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WINNIE.

How Adam Forepaugh's Horse
Was Cured.
By W. E. Mayo.

I.

There was trouble in the big tent of billowing white canvas that contained the circus. Winnie, the prettiest and most graceful of trick horses, had been hurt. In getting off a car, which had brought them to this Indiana town, she had slipped and fallen; now she lay on her side behind the circus stable panting for breath and looking up with mute appeal into the faces of those about her. Presently the surgeon came and after looking Winnie over shook his head. "I'm afraid it's no use," he said; "her back is strained, if not broken, and it is doubtful if she will ever be able to stand again."

As he finished speaking a gray-haired man standing in the little group turned away and hastily brushed his hand across his eyes. It was Adam Forepaugh, the owner of the circus, and of Winnie, who had often watched her with keen pleasure as she marched proudly behind the big hand wagon or went through her clever exhibition in the ring. It was like losing a child to see her die.

In a moment the gray-haired man turned about. "Adams," he said, get your pistol and put the poor thing out of her misery, anyway." Then Tom Wilson, clutching the big man's coat and quavered: "Please sir, let me have the horse. I'll try to make her well."

Tom was always the most excited boy in Baldwinville when the circus paid its yearly visit to town. His mother's brown house stood close to the place where the tent was always put up and Tom had plenty of opportunity to watch the men at their work. Today he had been hovering about the beautiful white horse that lay in helpless pain in the shade of his own favorite apple-tree. He had been almost ready to cry as he watched her suffering but not until he learned that she was to be shot did he pluck up courage to speak out the wish that was in his mind.

Adam Forepaugh looked down at the eager face beside him. "So you want the horse?" he said unkindly. "What could you do with her?"

"Oh, I'd feed her and take care of her, and give her medicine until she got well," began Tom, his fear giving way before his anxiety to save the horse.

The showman's eyes twinkled. "I'm afraid you don't know much about horses," he said.

"No, I don't, sir," said Tom, honestly. "But I love them, and this is the most beautiful one I ever saw."

Adam Forepaugh hesitated a moment; then he turned back, spoke to the surgeon again, and called Tom to his side.

There is a bare chance that the horse may get well," he said. "Now I'll tell you what you are to do. Keep the horse for two weeks. If she is not better at the end of that time, take this pistol and shoot her here,"

drawing his forefinger down the horse's head and then across just above the eyes, and indicating the point where the two lines crossed. "You will need money to buy feed for her; here is \$50. If the horse lives, bring her to me when we come back next year and I will pay you well for your trouble."

II.

When two weeks had passed Winnie still lay under the apple tree. Many times had Tom planned exactly how he would do the shooting when it should become necessary, but when he looked into Winnie's pleading eyes he knew that he would never have the heart to do it. At last, however, the horse did begin to improve, and one morning when Tom went out of the house he found her standing up. Tom was a happy boy that day, and from that time on he and the horse were inseparable companions. Winnie was always ready to display her tricks for Tom's benefit, and Tom was proud of his pet, who was the envy of the whole town.

So the days wore away through autumn and winter until summer had come again. Winnie was perfectly at home in the little stable behind the brown cottage, and had apparently forgotten all about the great tent that had once been her home. Tom had taken good care of her, her coat was sleek and shiny and her injured back was entirely well.

One day some men appeared in Baldwinville and covered the walls and fences with pictures of elephants and monkeys and of men and women flying through the air. The circus was coming again. Tom did not know whether to be glad or sorry. He was pleased to be able to show that he had pulled the horse through her sickness, but the thought that he might have to part with her made him feel like riding her away where they could not be found. Finally, however, Tom decided that he and Winnie would go to the circus together.

When the parade marched through the main street of the town, Winnie, with Tom on her back, was among the sight-seers. The braying of the horses and the occasional roar of the lions seemed to stir almost forgotten memories in Winnie's mind. As the procession approached she pricked up her ears and moved about uneasily. Then as the big band wagon came opposite them she swept into her old place directly behind it, at the head of the long line of animals and performers. In vain did Tom pull on the bridle reins and urge the horse to one side or the other. Winnie had gone back to the old days and the old ways and paid not the slightest attention to Tom's protests.

III.

Adam Forepaugh sat in a hotel window looking down at the parade when suddenly he started up with an exclamation of surprise at the sight of a sleek white horse with a bare footed boy on her back. The boy's stiff hair was sticking through holes in his straw hat, and he looked strangely out of place among the painted and gayly

dressed riders, but Adam Forepaugh knew that he could not be mistaken about the horse. It was his own prized Winnie, and he hurried down to find the bare-footed boy, without waiting for the rest of the procession to pass.

Tom blushed with pleasure when he heard the great showman's warm praises for what he had done, but he cried outright and was not ashamed of it when he came to part with Winnie. Winnie herself put her nose against Tom's cheek and said good-by as lovingly as a horse can. That night after the big tent had been taken down and all the cages had rattled away on the way to the next town Tom lay under the old apple tree and shook with sobs as he thought of his lost friend and was not comforted even by the knowledge that \$1,000 had that day been deposited in the Baldwinville National Bank to the credit of Thomas Wilson—as a testimonial from his friend, Adam Forepaugh, the showman.

QUEEN MOO AND THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX. (ELBERT HUBBARD IN JANUARY ARENA.)

In the Review of Reviews for July, 1895, Dr. Albert Shaw made the rather startling statement that Dr. Le Plongeon had discovered the original site of the Garden of Eden. That America should be the first home of man and the birthplace of civilization was considered by some as very funny; by others the statement was taken as rank heresy; but the result was that Dr. Shaw's little mention of Dr. Le Plongeon's forthcoming book had a wide circulation.

It has now been my good fortune to read the book, and better still to read it with the learned author at my elbow, ready to answer all questions and meet all objections; a ten-day trip across the Atlantic making this possible. Dr. Le Plongeon may be sixty, seventy, or ninety years of age. He is becomingly bald, has a long, snowy, patriarchal beard, a bright blue eye, and a beautiful brick-dust complexion. When every passenger on board had lost appetite and animation, this sturdy old man trod the upper deck and laughed at the storm as the winds sang through the cordage of the trembling ship.

For twenty-five years Dr. Le Plongeon has made a continuous study of archaeology in America. In all his work and all his travel, his wife has been his faithful coadjutor, collaborator, and companion. Madame Le Plongeon is a rare woman; she is possessed of that "excellent thing in woman," and when she gave us a little lecture on board ship it was voted a great treat. My private opinion is that she is of a little better fibre than her husband, in which remark I am quite sure I should be backed up by the learned doctor himself. This worthy couple spent twelve years in Yucatan, much of the time in the forests, living with the Mayas; and they probably have now a better knowledge of the Maya language than any living English-speaking man. The results of Dr. and Madame Le Plongeon's investigations are now set forth in a handsome volume of about three hundred pages, illustrated by many photographs and drawings.

The work is so complete a contradiction of all our ideas as to the early history of civilization that its first effect is to render speechless all superficial criticism. And then the piling up of proof, intricate, complex, requiring a knowledge of six languages to be comprehended, is of a nature that places the book quite beyond the range of a magazine review.

But briefly stated, the points made are a confirmation of Plato's statement that there existed about nine thousand years ago a chain of ten islands, of which the Isle of Atlantis was the largest, stretching across the Atlantic Ocean. These islands contained a population of sixty-four million souls, and were inhabited by the Maya race, a highly civilized people. They were acquainted with the size of the earth, knew that it was round like an orange, slightly flattened at the poles, had a knowledge of the higher mathematics, astronomy, and in certain respects were the peers of our best specimens of civilization today. The Atlantean record is proved from four different Maya authors whose works Dr. Le Plongeon has deciphered.

The capital of the Mayas both before and after the cataclysm was in Yucatan. From there the Mayas exercised an influence on the inhabitants of the earth not unlike that of England today. They were great navigators, and moved freely back and forth from America to the continents, both east and west. They established colonies in Chaldea, Nubia, and also in various points in India. The source of civilization of the Brahmins is unknown, but Dr. Le Plongeon finds many points of resemblance in point of manners, customs, and religion that seem to permit one to trace the higher thought of India to Mayach.

In every hundred Maya words ten are pure Greek. The Greek alphabet was a direct importation from America, and the pagan Greek religion is a modified form of that of the Mayas.

That we know so little of the history of the past is owing to just one particular impulse of humanity, i. e., the desire of one religious body to destroy the works of all the others. On the law books of England to-day are statutes giving the right to the authorities to publicly burn books that tend to disparage the prevailing religion. The smoke of public bonfires in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain has scarcely blown away. The present century has witnessed the burning in America of convents with their entire contents, which included libraries and records. This of course may be said to be following an example set by Catholics the world over, but it does not mitigate offense. Saint Paul made a public bonfire in the streets of Ephesus of books and manuscripts which he considered tended to heresy; moreover he gloried in the act, and Luke in telling about it in the Book of Acts sees nothing to apologize for or to conceal.

The Spanish Inquisition destroyed the great library of the Moors at Cordova; and in Mexico, Central America, and South America the Spanish Catholics applied the torch without ruth to whatever seemed to them to have a religious significance. We know how the Alexandria Library with its priceless contents was destroyed, and we know somewhat of the world's loss in consequence; but we can only guess with the author of "Salambo" the magnificence of Carthage wiped from the face of earth by the Romans. These same Romans mistook the beautiful marbles of Greece for graven gods and tumbled them from their pedestals, and these broken fragments now animate the artistic world.

In the fifteenth century the Spaniards overran Yucatan, sacked the temples, and destroyed all books, parchments, and inscriptions that seemed to them to have a religious or historical nature, the intent being to force Christianity upon the people and make them forget the past. The result was that millions of the inhabitants were killed, some embraced, or pretended to embrace, the new religion, and others escaped to the forests, where their descendants still live and try to hold intact their ancient beliefs. These natives are exceedingly reticent in their dealings with the whites, and it was only by living with them long years and thus securing their confidence that Dr. Le Plongeon was able to gain access to various records, and to acquire that knowledge which has enabled him to decipher their inscriptions.

Accepting the proofs Dr. Le Plongeon brings forward, America was the first home of civilization. From America knowledge spread east and west. England got her religion and ideas from America and Americans. Dr. Le Plongeon explains the mystery of the Sphinx to his own satisfaction, at least. Anyway, the work is intensely interesting, even to a layman, and in its bold statements is sure to awaken into life a deal of dozing thought, and some right lively opposition as well.

Window Gardening.

Too often the class of plants selected for window gardening are not adapted to the conditions of temperature and light to which they are subjected. Generally only two classes of plants are grown; those requiring a temperature of from 50 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit at night, with a rise of 10 to 15 degrees during the day, and those which require a temperature of about 15 degrees less. In the first class are included geraniums (with the exception of pelargoniums often called Martha Washington geraniums), roses, fuchsias, ferns, palms, begonias, etc., and in the

latter, carnations, hyacinths, cyclamens, cinerarias, geranium (pelargonium) azaleas, primroses, etc.

Plants grown in a dry heated atmosphere do not thrive as well as those grown in a moist one, and are more subject to the attacks of red spider and aphids (lice.) The air may be rendered moist by keeping an open vessel of water in the room. Red spider may be kept in check by frequently spraying the plants with water, while the aphids can usually be deterred from attacking the plants by dusting them occasionally with tobacco dust. If they should prove troublesome, they may be killed by spraying the plants with a liquid tobacco solution. A tobacco extract is also sold under the name of "Rose Leaf Extract," which is a valuable insecticide.

Different classes of plants require soils of different textures and richness, hence it is difficult to give a mixture suitable for all. A potting soil meeting the needs of most window plants is found in a mixture of two parts loam and one part each of leave-mold, manure and sand.

It is often necessary during the winter months to supply some liquid stimulants to the plants, in order, in the case of flowering plants, to increase the number and size of the flowers, and in that of foliage plants to give a darker and more luxuriant growth. These artificial stimulants may be applied in the form of manufactured plant foods, or what is infinitely more satisfactory, if not quite as pleasant, in form of liquid manure made from a mixture of cow and sheep manures, in the proportion of about four to one, with a small amount of ashes to furnish an excess of potash. These ingredients should be steeped in a barrel or tub of water for several days before using. Care should be exercised in the use of artificial stimulants of any kind as they will injure the plants if applied too strong, or in too liberal amounts. Liquid manure made according to the method described, should be diluted until it resembles the color of weak tea. Plants should not at first be watered oftener than once a fortnight with it, gradually increasing in frequency until once or twice a week is reached. William Stuart, Assistant Botanist, Purdue University.

Two Silver Champions.

Doubtless many of our readers, who appreciate the importance of the restoration of the bimetallic standard, would like to subscribe for and support a farm paper which while unsurpassed in its agricultural, household and other departments, at the same time has been the leading exponent of the bimetallic principle of finance. With a view to supplying this want, we have made a liberal clubbing arrangement with the Farm, Field and Fireside of Chicago. For many years this great paper has been pointing out to the farmers that low prices were the result of a contraction of standard money to the gold basis and urging them as a patriotic duty of self defense to vote for the restoration of silver.

So effective has been its work, especially during the late campaign, that Chairman Jones acknowledged to Wm. J. Bryan that it had done more towards the restoration of bimetalism than any other single agency.

As will be seen by our combination offer on another page, we can give this paper in combination with the People's Pilot, both one year, for the low price of \$1.60. This offer also includes twenty packets of the best seeds in the market from the Farm, Field and Fireside's free seed distribution, where 10 cents extra is paid for postage and packing. The Farm, Field and Fireside and the People's Pilot are two papers which Mark Hanna's boodles could not influence in the late campaign.

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