THE BEST LIVE STOCK.

FIVE POINTS OF THE WESTERN RANGE BRED HORSE.

He Behaves Magnificently When Taken from the Far Western Prairies to Become a Livery Hack in Chicago—His High Spirit, Endurance and Health.

Blood will tell, among horses and men. The western range bred, grass raised horse are pure bred and high bred from the very best and most easily imported and American stock that money can buy. They are no scrubs. A scrub is a scrub anywhere and everywhere, whether pampered or enfeebled or bred in lusty freedom on the range. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

By nature the western horse is kind. His intelligence and his good points are inherited from his blooded ancestry. It should be remembered that when laid down in the south all his surroundings are new and strange. He has been fashed and grown in maturity on the boundless freedom of the plains, plateaus and mountain valleys of his native home. He has been an absolutely free to roam where he pleased as the wild deer of the forests, and his habitat is illimitably more grand.

Till started for his adopted northern home he has never been fed in all his life by the hands of men, but has slipped his own sustenance from the numerous grasses given bountifully by God to his free creatures of the plains. He has never even seen a stable, much less been imprisoned in a stall. He has never seen a two story house, nor crowds of men and moving, rattling vehicles, horses, houses—all those features of civilization are strange to him. In his western home, for months at a time, he has only seen man occasionally riding quietly along site off on the east range. Till he started south he absolutely never saw such a phenomenon as a man on foot in all his life! All the men he has ever remember were on horseback!

It speaks well for the intelligence and capable docility of the range bred horse that on arrival in the south he promptly himself to be unloaded from the palace stock car in which he has made his weary journey of thousands of miles, and is obediently driven through crowded streets to the livery stables, where he is housed and at once placed in a stall, for the first time in all his experience.

How many wild men from any part of God's green earth would be shipped by carload lots and led into the bounty of a ten dollar per day Potter de Leon hotel with as little trouble?

So much in justice and humanity to the high bred, branded, range bred horse of the west.

The exhilarating freedom of his life has made the range bred horse full of pluck, spirit and nerve. His indomitable will power is his most valued quality. He is nervy, till he gets used to his new and strange surroundings he is reasonably caught to be, and he is, a little nervous.—Cor. Drovers' Journal.

BEST SLOOD.

Is There Such a Thing as the Best Breed of Beef Cattle?

A great many farmers in the states came to the conclusion when the range business was started that there was no use to raise and feed beef cattle any longer. But only 100,000 western range cattle were on the Chicago market for 1890—about 6 per cent. of the entire receipts. With receipts at Chicago of 2,500,000 cattle, not over 10 per cent. could be classed as good to choice, say 250,000; this is probably an overestimate. Of the entire receipts the western ranges furnish 150,000, Texas 600,000, and the States 2,750,000. The good to choice 250,000 come from the states cattle; this will leave 2,500,000 that cannot be spoken good.

Now the work of the breeders of pure breed beef breeds is to find a way by which 2,000,000 cattle that now class as scrub—mongrel—will come—or be raised to good and choice beef steers. It must be remembered that this is only a fractional part of what is to be done, but this is enough to start with. I know the breed that will work this change, and Colonel J. W. Judy and others know of another breed that will do it. T. W. Harvey and others know of another breed that will do it. And it is more than likely that either one of the breeds would do it if they could be put to work. The beef of the produce of either one of these breeds has sold at six dollars and over per 100 pounds at the Union Stock Yards this winter, as bad as the markets have been, and the Sante Herrel, Short Horn and Scotch blood there is in these bullocks the easier it is to get on top.

For four years past very little has been done to improve the cattle of the states or on the range. The Big Four have held the top and bottom very close together. A good portion of the time the bulk of the native steers have held between three and four dollars per 100 pounds, and now the number that get up to five dollars and over is very small. It is coming, however, and my judgment is there will be a steady advance to six dollars and upward. As confusion tells me that they will want to "get there," and to do this they will want our bulls, and they cannot get there without them.

For twenty years there has been a warm competition between breeds, and twenty years ago there was a general opinion there was but one breed that would produce the steers that would take the top place in the markets of the world, and that breed was supposed to be the Shorthorn, and so—yes, there are breeders of that breed that they occupied this place that they claimed all outside competition, and different families of this breed were brought forward in competition with each other.

At about this time the Herefords came forward with their claims, and they the Short Horns with their claims. They have now been before the public with unequaled judges to pass on the merits. They have also been on our best markets and judged by expert buyers, and each of the breeds has gone on to the front grounds and divided the honors with the other, and on the contest which has made big figures. So we need not wrangle among ourselves.

The fine stock breeder has only to become familiar with the class of cattle coming on our markets to become convinced that the use of our pure bred beef breeds has become a necessity, and it is only necessary for breeders to make known the merits of their breeds to secure fair hearings and to the time we have not to go to history or to a baseline

HE ESCAPED THE DEATH PENALTY.

A Confederate Sentenced to Be Shot Tender His Own Explorer.

"I have one man under sentence of death for smuggling arms across the lines, and hope Mr. Lincoln will approve it." This sentence was contained in the letter from General Sherman to his brother, John Sherman, written from Memphis, Tenn., under date of Aug. 13, 1863, and published since the general's death.

The man whose death sentence was referred to by General Sherman is M. J. Miller, an ex-captain of engineers in the Confederate army, who lives on a farm in Hardin county, near this city. Captain Miller has narrated the story of his wonderful escape from the doom that awaited him. Says the captain:

"It was such a sudden thing the way in which I was first made aware of the seriousness of my position. It was one afternoon late in July, 1863, while I was in a Federal prison in Memphis, Tenn., that a friend of mine, a Kentucky man, who had been to call on me, whispered, 'Lieutenant, you are under sentence of death and are to be shot at an early day. Take my advice and get away from here before they put the bracelets on your wrists and shackles on your ankles, for then you will be totally disabled and can do nothing.'

"Mr. Lincoln did approve the sentence of death, but I am still here while he and General Sherman have gone to join Lee and Johnson and other good soldiers. When Sherman first took possession of Memphis he issued an order declaring gold, medicine and salt contrabands, and no such prohibited their sale to the people. But his orders were practically ignored and we got anything we wanted.

"For a month I was steadily supplying our soldiers with arms, and not with no serious difficulty. But one afternoon in July my good luck deserted me. I was carrying over two boxes of officers' swords, and was in the middle of the river when a picket boat ran up to me. I at once knew that danger was ahead and jumping on the gunwales of the boat I tried to slide it. But the skiff was too heavy and would not dip. Therefore in charge of the picket boat arrested me and the skiff man also, and took us with the two boxes to a guardhouse near by.

"There the boxes were opened and as soon as the nature of their contents was disclosed I was at once carried to the military prison in the living block, in the center of the city."

Miller describes his trial by court martial, conviction and sentence to be shot the Friday following the Monday of his conviction. Of his escape the captain says that he induced his guard, who was not aware of the gravity of his sentence, to let him go home to see his sick child. While in the house he went upstairs, jumped out of a window and fled through the woods.—Atlanta Constitution.

Practical Joking in England.

Americans do not understand practical joking in the same sense that it is understood in England. Practical jokers who tried their pranks in the United States would probably receive a reception that might astonish them. In England practical joking seems to be the common business of many men's lives.

At a country house in England there is certain to be a good deal of practical joking, particularly if there is one man who is considered "slow." In Kent, not long ago, when a cricket match was in progress a guest had the bad luck to lose the ill will of the rest of the men in the party. He declined to stay up late in the smoking room, and refused to join at a game of cards. One night after he had gone to bed the rest of the men gathered at his door, and, finding he had retired, went in and carried him out of the bed bodily down stairs and out of doors, where they carefully made up his bed, with him in it, in the middle of the cricket field.—New York World.

An Onyx Vein in the Ozarks.

Large deposits of onyx have been found in the Ozark mountains, only a short distance from St. Louis. The only onyx in the market has hitherto come from Puebla, Mexico, so the discovery of this new vein is of considerable commercial importance. Onyx is very valuable, selling for from three dollars to fifteen dollars per cubic foot, the buyer taking the risk of possible flaws below the surface. In raising it no powder can be used, so holes are drilled in rows and wooden wedges inserted. These are then caused to swell by soaking in water, and a solid mass of the desired size is thus separated without danger. The onyx is reached through a wide mouthed cave in the mountain side, so it can be marketed at very slight expense.—New York Telegram.

Moderate Indignation.

A party of newspaper men who were lounging in a daybreak luncheon were talking over the queer incidents that impangle their tribunal existence. "The funniest thing I've encountered lately," said one, "was connected with a very sad affair—the attempted drowning of the young woman organist of a down church by an insane stranger, who imagined the best filled him. I was told off to break the news to her folks (she was thought to be mortally wounded), and went around to their apartments in a decidedly nervous condition. When I reached there the door was opened by a sweet young face, with tangled hair and sopranic voice, who announced in accent to my first question that he was the young lady's brother.

"I beckoned him out into the hall and told him the story. Instead of falling in a rage and asking, 'Where is he? is the revenge brother would do, he raised his hands effectually and said: 'What! My sister shot! With a revolver! Well, I think that man was real mean, don't you? He ought to have that pistol taken right away from him.'"—New York Times.

I took Cold, I took Sick I took

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals, I take My Rest.

AND I AM THOROUGHLY KNOWN TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; I AM NOW TAKING SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA WHICH DOES MY Incipient Consumption NOT SUIT ME TO, AND IS NOW FITTING

FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT TWICE AS LONG AS TWO BOTTLES FROM TREATMENT IS NOTHING NEW, SCOTT'S EMULSION IS SOME WONDERFUL EQUAL. TAKE NO OTHER.

$3000 A YEAR!

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and lazy, the appetite poor, the feet and feel now one or more symptoms of the approach of a bilious condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to suits this purpose. It increases in popularity every year, for it is the best spring medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"My health was very poor last spring and among an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla I thought I would try it. It has worked wonders for me and I can now eat anything I have taken four bottles and am on the fifth, recommended it to my acquaintances." John Mathews, Orange, N. Y.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not let yourself be tempted to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is Peculiar To Itself In Strength, Economy, And Curative Power. 100 Doses One Dollar. Be Sure To Get Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla has won the confidence of the people. Its success has been unequaled by any medicine ever offered to the public. Its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation have given to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and by which the full medicinal virtues of the ingredients are secured in a manner and to a degree not attained by other preparations. Hood's Sarsaparilla is constantly proving that it possesses merits which cannot be duplicated. Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended by the fact that it is peculiar to itself. It is prepared by a peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation known only