GROTESQUE SHADOWS

By Lottie Belle Wylie

Crispenello, the little black cat, made such grotesque shadows on the wall that Angelico and Bellina would have laughed outright had not they been looking into each other's eyes. They did not laugh, for Angelico had dropped an onyx into the upturned, rosy palm of his sweetheart, whispering:

"Cara mia, keep it always and give in exchange to me—a kiss."

Bellina breathed softly, replying, as she drew from her fat, brown finger a small carnelian ring:

"Take this; it holds a world of love that has no end."

Then she gave her lips moused like a flaming poppy to her lover, and they laughed.

Weary with seeing his own image so like a mischievous monkey reflected on the wall, Crispenello ran through the shadows of the acacia leaves and sprang upon his mistress, rubbing his soft black head against her chin and purring softly.

"See, little harlequin!" cried the girl with mock despair. "One has given me his heart, and although I crush it in my hands it will not break. The hearts of men are hard."

Said Angelico, all a-tremble, "I will not seek to break the ring that imprisons her love lest I lose it."

The moon receded behind a cloud and the lovers embraced, then drew apart.

Bellina stroked the furry coat of Crispenello and said:

"He will return. His dark, loving eyes will yet again flash lovelights on me. As the honey falls softly from the ling aloe blossoms, so will his words be spoken when he tells me that he loves me! He will return, little buffoon, and you and I will watch for his coming."

The cat, unheeding, sprang back to the moonlight and began making shadows once more.

* * * * * * * *

To the woman sitting beneath the acacias in the moonlight the years had passed on golden wings. The world had named her La Fafe, the "butterfly," and as a butterfly rests on the heart of flowers, so has she rested on the hearts of men.

It was the eve of the feast of the dead. The bells were tolling in the valley. La Fafe laughed vaguely, for her soul was heavy within her.

"Come, Crispenello," she called lightly, "let us drowse in the poppy fields; let us feed on the lotus blooms." And she gathered the vital black vagabond to her breast and hastened down the dim arcades of mimosa trees, whose falling, fragant down made a smooth, soft path for her feet.

The silence and the deep shadows oppressed her and made her sigh, but only as a tired child would do for some new delight.

Remembering the onyx heart that burned upon her throat, she tore it off and cast it upon the grass.

"It will not break," she said half regretfully, "even though I have beat upon it with a stone!"

Then the poppy fields opened to her.

"After all," she mused, "they yield but idle dreams, these languorous blooms," and she passed them by. A lotus lily leaning from a fountain's rim touched her worryingly, but she tore it fiercely from its stem and bruised it beneath her feet.

"Why feed upon them?" she asked bitterly. "Their potency is gone. I have not forgotten, and it was so long ago!"

Suddenly her foot struck against something white and cold, with staring eyes upturned to the moon.

It was only a dead volunteer with a knapsack on his back and the fragments of a broken carnelian ring lightly clasped in his rigid hand.

"Little monkey," she said to the cat, "one cannot keep faith forever." But the dreariness of her voice frightened the cat and he sprang from this warm breast that inclosed him and ran back to the acacias whining: "Meow! Meow!"

The woman fell upon her knees. With faltering fingers she felt along the grass for the onyx heart.

Finding it, she buried her sharp nails in her palm over it. It was broken!

"How came it so?" she asked wonderingly.

Once more she turned to the upturned face, but she did not kiss the dumb, reproachful lips. She hid her face and shrank away, leaving the dead man to the night, with the fragments of the broken ring clasped with passionless persistence in the curled up hand.

She turned away to yield the sweetness of her lips, burning with the fires of a newborn passion, to living lip, while the little black cat made grotesque shadows on the wall!—Sunny South.

Getting Used to Things.

It is wonderful how soon you get used to things, even the things you want most; our watches, for instance. We wanted them frightfully, but when I had mine for a week or two I hardly cared to look at the works at all, and it did not make me feel happy in my heart any more, though of course I should have been very unhappy if it had been taken away from me. And the same with new clothes and nice dinners and having enough of everything. You soon get used to it all, and it does not make you extra happy, though if you had it all taken away you would be very dejected. (That is a good word and one I have never used before.) You get used to everything, as I said, and then you want something more. Father says this is what people mean by deceitfulness of riches, but Albert's uncle says it is the spirit of progress, and Mrs. Leslie said some people call it "divine discontent."—E. Nesbit in Wouldbegoods.

A Good Bet.

"Well, the automobile is certainly the vehicle for the beginning of the twentieth century, but I wonder what we will be riding in toward its close?"

"A hearse probably."—Philadelphia North American.

Nothing to Brag About.

Algy—Yaas, I belong to Chicago, Miss Flyte.

Miss Flyte—Oh, is that all? I thought from the way you talked Chicago belonged to you.—Boston Globe.

FERRY'S SEEDS

For
The Farmer
The Gardener
and
The Housewife

They cost a little more. They are worth a great deal more than the ordinary kind. Sold everywhere. 1902 annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.

YOUR FAITH will be as strong as ours if you try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

and ours is so strong we guarantee a cure or refund money, and we send you free trial bottle if you write for it. SHILOH'S costs 25 cents and will cure Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and all Lung Troubles. Will cure a cough or cold in a day, and thus prevent serious results. It has been doing these things for 50 years. S. C. WELLS & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Karl's Clover Root Tea corrects the Stomach

Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned has filed his final account in the matter of the estate of F. W. Plumbeck, deceased, and Monday, January 6, 1902, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., has been appointed by the county court of the state of Oregon, for Polk county, as the time for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof. All persons are therefore notified to appear at said time and show cause, if any exist, why the said account should not be approved and the administrator of said estate and his bondsmen discharged.

Dated this 29th day of November, 1901

D. W. SEARS,
Administrator of the estate of F. W. Plumbeck, deceased.
Townsend & Hart, attorneys.

Citation.

In the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk.

In the matter of the estate of Cornelius P. Unruh, deceased.—Citation.

To Anna Toews, Katie Unruh, Maria Unruh, Claude Unruh and Walter Unruh, heirs of said, deceased, greeting:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF Oregon, you and each of you are hereby cited and required to appear in the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk, at the court room thereof, in Dallas, in the county of Polk, on the 6th day of January, 1902, at 1 o'clock, p. m., of said day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why the petition of David Peters, administrator of said estate, filed in this court on the 7th day of November, 1901, praying an order to sell the following described real property belonging to said estate at administrator's sale should not be granted, to-wit: Beginning at a point on the north boundary line of the donation land claim of Pleasand Orchard and wife, notification No. 1,966, claim No. 58, in township 6 south, range 5 west, of the Willamette meridian in Polk county, state of Oregon, which is 24,06 chains east of the southwest corner of the donation land claim of John M. East and wife, notification No. 1,960, in said township and range aforesaid, running thence east 37.63 chains to the partition fence dividing the lands herein described from the lands formerly owned by C. P. Zumwalt; thence south 58 92 chains, thence west 29 30 chains to the west boundary of the donation land claim of George W. Wilson, notification No. 7,005; thence north 11 26 chains to the township line, thence west 7.30 chains, thence north 38,78 chains, thence west 15 46 chains, thence north 17½ degrees east 93-100 chains, thence east 13.36 chains, thence north 8 23 chains to the place of beginning, containing 208,25 acres of land, more or less.

WITNESS the Hon. J. E. Sibley, judge of the county court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Polk, with the seal of said court affixed, this 8th day of Nov, A. D., 1901.

[SEAL]

Attest: U. S. Loughary, clerk.

Published by order of J. E. Sibley, county judge.

Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned administrator of the estate of Chas. A. Sawtelle, deceased, has filed his final account as such administrator in the county court of Polk county Oregon, and that said court has set the hearing thereof on Saturday, Dec. 21, 1901, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, and all persons having objections to the same are notified to present them to said court on or before said time.

Dated, this 16th day of Nov, 1901.

W. H. PARRISH,
Administrator with will annexed of the estate of Chas. A. Sawtelle, deceased.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Poison Oak
Poison Ivy

are among the best known of the many dangerous wild plants and shrubs. To touch or handle them quickly produces swelling and inflammation with intense itching and burning of the skin. The eruption soon disappears, the sufferer hopes forever; but almost as soon as the little blisters and pustules appeared the poison had reached the blood, and will break out at regular intervals and each time in a more aggravated form. This poison will loiter in the system for years, and every atom of it must be forced out of the blood before you can expect a perfect, permanent cure.

SSS Nature's Antidote FOR Nature's Poisons,

is the only cure for Poison Oak, Poison Ivy, and all noxious plants. It is composed exclusively of roots and herbs. Now is the time to get the poison out of your system, as delay makes your condition worse. Don't experiment longer with salves, washes and soaps—they never cure.

Mr. S. M. Marshall, bookkeeper of the Atlanta (Ga.) Gas Light Co., was poisoned with Poison Oak. He took Sulphur, Arsenic and various other drugs, and applied externally numerous lotions and salves with no benefit. At times the swelling and inflammation was so severe he was almost blind. For eight years the poison would break out every season. His condition was much improved after taking one bottle of S. S. S., and a few bottles cleared his blood of the poison, and all evidences of the disease disappeared.

People are often poisoned without knowing when or how. Explain your case fully to our physicians, and they will cheerfully give such information and advice as you require, without charge, and we will send at the same time an interesting book on Blood and Skin Diseases.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

HUMOR

ONE SIDED PLEASANTRY.

Horrid Joke Played Upon a Woman by Her Too Funny Husband.

"It is all right for a man to have a sense of humor," a young clubwoman remarked, "but in the effort to enjoy life themselves and make it cheerful for other people some men often go a trifle too far. That's the way with Harry. When he gets funny, he occasionally gets too funny, or, what is just as bad, he gets funny in the wrong place or at the wrong time.

"The other day we were down in a little southern country town which is notoriously the Gretna Green of its state. Elderly or middle aged people who want quiet weddings and eloping young people all flock to Blanktown to be married by the justice of the peace. He does such a large and flourishing business in this line that he has a sign in his office, 'Matrimonial Parlors,' and the pavement in front is generally filled with loafers in chairs waiting to be entertained by the always interesting spectacle of a wedding.

"Well, I heard of the 'Matrimonial Parlors' and was curious just to look at the place, so suggested to Harry that we walk out that street and pass it. It was rather late in the afternoon, but the door stood open, the elderly justice was sitting outside ready for business, and the pavement was filled with men in chairs. To my amazement and horror when we were right in front of the door Harry seized me by the arm, pulled me toward the steps and said in a loud voice:

"'Come on, now, Polly. Don't try to back out. When we were here before, you backed out, but I'm not going to let you back out this time. Come on; come right in.'

"The justice stood up at once, and the men in the chairs shuffled around and stood up too.

"'Harry,' I ejaculated in an excited undertone and pulling away with all my might, 'what do you mean? What on earth do you mean?'

"'There it is,' he said to the justice, still holding me and pretending to pull me toward the door. 'That's the way she does. We were up here before, and she backed out. I'm not going to let her back out this time. Now come on in, Polly. Come on!'

"'My name is not Polly,' I explained to the justice, 'and we've been married five years,' I added. 'Do come along and behave yourself, Harry.'

"'Now look at that,' he explained apologetically. 'You see, it isn't my fault. You can't depend on girls. They never know their own minds. Well, goodby, justice. I'll get her up here again some day.'

"The justice sat down, looking like a man wickedly cheated out of $2, and the sidewalk gentlemen all sank back in their chairs. Harry laughed all the way home, but I didn't laugh at all. In fact, I am mad yet whenever I think of it. Wasn't he horrid?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Tragedians and the Ghost.

"Yes," said Stormington Barnes, "I have had some remarkable experiences. One of them was with a haunted house."

"Do you mean to say you lived in a house with such a reputation?"

"Yes. And we earned the lasting gratitude of the owner of the property."

"How?"

"As soon as my company of tragedians moved into the house the ghost refused to walk."—Washington Star.

She Was Shocked.

"She said she was shocked when he kissed her," said the girl in blue.

"Do you believe her?" asked the girl in gray.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "I was there, and I know it's true. He had one of the handles of an electric battery and she had the other."

"Oh, well," admitted the girl in gray, "in that case perhaps she was shocked."—Chicago Post.

Misjudged.

"Now you know, Henry," she said reproachfully, "that you had to propose to me three times before you could get me to say yes."

"I admit it," he replied, with sudden spunk, "and I'd probably be proposing to you yet if you'd had any faith in my powers of perseverance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE "WHEN" POEMS.

When searching press or magazine
To catch a moment's bliss,
You're sure to find some poem there
Which reads about like this:
"When Mabel Trips Across the Street,"
"When Mollie Mounts Her Wheel,"
"When Susie Scats Herself to Play,"
"When Stella Starts to Squeal."

"When Celia Comes Upon the Stage,"
"When Helen Has a Beau,"
"When Sophie Skates Upon the Ice,"
"When Sallie Starts to Sew,"
"When Mother Makes a Johnnycake,"
"When Polly Pours the Tea,"
"When Father Shaves His Stubby Face,"
"When Susie Smiles at Me."

"When Grandma Winds Her Ball of Yarn,"
"When Patience Packs Her Trunk,"
"When Sammy Spins His Brand New Top,"
"When Father Slays a Skunk,"
"When Ezra Eats Pie With a Fork,"
"When Charlotte Chews Her Gum,"
"When Gertrude Strikes Her Golfing Ball,"
"When Baby Sucks His Thumb."

"When Rachel Rakes the Meadow Hay,"
"When Betsy Bumps Her Crown,"
"When Willie Wears His Trousers First,"
"When Reuben Comes to Town."
And so it goes from day to day,
No matter which you read,
The daily press or magazine,
"When" poems take the lead. —Life.

An Ancient Bar.

The oldest public house in England is Ye Olde Seven Stars, standing in the heart of Manchester, which has been licensed for 550 years.

The Wheat Fly.

The wheat fly feeds upon the flower of the wheat, while the hessian fly lays its eggs in the stem. The former thus renders the flower abortive, while the injury done by the latter affects the whole plant.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Value of Walking.

Few things tend more to produce good health than regular walking exercise. It is really a perfect exercise, using every muscle and nerve in some way.

Suez Canal.

More than 90 per cent of the vessels using the Suez canal navigate by night.

Damp Walls.

When a wall is found to be too damp to retain wall paper, prepare a coating of the following ingredients: A quarter of a pound of shellac and a quart of naphtha. Brush this over the damp spots, and when it dries the wall will be found to be impervious to moisture from the other side.

Shakespeare.

More than 250 references to Shakespeare by his contemporaries have now been collected.

The Pulse.

The pulse is slower at night and during sleep. A tall person has a slower pulse than a short person.

Shells in the Ocean.

It has been estimated that if the rhizopods, which secrete living shells in the ocean, are as numerous down to a depth of 600 feet as they are near the surface there are over sixteen tons of shells or carbonate of lime in the upper fathoms of every square mile of the ocean.

Sawyer's
EXCELSIOR BRAND
Oil Clothing

for fifty years has been the best in the world. Double throughout. Warranted waterproof, soft and smooth. Will not crack, peel off or become sticky. Catalogue free.

E. T. Belting and Packing Co., Agts., San Francisco.
H. H. SAWYER & SON, Sole Manufacturers, East Cambridge, Mass.

Pioneer White Lead

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE AND WILL OUTWEAR ALL OTHER LEADS

If your local dealer does not carry it, write to us and we will see that you get it.

W. P. Fuller & Co.,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness look new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

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KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

R·I·P·A·N·S

Ripans Tabules
Doctors Find
A Good Prescription
For Mankind.

10 FOR 5 CENTS
AT DRUG STORES

FOR THE CHILDREN

A Bird That Plays "I Spy."

Did you ever know a bird that could play "I spy?"

Well, Manuela, our parrot, likes nothing better than to have the children gather in the back yard and make ready for a game of "I spy," says Julia B. Tutwiler in Little Folks. Of course she doesn't hide as the children do—oh, no, she thinks her part of the game is to keep watch.

Just as soon as the "counter" goes to the base, shuts his eyes and begins to say "5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30" and so on to 100, Manuela runs for the pine tree and up she climbs to the highest limb. From this perch she can see behind the barn, around the corner of the house and back of the garden fence; in fact, she has a good view of all the nice hiding places.

I wish you could see Manuela climb. She has a great, long, crooked bill, which she hooks into the bark of the tree and pulls herself up until she gets to the limbs. After that it is very easy. She looks so funny with her long tail hanging down, for, you see, Manuela is a macaw and has a red tail three feet long.

She is not green, like most parrots, but is red, with bright blue and yellow rings. She looks like a great big, beautiful flower up among the dark green pine branches.

When everybody is hidden and the "counter" begins to spy around to see whom he can find, Manuela calls as loud as she can from the top of the pine tree: "Com-i-n-g! Com-i-n-g!" And, oh, when a race for the base takes place between two of the swiftest runners you should hear her scream and laugh: "One, two, three, for me! Free! Free!"

She says, "All free; free us," and all the other things the children say in the game, and she never gets tired of playing.

Manuela seems to love little children more than anything, and lots of little boys and girls come to see her. What do you suppose a little girl asked the other day? She asked, "Is that the bird that lays the Easter eggs?" You see, Manuela is blue and red and yellow and green and purple, just like an Easter egg, and it was very natural for a child to think she might lay those pretty eggs.

Children and the President.

Many stories are told of the affection Theodore Roosevelt entertains for children, be they from the daintiest homes or from the streets. One day when he was governor a delegation of public men came up to Albany and called upon him. He was not in his office, and no one knew where he was. The business was important and time not to be wasted. A dozen messengers were sent hunting the governor, and after ten minutes of the precious time had passed they found him curled up in a corner with one or two neighbors' children and a street arab drawing pictures of guns and ponies on the writing table. The children had waylaid him and begged him to show them pictures of the guns and mustangs he had in the war. At another time he was found in the executive chamber half buried under children clambering over his chair, while he tried to show them photographs of scenes of the campaign.

Animal Instinct.

Animal instinct often gives a valuable hint to human reason. A case in point is cited by an engineer in a recently written review of the subject of dams. The beaver, he says, does not build his dam straight across the current, his instinct telling him that in this form it will better resist floods and the impact of floating ice. This hint from the little animal has been acted upon in many cases lately, notably in the building of the Great Bear valley dam in California. Engineers, as a rule, build straight across stream, chiefly, perhaps, to save material, but the arched dam is the more economical in the long run.

Beechnuts.

There is nothing sweeter than the little three cornered beechnuts, but very few people have the patience to take them out of their brown leathery jackets, let alone hunt for them and pick them up. They are generally left for the pigs and the squirrels. Many birds are exceedingly fond of them, and it is said that in certain localities the number of redheaded woodpeckers which remain for the winter can be pretty accurately determined by the size of the beechnut crop the preceding autumn.

The Quarrelsome Kittens.

Two little kittens,
One stormy night,
Began to quarrel
And then to fight.

One had a mouse,
And the other had none,
And that's the way
The quarrel begun.

"I will have that mouse,"
Said the biggest cat.
"You'll have that mouse?
We'll see about that!"

"I will have that mouse,"
Said the tortoise shell.
And, spitting and scratching,
On her sister she fell.

The old lady took
The sweeping broom
And swept them both
Right out of the room.

The ground was covered
Thick with snow;
They had lost the mouse
And had nowhere to go.

So they lay and shivered
Beside the door
Till the old lady had finished
Sweeping the floor,

And then they crept in
As quiet as mice,
All wet with snow
And cold as ice.

And found it much better
That stormy night
To lie by the fire
Than quarrel and fight.

Danish Postmen.

The Danish postman wears a rather elegant uniform of dark cloth and rich braid. The service is said to be excellent.

A Wonderful Linguist.

Cardinal Mezzofanti spoke 114 languages and dialects, fifty of them with such ease and fluency that he was sometimes mistaken for a native of the lands where they were used.

Bright's Disease.

The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, August 30th, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock $112,500 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's disease and diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases. They commenced the serious investigation of the specific November 15th, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases and administered it with the physicians for judges. Up to August 25th, eighty seven per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably. There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the clinical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address John J. Fulton Company, 420 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

The to Public.

Allow me to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I had a very severe cough and cold and feared that I would get pneumonia, but after taking the second dose of this medicine I felt better three bottles of it cured my cold and the pains in my chest dissappeared entirely. I am most respectfully yours for health, Ralph S. Myers, 64 Thirty-seventh street, Wheeling, West Virginia. For sale by Adam K. Wilson.

For Over Fifty Years.

An old and well tried remedy. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind.

A Blow in the Back.

An overcoat is a necessary nuisance and the tendency to take it off on warmish days in late autumn and winter is as strong as it is unwise. A treacherous wind hits you in the back and the next morning you have lumbago. Rub well and often with Perry Davis Painkiller and you will be astonished to find how quickly all soreness is banished. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis.

Just as a Fire

spreads in dry grass and weeds, so does an inflamation of the throat, the result of a cold, grow down into the sensitive air passages of the lungs. The cold, like the fire, should be promptly dealt with. When you begin to cough, use Allen's Lung Balsam. It will certainly heal the sore throat and lungs and it may save you from consumption.

Two Smiling Faces.

If there aren't two in the accompanying picture, we are no judge of poultry smiles. It is a little difficult to say which appears most pleased, the large rooster or the small girl. The latter is the daughter of Mr. T. E. Hubby of

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE."

Waco, Tex., one of the foremost breeders of the state. She is said to take quite an active part in the affairs of the poultry yard. She certainly is taking an active part in this affair. If heredity and environment count for anything, we shall expect this young lady to make a stir in the poultry world in the coming years.—Farm and Ranch.

Selecting Bronze Turkeys.

In selecting a bronze turkey there are certain points of plumage which indicate purity of breed. The color should be a rich, lustrous bronze, which should glisten in the sunlight like burnished gold. On the back each feather has a narrow black band, which extends across the end. The primary, or flight, feathers are black or dark gray, and the secondaries are black or brown, pencilled with white or gray, the colors changing to a bronzy brown. The wing bows are black, with a brilliant bronze or greenish luster. The wing centers are bronze, the feathers terminating with a wide black band. The tail is black, and each feather is pencilled with narrow bands of light brown, ending in a broad band with a wide edge of dull white or gray. The legs in the young are usually dark or black, changing with age to a dusky or pinkish purple.

Bowel Trouble In Chicks.

Millions of chicks die of bowel trouble. In most cases the cause is overfeeding and the same feed at every meal. Do not feed until 36 hours old. Feed oatmeal flakes for the first meal, then when the crop is empty feed dry bread crumbs, next cracked corn, then millet and all kinds of cracked grain. Give a different food at each meal and never feed until the crops are empty. Boiled milk and milk curd may be fed every day. Free range should be given every day and especially after the fourth day.

Silent, but Jolly.

One of the jolliest clubs in Paris, it is stated, is one formed exclusively of deaf and dumb persons.