One sultry twilight, as I sat smoking a pipe on the steps of my office, an old man came shuffling down the steep hill from a little cluster of cabins that clung to the side of that mountain, with its top crowned by a relows and crayevard

a g dows and graveyard.

Lie cabin constituting my office and my residence—my country residence and my city residence—lay at the edge of the crazy, city residence—lay at the edge of the crazy, stumble-down old mining town. This town was deep down in a canyon. Indeed, it was called Canyon City. You will find it on the map of Oregon. It is now the county seat of Grant county. We who had found this mining-camp and built this dismal mountain town, 200 miles from any oller place, first named it Orodelphia; but it didn't look like Orodelphia. It looked like Canyon City. The miners called it Canyon City and Canyon City it is to this day.

Brown, bold hills, high and barren, heaving to the clouds all around us; a high time-bried mountain for a background, away to the south and east, with the graveyard and gallows looking squarely down upon us, from which the Shoehone Indian someiron which the Shoshone Indian some-times shot arrows at night into our one por alous street, and wounded drunken and howing miners—this, in short, is a char-coal sketch of my seat of justice, where the old in in who shuffled down the hill in the twing his found, me sitting that suitry sewing.

ning.
They store two hosses," began the bent
d wearyold man, as he shuffled up close,
ted his attered hat in his left hand, and tched a coiled rope in his right.

I stood up in an instant, lifted my face to he sellows, and then glanced at the rope in his right hand; but before I could speak be dut up a hand in protest and went on. "No, no! I—I den't want 'em punished. No, no, not like that, jedge; but if they'll go back with me. I'll take em back, I will, and—and—I'll fo. "em, and—and—" The poor old man quite broke down. He put on his hat and pulled it down over his byes, as he turned aside.

"They are your children?"
"Yes."
"The law will have to—"

"No, no, no! I don't want the law. I want my children. Why in the world they ran away I don't know. Of course, it was dull for 'em down in the settlements, then they hearn of the mines, I s'pose, and wanted some excitement; so they saddled up and rode 200 miles through the Injun course and rode 200 miles through the Injun coun-iry, and I after 'em. And now they won't go back. Why, one of 'em-" The old man twisted his hat and his rope together in his two hands, and caught his breath and half stopped as he spoke here, as if there was something behind all this that he did not care to tel; but in a moment he went ou. "One of 'em; the—the girl—was to have been married only last week; but they took my kosses and run away. "Day'e they took my hosses and run away. They're up there now, in that old cabin with the toothalf off. They've made a bed out of he saddle blankets; they've turned the losses out on the hill, and they tell me they

tosses out on the hill, and they tell me they won't go back. They say they're going to say and dig gold. Now, jedge, I want you or to go and talk to 'em. Get 'em to go ack. I'm all alone. Their mother died then they were babies, and I brought 'em up. I brought 'em up by hand, jedge. Ind—and, jedge, they're not bad. They aly don't want to stay at home. They say they will dig lots of gold and bring it to me; that they won't go back to the settlements no more. Now, jedge, you comp in the dark and talk to 'em. Don't let mybody see you, for I don't want 'em bolk up for stealin'. I only want you to ook up for stealin'. I only want you to

bok up for steam. I only want you to bil on to go back.

In a moment more we were climbing the toward the roefless old cabin that clung the hillside, under the gallows and the gaveyard. I cannot tell to you the pity and the pathos that was in that old man's wire, as he had stood there in the twilight, which had stood there in the twilight. twisting has hat and his rope together, pleading for his runaway children. I knew was not the law I was about to try to enfor e; but I thought it was justice, and my least was with the old Oregonian. As we chanted higher up and out of the canyon, and stood by the door, we were quite away tron the noise of the town. All was as still as if we had stood at the door of one of the everlasting homes on the hilltop.

Tho door had long since disappeared from the descrited old cabin. I listened.

Lot a sound, 1 stepped across the sill.

Two black bushy heads shot up from under a pile of blankets in a dark corner, two white little hands shot out, and two buil-dog derringers looked us in the face, as i about to bark.

We went outside. Perhaps it was cooler

there; for, as before observed, it was a saliry evening,
I do not know why, but I began to susrect this whimpering old man of some sort of falsehood and trickery the saw those two resolute heads up in the dark corner of that desertold cabin. Then the pistols! "If

of resolution, as we reached a cool t, about fifty yards distant — "if these your chlidren, they are not worth your or your trouble. You had better take borses and return home. When they hungry they perhaps will not be so y to draw derringers on their father, if they are not your children, I don't they are not your container, I don't what better you can do than to let them ne. I think we'd better let them sleep," the old man was looking up under the dulow of the gallows as he spoke, as if ing to make out the borses that were mong the graves there in the He took a few steps in that dithen see that the steps in that di-tion, as if to make certain of his object, then return. But he melted away in darkness and I saw him no more, waited impatiently. To be sandwiched between a graveyard and two vicious racters with bulldog derringers in hand, to have to wait there for the return of t of ancient mariner, whom you begin all suspect has only just left one of the es, "for this occasion only," is not

retty soon I started; and I got down the and into the heart of that town, after I start, with a haste hardly consistent a judicial dignity. e next day there was a sentation

p. A pretty woman had come to town! arrival of a pretty woman in any part is earth that I have yet visited is an that loosens every tongue; but the art of a pretty woman in a rude, wild ing camp, hundreds of miles away in ilderness-why, it almost took men'

come in the night, men said. with her lover—a beardless fellow, a boy. They had been discovered ing down the one street that morning. curiously at the mines, miners, and strange sights of the half-savage

so was very beautiful. A bit stout, but with youth and health.

With youth and health.

So y were both shy at first—the lover ularly so. And, indeed, when a halften miner made bold to speak to them, man, or rather the boy, shrunk back, haing and embarrassed, while the woor girl, was left to do the talking.

In were they? Where did they come a? Was it a runa way match? Would he har long? Could that beardless boy hat one beautiful woman all his own town full of tall and brawny men?

s town full of tall and brawny men? see were only a few of the many ques-men put to each other, as the two sandered up and down the indered up and down the camp, look-riously at all men and all things they

ard night they went to the butcher's ight some meat. They next visited erman baser. Then as the stall went and lifted the gallows to awful prom-e on the high brown hill, over the ard, the beautiful lady, with her weak ovish lover, disappeared from our a little town. It was as if the sun and and the stars had set forever on Can-

took their pipes, however, as was ustom, and sat on their doorsteps and in the twilight; while the bat by, and the coyote called across the to his shaggy mate prowling around warn and the gallows.

saw that the half rootless Cabin had taken few fresh shingles, and that a smoke was surling lazily up from out the ugly, tumbledown old chimney.

It all came to my mind like a flash. The

pretty hady and her boy lover were the two little desperadors I and encountered only the night before in that same old cabin I was more curious now than ever; but I kept n.y own counsel. Later in the evening. I went around to the express office and waited for the arrival of the weekly stage. From the driver I learned that fifty miles away an old man had been seen riding furiously for the settlements and driving two

horses before him.
Curious to know who he was I climbed nto the box with the dusty driver, after be and emptied his stage of mail bags and passengers; and, when he had turned his leaders with a long, lazy swing and was drawing up at the stable, I begin to pump this traditionally dignified and silent master of the road.

"It was Crittenden," laconically answered the driver, as he drew up at the stable and threw the reins to his hostler.

"What! Not old Crittenden that killed—"

"The Crittenden that killed his man last year, and the year before, and is going to kill another this year. You see there's a feller been foolin' with a gal of his. Run

chief been foolin with a gal of his. Itun away with her or somethin' worse. Whoa! Charley. Yes, I will take a cigar. Well, good-night, Jedge.

The boldest men and bloodiest men, too, in all the settlem nits were these Crittendens. A proud old southern family. Poer as poor could be; but so proud! Of course, they were hated, and were feared, too, by the whole country.

the whole country.

No man ever struck hands in friendship with this hard and unhappy family. They were half outlaws, and yet no man could lay any real dishonorable deed at their door, save that of their dreadful use with deadly weapons. Even the women were deadly weapons. Even the women were feared in the settlements, I remember. And now one of them was stolen or gone

And to think that this dreaded head of this clannish and most dreaded family had plead with me for his children, only a few hours before. "His children, indeed! It was the old

man's daughter that had been stolen; not his horses, 'I said to myself, that hight, as I went to bed, and waited to have a good look on the morrow at the woman who could so adroitly draw a derringer.

I saw her; I saw her daily; but she refused to make friends with any one. The two kept patching up the cabin and it began to look as if they had come to slay.

They made inquiries about the mines and gan to look as if they had come to stay.

They made inquiries about the mines and seemed anxious to go to work. One day a miner met them far up the canyon, with pick, pan and shovel. Nothing remarkable about that, except that the woman carried the heavy pick and shovel and led the way; while the man, or rather the boy, carried only the pan and followed timidly behind. Hearing this, I decided in my judicial mind that it was the old man's boy, not his horses, or daughter either, that had been stolen.

They were evidently very poor, however, and, making little headway with the pick, they were soon out of favor with the baker and butcher. It began to be noticed that the smoke sometimes did not rise from the broken old chimney under the shadow of the gallows. At such times the camp pret-ty clearly understood that the two lovers

ere supperless.

A pistol was pawned soon. I called around to the pawnshop frequently now. I was waiting for them to pawn the other pistol. They never did it. And so I did ot call.

not call.

By and by the beautiful woman, who still seemed to growing stout, despite their hunger, began to make bold demands on both butcher and baker. The two made common cause to refuse her absolutely. All this time the lover, husband, brother, or whatever he may have been, kept timidly in the beautypus. the background.
The two were evidently desperate, hun-

gry, starving.
There was a famous, or rather infamous. there was a famous, or rather infamous, house in the heart of town, kept by the Jack of Clubs. The Jack of Clubs was a stout, short, black woman, with a bullet head and a foot like an old fashioned coffin; and when she was mad, and stood straight up, and dug her fists into her ribs, and grew heak in the face with ways, who looked ithe lack in the face with rage, she looked like he Jack of Clubs, and that was why she

as so called.

One day the beautiful woman on the hill under the shadow of the gallows, came lown, walking very fast and alone. She ooked neither to the right nor the left, ut walked straight on down to the house f the Jack of Clubs, knocked, entered. shut the door behind her and disappeared.

The town was appalled! It stood on its feet in silent consternation. It refused to sit down while she remained inside that

Cid Berry went up to a drinking booth Old Berry went up to a drinking booth in the open street, and with one eye fixed on the door of the infamous house, poured out and drank, alone and in silence, a draught that would stagger a sailor. After a while the beautiful woman came out. She, as before, seemed in great haste, and looking neither to the right nor left, but walking very fast, started on up through looking neither to the right nor left, but walking very fast, started on up through the town, toward the cabin on the hill. Men leered at her now. They looked at each other and winked and made faces. Cid Berry boldly crossed her path. She did not speak. She refused to understand that he stood before her, but hastily tred to pass on around. He caught her by the shoulder and spun her about. Then for the first time, her face met his, and something else met his face also; for her arms sprung up like a steel spring, and the short ugly barrel of the derringer glistened in the

ugly barrel of the derringer glistened in the sun just under his nose.

That night there was a fearful storm, and the little brook in the bed of the canyon

began to take to itsself the air of dignity of a river. How the rain did come down! No man sat in his cabin door that night. All took rafuge in the gambling saleons and even in places of less substantial character; and the one topic there was the beautiful stranger on the hill; her morality and immorality: her reckless visit to the wretched place; and, above all, the discomfiture of of their bold leader, Cid Berry. The Jack of Clubs was sought and con-

sulted. She was thoughtful and mysterious. What in the world did the woman want? Was she stavring? Who was she anyhow? What was she? And, above all, what was he? And what manner of man was he to let her come to—?"
"Now, stop, right there! I'll answer ye no questions. She's a woman."

"Yes, she's all woman. That's just what is the metter. Now, stop! Not a word, for I won't answer. The Jack o' Clubs bets the last scad on that ere card. She's a woman and a stranger, and another stranger is a

ming."
"Another stranger! From Oregon?" "No, Cid."
"From Idaho?"

"From-from the states?" "No, no, Cid Berry. From-from," the low; her eyes dropped down timidly for a time; then, clasping her hands, she lifted her face, and, looking up, said: "From— from up there."

It was so still inside the house that the

it a love affair? Men grew bold with a sit a love affair? Men grew bold with a sit a love affair? Men grew bold with a sit a love affair? Men grew bold with a sit a love affair? Men grew bold with a sit a love affair? Men grew bold with a sound blacer mines in the canyon.

It was so still inside the house that the rain outside seemed beating like a hurricane. Cid Berry pushed himself back from the side of the woman, and, without knowing it, took off his hat. Some men went to the window, and looking out at the rain that came dashing down into the town. No man spoke; but one by one they melted away, and left Cid Berry standing there, hinking of the beautiful woman on the hill and the awful mystery of her sex. At last, pulling himself together with great effort, looking down all the time and talking low and embarrassed to the short woman sitting there, he said:

If gold will make up for it, Jack—Mrs. Jack o' Clubs, she shall have the hull mine. I'm going a prospecting in the mornin',

I'm going a prospecting in the mornin' and, Jack, I won't be back for half a year

red up and down the camp, lookly at all men ard all things they
sight they went to the butcher's
some meat. They next visited
abaker. Then as the sun went
ifted the gallows to awful promhe high brown hill, over the
the beautiful lady, with her weak
lover, disappeared from our
town. It was as if the sun and
the stars had set forever on Cantheir pipes, however, as was
m, and sat on their doorsteps
din the twilight; while the bat
and the coyote called across the
nis shaggy mate prowling around
re looking up in that direction. I

She did not come the next day nor the next (perbaps she dreaded the crossing); but early on the third day she was seen to slowly descend toward the town. Men stood watching, waiting. The foot-log was hidden in the depression of the stream, but when she disappeared in this, men looked eagerly for her to reappear.

Pretty soon an object was seen whirled about in the sudden turn of the stream below. A white hand was seen to reach out, and that was all.

low. A white hand was seen to reach out, and that was all.

They recovered the lifeless body far below, and it was buried on the hill, not far from the old cabin under the gallows; but whether by accident or design she died no one could say. Her lover was slicht now as before. Silent? He was savage. And how the camp did abhor that boy now The weak, ruthless, negative little wretch, to let such a woman die! No one would speak to him now. No doubt he was langry; no doubt he was starving. The camp didn't care; the camp, I think, was

glad of it.

But pretty soon the camp began to see that a little circle and wall of stones was being built about the new grave on the hill under the gallows. Some men passing that way one night found that this work was being done by the boy they so heartily glad of it.

that way one night found that this work was being done by the boy they so heartily despised. This fact being noised about, helped him in the eyes of the camp a bit; but still it could never forgive him, and he was left to starve, soul and body, so far as the camp should care.

Singularly enough, in a place so utterly isolated, where every body knew everybody, there began to be frequent and ceckless highway robberies on the road leading to John Day's City. This little chater of shanties was only three miles away. It has long since disappeared from the face of the earth; but still it keeps a firm place on the maps of the country, and looks as big there now as it ever did.

It seemed like a sort of joke te have highway robber amongst us. Men laughed at those who got robbed. Was it not all in fun? Or had the wily Shoshonee Indian adopted this plan to get a little gold dust without digging it from the earth?

One night, as I stood watching the monte game in the saleon, I saw a man, or rather felt a man come up at my side and look me steadily in the face. I did not move or seem to notice this; but I felt my face grow red. Then I saw, or rather, felt this man step back and talk in short, sharp whispers to a companion. This companion hap-

step back and talk in short, sharp whispers to a companion. This companion hap-pened to be a friend of mine, and so, soon as the obtineive party went cut, I went straight up to him and as ked what was the matter.

The man blew a long, curling cloud of

smoke, closed his eyes, and chackied: "It's the robber. He was robbed of his dust last night, and he says it was a little feller, last night, and he says it was a little feller, and a felier without a beard. Sabe?"
"And he means to hint that I.—I, the judge— I'll—I'll murder him!"
"Keep cool, now. You just keep cool. It's got to be some one of us. Ain't it? Here we are. Every body knows everybody. No strangers up from the settlement this season yet. It'll all come out straight. You just keep your shirt on, judge."
And, chuckling as if it was a great joke to be suspected of highway robbery, the man

to be suspected of highway robbery, the man sauntered up to the table and tossed a blue chip on the ace of diamonds. Which one of us was the highwayman? When one or us was the highwayman? It is to be admitted that our moral status was not high. Many of us had been in prison, including the hoaored judicial head of the camp, and there is not a bit of doubt that a great many of us ought to have had a similar and even more extended experience. But all that did not settle the evention as to which one of the real deline. question as to which one of us was defying he gloomy old gallows that looked down

the gloomy old gallows that looked down upon us.

The little circle of rocks grew very slow-ly around the grave on the hill, for the boy was certainly not strong now. Still it was to be seen that he kept steadily on at his singular task—a task of sad, desolate love and devotion.

After a while the boy employed a teamster to haul him down some evergreens from the mountains, to plant on the barren, brown hillside about the grave, inside the little circle of stone.

brown hillside about the grave, inside the little circle of stone.

The teamster, doubtful of his inability to pay, demanded his hire in haud. The boy at once gave him a large nugget of gold, and turning away, went on up the hill to his cabin.

The teamster ran to Cid Berry with the The teamster ran to Cid Berry with the nugget. Constern ton, curses, and then laughter. Berry had been robbed of this same nugget only the night before. That remaining Derringer was doing its work.

And do you know we all suddenly came to like that little highwayman of ours? He to like that little highwayman of ours? He was now even a greater hero than Cid Berry, who had siain an Indian chief. Hang him? He was a hero now, a sort of Alexander. Canyon City had a highway robber—a sort of special highway robber of her own. And such a handsome, young, and dashing Dick Turpin it was, too! All this would get in the papers. All this would make our town famous in the land. We were particularly proud of our mysterion.

were particularly proud of our mysterious and sentimental little robber. The nugget, however, was not returned, though Cid Berry proudly refused to prosecute. Perhaps it was hunger that drove our hero once more and very soon to the h ghway, for in a short time another rob bery was attempted. This time, unfortu-nately, our hero attacked two men who had newly come to the camp, and he was sho

dead in his tracks.

When these men told what they had done they were o reed and despised. A party went out in the darkness and brought the body into town. It was laid out on a monte-table, and the camp now filling up with men from the settlements, came pouring its people into the saloon to see th

orpse. Beautiful, very beautiful, was the face. The hands were so small and delicate! One of them still held the ugly little pistol. And when on examination, it was found to not be loaded, the indignation against the two men was boundless.
Suddenly a stranger, who had pushed his way through the crowd, threw up his

"It's Crittenden! Yes, it is! You know the girl that was betrayed at the Forks and they said had gone to 'Friscoe to hide? "Kate Crittenden?" two hards and cried: "Yes, Kate Crittenden, Well, this here

is her sister."
"Brether, you mean."
"No I mean sister. That murdered creature there is a girl. See!"
And springing forward he loosened the great folds of sable hair from the shapely head till it swent down over the gambling head, till it swept down over the gamb table to the floor,—The Independent.

Love That Was Not Blissful.

From the Chicago Tribune. Seated by the ruddy light of the grate fire whose flickering served only to illumine the room with the dim half light that one sees so often in one of Rembrand's best works or a saloon after 12 o'clock p. m., Mabel was thinking. The door bell rang, and in an instant a servant ushered into the and in an instant a servant ushered into the room a fair-haired young man whom Mabel greeted cordially. They talked of commonplace subjects for a while, but finally George W. Simpson spoke the words that had been in his heart so long—told Mabel of his strong, deathless love for her, and how he should never be happy until he felt that it was returned. Rising from the chair in which she was seated, Mabel went to him, and, placing her hand in his, said in a low, tremulous voice: "Yes, George, I am prond of your love, and I love you in return."

George drew to his heart the beautiful

George drew to his heart the beautiful girl who had said these sweet words, and together they walked slowly to an open window, and were soon standing on a vine-"Here, sweetheart," said Georgo, "here, with the stars in all their purity looking down upon us, let me give you our betrothal kiss.

"While these words were being spoken

HOUSE AND FARM.

Recipes. THREE KINDS OF CAKE FROM ONE Re-PE.—The house-keeper who is limited to time and materials, will find the folas to time and materials, will find the fol-lowing recipe a most excelent one: 1 lb. flour, 1 lb. sugar, 3-4 lb. of butter, 10 eggs. Mix as for cake. Divide into three parts; take one-third, flavor with lemon or to taste, and bake as a pound dake. Mix 1 capful of taisins, 1 capful currants; piece ditron, cut thin, spices to taste; with second one third, and bake as a fruit dake. To the remainder add flour enough to roll, cut, and fry as crullers.

the remainder add flour enough to roll, cut, and fry as crullers.

COOKIES.—I cupful of sugar; half cupful of butter or lard (if lard is used, one-third teaspoenful of salt will be required), half cupful of sweet milk; teaspoonful of soda, 1 egg; flour sufficient to roll thin.

BAKED INDIAN PRINCIPAL COURSE. BAKED INDIAN PUDDING -- 1 quart of

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—I quart of milk, I cupful of molasses New Orleans best), I teaspoonful salt, 1.4 lb. of suet, and salt, stirring constantly to prevent its becoming lumpy; remove from the fire, and lot it partially cool; then stir in the molasses, and cloves, and all spice. Pour into an earthen baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven 3.4 of an hour. Raisins are very good in it also. e very good in it also.

Farming Brevities. A Michigan gardener picked 530 bean from a single stalk. A quarier-acre patch of Connecticut corn is mentioned with stalks 15 1-2 feet high and "seven ears on each stalk."

The object of the farmer should be to necesse the product, improve the quality, and decrease the cost per bushel. R would be interesting, says the London Daily News, to know how much of the over 110,000 tons of American meat sold out of the Central-Market of that city 'has been retailed as English meat at English

Chicago is the champion city for sauer kraut, selling each year fully 10,000 barrels of that fragrant Teutonic vegetable com-pound.

Twin lambs are not desirable; it is better to have one good lamb than two poor ones, and few ewes can nurse two vigorous lambs. There is No art in breeding known by which twin lambs can be always and certainly secured. Some ewes habitually produce fwins, and their lambs may inherit the habit.

habit.

Sheep faising is a profitable business in Texas. In June, 1879, a gentleman re i ling in Kinney county invested \$1,800 in sheep. List August he sold his flock of 3,400 head for \$7,660. The mutton he had perviously sold was sufficient to more than cover his expenses.

expenses.

Gradually but surely our farmers are realizing the necessity of uniting stock with grain farming, and rotating their land in pasture, hay and grain, instead of devoting it exclusively to grain year after year, as has been too universally the practice, with attendant results of impoverishing and running the farm to weeds.

Nowhere are intelligence and superior signactry more needed than in farming." So says Mr. W. Chamberlain, an experienced agriculturist, and the present secretary of the Ohio state board of agriculturists. culture. Good farmers, who like their pro-fession, have long been aware of that fact, and we may say it is beginning to be genrally believed and understood.

Trades for the Boys. Not long ago a New York acquaintance of ours inserted a four line advertisement in one of the dailies for a book-keeper. He received responses from six hundred and seventy-three applicants, nearly all of whom asked for very moderate wages, much less than he was willing and expected to pay. Recently we had occasion to advertise for three employes for the business department of the American Agriculturist, and ever since we have been fairly deluged with replies. Were all these culturist, and ever since we have been fairly deluged with replies. Were all these letters to be opened, one person would be occupied not a little time daily in assorting and answering them. If there be such a condition of affairs in the dull summer months of August, how large must be the number of fruitless seekers for clerical positions during the active periods of the year, when so many flock to the metropolis in quest of employment. Turning now to the trades, we discover that there has been a most active demand for men in every branch. Superintendents and masters tell branch. Superintendents and masters tell us that, owing to the large number of buildings going up, they have been unable to secure a sufficient supply of good workmen. The erection of many structures has been postponed owing to this scarcity of childentiations.

been postponed owing to this scarcity of skilled artisans, and the latter have been skilled artisans, and the latter have been able to almost command their own terms. This seemingly unnatural condition of affairs is not due to any unexpected demand for artisans, but to the growing ambition of both parents and sons to have the latter "rise" in the world; to be somebody, as it is termed. Youths merging into manhood desire to wear store clothes rather than outfits of the workshop. They do not wish to handle the hammer, saw, trowel, and other tools as their fathers did, and the fathers share in their feelings. And so the work of crowding clerical channels goes on until now many thousands of men in on until now many thousands of men in New York alone bitterly regret that they did not learn some trade, which would always have commanded them work and good wages, and have made them independent and not subject to the fluctuating fortunes of this or that business house where they may be employed. The pulgit and

tunes of this or that business house where they may be employed. The pulpit and the press cannot engage in a better work than in combating these false ideas as to the hobility of manuel labor. In a comparatively young and wonderfully growing country like our own, the artisan, like the farmer, is and will continue to be a most important factor. In the west where land is cheap, boys brought up to farming had better stick to that occupation, as it will pay the best in the long run. If any should be possessed of mechanical skill or tastes, let them seek the trades, but not clerical work, save as a last resort. work, save as a last resort. Salt for Wheat Fields. F. P. Root, Monroe county, N. Y.

F. P. Root, Monroe county, N. Y.

Salt is used as a fertilizer, and usually with beneficial effect on crops. It is known, however, that a too liberal application of it will destroy vegetation. The refuse salt from the Onondaga salt works is used quite commonly in western New York on wheat lands. It is applied sometimes on the growing crop in spring, but usually on the field and worked into the soil previous to seeding. A much langer quantity may be used when worked into the soil than when applied directly to the crop; 300 or 400 pounds ner acre may be sown broadcast on the crop, though one barrel of 280 pounds is about the usual quantity used, and three or four times that quantity may be worked into the soil with safety. Used in this way it is beneficial in destroying insects and worms in the soil, as well as to promote growth and early maturity of the crop. It is not claimed that salt is a direct fertilizer, for sodium is not found to be an element of plant food to any great extent in the cereal crops, but a mechanical effect is somehow produced which is beneficial to vegetation to a limited extent. Last season one of my neighbors used over four tons of salt on thirty acres of wheat land. vegetation to a limited extent. Last season one of my neighbors used over four tons of salt on thirty acres of wheat land, worked into the soil before seeding, for which he thinks the crop was much improved; the vield was over thirty bushels per acre of superior quality of wheat. The straw of grain when treated with salt is usually brighter and cleaner of rust or fungi than elsewhere, which would seem to show a more healthy condition of the plant.

Keeping Winter Squashes. From the Inter Ocean. An Iowa subscriber writes that when he comes to Chicago, no matter what the time of year, he finds at hotels and resturants delicious squash pies, evidently made from some variety of winter squash. He wants to know if he is right in this conjecdown upon us, let me give you our betrothal kiss.

While these words were being spoken Mabel's father had come silently into the parlor, and, seeing the open window had stepped to it and heard all.

Five minutes later George was on the corner waiting for a street car. A friend came up. "Are you going to the ball this evening?" he said "No." answered George. while a pained look flitted across his features; "I'm going to the county hospital."

The box-toed boot had done its deadly work well.

The whole amount of national bank note outstanding at the present time is about \$358,000,000, which is over\$40,000,000 more than in 1877, and \$5,000,000 more than in 1877, and \$5,000,000 more than in 1877, and \$5,000,000 more than ever before. This may account in some degree for the abundance of money, the business boom, and high prices generally.

Benefits of Female Society

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woothers who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in
the society of men, superior to her sex in
general? Solely because they me in the
habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way
loose their frivolity, their faculties awaken,
their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all
hely beauty and cartifaction in the wints of their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men loss their pedantic, rude declamatory or fullen manner. The coin of the understanding manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their aspersites are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship, by the fingers of women than it ever could be those of men. The iron and sieel of their characters are hidden, like the character and arms. Ye ginnt by study the character and armo Na giant, by stude and knots of gold and precious stones when they are not wanted in actual warfare

A TRAGEDY.

From the Boston Pilot.
A soft-breasted bird from the sea.
Fell in loys with a lighthouse flame;
And it wheeled round the tower on its airi wing; And floated and cried like a lovelorn thing; It brooded all day and it fluttered all night; But could win no look from the stead(ast light

For the flame had its heart afar-Afar with the ships at sea;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
Of darkness and danger to sallors' lives;
But the bird had its tender bosom prossed
On the glass, where at last it dashed its breast.
The light only flickored, the brighter to glov But the bird lay dead on the rocks below. John Boyle O' Reilly.

A SKELETON'S STORY.

The Dead Fat Woman and Her Rival, Ha nah Baitersby—The Shadowy Husband o the M. mmoth Queen Tells of His Wile's Avoirdupois with Glee and Sneors at All

rom the Philadelphia Press. 'I am no longer the Living Skeleton, th Eighth Wonder of the World, the Star At-raction of the Quintuplexal Aggregation of Resplendent Curiosities—no longer do I excite the wender of the masses and cause the small boy to pinch my attenuated legs and make fun of my muscle--I am getting

John Battersby, for twenty years the thinnest man in America, but who has gained enough flesh during the last seven years to bar him out of the Living Skeleton business, spoke mournfully yesterday as he felt an arm that once could be spanned with telt an arm that once could be spanned with thumb and finger from wrist to shoulder. Battersby, with his nephew, now conducts a prosperous blacksmithing business at Main and Tacony streets, Frankford. A painful accident in 1873, injuring his spine and hips, has deprived him of the use of nis lower limbs, and he sits in the shop in comfortable wheeling chair every day, diecting operations. The Living Skeleton of en years ago, is a fairly handsome man. A full, sunbrowned face, made venerable by an iron-gray beard two feet in length, a pair of gray eyes, with good-natured wrinkles at the corners, a high, square orehead, a well-cut nose and mouth, make forehead, a well-cut nose and mouth, make up the countenance of a man who has puzzled the most astule physiologists; who has traveled 100,000 miles, and been exhibited before millions. He is the husband of Hannah Battersby, the famous fat woman, who tips the beam to-day at 726 pounds and who is now traveling on the "road" with a side show

with a side show.
OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION GONE. "Yes, sir," continued the former Shadow, with a sigh, "Othello's occupation's gone. When I look back and think of the day I weighed 59 pounds my heart grows sad. I feel that Fate has been unkind to me. Just think of it! Here I am, weighter the set 195 pounds and preparations the set 195 pounds and preparations. ing at least 125 pounds, and increasing. It is simply frightful to a man who once could have a lantern shine through him. And what do you think was the cause of a? Nothing but an accident. Yes, sir. In 1873 a miserable horse became frightened, at one of the dummy engines and throw me out of the wagon, injuring my spine, hip and shoulder. From that day I began to pick up in flesh, and now I'm no card or even a five cent show," and the Shad-ow of other days glared savagely at his un-

"Are there any other living skeletons rattling around through the country now?" asked the reporter.

"Oh! yes," was the reply; "several of em. There's Aleck Montague, Dan Major, who is six feet two inches high, Joe Brown, almost thin enough to crawl through a rein-spout, a fellow named Davis from Vermont, a regular billiard-cue, and several others who can cast the same sized shadow as a bean-pole. The mostactive rivals in my day were Isaac Sprague and Calvin Edson, the original living skeleton, both of whom were very thin, but I think I could getaway with either of 'em, although the two couldn't get up a shadow together if they tried. Au Irishman who saw me with Barnum said: 'Wull, Sprague's thin and Edson's thin, d—d ay yez ain't thinner thon both uv them put tilgether!"

"When did you degin to lose flesh?"

"At the age of 15 orthereabouts," was the reply. I begun falling away without any perceptible cause, going gradually from 126 pounds down to 90 and then to 85. At the age of 21 I weighed just 82 pounds. Barnum took hold of me und I proved quite "Are there any other living skeletons rat

the age of 21 I weighed just 82 pounds. Barnum took hold of me and I proved quite a card. The lightest I ever weighed was in the spring of 1853, when I tripped the beam at 59. I ate three good meals a day, felt well, never knew a pain or ache and for a whole year I puzzled the doctors so that they tore their hair and gave up solving the problem as a bad job. I gained slightly in weight after the latter part of '55 and ran up to 62, and then to 67, 69 and finally to 72, at which rate I remained until I met with the accident. In 1862 I married Hanmah Perkins, the fat woman, who was then
a delicate girl of 480 pounds. To-day'
continued the bygone attenuation, with a
flush of honest pride," she is the boss fat
woman of the world. I continued in the
show business until 1873, as I told you before and then retired. My wife still tray.

fore, and then retired. My wife still trav WAS SHE MARY POWER? "Were you acque inted with Anna Craig, the fat woman who died at Indianspolis on Tuesday, and who is said to have weighed

800 pounds?"
"There is no such woman as Anna Craig," "There is no such woman as Anna Craig," was the emphatic reply, "and there was never a woman lived who actually weighed 800 pounds. A New York paper states in an interview that the dead—oman was known also as Rosina Richardson. That is totally incorrect. "Rosy" Richardson died five years ago in Florida. She was another person altogether. From the description and the mention of the former homes of this woman I think it is Mary Power, who traveled with John Power as her brother, but who was in reality her husband. And then, as to the claim of being even one of the heaviest women, it is fudge. Why, my wife beats them all, bless her big body. I remember well the day that the old man—that's P. T. Barnum—sent William Coupover to Germany to secure the champion fat woman. It was said that she beat everything. Bill came back on the next steamer and met me at the door of Barnums museum. He was disgusted. "Where's fatty? said he, meaning my wife. Inside,' said I. Bill went in and met her with tears in his eyes. "Fatty,' said he, in a husky voice, live here every to get a bigger." Bill went in and met her with tears in his eyes. 'Fatty,' said he, in a husky voice, I've been over to Germany to get a bigger fat, woman than you. I've come back without her. Fatty, you're still the Mammoth Queen, and the Dutch giantess is a fraud. She don't come near you by a hundred and a half.' No, indeed." went on Mr. Batterby, as he recounted the incident with great pleen "i'vene of 'em have ever heen sails to

glee, 'none of 'em have ever been able to equal her. P. T. Barnum to-day has \$5,000 to put up that she is the largest woman in the world " The spouse of the elephantine Hannah was very much amused at the claims of several alleged giantesses who were travel-ing through the country on exhibition and spoke particularly of the bearded fat

woman.

"I can pick out a couple of women in Frankford," said he, derisively, "who can beat her all to pieces. Why, you can sit alongside of that woman in a railroad car, and I'll bet my head nobody can sit in the same seat with my wife." As if satisfied that this illustration placed his enormous partner on the top round of fame's ladder the past skeleton reverted to his condition and looked at his legs again, with the sad retrain, "I'm getting fat. I'm getting fat."

A brother arose in a weekly prayer-meeting in New Jersey and said, "Brethern, when I consider the shortness of life I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

One Stew.

One Stew.

A finicky, finssy, round little man stepped up to the first waiter in a fiew cyster saloon in Sixth avenue, and said:

"Have you set any real nice, frosh, good cysters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not too fat; you know—but not thin, either. I want them just exactly right, and I want them perfectly frosh."

"How will you have them—half shell?"

"Stop a moment," said the little man; "if you have got just the right kind in just the right condition, please take a pint of small ches (not too small, you know) and strain the juice on them; put them fina fran which has been scoured and dried, and then add a little butter (good, pure butter) and a add a little butter (good, pure butter) and a little milk (rot New York milk, but real country cow's milk), then place the pan over a coal fire, and be careful to keep the over a coal fire, and be careful to Reep the pan in motion so as not to let the oysters of the milk burn; add a little juice, if you choose, and then watch the pan closely, so that the exact moment it comes to a boil you can whip it off. At the same time have a deep dish warring near at hand, and when you see the first sign of boiling empty the pan into the dish. Do you think you can remember that?" you can remember that?"
"One stew!" the waiter called out.

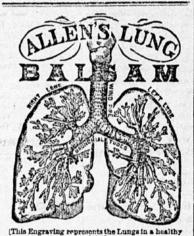
A Kiss on the Siy.

From the Philadelphia Times. There is to be found much refreshment in a well-proportioned kiss. This much everybody acknoweledges, though only a frank few have acknowledged it openly. And it is a curious fact, as yet unexplained by the philosopher, that the slyer the kiss is the more there is in it of refreshment. A kiss that is payed as a forfeit before a whole room full of people, is prosaic, not to say embarfaising. The girl laughs, which spoils the romance, and the fellow, ten to one, blushes—neither of them thinking much of it, and they both are apt pretty seen to forwer all phont it.

soon to forget all about it.

But let the same fellow kiss the same girl when nobody is looking—and the situation is as different as possible. That sort of a kiss, fired off in a hurry behind a door or in a conservatory, is like an electric shock, and is as sweet as cream. The taste of it sort of holds on and constantly suggests the propriety—or impropriety, as the case may be—of trying it again. And the laugh-ing and blushing are exactly reversed. The fellow laughs without spoiling the romance a bit, and the girl blushes like a pink carn-

It is queer that the very same thing should, under slightly altered circumstances, be so entirely different, nor is it any the less queer because the difference has exist-ed from the earliest ages of the world.



[This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

IN MANY HOMES. ughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and a ections of the Throat and LUNGS, trivaled and utterly beyond competition. IN CONSUMPTIVE CASES it approaches so near a specific that "Ninety-five' per cent. are permanently cured where the direction are strictly complied with. There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

As an Expectorant it Has No Equal! It Contains No Opium in Any Form J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors, CINCINNATI O.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ST. PAUL TRADE LIST

This list includes none but well known and reliable drms, with which transactions by mail and express will beasie and satisfactory, and which lovite person-ity lists from strangers when in St. Paul. Corres-pondents with any firm in this list please mention Artists' Materials and Frames. STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 15 East Third St.
Paper and Stationery.
C. S. WHITE & CO., 71 East Third Street. Druggists-Wholesale. INDEKE, LADD & CO., 13 E. Third Street. ARTHUR, WARREN & ABBOTT, E. 3d St.

Pawnbroker. C. LYTLE, 41 Jackson St., opp. Morchants. Pumps—Wood and Iron. WILSON & ROGERS, 24 East Third Street. Scales and Wind Mills. Stoves and Ranges. Ag. Imp., Sewing Machines, Wagons, Buggles MAHLER & THOMSON, 408 Jackson Street

Iron, Blacksmiths' & Wagon Makers' Supplies NICOLS & DEAN, Cor. Third and Sibley Sta (arbolisalve

immediately relieves the pain of Scalds. Burns and buts and boals without leaving a sear. It cures Piles ever Sores, Indoord Ulcers, Chaps, Chafer, Chilbiatina, Scaly Emptions, Hehing and Irritations and all Diseases of the Skin and Scalp.

OAUTION.—Get Cole's Caribolisative and see that the wrapper is black and the letters given.

AT Prices 25 cents and 75 cents a box. Sold by all drugslats. Prepared only by J. W. COLE & CO. Black River Falls, Wis. PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!-For

DLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! THAIS! THAIS!—FOR Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Tempersonce Plays, Drawing Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pautomimes, Tablerut Lights, Magne-ium Lights, Colored Fire, Burni Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jariev's Warwick, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, Costumes, Charades, and Paper Scenery. New Catalogues sent free, containing full description and prices. SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 E. 14th St., New York. \$ 7 7 7 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me. \$225 A MONTH-AGENTS WANTED-90 best selling articles in the world; I sample free Address Juy Bronson, Detroit, Mich. All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards, no two alike, name on, 10 cfs. C. DePuy, Syracuse, N. Z. 2 Fancy Written CARDS for 25c: 50 for 90c: 100 for \$1.75, by mail. C. K. BERG, Cresco, Ia.

YOUNG MEN If you would learn Telegraphy in stuation, address valentine Brog., Janesville, Wis., \$65 free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Me. \$5 10 \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Ma. RUPTURE

Adjusted and oursed without the injury trasses Belleved and oursed without the injury trasses Belleved and you will be a support to the book with photographic likewasses of beds cases before and after ours males for the Service of reactions intuitions.

WISCONSIN 500,000 Acres On the line of the WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R. For full particulars, which will be sent free, address
CHARLES L. COLISY,
Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wie

TOOLS. MECHANICS TOOLS Best Asserted Stook in the State. Full line of Erown and Sharp's Machanias' tools and Boat-Builders' Hardware and Moulders' Tools. Parties building out of town can have estimates made for complete bill of Hardware, by sending plans or tracings, and will find it to their edventage to do so. Builders and Machanias will find it to their advantage, as regards quality and price, to expurpend with us before ordering. F. G. Diarrik & CO., 38 East Third Street, St. Faul, Minn.

PISO'S CURE PORCE The Best Cough Syrup is Piso's Cure for Consumption. It acts quick and it tastes good. one small,—bottle large, herefore the cheapest as well 25c. and \$1.00 per bottle

The very high degree of excellence to which the instruction of deaf-mittee has been brought is evidenced by the condition of a Mr. Thomas Driscoll, a deaf-mute of New York, etc. Mr. Driscoll has been taught by the order method of of instruction and though a deaf-mute he is able to hear with his eyes and can readily speak both German and French. Of course, his mastery of language was a purely mechanical effort. This young man has now passed his final examination for college and is now a freshman in Columbia college, where he ntends fitting himself as a civil engineer.

The New York Chipper lately cited the case of Captain Jacob Schmidt, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., who had been a great sufferor with rheumatism for many years. He used St. Jacobs Oll with splendid success.

It has cost Sarah M. Gould, of Lansing-ton, N. Y., \$1 000 in damages and costs to let her dog bite a small boy. Still there are times in human experience when the privilege would be chesp at this price.

Jackson, Mich. Daily Patriot. From the Atlanta (Ga.) Sunday Phonograph: The editor of the Pikes county News has been cured of rheumatism by St.

Jacobs Oil.

We learn from Mess. Moore & Humphrey, that St. Jacobs Oil is regarded as the very best selling liniment ever sold, and is giving the highest satisfaction. It has effected

the highest satisfaction. It has effected many good cures.

There is a certain class of remedies for constipation absolutely useless. These are bolusus and potious made in great part of podophyllin, aloes, rhubarb, gambogs and other worthless ingredients. The damage they do to the stomachs of those who use them is incalculable. They evacuate the bowels, it is true, but always do so violently and profusely, and besides gripe the bowels. Their effect is to worken both them and the stomach. Better far to use the sgreeable and salutary aperient, Hostetter's Stomacu Bitters, the laxative effects of which is never preceded by pain, or accompanied by a coavulary, violent action of the bowels. On the contrary, it invigorates these organs, and the stomach and the entire eystem. As a means of curing and preventing malarial fevers, no medicine can compare with it, and it remedies nervous debility, rheumatism, kidnoy and bladder inactivity, and other inorganic allments.

For dyspepsis, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and chur intermittent fevers, has defined by classical, Hazard & Co, of New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

When Mr. Moody beld his celebrated many good cures.

When Mr. Moody beld his celebrated revival in Chicago, he was asked which class of people he had the most difficulty in conerting. He promptly replied, "Newpaper

Don't Get The Chills.

If you are subject to Ague you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks. The remedy to use is Kidney-Wort, either in dry or liquid form.—Pioneer Press.

Warwick Castle has been holding high festival on the occasion of the heir and his bride arriving there. Lady Warwick was "at home" to 7,000 people. The Best Proof of Merit.

is uniform success, and on this basis Warner's
Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is without doubt
one of the greatest remedies in the land.

Chicago is the champion city for sauerkraut, selling each year fully 10,000 barrels
of that fragrant Teutonic vegetable comound.

Are you aware that a simple cough often terminates in Consumption? Why not be wise in time, and use Allen's Lung Balsam, which will stop the disease and prevent the fatal conse-

For sale by all medicine dealers.

For sale by all medicine dealers.

Henry J. Gully, one of the assessins of the Chisolm family, is running for the legislature in Mississippi.

From observing the effects of petroleum upon the heads of operatives at the wells come the shrewd Pittsburgher's great discovery Carboline, a dedorized extract of petroleum, this is the only article that will produce new hair on bald heads. It never fails.

A quarter-acre patch of Connecticut corn is mentioned with stalks 15 1-2 feet high and "seven ears on each stalk."

Druggists all over the Union are sending in heavy orders for Glenn's Sulphur Soap to Crittenton's Central Medicine Warehouse, No. 7 Sixth Avenue, which is its depot of supply. Their customers pronounce it an unequaled purifier.

The object of the farmer should be to increase the product, improve the quality, and decrease the cost per bushel. Women that have been bedridden for ears have been entirely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamblets.

A Michigan gardener picked 530 beans from a single stalk.

Ten Thousand Letters.

Between eight and ten thousand letters have been received by the proprietor of the White Wine of Tar Syun, from parties claiming to have been cured of consumption by its use.

Use Redding's Russia Salve.—Cuts, burns.

"Rough on Rats."
The thing desired faund at last. Ask druggists for Rough on Rats. It clears out rats, microaches, flies, bedbugs, 15c boxes.

The regular Frazer axie grease saves money for the consumers. The light-colored or yellow loosens the spokes.

Skinny Men.

Wells' Health Renewer,—Absolute cure for nervous debility and Weakness of the generative functions. \$1. at aruggists. Prepaid by Exp. \$1.25. E. S. Wells, Jerrey City, N. J.

Don't Die in the Honse.

Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, nice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs. 15c.

To have good bread use National Yeast.

Ecscued from Death. William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent blending of the Lunes followed by VIOLERT BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I soon began to loss my appetite and fiesh. Was so weak I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1577 was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. I was so far gone a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told ma of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I laughed, thinking my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive. "I write that those afflicted with Discused Lungs will be induced to take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CANDE CURED. I have taken two bottles and can positively say it has done more good than all other medicines I have taken since my elekness. Sold by druggists.

Uncle Fam's Nerve and Bone Linimens

Uncle Fam's Nerve and Bone Liniment as most efficient in Rheumatiam, Bruises, Burna, Scratches and many other ills incident to man and beast. Sold by all Druggiets. Save your Harness by oiling it with Uncle Sam's Harness Oil, which will keep it soft and plial le. This is the best Oil ever made for leather. Sold by all Harness Makers. leather. Sold by all Harness Makers.

Uncle Sam's Cundition Powder prevents disease, purifies the blood, improves the appetite, gives a smooth glossy coat, and keeps the animal in good condition. All Druggiests sell it. Do not neglect a Cough or Cold, Eilert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry is a standard remedy in all throat, astimatic and bronchisl affections, and has saved many valuable lives. It never fails to give satisfaction. Sold by all Druggiests.

never fails to give satisfaction. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Jaque's German Worm Cakes are an effectual and safe remedy for worms. They are pleasant to take and not only destroy the worms, but remove all traces of them from the system, leaving the child healthy and attrong. They are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Sold by all Druggists.

For Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint and all billious derangements of the blood, there is no remedy as sure and safe as Eilert's Daylight Liver Phils. They stand unrivalled in removing bile, toning the stomach, and in giving healthy action to the liver. Sold by all Druggists.

gists.

Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup has never failed to give immediate relief when used in cases of Summer Complaint, Cholera-infantum or pains ain the stomach. Mothers when your little darlings are suffering from these or kindred causes do not hesitate to give it a trial, you will surely be pleased with the charming effect. Be sure to buy Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup. Sold by all Druggists, only 25 cents per bottle.

Sample Letter—One Among the Many. N. P. JUNCTION, Oct 2, 1891.—S. Blackford, Dear Sir.: I have used all of my medicine—Dr. Halliday's Blood Purifier, and think I am gettingslong well. My wife thinks it is doing her good and I wantyou to send \$10.00 worth more. Send C. O. D. Address S.J. Renny, N. P. Junction. Minn.

and other processis and the saicous with

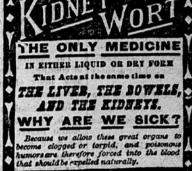
A TOUGH HORSE STORY.

just as it appeared? A cu of sagacity in the horas one in the stables of Mr. A. Toug on North Elm street. Mr. T. has for a long time been in the habit of using Sr. Jacob Off., the Great German Remedy, in his extensive stables. Among Mr. T.'s many horses is a great, powerful Canadian draught horse. This animal in course of time got so that that he knew the Sr. Jacobs Off. bottle very well; so well, in fact, that one day recently on Mr. T.'s return from business, upon entering the stables he caught him licking the sore shoulder of a beast which stood beside him; the animal, giving a wiss



survey to his licking work, turned his head and caught up with his teeth from the box used as its receptable a bottle of ST. JACOBS OHE. He threw the bottle on the floor with violence enough to break it, and then deliberately licked up the ST. JACOBS OHE and applied it to the cut. Readers, we have seen the laws of association belied by beings with less sense than Toughman's horse. The word has passed among us, and when we see a man who won't try the Oil, we say, 'He is worse than Toughman's horse.'"
To many this may appear as a very "tough" story; aild were there not proofs innumerable of the efficacy of the Great German Remedy they would be justified in so designating it. The testimony, however, is plentiful and pointed, and is from people whose long experience in matters appertaining to horsefiesh entitles their opinions to profound consideration and respect.

St. P. N. U.



KIDNEY-WORT WILL SURELY CURE KIDNEY DISEASES.

LIVER COMPLAINTS,
PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY
DISEASER, FEMALE WEAKNESSEA,
AND NERVOUS DISORDERS, y causing free action of these organs as by causing free action of these strategies, why suffer Billous pains and aches? Why suffer Billous pains and aches? Why tormeated with Piles, Constipation? Why frightened over disordered Kidneys? Why endure nervous or sick headaches? Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health. Note put up in Bry Vegetable Form, in sicans one package of which makes all quarte canceleine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it rated. EF It acts with equal efficiency in sither form GFT IT OF TOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, \$1.0 WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's,

Will send the dry post-paid.) BURI

BRASS BAND LEADERS will find our new 60 Page Catalogue INDISPENSABLE. INDISPENSABLE.

It gives information on important facts concerning the Onyan ization and Management of Band. Indicates, which all leaders should know. It also represents our immense stock of BRACS BAND SUPPLIES, which combines everything necessary to the complete make up of a first-class Brass I and or Orchestra, and on which we quote lowest Eastern prices. Send your address and we will mail one to you, free.

DYER & HOWARD, St. Paul and Minneapolls.

Send for our New Illustra-ted Price-List No. 30, for Fall and Win-Send for our ter of 1881. Free to any address. Contains full description of all kinds of goods for personal and family use. We deal

goods in any quantity at wholesale prices. You can buy better and cheaper than at MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

directly with the consumer, and sell all

227 and 229 Wabash Avenue.Chicago,Ill 5,000 Agents Wanted for Life of It contains the full history of his noble and eventry life and dastardly assassination. Surpleal treatment, death, tuneral obsequies, etc. The best chase of your life to make money. Beware of "catchpany" initions. This is the only authentic and fully fill astrated life of our marty cel President. Fine sice portraits Exira terms to Agents. Circulars from Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

\$72. A week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outlit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me. PRICE \$20, 83 FAY This N. N. Singer Sewing Methods of the best ever made—sews it casy, very handsome, quiet, simple, convenient, and Warnated Spears, Sent any 5 days trial. For y it also should be sent to the state of the state of

For Two Cenerations

The good and staunch old stand-by, MEXICAN MUS-TANG LINIMENT, has done more to assuage pain, relieve suffering, and save the lives of men and beasts than all other men and beasts than all other liniments put together. Why's Because the Mustang penetrates through skin and flesh to the very bone, driving out all pain and soreness and morbid secretions, and restoring the afflicted part to sound and supple health.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE WATCHES American Wateh Co. GUNS Break West Class West