THE DEMOCRAT

BEN H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI.

SIM.

"Sech a great, big, lanky baby!"
Everybody said o' him;
Long as Moses' rod, and maybe
Some'rs near about as slim.
Stoopin' shouldered, limber jinted,
Feet above the usual size,
Freckled face and nose that pinted
From a pair o' squinty eyes;
Reddish hair that allus bristled,
Skin a sickly yeller hue,
Voice that kind o' peeped an' whistled
When he went to speak to you.
Gingham shirt an' one suspender,
Ragged pants an' cowhide boots
Served to mark that critter's gender
An' to tell him from the brutes.

How the boys 'ud screech an' holler
When they saw him on the street!
He 'ud run an' they 'ud foller,
Laughin' at his clumsy feet;
'Round the corner jest a-flyin',
Up an alley, crost a lot,
'Till they had 'im skeered an' cryin'—
An' a-swearin', like as not.
Then they'd call him "fool" an' "baby,"
Sometimes dare him out to fight,
'Till he's nearly crazy, maybe—
'Cause the feller wasn't bright.
Then for home he'd start a-bawlin'
All the crowd a-jeerin' him,
Throwin' clods an' shrilly callin':
"Good-by, booby! good by, Sim

One day Sim was settin' dreamin'
Right before the tavern door;
Suddenly he heard a screamin',
Up about the dry goods store.
"Mad dog! mad dog!" some one hollered,
As they run across the street;
Sim looked up an' stretched an' swallered—
Then he stood upon his feet.
People turned as white as cotton,
Howled an' yelled an' took for home;
Down the walk the dog come trottin',
With his jaws a-drippin' foam.
As he came, his head a-swayin',
Snappin', snarlin' in his wrath,
There a little child was playin',
Right across his bloody path!

Sim stood still—but not a-sleepin'—
An' his eyes was bulgin' wild,
For he saw the dog a-sweepin'
Down upon that little child.
All to once he left his station,
Rushed upon the savage brute,
Jumped an' kicked 'im like the nation,
With his heavy cowhide boot;
Knocked him clear into the gutter,
Stained the ground a sick'nin' red,
Never stopped a word to utter
'Till the giant beast lay dead;
Ketched the baby up, an' rather
Carried it with swellin' pride,
Give it over to its mother—
Then he just set down an' cried!

—Ohio Farmer.

THE SEASON TICKET.

How a Londoner Fooled a Railway Gateman.

THERE was no question about it. I was a most disreputable-looking person—a kind of person whom you would not care to recognize on the street if you were well dressed. I had found it impossible to sleep that night and had got up at half-past three in the morning and tramped all over the west end of London until I was dead tired and ready to go to sleep on any doorstep. I had put on the oldest coat I had and wore on my head a villainous-looking slouch cap. Now, there is nothing which gives a man such a woe-begone, hangdog appearance as an old and bad slouch cap. I had no collar on and my boots were covered with the mud of various dirty thoroughfares. A man may be measured by his soul, as Dr. Watts held, but up to date the outside world insists on judging a person mainly by his appearance, and my appearance was decidedly against me that morning.

I came to a railway station on the line over which I hold a first-class season ticket, and saw that it had been just opened and that the gateman was yawning at having to get up so early in the morning, so I thought I would take the first train home and go to bed like a reputable citizen. I was evidently the first comer and as I passed the man he held out his hand and said:

"Ticket, please."

"I have a season," I answered sleepily, as that is my usual reply to such a question.

If you are well dressed the ticket puncher generally allows you to pass when you mention the open sesame, "season." Many swindlers have been fined forty shillings and costs for saying that cabalistic word when they had nothing to back their statement.

"I will look at your season ticket, if you please," said the man politely.

Sleepy as I was, this remark awoke me to the fact that I was a disreputable looking citizen.

"Why do you want to see my season ticket?" I said. "It is very unusual to ask for it."

"Perhaps," replied the man; "nevertheless, all tickets must be shown, season and others."

"I have never been asked for my season ticket, and I have traveled on this line for months."

"I will look at your season ticket, if you please."

"Yes, but tell me why. You surely don't think that I would try to cheat

"I WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOUR TICKET."

the railway company. Do I look like a dishonest man?"

The railway man's face was imperturbable, but there was an increasing firmness about the lips. He waived the question of my dishonesty by saying nothing about it.

"I would like to see your season ticket, if you please."

"I don't want to take it out on a damp, foggy morning like this," I said, in a tone of expostulation. "It is a nice, ornamental bit of white leather, beautifully stamped in gold, and it cost a good deal of money, and I would rather not expose it to the morning air, if you don't mind."

The man said nothing, but looked at me fixedly and seriously, the lines about his mouth getting firmer and firmer.

I hesitated for a moment and then said: "Oh, well, it doesn't really matter. I see the booking office is open; I'll buy a ticket."

"I beg your pardon," said the man, "you will *not* buy a ticket. If you have a season ticket you have a right to go on the platform; if you have not, I want your name and address."

"But the booking office is open," I protested.

"Certainly it is open. I want to see your season ticket, if you please."

"Well, but if the booking office is open and if it is for the purpose of selling tickets, why do you object to my buying a ticket? I'll buy a red third-class or a blue second-class or a white first-class, just as you say. I would rather buy a ticket than expose my season ticket to the morning air," and as I said this I edged cautiously away from the man as if ready to bolt out of the door.

He promptly placed himself between me and the door and said sternly, dropping the polite "if you please:" "I want to see your season ticket."

"Oh, well," I said, jauntily, "it doesn't matter after all. I think I shall walk home. It is all right. I have walked a good many miles already, and another mile more or less doesn't matter. Good morning."

The railway man called a porter, who at once came to his assistance.

"Don't let this man leave the place," he said, "until he gives his name and address."

"I don't see what you want with my name and address," I said, as mildly as I could. "I have as many acquaintances already as I know what to do with. I don't want to extend my call-

"HERE YOU ARE."

ing list. Let me out, if you please. I am going to walk."

Both men planted themselves in the doorway and refused to let me pass.

"Do you mean to say," I cried, "that you are going to attempt to stop me from going out?"

"Show your season ticket, or give your name and address."

"I will do neither one nor the other."

"Then you stay here till you do."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. You let me pass. How dare you attempt to stop me? Have you a warrant for my arrest? If you have not, then I advise you not to put your hands on me."

"John," said the ticket man to the porter, "go and get a policeman."

John bolted out of the door while the other stood in the doorway, and nothing was said for a few moments.

"Can't this matter be fixed up?" I said, persuasively.

"No, it can't."

"Isn't there any way out of it?"

"No, there isn't."

"Oh, well," I said, with a sigh, "I suppose I shall have to take the consequences. What are they, do you happen to know?"

"It will depend upon what the judge says," he answered, shortly.

"Well, now," I said, confidingly, "I am going to let you into a secret. I think I will manage to square you and John and the policeman—all three. Such things have been done, you know."

The man gave an indignant "humph."

"It has gone too far for that," he said, gruffly, and the next moment John appeared, panting, with a policeman.

"What's all this?" said the officer of the law.

"This man tried to pass the gate without a season ticket—"

"Oh, I never did anything of the sort."

"And refuses to give his name and address, and says we haven't any right to put our hands on him, so I thought I'd get somebody that had."

"Refused my name and address!" I cried, in astonishment.

"Yes, and tried to square me when John went for you; said he'd square all three of us."

The policeman, it seemed to me, rather brightened up at this suggestion.

"What did you try to do that for?" said the officer.

"I say I didn't try to do it at all."

"Didn't you say you had a season ticket?"

"Certainly I did, and I have it."

"Well, then, why don't you show it?"

"Why don't they ask for it?"

Here John broke in and said: "I heard him ask you for it a dozen times."

"Oh, John, John," I cried, "how can you say such a thing?"

"Well," said the policeman, "if I had a season ticket I would show it, if I were you."

"Now, that," I said to the officer, "is the first sensible remark I have heard this morning. I never thought of that way out of the trouble. What they seemed to be anxious for was my name and address. Don't you think that they ought to have asked me for my ticket if they wanted to see it. If you don't see what you want ask for it, you know."

The officer looked at the ticket man and the porter. The ticket man shrugged his shoulders and said he would like very much to see the season ticket. I didn't look like the sort of person who carried season tickets.

"Oh, all right," I said, pulling out my purse; "here you are. It doesn't look very much, but it costs a good deal."

The ticket man took it in his hand and examined it, turning it over and over with a bewildered air of a man who had been hit suddenly with a club.

"Now," I said to the officer, "don't you think that it's rather cheeky of these people to prevent me from going out, and to make the assertion to you, a respectable officer of the law, that I had no season ticket, when you see I have? It's good for three months longer yet. Here they drag you from your manifold duties to arrest a perfectly innocent man, and act in this crazy way to a patron of the line—a first-class patron, too."

The policeman shook his head dubiously and said he really couldn't understand it.

"Well," I answered, "you are witness to their charge that I had no season ticket. Now, I say this matter is not going to end here."

"Oh, well," said the policeman soothingly, "I wouldn't be too hard if I were you."

"The matter," I repeated, "cannot end here. I think that it's so early in the morning these men are not rightly awake yet, and I think they should be wakened up. I think that we had better have drinks all round, as the morning is very damp and disagreeable. What do *you* think?"

The policeman smiled, the ticket man looked relieved, and so we ended it that way.—Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The grave of Oliver Goldsmith, in the precincts of the Inner Temple, is one of the neglected graves of England. The engraved letters are becoming dim and the tablet is scratched.

—Stanley's contract with the American publishers of his book called for $50,000 in royalty. It is now authoritatively stated that he has received from them the additional sum of $41,000, and that Maj. Pond paid to him some ninety thousand dollars as his portion of the proceeds of the lecture tour.

—The German empress went shopping in London. Her purchases included a beautiful hand-embroidered coverlet of Italian design, supposed to be two hundred years old, for which she gave forty-five pounds, and a very handsome satin quilt—a reproduction of an old pattern—embroidered in softly blended tones of terra cotta and gold which cost forty pounds.

—Allen G. Thurman is said to be breaking down physically. He takes no exercise at all. Since his retirement from public life he has got into the way of shutting himself up in his library, reading nearly all night, and then retiring so late as not to rise before noon. His wife is ill enough to be confined to her bed, but she tries earnestly to persuade the "Old Roman" to take more out-door air.

—That old Bourbon, the London Saturday Review, thus protests against a new spelling of the name of a classical author: "For men of letters who are scholars and scholars who are men of letters there is no such vocable as 'Vergil' in the world, nor ever will be. 'Vergilius' in Latin, if you like (you needn't, but if you like). But 'Virgil' in English, absolutely, peremptorily, without stay of judgment, without leave to appeal."

—There is just a faint possibility that babies may supersede as fashionable pets the pampered lap-dog. The duchess of Portland has taken an odd and, perhaps, unaccountable fancy to be very proud of her baby daughter and to avail herself of every opportunity of having the little woman with her. When the duchess opened the great Kensington bazar recently baby Lady Victoria was proudly displayed to the public in her mother's arms. Whatever is English "goes," and why not this?

—The late Mrs. E. L. Davenport was a most charming and estimable woman. She was a very beautiful girl when, as Mrs. Vining, she met and married the actor Davenport. Her daughter Fannie has had some claim to good looks, but it appears to have been an instance of a "mother prettier than a pretty daughter." All of her five daughters acquired reputations on the stage, and her two sons have made names for themselves in their profession.

—London Punch reached its fiftieth birthday recently. In all this time it is said that it has never contained a vulgar or immoral illusion by pen or pencil; it has been a pure and respectable sheet. It has reflected the signs of the times. It has been patriotic in its spirit. It has encouraged the artists who have the power to put humor into caricature. A writer in the Contemporary Review points out that every person who had genius as a comic artist has drifted into the company of Punch artists and writers during the last fifty years.

HUMOROUS.

—Tom—"Have you asked Bessie yet?" Jack—"Yes." Tom—"What did she say?" Jack—"That she would take vanilla."—N. Y. Herald.

—Mrs. P.—"They say that Mr. Hay, who used to sing so much, has lost his voice." Mr. P.—"I shouldn't think he'd offer much of a reward."—Truth.

—The initiated believe that half the pleasure of camping out consists in seeing how miserable your fellow campers can be under unfavorable circumstances.—Somerville Journal.

—Hoffman Howes—"You remember Jack Fastman, who married Miss Termagant last year, don't you? He's dead." Murray Hill—"Out of the frying-pan into the fire, eh?"—Kate Field's Washington.

—Ridgewood, Too.—Small Boy—"Somebody come quick and catch this hydrant." All the Neigbors—"What's the matter with it?" Small Boy—"It's running." (Small boy promptly follows its example.)—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Hostess—"Te he! I beg pardon, Mr. Downeast, but really the New England custom of having pie for breakfast seems very funny." Mr. Downeast—"Ah, madam, if you could taste New England pies, you'd want them three times a day."

—That Aggravating Sister.—His Sister—"Had you heard that Laura Figg's pug has run away?" He—"Well, what of it?" His Sister—"Oh, nothing, only I thought that if you intend proposing, now is your time. A woman's heart is often caught in the rebound, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

—She Was a Good Cook.—Freshwed (pettishly)—"I can't see why you don't cook as well as mother did." Mrs. Freshwed (after a pause)—"Let's see, George, dear, I think you told me that your father died soon after you were born." Freshwood—"Yes; dyspepsia killed him."—West Shore.

—Maniton.—Early in the season: Acquaintance—"Have you any relatives with you?" Young Mr. Seekingawife—"No." Later in the season: Another Acquaintance—"Have you any relatives here?" Young Mr. Seekingawife—"Yes, nine sisters."—Colorado Sun.

—They were sitting together on a bench in one of the public parks when a gentleman well known for his philanthropic practices passed them. "That man played a mighty mean trick on me yesterday," said one of them. "What did he do?" "Woke me out of a nice, comfortable sleep to tell me where I could get work."—Detroit Free Press.

—A well-known dentist tried hard to collect a bill, but after many ineffectual efforts said to the debtor: "I do not intend to send you any more bills, and I don't intend to sue you; but there is one thing I want to tell you. Every time you cut off a piece of beefsteak and pass it to your wife, I want you to remember that she is not chewing that beef with her teeth, nor with your teeth, but with my teeth." In two or three days he received a check. The motion of those doubly false teeth in his wife's mouth was to much for the husband.—Demorest's Monthly.

He Knew Human Nature.

A peddler was slowly passing along the street with the cry of "Strawberries," melodiously rising and falling.

Up at a second-story window sat a woman with a baby in her arms. The peddler stopped as he came underneath.

"Don't you want some nice strawberries, ma'am?" said he. "Only five cents a quart."

"No, not to-day," said the woman decidedly.

"I've only got two quarts left," said the peddler. "Won't you buy them for the baby?"

"N-o-o, I think not," said the woman.

"If I had a baby like that," said the peddler, "I'll buy these strawberries for him."

The woman rose from her seat. "Just wait a minute and I'll send down for them," she said.—St. Louis Chronicle.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Flannel Cakes: To a quart of flour add eight eggs (beaten to a froth), a wineglassful of yeast and as much sweet milk as will make a stiff batter. Set to rise over night. The rising will make the batter quite thin.—Good Housekeeping.

—Rice Savory: Take some plainly-boiled rice, put it into a sauce-pan with a lump of butter, add as much tomato sauce as the rice will absorb, and plenty of grated cheese. Mix well and keep stirring on the fire until quite hot. Serve piled upon a dish.—Detroit Free Press.

—For curtain-bands many use brass chains; others use cord or silk ribbons. It is not usual to work them, but occasionally the bands are shaped, made of satin on a strong foundation, and provided with daisies or other flowers. Sometimes ribbon is embroidered.—N. Y. World.

—A cheese custard is made by grating three ounces of cheese and adding to it two ounces of butter and creaming both together. Two eggs are beaten with a tablespoonful of milk, and the ingredients are well mixed—poured into a deep pieplate and quickly baked for ten minutes.—Christian at Work.

—Cucumber Salad: Peel and cut the cucumbers into quarter-inch slices. Soak in ice-water. Scald and peel three or four large tomatoes. Cut them in halves and remove the seeds. Drain and cut the cucumbers in small dice, season with salt, pepper, oil and lemon juice or vinegar. Put them into the cavities, and when ready to serve put a spoonful of boiled dressing on each.—Boston Budget.

—Steamed Mushrooms: Put them in a close-covered porcelain-lined kettle, with about a teacupful of cold water to half a gallon of mushrooms; steam until they are tender. They make a good deal of juice of their own, and should be frequently stirred that they may be evenly cooked. Add a tablespoonful of butter rolled in a heaping teaspoonful of flour, and season with salt and cayenne to taste.—Good Housekeeping.

—In buying wash silks, if the house selling them is not known to be absolutely reliable, it is safest to secure samples and wash them before selecting material for a gown or shirt waist. These silks may be worn so long without becoming noticeably soiled that it is seldom necessary to have them washed when made up in gowns, but shirt waists and blouses, especially if worn in traveling, often are the better for cleansing.

—Surprise Eggs: One dozen eggs, hard boiled; one tablespoonful vinegar; three small pickles, chopped fine; one teaspoonful of made mustard; ham, lobster or chicken, chopped; season with salt, pepper, melted butter and a little chopped celery. Cool the eggs in cold water and remove the shells. Cut lengthwise, not quite through. Take six of the yolks and mash with the other ingredients mentioned above. Place back in yolk shape in the eggs again, close carefully and place upon a bed of celery or parsley leaves.—Detroit Free Press.

—Fillets of Turbot: One small turbot, one lemon, a little pepper and salt, and a large lump of butter. Divide a small turbot down the middle of the back; next separate it from the fins, and raise the fish clean from the bones with a sharp knife; divide it into oblong pieces and put them in a stewpan with a large lump of butter, the juice of a strained lemon, and a little pepper and salt. Set them over the fire, and turn the fillets to admit of their being thoroughly dressed and browned on both sides. When done, drain them, and dish them in a similar way to cutlets. Cover them with either lobster, shrimp, or maitre d'hotel sauce.—Boston Herald.

A CONVENIENT KITCHEN.

Hints About Tile Walls and Floors and the Use of Whitewash.

Although few women are permitted to plan their own kitchens, or even to furnish them according to their own ideas of convenience, it is pleasant to read what another deems best for this work-room. One of the first essentials of the kitchen is that it shall be well ventilated and large enough for its purposes. Too large a kitchen is a mistake, as it makes extra steps, which can be avoided when the room is more compact. Unfortunately, in houses built by persons of wealth the proper arrangement of the kitchen is sometimes neglected, though this is not often true of recently-built houses. In one of the most palatial mansions in New York there is a kitchen ceiled and floored with tiles, so that the floor and walls can be washed down with a hose and their perfect cleanliness insured. Unfortunately no special study is generally made in the kitchen of ventilation, so that it often interferes with the draught of the range. The next essential after perfect ventilation is pure, sweet, clean walls, to which the odors of cooking can not cling. There is nothing better than a whitewashed wall for the kitchen. Whitewash is itself a purifier. There should be a wainscoting about four feet high of hardwood and a hardwood floor in every kitchen. The pretty hard pine that comes from places nearer by than Georgia, and is therefore less expensive, is within the reach of the purse of almost every housebuilder. It needs only oil to bring out the beauty of its veinings. A border of six-inch blue tiles, two tiles deep, should be around the sink where water is splashed almost continually, and wood is liable to rot, or at least become discolored. If stationary tubs are to be a part of the outfit of the kitchen, remember that those with white enameled linings cost little more than ordinary ones and last much longer. A white enameled sink is always wholesome-looking, because it can be kept clean easily. The most essential furniture of the kitchen is the stove. This should be of the best manufacture, and there are so many first-class manufacturers of stoves that it would truly be a difficult matter to fail to find one if one were in search of a good stove. The same general principle in draughts is adopted by all first-class stove manufacturers. There are so many patented articles for the kitchen that one is in danger of falling across at least several make-shifts which pretend to do the work of more ordinary things and only partially take their place. The wringer and a few other inventions are genuine boons to the housekeeper. A large hardwood table and, if possible, a small stone or marble table should be in every kitchen. The wooden table should have two or three drawers in place of one, as they are far more convenient. A kitchen dresser, with shelves above and drawers beneath, is always a convenient piece of furniture. A kitchen should have, if possible, two windows, which may have broad window seats, so that a kitchen garden of herbs can be accommodated in one of them. Kitchens should be well supplied with wire screens at the doors and windows to keep out flies in summer. It is also a good plan to have springs that shut the doors automatically, whenever anyone passes through them, attached to those doors which lead to the main living portions of the house. By this means the odors of cooking are not allowed to penetrate into the house. After all, each person and family can judge best what is needed in the kitchen.—Chicago Herald.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

SETTING STRAWBERRIES.

Two Forms of Securing Self-Renewal by Means of Runners.

There are two distinct ways of renewing strawberry plantations—the one which is generally preferred and adopted being simply transplanting, and the other some form of self-renewal by the agency of runners. An objection to the latter is the continued occupation of the same piece of ground, the fertility being partly exhausted by the previous growth. This objection may be in a great degree remedied by copious and skillful manuring, and if the soil has been found by trial to be especially benefited by some particular fertilizer, the plant will be improved by an addition of it to the barn manure. A mode adopted by a cultivator in Canada, and reported to a fruit-growers' meeting, was found to have some particular advantages. The rows were set four feet apart, and when renewing was desired, the old rows were rolled over and not plowed up, and the trench thus formed was filled with fine manure, the old plants sending their runners over it and taking strong hold. The next season the old row was cut out and the new plants given entire possession. Another mode is to plow the ground,

FIG. 1.

which has become densely filled with strawberry plants, leaving a strip six inches wide of the old plants, which will form a narrow matted row, and filling the shallow furrows with fine old manure. Another mode of self-planting is represented by Fig. 1, and which will be useful for small beds. All the runners are cut off but two immediately after the gathering of the crop. These two set each a new plant. The middle row, after fruiting, may be cut out. Still another mode we have used where we have a few rare plants to be removed to another place in the same garden is represented by Fig. 2. Square cavities are made with

FIG. 2.

the spade in regular rows, and then the plants are lifted, with a mass of earth on them and placed in position in the new bed. This work may be done any time in the year, when the ground is not frozen. We have had ripe berries in this way six weeks after early spring planting. Caution is necessary in adopting this mode on adhesive or heavy soils, not to press it with the spade with such firmness as to make it compact, solid or adhesive.

These different methods have various advantages, but it should be borne in mind that the plants exhaust the soil more or less, and require the annual application of manure or fertilizers. But the most perfect growth, and especially required for marketing, and berries of the finest quality are to be obtained only by making new beds by transplanting into rich, fresh, well-prepared soil. If done as soon as the crop has been gathered, say about the middle of summer, when the soil is sufficiently moist, they will come forward and make a good growth through autumn, and be nearly as forward as if set out the previous spring. They may be set a month later, cutting off all the old and large leaves, and preserving the freshly-applied moisture in the soil with a fine mulch of manure.—Country Gentleman.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WHERE one has a small plat and prefers to grow flowers, the soapsuds will be found excellent if thrown around the shrubs and bushes, but the surface of the ground should not be allowed to bake or become hard.

THE rules that apply to beef cattle apply, to some extent, to poultry ra sed for their flesh. A fowl to be profitable for this purpose must be "near the ground," that is, the legs should be short and thick. Long-legged fowls are not desirable.

MANY small fruit growers have been dissatisfied with the dewberry on account of its troublesome habit of growth. A Pennsylvania cultivator has trained his bushes upon a light wire trellis, and thus overcome all difficulties of cultivation.

IF you are going to buy a cow for your dairy test her first. We know of a dairyman that, when about to buy a cow, rides through the country gathering samples of milk from the cows offered for sale. He tests the milk at his home, and buys accordingly. He makes money out of his dairy.

VETERINARY surgeons state that the milk is the first thing affected when a cow becomes ill, and that the milk will show indications of coming milk-fever and garget a week before any outward sign can be discovered. A sore, or anything that may be liable to poison the blood, also poisons the milk at the same time.

STUBBLE BREAKER.

A Homemade Implement Which Seems to Work Well Enough.

The accompanying sketch gives a good idea of a homemade stubble-breaker and leveler to use after sowing grain. The inventor of it, J. Flomerfelt, Somerset county, N. J., writes us that it works best on a mowing when the stubble is frozen, as then it breaks it

HOMEMADE STUBBLE BREAKER.

"like pipe-stems." The breaker is made of a two or three-inch plank, and with pieces bolted on the top, so that a hinge can be attached, it works well on uneven ground, and is easily taken apart in storing away. Being eighteen feet long, it works fast and is not hard for the team. To take it to the field, unhook the chain at s and draw it endwise. The hinge should be one of those with an eye and key to take apart easily.—American Agriculturist.

The Common Duck.

There is no profit made on the common puddle duck since the Pekins have been introduced, as the common kind are not only small, but of slow growth. To secure the largest returns from ducks, they must be in the markets at a certain period, and as the common ducks grow too slowly to come in early, they do not bring high prices. The Pekins are the favorite market ducks, and begin to come in about the beginning of May, the choicest weighing five pounds each. Crossing with Pekin drakes has not been satisfactory, the pure breeds giving the best results.—Farm and Fireside.

American and her Enormous Breweries.

Inquiries are often heard in public places about the large breweries of this country, and in view of the interest people take in the history of all successful enterprises, a few facts short and to the point, about one of the largest and best known of the Western Breweries, viz., the P. Schoenhofen Brewing Co. of Chicago, kindly supplied by that concern, may not be out of order.

Business was commenced in 1858 by the founder, P. Schoenhofen, on a small lot of 4,500 square feet, for which he paid about $500. The ground now taken up by the brewery amounts to 101,575 square feet and is valued at over $200,000. Add to this a large piece of property acquired a few months ago at a cost of $75,000, for the building of an enlarged bottling department made necessary by the fact that although working day and night in their present location they are unable to fill the demand for their bottled goods, and there is enough ground for a good sized farm, all to be devoted to the production of Gambrinus foaming beverage.

The brewery proper is known to be the best fitted up in the United States, and is well worth a visit, if only to view the two enormous copper kettles in which the brewing is done. Each kettle has a capacity of 500 barrels, so that by brewing twice a day every day in the year, a total annual output of over 730,000 barrels can be obtained.

The elevator and malt house have a storage capacity of over 240,000 bushels and a malting capacity of over 1,500 bushels a day.

As for their various brands of beer, it is not necessary to say much about them. Most people have *heard* of them, and the popularity of this class of merchandise is generally a very good criterion of quality. Their special high grade brew EDELWEISS is perhaps one of the best known beers on the continent. The brand they sell most of however is the SELECT, this being a high quality draught beer and a much feared competitor of the products of Milwaukee and St. Louis, Schoenhofen's Chicago Lager having a reputation for purity and standard quality acknowledged even by their bitterest rivals.

Their depots are at Louisiana, Mo., with Mr. Bent C. May as wholesale agent, and at Mattoon, Ill., Mr. M. Thode wholesale agent.

COXSOLING.—"You bore me," said the stick of timber, wearily. "Well, I'm nearly through," answered the auger.—Chicago Tribune.

GO AND VIEW THE LAND.

Three Cheap Harvest Excursions.

On August 25th, September 15th and September 29th Low Rate Harvest Excursions will be run from ALL STATIONS on the WABASH RAILROAD to the Great Farming Regions of the West, Northwest, South and Southwest. Tickets good returning for thirty days from date of sale.

The crops were never so good as this year, and the Railroad Rates, via Wabash, never so low. Whatever section you wish to visit, be sure and write to or call upon the nearest Wabash ticket agent for particulars as to rates, time of trains, accommodations, etc.

If you do not live adjacent to the Wabash, write at once to

F. CHANDLER,
Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

NEW JERSEY has no nightingales, but she has the mosquito, and, as a night soloist, it is a hummer.—Philadelphia Times.

The Only One Ever Printed. Can You Find the Word?

Each week, a different 3 inch display is published in this paper. There are no two words alike in either ad., except One word. This word will be found in the ad. for Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, Little Liver Pills and Wild Cherry Bitters. Look for "Crescent" trade mark. Read the ad carefully and when you find the word, send it to them and they will return you a book, beautiful lithographs and sample free.

CANNOT a pugilistic assembly correctly be termed a pound party?—Baltimore American.

The Best Teacher.

The surest lamp to guide our wayward feet, is experience. It points to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as the best medicine, the surest safeguard in cases of malarial disease, whether in the form of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake. The same guides indicate it as sovereign in constipation, rheumatism, "la grippe," liver complaint, kidney trouble and dyspepsia.

THE man who wants the earth need not expect to get it without advertising.—Indianapolis Journal.

ALL who wish to aid Nature in her efforts to maintain good health should use Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. It is as pleasant as wine, and far more strengthening. It is beneficial to every part and every function of the body. It is truly the old man's need and the young man's friend. It cases of debility and weakness it acts like a charm.

THE man who occupies the front seat is not always the most "advanced thinker."—Columbus Post.

HARSH purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

SWEET.—"I am a candy date for your favor," as the bonbon said to the boy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MANY little children owe their good health to Dr. John Bull's Worm Destroyers. "Nice Mammas to give them such nice candies."

A SHINE on your shoes is worth two on your coat.

ARE as small as homœpathic pellets, and as easy to take as sugar. Everybody likes them. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

IT takes an unusually good swimmer nowadays to float a loan.—Boston Herald.

A FAIR lady becomes still fairer by using Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

SUNDAY is the summer landlord's day of wrest.—Boston Transcript.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

ALWAYS making assignments—the hotel clerk.—Mail and Express.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 25, 1891.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	$3 80 @ 5 75
COTTON—Middling	.... @ 8
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	3 75 @ 5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 04½ @ 1 14½
CORN—No. 2	79 @ 81
OATS—Western Mixed	36 @ 38
PORK—New Mess	11 50 @ 12 00
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling	7½ @ 7¾
BEEVES—Fancy Steers	5 65 @ 5 75
Shipping	5 0 @ 5 40
HOGS—Common to Select	4 75 @ 5 60
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 65 @ 4 50
FLOUR—Patents	4 65 @ 4 75
Fancy to Extra Do.	4 00 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	92½ @ 99½
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	60 @ 63
OATS—No. 2	30½ @ 33
RYE—No. 2	90 @ 92
TOBACCO—Lugs	4 10 @ 5 10
Leaf Burley	4 50 @ 7 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	9 00 @ 13 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	16 @ 18
EGGS—Fresh	.... @ 13
PORK—Standard Mess	.... @ 10 50
BACON—Clear Rib	.... @ 7½
LARD—Prime Steam	6½ @ 6½
WOOL—Choice Tub	31 @ 31½
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Shipping	3 50 @ 6 00
HOGS—Good to Choice	5 00 @ 5 65
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 75 @ 5 00
FLOUR—Winter Patents	4 50 @ 5 00
Spring Patents	4 85 @ 5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.... @ 1 04
CORN—No. 2	.... @ 65½
OATS—No. 2	.... @ 31
PORK—Standard Mess	.... @ 10 12½
KANSAS CITY.	
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 25 @ 5 75
HOGS—All Grades	3 50 @ 5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	92½ @ 94
OATS—No. 2	28½ @ 28½
CORN—No. 2	55¾ @ 56
NEW ORLEANS.	
FLOUR—High Grade	4 25 @ 5 10
CORN—No. 2	72 @ 74
OATS—Western	.... @ 39
HAY—Choice	15 00 @ 15 50
PORK—New Mess	.... @ 11 35
BACON—Clear Rib	.... @ 7¾
COTTON—Middling	.... @ 7⅞
LOUISVILLE.	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.... @ 98
CORN—No. 2 White	61 @ 62
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	29 @ 30
PORK—Mess	.... @ 11 75
BACON—Clear Rib	.... @ 7¾
COTTON—Middling	7⅞ @ 8

Tutt's Pills

stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25cts.

USE

TUTT'S HAIR DYE

Perfectly natural. Price, $1.00 per box. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

There's danger

in a cough—more than ever when your blood is "bad." It makes things easy for Consumption. But there's a cure for it in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A positive cure—not only for Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma and all lingering Coughs, but for Consumption itself in all its earlier stages. It's reasonable. All these diseases depend on tainted blood. Consumption is simply Lung-scrofula. And for every form of scrofula and blood-taint, the "Discovery" is a certain remedy. It's so certain, that its makers *guarantee* it to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded. With a medicine that *is* certain, this can be done.

There's a cure for Catarrh, too, no matter what you've been led to believe. If there isn't, in your case, you'll get $500 cash. It's a bona-fide offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. There's risk in it, to be sure, but *they* are willing to take the risk—you ought to be glad to take the medicine.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,