Miscellany.

JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

If for the little while
That life has left to me, fair fortune's smile
Could rest upon me; if my closing days
Could be like this October, all ablaze
With gold and scarlet; if I only might
Have hands both of silvery delight,
And all that wealth can buy, or wealth refine,
Could be at my command at wish of mine,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given to-day—
A little money for a little way.

If for the little while
That life has left to me, the Muse's smile
Could rest upon me; if my closing days
Could be like this glad morning, all ablaze
With sunlit fields and mountain tops of thought,
My poems be in every language sought;
If all that noblest genius can combine
Could come together at some word of mine,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given to-day—
A little knowledge for a little way.

If for the little while
That life has left to me, full many a mile
On land or sea, to east or west or north,
Across the world, I could at last go forth;
If I might mount the heights of Greece or Rome,
Instead of climbing little hills at home;
If I might all the Alpine mountains view,
Instead of watching shadows on Mt. Blue,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given to-day—
A little climbing for a little way.

If for a little while
I could be rich; if pile on pile
Of gold or gems could be at last my own,
To take and keep, or to be let alone;
If I could have enough to give away
To every sufferer, bid the wanderer stay
And eat and drink his fill; if every eye
Looked up with gratitude as I passed by,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given to-day—
A little help for a little way.

If for the little while
That life has left to me, affection's smile
Could rest upon me; if my closing days
Could be, like starry evenings, all ablaze
With blessedness; if lips I love could say—
"It is so good to be with you to-day;"
If all that heart can hold of happiness
Could be my own, unfathomed, measureless,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given you to-day—
A little loving for a little way.
—Julia H. May.

GOOD WEIGHT.

Lillian Snell, teacher of the first grade in building No. 3, public schools of Windsor, turned quickly from the blackboard whereon she had been drawing a pert wren swinging on a spray of clover.

"Who's crying?" she asked, in a sweet, firm voice.

"It is little Agnes Gregory," volunteered a dimple-faced boy who sat near.

Miss Snell crossed the room and bent over the child.

"Agnes, little sunshine lassie, what is it? Can you not tell me all about it?"

Sobs were Agnes' only reply. Miss Snell kissed her gently, then went back to her work. When it was finished and the children all provided with work, she lifted the sobbing child and tenderly carried her to the teacher's desk. Here, somewhat removed from the curious little ones, Lilian set about soothing her pupil.

Agnes was a pretty fair-faced child of 6. She had sunny blue eyes and her hair, a golden chestnut, curled about her face and neck. Her clothing was clean, but well worn, and Lilian noticed the gaping hole in the tiny shoes as well as the thinness of the faded dress. Noticed it with a sympathetic thrill of the heart that throbbed with something of the divine spirit of motherhood toward the children in her care.

Agnes' story was soon told. Her widowed mother had had no breakfast for her little ones.

"I don't care so much about myself, Miss Snell," the child went on artlessly, "'cause I'm mamma's brave girl, but when little brother Royce wakes up he will be so hungry, and he is only 3 years old. He does not know he mustn't cry."

A little more questioning and Lilian learned that some one owed Mrs. Gregory for sewing, also that she hoped to have dinner ready when Agnes came home.

Lilian looked out into the driving storm of a January forenoon. She knew Mrs. Gregory, and her heart ached for the pale young mother.

Miss Snell was quick of thought and action. Ten minutes later Agnes was in a warm cloak room feasting in the dainty lunch Mrs. Snell had prepared for her daughter's midday meal. The young teacher had written a note and a list of articles of food and was at the door of the room across the hall.

The teacher, Florence Fox, listened sympathetically to Lilian's story and to the suggestion that her own 12-year-old brother be called from the sixth grade to deliver the note.

"Of course, Fred can go," she cried, "and, Lilian, you say you have written to Mr. Davis the circumstances and asked him for good weight. I'll send an order to Cousin Hugh for a half-cord of wood, tell him the story, and ask him for good weight."

A faint crimson flush stained Lilian's cheek, but she warmly thanked her friend and hurried back to her work.

Mark Davis was a stout, genial-faced man of 38. He sat in his office, his morning's work at his book just finished. Through the open door he could see brisk clerks stepping about in the grocery store from which the office opened. There was an odor of spices, coffee, fruit and fish in the air.

"Eight hundred dollars more profit this year than last," the grocer said to himself. "Somehow it don't do a man any good to pile up money when he has no one to spend it on."

Here his reverie was cut short by the entrance of a clerk who handed him an envelope, saying: "A boy just brought this."

Two papers dropped from the envelope as he tore it open. The first was a list, including a loaf of bread, potatoes, crackers, dried beef, and a few other articles. He glanced over it and opened the other. It was Lilian's note:

"Dear Mr. Davis: A little girl in my rom is crying because she has had no breakfast. Her name is Agnes Gregory, and her mother is a poor widow who lives on the third floor of No. 4 Hampton street. Please send the things ordered at once. I will come in after school and pay for them. And, Mr. Davis, please give good weight. Truly yours, LILIAN SNELL."

Mr. Davis had been a friend of the Snell family for years, and it was not the first time that Lilian had appealed to him for help in her charitable work. So that was not the reason that so strange a look came into his honest brown eyes.

"Agnes Gregory, and lives on Hampton street," he murmured. "It surely must be Margaret's child. Good God! Margaret and her child wanting bread!"

A half hour later Mark Davis was making his way up the stairs to the floor upon which Mrs. Gregory's rooms were situated. His knock at the first door was answered by a red-faced woman.

"Mis' Gregory, is it you air wantin'?" she asked sharply. "And it's no bad news you air after bringin' her, I hope."

"I wanted to deliver some groceries a friend has sent her."

The clouded face cleared as if by magic. "Heaven's blessin' be on your head, then! Mis' Gregory, she's gone out, but I've her key here, and will unlock the door. That's her by, and a swate child he is."

Mark eagerly looked at the pink and white face of the boy. He held out a great golden orange, and little Royce sprang for it, his childish laugh echoing through the room. Then the grocer followed Mrs. Donovan to the home of Margaret Gregory.

It was a bare place, but clean and neat. Mark sighed as he noted the signs of abject poverty. While the deliveryman was bringing up the parcels, Mrs. Donavan volubly explained that Mrs. Gregory had gone to try to get money due her. The warm-hearted Irish woman had surmised that fortune was at low ebb with her neighbor, partly because of little Royce's unusual fretfulness, which had been quieted by a huge slice of bread and butter.

"She's worked her precious fingers 'most to the bone," she concluded, "but work's scarce, and I don't know what's ever goin' to become of her and her babies."

The wood soon came. Florence's half cord had been re-enforced by a whole cord, perhaps because she had written her cousin that the needy widow was a protege of Miss Snell's.

As to Lilian's order for groceries, Mr. Davis had added to it a sack of flour, a ham, coffee, tea, sugar, apples, cookies, cheese, canned fruits and meats, and a big bag of candy.

Mrs. Donovan went back to her own room, and the wagons rolled away. Mark hastily built a fire, then sat down to think how best to explain the liberty he had taken.

The bare room faded from his vision as he sat there. In its place came an old country garden overgrown with roses and clematis. It was June, and the air was heavy with the scent of many blossoms. By his side was a beautiful girl in whose curls the sunshine seemed entangled. He bent lower, and the rose-red lips of his companion murmured, "I love you, Mark." Still lower his head sank until his lips touched the ones that had uttered the sweet words.

A start, and he sat upright, glancing around him. That was ten years ago. He was poor then, and Margaret, beautiful Margaret Henson, had been the only daughter of a wealthy home. So their engagement had been forbidden. They parted, vowing eternal constancy. A year later Margaret became the wife of Vance Gregory, but it was not until months after that Mark learned of the treachery and deceit that had been employed to urge her to that step.

It was too late then. There was nothing to do but to endure.

He had known for some time that Margaret was a widow and lived in the city. He knew nothing of her poverty, supposing that her means were ample. To go to her now with a story of love had never occurred to him. She knew nothing of what had parted them. He could not blacken the memory of the man who had been her husband, the father of her children.

He sprang to his feet. There was no need of an explanation. He passed out, pausing for a final word with Mrs. Donavan.

"Tell Mrs. Gregory the things came from the teachers at No. 3."

"To be sure, Mr. Davis," responded the woman, who had recognized Mark, "I'll tell her all 'bout it. And many the blissin's of all the saints rest on your dear head!"

Mark hurried away, leaving a shining silver dollar in Royce's hand.

It was only a few minutes after his departure that a thinly clad woman came toiling wearily up the stairs. It was Margaret Gregory. The woman who owed her was out of town. The needy mother had applied at several places for work, only to meet with refusal. Then she had gone to a store and begged for credit, but in vain.

She had reached the end. There was but one way open. She would ask Mrs. Donavan to give her children their dinner. When she had rested and conquered the bitter rebellion in her heart she would go out again and apply to the city for charity.

Margaret Gregory was proud. She was already faint for the want of food, yet she turned in loathing from the thought of a meal obtained in that way. It would be worse than death, but death does not come at one's call, and there were her babies.

A dry sob burst from her lips. She passed Mrs. Donavan's door in silence. She must have a moment to herself before she could ask charity of one so poor as her kind neighbor. Hurrying on, she pushed open her own door.

A bright fire was blazing in the cracked stove. Mrs. Donavan had prepared potatoes for the oven and cut slices ready for frying from the ham. The open door of the wood closet showed a huge pile, while the table was heaped high with food.

For a moment she stood gazing wildly around her. Then she dropped on her knees, and with a shower of tears relieved her overwrought nerves.

The next day's mail brought a letter from Margaret to Mr. Davis. The writer had gone to Miss Snell to thank her. From the young teacher she had learned of Mark's connection with the affair.

It was an earnest, grateful letter, blotted here and there with tear stains. She accepted his generosity; for her children's sake she could not refuse charity. She referred to the friendship that had existed between their parents, but Mark was glad that she was too womanly a woman to even hint at the relation they had once borne to each other. When he finished reading the letter his heart was light, for he understood that Margaret knew of the treachery that had blotted the sunshine out of his life.

Mark went straight home and told his aunt, who was also his housekeeper, all about it. Mrs. Everts was knitting before the open coal fire. She was a bright-faced old lady with soft white hair and a serene face. When he had finished she laid down her work and sat for a long time, gazing into the dancing flames.

"The only daughter of my old friend, Rebecca Henson, in want of food," she said, a note of pain in her voice. "Mark, you and I both have plenty of money. There is room in this house, and in our hearts, for Margaret and her babies. But she is proud. Go and ask her to come and sew for me. Tell her I am lonely and ask her to bring her little ones to brighten me up."

Mark bent to kiss the placid face. "Thank you, Aunt Elsie. I see you understand." A few hours later he knocked at Margaret's door. He saw that the years had changed her. The wild rose bloom had faded from her cheeks, tears had washed the joyous light from her blue eyes, yet it was surely the Margaret that he had loved that stood before him.

She met him frankly and with undisguised pleasure. Her voice trembled when she undertook to express her gratitude. Mark made light of the whole affair and insisted on talking of their childhood days. The fruit and nuts he brought proved an open sesame to the hearts of Agnes and Royce, and they were soon on the best of terms with the caller.

Margaret was very grateful for the offer of work. She hesitated a little over accepting Mrs. Everts' kind invitation, fearing lest the children prove an annoyance. But when Mark drew a touching picture of the loneliness of his aunt she gladly consented to come. It was arranged that the carriage come for the Gregorys the following afternoon.

One morning, two months later, Florence Fox tripped across the hall of No. 3 and entered Miss Snell's room.

"Of course you are going to the wedding reception Thursday evening," she began. "I think it is such a lovely marriage, don't you?"

"Indeed, I do," Lilian replied warmly. "Yes, I am to go in the afternoon and help with the decorations. The whole house is to be in green and white, smilax, ferns, roses and carnations. Mrs. Everts says Mr. Davis cannot do too much for his bride, 'our dear Margaret,' the sweet old lady calls her."

"And I believe it all came about from your begging him to give her good weight," Florence cried, merrily. "He is obeying your request in an extravagant manner. And Lilian, is not that pretty pearl ring and the beatific expression on cousin Hugh's face the result of my efforts along the same line of charitable work?"

The bell rang then, and the blushing Lilian was spared the necessity of a reply.—Hope Daring, in Womankind.

MET ON A TRESTLE.

Thrilling Experience of Engineer Depew with a Mountain Cougar.

To battle with a huge mountain lion, seven feet in length, and 253 pounds in weight, on a trestle at night, is the thrilling experience that has just befallen Edward C. Depew, an engineer on the Great Northern Railroad, near Lowell, Wash.

"At the time of the adventure," says Engineer Depew, "I was pulling the overland passenger train going east, and as we were a few minutes late we were trying to make up a little time. After we had left Lowell, and almost two miles east of there, about half way across a long trestle, my fireman, George Lawrence, jumped down off his seat box and came quickly to my side of the engine. I noticed a startled look on his face, and, looking ahead, saw through the darkness a black object on the track.

"My first thought was of some obstruction on the track. For a second the thought of jumping flashed through my mind, but I banished it. Nothing could be done. We were too close to the danger, and the fright had the same effect on me that it had on Lawrence. It took away my power of speech. Instinctively I crawled out of the cab on to the side of the engine.

"The train dashed on. In an instant I saw a monster's eyes flashing through the darkness, green and yellow by turns.

"As the train approached the lion I could see it prepare to spring. Finally, when the leap was made, the situation was so dramatic as to be almost theatrical in effect.

"The force of the jump was astonishing. The body of the beast crashed into the edge of the engine front. To jump then was certain death, for we were right in the center of the trestle. Yet, as the lion made its leap, I could almost feel its hot breath on my throat.

"I learned afterward that the cougar, after we had struck it, lodged in the cross ties of the trestle.

"The beast was still alive when the men of No. 498 discovered it, but its hind legs were cut off. Foreman John C. Wright would not go near it until he had emptied a couple of chambers of his revolver into it. Then they fastened the body to the cow-catcher and took it to Skykomish."—New York Journal.

American Ships.

Do you know that but one steel ship was ever built in America and that she was the last full-rigged ship ever built here, and that her name is Dirigo?

That but two steel ships ever flew the American flag, and they are the Dirigo and Kenilworth, the latter denationalized?

That the Clarence S. Bement, May Flint and Tillie E. Starbuck are the only iron ships afloat flying our flag?

That the Annie Johnson and Archer are the only iron barks having American registers and that both of them were built in England?

That the Josephine is the only iron schooner afloat that has the right to hail from an American port?

That but eleven steamers flying the American flag trade between America and Europe and that they are the St. Louis, St. Paul, New York, Paris, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Conemaugh, Miami and Metteawan, and that five of them were built in England?

That most all the best steamships in our merchant marine were built on the Delaware?

That America has not 3,000 vessels going to sea, and that all steamers, ships, barks, barkentines, brigs, schooners and sea-going coal barges are included, and that this includes the Atlantic, gulf and Pacific coasts?—Philadelphia Maritime Journal.

He Suspected.

Dashaway—Hello, Uncle Jasper, I haven't seen you for a long time.

Uncle Jasper—No, sah. De fac' is I'se so shabby dat I kinder hate t' 'pear 'fore 'spectable folks.

Dashaway—Well, now, uncle, if I should offer you the choice between a good glass of whisky and a pair of trousers I've got upstairs, which would you take?

Uncle Jasper (scratching his head)—Well, boss, dat's a powerful hard nut to crack. But I 'spec' if I had dat glass o' whisky firs' I'd be dat good I could elocute yo' inter givin' me dat pair of pants, sah.—Harlem Life.

Explained.

Bacon—You know Painter, don't you? Egbert—I've seen him.

"Well, a girl has fallen in love with his picture."

"Impossible! He's as homely as a stone fence."

"But it was her own picture she fell in love with which Painter painted."—Yonkers Statesman.

A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

The Wonderful Feats Performed by Blondin the Great.

Jean Francois Gravelet, known the world over as Blondin, the great tightrope walker, died at London. Blondin performed many feats which his imitators dared not attempt and was undoubtedly the greatest acrobat in his line, but his fame rests chiefly on the fact that he was the first man to cross Niagara Falls on a tight rope.

Blondin was born in France and his father was a soldier of the great Napoleon. As a boy he displayed agility and daring on the tight rope, and as a young man became famous throughout Europe. He came to America in 1855, and in 1859 conceived the daring design of crossing Niagara. He was called a madman, but he determined to carry out his idea. The rope was stretched above the wide gorge at about a height of 170 feet above the water. He crossed for the first time on June 30 in the presence of an immense throng of people. He crossed again on the 4th of July with the upper part of his body and his head enveloped in several thicknesses of blanket that completely shut out his view of the rope and the roaring waters; then he crossed wheeling a wheelbarrow.

Another time he threw somersaults on the rope and went through several other acrobatic feats that were difficult to some gymnasts on solid ground. He also crossed with a man on his back, and finally made the ticklish journey at night amid a blaze of fireworks, standing on his head as they were going off. In the summer of 1860 the Prince of Wales saw the famous Frenchman cross on a rope below the suspension bridge. He then went over the slender walk with a man on his back, and set the man down six times while he rested. He also went across on stilts.

Since his performance at Niagara Blondin has crossed the rope in many parts of the world more than 4,000 times. He had many thrilling escapes. In one of his performances at the Crystal Palace, the man who set off the fireworks threw the ropewalker off his balance, and he just missed falling 120 feet by pitching away his balancing pole and throwing his right leg across the rope so that he just managed to hook it with his knee-joint. Mrs. Blondin, who was watching him, fainted, and many persons shut their eyes thinking the thud of his 40-pound pole was the sound of his falling body.

He once advertised that he would wheel his little girl across the rope in a wheelbarrow filled with flowers, which she was to scatter right and left. The British Home Secretary thought this was a little too strong for the nerves of the populace, and he interfered. He delighted to spring sensations on the theater-going public. Most of his acts he rehearsed, but there was one that he could not, and that was taking a young lion across the rope in the open air at the Zoological Gardens in Liverpool. There was a stiff gale blowing, the rope sagged a good deal, and there was a steep incline from each mast. The lion was strapped in the barrow and a line attached to the barrow to prevent it running away with Blondin as he went down the incline.

The line slipped out of the attendant's hand, and the barrow, without its check, ran down the rope at a great rate. The line became entangled in the top branches of a tree, and it looked as if the daring acrobat, when the line became taut, would be hauled from his perch. He restored the equanimity of his anxious watchers, checking the speed of the barrow. Knowing that he could not reach the opposite mast, he began to move slowly backward to the mast he had left. Then he took the lion across, as he had started at first to do. Within a year persons passing the neighborhood of the Blondin home have been surprised to see the old fellow turn somersaults in the road while on his way to or from his house, which he called Niagara Villa. He performed on the rope in London when he was 70 years old.

Rails of Glass.

There was once a time when glass was used only for window panes and mirrors, but since then it has developed into many different fields. By means of valuable strengthening process, recently discovered, glass may now be moulded into lengths and used as railway sleepers. Glass rails are also produced by this same toughening process. It is, therefore, possible to have a complete glass railway. The glass rails are turned out in sizes and shapes similar to those of the ordinary steel rails. They are far tougher and resist the action of the elemer more successfully than steel.

Coral from Alabaster.

By a process recently discovered, pure alabaster can be transformed to what is apparently rer' coral. The coloring matter completely permeates the stone, and when a bead of this imitation coral is broken, it has all the appearance of the genuine material. As regards external appearances, the imitation is very perfect, every shade from deep red to palest pink being reproduced; but something in the coloring matter imparts to the coral an objectionable oleaginous odor. This, however, is said to pass off with time. The imitation can only be made from Castellina alabaster, and that of the finest quality.

Incredulous Sam Jones.

Did you hear of a funny "Sam Jones" episode? At one of his meetings he called on all the men who could assert they never said an unkind word to their wives to stand. Up got two. "Now," he said, "all the women who never spoke an unkind word to their husbands may rise." Up got six. "Sit down," Sam cried. "Now, I want the audience to pray for these liars!"—Time and the Hour.

From the Earth.

An endeavor is now being made in Hungary to utilize in a practical and economical way the earth's internal heat. For many years the artesian wells in that country have supplied hot water which has been used for a variety of purposes, and by sinking them to a depth of 12,000 or 15,000 feet, water would be obtained, it is believed, capable of yielding steam power as well as heat for warming buildings.

It is a great pity that a man can't discharge his debts as a woman does hers: by hiring a hall, and passing around a bit of cake and a dab of ice cream.

In the city of Durango, Mexico, is an iron mountain 640 feet high, and the iron is from 60 to 70 per cent pure. The metallic mass spreads in all directions for a radius of three or four miles.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like.

If "Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

A New Fuel.

Many attempts have been made to use turf or peat as fuel, but this material has never obtained great importance, because in comparison to its small heating value, its volume was too large, and consequently the transportation was found too expensive; moreover, the considerable amount of ashes it produced made it impracticable to use in any quantity. Suddenly it seems the time has arrived for peat to enter into competition with, and in some cases to substitute all other fuels. An invention, the economical importance of which is inestimable at the present moment, was recently patented by Mr. Rosendahl, of Christinstad, Norway, which country probably possesses the largest deposits of peat in the world. His method of making a practical fuel of peat simply consists in heating the peat in iron ovens to 250 degrees centigrade, and when this temperature is reached to close all the valves of the oven, the temperature of 250 degrees being kept up for seven hours. This process changes the material considerably, and the tar and gaseous products of the coal-like remainder represent 80 per cent of the whole. A chemical analysis of the product, made at the Christiania University, showed the prepared peat to contain 65 per cent of pure carbon, 16 per cent of oxygen, 6 per cent of hydrogen, 4 per cent water and, what is most surprising, only 5 per cent of substances which will remain as residue in the shape of ashes. The new peat-coal has a theoretical heating value of 6,500 caloric units, which is equal to that of medium-grade anthracite coal. The cost of peat-coal, however, is so small that it can be sold at a profit for $1.75 per ton, while an equal quantity of anthracite coal costs from $4 to $5. By the process of Rosendhal, even in its present crude state, the production of peat-coal costs but 75 cents per ton, and it is very likely that even this cost will be considerably reduced before long. Tests have been made with the new material at the Krupp works at Essen, Germany, and it was found that the new fuel gave better results than either anthracite or coke in the iron foundries and for the production of Bessemer steel.

Venezuela's Gift to New York.

At his studio at Garretson, Staten Island, Giovani Turini, the sculptor, has begun work on an equestrian statue of General Simon Bolivar, the George Washington of Central America. The statue has been ordered by the government of Venezuela, and is to be a gift from that republic to the city of New York. It is to be placed in Central Park in place of the present statue of General Bolivar.

An automatic tension device for wire fences consists of a number of springs fastened to the ends of the wires, the ends of the springs being attached to a well-braced post at the end of the fence.

Taking it year in and year out, the coldest hour of each 24 is 6 o'clock in the morning.

DISHONORED DRAFTS.

When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions regularly, and the liver works like clock work. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

A captive bee striving to escape has been made to record as many as 15,540 wing strokes per minute in a late test.

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.

The sea has no herbivorous animal. It is a great slaughter house where all the inhabitants prey on each other.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

New York is not only America's financial and commercial metropolis, but also its greatest manufacturing city.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 1895.

The hagfish or myxine, has a custom of getting inside the cod and similar fishes and entirely consuming the interior, leaving only the skin and the skeleton.

Drop us a line if you can't get *Schilling's Best* of your grocer, or if you don't like it and can't get your money back.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco

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.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Treatment of Horses Afflicted with Heaves—Pigs Should Be Fed Regularly—Advantage of Straight Rows for Cultivated Crops—Notes.

Heaves in Horses.

Heaves is not so common a disease among horses as it was in former years. It may be described as a chronic disease of the breathing organs, without inflammation, characterized by a peculiar breathing, the breath being drawn in with ease, but breathed out with difficulty, and by two distinct efforts. The immediate cause is the rupture or debility of the small cells in the lungs, so the animal canont expel the air he has drawn in without an extra and double effort. It is obvious, therefore, that the symptoms are readily detected.

Authorities say that when the disease is established it is incurable, though it can be alleviated materially. If the disease is not too intense some relief may be obtained by giving one-half to one grain of arsenic in form of Fowler's solution daily for several weeks. One authority recommends the following prescription: "Thirty grains each of calomel, digitalis, opium and camphor; make into a ball and give once or twice a day." After the first week the calomel should be omitted. But more valuable than any medicine is the food and treatment of the animal. The diet should be of the best quality and small quantity. Coarse foods should be avoided. Mouldy or dusty hay or fodder is especially injurious. Let him run on a clean, short pasture and the feed given be in a concentrated form, slightly dampened to allay any dust. Keep bowels loose.

Feeding Pigs Regularly.

Much depends in feeding pigs on giving their food at regular intervals. Then the pig will very soon become used to this, and will not expect his food until the next regular feeding time comes. The old saying that a squealing pig loses a pound of fat every time it squeals has this much of truth in it, that the irregular times for feeding which occasions most of the squealing is the surest way to destroy digestion. This in pigs is not so strong as is often supposed. The pig is greedy by nature. Others must see to it that it does not eat more nor oftener than is good for it.

Straight Rows for Hoed Crops.

So much of the work of cultivation is now done with horse power that it is more than ever important that all rows of hoed crops shall be as nearly on a straight line as possible. Unless this is done it is impossible to guide the cultivator so as to avoid destroying more or less plants, beside leaving seeds that cannot be thereafter uprooted except with great difficulty. When a weed is not killed by cultivation it is made all the more thrifty, for the pruning of the roots which cultivation gives makes new roots put forth just as it does for the crop. It is for this reason that after harrowing both ways over corn ground before the grain is up, the cultivator should be set to work between the rows just so soon as the rows can be seen. This will destroy any weeds that the harrowings may have missed.

Kicking Cows.

A Western agricultural writer says that there are just as good milkers among cows that do not kick as there are among those that do. This, we think, is hardly the fact. It is the tenderness in the udder, caused by the presence of a large amount of milk, that makes careless handling of the teats very painful. The result is that the cow becomes a kicker, and soon this grows into a habit not easily broken. It is usually the fault of the man who breaks the heifer to being milked who is responsible for her character as a milker. If the first operations on the teats are gentle, drawing milk slowly until the bag is somewhat eased, milking is a soothing and pleasure-giving process for the cow. For the first few times the heifer is milked she should have some appetizing feed set before her, which she can eat while the milk is being drawn. This should always be given when there is danger that the cow will hold up her milk. The cow is a one idea animal. When she is eating heartily she cannot easily think of anything else.—American Cultivator.

Fruit by Roadsides.

Probably the best use that can be made of roadsides is to plant fruit trees beside them, especially of those that are somewhat hard to gather in quantity. We have in mind a farmer who, many years ago, planted a long row of cherry trees on the roadside, and far enough from the fence so that the trees did not injure the crops inside the fields. These trees never failed to furnish a paying crop, and some years the cherries were sold on the tree for four to five dollars per tree, and still paid a good profit to the man who bought the fruit. Very few cherries were taken by passersby, though the trees were beside a well-traveled road. Most people while going along a highway are too busy to stop, and the tramps who were not too busy were generally too lazy. Probably if peaches or pears had been thus exposed the result would have been different. Even then a few roadside trees for the public would be apt to lessen depredations on the neighboring orchards, which near cities or large villages are the causes of much loss to fruit growers.—Exchange.

Muskmelons by the Acre.

Cheap as muskmelons are at times, they pay better than do most staple farm crops for those who are willing to give them the care which all garden crops require. To get the best prices plant as early as the land is warmed at the surface. Frequent cultivation, leaving the land as light as possible, will do much to make it warm. So will planting on a newly turned two-year-old clover sod. The very earliest melons are planted in a compact space, with a box 10x12 over the hill to keep off winds through the daytime and to be covered at night. Ten or more seeds are placed in each hill, which are later reduced to two plants by the time the vines begin to run. One of the worst enemies of all melon plants is the white grub, the larva of the May or June bug. It will travel on the surface soil at night and eat the plants just at the surface. Wheat bran through which Paris green has been mixed and scattered around the stems of the plants will make short work of these pests. The grubs are very fond of the bran, and in eating it will get enough poison to kill them. This method of getting rid of grubs will not be practicable if fowls are allowed to come near the patch, as they are also very fond of the bran.—Agricultural Exchange.

Alkali in Western Lands.

In an instructive paper recently read before a California farmers' institute by Prof. E. W. Hilgard, this subject was broadly considered, and it was shown that alkali is the result of disintegration of rocks and found only where rainfall is too little to carry it off in solution. The more common salts are Glauber's salts, common salt and sal soda. The last named occasions the principal injury by girdling plants at the surface. In connection with these salts are found others which are among the most valuable elements of fertility, mainly salts of potash and lime, and found in greater proportions in arid than in humid lands. These salts frequently appear on the surface only after irrigation. In such cases it will be found that they existed below the surface and were carried in solution by water used in irrigation and left on the surface by evaporation. A remedy is deep cultivation with thorough pulverization of the surface in orchard cultivation, to reduce evaporation to a minimum; or shading the ground with such crops as alfalfa. The more important discoveries are that the Australian salt bush will thrive on strong alkali lands and that they have also produced large yields and a fine quality of sugar beets.

Raising Ducks.

In raising ducks set the eggs under hens; when hatched remove to a box lined with paper and kept in a warm place with all the sunshine possible. When two days old put in a board pen during day time. Feed bread soaked in water and pressed dry. Do not give them water to swim in until three weks old. Dust with Persian insect powder once a week; when four weeks old feed on corn bread soaked in sweet milk; young onion tops cut fine and mixed with their feed are healthful. After four weeks old they will thrive on almost any diet and will grow with less water to swim in than is generally supposed. Always keep water for drinking as pure and clean as possible, changing often and putting gravel in the dish where water is kept.

Gypsum on Potatoes.

The broad leaves of the potato are what the crop very largely depends upon for maturing the tuber. It is important that they be kept green as long as possible. The fact that gypsum or land plaster attracts moisture makes it an especially good application for the potato crop. The first use of paris green to destrop the potato larva ought to be made with gypsum. By attracting moisture from the air and thus keeping the leaves moist more of the potato beetles' eggs will be destroyed before they hatch.

Sowing Oats by Hand.

There are many farmers who find it an advantage to sow other grains with a drill, so as to apply fertilizers with the seed, who yet think the oat crop comes surer sown on a coarsely harrowed surface and dragged in. The reason probably is that thus the grain is apt not to be covered so deeply as it is by the drill. The better fitting the seed bed has, the deeper the wheels sink, carrying the drill tubes and the seed grain to greater depth than is good for the grain crop.—American Cultivator.

Poultry Pickings.

Don't have the flocks of hens too large. If you have more than seventy-five or eighty, they ought to be separated into smaller flocks.

An egg contains from 25 to 27 per cent. solid matter, nearly 14 per cent. albumen. That means that laying hens need food rich in albuminous matter—meat, oatmeal, milk, bran, etc.

While poultry will not thrive on neglect, it is well to remember that overfeeding and lack of exercise are also fruitful sources of loss in the poultry yard.

If we would keep up the vigor and fecundity of our flocks we must infuse new blood into them. If service or profit or vigorous growth is desired, there must be a frequent change of cockerels in the flocks.

Weed out the flocks, disposing of really old stock and the undesirable young. A few good hens, well cared for, will raise more chickens this summer than if a great flock is crowded together in unhealthy coops.

A Boston commission merchant says that if farmers would market all the chickens and eggs they can spare each week, they would be surprised at the regular income that they were receiving, and they would find more profit in poultry.

Farm Notes.

Lean the tree at planting towards the direction of prevailing winds.

Bees need special care in early spring if profitable returns are secured.

Syrup made of granulated sugar is the best and cheapest feed that can be given to bees.

A nearly eight-fold increase in the exports of oats is noted the past nine months compared with a year ago, the figures being respectively 26,000,000 and 3,500,000 bushels.

A cross between the Brown Leghorn and Buff Cochin is an excellent egg producer and an ideal table fowl. Eggs will be had the year round and the hens make excellent mothers.

Just before fruit blossoms open is the time to spray thoroughly to destroy bud moth, cigar and pistol case bearers. These three insects do their most destructive work before blossoms open.

To make grafting wax, melt together and pour into a pail of cold water resin four parts by weight, beeswax two parts and tallow one part. Then grease the hands and pull the wax until it is nearly white.

Skull Cut to Let the Brain Expand.

A number of surgeons in Atlanta, Ga., have successfully performed an operation which has let the light of intelligence into the darkened mind of a girl, who, at the age of 11 years, had the intellect of a baby. Her name is Emily Woodruff, and she is the niece of W. B. Lowe, the wealthy railroad builder and convict lessee. She is strikingly pretty, and all her life has passed without a single day of illness. But while she grew in physical vigor her mind seven years ago ceased developing. Physicians in this country and Europe were appealed to, but never successfully diagnosed the case. A short time ago a young Atlanta physician suggested that the trouble was due to the fact that her skull was too small to permit her brain to grow. He informed them that an operation was possible, but the chances were about even that it would prove fatal. A family council was held, and it was agreed that they would rather have the girl die than grow up an idiot. She was taken to St. Joseph's hospital and the operation was performed by a half dozen surgeons. At the temple they cut into the skull on either side, making two holes a trifle larger than a nickel. Beginning at these openings, they cut through the skull in two straight lines running back to a point at the back of the head. This cut was eleven inches long and formed a perfect "V." The skull was lifted, the wound bandaged and the little girl put to bed. The child is showing a marked mental improvement.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

He thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Warner's Safe Cure

is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE

Scrofula

Is a deep-seated blood disease which all the mineral mixtures in the world cannot cure. S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) is a *real* blood remedy for blood diseases and has no equal.

Mrs. Y. T. Buck, of Delaney, Ark., had Scrofula for twenty-five years and most of the time was under the care of the doct