Miscellany.

SINCE YESTERDAY.

The mavis sang but yesterday
A strain that thrilled through Autumn's dearth;
He read the music of his lay
In light and leaf, and heaven and earth;
The windflowers by the wayside swung,
Words of the music that was sung.

In all his song the shade and sun
Of earth and heaven seemed to meet,
Its joy and sorrow were as one,
Its very sadness was but sweet;
He sang of summers yet to be;
You listened to his song with me.

The heart makes sunshine in the rain,
Or winter in the midst of May,
And though the mavis sings again
His self-same song of yesterday,
I find no gladness in his tone;
To-day I listen here alone.

And even our sunniest moment takes
Such shadows of the bliss we knew—
To-day his throbbing song awakes
But wistful, haunting thoughts of you;
Its very sweetness is but sad,
You gave it all the joy it had.

THRIFT.

His mother had insisted on calling him Thrift. No one knew why she had given him the quaint name. Then when he was barely 2 years old, she died. She left him with a great wealth of silent love, but that, like his name, could not help him much, that is, not as far as one can judge things. The neighbors said it was a cough that had "settled" that carried her off. Probably the cough had something to do with it, but a starved-out life of lack of affection and hard work had a good deal more.

The neighbors also thought that Mrs. Watson never had much spirit. It would seem as if they almost blamed her for dying, and leaving a husband with a child barely 2 years old. They had misgivings about the child, and there they were right. Thrift was deaf and dumb. His mother had struggled against the knowledge as long as she could. When she realized it, she kept the knowledge to herself with a fierce love. But the cough came and settled all the problems of her life for her.

Thrift's father took her death as apathetically as he had taken her all her life. Only Thrift seemed to realize that fate was still against him. He lay crying for hours alone in the little cottage, strapped into his cot. It was a weird, pathetic cry. The neighbors were kind to him. They took him in turn to their cottages, but the element of teasing children and rough handling was discordant to him. The women meant well, but it was a hard winter and money and tempers were short. Beside, Thrift's baby nature was hard to understand.

Brightness came into his life one day. It came in the guise of a little dressmaker, Jean Lawrence. She brought him a black frock. She had been busy, so had put off the making till she had time. No one else thought of the little mark of respect. It was a tribute to custom, but it was the one tribute of Mrs. Watson's life.

"Puir little lamb!" said Jean Lawrence, as she came in.

Her eyes filled with quite unexpected tears as she saw the lonely baby.

Thrift could not hear her, but something sympathetic touched his understanding, for he held out his hands.

"Puir little thing," said Jean Lawrence again, and she caught him up and covered him with kisses.

Then she put Thrift back in his cot and untied the little black frock. She turned to go, for she was in a hurry.

Thrift's mood changed. His blue eyes grew dark in the intensity of his passion. He kicked and screamed. His fluffy, fair hair was ruffled. He looked the picture of a little demon.

"Presairve us," said the little dressmaker. It was the first time any exaggeration of feeling had come into her life. She was half fascinated and half terrified by this unexpected burst. "Presairve us!" she repeated still more emphatically.

She never could explain afterward what prompted her, but she stepped to the cot, wrapped a blanket round Thrift and did not stop to think till she had deposited him safely in her own house. It was characteristic of Jean Lawrence that she had never reasoned out why she had done this action. Certainly she never regretted it. It was quite as easy a matter to settle the disposal of Thrift with his father. He was only too glad to be rid of the burden.

The first clashing of wills occurred over the same little black frock. Thrift ungratefully refused to have anything to do with it. Miss Lawrence was perplexed. It would never do to dress him in colors on a Sunday. She compromised by making him a white frock with a broad, black sash. It set off the child's fairness, but still more it satisfied her sense of fitness.

Jean Lawrence always thought of that episode as an epoch in her life. The next epoch was the sudden resolve of Thrift's father to go to America. Jean Lawrence lived in a state of tension till he had sailed. It seemed incredible to her that he could wish to leave his boy behind. She only saw the extreme desirability of Thrift in any manner and way. Thrift's father did not.

It was soon after this that Jean Lawrence's old lover returned to his native village. This caused more thought in the village than Jean herself gave to it. It was ten years since John Forbes and she had been going to be married, and ten years is a long time in a woman's life! Since Thrift had entered her life she was utterly oblivious of anything except her work. The more money she made the more she could do for little Thrift.

Jean Lawrence had always kept to herself, and no one knew why she and John Forbes had never married.

Her old mother was alive then, and every one knew she would have liked the match. John Forbes had come back grayer and older than he had gone away, but he was richer and even more able to afford a wife.

Time had not gone very well with Jean. She was thin and small always, and she had had a hard life of work. Her sparse drab hair was beginning to be sprinkled with gray. She looked older than she really was. The village came to the conclusion that John Forbes would go by her and seek a younger and bonnier woman. The two most concerned gave no cause for gossip.

John Forbes would sometimes stop as he was passing the little cottage and say a few words. There was never any allusion to past times between them. They called each other Mr. Forbes and Miss Lawrence studiously. That was the only clew either of them had that there was a mutual past between them.

On the Sundays that Jean went to church her thoughts were always divided between the bairn at home and the psalms. To her great discomfiture John Forbes would sometimes overtake her. They talked of the sermon, then of the crops and the weather. By degrees these subjects gained an easy familiarity, and only varied with the seasons.

No one was more surprised than Jean when John Forbes asked her to marry him. She stared at him in emotionless calm.

"Ye must gie me time," she said.

John Forbes agreed to this quite placidly. It was hard to understand what he saw in his first love in her faded and aged old maidism. Possibly a tenacity of affection and the same instinct of faithfulness that brought him back to the little village—the little village with no pretensions to beauty or picturesqueness—kept him true to Jean. One was the home, the other the woman he had loved. He saw no reason to change because he had seen many fairer homes and younger, prettier women.

Jean did not analyze her sentiments. It was not her way. Besides, love never entered her head as far as it concerned John Forbes. She merely reviewed the advantages as they concerned Thrift. The rumor that a new and more modern dressmaker was going to set up finally settled it, and she said to John "Yes."

The day was fixed for the second time in their lives. Jean had given up her house. She was waiting with tranquility for this new step in her life. She had quite come to the conclusion that she could not do better for Thrift.

One evening John Forbes arrived. Thrift lay contentedly on the hearth rug looking at him. The last time John had been at the cottage Thrift had been in one of his passionate fits. This had set him pondering.

After this there had been several well-meant efforts at kindness on the part of his friends. They happened to coincide with his own views. They advised him to send Thrift away. Jean, they said, would neglect every one and everything for the boy. She would wear herself out for Thrift, but not bother with anything that did not concern him.

How far he believed this, or how far a man's dislike to scenes or a natural desire to have his wife's affection centered in himself had to do with his resolve, he could not have told. He bestirred himself, and with infinite trouble and by some outlay he secured an admission for the child to a deaf and dumb institution.

It was this fact he had come to tell Jean. He rather wished Thrift would help him to lead up to it by a scene. Thrift gave him no help. He lay smiling impenetrably.

Jean was not quick at reading signs.

"Jean," he said at last, helplessly, "we'll be merrit Tuesday."

"Ay," assented Jean, cheerfully.

Her eyes fell naturally on Thrift, and she smiled at the boy.

"And Thrift?" he added, with a suspiciously clear note of interrogation in his voice.

"Ay, Thrift," she repeated.

Then finding this even did not progress matters, he said desperately, with a snatch of humor:

"Ye ken I'm no merrying Thrift?"

The old clock ticked through the room. The peats spluttered on the low hearth, in front of which on a curiously woven rug Thrift lay.

There was absolute silence for a bit. Then Jean's voice broke it.

"Then, John Forbes, ye're no marrying me."

Again there was silence. John said in a quiet voice:

"I hae made a' the arrangements for him, Jean. He will gang to a schule fa they'll teach him to read and write and understand talk of a kind."

"Will they teach him to talk like ither fowk?"

Her tone was expressionless.

"No, they canna dae that."

"Then why should the bairn be bothered wi' learning that'll never dae him or any one else ony gude? Tell me that, John Forbes."

"It will give him employment, Jean, and beside——" Here John Forbes, with a man's tactlessness undid every bit of good his arguments might have effected. He added, "Fowk tell me ye just mak' an idol o' him, and that ye hae nae ither idea but him. A man could na be expeck'd to stan' that, and ither people kenning it."

Jean had been passing through a crisis and she was but a woman.

"And if fowk care to gossip over my affairs, John Forbes, and you care to heed them, let them," she returned vehemently. "If Thrift disna gang wi' me, nae poo'rs will tak' me to your hoose."

John was annoyed by her tone.

"And suppose I say I winna hae Thrift?"

They sat on in a strained silence. John was too angry to move or speak. Jean had no wish, either, to break the silence.

"Ye ken this is the second time your obstinacy has come in the way," said John, finally.

"I mind," said Jean, briefly. "But I didna mean ye to tak' it as ye did yon time," she responded.

"I didna ken,' replied John.

It struck neither of them that there was any pathos in the sentence—a pathos of a ten years' mistaken silence.

"Are ye sure ye mean it noo?" he asked, getting up.

"I certainly dae," said Jean, firmly.

"Then gude-by, Jean."

"Gude-by."

The instant the door was shut Jean almost strangled Thrift with kisses. Unfortunately the practical things could not be settled so summarily.

Jean had given up her house and she found it was let to the new dressmaker. She was not accustomed to complications in her life. Alternatives seemed to crop up, and they worried her. At the same time Thrift was her one object. Everything was directed to this aim.

After some few weeks she got a tumbledown little cottage about a mile from the straggly village. It proved too far, or the "hang" of the new dressmaker's skirts proved too much for Jean's old customers. Work and pay became scant. The little dressmaker bore up proudly and bravely. She stinted and starved herself, but Thrift grew and flourished. There loomed before her always a fear of the "charity" where her boy might be taught—and no one knew at what expense of unkindness.

If the worst came to the worst, she would ask John Forbes to get him in, and she would become a servant. One wintry evening the child was fretful and ailing. A knock came to the door and John Forbes entered. He did not appear to notice the extreme poverty of the cottage, nor the miserable attempt at a fire. This fact brought a rush of gratitude to Jean's heart. It was to see if these things were as bad as report said, that he had come.

He took Thrift upon his knee and he talked occasionally to Jean.

"Can I dae onything for ye?" he said suddenly. "For the boy, ye ken."

A little flush came in Jean's cheeks. She faltered her thanks.

In a rush of love for Thrift she began faintly to realize that she had not appreciated this man as he deserved. In the same moment she realized she had thrown her chance away.

No idea that she might work on her old lover's pity crossed her mind. She began timidly asking him if he could manage to send Thrift to the home he had mentioned.

"Why, noo, when ye were so set against it?" asked John, with a severity that was not reassuring.

"It's circumstances," said Jean, briefly.

She felt that she would rather die than let John Forbes know there was nothing to eat in the house and no money. She would have risked everything but for the fear of Thrift falling ill.

"Weel," said John, slowly, "I'll see aboot it. But hoo wull ye pay me, Jean?"

The little dressmaker drew herself up.

"There'll be no fear o' that, John Forbes."

"But ye hivna tell't me in fat wye, Jean?"

"In honest money by honest wark."

The pink flush had deepened into a deep crimson on her cheek.

"But I dinna want your money, and as for wark, suppose you come and wark for me."

"Na, na," said Jean, involuntarily. She had had her chance of being mistress at the farm. She could not stoop to work for another, as she supposed he meant.

"Weel, come wi'oot doing ony wark."

Jean looked at him in utter bewilderment.

"The difference atween us lay in Thrift. If he gaes awa' there's naething nede hinder your coming to the farm."

"I didna expec' ye'd think I meant you," said the little woman. She was thoroughly hurt. "I'll thank ye a' the days o' my life if ye'll dae for Thrift, but I'm no seeking to be beholden to you for myself."

"Ye'll be gey lonely wi'oot Thrift."

"Ay."

Jean nearly smiled because she was so near to tears at the thought.

"I'll be lonely at the farm."

"Ye can mairry," said Jean.

She suddenly felt that she had cut herself off from every possibility by her suggestion. She had done it for Thrift all along; she would have married him for Thrift's sake, she gave him up for Thrift's sake. Now Thrift by her own act was to go away from her. And John Forbes was nothing to her. The unexpected touch of kindness had brought a rush of sympathy to her heart. She did not know it, but it had broken down the barrier that her love for Thrift had built up round her woman's heart.

"Ay," answered John Forbes, slowly. "But ye maun ask me this time, Jean."

"Oh, I couldna," faltered Jean.

She felt confused and trembling. She looked down.

"And I winna, nae a third time."

"I'm no fit to be a leddy, noo," she murmured.

Then she looked up. John saw in her eyes a look he had not seen for more than ten years.

"Jean!"

"John!"

That was all the love-making that passed between them, but they understood each other.

When John went out Jean seized Thrift and kissed him as she had done once before. But she knew that for the first time since he had come into her life he had only the second place. She thought she hid the fact in her inmost heart, but John Forbes guessed it. He had the tact to hide the knowledge from his wife. For the tact that love brings is often the highest wisdom.—Waverly Magazine.

Pasteur's Apology.

Louis Pasteur was of humble origin, and was always proud of it; but he belonged to the peculiar race of Franche-Comtois, or old Burgundians, who are noted for industry, simplicity and pigheaded persistence in any course which they deem right. Pasteur's character was a perfect exemplification of these qualities.

He was a great patriot and a true republican, and in speaking once in praise of the chemist Bertrand, who had risen from being an apothecary's assistant to presiding over the world's scientific congress, he uttered this maxim, which deserves to be remembered by every one who is struggling to make his own way in the world:

"The true democracy is the one that gives to every individual the chance to accomplish his maximum of effort."

An amusing anecdote is related which illustrates Pasteur's candor and good nature at the same time. One day, at the Academy of Sciences, a position which he took was actively controverted by two men who knew not a tithe of what he knew of the subject. He heard them patiently, and then rose and with much animation answered them, to the satisfaction of every one present; but warmed up with the controversy, he forgot himself a little. Turning to the two men, he said:

"Do you know what you lack? You"—indicating one of them—"lack the power of observation, and you"—the other—"lack the reasoning faculty!"

There was an outcry at this, and Pasteur was rebuked by the President for exceeding the proper limits. Pasteur saw that the rebuke was just.

"I am sorry," he said; "I was carried away by the heat of the discussion. I beg the pardon of the members to whom I have referred, and of this honorable body."

Every one smiled at the frankness of this apology. Then Pasteur added:

"Having recognized my fault, may I not mention an extenuating circumstance in my favor? All that I said was true. Absolutely true!" And he seemed to wonder that everybody present laughed, including his two opponents.—Youth's Companion.

Eggs in Treacle.

In Jamaica and other West India islands, they have a very curious way of preserving eggs fresh for a considerable time. A layer of eggs is placed at the bottom of a barrel, and ordinary black treacle is poured over in sufficient quantity to cover them. Then another layer is added, and more treacle, and so on till the barrel is full. The idea is that an egg can be kept good almost indefinitely if the air can be prevented penetrating the porous shell to the contents within. When the eggs have all been used, the treacle is given a fresh boil up and is thoroughly saleable again. In Northern Russia the farmers use warm tallow in precisely the same way; but this is said to slightly affect the flavor of the eggs.

He World.

"Would Willie miss his grandma,
If grandma were to die?"
He would. She always helps him to
A second piece of pie.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Some smart people are not in position to use their sense.

Chronic Rheumatism.

The Patient Had Suffered for Over Thirty Years and Now Enjoys Perfect Health.

From the Industrial News, Jackson, Mich.

The Industrial News, ever on the alert to bring its readers all items of interest, learned of the entire cure of one of Jackson county's prominent citizens, Mr. Lorenzo Neeley, of Liberty township, who had suffered with the twangs and pangs of rheumatism for over thirty years.

In order to give authentic facts, an Industrial News representative interviewed Mr. Neeley and elicited the following facts:

Mr. Lorenzo Neeley is 56 years of age, and actively engaged in farming. When 17 years old by an unfortunate accident he hurt his shoulder, and a few years after that he commenced to have rheumatic pains in his shoulders. This would not always trouble him, but on taking a slight cold or the least strain, or sometimes without any apparent cause the trouble would start again and he would suffer the most excruciating pains.

For over thirty years he has thus suffered, and for the last decade has unable to do any work. To this the frequent occurrences of dizzy spells was lately added, making him almost a helpless invalid.

He tried the best physicians but without getting any help, and has tried several specific rheumatic cures, but all without any appreciable relief. About one year and six months ago he read in the Jackson Industrial News of a case somewhat similar to his which was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and he concluded to try this remedy.

After the first box he felt somewhat better, and after taking three boxes the pains entirely disappeared and the dizziness left him, and he has now for over a year been entirely free from all his former trouble ad enjoys better health than he has had since his boyhood.

Mr. Neeley is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and will gladly corroborate the above statements. His postoffice address is Lorenzo Neeley, Horton, Jackson county, Michigan.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Lenenhock and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

On the summit of Ben Lomond are the smallest trees in Great Britain. They are dwarf willows and when mature are only about two inches in height.

A Kansas City doctor, who who was looking for a crazy patient whom he was to lock up in an insane asylum, found the lunatic serving on a jury in the circuit court.

The bullet which killed General "Stonewall Jackson" at Chancellorsville, is said to be in the possession of Mr. Isaac B. Wheeler, of Highland Falls, New York.

The owners of a Colorado sawmill started a well to supply water for their engine, and, at a depth of sixteen feet, struck pay ore, and will have a mine instead of a well.

A thermometer was left near a stove in a sleeping room at Dusseldorf recently and the fumes from the mercury poisoned two children so that their lives were saved with difficulty.

All Fools' day is 200 years old. Brady's Clavis calendaria, published in 1812, mentions that more than a century previous the almanac designated the first of April as "All Fools' Day."

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE!

Happy and Fruitful Marriage.

Every MAN who would know the GRAND TRUTHS, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, who would atone for past follies and avoid future pitfalls, should write for our wonderful little book, called "Complete Manhood and How to Attain It." To any earnest man we will mail one copy Entirely Free, in plain sealed cover.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

BUYING FARM LAND.

DON'T BE TEMPTED TO BUY TOO MUCH.

Prevailing Tendency Is to Buy More than Can Be Cultivated, and the Farmer Takes on a Mortgage that Weighs Him Down.

Buying a Farm.

A great many men when they set out to buy a farm are tempted to buy three, six or nine times as much land as they can handle. They want a quarter section for each member of the family or they want to play off as a farmer on a mammoth scale. To carry out his plans he has only half as much money as he needs, and he borrows enough to carry him through with the purchase at least. He at once comes under mortgage for half the value of the land he has bought. He begins in the new country at the bottom, has no money to improve with or to pay hired help with. He flounders in a desperate way until the end comes. He has no money to buy fuel for the cold weather season, and in case of a general failure of the crops he has no money to buy grain or other feed to carry his stock through the winter. We know of cases out West where men are land poor. They own sections of land—tracts so large that they cannot work them. It is choice land as need be, but they cannot sell it. They are tied to it. We know of another case where a man had a strong notion of becoming the largest land owner in the world. He bought land until his boundary lines were counted by miles in length. Then he went to farming. He bought all the improved patent farm implements that were known, and left the most of them out of doors the year round. This kind of farming resulted just as such farming always will result. Huge fields of corn left to go into the winter unhusked, the regular fall work half done.

Another class of men must cut a respectable figure as farmers, and they buy a half section or a section of land; may pay for the whole or go in debt for a part of the purchase money. The land may be first rate, but the man has more land than he can work. He cannot more than about half farm the land he has undertaken to work. He cannot keep down the weeds nor properly fertilize his ground. The hiring of help as wanted is very uncertain, these days especially.

A speculator buys 8,000 or 10,000 acres of land in a good locality. He is interested in having settlements made as fast around his purchase as possible. He has bought with the calculation that the settlement of the country will make him a fortune. The speculator's land is usually offered at a strong advance on the price originally paid for it, but on long-time payments, bearing a healthy rate of interest. In this way a good many farmers have been drawn into trouble and some speculators have made money. It is, however, the policy of the government of this country to have all lands sold in small holdings.

A man going into a new part of the country to buy a farm should make his calculation to buy just as much land as he can pay for and have enough money left to improve the purchase with. He should have buildings of the right size and for all purposes, and should have fencing of the right kind, so stock could neither break in upon him nor break out. After the farm is well fixed every farmer should have a bank account of $300 to $500, which is far better than to have a mortgage to nurse from year to year. How much anxiety and trouble has the mortgage made.

We have seen it stated lately that the amount of public land outside of that which has been entered, exclusive of Alaska, is 600,000,000 acres. Of course, whatever the amount is, the estimate takes in mountain, hill and dale, sand, plain and every kind of worthless, unproductive land. It will yet be a long time before all the land that is really desirable is taken up and put to practical use. The Indian reservations, when they come into market, sell quickly, and they are all choice land.—Rural Home.

Fattening Calves.

The first question which a butcher asks about a calf offered for the shambles is how it has been fed. If it has been allowed to suckle the cow, the calf is in his opinion all right, and will dress as well as it looks. But this depending on suckling, though good for the calf, helps to dry up the cow, and to make her uneasy when the calf is taken from her. The advantage of the suckling process is that the calf gets its food slowly, and always warm. The slowness with which the calf gets the milk, and the muscular effort of the mouth required to get it, mixes more saliva with the nutrition and insures better digestion. But the owner of the cow may properly insist that the calf shall not run with its dam, suckling a little every hour or two. Give it two meals per day, as nearly twelve hours apart as possible, and the last few minutes milk the richest part of the milk, the strippings, into a pail. It is very rare that a calf will get from the udder all that the human hand will do. It is this retention of the strippings in the udder that tends to dry cows so quickly when their calves suckle them.—Exchange.

Dwarf Pears.

There is one great advantage of dwarf trees over standard. They come into bearing earlier. A dwarf pear, for instance, is produced by budding on a quince stock and matures sooner than if on a pear stock. Dwarf trees should be pruned at the top, otherwise they are liable to fall over. More trees can be planted on given space than of standard size, but of course each tree will not bear as profusely. The yield is nearly the same per acre for both. They are in high favor with many, because pruning, thinning, spraying and gathering fruit can be done so much more easily from small trees than from high ones.—Fruit Garden.

Pekin Ducks and Water.

The Pekin duck is a very valuable variety, but it has the reputation of not being hardy. If left to swim all they will in cold weather, the fowls will stiffen and become helpless. We long ago learned that this variety needed less water than any other, and will do well if only occasionally on warm days allowed sufficient water to bathe and wash themselves in. If kept from water the Pekin duck is a valuable variety, being very prolific and maturing early.

Buying Sweet Potato Sets.

Most nurserymen and seedsmen are glad to furnish sweet potato sets for planting. They can do it, too, more cheaply than the average farmer who has no greenhouse can do it for himself. More sweet potatoes ought to be grown by Northern farmers. They need a warm, rich soil. By selecting a cloudy day, with probability of rain, the sets will get rooted in a few hours and before the top wilts. The home supply of sweet potatoes can as easily be grown by farmers as ordinary potatoes, except that it is cheaper and better to buy the sets each year, as it is very difficult to keep the seed through the winter until planting time. Those who have greenhouses divide the seed in winter, and may multiply the sets several times over from each eye before spring. It is this multiplication of sets from single eyes that makes it possible to sell sweet potato sets so cheaply.—American Cultivator.

Subsoiling for Orchards.

In setting out trees of any kind it is best not merely to make a wide, deep hole, but to thoroughly subsoil all the land that the tree roots are expected to occupy. If this is done there will be much less injury from dry weather the first summer, as the subsoiled earth makes the best reservoir for water in time of need. This subsoiling is important for land to be planted with nursery stock, and is commonly practiced by the most successful growers.

Shorthorn Carrots.

The large, coarse varieties of carrots most used for stock feeding are not so nutritious as is the shorthorn, which grows most of its bulk near the surface or slightly above it. As the shorthorn carrot can grow more thickly in the row, it is nearly as productive as the deeper setting varieties, and it is also more easily harvested. Five to six hundred bushels of the shorthorn carrot may be grown per acre. This is a paying crop at the usual price of this root.

Peas for Poor Soils.

There is no better way to fertilize poor land than to sow it with peas, using phosphate of lime to furnish the mineral fertility that this crop requires to perfect the seed. It is not nitrogen which the pea crop most needs other than what the pea roots supply by disintegrating air in the soil and liberating its nitrogen. But to form the grain both lime and phosphate are required. With these supplied the soil will grow richer every year.

Mineral Manures for Spring Crops

To be effective mineral manures for spring and summer crops must be applied early. They need some of the spring rains to dissolve the fertilizer so that the plant roots can make use of it. Besides, as weather and soil become warm and dry there is less need of the fertilizer, as the soil itself releases more of its own fertility under such conditions.

Fine Seed Bed for Onions.

The roller is indispensable for preparing onion ground either for seed or sets. That with a shallow cultivation to the depth of two inches will make a better seed bed than will deeper tillage. If the soil is made friable deep down the onion may grow large, but it will likely be thick necked and grow a crop of scullions.

Gooseberry Culture.

I have the best success with gooseberries that are not cultivated. I use hard and soft coal ashes and cinders as a mulch and find that the bushes I treat in this way are in every way superior to those not treated with the cinders. I shall treat all my bushes, both current and gooseberry, in this manner as fast as I can get the cinders.—W. B. H.

Among the Poultry.

Peking ducks are good market fowls.

Dampness causes leg weakness in ducks.

The good layers are active and generally on the move.

Dry earth is a good material to scatter under the roosts.

When a thrifty bird is fully matured it is easily fattened.

Early hatched, well-developed pullets make good winter layers.

Stale bread, soaked in milk, is a good feed for young poultry.

Thrifty, vigorous one-year-old hens make reliable winter layers.

Cleanliness and good feeding are the secrets of success with poultry.

On the average it will cost one dollar to keep a laying hen one year.

Leghorns and black Spanish lay eggs with the whitest shells of any breed.

Scald and allow them to stand over night in a place where they will not freeze; this is one of the best ways of feeding oats to poultry.

It is natural for some breeds of poultry to moult lighter each year, and hence what are often taken for defects are only natural to the breed.—St. Louis Republic.

Title of Admiral.

It should here be explained that the title of "Admiral" was not used in England in the earlier days, says the London Nautical Magazine. In fact, the better opinion is that it was not so used before the beginning of the fourteenth century. He was called Capitaneus Maris (Captain of the Sea), "Keeper of the seacoasts," "Captain of the King's mariners." The title "Admiral" or "Amiral," probably derived from the Arabic amir or emir (prefect), was used in foreign countries much earlier than in England, and came to us from France. Prynne ("Animadversions," p. 106) states that there were Admirals and an Admiralty Court in England as early as the time of Henry I., derived from our ancient Saxon kings—Alfred, Edgar, Ethelred and others who had the dominion of the British ocean. None of these kings probably was more potent that King Edgar, who, possessing an absolute dominion of the neighboring sea, sailed round about it every year and secured it with a constant guard. These ships being very stout ones, were in number 1,200; some writers even affirm that there were 4,800 sailing ships.

Longlived Monarchs.

Queen Victoria, who has the honor of having the longest reign of any crowned head, is now 77 years old. The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph I., who has reigned for forty-eight years, is now 65 years of age. The oldest king in all Europe at the present time is Christian IX. of Denmark; he is now entering his 79th year and has ruled for thirty-three years. Another king who has worn the crown for the same length of time is George I., the king of the Hellenes; he now has reached the age of 51 years. The king of the Belgians, Leopold II., has reigned for thirty-one years and is now in his 62d year. Oscar II., king of Sweden and Norway, has ruled for twenty-four years and is now 67. King Humbert I. of Italy is in his seventeenth year of reign and is 53 years of age.

There is one older whose date is "from everlasting to everlasting." His "years have no end." His kingdom "cannot be moved." He is "the king eternal, immortal, invisible;" "the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality."

A Test.

Cleverton—Do you know, Castleton went up to my room while I was out last night and helped himself to one of my cigars. Do you consider that a man who does a thing like that is a true friend of mine?

Appleton—That depends. Did he finish it?—New York Tribune.

DON'T TRUST IT.

Because the weather is mild and the air balmy we cannot count on being rid of rheumatism or neuralgia. The very sudden changes of temperature or exposure to draughts are both likely to increase rather than diminish both complaints. For this reason it is wise at this season to be well prepared for sudden attacks, and to have ready what is known as the best remedy for all visitations of aches or pains. All well regulated households ought to have a nook or corner for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. There are other reasons also why this Master-cure should be kept at hand; rheumatism and neuralgia are chronic, acute or inflammatory, but to whatever degree of suffering they may come, the old reliable cure is the best for treatment and the surest to give permanent relief.

The wild tribes of the Caucasus, Russia, teach their children the use of the dagger as soon as the youngsters are able to walk. They are first taught to stab water without making a splash.

PHYSICIANS WISE IN THEIR GENERATION.

The above class of scientists recognize and have repeatedly borne testimony, to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, want of vigor, liver complaint, and some other ailments and infirm conditions of the system. Experience and observation have taught them its value. They but echo the verdict long since pronounced by the public and the press. Only the benighted now are ignorant of America's tonic and alterative.

The largest wolf ever killed in the northern part of Montana was roped and dragged to death near Nashua, Valley county, recently, and measured seven feet from tip to tip.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. *"Tea Garden Drips"* is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine *"Tea Garden Drips"* have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

A French statistician has calculated that the eye travels about 6,000 feet in reading an ordinary-sized novel. No wonder the eye gets tired.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

M. Levat informs the Academie des Sciences that steel tempered in commercial carbolic acid is much superior to that tempered in water.

We will forfeit $1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

An electric underground railway under the present one is the latest project suggested in London. It would be used for express trains only.

To aid in filing saw teeth straight a new fileholder has a frame with two parallel guides, between which the file is fastened to make it run true.

Two cows, two pigs, eighteen hens, a greyhound pup and a bull were given to an agent by an Abilene (Kansas) farmer for a cabinet organ.

While chopping wood a farmer living near Springfield, Ontario, Canada, was struck in one eye by a chip and made wholly blind in both eyes.

A man who has tried it says that two or three dandelion leaves chewed before going to bed will always induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried a man may be.

WHEAT Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat there on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon, Spokane and Seattle, Wash.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay until cured; send for book. DRS. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD, 338 Market St., San Francisco.

—the unhappy and hopeless condition of many a wife and mother in the country home, all because they have not tried a remedy that is within their easy reach. One which has brought more health, happiness and sunshine into life than any remedy ever known. Its name is

Warner's Safe Cure

It never fails in

BRIGHTS DISEASE,
URINARY DISEASES,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
GENERAL DEBILITY,
AND MALARIA.

It is a purely vegetable preparation, and numbers its cures by thousands. Try it and walk in newness of life.

Large sized bottles or new style smaller ones at your nearest store.

Eczema All Her Life.

Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga., says that his daughter, Ida, inherited a severe case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve. Year by year she was treated with various medicines, external applications and internal remedies, without result. Her sufferings were intense, and her condition grew steadily worse. All the so-called blood remedies did not seem to reach the disease at all until S. S. S. was given, when an improvement was at once noticed. The medicine was continued with favorable results, and now she is cured sound and well, her skin is perfectly clear and pure and she has been saved from what threatened to blight her life forever.

S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) cures Eczema, Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, or any other blood trouble. It is a real blood remedy and always cures even after all else fails.

A Real Blood Remedy.

Take a *blood remedy* for a blood disease; a tonic won't cure it.

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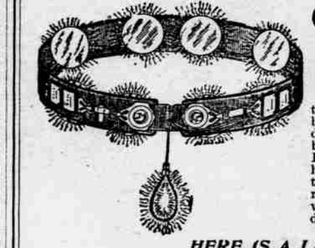

Certain Cure

Is your back weak? Have you Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble? Try Sanden's Electric Belt

All other means have failed, but the thousands who have told of their cures by Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt give evidence that after everything else has been tried without results, the famous Belt will cure if a cure is possible. It has great electric power, is warranted to last one year, and is applied by a regular practicing physician. Those who use it have the benefit of Dr. Sanden's knowledge free of charge.

HERE IS A LATE CURE.

After suffering tortures from rheumatism, lame back and weak kidneys, I was induced to try your belt, and I would not give it up now for $50 if I could not get another. My troubles had annoyed me for years, and my back was so weak I could not lift twenty-five pounds. The belt knocked the pain out in six weeks and the rheumatism in three, and I have not felt a return of either since then. I laughed at the idea when a friend of mine told me your belt would cure me, but I am changed now, and am talking for myself.—E. J. BURKE, S. F