WHY HE DIDN'T JOIN.

While Every One Else Becomes Spiritually Awakened, Old Ab Is Unconcerned.

Last fall they held a protracted meeting at the Coon Run "meetin' house," and the result was a great spiritual awakening throughout Possum Ridge. Old Ab Tucker was the only man in the settlement who, in the language of Deacon Buster, "remained cold an' unconsurned erbout his soul's welfare." The minister had fished for old Ab and the committees had visited him, but he held off and refused to come out of the darkness. Finally the preacher went to see old Ab personally.

"Brother Tucker," he said, "have you ever thought seriously of this matter of the salvation of your soul?"

"Wal, I've thought right smart fust an' last."

"And hasn't it ever appeared to you that you ought to repent of your sins and lead a better life?"

"I dunno ef it hain't at odd times."

"Well, then, why don't you turn your back on the world at once?"

"Wal now, parson, looky here. I dunno es I rightly un'erstan' this business, an' know fer shore jest what sin is, but betwixt you an' me, it don't pear like I've been bad enuff to git scairt erbout it."

"You are a sober, honest man, no doubt, but can't you recall little things in your daily life that were wrong?"

"I dunno es ter thet. I traded hosses with ole Joel Wade onc't, an' I reckon I got er leetle ther best o' ther swap, fer Joel's hoss wus wuth sumpin', an' mine wusn't wuth er cuss, an' I knowed hit. But I reckon little things like that hain't held up ergin er feller up thar?"

"Indeed they are."

"Air, eh? Wal, I wusn't settled in my min' erbout thet, but I 'lowed they didn't pay no 'tention ter sech things es hoss swoppin'. It mout be counted up agin me erbout sellin' uv that 'ere dead steer to them city folks fer beef?"

"Of course."

"Wal, I'm derned ef I'd a thought it. Don't 'pear like it 'ud hurt nothin', when none of 'em knowed the steer died. Reckon mebby I orten ter sold split aigs to them folks whut got up er dinner fer ther pore?"

"That was very wrong."

"I'd a never thought o' it thet air way. Begosh, I s'pose it wasn't right proper in me keepin' ther Widder Bunton's ole red barrer whot got in ermong my haugs?"

"That was a very grave sin."

"Was, eh? Wal, I'm dinged sorry, fer I'd like ter do right, an' I hate ter give that barrer up. D'yer reckon little things like that 'ud count fer very much?"

"Yes, indeed."

"An' I spect they'll hev it figgered up ergin me 'bout feedin' them hogs I sold wheat bran ter make 'em weigh up."

"Yes, that's against you."

"I 'lowed it mout be. I guess workin' off cholera chickens onter ther peddler an' puttin' grease inter the butter, an' workin' right smart o' corn stalks inter loads o' corn that goes ter market, an' all sech leetle things like them I reckon won't be counted up ... nothin'."

"They're all sins, Brother Tucker, and will have to be accounted for."

"Wal, parson, I s'pose ye'r posted up in sech matters, an' know how ther lan' lay, but I been er goin' erlong thinkin' that a'l them leetle things wouldn't ermount ter shucks, an' I felt like os if I wasn't goin' ter hev no sins ter answer fer, an' I wan't skeered none. But ef sech triflin', insignificant things is goin' ter be held up ergin me then I'm er goner."

"Oh, no, brother; you have but to repent and forgiveness will follow."

"I'll be all right then, will I?"

"Yes."

"An' kin go right on jest es I hev an' it won't be counted?"

"Oh, no. You must repent and reform. Leave off all your bad habits and lead a different life."

"Uh huh. That's jest what I wus erfeerd uv. Seems like gittin' religion comes down purty hard on er feller. I'd like ter jine yer, parson, an' go erlong er ther rest, but it 'ud be a leetle grain too strainin' on me, I reckon. I don't min' ther repentin', but ther tuther part sticks me, fer I've cackilated on doin' er heeps o' hoss swappin this winter."—Thomas P. Montfort in Detroit Free Press.

A Count's Title Posted for Sale.

Madame Lina Moletti is a black-eyed raven-haired, vivacious little Frenchwoman, who comes to this city at frequent intervals with samples of the latest novelties in millinery from establishments in the French capital. She is in the city now, and has been for the last three weeks at the Hotel Griffon, No. 19 West Ninth-st. Mme. Moletti had been reading in certain newspapers that Americans were fond of foreign titles, and with the idea of doing a little business in a new and untrammelled field, she advertised several days ago as follows:

A nobleman would transfer title by adoption or otherwise for pecuniary consideration. L. A. C., 196, Office.

"I didn't think there would be any publicity about such a transaction," she said to a Tribune reporter last night, "for they are common enough in Europe. I know Count Carlo di Carpi, of Italy, who has lived in Paris several years, and I once heard him say he would sell his title for $30,000. I thought if I could find a purchaser here I would conduct the negotiations secretly and get a nice little commission out of it. The Count didn't know that I intended to advertise. My idea was to find the purchaser first and then not to reveal his identity to the Count until he agreed to give me the commission. I thought it would be worth ten per cent, shouldn't you think so, too? Isn't it sad?"

"Why is it sad?" asked the reporter.

"Well, said Mme. Moletti, "you see, Count di Carpi will be overcome by the publicity and may kill himself, or he may kill me first; and then, you see, I'll have to horsewhip the reporter who betrayed me. He promised not to tell the name of the nobleman if I'd let him know who it was. I fooled him, though, by telling him it was Count Carti, whose family is one of the most aristocratic in Italy. Count di Carpi once had a great fortune, but he was ruined in the recent panic brought about by the crash in Panama shares. Do I expect to sell the title now? Well, hardly. The market is spoiled by the publicity."

The little woman seemed to think the whole thing a rather good joke, in spite of her failure to capture a commission in her first venture as a titular broker.—New York Tribune.

So Much May Be Done.

There is much that may be done
While the glittering lifesands run;
If ye be but earnest minded,
If ye go not weakly blinded
By gay fashion's heartless folly,
Or a selfish melancholy;
By a momentary pleasure,
Or a love of ease and leisure;
Lured not by flitting beauty
From the narrow path of duty,
Much there is that may be done
By an earnest-minded one.

There is much that may be done
By a gentle, loving one!
Her sweet mercy's prayer to breathe;
Her the manly brow to wreathe
In fadeless garlands from above,
Gemmed with the dew of Heaven's love;
To soothe the careworn, troubled breast,
To guard the weary pilgrim's rest,
To close the eyes of age and youth,
To whisper of celestial truth,
Much—ah, much—may e'er be done
By a gentle, loving one.
—Hebrew Journal.

The Latest About the Eiffel Tower.

Four days ago we saw for the first time the French tri-color flying from the highest summit that was ever constructed by human hands, and that flag though it seemed no larger than my handkerchief was thirty feet long. It is indeed a Titanic creation in this Eiffel Tower, and not at all the ugly thing that certain journalists in America, who have not yet seen it, will persist in calling it. A Tower of Babel? Not at all; more like Jacob's ladder minus the angels, though there were some fair ones on their way to the top platform the last time I went the journey. Now as I look at things, the completion of this work marks an ever-living page in the history of the iron age, for everything about it is prodigious, and yet the total weight of this mighty mass was calculated almost to the pound before a rivet had been struck by the employes. It is a monument to industry, to forge work and iron casting, to honest toil and engineering skill; It is an apotheosis to mental and manual labor that is without precedent.

Two years ago all the French school of artists and architects united in the crusade that was started against Civil Engineer Eiffel, and quickly distinguished writers joined them in crying out that Notre Dame, the Louvre and all the grand monuments of Paris would be spoilt by the barbarous structure which he contemplated building, and that the whole city would be offended by the odious column that menaced it as a public calamity. I smile when I think of it, but the tower of Notre Dame is as beautiful as ever, and there does not seem to be much change in Paris, except that there is one more curiosity within it walls. If critics quarrel with the colossal height they cannot find fault with its extreme lightness. At a distance you can only see a fine filagree work where the lines intermingle and knot like the threads of a fish-net, and the impression in rather uncertain and somewhat confusing, but nearer to it the confusion ceases and the details show clearly and plainly. Time and again have I stopped in my afternoon promenade to study this tower, and I am always struck with its size and height, the immense arches at the base, the rafters pointing upwards in such bold curves, the platform suspended in air, and I have continued my walk firm in the belief that its enormous and graceful proportions will act soothingly on even the most phlegmatic imagination of some of my home confreres."—Henry Haynie in Picayune.

Goethe and His Doppelgænger.

Goethe, when a young man, was resting by the roadside on one occasion when he observed the figure of a middle aged gentleman approaching him on horseback. There was something in the features and general appearance of the stranger that attracted his attention in a marked degree, for the face and figure seemed to be his own, although older and more developed. In their costume, however, there was no similarity whatever, for while the stranger wore the robes of a councilor of state, the young poet wore the ordinary dress of civil life. In the course of years afterward and when the circumstance had been nearly forgotten it was brought before him again in a most startling manner, for one day while passing the very spot where he had long since encountered the stranger he found himself similarly mounted and riding along leisurely and perceived that in form and feature he was now the very counterpart of the mysterious horseman and to crown the miracle, that his costume was the same to the minutest detail, as he was himself now a councilman of state also.—Beford's Magazine.

Didn't Intend to Be Left.

The Palatka (Fla.) Herald is responsible for the following: "A man at a small station on the Florida Southern railway the other day took down the mail sack, which was suspended on the crane, and hung himself there instead, so that he would not get left. When the fast mail came along and the route agent put out his catcher and hauled in the man instead of the mail bag the fellow, in short breath, said: 'I've been left too many times by this narrow-gauge road and I don't intend to get left any more if it kills me or this infernal old road.'"

The British Royal China.

I read in a contemporary that the value of the china at Buckingham palace and at Windsor "exceeds £200,000." I should think it does, and £400,000 would not be an extravagant estimate, considering that the Sevres dessert service in the green drawing-room at Windsor is valued at £100,000, and the Rose du Barri vases, in the corridor, at $50,000, while there are six Sevres vases at Buckingham palace for which there would be an eager competition if they were put up to-morrow at £30,000. The whole of this china belongs to the crown, which practically means that it is the property of the country, as, indeed, it ought to be, considering that the whole of it was paid for (principally during the reign of George IV.) by the taxpayers.—London Truth.

A howling swell—A small boy with the mumps.—Terre Haute Express.

THE STATESMAN'S RETURN.

How the Constituents in a Certain Section Make Their Representative Weary.

"Yes, the legislatur' has adjourned, and the statesmen hev returned to their constituents," he said, in answer to the question. "Our statesman—our particular jim-dandy statesman—returned with the rest. He was sent down to represent our neck o' the woods. He was supposed to be Dan'l Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun biled down and canned up. He was supposed to be sharper than razors and wiser than owls. He bellowed for reform, bellowed for improvements, and shouted for glory. That cantankerous cuss was going to amend at least 400 laws, reform every department of state, secure our country a hundred privileges, and knock the tar out of things in general. We were waiting for him when he returned. He was first struck by old Pete Jackson, who observed:

"'Look-a-yere, Johnson, whar's that law fur my mill dam?'

"'Killed in committee of the whole,' was the reply.

"'You blamed reptile! Didn't we send you down thar to boss the committee of the hole and everybody else? I want that ar mill dam or blood!'

"And Hi Woods was next in line and he said:

"'Look-a-yere, Johnson, where's that 'ere law to protect my fish pond?'

"'Crowded out by the bill on lighthouses.'

She was, eh! Durn your pictur', but do you stand thar and tell me that you let some ramshackle light-house way off on Lake Erie knock the stuffin' outer my fish pond up yere! What did we send ye down thar fur? What was ye doin' all this time?'

"And the third man was Uncle Dave Baker, who led off with:

"'Look-a-yere, Johnson, what's that new skule district fur my section?'

"'It was knocked out in trying to amend the title.'

"She was, eh? Do you tell me that you got right thar and didn't have the title all right? That you let that 'ere house bust up that bill and never got up and uttered one yell? Johnson, I kin lick you with one hand tied to my foot, and I'll be durned if I don't do it!'

"There was twenty-seven of us between his house and the depot, all with a few remarks to make. About thirty waited on him next day, and the next he broke for the woods, and is at present located in a swamp about seven miles away. He may be in along toward corn-planting, but if he is thar's about fifty more of our people waiting to interview him. We are bound to make him tired."—New York Sun.

Sons of Hemp.

A new and curious sect has recently grown up in Africa, the Beni-Riamba, or Sons of Hemp, a society of hemp-smokers, who, calling themselves "friends," are bound together by ties of mutual hospitality. It has had some new light thrown upon it in the account of a journey up the Kasai by Charles Somerville Bateman: "It's initiatory rites are a profound and unfathomable mystery and whether to describe it as a secret brotherhood, a religion, or a society for the propagation of licentiousness I am uncertain. So far as the smoking of Ihiama [hemp] itself is concerned there can be no reasonable doubt but that the Matchioko introduced it primarily for purposes of fraud, since persons under the influence of that poisonous narcotic are temporarily insane and therefore at the mercy of the first cruel and crafty trader that came across them."

Another authority, however, thinks that the society grew out of a political revolution among the Bashilonge people in 1870, when the progressist party broke down old commercial barriers and the custom of bhang or hemp smoking was introduced from Zanzibar to become "one of the most baneful institutions in Central Africa."

Value of Eggs as Food.

Eggs are most invaluable food, for they contain all that is required for building up and maintaining the body. The white of an egg is almost pure albumen and water, while the yolk, the richer part, consists of albumen with minute particles of oil in it, and small amounts of salts. Albumen, which is 54.3 carbon, 7.1 hydrogen, 15.8 nitrogen, 21.0 oxygen and 1.8 sulphur, exists in the blood in the proportion of seventy-five yards to 1000, in less quantities in the lymph and chyle, juices formed in the process of digestion, and in trifling amounts in other juices of the body. it is necessary to use aliments that contain it. That group of foods, of which eggs are the foremost, are called albuminoids. The characteristic common to all is that they contain nitrogen, on important element in the body. Eggs, which are easy of digestion, both when raw and properly cooked, are never too costly a food *per se*. The pure nutriment in them is one-third of their entire bulk, while that in beef is only one-quarter, and that of oysters one-eighth their respective bulks. So that, with eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen, round steak at sixteen cents and mutton chops at twenty cents a pound, both food and money are saved by eating the eggs.—Good Housekeeping.

Not in Good Trim for Work.

Traveler—Where are you going, my friend, in such haste?

Possum Ridge Citizen—Goin' down ter town to ther show."

"Going to walk all the way?"

"Sartainly. Why?"

"It's twenty miles. Why don' you ride?"

"Hain't got no hoss ter spare. Jest got one, an' ther ole 'omans workin' him in ther new groun' corn."

"Your wife?"

"Yas, o' co'se."

"Why don't you stay at home and do the plowing yourself?"

"Hain't able."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to the show and leave your wife at home to plow the crop?"

"Yas; whut o' that? D'ye think I'm er goin' ter work when I'm gruntin? Why, I hain't hode none in ther crap this ye'r. Jest felt awful bad, an' couldn't do nothin' but hunt an' fish. Thought I'd go to thor show ter day. Reckon it'll be mouty nice, an' I don't keer fer ther little walk o' twenty miles."—Time.

FARM AND HOME.

Large vs. Small Creameries.

Within the past ten years associated dairying has been largely developed in all the older dairy regions, and has invaded new territory where dairying has become an important industry. Associated dairying, of course, implies the manufacture in a single creamery of the milk produced in a whole neighborhood. Many of these establishments handle large quantities of milk daily, but the majority, perhaps, are of about 10,000 pounds capacity, and even then do not run all the time. The larger the establishment, if it is run to its capacity every day, and economically managed, the smaller the expense of handling a given quantity of milk. One hundred pounds is generally taken as the unit in calculating the running expenses. A creamery or cheese factory handling 10,000 pounds per day will do so at an expense of about 3 cents per unit, or under exceptionally favorable conditions of 2 cents. But the actual expense is near 12 cents. This appears to be a low cost for the work done, and it is, inasmuch as the same amount of work on the average dairy farm costs from three to five times that sum.

But a small neighborhood or individual creamery may be operated at an expense nearly as low as the larger one. For instance, in a neighborhood or on a farm where the milk of from 100 to 300 or 500 cows can be brought to a creamery, with a moderate expenditure of time and expense, it may under some circumstances, be manufactured at a cost not to exceed six or seven cents per 100 pounds. Suppose a water power to be situated in the neighborhood. It may be utilized to run a creamery as easily and efficiently as to drive any other sort of manufacturing machinery.

While such a source of power is available it will be much cheaper than a boiler and engine. In many parts of the country a wind engine or power will do all the work required in operating a small creamery and do it nearly every day in the year. This sort of power is cheaper than steam, but perhaps requires more attention in proportion to the amount of work done. With the employment of a Cooley or similar apparatus, or the separator, which does away with the necessity of holding the milk for creaming, or cans or vats in which to keep it, the investment expense can be quite small, and the operating expenses can be kept within the limit of six cents per 100 pounds of milk handled, if the mess averages say 2,000 to 2,500 pounds daily. In the small creamery skim cheese making should not be contemplated. The milk is worth more to feed to stock than, under average circumstances, for making hard or medium skims.

This is a question that may be studied and discussed in many neighborhoods where large associated creameries have not been established. Half a dozen neighbors can combine their issues and start a small creamery, and by doing so remove the dairy work from the household, make a better average class of butter, and get more money for it. The economical management of a large or even medium creamery is found to be a matter of great difficulty in most instances. The small one, especially if it be personal property, is usually so much better managed as in the end to be more profitable Practical Farmer.

Keep More Live Stock.

It is the skilful use of opportunities presented by a given farm that enables some men to save themselves a good deal of hard work, at the same time accomplishing quite creditable results on farms where, in the hands of men less skillful, but meagre returns would be made. It is not always the sort of farm stock a man would fancy that should govern in the selection, for many a man has preference for cattle, while not having a cattle farm. The same is true in regard to sheep, and if a man has a desire to increase the stock upon the land, while it is, all things being favorable, best to keep such as meets his taste, and that in the breeding and care of which he is best informed, still he has it within his power to improve his knowledge of animals that he has not bred, while it is entirely out of his power to render a rough, hilly farm, having a thin soil, and consequently a scant supply of grass adapted to growing heavy cattle. It is equally true that, the fancy being for sheep, he can not take up this line of stock husbandry and carry it on with success upon a rich bottom farm, or flat, rich land of any kind, especially if moist. Hence the question comes up, whether there are portions of this farm that the stock kept upon avoid and are seldom seen upon, on which some feed is going to waste. If so, then clearly he needs to add another sort to the farm, and straightway set about looking up the characteristics of that sort. He can not level the hills, putting fertile bottom lands where they stood, but he can put sheep on the farm, opening all the gates to pasture fields, and the sheep will quickly find their favorite feeding ground, and this will be upon the hills and about the rocky places where there is a mixture of weeds and grass. By this system he can add to his income, hardly perceiving that he has added to his expenses.—Practical Farmer.

Farm Notes.

It is well to keep a sharp lookout on the currant bushes as soon as the leaves begin to start. The currant worm in some seasons is earlier than others, and if not checked in time may do great damage. Powdered hellebore dusted on the bushes when the leaves are wet with dews will promptly destroy them. There is no danger of its poisoning the fruit.

The stable is best made in the basement of the barn, and then it should always be of concrete cemented with water lime. This cannot leak, and thus saves all the liquid manure, which is worth as much as the solid excrement, if not more. The cost of replacing plank floors, beside the loss of liquid manure through them, will soon more than pay the expense of putting the barn on walls and stopping those wastes.

It is a great mistake to suppose that cows which get a bite of fresh grass early will not eat hay. The dry feed is necessary so long as they will eat it. Young tender grass is full of water, and has too little nutrition. It scours cows fed on it exclusively, and not only lessens the milk yield, but causes the cows to grow thin. Feed something dry, if it is nothing better than straw, and supplement its deficiencies by grain or oil meal.

In any flock of sheep one should be a cosset, made a pet of, and trained to come at call. If a lamb has lost its mother or is disowned it will pay to bring it up by hand, keeping near the house until grown, and giving as great a variety of food as possible, though not trying to fatten it. The pet lamb is one of the nicest playthings for the children, all the more because it requires some care, and will thus teach them habits of thoughtfulness that inanimate playthings could not do.

There is a great and notable increase in the demand for sweet cream and this is likely to continue. One cause doubtless is the use of creameries and of ice for making cream rise quickly, and the least possible injury by absorption from the air. Cream is no longer old before it is gathered; in fact, it is unaffected by injurious odors, as is new milk. The old-fashioned cream raised in open pans is good for cooking purposes; but like cooking butter it cannot be made generally popular as that from creameries.

Laying hens are very fond of broken bones. They help to digest other food when they cannot get a sharp gravel, and with the strong digestive apparatus which fowls have, every part is made use of. The lime goes to make the shells, but if the bones have been only cooked and not burned, they are full of material from which the egg itself is made. The only advantage from burning bones is to make them break up more easily. The fowls certainly do not like them as well, nor are they so good for them as when broken up without burning.—American Cultivator.

Domestic Hints.

OUR CREAM PIE.—One cup of sugar, one eggs; use the white of one egg for frosting, and season with lemon.

SAUSAG OMLET.—Cut thin slices off a round of sausage, place in a frying-pan with a little butter, and pour over six eggs beaten and mixed with pepper and salt.

FRIED CELERY.—Cut into two-inch lengths, dust with salt and pepper, dip in beaten eggs, then in crackers or bread crumbs, and fry in hot beef drippings. Drain on brown paper, and serve hot.

COFFEE ICING.—Take a pound of fresh butter and a quarter-pound of powdered sugar, and beat them to a cream in a bowl, adding drop by drop during the process half a teacupful of the strongest coffee that can be made.

IRISH STEW.—Chop fine one pint of cold boiled beef and one pint of raw potatoes; add water to cover and boil until the potatoes are tender; season with salt and pepper and thicken with two tablespoons of flour rubbed smooth in cold water.

CABBAGE SALAD.—To one quart of chopped cabbage add the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoon of sugar, two teaspoons of ground mustard, one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of black pepper, one cup of vinegar, two tablespoons of butter, boiled together five minutes.

CRUMB PUDDING.—One quart of sweet milk, one pint of bread crumbs, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs, butter size of an egg, flavor with lemon; bake in a slow oven and when done spread over a layer of jelly, whip the whites of the eggs to a froth, add one cup of powdered sugar; pour over the jelly and bake a light brown. Serve cold.

Farewell.

We've felt the pain of anger's sting,
When passion held its sway;
How ready are our hands to fling
Life's richest gifts away!
But sorrow in my heart to-day
Tolls passion's funeral knell,
And for forgiveness, lo, I pray,
Since we have said "Farewell!"

On petty fault and failure I
Too oft have laid the lash:
Have curbed too much your liberty,
When varying moods would clash.
The teardrops from my cheek I dash
That my deep longing tell—
Hope, joy, delight, in ruin crash
Since we have said "Farewell."

I'd call you back to me if you
Felt in your spirit move
The yearning and affection true
That this to you should prove.
I'd love you with a deeper love
Than pen of mine can tell,
And hold you all the earth above—
But we have said "Farewell!"

If we have hurt with bitter word
Each other, when were crossed
In variance lives that surely should
Be never anger-tossed—
Oh, know that all the hurt is lost
In Love's delicious spell:
But, ah, too late we count the cost,
When we have said "Farewell!"
—Edith Walcott, in Boston Transcript.

The Work of Modern Chemistry.

Some years ago, in the course of a conversation with an eminent mathematician, I asked in all seriousness whether he could give me a definition of mathematics that would convey to my mind even a faint idea of the object in view in mathematical investigation. He replied: "It is impossible to give such a definition—as impossible as it is in the case of chemistry." "But," said I, "I think I can give a definition of chemistry which would have some value;" and then, with a little time to think, I suggested a definition, which elicited this remark: "I could certainly give an equally bald definition of mathematics." I have frequently thought of this subject since, and have wondered whether it is possible to convey to the minds of those who are not chemists a clear idea in regard to the work chemists are doing. The difficulties are great—as great, I suppose, as in the case of mathematics; for chemists are no longer engaged in the study of familiar phenomena, but are dealing with matters which lie far beyond the limits of ordinary observation. Still, I have thought it worth while to make the attempt, and it has seemed to me that I might accomplish my object best by calling attention to a few of the most important discoveries which have recently been made in the field of chemistry, and making such comments upon them as may serve to indicate what relations exist between these discoveries and the science as a whole.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Old-Fashioned Twang.

A boy in Maine tried to kill the hired man by putting paris green in a jug of cider. The man drank every drop in the jug with a "bah!" of satisfaction and observed that cider seemed to be getting the old-fashioned twang back.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cure for Leprosy.

A cure for leprosy has been found, says Mr. Clifford, the last European to visit Father Damien. It is gurjun oil, the product of a fir tree which grows plentifully in the Andaman islands. It was discovered by Dr. Dougall, and Mr. Clifford was "assured by Sir Donald Stewart, who was then governor of the islands and who has sent me the official medical report, that every single case in the place was cured by it. The lepers were convicts and it was, therefore, possible to enforce four hours a day of rubbing the ointment all over their bodies and the taking of two small doses internally. In some of the cases the disease was of many years' standing, and the state to which it had reduced its victims was indescribably dreadful, yet after eight months the sufferers were able to run and to use a heavy pickax, and every symptom of leprosy had disappeared." Father Damien tried it, but too late.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Myriads of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia have already succumbed to that wonderful remedy Salvation Oil. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

"A month ago I was happy!" is the declaration of Bryan W. Proctor, the poet. So were lots of other folks, who are now telling people in decided nasal tones: "Got a toad in my head." But there is still happiness to be secured; a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure any Cough or Cold.

Don't Dog the Cows.

Every one who has anything to do with a cow should learn thoroughly this fact: that every annoyance and thing that excites and frets her takes a proportion from both the amount and richness of her yield, and in just so much takes money from her owner's pocket. A man who will permit it to be done, much less, himself dog the cows home from the pasture or kick and club them about the barn or yards, is not a fit person to own or have charge of cows. It is not only cruel to the defenseless cow, but is ruinous to his own finances, a reason that ought to appeal strongly enough to his avarice to compel proper treatment of his property if humanity will not.—Western Farmer.

An El Paso Man Draws $5,000.

El Paso (Tex.) Tribune, May 8.

A Tribune man, hearing that a gentleman in the city by the name of E. A. Rippey had drawn $5 000 at the last Louisiana State Lottery Drawing, called on him this morning, and found him at his instrument in the dispatcher's office in the Southern Pacific depot. He was just doing some 'elegraphing, and when he had finished it the reporter accosted him with a "good morning," and asked if he were Mr. Rippey, and the gentleman replied in the affirmative.

"I hear," said the reporter, "that you drew $5,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir, I did, and I have it deposited in bank," said Mr. Rippey.

"What do you intend doing with it?" the reporter queried.

"I am going to invest it in real estate. Yes, sir, I was paid every dollar of the money, and invested in some more tickets. I have been buying tickets for some time, and the last time I bought I was rewarded," said the gentleman.

Mr. Rippey is night dispatcher in the Southern Pacific office, and did not seem to be affected in the least at his good luck.

No Sunday Politics at the White House.

President Harrison has quietly "sat down upon" all suggestions as to Sunday conferences at the white house. When he first took possession of the office he now occupies some of his friends, with the habits of his immediate predecessor in view, and forgetting President Harrison's character, asked to have interviews on Sundays. The president admitted some of them for social intercourse, but when they broached politics there was an end to the conversation. General Harrison has never discussed politics or business on Sunday, and he is not inclined to begin it at this time, especially when he has to live on it six days and nights in the week. Those who have had the hardihood to attempt to speak of official matters when they caught him on the street, going to or from church, have not mentioned their rebukes to their friends. Quite a number of times politicians have been received at the white house on Saturday nights to talk politics, but their conferences have invariably ended with the week day.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

The Germs of Consumption.

A member of the London Epidemiological society states that the bacillus of tuberculosis, or consumption, may enter the body by inoculation through a or wound; by means of the genito-urinary mucous membrane; by the product of conception, and by direct hereditary transmission; by the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal; by the mucous membrane of the respiratory tract, and by the air-cells of the lungs. The danger from swallowing the germs with the food makes it vitally important to avoid milk from tuberculous cows, and possibly the flesh of tuberculous cattle, fowls and other animals.

Dobbins' Electric Soap has been made for 24 years. Each year's sales have increased. In 1888 sales were 2,047,620 boxes. Superior quality, and absolute uniformity and purity, made this possible. Do you use it? Try it.

For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the handsomest almanacs in the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb.

New York bricklayers get $4.50 for nine hours' work.

Sheriff's Sale.

Smoke the Sheriff Sale Segar. A straight 10 cents Havana Cigar for 5 cents.

A good housekeeper's motto—Never beat a carpet when it's down.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

One straw hat does not make a summer.

Boston has lost $28,000,000 by the collapse of the copper trust.

Rheumatism IS CURED BY St. Jacobs Oil AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. BALTO. MD. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO.

On a Long Journey.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I can't git work at me trade now anywhere around here, and wud you be so kind as ter help me along on me journey to a place where I can find work?"

Lady—"Poor man! I didn't know business was so dull. Where do you expect to find work?"

"Considerin' the time o' year, mum, I'm afraid I'll have to go a long ways north o' here."

"Indeed! What is your trade?"

"I'm a snow shoveler, mum."—New York Weekly.

Most things that are said to be smart will not bear analysis.

DR. L. L. GORSUCH Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Starving Fruit Trees.

If any person were to chain an animal to a stake in the field and leave it to shift for itself, then to watch this animal until it gets thin and decrepit from loss of flesh and strength, it is quite probable that the humane society would be after him with properly deserved punishment. Yet this is precisely what thousands of farmers are doing with their fruit orchards, says Seed Time and Harvest. Like the animal, the tree is chained to one locality, and cannot go abroad for food; but fortunately it has no sense of suffering, or at least none that we can appreciate. And yet even for a tree there must be something akin to pain in the process of slow starvation—the seeking by exhausted rootlets of food that cannot be found. It takes an enormous amount of various manures to form fruits and seeds. The leafy part of the tree may mostly come from carbonic and gas of the atmosphere, but the stone fruits need a great deal of potash. Grapes and pears require considerable amounts of phosphates in addition. There is perhaps no place on the farm where a good dressing of manure will do greater good than in an old apple orchard where the trees seem to be running out.

The American Cereal.

Of maize or Indian corn in the United States, Mr. J. H. Patton says: "A brief comparison may give a partial view of the immense value of this crop, which next to rice supplies food directly or indirectly to the largest number of the human race. In 1880 the corn crop was 1,754,871,535 bushels. This was more than two and a half times the next greatest crop—the wheat. It had 767,647,119 bushels more than all our other crops of grain combined—the wheat, the rye, the barley, the oats, and the buckwheat. It is quite probable that this ratio of production, or nearly so, will continue."

Happy Homes.

Here's a health to the wives and the mothers
Who sit in our households to-day;
Who are glad when they brighten for others
The hours that go drifting away.
May their eyes keep the light of the gladness;
Their hearts hold the fulness of bliss,
That banishes shadows and sadness,
And what need we ask more than this?

But—how can this happiness be kept? What shall protect those we love,—those who make a Heaven of the Home,—from the ravages of disease that is often worse than death,—that is, in fact, a lingering death? The question is easily answered: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the standard remedy for all those peculiar diseases to which women are subject,—is what must be relied on to preserve the health of wives and mothers. It prevents those diseases, and it cures them. It is a blessing to women and therefore a national blessing, because it gives health to those about whom the happiness of home centers, and the strength of a nation is in its happy homes.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-bilious Granules; in vials, 25 cents; one a dose. Druggists.

Evil is talked of, but good is taken as a matter of course.

Cheap Living.

Magnificent dining cars and meals at 75 cents, perfect service, quick time, and luxurious travel are the leading characteristics of the solid vestibuled Union Pacific trains from Omaha to Denver.

Man kills time all his life, and thinks it hard that time should finally kill him.

Summer Tours via the Wabash.

Round trip tickets are now on sale to the summer resorts of Michigan, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Maryland, Virginia, and all the principal resorts of the United States and Canada. Also one way and round trip tickets to Liverpool, London, Paris, and all parts of Europe via all lines at lowest rates. Write to or call on the undersigned for full particulars in regard to routes, rates, etc.
G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. and Ticket Agent,
1502 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb.

The smaller the pocketbook, the more important a dollar will make it look.

Graduates of the Lincoln Business College readily obtain profitable employment. Business men select them for their fitness. Catalogue and specimen free. Address
LILLIBRIDGE & ROOSE, Lincoln, Neb.

The right way to drive an ox is not learned from a study of gee-ology.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

"Give me the earth," cries the farmer, "or I won't work."

EVERY FARMER

living at a distance from a physician should at all times be prepared to treat such common but by no means simple complaints as Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus and Cramps.

The Best Remedy

for such disorders is Perry Davis' *Pain-Killer*, which never fails to afford relief. A single dose will do more to drive away pain and promote the natural action of the stomach than any remedy you ever tried. The virtues of

PAIN-KILLER

are not confined to the human race—it is used with equal success either externally or internally for

HORSES and CATTLE.

It cures Lameness, Sores, and Cuts, while for Colic it is the best remedy in the market.

Sold by all Druggists at
25c., 50c., and $1.00 a BOTTLE

Still a Puzzle.

It is rather surprising that we cannot yet positively answer the old question, Why is the sky blue? Prof. Tyndall explained the color as due to the smallness of the solid particles in the air, which are thus able to reflect only rays of short wave length; but a later investigator, Prof. Hartley, believes that the mysterious ozone exercises some influence on the rays, as a small quantity of ozone gave a sky blue in a tube two feet long.

Even the day is prettiest when it is new.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla too Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that Merit Wins. It is the best blood purifier and actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

CONSUMPTION CURED. Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific. JOHN RAY, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Jan. 5, 1889. Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR. Cures all Diseases Peculiar to Women! BOOK TO "WOMAN" MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of marvelous cures. Ten days treatment furnished free by mail, if your order trial. Send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

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Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mfd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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