

Makes the Weak Strong
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the one True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

Nice Gruel.
A missionary's wife, Mrs. Paton, had been very ill on a lonely island in the Pacific, and when she recovered sufficiently to write to her friends at home she thus described one of her experiences:

When I was able to take an intelligent view of my surroundings, this is what I first remember seeing:

John (her husband) sitting by my bedside with an old straw hat on the back of his head and a huge tin basin between his knees half full of what tasted like very thin, sweet porridge, with which he was feeding me lovingly out of the cook's long iron spoon!

He assured me that it was water gruel; that he had got into the way of making it nicely now; but that he could not find a clean dish on the premises to put it in!

He was so proud of his cooking that I asked for the recipe, and you have it here: Equal parts of meal, sugar and water—a cupful of each for one dose; boil all together till there is a smell of singeing, whereby you know it is sufficiently cooked!

From the Four Winds.
A wholesale dry goods merchant of New York recently gave a supper to twenty of his friends engaged in the dry goods business in the city. As one of the guests happened to speak of the State in which he was born, the host made inquiry into the nativity of the others, and it turned out that the twenty men were born in twenty different States of the Union. Five were natives of New England States, four of Southern States, seven of States running from New Jersey to the Mississippi, two of States beyond the Rocky Mountains, one of Nebraska, and one of New York. The host of the occasion was a Haremite by birth.—New York Sun.

KILLS THE HOPPERS.

MACHINE THAT SLAUGHTERS 8,000 BUSHELS A DAY.

Minnesota Scientists Tackle the Farmers' Terror in a New Way—Canvas and Kerosene Send the Pests to Death.

"Hopper-Dozer."
Minnesota scientists have tackled the grasshopper pest in a new way. Canvas and kerosene is the combination, before which the tiny hoppers go down to their death. Out there is known as a "hopper-dozer." The State pays the expenses of the slaughter, and the slaughter is terrible. Think, if you can, of 8,000 bushel baskets packed with hoppers. That was the average record in a day of killed and wounded insects at the height of the scourge.

Dr. Otto Lugger, Minnesota's expert on bugs, is the man who utilized the curious "hopper-dozer," says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Why he called it by that name it would be interesting to know. Perhaps it is because it sends the hoppers to their last sleep. He was invited to do something similar to the farms of their various brigades of hoppers early this summer. He found evidences of enough of them to kill all the crops in Minnesota. The rains helped to kill off some of them, but science had to do its share in the extermination. In the neighborhood of Taylor's Falls Dr. Lugger found a grasshopper-infested district covering fifty or sixty square miles. The insects were descendants, he thought, of a previous generation which had made trouble in 1890. They were of the so-called pellicid or California variety.

There happened to be a State appropriation for killing hoppers, and this was turned over to the executioner. "I had 200 hopper-dozers built after the most approved fashion," said Dr. Lugger to a correspondent, "and purchased sixty barrels of kerosene oil. All we asked of the farmers was that they run the machines. They were anxious to do this is shown by the fact that there was a fight for the machines. Every farmer in the section wanted one and wanted it at once. We could not get them built fast enough to supply the demand. The same thing was done at Rush City, Duluth and other points, although there were not as many of them furnished at these places. I estimate that these machines killed about 8,000 bushels a day during the time that they were all running. I do not think that this is exaggerated in the least, as there were over 400 of the machines, and at the end of a day's work from three to ten bushels could be taken out of

their pockets. They were instructed to use both if necessary on any person who insisted on his right to an approach to piers in navigable waters, and in carrying out the instructions, they compelled a score of women to imperil their lives Wednesday night.

This climax of the contest between the corporation and the municipality was caused by the action of the company in retaliation for the order to tear down the Van Buren street viaduct. Special Officer O'Keefe was called into the general manager's room and ordered to secure a large force of assistants. He was informed that at sundown the people were to be taught they had no right to a passage to the lake front. He was told to arrest principally all cases where any woman or child who tried to enter Chicago from the steamboats. This order said to be without precedent in the history of maritime matters, was put into working force at the time when the people were returning from Lincoln Park and Windsor Park Beach by boat.

TAYLOR HAS THE MONEY.

South Dakota's Defaulting Treasurer Has Raised the Cash He Promised.

W. W. Taylor, the defaulting treasurer of South Dakota, has been in Chicago the past three weeks. The purpose of his visit was to collect \$100,000, which, besides all his other property, he will hand over to South Dakota. He said he had been entirely successful in his mission and the money now in hand was ready to

be sent for them until they can be sent to their homes.

Midnight Disaster.

The disaster occurred shortly after midnight in latitude 93°30' south, longitude 28°20' west. The Prince Oscar, which was bound from Shields, which port she left May 27 for Iquique, laden with coal, was going at a clipping gait on the port tack before a brisk wind and with all canvas set. It is estimated by the crew that she was making about six and a half knots an hour when suddenly there loomed up directly under her bows a four-masted vessel. The mate asserts that the stranger had no lights burning, and after she was sighted it was impossible to alter the course of the Prince Oscar.

The iron hull of the latter struck the unknown full amidships, knocking her almost on her beam end and crashing through the woodwork until her prow was more than half buried. The stranger went over almost on her beam ends as the Prince Oscar backed away from the rebound.

As the crew of the Prince Oscar stood peering through the darkness they saw the stranger partly right herself and then she rapidly began to sink. They listened in vain for some signs of life, but not a cry for help nor a word of command came from the stricken vessel.

The pumps were manned, but there was no hope from that source. Life boats were ordered cut adrift, and the men were told to jump and swim for their lives.

They all went overboard and with the exception of two unfortunate reached the small boats. Captain Henderson, who was the last man to leave the ship, went over in his night garments and swam fully two miles before he was picked up.

Three Days of Hardship.

Both boats hoisted over the scene of the wreck until daylight came, when they knew they had not where to go. Twenty-four hours later heavy sea struck the boat commanded by the mate and capsized it. The occupants, eight in number, were thrown into the sea, and the already overcrowded craft which Captain Henderson commanded put quickly to the rescue. They were successful in getting four of them aboard. The rest were drowned.

There were now seventeen men in the small lifeboat, with nothing to eat, nothing to drink and barely room to stretch their weary limbs. The sun was broiling hot, and their hunger and thirst were almost unbearable. Toward evening of the second day one of the crew discovered a small cask of fish oil stowed away in the boat. This was dealt out to the survivors in small doses, and they used it to moisten their parched lips and tongues.

For three days and nights they floated thus on the bosom of the South Atlantic, and just as they were about to abandon hope they sighted the ship Dharwar from London, bound for Melbourne. They succeeded in attracting the attention of those on board and were soon on her decks.

Supreme Judge Dies.

Justice Howell E. Jackson of Tennessee Passes Away.

Howell Edmunds Jackson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at his residence at West Meade, six miles west of Nashville, Tenn., at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, in the 64th year of his age, of consumption.

Judge Jackson was appointed by President Harrison in 1890. He had been in failing health for the last four years, but it had been only in the last eight or nine months that the progress of the disease began to cause his family and friends uneasiness. Quite lately he seemed to improve slightly. He went to Washington

on the 1st of April and died on the 2nd.

King's Plaything.

Playing cards were introduced into Europe by a crusader about 1300 to amuse Charles IV., king of France, who had fallen into a gloomy state of mind bordering on madness. The hearts were originally called Caesars, and were designated to represent the ecclesiastics.

Wheat, 48 Bushels; Rye, 60 Bushels.

Those are good yields, but a lot of farmers have had them this year. You can have them in 1896 by sowing Salzer's Red Cross of the North winter wheat, monster rye and grasses. See now John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., send catalogue and samples of above free, if you send this notice.

C. N. U.

These Men Are Much Alike.

The man who does not advertise in summer is like the man who does not sprinkle his lawn in dry weather.

Keeping Up Their Spirits.

The coal dealers appear to be tolerably cheerful for men who are losing so much money as they say they are.

Beauty marred by a bad complexion may be restored with Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," Black or Brown. 50c.

In every sphere of life the post of honor is the post of duty.

Mr. W. L. Weller's Boracic Granum for Children teething, sores, cuts, gums, etc., relieves allay pain, cures wind colic. 20 cents a bottle.

C. N. U.

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