

Last Spring My Health

Was completely broken down through prolonged watching at a sick bed. My appetite was gone. I was so nervous that I could not sleep. I became pale, thin, languid, tired, looked ten years older. Through physical weakness my mental condition was affected. Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to perfect health. It aided the worn-out nerves of my stomach to do their duty. I could soon eat and sleep peacefully and felt new life course through my veins. Within six weeks I was my former self, and for a year have enjoyed the best health." Julia C. Tison, Atlantic City, N. J.

For your Spring Medicine, blood purifier and strength builder, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold everywhere. Get a bottle today.



GREEN FEED FOR CHICKENS

Moderate Amount Acts as Appetizer.
Keeps Digestion Good and Whole
Works Running Smooth.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTER
Our women folks say we need lettuce because it is good for our insides. They also seek to force upon us dandelions, spinach, beet tops and all manner of greens, using the same weak-kneed reason.

Now what we want to know is this: If we admit that green foods are good for us, which we do for the sake of argument only, what's the reason?

They contain about 99 per cent water, which comes too expensive in this form, and the rest is mostly just plain green color. There's a trace of fiber and a trace of starch, a little mineral food and that's all. Then where is the virtue? One cannot very well say, but it's a proven fact, that a moderate amount of green food acts as an appetizer, keeps the digestion good and the whole works running smoother.

So it is with the hens, whose appetite and tastes come closer to that of the human being than any other domestic beast, except the pig. She eats grain, whole or ground, cooked meat or raw, vegetables of all kinds in all shapes, green food, salt, charcoal and lime, and she drinks what we do, outside of intoxicants. She will eat anything we will and lots of things that

I know nothing about really great authors, but I think I speak for a large number of the followers of the trade when I say that they like to talk about their work, one great reason being that writing is a lonely profession. If you write, as a rule you must do it by yourself; or if you do attempt it in company, you or the company will be sorry. Therefore, when the writing is done, and a sympathetic listener offers, the writer is glad to wipe out some of the lonely hours with a little conversation.

So, if you know an author, don't be breathless about his calling; treat him like a human being. Let him talk a little, and do not be shocked if he manages to keep the tears back when he tells you about his last short story. Only, be tactful.

Do not say, as an eager acquaintance once said to me: "Oh, I do think it is so interesting to write. It must be just fascinating when your manuscripts come back!" I discovered afterward that she meant proofs instead of manuscripts, but the mistake of just that single word made me, who am usually so garrulous about my trade, feel for the time being that I really did not care ever to speak of it again. So I repeat, let the poor author talk, but be tactful.—Atlantic Monthly.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. It is a pure eye salve, guaranteed to be in each package. Murine is compounded by our oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physic and Surgery. Price 25c. Postage paid to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25¢ and 50¢ per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aspiric Tubes, 25¢ and 50¢ Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

A Good Feeder.

we won't. The hen needs green feed for all the reasons that we need it and for several private ones of her own. The most important one of the private reasons is the color of the yolk of her eggs.

We all know how pale the yolk of most eggs are in winter. Perhaps you have never figured out why this is, but just charged it to cold storage or something like that. The fact is that perfectly fresh eggs have much lighter yolks in winter than they do in summer, and the reason is lack of green feed.

In summer the hen picks up leaves and stems and all manner of succulent green stuff. This green matter, or at least the coloring part of it, is changed to orange or yellow in the hen's body and the result is deep-tinted yolks. So it is necessary to feed laying hens green feed the year round, both for her health and the color of the eggs.

PLANT THE ENGLISH WALNUT

No Particular Soil Required, But Should Not Be Set Out Where Ground Is Low and Wet.

As to planting and cultivating, English walnut trees seem to require no particular soil, but should not be set out where it is low and wet. The trees should be planted 40 to 50 feet apart each way. A cultivated crop, such as corn or potatoes, with small fruit trees for fillers, can be made to yield an income for the brief period, comparatively, before the walnuts begin to bear. The pruning should be done between fall and spring, only such branches as would interfere with cultivation being removed.

In planting on the lawn the ground about the base of the tree should be kept spaded for three feet in circumference, and after the first year some well-rotted manure should be worked into the soil around the tree. No cultivating should be done after the first of August, as it would encourage further growth, and from then until winter the annual growth of wood is ripening and hardening.

May Ward Off Pneumonia.

Here is a recipe which a physician gave me several years ago, says a writer, and I have used it in my family ever since. For coughs, colds or any bronchial trouble saturate a flannel cloth and apply to chest: Turpentine Liniment.—Take a pint bottle, put in white of one egg, shake well, add four tablespoonsful turpentine, shake till foamy than fill with good vinegar; shake well.

Excuse Hunting.

Dodge—"What's the matter with your cooking here lately?" Mrs. Dodge—"The gas company doesn't give us as good gas as it used to."—Kansas City Times.

Literal.

"Do you like my execution on the piano?" "I must say I would have to describe it as an execution for killing time."

HOW THEY GOT THEIR NAMES

Camellias Were Named in Honor of Missionary Kamel, Who Brought Beautiful Flower to Country.

Fuchsias were so called because they were discovered by Leonard Fuchs.

Dahlias were named for Andre Dahl, who brought them from Peru.

The Camellia was named from a missionary named Kamel, who brought some magnificent specimens of the flower from France from Japan. He called it the rose of Japan, but his friends changed it in his honor.

Magnolias were so called because Prof. Magnol de Montpellier first brought this beautiful tree to France from America and Asia.

Anemones mean trembling with the wind—hence their name.

Lavender received its name because the Romans put the delicate flowers into the water where they washed, to perfume their hands, lavare being the Latin word, to wash.

Change for Fowls.

Turnips, cabbage, beets and all such make good food and furnish a grateful change, which the fowls appreciate.

Push Lima Beans.

In the north you must push Lima beans to get a crop. They stand transplanting well, so may be started in the hotbed or cold frame.

Best Temperature.

There is a best temperature for each individual lot of cream, but this can be determined only by experience.

See Value of Silo.

If the man who has no silo would watch his neighbor feed and watch the results he would soon have one.

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON

Author with H. Conan Doyle of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, &c.

Copyright by W. D. CROWDER.

11

MR. TAUBERY'S DIAMOND

(Continued.)

Quite half an hour had dragged by when the cab door was swung open and the detective sprang in. At the same time I noticed a covered cart with a black pony in the shafts pass the other window at a leisurely pace. Our driver must have had his orders, for he turned his horse and followed in the same direction.

Peace remained silent, so I left him alone and contented myself with staring out of the window. We were going northward towards Hampstead.

The lines of houses broke up into separate villas. Lilac and laburnum bushes peeped over the garden walls. The throng of traffic grew thinner, I believe—and finally stopped in the shade of some tall trees. As I got out I saw the lights of the chaise station at some distance up the road.

"There may be trouble, Mr. Phillips," whispered the little detective. "I'm not certain I ought to bring you along. If anything—"

"Non sense!" I interrupted, glancing down at him with some amusement.

"Well, take this, anyway. I had it from a German burglar."

The inspector nodded and disappeared through the inn door, leaving me on the pavement. As he had given me no orders I strolled back to the corner and peeped down the road, which ran at right angles to the one in which I was.

About forty yards away stood the little covered cart with the gray-haired dealer of the auction room talking to a lad beside it. Presently the lad crawled under the canvas hood and handed down the identical long-tailed horse that had brought about the public discomfiture of the gallant Colonel Gunton. The dealer pushed it across the stone pavement into a little furniture shop, and the boy, whipping up the black pony, drove quickly away.

I turned back to find the detective at my elbow.

"Peace," I said, "what is your interest in that bicycle horse?"

"It happens to play the comedy part in our little mystery."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that it has a hole in the saddle for a pommeil should a little girl ride in it, and the hole leads down to a hollow inside. Do you guess what it was that dropped into the hollow inside?"

"Not Mr. Tauberry's diamond?"

"Exactly. Yet we have still to find out the man who put it there."

"But, in the meantime the old dealer may—"

"Tut, tut, Mr. Phillips. The old dealer has nothing to do with it. He is only obeying an order to buy the toy whatever it cost, and to keep it until called for. We may have to waste some time, so I have ordered a steamed and fried potatoes in an upper room that conveniently overlooks the door of his shop. Let me show you the way."

We passed through a long bar at which a dingy assemblage lounged and smoked, and so upstairs into a private room, the windows of which commanded Ashley street. We ate our meal in relays—one watching at the window, while the other disposed of his section of stringy steak and heavy beer. The daylight softly faded, the gas jets sprang out along the street, the tramp of home-coming fathers dropped into silence—but there was still no call at the furniture shop. The shutters had been put up for the night. It seemed plain to me that nothing would happen for that evening at least, though Peace did not seem to despise.

Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—ten-thirty, and the customer arrived.

I had watched his cab come rattling down the street with a casual interest, for many had come and gone since we first mounted guard. It had passed the little shop and was almost beneath us, when a head was thrust out by the window and a voice cried irritably to the cabman. A street lamp showed him to me clearly—a whitewashed youth with a straggly, brown mustache and an indecisive chin.

The cab turned about, and pulled up opposite the shop door. The inspector touched my arm, and we walked down the stairs, picked up our driver, who was smoking in the bar, and so bundled into our own vehicle. A few whispered instructions, and we drove

to the door and tried the handle. It was not locked, and we passed into a fair-sized garden, set about with flower beds and clumps of laurel. In the middle I could see the outline of a square gray house. Two of the ground floor rooms glowed behind their curtains; the rest was darkness.

We crossed a corner of the lawn, and stopped behind a patch of bushes directly in front of the entrance porch. The night was very still and silent. What desperate men were gathered in that quiet place? How could we hope to arrest them flushed with the triumph of so splendid a prize? To be truthful, I began to feel a certain anxiety for our position; though upon Peace's face, showing white in the gloom, was a look of perfect serenity—a look that I could not understand.

"Mercy, oh, mercy!"

"It was a trembling wall of terror, a wall that was suddenly blotted out by a roar like the challenge of a bull. From within the house came the crash of overturned chairs and the jingle of breaking glass. And all the time the shrieks and hoarse ravings drew nearer and louder, until, with a loud bang, the hall door was flung open and a man tumbled down the steps as if thrown from a catapult. His assailant, in black silhouette against the hall lights, hesitated for a moment, stick in hand. Then, with a shout of rage, he sprang forward and struck at

the door and tried the handle. It was not locked, and we passed into a fair-sized garden, set about with flower beds and clumps of laurel. In the middle I could see the outline of a square gray house. Two of the ground floor rooms glowed behind their curtains; the rest was darkness.

We crossed a corner of the lawn, and stopped behind a patch of bushes directly in front of the entrance porch. The night was very still and silent. What desperate men were gathered in that quiet place? How could we hope to arrest them flushed with the triumph of so splendid a prize? To be truthful, I began to feel a certain anxiety for our position; though upon Peace's face, showing white in the gloom, was a look of perfect serenity—a look that I could not understand.

"Mercy, oh, mercy!"

"It was a trembling wall of terror, a wall that was suddenly blotted out by a roar like the challenge of a bull. From within the house came the crash of overturned chairs and the jingle of breaking glass. And all the time the shrieks and hoarse ravings drew nearer and louder, until, with a loud bang, the hall door was flung open and a man tumbled down the steps as if thrown from a catapult. His assailant, in black silhouette against the hall lights, hesitated for a moment, stick in hand. Then, with a shout of rage, he sprang forward and struck at

the door and tried the handle. It was not locked, and we passed into a fair-sized garden, set about with flower beds and clumps of laurel. In the middle I could see the outline of a square gray house. Two of the ground floor rooms glowed behind their curtains; the rest was darkness.

We crossed a corner of the lawn, and stopped behind a patch of bushes directly in front of the entrance porch. The night was very still and silent. What desperate men were gathered in that quiet place? How could we hope to arrest them flushed with the triumph of so splendid a prize? To be truthful, I began to feel a certain anxiety for our position; though upon Peace's face, showing white in the gloom, was a look of perfect serenity—a look that I could not understand.

"Mercy, oh, mercy!"

"It was a trembling wall of terror, a wall that was suddenly blotted out by a roar like the challenge of a bull. From within the house came the crash of overturned chairs and the jingle of breaking glass. And all the time the shrieks and hoarse ravings drew nearer and louder, until, with a loud bang, the hall door was flung open and a man tumbled down the steps as if thrown from a catapult. His assailant, in black silhouette against the hall lights, hesitated for a moment, stick in hand. Then, with a shout of rage, he sprang forward and struck at

the door and tried the handle. It was not locked, and we passed into a fair-sized garden, set about with flower beds and clumps of laurel. In the middle I could see the outline of a square gray house. Two of the ground floor rooms glowed behind their curtains; the rest was darkness.

We crossed a corner of the lawn, and stopped behind a patch of bushes directly in front of the entrance porch. The night was very still and silent. What desperate men were gathered in that quiet place? How could we hope to arrest them flushed with the triumph of so splendid a prize? To be truthful, I began to feel a certain anxiety for our position; though upon Peace's face, showing white in the gloom, was a look of perfect serenity—a look that I could not understand.

"Mercy, oh, mercy!"

"It was a trembling wall of terror, a wall that was suddenly blotted out by a roar like the challenge of a bull. From within the house came the crash of overturned chairs and the jingle of breaking glass. And all the time the shrieks and hoarse ravings drew nearer and louder, until, with a loud bang, the hall door was flung open and a man tumbled down the steps as if thrown from a catapult. His assailant, in black silhouette against the hall lights, hesitated for a moment, stick in hand. Then, with a shout of rage, he sprang forward and struck at

the door and tried the handle. It was not locked, and we passed into a fair-sized garden, set about with flower beds and clumps of laurel. In the middle I could see the outline of a square gray house. Two of the ground floor rooms glowed behind their curtains; the rest was darkness.

We crossed a corner of the lawn, and stopped behind a patch of bushes directly in front of the entrance porch. The night was very still and silent. What desperate men were gathered in that quiet place? How could we hope to arrest them flushed with the triumph of so splendid a prize? To be truthful, I began to feel a certain anxiety for our position; though upon Peace's face, showing white in the gloom, was a look of perfect serenity—a look that I could not understand.

"Mercy, oh, mercy!"

"It was a trembling wall of terror, a wall that was suddenly blotted out by a roar like the challenge of a bull. From within the house came the crash of overturned chairs and the jingle of breaking glass. And all the time the shrieks and hoarse ravings drew nearer and louder, until, with a loud bang, the hall door was flung open and a man tumbled down the steps as if thrown from a catapult. His assailant, in black silhouette against the hall lights, hesitated for a moment, stick in hand. Then, with a shout of rage, he sprang forward and struck at

the door and tried the handle. It was not locked, and we passed into a fair-sized garden, set about with flower beds and clumps of laurel. In the middle I could see the outline of a square gray house. Two of the ground floor rooms glowed behind their curtains; the rest was darkness.

We crossed a corner of the lawn, and stopped behind a patch of bushes directly in front of the entrance porch. The night was very still and silent. What desperate men were gathered in that quiet place? How could we hope to arrest them flushed with the triumph of so splendid a prize? To be truthful, I began to feel a certain anxiety for our position; though upon Peace's face, showing white in the gloom, was a look of perfect serenity—a look that I could not understand.

"Mercy, oh, mercy!"

"It was a trembling wall of terror, a wall that was suddenly blotted out by a roar like the challenge of a bull. From within the house came the crash of overturned chairs and the jingle of breaking glass. And all the time the shrieks and hoarse ravings drew nearer and louder, until, with a loud bang, the hall door was flung open and a man tumbled down the steps as if thrown from a catapult. His assailant, in black silhouette against the hall lights, hesitated for a moment, stick in hand. Then, with a shout of rage, he sprang forward and struck at

</div