Miscellany.

A SONG FOR OLD FRIENDS.

The earth to the songs of the poet
Resounds in a deathless tune,
Though hearts be upon or below it—
Though the winter be here or the June.
Of the numberless songs that are ringing,
Let the cadence of one song flow
For the Aprils fled and the living and dead—
The friends of the Long Ago.

Sing the charms of the winsome Molly,
And the graces of Madeline fair—
The heart of Sue that was jolly,
And Jean with her glory of hair.
Sing of John and of Jim and the fellows,
Confessing we did not know
That so much of pure gold the bosoms sold hold
Of the friends of Long Ago.

The red of the April's blooming,
By the whispers of springtime fanned,
Cannot shine where the gloom is entombing—
But they'll know and will understand!
They will know of one heart that is yearning
For the old year's genuine glow,
And their dust, long still, it will tremble and thrill—
The friends of the Long Ago.
—Nashville American.

ATTACK OF LUMBAGO.

"Ah!" exclaimed my friend Thorley, the eminent physician, throwing down the evening paper, which he had just been perusing, and delivering himself in his most sententious manner. "How many complete comedies, and tragedies for the matter of that, may often be latent in two or three commonplace lines of print!"

"And what, pray, most sapient philosopher, has evoked from you that profound sentiment?" I inquired, laughingly.

"The concluding sentence in this obituary notice of the bishop of X," he said, taking up the paper again and reading aloud the passage: "He married, in 1866, Margaretta, third daughter of the late Joshua Barker."

"Indeed," I said. "And is it a comedy, my philosopher, or a tragedy that lurks in that very simple historical announcement?"

"Umph! A comedy. At any rate the comic element prevails."

"You knew the bishop in his young days, I believe?"

"Intimately, and his wife, too. In fact, I myself was a spectator of the little comedy which resulted in their marriage."

"You were?"

"I was," said Thorley, with an impressive air. I saw that he was bursting to tell a good story. We were by ourselves in a corner of the club smoking room. There are men from whom, in like circumstances, I should have fled incontinent, pleading an immediate engagement. But Thorley was an excellent raconteur and I had nothing particular to do for half an hour. I therefore lay back in my chair and regarded him encouragingly.

"I believe," he went on, "that you would find the story rather diverting."

"Then, by all means, let me hear it," I suggested.

And, nothing loath, he began:

"It all happened more than thirty years ago," Thorley said. "I need hardly say that the bishop had not, in those days, attained to episcopal honors. He was, in fact, merely, the vicar of Pemborough, where I, a youngster, was carrying on my first practice, and where Margaretta's father was brewing indifferent beer. But even then his reverence was a cleric marked out for future preferment, no less by his aristocratic connections than by his intrinsic personal merits. Nor by that do I mean to imply that these merits were inconsiderable. He was decidedly intellectual, an eloquent preacher, a good organizer. And his bodily presence contributed an appreciable quota to the effect of those qualities. He was tall, imposing dignified. Calm authoritativeness sat upon his placid and ample forehead. Solidity and weight swelled in the undulations of his capacious waistcoat. Severe moral rectitude helped to stiffen every line of his upright and stately bearing. Even apart, therefore, from his intrinsic self he made a splendid figurehead for the spiritual life of the parish. I suppose his age must have been about 40, though he looked older. And he was a confirmed bachelor. So much so, in fact, that the single ladies in Pemborough, of whom there were many, hardly regarded the vicar as a matrimonially possibility; albeit, with his high connections and good prospects, he would have been an excellent spec for the best of them.

"Not that he was a boor or a brutal misogynist or anything of that kind. Very much the reverse. He mixed freely in the social life of the place. He enjoyed the company of ladies, and, indeed, in his sanctified way, was quite a proficient flirt. But to that deeper, lasting sentiment which leads through courtship to wedlock he was entirely strange, and I honestly believe that the bare idea of matrimony had never crossed his mind.

"Now I will revert for a minute to the Barkers.

"I have said that Joshua Barker, the head of that family, was a brewer of indifferent beer. In spite of the quality of his malt liquors he did a large business, having many tied houses, and was worth a considerable sum of money. But then he was the father of fourteen children, so that his fine income was somewhat discounted. I shall not have much to say about any of them, excepting his eldest daughter, Margaretta, whom I knew better than any of the others and who was a great friend of my wife's. In fact, the young lady spent a great part of her time at our house. And I was glad that she did so, for my wife, having only lately been married to me, and having come from a house full of brothers and sisters, was in need of a congenial companion.

"Margaretta was a handsome and prepossessing girl; though even in those days she showed some slight tendency toward that richness of form and feature which she has since abundantly realized. You have never met the bishop's wife? Ah, well! She has long measured a good forty-five inches round the waist and is now the possessor of four chins. But in her girlhood she was pretty and fascinating, and slight, and not a few local bloods were enamored of her. These local bloods, however, were all of the plebs plebian, and Margaretta was a girl of aspirations. She wanted to escape altogether from the sordid vulgarity of Pemborough society and to blossom into some more select and fashionable sphere. Thus, at least, she frequently confided to my wife, who, womanlike, aided and abetted her in this ambitious folly.

"My wife was talking to me about Margaretta one day. She was deploring the fact that there was no well born and bred young men in Pemborough to marry the poor girl, and remove her into that higher circle in which she was so well qualified to shine. And I said, laughingly:

"'There's the vicar. He's splendidly connected. Why shouldn't she make a match of it with the vicar?'

"It was simply a little joke of mine. But my wife (to whom this was evidently a new idea) took it quite seriously.

"'To be sure,' she cried, clapping her hands. 'There's the vicar. I wonder I have never thought of him. Of course, he's the very man.'

"I laughed aloud at the eager seriousness with which she said it.

"'My dear,' I told her, 'I was only joking. You don't suppose that the vicar would look at Margaretta, do you?'

"'And why not?' demanded my wife, bridling. 'Margaretta is good enough for any man.'

"'Perhaps so,' I observed. 'Far be it from me to depreciate Margaretta. But you see, my dear, the vicar is not a marrying man. In fact, for all his flirting propensities, he is as confirmed a bachelor as I have ever come across.'

"'It is a crying scandal that such a man should be a bachelor,' exclaimed my wife, in an indignant tone. 'I call it outrageous.'

"'Especially with girls like Margaretta about,' I suggested, slyly.

"But my wife was in no mood for jesting over this affair.

"'I wish you wouldn't make jokes out of everything,' she retorted, quite crossly. 'It is scandalous that the vicar should remain a bachelor. It ought not to be allowed. Everybody admits that it is the bounden duty of a beneficed clergyman to marry. Look what an invaluable help a wife is in a parish! You can't deny that, can you?'

"'Certainly not, my dear. It is quite indisputable.' I assented, for it was after dinner. I was spoiling for my nap, and it was my hope that if I allowed my wife to silence me in argument she would let the discussion drop. Wherein, to my great thankfulness, I was not deceived.

"But although no more was said on the subject just then, this idea which I had so lightly mooted and which my wife had jumped at with such eagerness was not allowed by that perseverling angel to rest. The keenness with which she threw herself into her new scheme, the energy with which she set herself to execute it, excited my supreme wonder and amusement. No little dodge whereby the vicar and Margaretta might be brought together was too barefaced for her; no little pretext was too flimsy. She inveigled the reverend gentleman into little dinners, luncheons, teas, picnics, at which it was invariably managed that he should be brought into close proximity with Margaretta. She made them partners at tennis and croquet, at whist and four-handed chess. The vicar evidently enjoyed all this—as a pastime—for Margaretta was very pretty. But while he flirted with her, decorously and as a clergyman should, and even sometimes went rather farther than a clergyman should, he never went, nor had any idea of going, to the length which Margaretta pined for.

"You, my dear fellow, are a married man, and you know the ways of women. You will, therefore, feel no surprise to hear that neither Miss Barker nor my wife thought for a minute of being content with these unpractical flirtations. Nor will it cause you the smallest sensation of wonder to be informed that the entire blame for the vicar's declining to toe the scratch was shunted on to me. 'If I had been half a man,' etc., 'If I had cared a fraction of a straw for my wife's peace of mind,' etc., 'If I had been at all like some other husbands she knew,' etc. However, you, being married, have all this, of course, at your fingers' ends, so I will not go into that part of it. Nor will I dwell upon the piteous accounts given me by my wife of poor Margaretta's breaking heart, and of how she was pining and wasting away, and qualifying for early quarters in the local cemetery. That is an old story which I will take leave to skip, and will resume my narrative after an interval of two or three months.

"One morning I was sent for in my professional capacity to visit our vicar. The complaint from which I found him suffering was of quite a trifling nature, being nothing more serious than an attack of lumbago, and not a very severe attack at that, for he was perfectly free from pain, in most postures, and was only very violently gripped by the malady when attempting to rise after stooping or kneeling. Still, of course, this was sufficiently inconvenient to a clergyman, as it precluded his taking part in the church services, and he was particularly anxious to be well again by the following Sunday.

"Now, there's no doubt about it, lumbago does give rise to some very ridiculous situations. In fact, the patient's movements when trying, if you understand me, to sidle round that particular posture, in which he knows that he will be gripped, and to gain the desired perpendicular by dodging, so to speak, the muscles of his own back, are often extremely grotesque. Take it, also, that the patient is one who prides himself on the dignity of his deportment—as our vicar did—and this grotesqueness is appreciably enhanced. Indeed, what could be a funnier sight to see than dignity struggling with lumbago? I, myself, though hardened by professional experience, have often derived the hugest amusement from it. And I certainly did so in this case.

"Our excellent vicar was extremely sorry for himself. He gave me a graphic account of the torturing agonies which he had endured, in trying to rise from a kneeling posture in church—where he had been suddenly seized—and how it had taken him good five minutes to regain his feet. I prescribed some of the usual remedies, and promised to call again in a day or two. When I reached home the first question my wife asked me was:

"'Well, what is the matter with the vicar?'

"'Only a touch of lumbago,' I answered.

"'Then he will be unable to attend the parish conversazione this evening, I suppose?'

"'Oh, no. I have told him that he may keep all his social engagements. Church is the only thing tabooed, because the poor man cannot kneel, or rather when he kneels cannot get up again.'

"'Oh! I am glad that he will be there this evening. The parish conversazione without the vicar would be quite the play without Hamlet, would it not?'

"'Yes—for Margaretta,' I replied, jestingly.

"I said that on purpose to draw my wife. But the shaft missed. She seemed, indeed, not to even have heard my remark, and I saw that she had suddenly fallen into one of her absent fits. Soon afterward she left the room and went upstairs, humming a tune, a thing which she always did when she was enveloped in a brown study.

"We both went to the parish conversazione that evening. It was one of a series of functions held quarterly by the vicar and the church wardens to promote social intercourse and friendliness between the members of the congregation. These gatherings took place at the town hall, and consisted of tea and coffee, twaddle and flirtations, for which last-named amusement various alcoves in the lobbies and passages were not inconvenient; the more so, as the said lobbies and passages were but indifferently lighted.

"At this particular function everybody, of course, was present, including Margaretta, her parents and other adolescent members of her family. My wife bore down upon Margaretta the moment she appeared, and I saw them soon engaged in a whispered conversation in a corner of the tearoom. I did not observe them again for some little time, being just then tackled by a wealthy and hypochondriacal old lady—one of my best patients— who insisted on recounting to me a long history of all that she had suffered since our last meeting. I was inexpressibly bored by this tiresome old person. But I could not offend her, so was obliged to listen. And when at last I was free from her—which was not for twenty minutes—I noted, with a grin of amusement, that Margaretta (aided, no doubt, by my wife), had made her pounce, and was in the act of sailing out of the tearoom upon the arm of our stately vicar, who did not, indeed, seem at all loth to lead forth this beauteous damsel into the greater seclusion of the dimly lighted passages.

"I looked round for my wife. Ah! There she was hobbing and nobbing with old Joshua Barker, not three yards from where I stood! Presently I heard her say to him:

"'Don't you think this room rather hot, Mr. Barker? Shall we go out into the lobby for a few minutes?'

"'Certainly—a good idea,' answered the brewer, offering her his arm.

"And off they went—my wife throwing me a meaning but mystifying glance over her shoulder as she passed. That she was up to some mischief I could see plainly. That this mischief was in connection with the vicar and Margaretta I could conjecture with tolerable certainty. But beyond that general impression, I was quite in the dark and, being detached just then and seeing nobody about with whom I had the least desire to converse, I strolled out myself into the lobby with the idea of seeing if possible what my wife's little game was.

"As I sauntered slowly along one of the side passages, I heard the sound of murmured conversation on my right. Glancing in that direction, I descried the vicar and Margaretta seated in contiguous chairs, screened by a big palm. They were too much taken up to have observed me. And, I am half ashamed to confess it, but I did a low thing. I slipped behind a brawny plaster Hercules, which stood adjacent and played the eavesdropper.

"The vicar was bending close to Margaretta, uttering many pretty speeches—but nowise committing himself—and she was listening with heightening color and downcast eyes, ever and anon, however, raising those features and darting at him glances of radiant tenderness, meant, doubtless, to evoke something from his lips more practical than these empty compliments. Once or twice I half thought that a declaration was coming; but on each occasion he pulled himself up just at the critical point, and turned what looked like being a proposal into a mere piece of flirtatious rhetoric. It must have been uncommonly tantalizing for Margaretta. But she kept her head and her temper admirably, and continued to smile on him as blandly as heretofore.

"At last—having, as I supposed, given up all hope for that occasion, since I was not then aware of the wonderful resourcefulness of woman—Margaretta suggested that they should be rejoining the others. The vicar agreed. They rose from their seats, and as they did so, Margaretta, happening to glance down at her particularly neat little toes, uttered a sudden ejaculation.

"'Oh! Look! The ankle strap of my shoe has come unbuttoned. Oh! dear! I—I—if it would not be presuming too much upon your kindness, Mr. Travers, I—I——'

"'Don't mention it. With pleasure,' murmured the reverend gentleman, as he sank gracefully upon one knee and proceeded to negotiate the strap round her pretty ankle.

"'Ha! my friend,' I chuckled to myself from behind my Hercules. 'In the gallant impulse of the moment, you have forgotten your lumbago. Facilis descensus! Sed revocare gradum! Now I shall see sport.'

"'Oh, please get up, Mr. Travers!' murmured Miss Margaretta, blushingly, affecting to be ignorant of the true state of the case. 'Oh, please get up! Somebody will see you.'

"'I—I—will you—give me your hand?' gasped the vicar, desperately.

"She did so, in the prettiest confusion. The vicar clasped it with all the fervor of lumbago.

"Then it all came about more suddenly than you would believe. For there stood Joshua Barker and there stood my wife, as though they had dropped from the clouds. And Joshua was shaking the still kneeling vicar by the hand and saying:

"'Congratulate you, my dear vicar, congratulate you! I ought not to intrude just now. But I was passing, by Jove, and couldn't help seeing and my feelings as a father got the better of my discretion. You have won a treasure—a treasure, sir,' etc.

"At the same time my wife was kissing Margaretta, who had covered her blushing face with her hands, and Godblessing her and heaven knows what beside, looking the while as innocently pleased and happy as a guileless child.

"It was splendid sport for everybody—except the vicar. And he—poor man!—was more taken aback and flabbergasted than anybody I have ever seen. He never attempted to expostulate or explain. Perhaps he meant to defer the difficult and disagreeable task until he could perform it by letter. If so, the delay was fatal to him; for, before the evening was over, everybody present had heard of the engagement, and the vicar had run the gantlet of a hundred congratulations. By accepting these, without repudiation—as he did—he simply gave himself away, and rendered any future explanation impossible."

"He must have been extremely weak minded."

"Perhaps. But then, you see, he was in an uncommonly tight corner. He had been flirting in a risky way with Margaretta, and it was quite natural that she should misunderstand what occurred. Under those circumstances, to disabuse her would have been a delicate task, from which any man might well be excused for shrinking. At any rate, he did shrink, and the consequence was the little biographical circumstances which has evoked the story."—London Truth.

A Woman Talks on Woman's Ills.

The Sex Shuns Publicity on Their Own Weaknesses From Sense of False Modesty.

From the Times, Los Angeles, Cal.

Women suffer from certain diseases peculiar to their sex and usually have great delicacy in speaking of such ills. Just why, we cannot say. There would seem to be no more reason for silence in such matters than there is about the ordinary every day ills. Occasionally, however, a woman of strong sense is found, and is an exception to the rule. Such a one is Mrs. Rosie S. Thompson, of 319 East First street, Los Angeles, Cal. This is what she says:

"For five or sx years I was seriously ill with female complaint. I could not go about, I suffered intense pain, and at times I was hardly able to raise myself up in bed. I was then living in San Bernardino and I consulted a physician who thought he could cure me. For seven months I was under his care taking his prescriptions, but he did me no good at all, and I grew worse instead of better. Finally I tried another physician and I was under his care for several months, but he did me no more good than the first one. I tried all sorts of remedies without any beneficial effects.

"Finally I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I resolved to try them. I began taking the pills. The effect was wonderful. Almost immediately I began to improve. I have taken these pills now for six or seven months and I am entirely cured. I had previously tried every sort of remedy that I could think of, besides consulting many doctors, and nothing helped me until I took these pills. They are the best remedy I ever used, and the only one I would recommend. I am now as well as I ever was in my life and have had no return of my complaint.

"I make this statement voluntarily and in the hope that it may lead others now suffering as I suffered to try these pills.

"This statement is given solely with a view to helping others and directing their attention to the greatest medical discovery of the age—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

(Signed)
Mrs. Rosie S. Thompson,"
319 East First street.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of August, 1896.
J. C. Oliver,
Notary Public in and for Los Angeles county, State of California.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—(they are never sold in bulk or by the 100—by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Native American Flowers.

Fifteen of the principal flowers known to botanists were originally found within the limits of the United States. The various varieties and the date of discovery follows: The acacia, before 1640; the arbor vitae, before 1569; Virginia creeper, 1629; sweet fernbush, 1714; American hawthorn, before 1683; trumpet honeysuckle, 1656; two varietiets of magnolia, 1688 and 1734; mountain tea, before 1758; candleberry myrtle, 1699; pigeon berry, 1736; rose (without thorns), before 1726; St. Peter's wart, 1730; trumpet flower, 1640, and winterberry, 1736. The exact discovery of some species is not known, the date of earliest mention being given in that case.

Canada is to have 800 additional money order offices. There are at present only about 1,200 of such offices in the whole dominion.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

It rains on an average 208 days in the year in Ireland, about 150 in England, at Kozan about ninety days and in Siberia only sixty days.

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.**

Montreal's Big Electric Plant.

It is reported from Montreal that Queen Victoria has been asked, through Lord Aberdeen, and her consent is expected, to touch a button in London and thus start the big electric works of the Lachine Hydraulic and Land Company, which is to supply 100,000 horsepower of electric current to Montreal. Eighty miles of conduits have been laid, and arrangements have been completed with the Commercial Cable Company for the event. This is the largest electric installation in the British dominions.

The introduction of sugar into England is often dated as late as the 15th century, but it was really in use in that country in the 13th century.

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.

It costs more to strike a match in France than in any other civilized country, because the business is monopolized by the government.

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THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Hints on How to Buy a Horse—Directions for Cultivating Corn—Safe Way to Tether Cows—Origin of the Berkshire Hog.

How to Buy a Horse.

If you want to buy a horse don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it, says an old horseman, in Horseshoers' Journal. Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but the halter and lead him around. If he has any failing you can see it. Let him go himself a way, and if he walks right into anything you know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him, too.

Some horses show their weakness or tricks in that way, when they don't in any other. But, be as smart as you can, you'll get caught sometimes. Even the experts get caught. A horse may look ever so nice and go a great pace, and yet have fits. There isn't a man who could tell it until something happens. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip and off he goes for a mile or two, then all of a sudden he stops on the road. After a rest he starts again, but he soon stops for good, and nothing but a derrick can start him.

The weak points about a horse can better be discovered while standing than while moving. If he is sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving them, with legs plumb and naturally poised; or if the foot is taken from the ground and the weight taken from it disease may be suspected, or, at least, tenderness, which is the precursor of disease. If a horse stands with his feet spread apart or straddles with his hind legs there is a weakness in his loins, and the kidneys are disordered.

Heavy pulling bends the knees. Bluish, milky-cast eyes in horses indicates moon blindness or something else. A bad-tempered one keeps his ears thrown back, and a stumbling horse has blemished knees. When the skin is rough and harsh and does not move easily to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and digestion bad. Never buy a horse whose breathing organs are at all impaired. Place your eye at the heart, and if a wheezing sound is heard it is an indication of trouble.

Cultivating Corn.

After the corn has been planted a few days, take the sulky cultivator, put on the fenders and run through the rows the way the corn was planted. This cultivation can be readily done when the field is put in by the planter. After the corn is well above the ground, cultivate across the rows. A third cultivation should be given when the corn is six inches in height. These three workings will mellow the soil and kill off all the young weeds that have germinated in the top soil. The sulky cultivator is just the implement for this work, as it completely stirs the ground, letting in the air, dews, sunshine and rain. The corn should be worked four times before it is laid by. For weedy land work the crop five or six times at least. Shallow and frequent cultivation should be the motto; the sod should be deeply plowed, and the field put in mellow condition before planting.

Tethering Cows.

The best way to tether cows is to have a head halter for each cow to be tethered. Have a ring fastened securely in the nose-piece; the chain can be snapped into this ring, and the iron pin at the end of the chain driven about a foot or more into the ground, the cow is then firmly held. Light steel tethering chains should be used. These chains are made especially for this purpose. They have a swivel in the middle, and are twenty feet in length, and the retail price is 50 cents each. A cow should never be tied by the horns or round the neck, as she may be thrown down and her neck broken. If fastened to a neck halter she has too much power and can easily pull the pin out of the ground.

Origin of Berkshires.

A correspondent of an English paper thus states the origin of the Berkshires: "The family of pigs in Berkshire, which was the foundation of the present improved breed, was of a sandy or buff color, about equally spotted with black; was of a large size, a slow feeder, and did not mature till two and a half or three years old. But such as it was, however, it was highly esteemed for the proportion of lean to fat in the meat, and for the superior weight of the hams and shoulders. The improvement is reported to have commenced during the last century, through the importation of a Siamese boar, which was mated with the Berkshire sows. This breed (the Siamese) were generally of a black color, of medium size; quick to mature; very fine on all points, with short, small legs and head, thin jowls, dish face, slender, erect ears, broad, deep, compact body, well ribbed up; extra heavy hams and shoulders: a slender tail, thin skin, and firm, elastic flesh. After using the Siamese boar to the old style sows as long as it was considered necessary, he was discarded and the cross pigs then bred together."

Extra Work Pays Best.

It never pays to shirk work on the farm. Nature cannot be cheated. It is always the farmer who does his work promptly, and who neglects no point necessary to make a good crop, who succeeds. There is no money made by growing poor crops. In most cases, he who merely plows and sows, without manuring, does a great deal of work for nothing. "Let him that ploweth, plow in hope," said one great apostle in olden time. This is the best possible motto for the farmer. It means that everything, before and after plowing, shall be all that labor and skill can give to make the harvest a success. It is a sad confession that the old-time farmer made that his crop did not turn out as well as he expected, and he always knew it wouldn't. No farmer, coworking with nature, ought to expect failure. Seed time and harvest do not fail to those who do their part of the contract. If they do fail in everything, despite the best care. it means that the locality where this often occurs was not meant for farming purposes. If it is fit for farming, the season will be right to make a success of something.

Planting Potato Peelings.

There is no temptation to potato growers to economize by planting potato peelings for seed while potatoes are so cheap as they have been this year and last. Yet very good crops have been grown that way, and there are growers who believe that for a very early crop the peelings cut rather thicker than usual, and cut into pieces having one or two vigorous eyes on each set, will bring new tubers sooner than will sets cut through whole potatoes. The truth seems to be that the potato peeling is apt to be pretty well dried through when planted in cold, moist soil early in the spring, and it therefore starts to growing at once. The thick piece of potato, especially if fresh cut, is moist, and this with the moisture of the soil keeps the potato germs from starting until both soil and seed have dried.

Uniting Weak Colonies.

Beekeepers often have colonies that are apparently listless and unwilling to work, even when conditions are favorable for procuring pollen and honey. In such case the colony thus affected is probably destitute of a queen, and unless one is quickly supplied the colony soon dwindles to nothing. The life of an active working bee in summer is not more than six to ten weeks. Were it not that the queen is constantly depositing eggs for her new brood the colony must perish. If a new queen can be got, slip it into the hive, and within a day or two the bees will be actively at work bringing in honey. Another way is to stupefy the swarm with smoke and put it with one that is known to have a queen. One strong swarm is always worth more than two or three weak ones.

Feeding Calves for Cows.

When calves are intended to be grown for cows it is a great mistake to feed them so heavily as to increase the tendency to fatten. Often this can be seen at birth in the thick, bull-like neck and heavy head. In such case it is best to fatten and sell to the butcher, no matter what stock may be its ancentry. But frequently also the calf which seems to be all right for a good milker is fed so heavily and on such fattening food that its tendency for life to produce fat and beef rather than milk and butter is fully established. To grow a good cow the calf should not be stunted. That will impair digestion, which is just as important for the cow as it is for a beef animal. Calves intended to be kept for cows should have much succulent food, with enough of the kind of nutrition required to make large growth.

For Land or for Crop.

The old question whether it is better to manure for land or for crop is not much asked nowadays. The loss of original fertility of soil and the narrowing profits on crops require that farmers in these times should get as nearly full returns as possible from all the manure they apply. If they manure at all for the future it is by seeding with clover when they apply the fertilizer, so that part of its benefit shall remain in the clover roots. Besides this, seeded ground does not waste fertility, either by washing or blowing away, as that left naked in winter is sure to do.

Muddy Barnyards.

It is not easy to underdrain the barnyard. In most cases so rich is the soil in fertilizing matter that much of the fertility will soak into the underdrain, no matter how deeply it may be put. There it will develop a fungus growth that will completely stop the drain and make it of no value whatever. When this once happens there is no way to clean the drain so as to prevent new growth of fungus from appearing in it. The best way to care for a muddy barnyard is to have it small and bed it heavily with straw.

The Pigpen in Summer.

As warm weather approaches sows and pigs should be given wider range. When grass starts the pen should open upon a yard where fresh grass and access to fresh soil can be had as freely as the pigs desire. There is nothing like rooting, and the roots and grubs that pigs get thereby, to keep them in good health, and if well fed they will not do more rooting than is best for the soil to clear it of insect enemies to all crops, either in the orchard or in the pasture field.

Rot in Cherries.

Many find that they cannot grow cherries on account of rot. This is almost invariably from lack of potash in the soil, though it may occur where trees are set in low land filled with stagnant water during the spring months. A heavy application of wood ashes or of muriate of potash applied now and with plenty of water to dissolve it will make fruit that will ripen without rotting.

Farm Notes.

Plan to grow more grass and clover

Study the requirements of the soil as well as of the market.

Select the crops with respect to their adaptability to the farm.

It is not only an item to increase quantity but to improve the quality of the crops.

Colts should be trained to walk fast before attempting to improve them in any other gait.

On the farm, as in any other line of business, it is an item to save labor and economize time.

The first hatched queen bee will destroy all remaining queen cells, provided it is not in the height of the honey flow.

Manure adds to the productiveness of land as soon as it is applied, but all of the substances will not be used up in one season.

The farm products should be put in the form in which they will bring the most money and yet leave the farm in the most productive condition.

If the bees seem to dwindle in the spring, look them over every day; close up the division boards, taking out all of the combs they canot cover.

While the farm may not always show large returns in the way of cash, yet with good management the farmer may be reasonably sure of a good livin

How Tradesmen Are Cheated

Two dealers, one of chinaware the other in suits and wraps, happ to be discussing, not long ago, the tifarious ways of small cheating in vogue.

"A lady—she is counted a very lady indeed," said the first, "sent t on Christmas eve for a punchbo be forwarded to the house on appr On December 26 it was returned word that it did not suit. But we c see that it had been used and carel washed. She had had all she needed of it and then she sent it back."

"It's the same thing," respouded the other, "with our Easter business. Not a year passes that we don't have suits sent home on approval and promptly returned on Easter Monday. They have been worn for the festival, and then what was considered their most urgent need was gone, and so they are thrown back on our hands."

His Excuse.

The Pastor—I don't see your husband at church any more.

The Wife—No; he never goes now.

"What's the matter?"

"Why, you know, he's a vegetarian, and he says there is too much meat in your sermons to suit him."—Yonkers Statesman.

Whale-Killing with Electricity.

A Canadian sea-captain has invented an apparatus with which he thinks whales can be killed by electric shock. A harpoon is fixed at the end of a long metallic cable, properly insulated, and which serves in place of the usual rope. Through this cable an electric current of 10,000 volts is to be sent by means of a dynamo carried in the whale-boat. The inventor believes that no whale would be able to withstand the shock it would receive the instant the harpoon entered its side.

A VEIL OF MIST

Rising at morning or evening from some low land, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevails no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhabits, or sojourns in a miasmatic region or country, should omit to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

In Lexington, Ky., there is a club, the youngest member of which is 80 years old. All the others are over 90.

AN EXCELLENT SCHOOL.

Holtt's School at Burlingame, Cal., deserves its high reputation for excellence. It is unquestionably one of the best schools for boys on the Western coast.—*San Francisco Call.*

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

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.

A new nail making machine propuces as many nails in a given time as were formerly made by 1,000 men.

Fast Trains.

According to a European authority, only two regular express trains on the continent of Europe, one running from Paris to Nice and the other from Ostend through Germany to the Russian frontier at Eydtkuhnen, average so much as thirty-eight and a half miles per hour. The same authority estimates the average express speed between New York and Chicago at about forty-eight and a third miles per hour, almost ten miles faster than the best European time.

Railroad Trainmen

are especially liable to kidney disease, caused by the constant jolting and nervous strain to which they are subjected.

Warner's Safe Cure

restores the kidneys to healthy action. Here is one of many testimonials on this point:

M. Nevin, 154 North Curtis Street, Chicago, Ill., says:

"I am an engineer on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and have run an engine for the past twelve years. The constant jolting brought on kidney trouble. I tried various remedies, but not until I began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure and Warner's SAFE Pills, was I benefited. In my opinion it is the best remedy in existence for men employed on railroads, and no remedy can equal it."

Warner's SAFE Cure is sold in large or (new size) small bottles, by all druggists.

BASE BALL GOODS Special Rates TO CLUBS.

We carry the most complete line of Gymnasium and Athletic Goods on the Coast.
SUITS AND UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER.
Send for Our Athletic Catalogue.
WILL & FINCK CO.,
818-820 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF
Chas. H. Fletcher.
Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

REASONS FOR USING
Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

STRONG, YET WEAK

It seems almost out of place to say that a man may be a giant in physical development and yet that a stripling could outdo him in a simple test of nerve. But it's very often true. Look at the great, big, husky fellow; he could knock down an ox with his fist. But his big heart is soft, and he lacks "grit." His sympathies are as strong as his arm, but his nerve fails often and he is ashamed of himself. He does not understand it, and it does seem strange. Dr. Sanden explains the reason in his book, "Three Classes of Men."

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

This famous Belt corrects the trouble. It is worn during sleep mostly, and as nerve force or vital power is nothing but electricity, it gives the back the grit. It works altogether on the nerves and vital parts of the body, and, after it is worn six hours every nerve is saturated with Electric energy. It squeezes the forces of vitality and makes every part of the body strong. Now, drugs tear down one part to build up another, while Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt makes all parts strong. It furnishes its own power, while drugs simply drain the power that is in the body.

Call and see Dr. Sanden today.

Consultation and Test of the Famous Belt Free.

The book is also free. By mail, it is sent, closely sealed, free.

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