will run a series of cheap land excursions during the months of March, April, May and June. Tickets for these excursions will be sold from all principal stations to various points in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming, including the famous Black Hills region, at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip, and will be good for return passage at any time within thirty days from date of sale. For particulars apply to the nearest Ticket Agent, or address E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent.

Fire at Harrisburg, Ill., burned sixteen houses.

**Catarrh Cured.**

A clergyman, after years of suffering from the loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York will receive the receipe free of charge.

Emperor William, just dead, was 91 years old.

**Itching Piles.**

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. Dr. Swayne & Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Narrow waists and narrow minds go together.—Comfort.

**The Michigan Central's Niagara.**

The Michigan Central does not assume the ownership of the Niagara Falls, but it does offer to its passengers from the station at Falls View, the grandest and most comprehensive spectacle that the great cataract affords. It is the only road that runs directly by the falls, and from this point all parts of the cataract, the angry rapids above and the boiling caldron below, are in full view. At this season when the cliffs are hung with gigantic icicles, and the trees and shrubbery covered with curious formations of frozen spray, the scene reaches, in the language of Bayard Taylor, "the climax of beauty."

Miss Emma Thursby has been the guest of Mrs. Ole Bull, at Cambridge.

**Half Rate Excursions to Texas and Arkansas.**

The Missouri Pacific railway and the Iron Mountain route will run semi-monthly excursions to Texas and Arkansas on the following dates: March 7th and 21st, April 4th and 25th, May 9th and 23d and June 6th at one fare for the round trip. These tickets will be sold to all points in Texas and Arkansas and will be good for sixty days for return trip and fifteen days will be allowed for passage in each direction, with stop-over privileges in the state to which ticket is sold. Ticket offices 218 South 13th street and Union depot, Omaha.

The king of Siam is thirty years old and has thirty children.

**7 GRAND 7**

Excursions at half fare to Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, via the Wabash Western railway. Excursion train will leave Omaha at 8:15 p. m. as follows: March 6th and 20th, April 3d and 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th. Full information given by calling on or addressing G. N. Clayton, Passenger and Ticket Agent Wabash railway, 1502 Farnam street, Omaha.

Ira D. Sankey is about to return to England to conduct a series of revivals.

LIFE is burdensome, alike to the sufferer and all around him, while dyspepsia and its attending evils hold sway. Complaints of this nature can be speedily cured by taking Prickly Ash Bitters regularly. Thousands once thus afflicted now bear cheerful testimony as to its merits.

**The Ice Bridge at Niagara**

Has formed, and many people have already crossed the river upon it below the falls. The scene from Falls View, where the Michigan Central train stops, is one of remarkable beauty and grandeur. The emerald waters of the falls, with the angry rapids above and the rainbow tinted spray below, with gigantic icicles hanging from the cliffs and the trees and shrubs on the shores and Goat Island covered with curious ice formations, with the wild mass of icebergs stretching over the turbulent waters where the Maid of the Mist sails in summer, all combine to form a spectacle seldom to be seen and worthy of a lengthy journey.

**Paine's Celery Compound**

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, It Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Disease.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circular. *WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,* BURLINGTON, VT.

GOLD is worth $600 per lb. Pettit's Eye salve is worth $1,000 but is sold at 25c a box by dealers.

$5 to $8 per day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 40 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

100 doses $1.00 Centsper dose Hood's Sarsaparilla

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

**100 Doses One Dollar**

This is not a catch line only but is original and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is the very best spring medicine and blood purifier.

Now, reader, prove it. Take a bottle home and measure its contents. You will find it to hold one hundred teaspoonfuls. Now read the directions, and you will find that the average dose for persons of different ages is less than a teaspoonful. Thus the evidence of the peculiar strength and economy of Hood's Sarsaparilla is conclusive and unanswerable.

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best results. As a health invigorator and for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. RIKER, Utica, N. Y.

"My wife and myself were both generally run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla brought us out of that tired feeling, and made us feel like young people again. It has done more for us than all other medicines together." RICHARD HAWKHURST, Amityville, Long Island, N. Y.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like

Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

**A WET HEN**

We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep you dry in the hardest storm. It is called TOWER'S FISH BRAND "SLICKER," a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker," and take no other. If your storekeeper

Everybody wants the earliest vegetables and largest farm crops and the way to get them is to plant Salzer's Seeds. 100,000 Roses and Plants. Send 8c for sample Bonanza Oats (200 bu. per a.) and finest catalogue ever published. JOHN A. SALZER, LaCrosse, Wis.

**BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS**

Who is WEAK, NERVOUS, DEBILITATED, who in his FOLLY and IGNORANCE has TRIFLED away his VIGOR of BODY, MIND and MANHOOD, causing exhausting drains upon the FOUNTAINS of LIFE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, Dreadful Dreams, WEAKNESS of Memory, BASHFULNESS in SOCIETY, PIMPLES upon the FACE, and all the EFFECTS leading to EARLY DECAY and perhaps CONSUMPTION or INSANITY, should consult at once the CELEBRATED Dr. Clarke, Established 1851. Dr. Clarke has made NERVOUS DEBILITY, CHRONIC and all Diseases of the GENITO URINARY Organs a Life Study. It makes NO difference WHAT you have taken or WHO has failed to cure you.

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186 So. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION COMBINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES, SENNA, MANDRAKE, BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, &c disappear at once under its beneficial influence.

It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbids its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

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STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

CURE CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, BILIOUSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, ETC. PRICE, 25 c