#### GRANDMOTHER.

- She sits beside the window wide, In wooden rocking chair,
  Through cap of lace I well can trace
  The snowy waves of nair.
  So white it shows, so warm it glows,
  As sunbeams softly pour
  Through window pane and try in vain
  To make it gold once more.

- Lieve her eyes—dim, yet so wise,
  And, ah, so quick to see
  The pitfalls deep, the snares that creep,
  The trials that threaten me!
  Lieve her cheek, the lines that speak
  Of life's long toilsome day,
  The cender touch that tells so much
  Of patient love alway.
- So old and bent, so weak and spent Yet keeping youth enough
  To help and cheer when skies are drear
  And ways are steep and rough.
- re to sit where shadows flit, head upon her knee, feel her arm, so soft and warm, see gently over me.

- Close gently ove.

  I lave to hear upon my ear
  The broken voice, so mild,
  "The long, full day of work and play
  Has wearied you, my child!"
  A tender prayer is in the air,
  Oh, sweet, the hour and mood!

  A sweet the tone: "My little one, ind sweet the tone.

  I trust you have been good."

  -Toronto Globe.



#### PART V.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.-CONTINUED.

I dropped upon the thwart again, mone too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment, but these two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky tamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the campfire had broken futo the chorus I had heard so often:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest— Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! Drink and the devil had done for the rest— Ya-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the "Hispaniola," when was surprised by a sudden lurch of the catacle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round was were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slight-ty phosphorescent. The "Hispaniola" herzelf, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the black nessofthe night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the campfire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, at went spinning through the narrows

Saidenly the schooner in front of me game a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through 20 degrees; and almost at the same moment one shout followed anfrom on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their dis-

av down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly commended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must full date some bar of raging breakers, speedily, and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look gove my fate as it approached. So I must have lain for hours, con-

tinually beaten to and fro upon the bil-lows, now and again wetted with flying eprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness. an accasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last intervened, and in my sea tassed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old Admiral Benbow.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE.

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs 40 or 50 feet high and fringed with great quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and

That notion was soon given over-Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouced and bellowed; loud reverberasucceeded one another from second to esecond, and I saw myself, if I ventured mearer, dashed to death upon the rough

where or spending my strength in vain
to scale the beetling crags.
Nor was that all; for, crawling together on flat tables of rock or letting
themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters -soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness-two or three score of them together, making the rocks echo with

I have understood since that they were sea lions and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing I felt willing rather to starve sea than to confront such perils.

chance, as I supposed. North of Haulbowline Head the land runs in a long way, leaving at low tide a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart-buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure d; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence. I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell un-

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if or springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very old, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle, dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be borribly frightened but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually bailed out the coracle with my sca-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big. smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places give her a shove or two toward land."

No sooner thought upon than done There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground, and as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promosotory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousandfold reflection from the waves, the sea water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point, and as the next reach of the sea opened out I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my

Right in front of me, not half a mile I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought, and long before I had come to a conclusion surprise had taken en tire possession of my mind and I could

do nothing but stare and wonder.

The "Hispaniola" was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her all her sails were drawing; she was lying a course about northwest, and I presumed the men on board were go ing round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the west-ward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her

sails shivering. "Clumsy fellows," said I, "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Capt. Smollett would have set them

skipping.

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east and west the "Hispaniola" sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board I might return the vessel to her cap-

tain. The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate.

and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and pad-dle I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water breaker beside the fore companion doubled my growing cour-

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose, and set myself with all my strength and cau-tion to paddle after the unsteered "His-paniola." Once I shipped a sea so heavy I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradual heart fluttering like a bird; butgradual-ly I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now rapidly gaining on the chooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about, and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the

orst thing possible for me-standing She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas crackling like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which

was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some se low, and the current gradually turning her, the "Hispaniola" revolved slowl round her center, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, but for the current.

the last little while I had even lost; but now, redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the

I was not a hundred yards from her the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was toward joy. Round she came, till she was broadside on to me—round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Im-mensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think scarce time to act and save myself.
was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprung to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the "Hispaniola."

### CHAPTER XXV.

### I STRIKE THE JOLLY ROGER.

I had scarce gained a position on the bowsprit, when the flying jib flapped and filled upon the other tack, with a report like a gun. The schooner trembled to her keel under the reverse; but next moment, the other sails still drawing, the jib flapped back again. and hung idle.

This had nearly tossed me off into the sea; and now I lost no time, crawled back along the bowsprit, and tumbled head-foremost on the deck

was on the lee side of the forecastle, and the mainsail, which was still drawing, concealed from me a certain porion of the after-deck. Not a so peen swabbed since the mutiny, borc the print of many feet; and an empty bottle, broken by the neck, tumbled to and fro like a live thing in the scuppers.

Suddenly the "Hispaniola" came right into the wind. The jibs behind me cracked aloud; the rudder slammed to; the whole ship gave a sickening heave and shudder, and at the same noment the main-boom swung inboard, the sheet groaning in the blocks, and showed me the lee after-deck. There were the two watchmen, sure

enough; red-cap on his back, as stiff as a handspike, with his arms stretched out like those of a crucifix, and his teeth showing through his open lips; Israel Hands propped against the bulwarks, his chin on his chest, his hands lying open before him on the deck, his face as white, under its tan, as a tal-

low candle.

For awhile the ship kept bucking and sidling like a vicious horse, the sails filling, now on one tack, now on another, and the boom swinging to and fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again, too, there would come a cloud of light spray over the bulwark, and a heavy blow of the ship's bows against the swell—so much heavier weather was made of it by this great rigged ship than by my homemade, lop-sided coracle, now gone to the bottom of the sea.

At every jump of the schooner, red-cap slipped to and fro; but—what was ghastly to behold—neither his attitude nor his fixed teeth-disclosing grin was any way disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump, too, Hands appeared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, his feet sliding ever the further out, and the whole body canting toward the stern, so that his face became, little by little, hid As for the later's sailing, it was so wild from me; and at last I could see noth-

ing beyond his ear and the frayed ring

let of one whisker.

At the same time, I observed, around both of them, splashes of dark blood upon the planks, and began to feel sure that they had killed each other in their

drunken wrath.
While I was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment, when the ship was still, Israel Hands turned partly round, and, with a low moan, writhed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moan, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open went right to my heart. But when I remembered the talk I had overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me I walked aft until I reached the main

"Come aboard, Mr. Hands," I said,

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word: "Brandy."

It occurred to me there was no time to lose; and, dodging the boom as it once more lurched across the deck, I slipped aft, and down the companionstairs into the cabin.

It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy. All the lockfast places had been broken open in quest of the chart. The floor was thick with mud, where ruffians had sat down to drink or consult after wading in the marshes round their camp. The bulk-heads, all painted in clear white, and beaded round with gilt, bore a pattern of dirty hands. Dozens of empty bot-tles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship. One of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table half of the leaves gutted out, I suppose for pipe-lights. In the midst of all this the lamp still cast a smoky glow, obscure and brown as umber.

I went into the cellar; all the barrels

were gone, and of the bottles a mos surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly, since the mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

#### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### HOW VICTORIA AVERTED WAR. Famous Incident of the Rebellion Re lated Anew.

During the American civil war two envoys of the confederate states, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, were seized on board an English ship. This insult to the British flag could not be passed over, and a disastrous war between Eng-land and the northern states of the American union seemed inevitable. The prince consort was at that time sink ng under his fatal illness, but notwithstanding the anxiety of the queen on his account, her mind was unceasingly active to devise means of prevent ing war. We are in a position to state on the authority of one of the most prominent statesmen of our time and one who had the honor of enjoying in a special manner the confidence of her majesty, that it was the queen herself, in opposition to the views of her ministers and of the distinguished man in question among them, who averted the war. She insisted that the dispatch which was sent to America demanding peremptorily the surrender of the en oys should be communicated at once to the powers and the grave consequences of the conflict from an internaional point of view pointed out.

The result was an able state paper sent to Washington by Mr Thouvenel, in which he stated that France regarded the act of the American captain who had arrested the confederate envoys on board an English ship as quite unjusti fiable and expressed the hope that the federal government would accede to the demands of Great Britain. Austria and Prussia immediately followed suit, and Prince Gortschakoff, on the part of Russia, urged President Lincoln to surrender the envoys without delay and with such an explanation as would sat isfy English national feeling. These remonstrances from the powers enabled the government of Washington to eswithout humiliation from an untenable position and saved England from entering into a war which would from entering into a war which would in all human probability have ended in the disruption of the American union and sown the seeds of deathless entry between England and the progressiance. There may be cases where they have stood well made in this way, but it is risky. Build up good brick walls, well emented, and use a stone cap and to be seen. The planks, which had not mity between England and the progressive and powerful northern states .-Quarterly Review.

### Not So Bad After All.

First Pretty Girl (angrily)—That fel-low across the aisle ought to be horse-whipped. He has been staring at you for the last ten minutes.

Second Pretty Girl-Why, my dear you are mistaken. He has been looking steadily at you, excepting when you turned in his direction, and then he would look at me to avoid meeting your

eye.
First Pretty Girl (sentimentally)—1 wonder-who-he-is.-N. Y. Weekly.

In the village of Sattel, in Canton Schroyz, a curious landslide occurred a short time since. An inn was carried, without sustaining any injury, 35 feet down a hillside, stopping just short of being precipitated into the river The garden, the immediate surroundings of the inn, the road in front, are all intact. Even two large elms near the house have not suffered

# A Conclusive Demonstration.

"Peacock feathers and shells are cor sidered unlucky, are they not? quired the lady who is writing a book

on superstitions.
"I dunno about peacock feathers be in' unlucky," replied Mrs. Corntossel "But I know shells is, because last week Josiar lost \$11 in a game thet was played with 'em."—Washington Star

#### Acted Her Part Well. -Do you remember, Frank, the

night you proposed to me, I hung my head and said nothing? He—Do I remember it! Well, should rather say I did! It was the las time I saw you act so!—Yookers States



#### IMPROVED CORN HOUSE.

#### Is Inaccessible to Rats and Mic Because There Is No Hiding

I notice that many farmers suffer great waste from vermin in the cornerib, and frequently it is very serious Rats are especially a great enemy in this respect. Unless the cornhouse is so made that there are no hiding places, it respect. is imposible to dislodge the rats from their retreat.

The cornhouse, shown in end of view is made so it is inaccesible to rats or mice, and there are no hiding places be neath it. It is elevated three feet above the ground on firmly set stone posts, neatly dressed. The cribs may be made from six to eight feet wide and of any desired length. For 4,000 bushels orn in the ear, the building should be



AN IDEAL CORN HOUSE.

40 feet long with cribs eight feet wide and 12 feet high. In building this, one should use six by eight timber for sills and two by eight joist.

The floor is made of two by three, laid one-half inch apart so as to admit the free circulation of air among the corn. The studding should be two by six, set three feet on centers, with two by four girts notched into the studding. The ends of this building are sided with one-eighth-inch matched drop siding put on horizontally, except the gable, which is put on vertically with the ends notched as shown in cut. The sides are covered with one by three-inch strips set one-half inch apart, and are put on vertically. The space between the cribs is 12 feet wide, and is closed inside from the bottom of the cribs to the ground, forming an inside shed which is not accessible to any farm animals. This inner shed i closed by rolling doors at each end. The cribs are boarded up inside the shed with three-inch strips, placed horizon tally, one-half inch apart, to admit air, and by opening the doors free circulation of air can be obsained in fine weather.

Above the shed it is floored over forming an apartment 12 feet wide by 40 feet long for storage of corn. A trap door may be made in this floor to hand up corn from below. The shed between the cribs will make a splendid store house for implements. As many doors may be made in the cribs as desired .-Charles H. Hickox, in Ohio Farmer.

### BUILDING A CISTERN.

#### Why Chenp Methods of Construction Should in No Circumstances Be Employed.

When making a cistern the same

ules as to doing the work in the best possible manner apply as when building a house. If expenditure cannot be afforded to make a large reservoir without cheapening the work, make it small and perfect. There are, or course, some methods of construction cheaper than others, and the cheaper as good as the more expensive, so far as utility is concerned, the extra outlay being for surface appearance then you have a certainty. When the for the cistern has been deter mined upon, take a stick-a strip of board—and bore two holes through it as far apart as half the circumfer ence of the place to be dug, then through these holes drive pins a few inches long, and use this as a sweep for marking the circle upon the sur face. Dig down, making the sides as smooth and true as possible. If the cistern is to be jug shaped, begin to draw in when half the desired depth has been reached. A flat stone should be put in the bottom, if convenient to do so, with a basin dug out of the cen-ter; then the brick wall, commenced at the margin of the basin. Do not us oft bricks. Sooner or later they will slack down from moisture absorbed from the soil, and make the cement on the water surface unsecure. Use arch brick, at least those that are made from good clay and well baked. One can readily tell by the looks or testing with a hammer whether fit for use in a cistern or not. After laying the bricks in good cement, the wall should be coated with plaster, made as follows: Clear, sharp sand, well screened, two parts, and water, cement, one part. Western Plowman.

### Dust for Poultry Houses.

Now is the time to collect a few barrels of dry earth, road dust, fine, dry dirt from the cornfield or potato patch, or anywhere that is most convenient. This is handy to have in the fall and winter for sprinkling under roosts and on the floor of the poultry house. It absorbs ammonia, keeps down smells and keeps things in good shape generally. It will pay to attend to this erally. It will pay to attend to this now, when it can be done so easily. It costs nothing and is a real advantage to have for use in winter.—I. Graber, n Agricultural Epitomist.

# Do You Like Boils

If you do not, you should take Hood's Sarsa-parilla and it will purify your blood, cure your boils and keep your system free from the poisons which cause them. The great blood purifying power of Hood's Sarsa-parilla is constantly being demonstrated by ts many marvelous cures

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5 Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

He Didn't Know About Hairpins.

He Didn't Know About Hairpins.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the bridegroom, as he sat down and tugged away at his mustache, "this is too bad!"

They had just arrived at Niagara Falls, and the porter had bowed himself out after carrying up a trunk that weighed 487 pounds, for which he received a 50-cent "tip."

The frightened girl dropped her traveling hat upon the center table and stood as if transfixed, with one of her gloves half off.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked.

"This is a fine go," he muttered. "I wonder how in the world I ever came to do such a foolish thing."

Then he felt in his pockets again, and cast a helpless look at the big trunk.

"You—you haven't lost your pocketbook, have you?" she asked.

"No, darling," he answered, "but I left my keys at home, and the one that opens your trunk is among them."

"Oh, is that all?" she exclaimed, with a happy little sigh. "Here"—and she removed a hairpin from her rich brown locks—"open it with this. Now I know that I am the only zirl in whom you ever took a real interest. Otherwise you would have known. Ah, Harry, dear, I am so happy!"—Cleveland Leader.

Why He Was Troubled.

#### Why He Was Troubled.

ack—Come, old man, cheer up. What if only fish in the swim.

Tom—Oh, I don't care about her breaking the engagement, but you see I've got to go right on paying installments on the ring for the next six months. That's where the icy breeze comes in.—Chicago Evening News.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Suspicious.—Nephew (to rich uncle, who has fallen down stairs)—"I hope you are not hurt." Uncle—"Oh, you do, do you? You know very well that I must be either hurt or dead."—Cincinnati Enouirer.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medi-cine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Sielen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

There is more money squandered in fool bargains than is spent for whisky.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

# Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their When the children get their feet wet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. The chances are they will be all right in the morning. Continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days, until all cough has disdays, until all cough has dis-

appeared.
Old coughs are also cured; we mean the coughs of bronchitis, weak throats and irritable lungs. Even the hard coughs are always lungs. Even the hard of consumption are made easy and frequently cured by the continued use of

# Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Every doctor knows that wild cherry bark is the best remedy known to medical science for soothing and healing inflamed throats and lungs.

Put one of Dr. Ayer's Pectoral **Plasters** over your lungs

The Best Medical Advice Free! We now have some of the most emi-nent physicians in the United States. Unusual opportunities and long experi-medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

# ....... What's the Matter with KANSAS?

KANSAS OWNS (in round numbers)
900,000 horses and mules, 55,000
milch cows, 1,600,000 other cattle,
2,400,000 swine and 225,000 sheep.

ITS FARM PRODUCTS this year in clude 150,000,000 bushels of corn, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat and millions upon millions of oblars in value of other grains, fruits, vegetables, etc. In debts alone it has a shortage. Send for free copy of "What's the Matter with Kansas?"—a new book of 96 pages of facts.

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