WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XIII. CONTINUED.

"Well, sir, I can tell you the trouble. He would choose his own time for selling his grain, and he received one dollar per bushel for his wheat and twenty-five cents a bushel for his corn. I had to sell when Lord Sanders' agent demanded the rent, and got sixty cents per bushel for my wheat and fifteen cents for corn. On the two you can see quite a margin for freedom; yes, freedom! I am bound under an iron clad lease almost as binding as a bill of sale used to be in slavery times!"

"But you need not stay here if the terms do not suit you," remarked the duke.

"That's true. But here I have a shelter; my wife and child are quite comfortable. If I should leave here I might do even worse. Some of the tenants on Lord Sanders' estate have a terrible struggle to get along. One day last winter when the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero, I went to a tenant's house, and there they were boiling whole corn to keep them from starving. Their fire was made of roots dug from the earth ten miles distant and brought home to burn to keep them from freezing. Oh, I could tell you tales of sufferings that would make your heart ache. If there is any more suffering in Ireland than right here on Lord Sanders' estate, God pity them! Here in this beautiful country where everything grows in abundance! I went round to the different families and gathered up provisions to keep one family from starving to death."

"What made the people so poor?" asked the duke.

"Because they had to sell all they could raise to pay the rent, that the greedy landlords may live in ease and luxury in some foreign city, where he cannot see or hear of the misery he causes. While the thrifty farmers, like neighbor Jones, who have their own homes, must pay their own lawful taxes and a portion for my Lord Sanders beside."

"Why man how do you make that out?" asked the duke. "Your neighbor has improved his lands, while Lord Sanders has not, that makes the difference."

"That is just where the injustice comes in. If Lord Sanders had to pay taxes on that naked land and not on the improvements, he would soon be willing to sell some of his hundred thousand acres. But while he can shirk out of the taxes and receives a good rent, he will not sell any of his broad fields, though offered five times their real value."

"You are rather hard on the land owner," said the duke. "If you could carry your theory into practice you would make a fine mess of the finances of your country. It might benefit the small farmers, but it would be hard on the landlords who hold large estates."

"Well, sir, we would be willing they should suffer a little. They have bled the people long enough. Beside, the lands of this country were intended for the many, not for the few. I would like to see the man who owns the lands live on them and use them himself, and not have the power to grind the life out of the unfortunate man who has not been blessed with rich relations, fat offices or lucky opportunities, by which he can buy or steal titles to lands that God made free as the air we breathe, for all to enjoy and use, not to monopolize and abuse."

"Then you would make null and void all titles to lands?" asked the duke.

"As a means of wealth and speculation I would, but not as a means of life. I believe laws should be made by which titles to lands would be granted for use and occupation only. And that all taxes should be levied on land values, but nothing on improvements. Why, as it is now, there is a premium offered to the man who can hold the most land and make the least improvements. As it is now, if you build a house you are taxed for it. If you plant a tree or shrub, or do anything to add beauty to your home, you must pay for the luxury in additional taxes. Lords Sanders knows how that is. He will not even put a coat of paint on that old shanty or dig a well for fear of his taxes being heavier."

"Are there many of your opinion in this settlement?" asked the duke.

"Yes, sir, nearly all the tenants and farmers generally believe as I do. But we tenants are not free to vote as we please. We must follow an unprincipled agent and vote with him or be evicted. Talk about freedom and progress! We are not free, but we belong to a class of serfs and slaves. We are slaves of the foreign landlord all because he has been allowed to invest his wealth in American soil. But it will not always be so," said the man with warmth. "These foreign landlords," he continued, "think they are riding an ass, but they may yet find the beast to be an enraged tigress instead. They cannot bind us body and soul forever. The Farmers' Alliance clubs that meet in almost every county in this state and in the United States are putting new thoughts into our heads and new impulses into our hearts, which inspire us with new hopes. If we only unite in our efforts we will yet crush out this great land monopoly and defeat the foreign landlords. The Alliance sends good reading into the tenants' homes and children will learn that the greatest crime of the nineteenth century is this alien landlordism! I say God bless the Farmer's Alliance! And may he send us wise law-givers so that just laws shall be enacted and fairly administered and human equality enjoyed. We want a government of the people, by the people and for the people! Then we can defeat tyranny at home and abroad.

"We have no need to import landlords! They are of no more use to us than a pack of wolves in a flock of sheep. They produce nothing. They do not even spend the money they obtain from us in this country, but it goes to England or some other foreign nation. Why, Lord Sanders makes his boast that he receives from his tenants in America two hundred thousand dollars every year. Good day, gentlemen, I must go on with my work," said the man, starting for the field with his team and cultivator.

We visited five other tenant families that were living on Lord Sanders' estate. One was an Irishman. When the duke asked him if he liked living in America, he said:

"Och, and it's bad luck to me that I iver came to America at all! for I am under the self-same old master as I was in Ireland! woe be to him! He evicted me there!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Lord Sanders had hundreds of us turned out at once, like pigs in a stye; ye see he wanted the land for cattle. But we made him sick of it, and he sold his land there and bought here. Bad luck to him! And I'm one of his tenants again. I left Ireland and came to free America to get me a home!"

Every tenant we visited was discontented and eager for a change. But they did not dare to leave for fear they would not find another place as good. Hard as it seemed and discontented as they were, they all realized that there were plenty of other men waiting to get even a chance on a place. Nearly all were hopeful that times would sometime be better, and that they could then make something for themselves. Some even thought that a law might be made, whereby my lord would be forced to sell his lands, and then they expected a chance to purchase. They needed the stimulus of hope. Want and discouragement was visible in every home we visited. The shanties and cabins were as clean as possible, yet the one room, summer and winter, must hold the whole family, whether few or many. These shanties were always cheap, rough and unpainted. They were uniformly exposed to the chilling winds of winter or the broiling sun, without the kindly shelter of tree or shrub.

As we left the little settlement, with only a few farmers who had any show of comfort I said:

"I see the same conditions here that we have in Ireland, except that here we find intelligent people who make an effort to improve themselves with some hope of the future."

"And," said the duke, "if the people are forming into unions and clubs to work against us, we will soon find ourselves as the man said, in a den of tigers instead of among a herd of asses."

"Do you believe the Irishman's story, that he is working for the same landlord here that he was under in Ireland?"

"It may be true. Lord Sanders once owned the estate Sir Wren now owns in Ireland."

"Why, was he the man Sir Wren told me had three hundred tenant farmers evicted because he wanted to make the whole estate into a tenant farm?"

"I presume he is the man," said the duke.

"Well, he did not have a very pleasant time of it. Sir Wren said that the enraged tenants would drive off his stock as fast as he could buy it in spite of all the dogs and agents he could procure."

"That was his reason for selling. He told me he was very thankful for the change; that putting his money into property in America had added thousands of dollars to his wealth. It was through his good success that I was tempted to put so much money into lands in the new West. If the people are beginning to think and inquire it may not be so safe trusting to cow-boy force and barb wire-fences to hold these lands as we were thinking. In making my last purchases I have had that in mind, and have been very careful in getting *bona fide* titles to the lands I purchased. But here is another trouble that may annoy us as the farmer said, if they should establish a law to levy taxes on land values and not on improvements, it would soon change our profits into losses. Yet it will be a long time before that will come to pass. Only a few have thought of that yet, and the people of this country have to be educated into any change," said the duke.

"As I understand it, from those I have talked with, the object of the Farmers' Alliance Club is to educate the common people on this very subject. The people, I mean the masses are being educated in the one grand principle of equality. There are unions, clubs and orders devoted entirely to this subject. The people are a power in this nation, when once thoroughly aroused. And," I continued, "when men like these tenant farmers groaning under the injustice of unfair rents and unjust taxes finally band together for mutual protection, and just laws, they will create a force that even money cannot control!"

CHAPTER XIV.—DAKOTA.

Leaving Chicago we went northwest, passing through Wisconsin, that grand state so famous for cheese and butter; through Minnesota with its broad fields of growing wheat, clear rivers and bracing air, into Dakota, the new, the great, the grand, the giant of the northwest. Here little homes dot the prairies, giving evidence of growth. Here the hardy pioneers come to taste the romance of taming nature and to coax wealth and happiness from the fertile soil. We passed over rivers whose waters were clear as crystal; through villages full of enterprise and thrift.

"This seems a growing state," I said, looking out over the expanse of country thickly dotted with cosy little homes.

"It is among the first," said the duke, in answer to my question. "It claims a greater number of postoffices than anyone of the twenty-three other states and territories, and pays more revenue into the postoffice department than any one of the thirty-two of them. It has colleges, normal schools and institutions endowed by the territory. Its educational fund, derived from lands donated by the general government, promises to be the largest belonging to the state. The official reports show that there is less sickness in Dakota than in any other state or territory in the Union. Immense beds of coal are being discovered in many parts of the territory. Time was, they tell me, when all these fertile plains belonged to what we knew in our school days as the Great American Desert. But not a trace of the desert remains on any railroad map of to-day. I remember picturing the sand on the desert here, as playing the same pranks as in the Great Sahara of Africa. But imagine that great desert becoming a blooming garden!"

"You see this is fine soil," he said.

"How much this looks like Illinois," I said as we were riding along.

"Yes, Waverland, you will be surprised to find that all prairie lands have some of the same general features, at least I was. But you notice there is no low, flat, marshy land here. The surface of the prairie, both upland and valley, is everywhere undulating," said the duke, "while the river courses, fringed with timber, afford a grateful relief from the monotony of the prairies."

"Here we are at our destination," said the duke, as the train came to a halt at a little station where everything looked new. Even the business signs seemed to smell of new paint.

We found comfortable rooms in a little house occupied by the duke's agent. The agent kept a provision store and postoffice. His wife, a fair, intelligent woman, took charge of the office and did her own housekeeping. She was a stout energetic woman, kept things in order, gave us good meals, and the tenants their mail.

"Then this is your El Dorado," I said to the duke, when, after a comfortable dinner, we started out to see something of this new American dukedom.

"Yes, this is my El Dorado," he answered laughing. "You have not seen anything of the famous king, have you?"

The prairie stretched away in the distance like a mighty sea of gentle undulating verdure. It was a country fresh from the hand of nature.

"Are these little buildings the homes of your tenants?" I asked.

"Yes; they may look small to us, but to these poor beings who have been cooped up in crowded tenements it rivals even the famous El Dorado. There are families here, with all their uncles, aunts and cousins, until the whole settlement seems one family of kin folks. They are from the north of Europe, where they have been trained to unquestionable obedience and plodding industry."

"How much did it cost you to bring them here?" I asked, as we were riding from place to place on the estate.

"Seven dollars a head," he answered, as though speaking of a herd of cattle.

"I see you have been in America long enough to have learned some of her shrewdness."

"How so?"

"You could never have brought people here without some previous arrangement. How did you manage it?"

"Very easily. You see I had bought large tracts of lands from the railroad company and they were under some obligations to me. I asked for honest rates to bring settlers in. At first I could not get rates that would justify me in bringing them. But after a great deal of consultation, we arranged with different railways and line of steamers, until the fare was just seven dollars per head by the family."

"These buildings, how did you arrange for them?"

"There again the railroads helped me. I got rates for everything. Each house as it stands cost me fifteen dollars. The tenants built them, themselves."

"How will you ever get your money back?" I asked.

"Each man is hired by the year, until the land begins to produce something, then they will rent. Whatever I pay for building or living expenses is kept from the wages."

"What do they live on? I see the land has just been broken."

"You have seen the little provision store and postoffice; well, that is kept by my agent and an account is kept with each tenant of the amount of provisions he is in debt for. It is brought here from various places."

"Do you furnish the farm implements?" I asked.

"Yes, I furnish everything; but I get a discount on large purchases and reduced rates on railroads, so it is not so expensive as it seems at first sight."

"You see this is fine soil," he said, lifting a handful and examining it.

"It is a fine, rich, sandy loam," I said. "Then this is the fine country where the great desert used to be." The home of the buffalo and roaming red skins has been redeemed and is now being purchased by English and American landlords at a rapid rate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Irrigation in the West.

Maj. J. W. Powell, the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, contributes an article to the *Century* on "The Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region," from which we quote the following: "The Snake or Shoshone River heads in the great forest-clad mountains of Wyoming and runs across the line into Idaho, then passes quite across the Territory until it becomes the boundary line between Idaho and Oregon. Passing the northeastern corner of the last mentioned State, it enters the State of Washington, and runs westward for a long reach until it debouches into the Columbia. The Shoshone River is one of the great volume, second only to the Colorado. Reservoir sites along its course in Wyoming and Idaho have already been revealed by the surveys, and it is shown that in the upper region water can be stored to an amount of more than 2,000,000 acre feet. This will irrigate at the high usage at least 2,000,000 acres of land, and if the property selected, so that the water can be collected again and again after serving the land, the area redeemed will be more than 4,000,000 acres. There are many other tributaries [illegible] that have not yet been examined, and it is safe to say that the waters of the Shoshone with its tributaries may ultimately serve from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres.

In its utilization three classes of problems are involved. If the waters are taken out in small canals near to the river, and the lowlands served first and prior rights and interests established on such lands, then but a small part of the stream can be used and the greatest part will run away to the Pacific Ocean; and subsequently the region of irrigation can be enlarged only by buying out vested water-rights scattered along the course of the river. But if at the very beginning the water can be taken out high up the river and carried in great canals to either side and there distributed to the higher lands, and used over and over again on its return, a complete utilization can be secured, and the cost of the construction of the system of irrigation by reservoirs and canals will be greatly reduced per acre. To irrigate 2,000,000 acres of land near to the river by short canals, taken out along its course here and there will cost more than half as much as the construction of hydraulic works that will serve from 8,000,000 to [illegible], while scattered minor works will be forever subject to destruction by the floods, and the agriculture secured will be of less value per acre, because the best lands will not be served, and only imperfect drainage will be secured."

A Trifle Pessimistic.

Early in the century there lived in Edinburgh, says the *N. Y. Ledger*, a well-known grumbler named Sandy Black, whose ever-recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing speeches of senseless irritability which were highly relished by all except the fellow's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel. The haddies and the eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and I had been ordered by himself the previous evening; but breakfast passed without the looked-for compliment.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" asked Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roasted or boiled?"

"Confound it! madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife you would have known before this what I like." Sandy growled out as, slamming the door, he left the house. It was in the spring, and a friend who was present heard his little wife say:

"Sandy's bent on a disturbance today. I shall not please him, do what I will."

The dinner-time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner. The fish was eaten in silence, and on raising the cover of the dish before him in a towering passion the former called out:

"Boiled chicken! That's it, madam! A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled!" Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken roasted to a turn. "Madam, I won't eat roast chicken," roared Sandy. "You know very well how it should have been cooked." At that instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table. "Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, my dear," said his wife.

"How dare you spend my money in this manner?"

"They were a present," said his wife. Rising from his chair Sandy clenched his fist and shouted:

"How dare you receive presents without my leave?"

An Awful Ride on a Mule.

A printer well known in Atlanta got hard up in Birmingham recently, says the Atlanta *Constitution*. He wanted to come to Atlanta and he crawled into the first vacant stock-car he saw, and, as it was night, rolled into one corner and went to sleep. He was awakened in a little while by a lot of mules, which were driven in on him.

"Scared? Well, I think I was," he says in telling the story. "But I wanted to come, and I thought I could pacify the mules so they would let me alone. I soon found that wouldn't work. They eyed me suspiciously, then bit at me and kicked me until I began to realize there must be some change or my last days had come.

"I made up my mind to ride one of the mules. I tried one, and was promptly landed against the top of the car. Then another, and another, with the same result. The fourth one was docile, and on that mule's back I rode for a day and a night. It was the most horrible ride anybody ever experienced, and you need not wonder at my hair turning gray."

To Make Hanging Painless.

An Englishman has invented a machine for hanging a man (or woman if it becomes necessary) in a manner perfectly painless to the subject undergoing the extreme penalty of the law. The rope is passed through a brass clamp double, forming a loop; attached to the clamp is an iron crescent, so adjusted as to rest on the shoulders. When the trap is sprung the head is pressed to one side, while the rope pulls it in the opposite direction. The vertebra is snapped and death is instantaneous.

A thief stole a pair of shoes from a policeman at Sedalia, Mo., the other night. The guardian of the night was sound asleep.

MAN-EATING SAVAGES.

Cannibalism Among the People of Many Islands in the South Pacific.

If Fiji, long viewed as the home of cannibalism, has reformed no such story can be told of the long chain of islands which stretch 1,000 miles off the Australian coast all the way between New Caledonia and New Guinea. In the western Pacific cannibalism is the accepted rule of life to which all gladly conform, says W. Churchill in the N. Y. *Herald*, and the trader and the explorer, whose business and pleasure call them to the shores, soon become hardened and learn to view these repasts with unconcern and indifference. It is no exaggeration to say that in all the Banks, the New Hebrides, the Santa Cruz, and the Salomon groups of islands there is not a single village which does not have its town oven for the cooking of the dead.

The settlements of the savages are uniformly in the bight of little bays which eat up the coast line of these jagged peaks of volcanic rock and rise sheer from a ring of gleaming coral. Here he finds fresh water and a space on which to grow his cocoanuts, and the bay supplies him with fish. Within the bay he is safe. Fighting is his rule of life, his delight, if he only can get sufficiently long odds in his favor. The villagers in the bay next him are his sworn foes—literally "his meat," as he is theirs, according to the varying chances of ceaseless warfare.

By daybreak the village fleet of war canoes put out to sea. With all the secrecy that savage craft can compass, the fleet steers into the bay where lies the village to be attacked. Stealthily they march upon the village, in the hope of catching sleepers unawares. The attack is made if the chance proves favorable. Deadly work is done; the [illegible] spares none within its reach, and women and children and the aged share the death of the warriors. The brush is thoroughly beaten for fugitives, and the village green is heaped with the bodies of its former villagers, stacked as wood is corded.

The daybreak marauders have won their victory, they have exterminated their enemy, and the cords of bodies must be moved. The fleets of canoes are brought to the beach; to the stern of each is made fast a tow of corpses fastened by ropes about their necks. No longer by stealth, but by victorious sounds and cheerful songs the homeward voyage is made. The sonorous ringing of monster conches give warning of their approach, and as they open up to view the thatched houses of their village, the [illegible] of manly voices carries the news, "We have killed, we have killed."

"How many?" is the questioning shout that echoes from the shore.

Then over the water rings out the number of the slain, and in proportion as it is large so is the joy of those within the village.

With eager haste the bodies are hauled ashore out of the reach of sharks. The women, both old and young, tail on to the ropes about the neck of each dead enemy and prospective meat. Some old crone sets the time, and with a wild chorus these women drag body after body to the village green over the land and the rough paths.

The head tabu man now comes upon the scene in all his glory, [illegible] with a light conical mask upon his head and a dress of colored leaves of the [illegible] pandanus. He examines the bodies laid out before him, and if he recognizes the form of some noted foe his jubilations ring from the shore to the orange-clad hills above. His inspection concluded and his pick made of the body which shall fall to the lot of his palate, already tickled in anticipation of the feast, [illegible] before them. Different islands have their several customs of butchery. Some carve the meat into joints before cooking it, but Malayta has the nicest ceremony in this matter, [illegible].

While the butchers are at their task of this evisceration and the hogs [illegible] and the sharks in the shallows are snarling and fighting over their food, the women are preparing the ovens for the feast, where the funeral baked meats are at the same time the funeral themselves.

Great pits skirt the end of the village green, shallow excavations lined with cobbles, not the work of today hastily dug for this one feast, but pits which date back for generations to the time when the first cannibal of savages set up there its ancestral hearths. In every pit is crackling a hot fire of dried branches. As this kindling burns down into a bed of live coals husks of cocoanuts and knots of ironwood are heaped upon them to make the fire hotter without flame or smoke, and stones are heated on these coals just as the cobbles below are heated almost to fusing. The disemboweled are brought upon the scene. The cooks seize upon the first, that chosen by the tabu man. The cavity of the chest and belly is lined with the bread, succulent leaves of the taro, plain and [illegible] yams, sweet potatoes, taro, breadfruit and green bananas, and heated stones are placed among them. Meanwhile the pit has been cleared of all its coals, which burn upon its brink, a growing mass of incandescence. Deft hands, trained by long practice, wrap each body in banana leaves and bind it from head to foot with long broad pandanus leaves. A bed of sand is strewn three inches thick upon the [illegible] cobbles that line the oven, the body is laid upon this and covered with sand, the coals are raked over it, soil is thrown over all, and [illegible] odors of baked meat. As for the tabu man, so for the chief and warriors in order the bodies are dressed and the ovens charged.

All must be eaten fresh and tough with the rigor mortis [illegible] the cooks from time to time draw their [illegible] into the steaming heaps to judge of the process of their cookery. Two hours go by, [illegible] and the cooks at last raise a shout that their work is done. [illegible] tabu man's oven, and the earth and [illegible] is laid open to view. [illegible] upon a bundle of reeds and vines and the wrappings are cut off exposing the crisp and brown outside pieces of the meat. [illegible] great is now his honor. The bearers lift the body on their shoulders. [illegible] lighter gear. Around the green [illegible] procession.

The ceremony ended, the chief's oven is opened and his foods [illegible] before him. The other ovens are opened with a barbed rush of women and children, all content to fall away to the earth and [illegible] juice roast.

The flesh is crisp and white in appearance, something midway between veal and pork, with sufficient of resemblance to the latter to justify its almost universal euphemism of "long pig," or in some cases "long dog." The bodies are carved by slabs of slivered bamboo, which replace knives in the habits of these people.

Some ceremony is observed in the distribution of the bodies which are cooked for the chief and the tabu man. Each reserves for himself certain parts which are supposed to endow him with the manhood and strength of the original owner, and in the main these parts are tabu to women. The thighs are naturally much sought after, then the ribs, and next the upper arms; the skin and forearms are less considered; and after these joints are cut off there is little choice for the remainder. The fingers and toes are always claimed by the children as delicacies, and the women always get the beads, hands, and feet. The feast ends when the last of the meat is eaten, and the village returns to its usual diet.

A MARVELOUS MACHINE.

Runs on a Track It Lays for Itself, Plows Harrows and Hauls.

A very curious looking machine running up and down Clinton street in front of the Hercules Iron Works yesterday afternoon attracted the attention of passers-by and evoked thousands of questions as to its use and intent. It is very large, being not less than fifty feet in length and weighing nearly fifteen tons. Its inventor and owner, John A. Gardner, a wealthy real estate agent, claims for it an absolute revolution in traction power, and, certainly, nothing like it was ever seen before. The motor movement is a combination of plane and wheel. The machine literally lays its own track and picks it up again, the latter being a belt of steel plates or laths four and one half feet long, and inclosing four large cog wheels which play into the sockets of the plates and urge it forward. This steel belt is oval in shape as the double wheels inside it would indicate, and the machine is so constructed that the entire weight rests upon it.

There is at present attached to this machine a gang of twelve plows and as many harrows with seeding attachments. Mr. Gardner claims that he can plow 100 acres in a day at an expense of less than $12. But he is not content with making plowing easy; he expects to have it applied to thrashing, ditching, hauling, railroad construction, derrick work in bridge building, and many other things. The belt-plane-wheel constantly presenting a surface of twenty square feet to the earth, it is claimed for it that it will plow in ground too soft for a horse to walk. It will, besides, run up, down, or along-side a hill, over ridgy or unequal ground of any kind and may be made even to do the hauling for the farmer as well as all his other work. Let it do one-half of what is claimed for it and the machine would be a labor-saver beyond anything heard of or conceived in connection with farming. Mr. Gardner has been engaged for fourteen years upon his invention, and now conceives that he has it so perfected as to be ready to place it on the big western farms. He will leave with it next week for Kansas. He claims that it is the only machine in the world which will plow successfully in soft and uneven ground, and he speaks confidently of its being used in the construction of Chicago's great drainage district.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Grapevine Swing.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out o'er the water lilies bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking bird joined in my reckless glee,
[illegible]
I was a prince [illegible] I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
Oh to be a boy,
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

I'm weary at morn, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing.
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

—Times-Democrat.

Household Marketing.

The housekeeper who understands her business and can spend the time to go to the market herself will find that she can have a better table with greater variety and at less expense, than when she orders from the provision man who comes to the house each day. It is true that there are a great many housekeepers who have neither time nor strength for the daily or even weekly visits to the markets, but the average housekeeper has the time, and she will find herself in the end it will add to her mental and physical health, as well as to the attractiveness of her table.

In ordering at the house it is a difficult matter to keep in mind the list that the provision man runs over. Even if he should miss many little things that one might choose for the sake of economy and variety, it would be almost impossible to remember them in making out one's list. In the market, however, the articles are spread out before you, and one thing suggests another. Here the prices can be kept in mind when selecting the food, and should the thing be too expensive, something else as well may be selected. For example, you have planned to have halibut for dinner and found that instead of being eighteen cents, it has gone up to twenty-five or thirty cents, you will naturally hesitate before adding fifty per cent to the expense of the dish. A cod, haddock, white fish, red snapper, or some other kind of moderate priced fish will make a satisfactory substitute. Although the prices of beef, mutton, pork, etc., are not subject to great changes, the prices of fresh fish, vegetables, fruit and game fluctuate constantly. Then again, many little savory dishes are suggested by the sight of the various little odds and ends found in the stalls. The sight and odor of a piece of smoked bacon may give you visions of the many savory dishes that it will give relish to: liver and bacon, chicken livers en brochette and rashers of bacon with eggs or beefsteak.—*Maria Parloa, in Good Housekeeping.*

What I Have Learned.

That old stocking-legs make nice stove protectors.

That powdered chalk and vinegar are good for a burn.

That a coarse comb is good to smooth the fringe of towels, napkins, tidies, etc.

That an egg well-beaten, in a glass of milk and sweetened makes a nice strengthening drink for a teething child.

That equal parts of bay rum, borax and ammonia make a nice preparation for cleaning the head; apply freely to the scalp with a brush, and then wash in clear water.

That a feather-bed or mattress will remain clean and in an excellent condition for years if kept in a case made of common sheeting, which can be removed and washed at will.

That biscuits can be warmed to be as good as when just baked by placing them in the oven dry, covered closely with a tin. It is a great improvement over the old way of wetting them.—*Good Housekeeping.*

A New Rose.

An entirely new rose, called the "rainbow rose," was exhibited at a recent flower show in San Francisco, and received the first prize. It is small, of a delicate shade of rose-pink, with darker bars running lengthwise of the petals.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

The newest German is to make North Alsace-Lorraine an independent duchy.

Six novels free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

One is company and two is a crowd in a summer hammock.

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

"Board wanted," said the chap who fell overboard.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

The latest thing out—a bachelor's night key.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquis, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

A Michigan photographer can converse in 20 different languages.

Boon to Wives.

Having used "Mother's Friend" I would not be without it. It is a boon to wives who know that they must pass through the painful ordeal of childbirth. Mrs. C. [illegible], Iowa. Write The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

New Jersey makes 150,000,000 corkscrews a year.

Summer Tours, 1890.

Is the title of a new illustrated summer tourist book of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." It is a practical guide, and profusely illustrated. Sent to any address on receipt of six cents postage by O. W. Ruggles, G. P. & T. agent, Chicago, Ill.

Speaker Reed has been made an LL. D. by Bowdoin college.

A New Sleeping Car Service Detroit to Boston.

Commencing Monday, June 2, an elegant Wagner Sleeping Car will leave Detroit for Boston daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, via the Michigan Central "the Niagara Falls route" thence via the New York Central and Boston & Albany railroads, affording an opportunity to reach Albany, Springfield, Boston and other New England points early the next day without change of cars. Berths can be secured in advance by applying to C. A. Warren, Passenger and Ticket Agent, Union Ticket office, 66 Woodward avenue, Detroit.

Stanley's latest book brought him £70,000.

The Problem Solved.

An Unrivaled Blood Purifier.

Found at last in Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup—A remedy which expels all poisonous matter and taints of disease from the blood. A well known citizen of West Lebanon, Ohio, testifies to its value:

GENTLEMEN:—It affords me pleasure to state that my wife has received greater benefit from Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup than from any medicine she has ever taken. We have used six bottles, and find it to be the best family remedy and greatest blood purifier that we have ever used. It is truly all it is claimed to be by its founder. You cannot recommend it too highly.

Yours Truly,
FRANK WALLACE, West Lebanon, Ind.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Holland had a light frost Saturday.

Do You Know

That you can take the North Shore limited of the Michigan Central "The Niagara Falls Route," at 7:45 p.m. from Detroit, after the day's business; eat, sleep, smoke, read, write, chat, and lounge luxuriously on board, and reach any New York state point the next day, even points on Long Island Sound and the Jersey coast or Saratoga, Rutland, Burlington, Springfield, Boston and other New England points. If you doubt it, try it.

Michigan Central's

DETROIT & MACKINAW LINE.

Train leaves Detroit daily (except Sunday) at 8:50 a.m., arrives at Mackinaw City at 9 p.m. Train leaves Detroit daily at 6 p.m., arrives in Mackinaw City 6:30 a.m. Parlor cars on day train. Sleeping car on night train. Connections made to all points north. Tourist season round trip tickets sold to Grayling, Indian River, Topinabee, Cheboygan, Mackinac Island, Mackinaw Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Houghton, Portage lake, Duluth, AuSable, Alpena, Traverse City and Petoskey.

Michigan Central "Summer Tours" will give you route and rates to all Northern and Eastern summer resorts. Send six cents postage to O. W. Ruggles, G. P. & T. agent, Chicago, Ill.

Write for catalogue of PARSONS' BUSINESS COLLEGE, Kalamazoo, Mich. W. F. PARSONS, Pres't.

PATENTS L. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

WELTON'S Commercial College, Grand Rapids, Mich. is the place to educate for business. Write for Catalogue.

MARRY! MARRIAGE PAPER and particulars [illegible]

MICHIGAN FEMALE SEMINARY, Kalamazoo, Mich. Term Opens September 11, 1890. Send for catalogue No. 2.

WANTED Women to take CROCHET WORK to do at home [illegible] steady work. Particulars free. L. WHITE & CO., 210 State St., Chicago.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

MEN WEAK from Nervous Debility [illegible] free Book of Remedies and cure your[illegible] Dr. J. Bennett [illegible] Chicago.

PENSIONS [illegible] McCormick & Sons, Washington, D. C. & Cincinnati, O.

ROOFING [illegible]

DEPENDENT PENSION BILL

has become a law. $12 PER MONTH to all honorably discharged Soldiers and Sailors [illegible] Widows [illegible] Write at once [illegible] R. McALLISTER & CO., [illegible] Box 715, Washington, D. C.

FOR JAUNDICE,

BILE BEANS.

MILES, ILL., April 4, 1890.

I say with pleasure that "Bile Beans" is the best medicine I have ever used for biliousness. CARRIE SCHEDER.

Try "BILE BEANS SMALL" (40 little beans in each bottle). Very small—easy to take. Price of either size, 25c. BUY OF YOUR DRUGGIST.

W. N. U., D.—VIII.—29.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

AN OPEN LETTER.

From a Well-known Druggist. "Positive" Cure for Stomach Troubles.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

In the summer of 1870 I was first afflicted with that most dreaded disease, dyspepsia, and for over fifteen years I suffered terribly at times. In the meantime I tried every so-called remedy imaginable, without finding relief. Having been in the drug business since 18[illegible], I determined to help myself if it lay in the power of medicine. Two years ago I succeeded in discovering a remedy. It cured me. Until I had given ample time for possibility of doubt, however, I kept my secret almost to myself, putting up the medicine for only a few of my sorely troubled friends, every one of whom was cured. I now know the medicine to be a positive cure, and have decided to put it on the market that my discovery may do humanity all possible good. It will be known as "Bruske's Positive Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Cure," which is guaranteed to cure all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys. I have a number of testimonials which afflicted parties may be interested in.

R. BRUSKE, 416 Genesee Ave., East Saginaw, Mich. Sold by all druggists, $1.00 a bottle; 3 bottles, $2.50.

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

PATENTS NO DELAY. Circular free. W. F. POULTER, Washington, D. C.

PENSION CLAIMS prosecuted under New Law. Circulars showing who is entitled sent free. Fee $10 if successful, otherwise nothing. TALLMADGE & TALLMADGE, Chicago, Ill., and Washington, D. C.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

NEW PENSION LAW! 300,000 names to be added to the Pension rolls. Rejected and Delayed Claims allowed. [illegible] Patrick O'Farrell, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

KEYSTONE MORTGAGE COMPANY, Aberdeen, South Dakota. Offers choice 7 per cent. Guaranteed Real Estate Mortgages and 6 per cent. on Time Deposits. Write for pamphlet giving references and full information.

FAT FOLKS reduced 15 to 25 pounds per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving, no inconvenience. Confidential. Send 6c. for circulars and testimonials. Address, DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, [illegible] State St., Chicago, Ill.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

THE DEPENDENT PENSION BILL Grants pensions to Soldiers, Sailors, and their Widows and Children. Present PENSIONS INCREASED. [illegible] J. C. DERMODY, [illegible] WASHINGTON, D. C.

HYDRAULIC, Knuckle Joint and Screw CIDER PRESSES, [illegible] Elevators, Steam Jelly Evaporators. Illustrated catalogue free. C. G. HAMPTON, Detroit, Mich.

PIANOS Manufactured and Sold at Lowest Prices, Cash or on Time, by CLOUGH & WARREN PIANO & ORGAN CO. Catalogue free. Detroit, Mich.

WYOMING CHEYENNE, the Capital City. Bonuses in money, or real estate given for blast furnaces, smelters, foundries, rolling mills, cracker bakeries and manufactories of all kinds. Business College wanted. Address, Board of Trade, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

WAUSEON NORMAL LANGUAGES LITERATURE Science, Common Branches, Book keeping, Music, Shorthand and Penmanship are thoroughly taught. Location fine. Expenses $30 for 10 weeks. S. METZLER, Pres., Wauseon, Ohio.

PENSIONS The Great PENSION Bill is Passed. Soldiers, their Widows, Mothers and Fathers are entitled to $12 a mo. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks free. JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

$30 IMPROVED HIGH ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER. 15 days' trial. Warranted 5 years. Self-setting needle, self-threading shuttle. Light-running and noiseless. All attachments. Send to THE C. A. WOOD CO., for free 17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa. circular.

New Process **DOG BISCUIT** is entirely different from any other. Does not cause diarrhoea. Dogs eat it in preference to other brands, and it costs no more. It contains 50 pound for pound twice the nutritive qualities of any other brand. Send for free book on management of dogs in health and disease. Retail price 10c. per lb. Samples sent by mail for 5 cents. ASSOCIATED FANCIERS, 400 N. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada, Pa.

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BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY! Our Well Machines are the most RELIABLE, DURABLE, SUCCESSFUL! They do MORE WORK and make GREATER PROFIT. They FINISH Wells where others FAIL! Any size, 2 inches to 44 inches diameter. Catalogue FREE! LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, - OHIO.

THIS CHAMPION ROAD WAGON $30. A Light Delivery, Market or Business Wagon. 2 Seated Family Wagon, $36. Best Road Cart Made, 15. A Good Strong Road Cart, 10. Top Buggy with Shafts, 55. 4000 lb. Wagon Scale, 40. 900 lb. Platform Scale, 15. A Neat Buggy Harness, 7. 4 lb. Family or Store Scale, 1. 1000 Useful Articles at Half Price, include Scales, Safes, Sewing Machines, Buggies, Wagons, Harness, Blacksmiths Tools, List Free. Address CHICAGO SCALE CO., CHICAGO, ILLS.

Big G I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists. Trade Mark.

TAR-OID A new method of compounding Tar. SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 2c stamps for Free Sample with Book. Sold by all Druggists and by TAR-OID CO., 73 Randolph St., Chicago. Price, 50c. WILLIAMS, SHELEY, & BROOKS, Agt's, Detroit, Mich.

PENSIONS. The Disability Bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent today whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK. BE UP TO THE MARK. TRADE CELLULOID MARK. NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

A MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH. Through Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW AND ELEGANT DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS. California Excursions daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fast Express Trains daily to and from all towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Cascade, Glenwood Springs, and all the Sanitary Resorts and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

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