

THE FARM.

J. W. Hopkins, who lives near Joshua, this county, raised this fall on a piece of ground 5x60 steps, 174 bushels of sweet potatoes...

PEANUTS VS. COTTON.

We are informed that J. B. A. Reddell of the Jim Ned neighborhood, raised this year from one quarter of an acre of land, fifty bushels of goober peas...

FLOWING AND HOG FEEDING.

You asked for the opinion of farmers on breaking lands. I have been farming for 25 years, and my experience is you cannot break stiff land too deep...

THE FUTURE OF COTTON.

There is no doubt at all that the continuance of the present price of cotton would bankrupt the Gulf states and very seriously affect the balances of the country...

BOOK FARMING.

The value of "book farming" must not be misunderstood. The man who attempts to farm from the books alone will inevitably fail...

engaged in the practical work of farming and who, therefore, cannot bring it to the bottom and avail himself of the instruction afforded in agricultural schools...

A DETHRONED KING.

Cotton used to be called king, but the people of the South have paid homage to it and, reeled upon its support until it is ruinous to worship at the throne of "King Cotton" any longer...

FATTENING THE TURKEYS.

Turkeys wander too much to put on fat as they should, if allowed freedom, no matter how well they may be fed...

CHEAP EGG FOODS.

There are many ways of providing the hens with cheap foods that will prove serviceable in promoting egg production...

WHAT TO DO FOR ROUP.

There is no disease more dreaded or more fatal among fowls than the roup. Here are the opinions of several well known poultry men on the subject...

duets from tanners where oak or the more expensive materials, such as gambler, sumac, etc., are used.

POULTRY.

Among the most prolific egg-producers are the Leghorns, Spanish, Houdans, Red Caps and other non-sitting breeds.

LEGHORNS.

The Leghorn family embraces many varieties—the white, the brown, the Dominique, the buff, the black and the rose-combed variety...

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC SETS THE PACE.

2-1-2 days to Los Angeles, Cal. 3-1-4 days to San Francisco, Cal. On November 1, 1894, the Southern Pacific will inaugurate their new train, "Sunset Limited" with a complement of Pullman's most luxuriously appointed cars...

THE IMPROVED VICTOR INCUBATOR.

Hatched chickens by thousands. Absolutely self-regulating. The simplest, most reliable and cheapest of all incubators.

HATCH CHICKENS BY STEAM EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR.

Thousands in successful operation. Guaranteed to hatch 90% of all eggs. Lowest price. Best quality.

THE STAR COIL SPRING SHAF SUPPORT AND ANTI-RATTLE.

Get the best. The Decatur shaft support. Dr. E. W. Hopkins, Veterinary Surgeon.

DR. E. W. HOPKINS, VETERINARY SURGEON.

Late Veterinary Surgeon 7th U. S. Cavalry and graduate with honors at Columbia and American Veterinary Colleges.

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion than all the rest of the food they eat.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion than all the rest of the food they eat.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it.

At a Price

At a Price of \$15.00 to \$40.00 a Week. Can be made taking subscribers for "House and Home," the best illustrated HOME JOURNAL published.

THE IMPROVED VICTOR INCUBATOR

Hatched chickens by thousands. Absolutely self-regulating. The simplest, most reliable and cheapest of all incubators.

HATCH CHICKENS BY STEAM EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR

Thousands in successful operation. Guaranteed to hatch 90% of all eggs. Lowest price. Best quality.

THE STAR COIL SPRING SHAF SUPPORT AND ANTI-RATTLE

Get the best. The Decatur shaft support. Dr. E. W. Hopkins, Veterinary Surgeon.

THE FARMERS MAGAZINE. PUBLISHED MONTHLY. A Farmer's Encyclopedia. Beautifully Illustrated. Should be in every farmer's home.

FREE! CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination.

METAL WHEELS for your WAGONS. Any size you want, 20 to 60 in. high. Tires 1 to 8 in. wide—hubs to fit any axle.

SADDLE HORSES.

You can get any horse to fox-trot, running-walk and single-foot, either gait, in one hour or less. No injury. Method cheap. Write at once for particulars and testimonials.

WHITSEL SADDLE GAIT CO.

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS. BY ONE MAN. For free illustrated catalogue, showing testimonials from thousands who have saved 50% to 75% cords—dollar for dollar—agrees to 922 to 1120 N. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

DR. ALDRICH, SPECIALIST.

TANSY PILLS! MARRIAGE PAPER with 1,000 "Impressions" and 100 "Safe and Sure" and 400 "Woman's Safe" stories. WILSON SPECIFIC CO., PHILA., PA.

PATENTS. CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to H. W. & C. O. who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business.

F. F. COLLINS MFG. CO. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS. PUMPS, PIPES, CYLINDERS, FITTINGS, HOSE, Belting, Packing, ENGINES, BOILERS, Mill, Gin and Well MACHINERY.

Best quality. Repairing OLD MACHINERY. A SPECIALTY. The Best Galvanized Mill and Tower on Earth is the "STEEL STAR."

EASILY SATISFIED.

Years ago a French Canadian drayman was doing business in Vergennes, Vermont. Realizing that the days of his old blind horse were numbered, he thus appealed to a well known citizen: "Mr. Parker, you travel an country good deal more than I do; you see some of our horses, but not worth much, you tell 'em I bought you." We are reminded of this case when an inquirer writes that he has sent for other lists, and the "cheapest" will get his order. Moral! Use horse sense when buying horses.

CARRIAGES Buggies & Harness.

Two Medals awarded at the World's Fair, for Strength, Beauty and low price. Our Spiral Springs warranted 12 years, our vehicles 5 years. Every person owning a horse should send for our handsome Free Texas Catalogue. Buy only from the largest manufacturer on earth who will direct to the consumer.

THE BRIDGES CARRIAGE COMPANY

Sells all kinds of Vehicles and Harness REPAIRED at Wholesale Prices. Send for Catalogue and Save Money, 1011 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

THE LIVING LAND and LIVE STOCK AGENCY

COMMISSION DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF REAL ESTATE AND LIVE STOCK, AND GENERAL INVESTMENT BROKERS.

Opposite Pickwick Hotel Fort Worth, Texas.

CATTLE We have at all times a large list of all kinds and classes of cattle for sale. We make a specialty of buying and selling feeding steers and contracting for the future delivery of any required number or class of cattle.

RANCHES We make a specialty of handling ranches of all kinds, with or without the stock, in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Mexico.

IMPROVED FARMS We have improved farms of all kinds, sorts and sizes, and can no doubt suit anyone wanting a good farm or comfortable home.

HORSES AND SHEEP We handle in large lots all kinds and classes of live stock, and make a special feature of horses and sheep. The former in lots of not less than 200 and the latter in flocks of not less than 1000.

WILD LANDS We represent over a million acres of wild lands in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and the Republic of Mexico, suitable for speculation, ranching or colonization purposes.

CITY REAL ESTATE We have a large list of desirable improved and unimproved resident and business property in the city of Fort Worth to which we invite the attention of those wanting to make safe and profitable investments of this kind.

Believing that we can make it to the interest of both buyers and sellers to deal through us, we respectfully solicit their patronage. GEO. B. COVING & SON, MANAGERS.

Texas Stock and Farm Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
The Stock Journal Publishing Co.
607 Main Street, Opposite Hotel Pickwick, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 A YEAR

Entered at the Postoffice, Fort Worth, Tex., as second-class matter.

Subscribers, Attention!
Look at the address label on the Journal sent to you. The small figures opposite your name show the expiration of the time paid for.

On account of the first page being devoted to irrigation, departments were put short this week.

The profit in farming depends upon three factors: The value of the product, the cost of production and the time consumed in producing, all of which makes it unprofitable to raise cotton under present conditions.

The Midland Fair, on the 12th, 13th and 14th of December, promises to be well attended, both by exhibitors and visitors.

The Texas Wool Growers' Association will meet at San Angelo December 11. Every Texas sheepman should attend, as matters important to the sheep industry will come up for discussion.

Do your duty by your children, even if times are hard and money scarce. Send them to school every day they can possibly be spared.

When a big morning daily like the Fort Worth Gazette appropriates Texas Stock and Farm Journal matter without credit, it is tough; but when nearly all of the front page of one of the Journal's exchanges is made up with original Journal matter, credited to the Fort Worth Gazette, as was the last issue of the Midland Gazette, Texas Stock and Farm Journal feels like registering a loud and vigorous kick.

The Cotton Palace at Waco will be open but a few days longer, and the man who has not attended should in the time remaining avail himself of the opportunity of seeing the most unique and beautiful exhibit ever gotten together under one roof in the South.

Molasses forms quite an item in the yearly expense bill of the Texas farmer. In the arrangement for next year's crop, provide for a good sorghum cane patch; get your neighbors to do the same, and if there is a mill in the community, arrange to use it.

From a county judge in West Texas comes the intelligence that the stockmen are organizing to resist the payment of the lease on state lands, in pastures and on the outside and the judge adds, "they are forced to this from sheer necessity."

English papers are bewailing the condition of that country, which they say is every year becoming more dependent on other nations for her food supply.

Does the reader of Texas Stock and Farm Journal realize that it is the oldest and largest circulated paper of its class, with probably one exception, published in the entire Southwest?

upon everything pertaining to the interests of the stockman and agriculturist, and fills its columns with bright live matter. Its market reports are full and complete, more so than in any weekly publication in Texas and cover everything in which its readers are interested.

From the advance reports of the agricultural department the production of corn in the Southern states has been compiled, which shows an increase over 1893 of 48,000,000 bushels.

The "long heads" among the cattlemen are picking up young sheep cattle wherever they are offered. Whether or not there is to be any money made out of the steers on hand, the most of them will have to be sold, and unless something not in the probabilities happens, ewes are going to be worth good money within another year.

The Lexow committee will resume its investigation of the corruption existing in the New York police department, the first week in December.

The increase in wealth resultant to the state can be best illustrated by the following official report: "Irrigation has increased the value of 3,361,386 acres of South Dakota land from \$77,000,000 to \$300,000,000.

In the muttering of deep disgust that has gone up from sheepmen from all over the range sheep breeding portion of the United States, less has been heard from the Texas sheepmen than from those of any other state.

The favorable conditions under which Texas sheep are entering the winter is propitious, for with a good coat of fat, they are impervious to cold, and less liable to disease.

The report of the commissioner of internal revenue shows a heavy falling off in receipts.

The chief of the Houston fire department has ordered an investigation of the recent fires in that city.

The Japanese have taken Fort Arthur, which next to Gibraltar, is said to be the strongest fortress in the world.

wool idea is going away to a parity of mutton and wool, a desirable combination. Now that the sheep is past his usefulness as a vote catching factor, and will be for some time to come, Texas sheepmen are looking the situation squarely in the face and are preparing to inject some new blood into their herds, and by close application to business they will find that a reasonable return will come from their investment in the "muck and lowly lambs."

The sugar trust say they cannot sell their produce, and in consequence have shut down their refineries, throwing 50,000 people out of work.

It is reported that the express robbers who killed Sheriff McGee at Canadian hills in the Cheyenne country.

There are 783 patients in the Terrill, Tex. insane asylum, which is completely full. It is estimated that Texas has 1000 insane persons out in asylums.

The Chicago horse and fat stock show opened at Tattersalls in that city on the 21st inst., with a fine display of fancy gaited saddle horses, high jumpers, cattle, sheep and hogs.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

600 held by the express agent, was killed: A posse went after the robbers.

A train load of Chicago capitalists have been junketing in Texas this week, their initial point being the Waco Cotton Palace.

The sugar trust say they cannot sell their produce, and in consequence have shut down their refineries, throwing 50,000 people out of work.

There are 783 patients in the Terrill, Tex. insane asylum, which is completely full. It is estimated that Texas has 1000 insane persons out in asylums.

The Chicago horse and fat stock show opened at Tattersalls in that city on the 21st inst., with a fine display of fancy gaited saddle horses, high jumpers, cattle, sheep and hogs.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

get along without the Journal." I secured a good list of subscribers at this place. The town was full of cotton - I noticed several loads of corn on the streets for sale at 35 and 40 cents per bushel.

The Western Passenger association has gone to pieces, nearly all of the railroads forming the association having withdrawn.

It is reported that the express robbers who killed Sheriff McGee at Canadian hills in the Cheyenne country.

There are 783 patients in the Terrill, Tex. insane asylum, which is completely full. It is estimated that Texas has 1000 insane persons out in asylums.

The Chicago horse and fat stock show opened at Tattersalls in that city on the 21st inst., with a fine display of fancy gaited saddle horses, high jumpers, cattle, sheep and hogs.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

The Daves commission appointed to investigate matters concerning the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation, Thursday of last week, at the residence of Bishop R. K. Hargrove of Nashville, Tenn., in the chair.

BREEDERS' DIRECTORY. J. D. CALDWELL, Brownwood, Texas. Breeder of Short Horn Cattle, Berkshire Hogs and Black Langshans Chickens.

Hereford Park Stock Farm. Rhome, Wise County, Texas. RHOME & POWELL, Proprietors. Breeders and Importers of Pure Bred Hereford Cattle.

Blue-Mouth Blooded Stock Farm. J. W. BURGESS, Proprietor. FORT WORTH, TEXAS. BREEDER OF REGISTERED SHORT HORN CATTLE

SAN GABRIEL STOCK FARM. D. H. & J. W. SNYDER, Props. GEORGETOWN, TEXAS. BREEDERS OF PURE BRED PERCHERONS AND FRENCH COACH STALLIONS

SHADE PARK STOCK FARM. Registered Poland China, Essex and Berkshire pigs, 100 head ready for immediate shipment.

BOOK QUARRY HERD. N. E. Mosher & Son, Salt Lake City, Utah. Breeder of the choicest strains of Poland China Hogs.

E. E. AXLINE, Breeder and Shipper of Through-Bred Poland Chinas. Of the best strains. Pigs for sale at reasonable prices.

JACKS AND JENNETTS. FOR SALE. I HAVE THE LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the State. Send for catalogue.

TENNESSEE JERSEYS. World's Fair Blood. Choice heifers, close up in blood to the "little big cow" of the World's Fair.

75 Short Horn 75. I have for sale 20 pedigreed bull calves; also 30 high-grade bull calves and 25 high-grade yearlings past.

BREEDERS' DIRECTORY. W. H. PIERCE, DENTON, TEXAS. Breeder of Large English Berkshire Swine.

REAR OUR BOOK BULLETIN. EXCELSIOR LUMBER LOG BODY and Sawmill. Containing tables of Board, Shingles, etc.

RANDALL'S PRACTICAL SHEPHERD. A new and complete treatise on the breeding, management and diseases of sheep.

LEWIS' PRACTICAL POULTRY BOOK. A work on the breeding, raising and general management of all kinds of poultry.

WILLARD'S PRACTICAL BUTTER BOOK. A complete treatise on the manufacture of butter and cream.

THE STEEL SQUARE AND ITS USES. The Carpenter's Steel Square and its uses in obtaining the length and levels of all kinds of rafters, hips, gables, braces, brackets, etc.

THE COMPLETE CARRIAGE & WAGON PAINTER. A work of 300 pages, written by a practical painter, and giving in plain language details of the art of painting carriages and wagons.

FRANK FORESTER'S COMPLETE FIELD SPORTS. Embracing the game of North America, upland shooting, fly shooting, snipe and waterfowl, bear hunting, turkey shooting, etc.

FRANK FORESTER'S AMERICAN GAME IN ITS SEASONS. Fully illustrated and described in one of the most beautiful printed on laid tinted paper.

THE DOG. By DAVIS, MAHER, and HERRICK. Fully illustrated, and containing full instructions in all that relates to the breeding, rearing, training, and conditioning of dogs.

FRANK FORESTER'S HORSE OF AMERICA. In two superb royal octavo volumes of 120 pages, with steel engraved illustrations.

GUN, ROD AND SADDLE. Fully fifty pages on subjects connected with fishing, shooting, racing, sporting, etc.

HOUSEHOLD.

Lulu E. McEntire-Clark, who writes so entertainingly and with so much vigor on the subject of homes, tells this week what system will do for the household. Her heart is evidently in what she writes, and what a model home must be! Let there be the best of the women of this land take up such themes as does this writer, and the result would be a renewal of interest in what so many of them seem to have forgotten. Mrs. Clark promises to write regularly for these columns, and Household extends thanks in advance, as well as for past favors.

ONE ON THE OLD LADY.

A Meadville girl found a package of love letters written to her mother by her father before she could have a little sport, and read them to her mother, pretending that they were of recent date, and submitted her name for the household. Her mother and that fine young man for that of her father. The mother jumped up and down in her chair, shifted her feet and seemed terribly disgusted and forbade her daughter from having anything to do with the young man who would write such sickening and nonsensical stuff to a girl. The young lady handed the letter to her mother, the house became so still that one could hear the grass growing in the back yard.—Exchange.

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless in seasons of sorrow for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; the words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sinner do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general, but when he enters the cozy sitting room from his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as a balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. That are wedded with combating the stern realities of life. The rough school boy, flies in rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instances of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power, when compared with her.—Ex.

THINGS A WOMAN SHOULD KNOW.

That it rests you in sewing to change your position frequently. That a hot, strong lemonade taken at bed time will break a hard cold. That tough beef is made tender by lying a few minutes in vinegar water. That a little salt will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion. That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breast. That one in a faint should be laid on the flat of his back; then loosen his clothes and let him sleep. That to beat eggs quickly add a pinch of salt. That you can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of eggs before washing. That white spots upon vanished furniture will come off if you hold a hot plate over them. That when you spill wine on the table cloth immediately put table salt over it—it prevents staining. On any Friday, upon going to bed, as you disrobe, take the petticoat that you have worn during the day, fold it up and place it under your pillow at the same time saying these words: "Friday night I go to bed, Place my petticoat under my head; Dream of the living, not of the dead— Dream of the one I am going to wed." Then go quietly to bed without saying another word. Luck is never waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman could bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a comfortable income. Labor whistles; Luck relies on chance. Labor relies on character.

ADVICE TO MARRIED MEN.

Editor Household: There has been so much said through the columns of the different papers to the young people starting out to fight the battles of life together, I would like to say a few words to the old ones. A fair young girl to the altar some twenty or thirty years ago, and there promised to love, cherish and protect her. What a loving wife she has been to you. Has she not helped you bear the burdens of poverty? and when you were sick did she not wait upon you, day and night? and not a complaining word passed her lips. Did she not go out in the cold and snow, many a time and milk the cow, that you and the children might have nice fresh milk to drink? She was strong and did not seem to mind it. Ah! but that is no reason that you should not remember it. I know there are husbands and fathers in this land who love their wives as well today as when they took their hand in the long ago and told them how dear they were. And yet these same men have not taken the trouble to speak one word to their wives for years. Oh, why will you do this way? What are you doing and why are we living if not to do some good, or make some one happy? Do not, when you come home after having been gone for a few days meet your wife's smile with a frown; and, when she tells you of something she has had done during your absence, do not look like you thought she had committed some terrible crime and say, "Why did you do that?" in your gruffest tone. Do not look all around for something to find fault with. Do not when your wife lays her hand on you push it aside with a gesture that makes her feel that her presence is not wanted. If you have grown children, do not hunt up everything they have done that does not exactly please you, and scold your wife, their mother, about it, whenever you chance to be alone together. But try to act a little more as you did when you were trying to win her regards enough to be your promised wife. Oh, how much happier woman would be were such a change to take place. And, my dear friend, you would be much happier, too. J. L. B. Buckeye, Arizona.

GREAT MEXICAN MUMMIES.

City of Mexico, Nov. 22.—One of the most curious and picturesque cities in Mexico, one which few tourists visit in their trip through our sister republic, is Guanajuato, the capital of the state bearing the same name. Its attractions are widely talked of, but seldom written about. This city, Guanajuato, like many of the old Mexican words, looks very formidable when written, but when lissed by some dark-

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Wm. A. Raking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

eyed seniorita, and there are numbers of these, bound up in itself. It is pronounced Wauwato. Built in the canons of hills adjacent to the Guanajuato range, which is a continuation of the magnificent Sierra Madre. Many of the streets of the city are very deep, narrow and roughly paved—being impassible by wagons. Yet there are many fine buildings. The architecture is necessarily picturesque. The churches are of peculiar architectural beauty showing great skill in interior and exterior construction. The sculpturing, designed and executed by Aztec Indians, is especially worthy of note. The city also has a theater building, which is an investment of the state government. It is of beautiful and striking design, the front being adorned by four large and imposing bronze statues, typifying art, literature, music and science. The interior view is very rich, being characteristic of the architectural and decorative style characteristic of Spanish-American countries.

SLAIDE IN ARKANSAS.

He Talks to Preachers, Traveling Through a Rough Country and Gets Mixed up With Bald Hornets.

I have always liked preachers—was always taught to respect them and to behave myself in their presence. I have come to church several times in the course of my rather uneventful life and as recently as last year, I was a member of a church. I ever misbehaved while I was patronizing his shanty, believe in preachers, and also would not mind a bald hornet or rather in more of them, if they wouldn't do little things now and then that remind one of the old saying that "conscience is the best water with gold setting." I feel flattered when a man expresses a profound interest in the eternal welfare of my immortal soul, but if at the same time he displays an utter disregard of the present comforts of this frail and fast perishing body, how am I going to believe he is losing any sleep about my soul? This thought is suggested by a little incident on the train the other day which I shall relate just as it happened.

On the "Frisco" train a number of preachers were returning from a conference. I knew they were preachers because they talked of their charges of the money they had raised for missionary purposes, etc. The train became crowded. Every seat was needed and yet passengers had to stand. A well-dressed brother in the Lord sat just in front of me. Good living betrayed itself in his rotund form and features. He hadn't more than a few minutes' rest, but he seemed a veritable stuffed famine breeder, and he occupied a whole seat. When he saw the train and seats at a premium he spread himself out over his seat so that it was impossible for any one to occupy it with him, and this man, who suffers so much in the way of anxiety, considered his lot of the human race would not inconvenience himself to the extent of common politeness to make life a little more pleasant for the fellow traveler, but he couldn't help but set there and doubt whether he cared a continental cuss about any body's soul? Notwithstanding all his good living and roppings over a lost and ruined world, I don't believe that, if by some error of bookkeeping on the part of the recording angel, he were to leave his heaven and St. Peter were to leave him out of his easy-look-out chair to open the door for the entrance of a poor shade whose only chance of getting into heaven was immediate entrance to paradise. When a preacher is too selfish to use common every-day politeness, he's not losing any fat in the soul's of the millions—that's sure.

By the way the "Frisco" road runs through some pretty hilly country in the state of Arkansas and Washington counties. A native called my attention to this fact thus: "Stranger, this is a pretty considerable hilly country we are running through." "Well, yes, it does appear a little uneven." "That's the thing, stranger—why blame my skin if I didn't take a little hill spring and as the train ran along the hillside, pick-it full of berries, which I sold when I got into Fayetteville for enough money to buy my fare." "You did what?" "Didn't do nothing, only Je's retch outen the winder as the cars run along the side of the hill, and pick a basket of berries which same I sold in Fayetteville for seventy cents." "Yes," he continued, "I reckon—but say, this is a pretty considerable hilly country. Why, only 'las' week as we were a-comin' a-terrin' along right here a pig were tryin' to run up that hill that an I set my foot on these berries, catch him by the hind leg, pulled 'em in, walked across to the other side of the car an' dropped Mr. Pig right down Bill Loo's chin. Bill's house were on the lower side of the track, an' the pig were tryin' to climb the hill on 'tother side."

SYSTEM IN THE HOME.

The Penates were mythological deities of the Romans, the name being derived from the Latin, meaning pantry, which was sacred to these household-gods. The man of the house has a right to the Penates of his own home. We trace from this origin on down the swiftly rolling years until age upon age brings about a wonderful change. When our own grand old glorious time is reached, the names are changed and the order is reversed. System is the god of the household, and woman, the goddess. The sacred never dying fires burning on the home altar.

System is the golden watchword, the open sesame to happiness and prosperity. It should be a home rule; children from the time they are mentally capable of comprehending the meaning of words should be taught to keep all their small belongings neatly and in order. Order is heaven's first law, and should be rigidly enforced in the home. A place for everything, and everything in its place, is a desirable family motto, and if properly heeded, our next generation of home makers would have less trouble with their penates, and more happiness in their homes.

The faults of unsystematized homes lies not wholly with the women of today, but to some extent with past generations. In our dear old England, few were compelled to attend to household duties, therefore never fully realized the necessity of knowledge in that line, consequently the burden of ignorance falls heavily on the housekeeper of today. They must of themselves learn how, and the best way to keep house.

Situated in what so ever social sphere, accumulated wealth at her disposal, home is not, and can never be, thoroughly enjoyable if there be not a steady guiding hand at the helm, safely guiding the household barque through troubled waters, through dangerous passages, on and on, smoothly sailing into the open sea of quiet, peaceful domestic bliss. A home maintained on a small basis carefully managed is preferable, always, to a somewhat larger one. The true meaning of home is order, neatness, rest and quiet. Let every housewife put on her thinking cap and map out a week's work. A day for washing, a day for ironing, a third for scrubbing, a fourth for general use—house cleaning, mending and baking; fifth, set a part for the work in the yard and garden; sixth, in preparation for the seventh, that it may be a rest day in truth indeed. And their reward will be more than a surprise and gratification. Steps are saved, self is saved, and work carefully done. One accustomed to routine would perhaps find it a little trying at first, but remember, the regularity will work such miracles in household affairs that each succeeding day will be evenly balanced with duties and pleasure, work and rest. She has only the two hands to execute, but is rich in the possession of a wonderful brain with which to plan, therefore let more planning be

done, and then use to the best advantage the implements of labor nature has provided.

Few people are naturally systematic, but 'tis a habit easily cultivated, however rigid and abundant reward to the home-keeper proclaims the housekeeper, and how shall we tell?

By its general completeness, where in cleanliness and sweetness, the rose of order-blooms."

LULA E. MCENTIRE-CLARK, Dallas, Tex.

SLAIDE IN ARKANSAS.

He Talks to Preachers, Traveling Through a Rough Country and Gets Mixed up With Bald Hornets.

I could stand no more of this wicked man's companionship, so I walked back into the chair car and seated myself by an open window and began to admire the rugged mountain scenery through which we were passing. Autumn frosts had painted the leaves on some of the trees red and the winds had stripped the branches of others bare. A recently denuded branch of a hickory tree stretched itself near to the car windows and on this branch hung an old-fashioned bald-hornet's nest, swaying in the breeze. In my boyhood days I have spent hours demolishing these homes of this rather warlike insect, and frequently gone home with bumps on my phrenological chart and nervous system. I had only an instant to reflect, but in that instant I seemed to remember that hornets, like wasps, deserted their homes for warm climates when autumn winds began to whistle through the woods, and in that instant I resolved to capture and did capture that nest, which I carried with me to my room as a curiosity. It was an easy matter. The train was running slowly, and I just reached out of the window, pulled the nest off with my hand and deposited it on the seat beside me. Then I shut the window, for the atmosphere outside of the comfortably heated coach was rather chilly, but I don't remember correctly about the habits of hornets. It seems very clear to me now that they were climbing when they were deposited during the dull months of winter and when spring time has come, gentle Annie, they sallied forth in a glad sunbeam and began to buzz about each member of the household carrying a poisoned dagger in his hip pocket. The comfortable temperature of the coach evidently had deposited the inmates of the nest I had captured as to the day and date of the time in which we were then living and having our being.

"Come, come, come, the summer now is here." And stuck their heads out looking for spring flowers and barefooted boys. I did not discover this in time to profit very materially by the information, but I discovered it all right. One of the insects crawling about the velvet cushions of the seat became vexed at something and suddenly wheeled around like a mule, let fly his javelin, which took effect in that part of my anatomy nearest the seat. Then I concluded I'd better throw the nest out of the car, but while I was trying to raise the window with the philanthropic intention of getting something with fire on one end of it crawling up the left leg of my pantaloons. I also discovered that one of the feeble insects had lost his footing on my coat collar and dropped down the back of my neck, and that he seemed to be trying to steady himself by planting his stung into whatever came handi-capped with just along my spinal column. Then I sought fresh air on the rear platform, and I forgot to take my nest with me. There was no use in that, for the chair car, as I preferred to stand up rather than go back through that car to the smoker. After rubbing my leg and scratching my back against the end of the car, I spent a little time in looking through the glass in the door, observing what was going on in the car. At first episodes began to happen, but soon they became interesting, but soon they became interesting with such rapidity as to baffle the best short-hand reporter. It was like trying to watch a three ring circus in full operation, and a perfect circus occupied the seat directly in front of the one I had abandoned. First showed signs of restlessness. She began to squawk, and then to spit sound, and to take exercises.

A big fat motherly looking woman in the front end of the coach knew at a glance that something was wrong with her, and she began to sniff and sniff her smelling bottle and started on a relief expedition. A big bald hornet, now warmed into full vigor and fierceness, met the junction of the frontal bone and the nose, and she collapsed on a dude who had unknowingly been nursing one of my pets on his off leg. He said afterwards that his first thought was to get up and run, but he was so afraid of the lady who stood abruptly at upon him had a dirk knife concealed in her pistol pocket, and that her weight struck him and he fell on his head. Then the drummer who occupied a seat opposite my old stand raised a window and pushed his head and a great mass of hair out into the wide, wide world. The window wench caught him in this position and he used his legs rapidly in trying to kick off the drummer, while they swarmed around that half an hour in the car like mosquitoes, ever and anon getting in their work in tender places. The confusion and confusion became general and a crowd of more than one in the coach playing a more or less prominent part in the disturbance. When this pandemonium had broken out, the conductor, a practical train porter rushed in to see what was all about. He got there just as things were good ripe. One hornet struck him on the corner of his eye and stuck there, and he was wrenched out of his ear, and a few more toyed with his nose, chin and throat. He yelped "murder" and pulled the bell cord. The conductor came to see what the matter was. He left immediately and as he hastened through the other car he spit out a damaged hornet and told the passengers that he was shot all to pieces. Instantly everybody threw up their hands, some mumbled their prayers, the deputy conductor and the express man hid their guns and the express man hid his gun and the express man hid his gun and the express man hid his gun.

"Stranger, I can make out whether you are tryin' to flatter me or not. Ef yer mean anything puse-son, jes spit 'er out." "Oh, no, I meant nothing personal, I assure you." "Say, feller-man, I'm here to tell you that some of the closest flatted folks live in these here hills you ever saw. They don't spend six-bits a year."

"No." "Yes, sure. You saw ole man Rodgers who goes on these here hills? Cheater? Well, he's a farmer down here, an' he'd skin a flea for his lide 'an' taller." "You don't say?" "Yes, I do, though. Why, he's cross-in'-his-bees with lightning-bugs." "Trying to improve the breed, I suppose." "Call it improvin' if yer want to. He does it so as to raise a breed of bees what can carry a light 'an' see how to make honey in the night."

"Really, you surprise me, and I'm sure." "Yes, an' he makes his wife stand in the melon patch night 'an' day to scare the rabbits 'an' crows off." "Don't make 'em stay up all night?" "Really, you surprise me, and I'm sure." "Yes, an' he makes his wife stand in the melon patch night 'an' day to scare the rabbits 'an' crows off." "Don't make 'em stay up all night?" "Really, you surprise me, and I'm sure." "Yes, an' he makes his wife stand in the melon patch night 'an' day to scare the rabbits 'an' crows off." "Don't make 'em stay up all night?"

I couldn't conscientiously encourage my companion any further, but he continued: "Ole Bill Rodgers is so dog-goned stingy, he won't use a collar-bratton." "Why, how does he get on without one?" "He's got a wart on the back of his neck an' he buttons his collar onto

WHY

I could stand no more of this wicked man's companionship, so I walked back into the chair car and seated myself by an open window and began to admire the rugged mountain scenery through which we were passing. Autumn frosts had painted the leaves on some of the trees red and the winds had stripped the branches of others bare. A recently denuded branch of a hickory tree stretched itself near to the car windows and on this branch hung an old-fashioned bald-hornet's nest, swaying in the breeze. In my boyhood days I have spent hours demolishing these homes of this rather warlike insect, and frequently gone home with bumps on my phrenological chart and nervous system. I had only an instant to reflect, but in that instant I seemed to remember that hornets, like wasps, deserted their homes for warm climates when autumn winds began to whistle through the woods, and in that instant I resolved to capture and did capture that nest, which I carried with me to my room as a curiosity. It was an easy matter. The train was running slowly, and I just reached out of the window, pulled the nest off with my hand and deposited it on the seat beside me. Then I shut the window, for the atmosphere outside of the comfortably heated coach was rather chilly, but I don't remember correctly about the habits of hornets. It seems very clear to me now that they were climbing when they were deposited during the dull months of winter and when spring time has come, gentle Annie, they sallied forth in a glad sunbeam and began to buzz about each member of the household carrying a poisoned dagger in his hip pocket. The comfortable temperature of the coach evidently had deposited the inmates of the nest I had captured as to the day and date of the time in which we were then living and having our being.

"Come, come, come, the summer now is here." And stuck their heads out looking for spring flowers and barefooted boys. I did not discover this in time to profit very materially by the information, but I discovered it all right. One of the insects crawling about the velvet cushions of the seat became vexed at something and suddenly wheeled around like a mule, let fly his javelin, which took effect in that part of my anatomy nearest the seat. Then I concluded I'd better throw the nest out of the car, but while I was trying to raise the window with the philanthropic intention of getting something with fire on one end of it crawling up the left leg of my pantaloons. I also discovered that one of the feeble insects had lost his footing on my coat collar and dropped down the back of my neck, and that he seemed to be trying to steady himself by planting his stung into whatever came handi-capped with just along my spinal column. Then I sought fresh air on the rear platform, and I forgot to take my nest with me. There was no use in that, for the chair car, as I preferred to stand up rather than go back through that car to the smoker. After rubbing my leg and scratching my back against the end of the car, I spent a little time in looking through the glass in the door, observing what was going on in the car. At first episodes began to happen, but soon they became interesting, but soon they became interesting with such rapidity as to baffle the best short-hand reporter. It was like trying to watch a three ring circus in full operation, and a perfect circus occupied the seat directly in front of the one I had abandoned. First showed signs of restlessness. She began to squawk, and then to spit sound, and to take exercises.

A big fat motherly looking woman in the front end of the coach knew at a glance that something was wrong with her, and she began to sniff and sniff her smelling bottle and started on a relief expedition. A big bald hornet, now warmed into full vigor and fierceness, met the junction of the frontal bone and the nose, and she collapsed on a dude who had unknowingly been nursing one of my pets on his off leg. He said afterwards that his first thought was to get up and run, but he was so afraid of the lady who stood abruptly at upon him had a dirk knife concealed in her pistol pocket, and that her weight struck him and he fell on his head. Then the drummer who occupied a seat opposite my old stand raised a window and pushed his head and a great mass of hair out into the wide, wide world. The window wench caught him in this position and he used his legs rapidly in trying to kick off the drummer, while they swarmed around that half an hour in the car like mosquitoes, ever and anon getting in their work in tender places. The confusion and confusion became general and a crowd of more than one in the coach playing a more or less prominent part in the disturbance. When this pandemonium had broken out, the conductor, a practical train porter rushed in to see what was all about. He got there just as things were good ripe. One hornet struck him on the corner of his eye and stuck there, and he was wrenched out of his ear, and a few more toyed with his nose, chin and throat. He yelped "murder" and pulled the bell cord. The conductor came to see what the matter was. He left immediately and as he hastened through the other car he spit out a damaged hornet and told the passengers that he was shot all to pieces. Instantly everybody threw up their hands, some mumbled their prayers, the deputy conductor and the express man hid their guns and the express man hid his gun and the express man hid his gun.

"Stranger, I can make out whether you are tryin' to flatter me or not. Ef yer mean anything puse-son, jes spit 'er out." "Oh, no, I meant nothing personal, I assure you." "Say, feller-man, I'm here to tell you that some of the closest flatted folks live in these here hills you ever saw. They don't spend six-bits a year."

"No." "Yes, sure. You saw ole man Rodgers who goes on these here hills? Cheater? Well, he's a farmer down here, an' he'd skin a flea for his lide 'an' taller." "You don't say?" "Yes, I do, though. Why, he's cross-in'-his-bees with lightning-bugs." "Trying to improve the breed, I suppose." "Call it improvin' if yer want to. He does it so as to raise a breed of bees what can carry a light 'an' see how to make honey in the night."

"Really, you surprise me, and I'm sure." "Yes, an' he makes his wife stand in the melon patch night 'an' day to scare the rabbits 'an' crows off." "Don't make 'em stay up all night?" "Really, you surprise me, and I'm sure." "Yes, an' he makes his wife stand in the melon patch night 'an' day to scare the rabbits 'an' crows off." "Don't make 'em stay up all night?"

I couldn't conscientiously encourage my companion any further, but he continued: "Ole Bill Rodgers is so dog-goned stingy, he won't use a collar-bratton." "Why, how does he get on without one?" "He's got a wart on the back of his neck an' he buttons his collar onto

that. He's a shore-enough stingy man." I could stand no more of this wicked man's companionship, so I walked back into the chair car and seated myself by an open window and began to admire the rugged mountain scenery through which we were passing. Autumn frosts had painted the leaves on some of the trees red and the winds had stripped the branches of others bare. A recently denuded branch of a hickory tree stretched itself near to the car windows and on this branch hung an old-fashioned bald-hornet's nest, swaying in the breeze. In my boyhood days I have spent hours demolishing these homes of this rather warlike insect, and frequently gone home with bumps on my phrenological chart and nervous system. I had only an instant to reflect, but in that instant I seemed to remember that hornets, like wasps, deserted their homes for warm climates when autumn winds began to whistle through the woods, and in that instant I resolved to capture and did capture that nest, which I carried with me to my room as a curiosity. It was an easy matter. The train was running slowly, and I just reached out of the window, pulled the nest off with my hand and deposited it on the seat beside me. Then I shut the window, for the atmosphere outside of the comfortably heated coach was rather chilly, but I don't remember correctly about the habits of hornets. It seems very clear to me now that they were climbing when they were deposited during the dull months of winter and when spring time has come, gentle Annie, they sallied forth in a glad sunbeam and began to buzz about each member of the household carrying a poisoned dagger in his hip pocket. The comfortable temperature of the coach evidently had deposited the inmates of the nest I had captured as to the day and date of the time in which we were then living and having our being.

"Come, come, come, the summer now is here." And stuck their heads out looking for spring flowers and barefooted boys. I did not discover this in time to profit very materially by the information, but I discovered it all right. One of the insects crawling about the velvet cushions of the seat became vexed at something and suddenly wheeled around like a mule, let fly his javelin, which took effect in that part of my anatomy nearest the seat. Then I concluded I'd better throw the nest out of the car, but while I was trying to raise the window with the philanthropic intention of getting something with fire on one end of it crawling up the left leg of my pantaloons. I also discovered that one of the feeble insects had lost his footing on my coat collar and dropped down the back of my neck, and that he seemed to be trying to steady himself by planting his stung into whatever came handi-capped with just along my spinal column. Then I sought fresh air on the rear platform, and I forgot to take my nest with me. There was no use in that, for the chair car, as I preferred to stand up rather than go back through that car to the smoker. After rubbing my leg and scratching my back against the end of the car, I spent a little time in looking through the glass in the door, observing what was going on in the car. At first episodes began to happen, but soon they became interesting, but soon they became interesting with such rapidity as to baffle the best short-hand reporter. It was like trying to watch a three ring circus in full operation, and a perfect circus occupied the seat directly in front of the one I had abandoned. First showed signs of restlessness. She began to squawk, and then to spit sound, and to take exercises.

A big fat motherly looking woman in the front end of the coach knew at a glance that something was wrong with her, and she began to sniff and sniff her smelling bottle and started on a relief expedition. A big bald hornet, now warmed into full vigor and fierceness, met the junction of the frontal bone and the nose, and she collapsed on a dude who had unknowingly been nursing one of my pets on his off leg. He said afterwards that his first thought was to get up and run, but he was so afraid of the lady who stood abruptly at upon him had a dirk knife concealed in her pistol pocket, and that her weight struck him and he fell on his head. Then the drummer who occupied a seat opposite my old stand raised a window and pushed his head and a great mass of hair out into the wide, wide world. The window wench caught him in this position and he used his legs rapidly in trying to kick off the drummer, while they swarmed around that half an hour in the car like mosquitoes, ever and anon getting in their work in tender places. The confusion and confusion became general and a crowd of more than one in the coach playing a more or less prominent part in the disturbance. When this pandemonium had broken out, the conductor, a practical train porter rushed in to see what was all about. He got there just as things were good ripe. One hornet struck him on the corner of his eye and stuck there, and he was wrenched out of his ear, and a few more toyed with his nose, chin and throat. He yelped "murder" and pulled the bell cord. The conductor came to see what the matter was. He left immediately and as he hastened through the other car he spit out a damaged hornet and told the passengers that he was shot all to pieces. Instantly everybody threw up their hands, some mumbled their prayers, the deputy conductor and the express man hid their guns and the express man hid his gun and the express man hid his gun.

"Stranger, I can make out whether you are tryin' to flatter me or not. Ef yer mean anything puse-son, jes spit 'er out." "Oh, no, I meant nothing personal, I assure you." "Say, feller-man, I'm here to tell you that some of the closest flatted folks live in these here hills you ever saw. They don't spend six-bits a year."

WHY

I could stand no more of this wicked man's companionship, so I walked back into the chair car and seated myself by an open window and began to admire the rugged mountain scenery through which we were passing. Autumn frosts had painted the leaves on some of the trees red and the winds had stripped the branches of others bare. A recently denuded branch of a hickory tree stretched itself near to the car windows and on this branch hung an old-fashioned bald-hornet's nest, swaying in the breeze. In my boyhood days I have spent hours demolishing these homes of this rather warlike insect, and frequently gone home with bumps on my phrenological chart and nervous system. I had only an instant to reflect, but in that instant I seemed to remember that hornets, like wasps, deserted their homes for warm climates when autumn winds began to whistle through the woods, and in that instant I resolved to capture and did capture that nest, which I carried with me to my room as a curiosity. It was an easy matter. The train was running slowly, and I just reached out of the window, pulled the nest off with my hand and deposited it on the seat beside me. Then I shut the window, for the atmosphere outside of the comfortably heated coach was rather chilly, but I don't remember correctly about the habits of hornets. It seems very clear to me now that they were climbing when they were deposited during the dull months of winter and when spring time has come, gentle Annie, they sallied forth in a glad sunbeam and began to buzz about each member of the household carrying a poisoned dagger in his hip pocket. The comfortable temperature of the coach evidently had deposited the inmates of the nest I had captured as to the day and date of the time in which we were then living and having our being.

"Come, come, come, the summer now is here." And stuck their heads out looking for spring flowers and barefooted boys. I did not discover this in time to profit very materially by the information, but I discovered it all right. One of the insects crawling about the velvet cushions of the seat became vexed at something and suddenly wheeled around like a mule, let fly his javelin, which took effect in that part of my anatomy nearest the seat. Then I concluded I'd better throw the nest out of the car, but while I was trying to raise the window with the philanthropic intention of getting something with fire on one end of it crawling up the left leg of my pantaloons. I also discovered that one of the feeble insects had lost his footing on my coat collar and dropped down the back of my neck, and that he seemed to be trying to steady himself by planting his stung into whatever came handi-capped with just along my spinal column. Then I sought fresh air on the rear platform, and I forgot to take my nest with me. There was no use in that, for the chair car, as I preferred to stand up rather than go back through that car to the smoker. After rubbing my leg and scratching my back against the end of the car, I spent a little time in looking through the glass in the door, observing what was going on in the car. At first episodes began to happen, but soon they became interesting, but soon they became interesting with such rapidity as to baffle the best short-hand reporter. It was like trying to watch a three ring circus in full operation, and a perfect circus occupied the seat directly in front of the one I had abandoned. First showed signs of restlessness. She began to squawk, and then to spit sound, and to take exercises.

A big fat motherly looking woman in the front end of the coach knew at a glance that something was wrong with her, and she began to sniff and sniff her smelling bottle and started on a relief expedition. A big bald hornet, now warmed into full vigor and fierceness, met the junction of the frontal bone and the nose, and she collapsed on a dude who had unknowingly been nursing one of my pets on his off leg. He said afterwards that his first thought was to get up and run, but he was so afraid of the lady who stood abruptly at upon him had a dirk knife concealed in her pistol pocket, and that her weight struck him and he fell on his head. Then the drummer who occupied a seat opposite my old stand raised a window and pushed his head and a great mass of hair out into the wide, wide world. The window wench caught him in this position and he used his legs rapidly in trying to kick off the drummer, while they swarmed around that half an hour in the car like mosquitoes, ever and anon getting in their work in tender places. The confusion and confusion became general and a crowd of more than one in the coach playing a more or less prominent part in the disturbance. When this pandemonium had broken out, the conductor, a practical train porter rushed in to see what was all about. He got there just as things were good ripe. One hornet struck him on the corner of his eye and stuck there, and he was wrenched out of his ear, and a few more toyed with his nose, chin and throat. He yelped "murder" and pulled the bell cord. The conductor came to see what the matter was. He left immediately and as he hastened through the other car he spit out a damaged hornet and told the passengers that he was shot all to pieces. Instantly everybody threw up their hands, some mumbled their prayers, the deputy conductor and the express man hid their guns and the express man hid his gun and the express man hid his gun.

"Stranger, I can make out whether you are tryin' to flatter me or not. Ef yer mean anything puse-son, jes spit 'er out." "Oh, no, I meant nothing personal, I assure you." "Say, feller-man, I'm here to tell you that some of the closest flatted folks live in these here hills you ever saw. They don't spend six-bits a year."

"No." "Yes, sure. You saw ole man Rodgers who goes on these here hills? Cheater? Well, he's a farmer down here, an' he'd skin a flea for his lide 'an' taller." "You don't say?" "Yes, I do, though. Why, he's cross-in'-his-bees with lightning-bugs." "Trying to improve the breed, I suppose." "Call it improvin' if yer want to. He does it so as to raise a breed of bees what can carry a light 'an' see how to make honey in the night."

"Really, you surprise me, and I'm sure." "Yes, an' he makes his wife stand in the melon patch night 'an' day to scare the rabbits 'an' crows off." "Don't make 'em stay up all night?" "Really, you surprise me, and I'm sure." "Yes, an' he makes his wife stand in the melon patch night 'an' day to scare the rabbits 'an' crows off." "Don't make 'em stay up all night?"

I couldn't conscientiously encourage my companion any further, but he continued: "Ole Bill Rodgers is so dog-goned stingy, he won't use a collar-bratton." "Why, how does he get on without one?" "He's got a wart on the back of his neck an' he buttons his collar onto

that. He's a shore-enough stingy man." I could stand no more of this wicked man's companionship, so I walked back into the chair car and seated myself by an open window and began to admire the rugged mountain scenery through which we were passing. Autumn frosts had painted the leaves on some of the trees red and the winds had stripped the branches of others bare. A recently denuded branch of a hickory tree stretched itself near to the car windows and on this branch hung an old-fashioned bald-hornet's nest, swaying in the breeze. In my boyhood days I have spent hours demolishing these homes of this rather warlike insect, and frequently gone home with bumps on my phrenological chart and nervous system. I had only an instant to reflect, but in that instant I seemed to remember that hornets, like wasps, deserted their homes for warm climates when autumn winds began to whistle through the woods, and in that instant I resolved to capture and did capture that nest, which I carried with me to my room as a curiosity. It was an easy matter. The train was running slowly, and I just reached out of the window, pulled the nest off with my hand and deposited it on the seat beside me. Then I shut the window, for the atmosphere outside of the comfortably heated coach was rather chilly, but I don't remember correctly about the habits of hornets. It seems very clear to me now that they were climbing when they were deposited during the dull months of winter and when spring time has come, gentle Annie, they sallied forth in a glad sunbeam and began to buzz about each member of the household carrying a poisoned dagger in his hip pocket. The comfortable temperature of the coach evidently had deposited the inmates of the nest I had captured as to the day and date of the time in which we were then living and having our being.

"Come, come, come, the summer now is here." And stuck their heads out looking for spring flowers and barefooted boys. I did not discover this in time to profit very materially by the information, but I discovered it all right. One of the insects crawling about the velvet cushions of the seat became vexed at something and suddenly wheeled around like a mule, let fly his javelin, which took effect in that part of my anatomy nearest the seat. Then I concluded I'd better throw the nest out of the car, but while I was trying to raise the window with the philanthropic intention of getting something with fire on one end of it crawling up the left leg of my pantaloons. I also discovered that one of the feeble insects had lost his footing on my coat collar and dropped down the back of my neck, and that he seemed to be trying to steady himself by planting his stung into whatever came handi-capped with just along my spinal column. Then I sought fresh air on the rear platform, and I forgot to take my nest with me. There was no use in that, for the chair car, as I preferred to stand up rather than go back through that car to the smoker. After rubbing my leg and scratching my back against the end of the car, I spent a little time in looking through the glass in the door, observing what was going on in the car. At first episodes began to happen, but soon they became interesting, but soon they became interesting with such rapidity as to baffle the best short-hand reporter. It was like trying to watch a three ring circus in full operation, and a perfect circus occupied the seat directly in front of the one I had abandoned. First showed signs of restlessness. She began to squawk, and then to spit sound, and to take exercises.

A big fat motherly looking woman in the front end of the coach knew at a glance that something was wrong with her, and she began to sniff and sniff her smelling bottle and started on a relief expedition. A big bald hornet, now warmed into full vigor and fierceness, met the junction of the frontal bone and the nose, and she collapsed on a dude who had unknowingly been nursing one of my pets on his off leg. He said afterwards that his first thought was to get up and run, but he was so afraid of the lady who stood abruptly at upon him had a dirk knife concealed in her pistol pocket, and that her weight struck him and he fell on his head. Then the drummer who occupied a seat opposite my old stand raised a window and pushed his head and a great mass of hair out into the wide, wide world. The window wench caught him in this position and he used his legs rapidly in trying to kick off the drummer, while they swarmed around that half an hour in the car like mosquitoes, ever and anon getting in their work in tender places. The confusion and confusion became general and a crowd of more than one in the coach playing a more or less prominent part in the disturbance. When this pandemonium had broken out, the conductor, a practical train porter rushed in to see what was all about. He got there just as things were good ripe. One hornet struck him on the corner of his eye and stuck there, and he was wrenched out of his ear, and a few more toyed with his nose, chin and throat. He yelped "murder" and pulled the bell cord. The conductor came to see what the matter was. He left immediately and as he hastened through the

PERSONAL.

W. L. Gattin of Abilene was in Fort Worth Wednesday.

L. H. Hill of Albany, Tex., was in the stock center Sunday.

M. Maud of Childress was registered at Hotel Worth Sunday.

M. Sansom of Alvarado, a well-known cattleman, was registered at Hotel Worth Wednesday.

W. K. Bell of Palo Pinto, cattleman, was a visitor to this city Friday.

A. A. Chapman, banker and cattle feeder of Dublin, Tex., was in Fort Worth Tuesday.

C. W. Merchant of Abilene, one of the best known cattlemen in Texas, was in Fort Worth Friday.

J. H. Parramore, a well-known Abilene stockman and capitalist, was a visitor to Fort Worth Wednesday.

J. L. Harris, the wide awake hustler for the Texas Live Stock Commission company, left Monday for a three weeks' tour in North Mexico.

B. C. Rhome of Rhome, Texas, a well known breeder of Hereford cattle and other fine stock, was in Fort Worth Friday, and paid the Journal a call.

J. E. Langford of Commerce, Hunt county, was in Fort Worth Thursday of last week, looking for a buyer for some cattle. He expressed the opinion that there will not be as many cattle fed in his vicinity this year as there was last.

J. M. Batchelder of Ferris, Tex., one of the best known horsemen in Texas, being the owner of a stable of thoroughbreds that bring him fame and money at all the race meetings, was in Fort Worth Monday and paid the Journal a pleasant call.

T. A. Haddell of Medicine Bow, Wyo., was in Fort Worth Wednesday, where he is placing at different Texas points a consignment of Wyoming horses to be sold. Mr. Haddell is an old frontiersman, and has many friends in Texas who are glad to see him.

Drummond Seed and Floral company of this city begin advertising in this week's Journal. Their business dealings with the people of Texas is a sufficient guarantee of their integrity, and as what they sell is Texas seed, they should receive the state's patronage.

This is the time of year to saw your summer's wood, and the best, cheapest and easiest way is with a Folding Sawing Machine, made by the Folding Sawing Machine Co., 214-218 South Jefferson street, Chicago. You should send for a free catalogue and investigate. See their advertisement in another column of this week's issue.

John B. Nell of Buffalo Gap, a cattleman of a good many years experience, was in Fort Worth Saturday, and paid the Journal a pleasant call. He reports grass fine in his part of the country, and says in regard to the projected big irrigation enterprise near where he lives, that those with whom he has talked say the scheme will certainly be put through.

Texas lost a character when Jim Wilson of the Chicago and Alton was transferred to St. Louis. At the time of his removal he had ten chapters completed of his "Wagoner and the Senator," and as there is but fifteen more needed to complete the book, it is sincerely trusted that he will finish it at an early date, and send it promptly with the early periods of his own life.

The editor of the Journal acknowledges the receipt of a monster turkey gobble, the Thanksgiving compliments of Newt Graham and wife of Justin, Denton county, Tex. Once a year this happens, unless the receipt of the Graham Thanksgiving turkey is as much of an institution in the editor's family as the day itself, and the hope is extended that this year's gobble will have continued prosperity, happiness and health.

Doc Riddel, formerly of Alvarado, but now of Kansas City, was in Fort Worth Tuesday. Mr. Riddel, it is said, will be the cattle salesman for a new firm at Kansas City, known as the Lone Star Commission Company. From the name it would be inferred that this new firm will make a specialty of Texas business with Mr. Riddel as cattle salesman shipper from Texas will find that anything entrusted to them will receive careful attention.

Texas Stock and Farm Journal acknowledges with thanks the receipt of an invitation to a grand swindle banquet given to publishers of agricultural journals at the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, Thursday, November 22, by Frank B. White company, agricultural newspaper, advertising agents. The menu was fine, and the toasts clever. It was no doubt a pleasurable occasion, and thoroughly enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

E. R. Carver of Henrietta was in Fort Worth Monday on his way home from a week's stay at Paris, where he has 2700 head of cattle on feed. He is also feeding 750 head divided between Decatur and Henrietta. He said: "Cattle that have been fed early about paying out now, and I am going to ship everything I have on feed to market right away. I think cattle were put on feed early in the majority of instances this year, and maybe the second lot will catch the market a little too late. The price of cattle fluctuates up and down, but freight rates, feed, yardage and commissions are ever the same."

C. U. Connelle of Eastland, one of the best known and most popular men in West Texas, was in Fort Worth Wednesday on his way home from a visit to Austin, where he went on legal business. Mr. Connelle is a great admirer of Texas stock and farm Journal, as he is quite a stockman as well as a lawyer. He said: "While I have cattle, horses and mules, I devote more attention to hogs than any other stock, and at present, and for a long time since, have more workers than anybody in my section of the country. There is good money in hogs, and with irrigation to insure raising feed for them, hog raising will be one of the leading industries of West Texas."

George M. Slaughter of Running Water, was in Fort Worth Tuesday on his way up the Denver, to a visit to his father at Dallas. He went to Amarillo to meet two train loads of steers on their way to market. He said: "I have never raised up in the cattle business, and I have never seen prospects any brighter than now. The only thing needed to assure a boom in the business was an early spring rain to start the grass to grow. With such a rain, cows are going to be more valuable next year than steers. I am cutting back every cow in the herd, in gathering for shipment, for in my opinion cows, especially young cows, are a scarce article on

the ranges of the West just now, and they are going to be desirable property along in the spring."

J. D. Jenkins of Clarendon, one of the best known cattlemen of Texas, was in Fort Worth Tuesday. He said that grass is cured thoroughly and that cattle are starting into the winter in fine shape. Speaking of the murder of Sheriff McGee at Canadian he said: "One of the bravest men, the truest friend, and one of God's noblemen was sent out of the world when Tom McGee was assassinated, and some of his friends with whom he has faced danger, are after his murderer, and when you have money that if the report which says the robbers are surrounded is true, there will be no necessity for a court to pass on their guilt. Sheriff McGee was an old time cowman and had as many friends in Northwest Texas as any man living, and I for one will be glad to hear that his murderer has been avenged."

B. O. Wolcott and G. W. Gwaltney of Honey Grove, both of whom are feeding quite a number of cattle season, were in Fort Worth Friday. The latter, in speaking of what the farmers in his section of the country will do this year, said: "I think there will be more corn planted and more hogs raised. This talk about cotton being the only sure money crop is all stuff. If a farmer raises all he needs at home and has a few hogs, he does not need much of a money crop. Before the war and for a good while after, right in this section we raised our own meat, and even made our clothes at home, and got along better than the farmers do now. When the farmers learn to make more of what they actually need at home they will be better off. It has got to such a point in cotton farming that a man cannot employ any help in raising it, and a reduced acreage is a necessity."

Col. F. E. Short of South Omaha has taken charge of the Fort Worth stock yards company's move to make a horse market at this point such as the state deserves. Col. Short knows his business, and the work of anything in the line of a big horse market has as much experience as any man in America, and after looking over the ground very carefully pronounced Fort Worth as one of the best natural points in America for the establishment of a big central horse market. He is quite enthusiastic in the matter, and will lose no time in perfecting arrangements, first among which will be the enlarging and improving of the already big barns at the stock yards, and in a short time he expects to make it to the advantage of every horse owner to consign his stock to this market.

J. R. Day of the firm of Day & Miller, Burneyville, I. T., was in Fort Worth Saturday, looking for some other cattle buyers, and staying over winter. He said: "We are running a number of cattle on the corn fields where crab grass is plentiful and with the small amount of feed we are giving them, they are fattening faster than they did last year on straight feed. I believe that she cattle are going to be very high within a year or two, especially if the grass is good next year. I think the shortage in cattle at the present time applies to cows, which, of course, has curtailed breeding to a very great extent. I find it next to impossible to get hold of heifers or cows now, all of the cattle in the country seeming to be steers. It looks to me like it will take a long time to get as many cattle in the country as there once was, if it is ever done, and unless something happens unexpectedly, I think cattle are going to be high within a year."

Hon. J. A. Matthews, or as he is more familiarly known, "Big" an old time and successful cattleman, as well as an expert stock raiser in this county, was a caller at the Journal office Saturday. Judge Matthews is a close observer, and keeps well posted on the range and the country and principally steers, with cows scarcer than they have ever been. This is the natural breeding ground of the United States, and the states and territories look to Texas for their supply. When next they come they will find that the calf crop is short, and as a consequence of the shortage, the price will go up. Of course, as I said before, a good deal of this will depend upon the condition of the range next year, but every indication points to a better condition in the cattle business."

Chas. T. McCown, with the George R. Barsa Live Stock Commission Co. of Kansas City, was in Fort Worth Monday, and while here called on the Journal and had his company's card put in the advertising columns. This firm will make a specialty of Texas men of Texas, for with a \$250,000 paid-up stock capital, backed up by twenty-three years of business experience the firm having been established in 1871 they have the confidence of everybody with whom they have had business dealings. Speaking of the outlook for feeders, Mr. McCown said: "It is hard to say just how the business will turn out. Feeding in Iowa and Nebraska is a dead letter this year, but there are more cattle being fed in Kansas than ever generally supposed. I very recently bought for my firm a good many thousand bushels of corn in Kansas for about 35 cents a bushel, and corn can be bought now for delivery the first fifteen days in December for 38 cents. In Southern Missouri corn has been selling for 35 cents, and in both of the states mentioned a great many cattle are being fed wheat and corn mixed, which is a fine ration, and at present prices of both products will fatten a steer at a comparatively small cost. Corn is higher here in Texas than in Kansas or Missouri, and I hear of some being shipped to this state from points in those states."

M. P. Buel of the Evans-Snyder-Buel Commission Co., a firm that is known wherever there is cattle to sell, was in Fort Worth this week, and this firm keeps in close touch with everything pertaining to the cattle business in Texas, a Journal man asked his opinion about the outlook from this point of view. He said: "I look for a better market toward spring for cattle from this state, as there will not be many cattle in the time left in Iowa and Nebraska. The almost total failure of the corn crop in those states has caused them to ship to market very early, and what feeders are yet to come are from off the fields, and are what is known as short-fed cattle. There is no question in my mind but that the people who are feeding in Texas now will make a pretty fair margin of profit, and while I do not know whether or not the cattle being fed will come up to last year's point of quality, I feel pretty sure that not as many are being fed. This, I think, is due to the fact that the

feeders have not been able to get the class of cattle they wanted, and that, as a general rule, the range being in such a fine condition, the disposition to hold the cattle through the winter on the grass has made them so high that feeders were afraid to pay the prices asked. The number of cattle marketed from Texas and the Indian Territory at Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City this year as compared with last shows a falling off of 35 per cent this year. Indian Territory cattlemen tell me that thousands of the cattle that were driven and shipped to that country in the spring from Texas and other points have been sent back to this state. With good grass next spring there will be some money in store for the Texas cattlemen, and while there is a big stock here now, they will get cows from somewhere and breeding will be resumed, if not on the wholesale plan of some years ago, with enthusiasm and a better knowledge of what the markets demand."

SOME MISTAKES.

There is no doubt that the very general practice of breeding from a young sow, and after raising one or two litters fattening and killing her off, has impaired the hog constitution. A sow is not at her best until after her second year. Before that she has been too busy growing to produce as many thrifty pigs as she is capable of. Again, there is a general belief that the digestibility of pig food or quarters will suffice any kind of food or quarters will suffice. There never was a more mistaken notion. The digestion of the pig has been seriously impaired by generations of exclusive corn feeding, a diet which produces heat and fat, but does not develop bone and muscle. Hogs will eat nearly anything, but they must be given a properly proportioned diet. If the best returns are expected, and for this warm, clean, dry and well ventilated quarters in winter are also essential.

There is no need for expensive stys, but hogs require equally as well as horses, and should be sheltered from dampness and cold, and the temperature of their quarters should range between 40 and 45 degrees, never running down to freezing, and a constant supply of fresh water. Salt is also as necessary to them as to their stock, though few people think so.

In winter hogs will eat bright, green hay with a relish. They should be given on a little cabbage, boiled potatoes or some other vegetable with their grain. Whatever the feed may be, only so much can be had, but a constantly clean should be given. The most perfect development does not result from the amount of food consumed, but from the amount digested.

To promote this development it is essential that regularity and quietude should prevail. Irregularity in feeding produces constipation and flatulency, which disturbs digestion and causes waste of food; the animal receives a set-back from which it sometimes never recovers. Except in a special case, do not sell your hogs, whose life should alternate between eating and sleeping.

There is more profit in hog raising than in horse breeding, but the latter is the hog's main business, and the hog must receive the same amount of care and attention that would unquestionably be given the horse.

KEEPING GOOD-BLOOD SOWS.

There is a strong tendency among careless farmers to kill off breeding sows after they have had one or two litters. This is a serious mistake. A sow 2 or 3 years old will bring a larger litter, and of more thrifty pigs, than will a young sow farrowing her first litter.

This early breeding tends to early deterioration. A young sow ought to be growing herself, and it is reasonable to suppose that she should be capable of giving her young the vigor that a sow can which gives all the food she eats beyond the necessity of being to her young. While breeding and raising her first litter we have known sows to gain 10 to 20 pounds, though most of this will be lost while suckling pigs. If what a young sow can do in her own weight were put into her pigs, it must make a difference to their size and thrift.

We believe that the difference is greater than this would indicate. Bearing young increases the digestive power of sows, so that as they grow older it is very hard to get them to fatten enough to keep them in breeding condition. If the old sow becomes too fat she will either not breed at all, or is likely to have a very poor litter. There should be liberal feeding with bulky and very nutritious food to keep old sows in condition for producing first-class litters of pigs.—Exchange.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Are expecting you to spend the holidays with them, and the Southern Pacific (Sunset Route), the shortest, quickest and best line to all points in the Southeast, will sell tickets, December 20, 21 and 22, 1894, good for return 30 days, from date of sale, at ONE FARE for the ROUND TRIP. Agents at all stations can furnish tickets and check baggage through to destination. Elegant day coaches will be run through without change. See that your ticket reads over the Southern Pacific, and see New Orleans, the metropolis of the South. For rates, maps, time tables and through car arrangements, address your nearest ticket agent, or W. A. REINHARDT, Traveling Passenger Agent, Houston, Texas.

THE TEXAS PANHANDLE ROUTE.

Through train leaves Fort Worth at 10:55 p. m., arriving at Denver at 5:55 p. m., passing through TRINIDAD, PUEBLO, And the Great Wichita, Red River, and Pecos river valleys, the finest wheat, corn and cotton producing country in the world.

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING THROUGH PULLMAN AND FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS WITHOUT CHANGE.

For further information address D. H. KRELLER, G. P. & F. A., P. W. & D. C. R. Fort Worth, Texas.

SAN ANTONIO AND ARANSAS PASS RAILWAY COMPANY. THE GRE. Live Stock Express Route. From Texas Points to the Territories and Northern Markets. All shippers of live stock should see that their stock is routed over this popular line. Agents are kept fully posted in regard to rates, routes, etc., who will cheerfully answer all questions. E. J. MARTIN, General Freight Agent, San Antonio, Tex.

CHRISTMAS! ON ITS OWN RAILS. "OLD FOLKS AT HOME" -In The- Southeastern States. Is a goal for which many Texans are striving at this season of the year, and to enable all who desire to reach their goal, the sale of round-trip tickets for the annual HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS -Via- THE TEXAS & PACIFIC RAILWAY -To- Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Florida -And Other Points in the- SOUTHEAST to St. Louis and Memphis -Is Authorized for- DECEMBER 20, 21, 22, 1894.

THE TEXAS & PACIFIC RAILWAY. Now Run Solid St. Louis Chicago Kansas City. With Wagner Buffet Sleeping Cars and Free Chair Cars. Travel in Comfort Superior Train Service. By Taking Advantage of the Elegant Equipment and Fast Time Via the TEXAS AND PACIFIC ROUTE.

RIDE ON THE RED EXPRESS. The new night train on THE SANTA FE. Pullman Buffet Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars. The quickest time between North and South Texas and a solid vestibulated train between Galveston and St. Louis. MINERAL WELLS, TEX.

Burlington Route. SOLID THROUGH TRAINS -FROM- Kansas City -TO- Chicago, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Denver, St. Paul and Minneapolis. WITH Dining Cars, Vestibulated Drawing Room, Sleeping Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (Seats Free). THROUGH SLEEPING CARS FROM Texas points via Hannibal To CHICAGO Via Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway -AND- Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS TO THE Atlantic Coast AND EASTERN PORTS. Trains Daily between St. Louis St. Paul and Minneapolis. Sleeping Car St. Louis to Omaha. D. O. IVES, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul.

Excursion Tickets. MISSISSIPPI, ALABAMA, NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, KENTUCKY, GEORGIA, FLORIDA. One Fare For Round Trip. Will be on sale DECEMBER 20, 21 AND 22. At all Stations on Houston and Texas Central Railroad. Tickets Good Thirty Days—Special Trains and Through Coaches. SUPERIOR ROUTE To Points in the Southeast via Houston and New Orleans. Write or call on H. T. C. Agents for information. M. L. ROBBINS, Traffic Manager, G. P. & F. A. G. A. GUNLAW, Vice President.

THE GREAT Live Stock Express Route. Limited Live Stock Express Trains now running via the Chicago & Alton R. R. Between Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul and intermediate points. All shipments of live stock and therefor insure prompt and safe arrival of your consignments. The pioneer line in low rates and fast time. Shippers should remember their old and reliable friend. By calling on or writing either of the following stock agents, prompt information will be given. General Live Stock Agent, St. Louis, J. A. WILSON. Live Stock Agent, Fort Worth, Texas, JEROME HARRIS. Live Stock Agent, San Antonio, Texas, JOHN R. WELSH. Live Stock Agent, U. S. Yard, Chicago, FRED D. LEIDS. Live Stock Agent, Kansas City Stock Yard, F. W. LANGRISH. Live Stock Agent, National Stock Yard, St. Paul.

SHORTEST ROUTE, BEST ROADBED, QUICKEST TIME -VIA THE- COTTON BELT ROUTE. THE ST. LOUIS SOUTHWESTERN RAILWAY. Offers to live stock shippers the shortest route to St. Louis, Chicago and Memphis.

THE COTTON BELT ROUTE is, by actual measurement, considerably the shortest line from Fort Worth to Texas, and is now prepared to handle live stock shipments with all possible dispatch. Write to or call on General Live Stock Agent, Corner Main and Third, Fort Worth, Texas. All shipments handled with care. The nearest route by which to ship, Unexcelled in any particular. See that your stock is billed via the

THE Queen and Crescent ROUTE. To the NORTH AND EAST. Choice of Routes via New Orleans or Shreveport. Solid Trains New Orleans to Birmingham, Chattanooga and Cincinnati. Through Cars Shreveport to Atlanta, and New Orleans to Washington and New York. Shortest Line. The Q. & C. affords the only line from Shreveport to Cincinnati, all under one management, with solid vestibulated trains from Meridian, Mississippi, through Memphis, Tennessee, to New York. Direct connection to Shreveport and New Orleans with Texas Lines. Sam'l C. Ray, T. P. Dallas, Tex. R. H. Garratt, A. G. P. New Orleans. I. Hardy, A. G. P. A. Vicksburg, Miss. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A. Cin. O.

NEW COTTON BELT TRAIN To the Traveling Public.

We take pleasure in announcing that, commencing September 30, 1894, the "Cotton Belt Route" will restore trains Nos. 1 and 2 between Fort Worth and Memphis, in addition to our present double daily service between Waco and Memphis.

Please Note the Following Schedule:

Table with columns for Train No. 2, No. 4, No. 3, No. 1. Rows list departure and arrival times for stations including Waco, Hillsboro, Corsicana, Tyler, Fort Worth, Plano, Greenville, Sherman, Mount Pleasant, Texarkana, Shreveport, Camden, Pine Bluff, Fair Oaks, and Memphis.

These trains are full equipped with Through Coaches, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Pullman Buffet Sleepers, between Fort Worth and Memphis and Waco and Memphis, without change. The Cotton Belt route is the only line operating solid through trains without change between Texas and Memphis. We trust that this unexcelled train service will receive due appreciation at your hands by our receiving a good share of your patronage to the old stage.

A. A. GLISSON, S. G. WARNER, A. W. LaBEAUME, T. P. A., Fort Worth, Tex. G. P. A., Tyler, Tex. G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

"SUNSET ROUTE."

Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway, Texas and New Orleans Railroad, Southern Pacific Company, Morgan's Steamship Line.

TWO DAILY "Sunset Limited"

Vestibuled train, lighted with kerosene gas and equipped with the latest conveniences and writing facilities. Leaves New Orleans for Galveston, Los Angeles, two and one-half days; and San Francisco, three and three-quarter days.

Through Bills of Lading via "Sunset Route" and Morgan Line of Steamers to and from New York, all points East and West. For information call on local agents or address H. A. JONES, G. P. A., Houston, Tex. C. W. BEIN, T. M., Houston, Tex. L. J. PARKS, A. G. P. & T. A., Houston, Tex.

The Great Santa Fe Route.

Live stock express trains run daily over the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe from all points on their lines and from connecting lines in Texas and the Indian Territory, via Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and St. Louis and San Francisco Railways to the livestock markets of Chicago, Kansas City and St. Louis, making the early morning markets in each city. Our stock pens are the most improved and furnished with all the conveniences for the comfort and good condition of stock entrusted to our care. We are equipped with the most

Improved Stock and Stable Cars

For sheep we have unexcelled facilities. This season we built extensive sheep sheds and pens at Chillicothe, Ill., where sheep en route via our line from Texas can feed and rest and run into Chicago within 17 hours in such quantities as shippers may desire or the market will warrant. Feed at these sheds is furnished at the lowest possible price. The Santa Fe is making a specialty of handling live stock, and can assure our patrons that we can give them as good facilities and as prompt as any other transportation company in this state. Route your stock via the Santa Fe route. For further information, apply to J. L. PENNINGTON, General Live Stock Agent, Fort Worth.

DR. FRANK GRAY, EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Practises exclusively in cases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT. Special attention to surgical diseases of the eye and the proper fitting of spectacles. Cataracts of the nose and throat successfully treated at home. Largest stock of artificial eyes in Texas. Refers by permission to editor of Texas Live Stock Journal. Office in Peers' Building, Cor. Fifth and Main Streets, Fort Worth, Tex.

SOUTHERN TEXAS

Edited by R. R. Claridge, manager... branch office, Texas Stock and Farm Journal, Office, Room 5, 212 E. Front & Co's bank, San Antonio.

Col. Phil Palmer of Kinney county, was here this week. Col. Palmer seems to think that the irrigation convention to meet here in December will not amount to much in any way.

In writing the obituary of a deceased newspaper man, a live newspaper man said that the dead newspaper man had a few imaginations and keen wit.

A country paper, printed in the dry belt of Texas, and which, to the extent of its ability, has been against the sheep industry, consoles the shepherds with the suggestion that as now the business is gone, they should turn their attention to irrigation.

A meeting of stockmen has been called at Sonora, Sutton county, December 2, for the purpose of organizing a grand prize hunt for wild animals that prey upon live stock.

John I. Clair has been in Mexico, where he bought a herd of cattle for delivery on this side. Captain R. F. Alexander, this city, will start over the river in a few days on the same business.

Col. J. W. Jennings of New York, a member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of that city, is in Texas looking after his extensive land interests, and made the Journal office a call.

John I. Clair has been in Mexico, where he bought a herd of cattle for delivery on this side. Captain R. F. Alexander, this city, will start over the river in a few days on the same business.

Several sheep flocks that were offered for sale very low have lately been withdrawn from the price raised.

fact. And finally, that if he should run up against some billy goat cooked with mesquite beans, a roar might be in order, and that if he should, as I have done, lack a bill of fare the main features of which were soda biscuits baked with a weight on, "rub" butter with the hair on, and bull steak with the hide on, I might sympathize with his kick.

Col. L. P. Williamson is down from Missouri to look after the delivery of the 7000 Williamson & Blair cattle, "Dink" hunter with the hair on, and bull steak with the hide on, I might sympathize with his kick.

Tuck Boaz is here from Fort Worth and especially for the raising of grain and vegetable farming. And I finally got them to admit that a small field irrigated from a well would greatly help out a living on a small farm of ranch, or even on a large ranch.

In writing the obituary of a deceased newspaper man, a live newspaper man said that the dead newspaper man had a few imaginations and keen wit.

A meeting of stockmen has been called at Sonora, Sutton county, December 2, for the purpose of organizing a grand prize hunt for wild animals that prey upon live stock.

John I. Clair has been in Mexico, where he bought a herd of cattle for delivery on this side. Captain R. F. Alexander, this city, will start over the river in a few days on the same business.

Col. J. W. Jennings of New York, a member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of that city, is in Texas looking after his extensive land interests, and made the Journal office a call.

John I. Clair has been in Mexico, where he bought a herd of cattle for delivery on this side. Captain R. F. Alexander, this city, will start over the river in a few days on the same business.

Several sheep flocks that were offered for sale very low have lately been withdrawn from the price raised.

We Give Them Away to Our Friends!

Stock Journal

Sewing - Machines.

Guaranteed To Be as Handsome, To Be as Durable, To Be as Light Running, To Do as Great Variety of Work

As any Sewing Machine Made.

Five Years Written Guarantee!

Fifteen Days' Trial Free!

FULL DESCRIPTION.

THE STOCK JOURNAL SEWING MACHINE is one possessing great merit. The combination embodied in its construction is the result of 25 years' experience in manufacturing and selling machines.

There are four ways to get it. 1st. To any one sending us \$22.00, we will send the Journal and this machine, paying all freight.

NOTICE: All subscriptions must be paid in advance. You need not send them all in at one time, go to work and send in as fast as you get them and you will be credited with them when you get up the number, the machine will be sent as proposed.

DR. McCREW'S SPECIALIST IN THE ONLY PRIVATE DISEASES.

NOT A HUMBBUG An American Watch Sent Post paid, for \$1.50 and Guaranteed to Keep Perfect Time.

RUPTURE and PILES CURED Without the KNIFE or PAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY ELECTRICITY. Go to Lorenz for fine Photographs. He makes them in daylight and dark. He does as good work at night as in daylight.

The International Route. The International and Great Northern railroad is the shortest and best line between points in Texas and Mexico.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS. Harper's Magazine, one year, \$4.00. Harper's Weekly, one year, \$4.00. Harper's Bazar, one year, \$4.00.

OUR SEWING MACHINE. A Bank-President's Testimony to Its Value. Kemp, Tex., Oct. 30, 1894. The Stock Journal Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Texas.

CATTLE FOR SALE. We have 1000 Southern Texas four year old steers that we will sell for immediate delivery at \$14.00 per head.

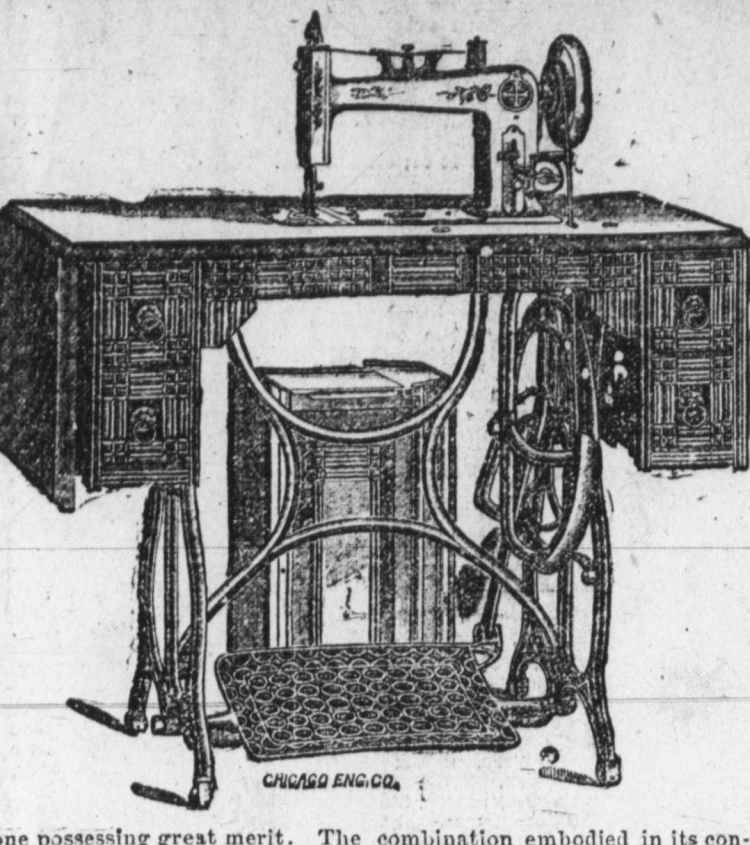
The Stock Journal Sewing Machine, fully described elsewhere in this paper, is fully guaranteed to be as good a machine and as handsomely built as any machine made.

Look up the Stock Journal Watch advertisement. \$1.50 is a small sum to pay for a watch, but it gets one that looks well, wears well and keeps perfect time.

Order your stencils, seals, rubber stamps, etc., direct from the Texas Rubber Stamp Co., 350 Main St., Dallas.

Fort Worth Steam Dye Works and Scouring establishment, 202 Houston, Fort Worth, Texas. Goods by express promptly attended to.

You do not need to spend \$200 for a watch. A dollar and a half sent to the Stock Journal office, Fort Worth, Texas, will get a watch that is guaranteed to keep good time. See advertisement elsewhere in this paper.



FORT WORTH STOCK YARDS CO.

Competitive Buyers now located here for Fat Cows, Light Beef Steers and Feeders.

SEND IN YOUR CATTLE.

Competitive Hog Buyers now on the market. Heavy and light hogs in demand.

SEND IN YOUR HOGS.

Government recognized separate yards for handling of cattle that are privileged to enter Northern states for feeding or breeding purposes.

Bill Your Cattle Privilege Fort Worth Market.

Write for Market Information.

G. W. SIMPSON, W. E. SKINNER, President, General Manager.

THE UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO.

Consolidated in 1885. The Largest Live Stock Market in the World.

The center of the business system, from which the food products and manufactures of every department of the live stock industry is distributed from.

Accommodating Capacity: 50,000 Cattle, 200,000 Hogs, 20,000 Sheep, 8000 Horses.

The entire railway system of Middle and Western America centers here, rendering the Union Stock Yards the most accessible point in the country.

THE GREATEST HORSE MARKET IN AMERICA.

The Dexter Park Horse Exchange

With its dome-lighted amphitheater, with a tunnelled driveway through the center an eighth of a mile long, and a seating capacity of 6000 people, is the greatest horse show arena in the country for the sale or exhibition of "trappy" turnouts, coaches, fire drivers or speedy horses.

N. THAYER, JOHN B. SHERMAN, GEO. T. WILLIAMS, President, Vice-Pres., Gen. Mgr., Secy. and Treas.

The Live Stock Market of St. Louis. THE ST. LOUIS NATIONAL STOCK YARDS

Located at East St. Louis, Ill., directly opposite the City of St. Louis.

Shippers Should See that their Stock is Billed Directly to the NATIONAL STOCK YARDS.

C. G. KNOX, Vice President. CHAS. T. JONES, Superintendent.

THE KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS

Are the most complete and commodious in the West and second largest in the world. Higher prices are realized here than further East.

Table with 5 columns: Cattle and Calves, Hogs, Sheep, Horses and Mules, Cars. Rows show Official Receipt for 1893 and Sold to Shippers.

C. F. MORSE, General Manager. E. E. RICHARDSON, Secretary and Treasurer. H. P. CHILD, Asst. General Manager. E. RUST, Superintendent.

SOUTH OMAHA UNION STOCK YARDS CO.

Largest Feeder Market in the World. Over 200,000 Feeders Sent to the Country in 1893.

RECEIPTS FOR NINE YEARS: Table with 5 columns: Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Horses, Cars. Rows show 1885-1893.

We will send you one postpaid for \$1.50, or watch and journal 12 months for \$2.00; or watch free for three subscribers to the Journal for 12 months.

We Want 150,000 Texas Cattle This Year. W. N. BABCOCK, General Manager.