

ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Hi and a whoop-hooray, boy! Sing a song of cheer! Here's a holiday, boys, Lending half a day to Round the world, and half is Shadow we have tried, Now we're wading the laugh— On the sunny side!

THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHER.

Across the meadows of the Not, We sit on the grassy When, And hunt the flocks of the What Through forest and thicket.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"Ah, sir, I see you are admiring my flowers! Well, they are pretty—but they are—though I doubt as some would call the marigolds and carnations common and old-fashioned. You don't see many of 'em now in your fine new-fangled gardens, do you? It's a pretty little place this, ain't it, sir? And it's my own, too—my very own—and will go to my grandson after me. He's a good lad, he is—it's him as looks after the garden. Mighty fond of flowers, he is, and rarely proud he'll be, I know, when he hears as a fine town gentleman has taken notice of 'em. Ah, I was fond of gardening, too, in my time! But I'm getting an old man now—85 I am come Christmas—and I can't expect to be spared much longer, though I'm hale and hearty yet, thank Heaven! Ah! times have altered, sir, since my young days! For the better, you say? Well, things are grander now than they were then, but somehow I seem to like the old times the best, perhaps because I was young and strong in 'em. And talking of old times reminds me of something that once happened to me. Like to hear it, sir? Well, so you shall, and welcome, if you don't mind wasting an hour or so with an old chap like me. Sit down, then, on that bench, and make yourself comfortable.

"You've been to Chelmsford, perhaps? Then maybe you know the Sarcen's Head? Well, close to where that now stands there used to be an old inn called the 'Swan.' A queer old place it was, to be sure, with its casement windows and overhanging gables. I was living at Ralphan then—its high water mark ago—a farmer I was, and had been married only a short time to a dear little wife as I loved well and true till she died, poor lass!

"One cold December day I started for Baintree to look at some stock as I thought of buying. As it was a two days' journey, I meant to stop at Chelmsford for the night, and go on early the next day. I didn't leave home till about 2, and I had a weary road to travel, so that the darkness came on before I reached the gibbet on the edge of the common; and I can tell you my flesh crawled, as the saying is, when I galloped past at full speed. It was a bleak, cold night, and the road was bad, so that it was late before I rode into Chelmsford.

"I put up at the 'Swan'—that being the first inn I came to—and was standing watching the ostler rubbing down my good old mare—for I always attended to that first thing—when the landlord came slowly out to me; he was a short, sharp-faced man, with great black eyes that had an uneasy sort of look in 'em. I told him I'd had a long ride, and was glad enough to get safe into his yard—for I'd gold about me and we'd heard horrible tales of the robberies and murders on the king's highway. Well, he showed me into a long low room—the kitchen it was—a brick floor and a bright fire burning. "There's a noisy lot in the parlor, sir," said he; "you be quiet and cosy here, for maybe you're tired and chilly after your ride in the wind."

far, whether I had been advised to put up at the 'Swan,' and such like questions. I answered them freely enough, never supposing that he asked them for any other reason than just to keep up the conversation. I asked him to call me early, and he promised he would do so.

"I'll do it myself," said he, "for the girl and the ostler will be abed." "Then he called his wife and told her to bring me a candle, which she did. She was coarse-looking care-worn, and I noticed, when she showed me to my room, that her voice sounded thick as she bade me an evil 'Good night.' "My bed-room was a long, low room with queer old furniture, quaint carved chairs and a great four-post bedstead which seemed as big as a hearse. There was no lock to the door, and the bolts were rusty, so I could only put the latch down. I thought of putting a chair against it, but that seemed childish and no protection after all. The night was wet and windy, and the sky black as ink. Try as I would, I couldn't get to sleep, and there I lay and listened to the ghostly tapping of the ivy leaves against the window, and thinking of the evil look in the landlord's eyes, and all the horrid stories I had ever read come crowding into my mind, when suddenly I started up in bed, wide awake enough, for I heard something or some one climbing up the ivy to my window. I lay with palpitating heart and straining eyes, listening to the horrible ghostly rustling which every moment sounded nearer.

"Suddenly a thought struck me; and I arose hastily smoothing the bed-clothes, as though the bed had not been slept in. I had just time to creep under the bed, when the window was shaken open, and somebody softly slipped in. It was a man, and, listening intently, I heard him sigh wearily to himself, as if he were tired out. Then he got into my bed, drew the clothes over him, and in a few minutes I heard him snoring. You can imagine how pleasant I felt, and the scamp had my mummy-bag under his pillow too! What was to be done? I thought of my happy home and the little wife now perhaps dreaming of me, and the thought of her gave me courage. I determined to snatch at my money and fight for it with the unseen visitor to the death, if need be. I was crawling from under the bed, when I heard another sound, nearing the door this time. In a minute the latch was quietly lifted, the door was gently pushed open, and I saw the landlord glide into the room. Then a hand holding a candle stole in at the door—well enough. The man crept on tiptoe to the bed, and leaning softly over the sleeper, stabbed him to the heart. There was one deep groan and all was over. The murderer drew the money from under the pillow and crept stealthily to the door, glancing behind him as though he feared the dead man would get up and follow him.

"Shaking all over with hair on end I crawled from my hiding place, groped for my clothes, and, after standing a moment, dazed with horror, followed the guilty couple. Their room was almost opposite mine, and I could see the light under their door, which was barely closed. I pushed it open and peeped in. The table faced the door, and there they stood with their backs to me, so intent upon the money that I crept close to them without being heard.

"Look, look, I heard the man whisper—there is more than enough to save our boy! How they shine! And all ours, wife—ours!" "No, mine, murderer! I snorted with a voice of thunder, and, snatching the bag from his nervous grasp, I dashed the light from the woman's hand and fled back swiftly to the room where the dead man lay.

"Opening the window, I groped about with one hand for the ivy bough, clinging somehow to the sill with the other and at last managed to scramble down reaching the ground bruised, shaken breathless. As I rested a moment to get my breath, I heard from the room above an awful cry sung out in a woman's voice—

"My boy, my boy, my only son!" "I clambered over the gate which led into the street. A watch-box stood close by in the square, and I hurriedly told my story to the watchman. He started in horror, as well he might, and wanted to fetch his mate; but I told him we were more than a match for those we should find at the inn, so he came with me. A frightened servant opened the door to us, and I led the way to the room I had just quitted. The watchman bent down and peered into the dead man's face.

"Ah," he whispered, "it's as I feared! It's their own son—they didn't know he was at home, and so they mistook him for you, sir."

AGRICULTURAL.

L. H. BAILEY, a large fruit grower in Michigan, says that he can make more money out of apples at 25 cents a bushel, than out of wheat at \$1.

Let the horse, miter bedry and clean underneath, as well as on top. Standing on a well-ventilated manure makes the hoofs soft and brings on lameness.

It has been a common opinion that the horn of the steer or heifer gave indications of the age of the animal, but this is now denied by Dr. Stewart, of New York, who states that at no time is such evidence to be relied upon.

The honey locust has been extensively used in Massachusetts for hedges of late years on account of the hardness. It is a very vigorous growth and is difficult to keep within proper limits; thorough cutting back is required to secure a thick mass at the bottom.

THE Hon. C. M. Clay says that the Jerseys are the native cattle of Russia, and he could load a fleet with them at from \$3 to \$10 per head. It is true there is no use in the farmers of the Channel Islands allowing the supply to fall off. It is more than probable if we would import directly from Russia little careful judgment would give us a stock of Jerseys that would be hardy, vigorous, and able to "hoe her own row."

"FULL feeding from the start," says the New York Times, "should be the maxim of the stock feeder, whether his object is beef, mutton, pork, or poultry. Yet there is a way of high feeding by which an enormous carcass of fat is prematurely produced by rich feeding in a short time. And it is a question whether this high feeding is as profitable as a longer period of more moderate feeding, since it is the moderately fed and not overfed beast which meets the customer's views, rather than the animal which takes the prize at a fat-stock show."

FARMERS in New Jersey use goats to protect their sheep from dogs. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs, and two are about all each farmer puts with his sheep. As soon as a dog enters a field at night the goats attack him, and their butting propensities are too much for the canine, who finds himself rolling over and over. A few repetitions of this treatment causes the dog to leave the field, limping and yelling. Formerly, when a dog entered a sheep field at night, the sheep would run wildly around and cry piteously. Since the goats have been used to guard them, they form in line behind the goat and seem to enjoy the fun.

JAPAN clover made its appearance in North Carolina in 1856, and has since spread to other sections. It is a leguminous, perennial trifoliate, scientifically known as Lespedeza striata, and is said to be excellent for grazing, fattening stock and improving land. It has a deeply penetrating root, and like a clay soil, growing and thriving on the naked banks of gullies, and brings its supplies from below. It has more ash than clover, half as much potash, two-thirds phosphoric acid, and more nitrogenous matter. It thrives in an exhausted soil, where red clover will not catch at all, and stands the summer well.

Prof. FALVEY, of the Kansas Agricultural College, gives some excellent suggestions in the college paper, the Industrialist. He gives the results of his own personal experience: "From a somewhat varied experience in feeding all the ordinary materials, including corn, bran, shorts, rye-chop, corn-chop, and mixed chop, I have come to the conclusion that by plenty of good hay and a mixture of either rye-chop or shorts with corn-chop, in the proportion by weight of two of the latter to one of the former, the best results in butter are obtained. Turnips and other roots are noted for increasing the yield of milk. They have not a corresponding effect on the yield of butter; but often have an indirect effect of great value. I have found that for profit one can not feed too high, provided always that the food is properly digested. A good cow—and none other should be kept—will turn this additional feed into butter; and, of course, a greater per cent. is realized on the entire ration."

THE CHEMISTRY OF ENSILAGE.—It is well known that a mass of green corn fodder, or green hay, if piled or stacked up, will soon ferment, heat, and pass into decay. In the silo, the fodder is closely packed, and the receptacle being airtight, fermentation and heat, instead of encouraging decay, prevent it, and are available to the preservation of the mass. The presence of air is necessary to decay, and the complete exclusion of air tends to the preservation of perishable substances. Dr. Thurber says that "in green fodder corn we have a mass of succulent stems and foliage, in which preparation has been made for the production of grain. These are filled with juices holding in solution the material that would soon be deposited in the grain as starch, etc., but now largely in the form of sugar. When the corn plant is cut and packed in the silo, fermentation, the first step in decay, at once begins. By the action of the oxygen of the air upon the sugar and other contents of the stalks, etc., various changes take place, one of which is to produce carbonic acid. This acid is a gas in which a candle cannot burn or any animal live, and in which no further fermentation can occur. If the silo air is tight the very first step in the fermentation of its contents produces a gas that acts as a preservative and prevents further change. The more compact the fodder corn, or other succulent material, the less air will be among it, and the sooner will the fermentation stop. The fermentation not only acts upon and changes the composition of the air within the silo, but the fodder itself is acted upon and changed. Sugar, when present in the juices of the forage, is at first converted into alcohol, and, if fermentation continues long enough, acetic acid, or vinegar, will be formed from the alcohol thus produced. If, however, the silo is properly constructed, the walls made of concrete or other material, and the contents be cut fine and well packed, and carefully covered with an airtight covering, such as a fly of ciled duck cloth, tarpaulin, or sail-cloth, upon which is placed eight or ten inches of sand, and the whole top surface

then covered with boards and weighted with about five hundred pounds of stone to each square yard of surface, there cannot be sufficient air present to allow fermentation to go on to any injurious extent. Injury may occur to the contents of the silo by undue exposure to the air, either while filling or while feeding out the forage, and great care is necessary to prevent damage from this cause. In the beginning of ossilage experiments it was supposed that the fodder was subjected by the heat of fermentation to a kind of cooking, and that the plant tissues were thus made tender. The idea is now abandoned, for it is well known that the most successful silos are those in which the least fermentation takes place and in which the least heat is produced. Perfect exclusion of the air preserves the contents so far as is possible in the most natural and palatable condition.—Kansas City Journal.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS.

HOW TO KEEP PIE-CRUST.—Pie-crust can be kept a week, and the best is as good as the first, if put into a tight-covered dish, and kept in a cool place. We have frequently done this, both summer and winter and it has always been successful.

CLAM BUTTERS.—Two cups of milk, three eggs, two cups creamer buttered flour and fifty calms. Beat the eggs well, stir in the flour, adding the milk slowly while stirring; lastly add the calms, which should be chopped very fine. Fry in hot lard.

BOILED HAM.—Slice the meat from the ham raw, as thin as you can, then put it into a pan of cold water; set it on the stove in a stew pan and let it come to a boil; then have your griddle hot, and broil the meat with a little butter dropped into the pan and a plentiful sprinkling of black pepper.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Chop a pineapple quite fine; take some cake which is a little dry, rub it fine in your hands, or crush it on a kneading board; put it into a pudding dish in alternate layers with the pineapple, sweeten abundantly, moisten with cold water, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and three-quarters.

CANTALOUPE PICKLE.—Seven pounds of cantaloupe rind cut from a melon ripe but not soft. Peel thickly; wash and drain thoroughly. To two quarts of vinegar add four pounds of brown sugar, and one ounce each of cinnamon, white ginger, and cloves, with the rind of two lemons. Boil the vinegar and sugar together and remove any scum that rises; add the spice and let it boil a few minutes, then put in the fruit and let it boil until the syrup looks a little thick.

POACHED EGGS.—Eggs are poached by dropping them raw from the broken shells into a pot of boiling water; lift them from the water in a perforated ladel, and do not let them remain long enough in the water for the white to be made opaque. The beauty of a poached egg is seen through the semi-transparent white envelope. Served on a slice of hot buttered toast, and lightly sprinkled with pepper, a poached egg is most appetizing. In the spring of the year, as a top dressing to boiled greens of any kind, eggs prepared this way are almost universally liked.

LEMON CUSTARD.—One quart of milk, four eggs, one cup of sugar, half-teaspoonful of salt, and heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch, the juice, and grated yellow of half a lemon. Boil the milk in a double boiler, beat the yolks and sugar together until they are light, dissolve the starch and salt in a little cold water. Add the cornstarch slowly to the boiling milk. Then stir in the yolks, sugar and lemon. The cornstarch prevents the lemon from curdling the milk, as it sometimes does. Boil five minutes. Pour into jolly glasses when cool. A meringue made of the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and the juice of half a lemon can be piled on top, with bits of red currant jelly dotted over it.

Studying Art in Munich. Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is one of the great art centers of Europe. Three hundred American students are in the art school. The school is presided over by the ablest artists in Europe. One can attend the art school for \$50 per year for tuition. Expenses are very low. Many students get along on \$350 per year. The course consists of four years. A young man going there should understand cast drawing. That is all. The last year of the course is devoted to painting original figure pieces. Models are furnished free, and also studios the last year. The government does everything to foster art.

The great gallery, one of the best in Europe, is open to students free. It ranks with the Louvre, the Dresden gallery, and the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg. In it is the masterpiece of Perugina, the tutor of Raffaele, Correggio, Tintoretto, Murillo, Van der Werf, Teniers, Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian and Raffaele. In Munich are many living artists whose pictures sell from \$2,000 to \$5,000.

Dickens' Appalling Taste in Dress. When in 1839, Dickens was called for (as the author of the libretto) on the first night of John Hullah's opera, he wore a swallow-tail coat with gilt buttons, crimson velvet waist-coat, black satin stock, two breastpin on each shoulder, a large gold chain encircling over his waistcoat, black kerseymerie pantaloons, silk stockings, and pumps, and yellow kid gloves. His taste in dress was appalling. Howard Paul relates that, Dickens having called but left no name, he asked the servant: "What sort of looking person was he?" The reply was: "I should say, sir, a respectable kind of gasman."—Portland Transcript.

A Thousand to One. I believe that for one woman who pursues a life of literature, the ambition of authorship, and the love of fame have rendered unfit for some life, a thousand have been made undomestic by poor social striving, the follies of fashion, and the intoxicating distinction which mere personal beauty confers.—Grace Greenwood.

Important Decision Affecting Trade-Marks.

In the suit of The Charles A. Vogeler Company, of Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A., against Parrott & Co., of London, England, the Court of Appeals has granted the plaintiffs a perpetual injunction, with costs. The action, which grew out of an alleged infringement of plaintiffs' well-known trade-mark, St. Jacobs Oil, was originally heard in the High Court of Justice, where Vice Chancellor Bacon, without going into the merits of the case, considered it was one that should go before the Comptroller of Trade-Marks. From this opinion The Charles A. Vogeler Company appealed, claiming that they were being injured by the goods of the defendants, entitled St. Davids Oil, being mistaken for theirs, and that while they had taken steps to bring a case before the Comptroller of Trade-Marks, months would elapse before a decision could be obtained, and, as their business would be seriously injured by such delay, a restraining order should be granted at once. The result of the appeal was that a perpetual injunction was made, with costs. The proceedings before the Comptroller have been abandoned by the defendants, and the Baltimore house has thus achieved a double victory. By the order of the Court of Appeal, Parrott & Co. and their agents are perpetually restrained from using the term "St. Davids Oil," or any similar term, as well as the words "The Great German Remedy," and any words or marks similar to those used by The Charles A. Vogeler Company in connection with their St. Jacobs Oil. The progress of this suit has been watched with interest by the mercantile and manufacturing community of Great Britain, where thousands of trade-marks of almost incalculable value are owned. It was shown by the evidence that plaintiffs had sold during the past few years over seven million bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, and had expended as high as five hundred thousand dollars in a single year for advertising throughout the world. Their success in this suit is regarded with satisfaction in business circles. Eminent English and American legal talent figured in the case. The counsel for The Charles A. Vogeler Company, of which latter Mr. H. D. Umbstaetter was personally present, were Queen's Counsel Theodore Aston, assisted by John Cutler and Theodore McKenna, of London, Rowland Cox, of New York, and Gen. William Henry Browne, of Washington, D. C.

Rough on the Humourists.

"Who is it writes all these jokes in the papers, I wonder?" said Mr. Jarphly. "Why, I suppose they hire some one to do it." Replied Mrs. Jarphly. "Hire some one? Who hires some one?" "I don't know," answered Mrs. Jarphly, "perhaps it's young physicians struggling for a practice."—New York Exchange.

Politeness.

An English surgeon published a paper minutely describing a very difficult surgical operation. A prominent French physician wrote to him, asking if it was really so—that the operation had been performed. The Englishman replied that the article was quite true; that he had seen the operation with his own eyes. The Frenchman's reply was characteristic, in effect as follows: "As you have seen the operation with your own eyes it is necessary for me to believe it, but had I seen it, with my own eyes I should not have done so."

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Born the Mason & Hamlin organs and pianos excel others in that which is the chief excellence in any musical instrument, quality of tone. Other things, though important, are much less so than this. An instrument with musical tones cannot be a good musical instrument. Yet all are not good judges of such a matter. An inferior quality of tone will often please the uneducated ear best, at first; though time and use will reveal the superiority of really good tone. Hence, in selecting an organ it is safer to choose one from a maker whose reputation is thoroughly established, and whose productions are acknowledged to have superlative excellence, especially in this chief thing.—Boston Journal.

He Was too Near the Grave to Lie.

A feeble old darkey struggled painfully. "Boss," he said, "Ise an ole, ole man. I was bo'n in ole Vahginny an' libbed dar mos' on to 98 year, an' I want yo' ter assis' me er little dis maw'nin' ef yo' pleas' sah?" "You knew George Washington, of course?" "No sah, I nebbber seed him." "What you lived in Virginia ninety-eight years and never saw George Washington?" "Dat am er fac', boss. Ise an hones' ole man, an' am too gone in dis world fer to tell er lie. I nebbber seed young George, but Lor', sah, his po' ole gran-fadder an' gran' mudder yuse ter think a pow'ful sight ob me, boss."

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Accident of Argument.

"John, dear," said the fond young wife, "I see here where they issue accident insurance policies for \$10 a year." "Well, what if they do?" "I see no necessity for it, my dear; I'm very careful." "Oh, yes, I know," she replied, "but election time is coming shortly; and don't you remember how on last election day you fell over a flour barrel and broke your arm and blackened up both your eyes?"—New York Star.

A Severe Winter.

All of the noted weather prophets predict a long and severe winter. Nothing is more to be feared than a hard and cold winter, even though it be a good reading matter, and so much cannot be obtained for so little expense in any other manner as by subscribing for the best story paper in the West. Each number contains not less than eight stories, some complete and others continued, written by first-class authors, and mailed to any address for the sum of one dollar. Sample copies of the paper referred to will be mailed free to all who send the name and address to THE CHICAGO LITERARY, Chicago, Ill.

THE assessed value of guns, pistols, dirks, etc., in the State of Alabama is \$400,000, while the farming implements are put down at \$75,000, and the swine at \$37,000. It is estimated that there are eleven deadly weapons to every hog in the state.

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