Miscellany.

LOVE LIVES ON.

I took from their hiding place last night
Your letters, sweetheart, and read;
And their passion thrilled in the waning light,
Though I said, "My love is dead."
But tears came back to my world-worn eyes
As I thought of a golden June
And lovers who sang, "Love never dies
While boats drift under the moon."

For white wings come, and white sails go,
Drifting out into the dawn;
But memory comes with refluent flow,
And it's true as ever it was, I know,
That love lives on and on.

It comes with the touch or the clasp of a hand,
Or the glance of a stranger's eye,
Or a kindly act in a foreign land,
Or the gleam of a starry sky,
Or a drifting boat on a silver lake,
Or a lily you touch with your oar,
Or the sound of the winds and waves that break
In melody on the shore.

But as long as white wings come and go,
Or drift in the rosy dawn,
While memory comes with refluent flow.
It s true as ever it was, I know,
That love lives on and on.
—New England Magazine.

THE NEW TENANT.

"NOW Mary, I have spoken!" Mr. Peel threw himself back in the chair as if that settled the matter once for all.

"I heard you, dear," sweetly responded Mrs. Peel, "and now listen to me. I have accepted Herr Schmidt's offer, and he will enter the adjoining house as tenant tomorrow."

"Not if I know it, madam!" shouted Phineas, jumping from his chair and bringing his fist down on the table. "Do you think I am going to have Rhyd cottage turned into a menagerie and my garden into a howling wilderness? The house may remain tenantless forever, but Herr Schmidt and his monstrosities shall not enter there."

"Herr Schmidt, my dear, is merely a naturalist."

"I know it," stormed Phineas. "I've heard of these plaguey naturalists before. I've no desire to come down stairs some fine morning to find a ringtailed monkey sitting on the window sill acting as referee while the kangaroos and crocodiles play leapfrog over the flower-beds. No, madam, no naturalists for Phineas Peel."

Pretty Mrs. Peel never allowed her temper to get the better of her. She laughed softly at her husband's fears, and did not alter her determination in the least.

"Has it slipped your memory, Phineas," she asked, "that Rhyd cottage is a portion of my property? If I choose to let it to a naturalist, even though he be a foreigner, I am perfectly justified in doing so.

This was true enough, and Phineas calmed down.

"Herr Schmidt's collection of 'monstrosities,' as you call it," went on Mrs. Peel, "probably contains nothing more dangerous than a death's head moth in a bottle. Anyhow, I have no intention to disappoint him."

"But I——"

"You will treat him with the respect due from one gentleman to another, Phineas," broke in Mrs. Peel. "And now, dear, we'll dismiss the subject."

Phineas Peel was—though at times he doubted it—a lucky fellow. He had carried off a young and handsome woman from a host of suitors.

Why Mary Marsden had chosen to bestow her hand and fortune on such a plain, everyday sort of fellow as the diminutive Phineas Peel was always a mystery to her acquaintances. The wedding was an accomplished fact before her relatives had recovered from the shock caused by the announcement of her engagement.

Mary appeared to be happy enough too. Phineas, taken as a whole, was not a bad sort of fellow. He was jealous, that was true, but his wife came to regard that as an extra proof of his devotion.

Had the proposed tenant of Rhyd cottage been an aged, decrepit, broken-down old man, Phineas would have stretched out the right hand of fellowship. But, alas! Herr Schmidt was young and handsome—far too handsome, Phineas thought.

"Very well, Mary," said Phineas, taking his hat from the peg and making for the door; "you have overruled me as usual and must be prepared for the consequences. In less than a week we shall have the house and garden overrun with every conceivable variety of reptile, from the beastly lizard to the boa constrictor."

And Phineas stalked indignantly forth with the merry laughter of his wife ringing in his ears.

* * * * * * *

A month or more had passed, and so far the fears of Phineas had proved to be groundless. Herr Schmidt's "monstrosities" had been kept well within bounds, and as yet Mr. Peel had not seen so much as a strange caterpillar in his garden, which never looked better.

However, he was not happy. He had taken an aversion to the new tenant from the first, and would never be satisfied until he had got rid of him.

"Confound that fellow," muttered Phineas one evening as he sat on an upturned bucket behind the pea sticks. "He's prowling about on the other side of the hedge again. Hope he won't catch sight of me, for I'm about tired of his oily tongue and eternal smile. Hello! What the deuce is the meaning of this?"

Down the garden path tripped Mrs. Peel. The naturalist was evidently expecting her and greeted her with a smile that almost brought tears into the eyes of the furious Phineas.

"Goot efening," he said. "You vos joost a leetle late."

It was soon evident that this was not the first chat indulged in over the boundary hedge. Though Phineas strained his ears, he could not catch the drift of the conversation. Like a flash he remembered that Mary had often of late taken a stroll in the garden at dusk. Was this the explanation?

Phineas had been glaring at the couple from behind the pea sticks for ten minutes or so when he saw his wife take a rosebud from his favorite tree and hand it over the hedge with a charming smile to the delighted Herr Schmidt. Then, with a pleasant "Good night!" Mrs. Peel tripped lightly into the house.

"You villain!" hissed Phineas savagely, jumping from his seat and shaking his fist after the retreating figure in the next garden. "I'll pay you out for this."

The rage of Mr. Peel was something to be remembered. Nothing but blood, he vowed, would obliterate his wrongs. But he would be cautious. He would smile and smile, and murder while he smiled. Seizing a pea stick, he tragically buried it in the heart of an unoffending cabbage, and played havoc with a stately row of sunflowers.

Half an hour later Mary saw him take down a huge old-fashioned duck gun from the hook in the hall.

"There's a German vulture in the neighborhood," he voluntecred impressively, "and I'm going to bag him at the first opportunity."

However, as nothing short of an earthquake would have induced the old gun to go off in any circumstances—and Phineas had made assurances doubly sure by dropping in the shot first and powder afterward—the "vulture" in question was not likely to be seriously damaged, and Mary contented herself with expressing a hope that her husband would not hurt himself.

On the following evening, Phineas took up his old position in the garden with murder in his heart. Herr Schmidt, however, did not put in an appearance. After waiting some time, Phineas reentered the house and reared his duck gun up in the hall in a conspicuous position.

He had almost decided to run up to town and consult his brother John, the detective, with a view to having the movements of Herr Schmidt watched, when he was startled by the click of the letter box.

A scrap of paper lay on the mat. Picking it up, Phineas glanced at it, turned deadly pale, then hurried into the garden. Scribbled in lead pencil on dirty paper was the following:

"Peel has discovered everything. We have not a moment to lose, and must clear out to-night. The front door is unsafe. Will meet you at the back—10:30 sharp."

"There was no signature.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Phineas after reading the note for the third time. I'd no idea matters had gone so far. "Oh, yes, Mr. Schmidt," he added grimly, "I'll meet you at 10:30 sharp."

* * * * * * *

It was about 10:45 and raining heavily. Phineas Peel, seated on a wall overlooking the back of Rhyd cottage, with his duck gun laid across his knees, was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"The note said 10:30," he muttered. "It must be after that time now. What's that?"

Phineas had caught the sound of heavy feet moving cautiously over the gravel. He grasped his gun and peered into the gloom, but could distinguish nothing.

Suddenly he heard voices, evidently at the front of the house. He was about to quit his place under the impression that Herr Schmidt was leaving by the front door after all, when one of the back windows was cautiously raised and the lithe form of the naturalist dropped lightly to the ground.

Creeping along the side of the wall on which Phineas lay he presented an excellent mark. Mr. Peel, however, could not bring himself to shoot a man down in cold blood. He would give him a chance.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" he shouted.

The effect of the challenge was scarcely what Phineas had anticipated. Herr Schmidt darted forward and seized the barrel of the gun.

He was much the stronger of the two and Phineas was pulled from the wall in a twinkling. Lying on the broad of his back on the gravel in a half dazed condition he saw the tall form of Schmidt standing over him with the gun raised.

"Keep your tongue still, you fool," he hissed, "or I'll brain you. Now—quick—help me over the wall."

Phineas hesitated, but the threatening attitude of the other induced him to rise. However, he had no intention of giving in.

Obeying his instructions he caught hold of Schmidt's foot to give him "a leg up." Before the naturalist could grip the top of the wall, however, Phineas saw his opportunity.

Bracing himself for the effort, he exerted all his strength and pulled Schmidt bodily from the wall. He fell flat on his face, and before he could recover himself Phineas jumped on his back and seized him round the throat, emitting a yell that would have done infinite credit to a Sioux Indian.

The next moment Phineas was dragged off from behind and found himself in the clutches of a burly member of the local police force.

Four or five others seized Schmidt, who struggled in vain to free himself.

"What am I arrested for?" gasped Phineas. "There's your man!"

Phineas would no doubt have been led off with the other prisoner, but for the timely arrival on the scene of the last person in the world he had expected to see—his brother John!

"Here! What on earth is the meaning of all this?" he demanded when, as the result of John Peel's interference, he found himself free.

John stayed behind a minute or two to explain that Herr Schmidt, the "naturalist," and Edward Harper, the notorious forger who had defied New Scotland Yard for the past six weeks, were one and the same.

"It was a sharp dodge of Harper's," said John Peel, "and he might have got clear away but for that clever wife of yours, Phineas. Mary suspected the man from the first and supplied me from time to time with valuable information. It is to her entirely that the credit of the capture is due. Tell her I'll call round and thank her myself tomorrow. By the by, the gang of which he was the head got wind of our intentions, and a man was dispatched with a warning. Harper doesn't appear to have received it."

Then Phineas began to understand things a little more clearly.

"I suppose this will be it," he remarked, producing the note and handing it to his brother. "You see, the messenger left it at the wrong door, and I—er—I thought I might as well see the fun."

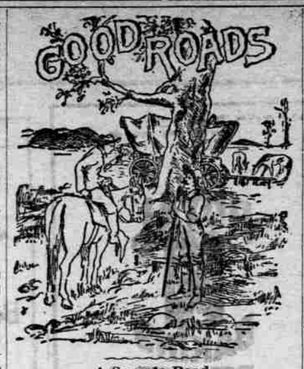
For some little time after Phineas was of the opinion that he had made a fool of himself. Lately, however, he has taken a different view of the matter and is never tired of relating how he literally "dropped on" Harper, the forger, alias Schmidt, the naturalist, next door.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Forged a Check to Buy a Bible.

Several days ago one of the Cincinnati banks discovered that a check drawn in favor of the Methodist Book Concern, which had been deposited by it and gone through the clearing house in regular form, was a forged one. As the check, however, was only for $5, instead of sending it back to the clearing bank the teller took it to the Methodist Book Concern and told them it was a forgery. After looking at it carefully in a thoughtful manner the head of the firm said that the man purchased a Bible with that check.

Paper Bottles.

Bottles now are being made of paper under a German patent. Tney are for use particularly on shipboard, where heavy weather works havoc among glass receptacles



A Sample Road.

The first sample road built under the direction of the Good Roads Bureau of the Agricultural Department was lately laid at New Brunswick, N. J. A second one, begun at Geneva, N. Y., will be nearly a mile and a half long, macadamized in the center, with rolled dirt roads on either side. The foundation will be five inches of broken field stone, which is covered with fine rock siftings, and made a firm, compact foundation by means of a twenty-ton roller. On this is laid three inches of broken trap rock, which in turn is rolled so smooth as to be impervious to water. "The whole secret of good roads," says Mr. Harrison, special agent of the department, "is to make them water-tight and keep the foundation dry. That is the reason we use the heavy roller so much. In the absence of water, frost does not amount to anything." This road will cost about $10,000, but the Government supplies only $500, the balance being furnished by the citizens.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Farmers and Good Roads.

Farmers have enough in the way of taxes to pay without undertaking the building of elaborate gravel and stone roads. It is unfair that such a burden should be added to their already heavy load. Whatever may be undertaken in the way of constructing permanent highways should be done at the expense of those who are to reap its benefits. True it is that the saving in the cost of hauling crops would be considerable, and that this saving would result almost entirely to the farmers, but that is no reason for asking him to pay the cost of building such roads. He is not the only one to use them. They serve to bring city people and city products into the country as much as they serve to bring country people and country products into the city. The merchant who has business with the farmer is as much benefited through a good road to travel over as is the farmer who comes to town on business of any kind. Neither is the use of roads limited to those living in the vicinity, and travelers from a distance share the benefits resulting from their improvement. It would be the height of injustice, therefore, to ask the farmer alone to stand the cost of good roads.—Motocycle.

Broad Tires Decrease Draft.

A series of tests to determine the amount of energy necessary to haul wide and narrow tired wagons over different kinds of roads, and in various conditions, has lately been made at the Missouri Agricultural College.

The tests were made under severe conditions and with great care, and were frequently repeated. In every case the load hauled was the same, and the draft was ascertained by the use of a self-recording dynamo meter.

On macadam roadways and streets of average good character the difference of draft was uniformly in favor of the six-inch wide tire. It was demonstrated that the same draft required to haul one ton with narrow tires over a macadam roadway hauled more than one and a quarter tons when wide tires were used. On graveled roads it was proved that the draft required to haul 2,000 pounds with narrow or standard tires hauled 2,610 pounds on broad tires.

In the test made on common dirt roads, free from ruts, the broad tires pulled more than one-third lighter. On a dirt road cut into ruts by narrow tires, but where the surface was hard, after the second trial the profit was on the side of the broad tires, even where they had to be run over the ruts.

On muddy, springy roadways, with spongy surfaces and soft sub-structure, the broad tires drew one-half lighter than the narrow, for 3,060 pounds were drawn on them, with the same expended energy required to draw 2,000 pounds on narrow tires. On the same road when it was soft and sticky on top but firm underneath, the narrow tires drew more easily than the broad by about one-third. That is, 2,666 pounds were drawn as easily on narrow tires as 2,000 on the broad.

Conscious of Their Powers.

In the girls of the rougher tenement house districts the eternal womanly wears such a disguise of the eternal gamin that it cannot always be recognized, says the New York Tribune. Their pertness and sauciness are only sharpened by their precocity and their tomboy habits of street-Arabia. A reporter recently had occasion to visit lower Washington street to ascertain the facts regarding the murder of a boy down there. He was obtaining his information from the boys of the neighborhood, who might have been playmates of the dead youth. A circle of them, together with three or four girls of 15 or 16 years, was gathered around him.

A big, hulking youth about 20 years old arrogated to himself the place of spokesman. He was evidently the tyrant, the bully of the street, a young "Bill the brute," who had not yet acquired a wife to beat, and was consequently an object of great interest to these misses, whose skirts had not yet grown down to their ankles. With his big, harsh voice he silenced every interruption of his tale, saying:

"Shut up, there; I'm tellin' this yarn."

Of course this adjuration, which forms a part of the ordinary courtesy of the neighborhood, did not quiet the girls. They chaffed him and the reporter and giggled until at last the speaker said to the reporter:

"Don't mind them. They're no 'count. They're nothin' but girls."

"Of course he'll mind us, smarty," instantly retorted one of the girls. "We's the makin's of ladies."

It was the eternal womanly of street-Arabia.

To Be Sure.

Willie—Say, pa, will you buy me a bicycle?

Pa—What in the name of common sense do you want with a bicycle?

Willie—Why, pa, I want to use it as a lawn mower in summer and as a snow shovel in winter. What else could I use it for, pa?

Some men are indifferent as to what others think of them; but what they say of them is another matter.

THE CARETAKER.

Caretaker is a word adopted into modern use and means one who takes care of, and is very generally applied to those employed to take care of things committed to their keeping. The way some people have of taking care of themselves is very suggestive of the need of a caretaker. The human body to such is a mansion filled with precious things uncared for, where thieves may break in and rust doth corrupt. Pains and aches are thieves, and the body left uncared for to their spoliage will be robbed of all its comforts and despoiled of its peace of mind and happiness. It is a happy thought to look upon St. Jacobs Oil as a caretaker, to employ it as a watchman against such intruders. There is hardly an ache, from a toothache to a toeache, that it can't take care of and effect a cure, and pains the most violent are conquered by its use. Its office as a caretaker is to prevent the spread of aches and pains into a chronic stage. Keep a bottle of it in the handiest place and be assured of good care and comfort.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

MISERY BY THE WHOLESALE,

Is what chronic inactivity of the liver gives rise to. Bile gets into the blood and imparts a yellow tint, the tongue fouls, and so does the breath, sick headaches, pain beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade are felt, the bowels become constipated and the stomach disordered. The proven remedy for this catalogue of evils is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine long and professionally recommended, and sovereign also for chills and fever, nervousness and rheumatism.

In the period 1882 to 1894 the criminal record in the German empire increased 22 per cent, or 12 per cent more than the population.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Japanese officers who fought in the late war against China have petitioned their government to erect a monument to the memory of the horses that fell in battle.

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.

Japan is about to send a lot of experts to this country to teach the people how to make tea.

"King Solomon's Treasure," only Aphrodisiacal Tonic known. (See Dictionary.) $5.00 a box, 3 weeks' treatment. Mason Chemical Co., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.

A man who is fond of figures affirms that in battle only one ball in 85 takes effect.

My doctor said I would die but Piso's Cure for consumption cured me.—Amos Keiner, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '95.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

There are more than 500 ordained women preachers in the United States, not including the numerous preachers of that sex.

The toothache excuse for absence from duty does not work in the post-office service in Switzerland. They have government doctors to pull the offending molars.

One of the most curious results of the investigations made by doctors in the Russian jails is the statements that each group of criminals has its own peculiar color of the eye.

The beautiful lace known as Fayal is made from the fibers in the leaves of the bitter aloe—grown in the Azores or Western Islands—a relative of the common century plant.

ABOUT CHANGE OF LIFE

"I suffered for eight years, and could find no permanent relief until one year ago. My trouble was Change of Life. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and relief came almost immediately. I have taken two bottles of the Vegetable Compound, three boxes of Pills, and have also used the Sanative Wash, and must say I have never had anything help so much. I have better health than I ever had in my life. I feel like a new person, perfectly strong. I give the Compound all the credit. I have recommended it to several of my friends who are using it with like results. It has cured me of several female diseases. I would not do without Mrs. Pinkham's remedies for anything. There is no need of so much female suffering. Her remedies are a sure cure."—MRS. ELLA KRINER, Knightstown, Henry Co., Ind.

By the way, the leading druggists tell us that the demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is simply beyond their power of understanding; and, what is best of all, it does the work promptly and well.

When you feel that soreness in your back, that dull pain near your kidneys, it is time to do something for yourself, for these symptoms are serious indications of a growing disease in the most vital functions. Get Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt at once. It will cure you.

SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
253 West Washington St., Portland, Or.
Please mention this Paper.

YOUR LIVER Is it Wrong? Get it Right. Keep it Right.
Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

"CHILDREN TEETHING." MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

GIRLS WHERE ALL ELse FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

To Eradicate Tuberculosis from the Herd—A Trial of Alsike Clover Is Urged—Pure Water for Milch Cows—How to Keep Frost from Cellars.

Tuberculous Animals.

Serious attempts have been made in certain parts of the country to eradicate the disease by destroying all reacting animals. Such a course is undoubtedly too drastic, and it has met with persistent opposition. It is a question whether such methods are warranted or not. Certainly, such a course is sure to defeat the very end desired, i. e., the co-operation of all in eradicating the disease. There is nothing that would be more beneficial to the stock interests of the country than the widespread application of the test, but it is hardly possible to hope for such an extension where such severe measures are applied.

From experiments already made under different auspices it is evident that the progress of the disease can be stopped by the isolation of all reacting animals. The least affected animals can, with care, be used for breeding purposes, and if the calves are separated at birth and fed on boiled or pasteurized milk, it is possible, within a relatively short time, to build up a strictly healthy herd from affected parents.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

The Alsike Clover.

This clover resembles the large red clover, except the stem is much finer, though it grows to about the same height. It makes an excellent hay, which is much relished by all kinds of stock. We were led to try alsike or Swedish clover by Allen, the author of the American Farm Book, and, after a trial of it for some years, would strongly advise anyone wanting a good feeding clover to try it. It should be sown on high, dry, well-drained sod. It requires the same care and cultivation as red clover. It may be sown either with timothy or with red clover. A good mixture for one acre is three quarts of alsike clover seed; four quarts of red clover seed, and six quarts of timothy clover seed. Sow the timothy in the fall and the clovers the last of February. The seed is made in the first crop; the second crop may be pastured. It is a very fragrant clover, the heads being full of sweet juice. It makes a fine bee food.—The American.

Pure Water for Milch Cows.

Experience has shown that water which looks pure and clear may have in it the germs of the worst diseases, and if so there is possibility that these may go into the milk. On the other hand, water that looks muddy from contact with soil may be entirely free from any germs that are injurious. The danger from germs in milk, we believe, has been much exaggerated. The safe way is to keep cows from drinking any water where there is a possibility that it has been infected with germs of typhoid fever or diphtheria. It is the milk producer's interest to strictly guard against any chance of infection, as wherever such a case occurs it is sure to spread unreasonable fears and injure his business.—Exchange.

Keeping Frost from Cellars.

The unsightly banks of horse manure piled against the basement walls of farm houses are not needed to keep out frost. They are worse than unsightly, for the odor from decaying manure affects a sense more sensitive than sight. If a second wall of brick or stone is laid two inches from the cellar wall, and its top tightly joined to the building above, this dead air space will keep out frost better than will a three-foot bank of horse manure. Some householders make the protection inside with a dead air space enclosed with matched boards, or, better still, covered with paper siding, which is better than boards for securing warmth to any building.

Growing Beet Seed.

Beet seed is so easily grown that it is always very cheap. Yet we believe in farmers growing their own beet seed, provided they will grow the best. It is not the beet that produces the most seed that is best for planting. If beets, or any other root for that matter, are planted so early in spring that they grow tough and stringy roots, such roots will produce a great amount of seed, but it will produce if sown at any time plants that are like its parent. It is thus that roots degenerate into something like their original wild condition. A moderate-sized root grown quickly after midsummer, and in very rich ground, will be tender and good until late in the spring. Such a root will not produce as much seed as a tough, stringy one, but its seed will bring much more satisfactory crops.—American Cultivator.

Salt as an Insecticide.

The use of salt as an insecticide, or vermin destroyer, is not sufficiently known among the farming community. Many a farmer has lost dollars and dollars, simply because he did not know what virtue there is in salt. How many times has a farmer ploughed up acres of a crop attacked by some worm or caterpillar, re-sown the land, and all because he did not know that salt would have killed the worm and improved his crop. Last year a case was reported through the press, and vouched for as correct. A farmer had a ten acre field of oats attacked by the army worm. The whole ten acres was in such a condition he decided to plow them all up and re-sow. As an experiment he left an acre, to which he gave a dressing of 300 pounds of refuse salt. Three days afterward he gave the same acre another 300 pounds of refuse salt. The result was that on that acre he had a good yield of oats, and had he only known he might have saved the whole ten acres. Salt for such purposes is simply invaluable.

Overdriving Heavy Horses.

Heavy draught horses were not made for fast road travel, and though they often have the muscle to trot quite fast it is always injurious to them to do so. There ought really to be on every farm teams for doing the heavy work and teams for doing the marketing and for pleasure driving. It makes a great difference when a heavy horse, weighing 1,250 pounds or more, goes over a hard roadbed, as compared with a light road horse doing the same thing. No bone or muscle can be strong enough to endure the hard pounding which a heavy draught horse makes in trotting. His feet will "go wrong," as horsemen say, and a horse with poor feet is not much good anywhere.

Storing Root Crops.

The most serious obstacle in the way of growing root crops—turnips, beets, carrots and parsnips—is the storage for winter. Potatoes must not be exposed to the light, and severe cold, with alternate freezing and thawing, forces the farmer to provide the best storage facilities in order to avoid loss. The old method of storing in pits is still followed, but there are periods during the winter when the ground is frozen as hard as iron, and the pits cannot be opened except with some risk. Turnips can be grown at a small cost, but a bulky crop is difficult to store in a manner to have the roots always available. Farmers who have discarded all bruised or injured specimens have been successful in storing carrots, parsnips, turnips and beets in bins, using layers of clean, dry sand, followed by layers of the roots, the bins being in cellars or barns, by which arrangement they can use them at any time, but the method will not answer where large fields of such crops are grown.

Feeding Poultry.

The farm is the place on which to engage in poultry for market, and not the small lots or plots. It is also proper to keep all kinds of poultry, and not hens only. As long as the farmer continues to rely on grain he will feed his fowls at a cost much greater than is necessary, and by varying the food from grain to more bulky substances he can grow a large share of the feeding materials on the farm and have his customers, therefore, right at his door in the form of the fowls. If a flock of hens will thrive on grass during the summer season, and will keep in better condition thereon, as well as produce more eggs than on more expensive foods, why should he buy foods and feed his poultry until he destroys the very condition he desires?—Mirror and Farmer.

Plowing Quack Grass Too Deeply.

It is possible to kill quack grass by what is known by double plowing the land. This is accomplished by running the plow in the furrow already made, and thus making a trench twelve or fourteen inches deep. This is repeated after each furrow is turned, so that the surface soil is entirely reversed and the subsoil takes its place. The top furrow should go deeply enough to go below all the quack roots and turn them under the second furrow, which will require both a strong plow and an extra heavy team to turn on top of the other. But though quack grass may be killed by this heroic method, it will take several years of good cultivation to fit the subsoil thus turned up for growing good crops.

Preparing the Colts' Food.

It is well to prepare the colt's food so that it shall be palatable, nutritious and easily digested. A good means of doing this is to mix fine-cut clover hay along with oat chop, bran and oil cake; moisten this with hot water, covering up with a non-conducting material, and allow it to remain in this state for twelve hours, when it will be in a suitable condition to feed. A small proportion of wheat middlings will not be amiss in this mixture, not even a few boiled turnips or carrots, providing they are found to give appetizing properties. Green corn and green clover prove very suitable fodder.—Prairie Farmer.

Shredded Ensilage.

After shredding our ensilage for several years, we filled the silo one year with cut ensilage and found it necessary at once to brace all sides to keep it from bulging out—thus proving that ensilage shredded exerts much less lateral space than that which is cut. This feature would probably not be considered of so much importance by those whose silos are already constructed with reference to the use of cut ensilage, but in case a new silo is to be put up it can undoubtedly be built for much less money by the shredder.—Country Gentleman.

Stabling Cows in Bad Weather.

So soon as fall rains begin, cows, especially those giving milk, should be stabled. The effect of rain on the hair of an animal is to induce heavy evaporation, which, of course, chills the animal, much as would the wearing of a heavy woolen coat, saturated with rain during the entire night. There is no way to keep up milk supply after wet weather begins except by stabling the cows. The wet weather is really much more injurious to the animal than dry, cold weather could be.

Phosphates and Ashes.

You ask for experience of anyone that has tried phosphate and ashes. I found that my land was more deficient in potash than other elements of plant food. I mixed equal parts of phosphate and ashes, and used 200 pounds to the acre for corn with good results. I have used it two years with good success. One year was very dry, and this year uncommonly wet.—Baltimore American.

Wheat or Corn for Fattening.

Many of the experiment stations have been testing the value of wheat as compared with corn for fattening cattle, and give the preference to corn as better food for the purpose as well as the cheaper of the two. When ground and mixed with corn, oats and oatmeal, wheat has a value in giving a needed variation of diet.

Farm Notes.

There is no bedding so suitable for hogs as leaves, and for sows having broods leaves cannot be surpassed. They retain warmth, can easily be removed, and cost only the labor of collecting and storage.

The garden plot should be plowed in the fall and then covered three or four inches with manure free from litter, worked in with a cultivator. In the spring the plot will be ready for seed early and the manure will quickly decompose.

When a farmer becomes so busy as to be unable to work every portion of his farm it is the best evidence that he has too much land. The successful farmers are those who seek to bestow thorough cultivation to every acre, and small farms give a larger profit proportionately than farms where crops can be grown on only a portion every year.

On Time.

"Are the trains of this road running on time?" asked the man who had elbowed his way to the head of the procession at the ticket office.

"Yes," replied the man behind him. "That's just what they are doing. I understand that the receivers got another extension from the creditors last week."—Pittsburg News.

Keeping Faith.

"I thought you advertised home fare?" said the summer boarder, indignantly.

"Wal," replied Farmer Corntossel, "that's what you're gettin'; canned peaches, canned tomattuses, canned corned beef and condensed milk, the same as you're used to."—Washington Star.

Not Very Encouraging.

Timkins—Did her father ratify your engagement?

Simkins—Yes, in a way. When I mentioned it to him he said, "Rats!"

Clear Understanding at the Start.

Landlady—Have you a young man, Bridget?

Servant—No'm. He's older'n I be.—Boston Courier.

$2000.00

says "It is worth a great deal to us to have you try *Schilling's Best* baking powder and tea."

Money-back says "We have a great deal of confidence in your good faith and in *Schilling's Best* baking powder and tea."

Schilling's Best baking powder and tea are _____ because they are money-back.

What is the missing word?—not SAFE, although *Schilling's Best* baking powder and tea *are* safe.

Get *Schilling's Best* baking powder or tea at your grocers'; take out the ticket (brown ticket in every package of baking powder; yellow ticket in the tea); send a ticket with each word to address below before December 31st.

Until October 15th two words allowed for every ticket; after that only one word for every ticket.

If only one person finds the word, that person gets $2000.00; if several find it, $2000.00 will be equally divided among them.

Every one sending a brown or yellow ticket will receive a set of cardboard creeping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive an 1898 pocket calendar—no advertising on it. These creeping babies and pocket calendars will be different from the ones offered in the last contest.

Better cut these rules out.

Address: MONEY-BACK, SAN FRANCISCO. 2061

Sea Water for Blood.

M. Quinton, as a consequence of his researches in evolution, believes that as all the higher organisms, according to the teachings of evolution, have ascended from a less highly organized marine ancestry, the liquid which bathes all the cells of the individual ought to be chemically similar to sea water. During experiments made at the college of France a dog was bled to such an extent that death would have inevitably followed had the animal been left alone. It was then given an intravenous injection of sea water. Ten days after the operation the dog showed, as tested by the colorimeter, a larger proportion of hemoglobin than before the bleeding. All dogs experimented on not only survived, but recovered with remarkable quickness. M. Quinton thinks it is on account of its holding in suspension the same salts which are constituents of sea water that artificial serum holds the reputation that it does, and that sea water is physiologically superior.

A pound of the finest spider web would reach around the world.

In France, some of the hospitals for infectious diseases are furnished with telephones, so that the sick may converse with their friends without danger of communicating disease.

The flag carried by Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, nearly 400 years ago, was until recently preserved at a little church in the capital of the state of Tlaxcala.

Chicago is justly proud of her new public library. It has taken ten years to build and the actual cost was $1,315.07 less than the $2,000,000 originally appropriated.

Rarified air has been found by Herr Levinstein to produce strong fatty degeneration of heart, liver and muscles, with death through deficiency of oxygen.

Egypt's population, according to the census just taken, is 9,700,000, an increase of 2,900,000 since 1882, or about 42 per cent in 15 years.

Minister Woodford, our minister to Spain, says he never wants to see another bull fight.

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* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *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.

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