

AN HONEST DOCTOR ADVISED PE-RU-NA.

MR. SYLVESTER E. SMITH, Room 218, Granite Block, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Peruna is the best friend a sick man can have."

"A few months ago I came here in a wretched condition. Exposure and dampness had ruined my once robust health. I had catarrhal affections of the bronchial tubes, and for a time there was a doubt as to my recovery."

"My good honest old doctor advised me to take Peruna, which I did and in a short time my health began to improve very rapidly, the bronchial trouble gradually disappeared, and in three months my health was fully restored."

"Accept a grateful man's thanks for his restoration to perfect health."

Pe-ru-na for His Patients.
A. W. Perrin, M. D., 950 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., says:

"I am using your Peruna myself, and am recommending it to my patients in all cases of catarrh, and find it to be more than you represent. Peruna can be had now of all druggists in this section. At the time I began using it, it was unknown."

Climate Prodigality.
"I am older than I look," said the matron at whose house the sewing circle had met. "More than forty winters have passed over my head."

"Then you haven't lived long in this climate, if that's all," observed the elderly splendor. "I've sometimes seen as many as forty winters here in one spring."

Personae An Gratis.
"I haven't heard of you going out to Suburb's to dinner lately."

"No; he says I can't do that any more."

"Why, I thought you were his closest friend. What's the matter?"

"He tells me their cook doesn't like me."—Philadelphia Press.

Little Mrs. Hunter had heard so many jokes about the brides who couldn't market successfully that she made up her mind that the first request she made of the market man would show her to be a sophisticated housewife. "Send me, please," she said, "two French chops and one hundred green peas."—Judge.

Success transp.
"One objection to your poem," said the editor, glancing through the manuscript, "is that Whittier once wrote a poem embodying substantially the same ideas."

"Do you mean to say, sir," thundered the six-foot caller, "that I—"

"But you have improved on them, my dear sir," hastily interposed the editor; "you have improved on them immensely."

Can Such Things Be?
"O, Johnny, Johnny!" sighed Mrs. Lapsling. "You're so awfully hard on shoes. This is the second pair I've bought you since we had that equiptorial storm in March."

Presumption.
"Phisty—I suppose you think that if you had the regulating of the universe you could make some improvements on the present job, don't you?"

"Kuphs—I don't know about that, but I think I could suggest one change. I should like to have things so arranged that when a man is having a good time the days would seem to pass slowly instead of quickly. I'm about to take a vacation."

Groundless Fear.
"I did think," said Cholby Snobberty, "of going in for politics, but I was afraid I wouldn't know just how to treat my inferiors, don't y' know."

"Your inferiors?" remarked Sharpe. "Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them."—Philadelphia Press.

Crash!
The auto leaped from the high, steep bank.

Why, haven't you heard the painful story?

(The pieces of glass are flying yet.)
It landed on a conservatory!
—Chicago Tribune.

No Recourse.
"Johnnie, I think I hear a thief to the dark closet beneath the stairs."

"I don't doubt it; I have known it was there for some time."

"Telephone for the police!"

"What's the use? You can't arrest a gas meter."—Houston Post.

No Danger.
"Whatever you do, dear," wrote the ardent lover, "don't show my letters to you to any one."

"Have no fear, dearest," came the reply. "I'm just as much ashamed of them as you are."

And, with that, the engagement became a matter of history.—Judge.

Feet of the Horse.
The usefulness of a horse depends largely upon the quality of his feet. If they are sound and well taken care of he is able to travel and work well, but if they are defective and neglected his usefulness is impaired and he can not be depended on in any emergency, as he is liable, when his services are most needed, to become partially if not wholly disabled, resulting in serious loss to his owner. But few horses are born with perfect feet, yet the defects by careful treatment are often entirely cured; also many horses with sound hoofs are practically ruined by the ignorance or carelessness of blacksmiths.

The proper shoeing of horses and the general care of their feet is a matter that should receive the strict attention of every farmer, and yet, as a rule, it is woefully neglected. The farmer should have knowledge of the natural formation of a horse's foot, so as to be able to determine whether the animal is being properly shod or not, and while that is being done he should never go away and leave the smith to slyly the work to get through with it or butcher his feet if he does not understand his business.

While no definite rules for shoeing horses can be given, some general principles are acknowledged by all competent horseshoers, namely, the heel should never be cut except to remove a ragged point. The same is true of the frog, which is an elastic cushion, intended to reduce the impact of a sudden shock to the foot. The butters is an instrument that may do an immense amount of damage in the hands of an incapable operator. Much mischief is done by it every day.

When the toe is too long and projects beyond the hoof, it causes stumbling and it should be shortened. A hot iron should never be applied to the foot to ascertain its evenness, as many blacksmiths do merely to save time, when they know it is not right. A seared surface between the hoof and the shoe makes the contact less perfect and the shoe necessarily less rigid than it ought to be.

The outside of the hoof should not be rasped more than is necessary to clinch the nails, as this thins the crust and reduces the strength of the bearing surface of the foot. Weakening and decay are sometimes the result of this practice. Oil applied to the hoofs occasionally during dry weather is beneficial.

To Tell a Horse's Age.

At four years old each jaw shows four permanent teeth, whose tables are worn to the same level. The dividers are worn upon both of their borders. Looked at from the side, the corner teeth are quite small.

At four and a half years the nippers show wear on both edges. The corner teeth and the hook or canine teeth are in evidence.

Depth of Cyclones.
From the study of clouds an official of the United States Weather Bureau concludes that the ordinary cyclones which traverse our country from west to east are not more than two or three miles in depth, although their diameter is many hundreds of miles. In other words, their motion does not affect the upper regions of the atmosphere.

In the case of hurricanes, this authority finds that the depth is greater, amounting to as much as five or six miles. But higher currents blow directly across the cyclonic and anticyclonic areas which produce storms and fair weather at the surface of the earth.

This new theory tends to offset former ideas concerning the circulation of the atmosphere.

An Agricultural Pest.
So great have been the ravages caused by the dodder—a leafless, twining, parasitic plant—that a decree has been issued by the French President prohibiting its importation into the country. It is a veritable agricultural scourge, attacking and destroying hops, vines, clover, peas, tomatoes and many other kinds of agricultural produce. Once having found its way into any district, it is most difficult to get rid of, and constitutes a permanent source of anxiety to the farmer. Cutting down, burning and poison have all been tried with unsatisfactory results.

The Care of Sheep.
Overfeeding or sudden changes from poor to very rich food, combined with want of exercise, if not actual causes, will contribute to the development of the loss of wool among ewes.

An English shepherd being asked what he attributed his unequalled success in the show ring to, replied: "To two things—always having my entries trained to walk in the halter, and to always being polite to the judge, no matter what position he placed the exhibit in."



FARMERS' CORNER.

Unprofitable Experimenting.
In the entire realm of scientific investigation there is nothing more interesting and marvelous than the growth and development of plants from the beginning of the germination of the seed to the reproduction of the germ. Each species of plant has its distinctive character and life habits and only flourishes where natural conditions are favorable to its growth. To attain any degree of perfection, the soil and climate combined must be such as the plants require, although a moderate degree of success may be attained when either of these factors are not exactly suited to its growth, but where both are deficient in any considerable degree the plant can not be successfully grown, except by artificial means whereby the necessary natural conditions are created. If the chemical composition of the soil is favorable, and climatic conditions unfavorable, the latter can be created artificially—such as protection from cold and excessive heat and lack of moisture—and, likewise, if the soil is deficient in the chemical elements which the plant requires, they can be added to, but in either case the process is laborious and expensive and the results unsatisfactory. All plants are indigenous to certain kinds of soil, and all soils are especially adapted to the growth of certain kinds of plants, and nature can not be improved upon in any way, nor can her deficiencies be successfully remedied by artificial means. In order, therefore, to be successful in his business, the farmer must "keep close to nature and mark well her ways." He must raise only such crops as are best adapted to the soil of his farm. In accordance with his experience, and wholly refrain from extensive experiments with such as are of doubtful utility.

Keeps Chickens at Home.
An Iowa man has designed an anti-flying chicken-wing attachment having in view to prevent the annoyance and damages incident to chickens scratching in your neighbor's garden. The device is attached to the chicken's wing. It is made of parallel pieces of wire bent into the form of an elbow, with a hook at the bend.

To apply the attachment to a chicken's wing it is slipped over the wing, and by placing the parallel sides toward each other the hook can be snapped in position and retained by the resiliency of the wire. The hook will be on the inner corner of the wing and will prevent the device from slipping off. The chicken will thus be prevented from spreading the wing as required to fly and thereby unable to get over a fence into the neighbor's garden.

Houses of Corn Cobs.
In some parts of Europe corn cobs are used for building purposes. The cobs are collected and taken to a factory, where heavy compresses crush and mold them into blocks of various sizes, just as bricks are variously molded. These blocks are then bound with wire so as to make them hold together. They are then soaked in tar to make them water-tight, and are ready for use after this treatment. Of course, they are much lighter than bricks, are always dry, and make good houses. This is but one of the very many ways in which Europe shows a greater economy than America does. There is little over there which goes to waste. Even the refuse and garbage of Paris is made to serve a purpose by being burned and converted into power.

Cost of Feeding Hens.
Bulletin No. 115 from the West Virginia Experiment Station gives the first year's record with 600 hens. It gives pictures and descriptions of houses, method of handling, amounts, kinds and cost of feed and egg production. The cost of feed for the year was 80 cents per head; total cost \$1.42 per head. The fowls averaged 113 eggs each, valued at \$2.43, so that each hen returned a net profit of \$1.01.

How to Feed Out Silage.
Owing to the constant contact of the air with the top layer of silage it is necessary to remove a horizontal layer of silage to a depth of not less than one and one-half inches daily to prevent any from spoiling. If this fact is kept in mind when building a silo its diameter can be made such as to make possible the feeding of a layer of this depth daily with the amount of live stock on hand.—John Michels.

Distribution of Mammals.
The distribution of mammals over the earth shows many curious features. North America, Northern Europe and Asia have many families in common. Such animals as wolves, foxes, bears, deer and moose, beavers, squirrels and rabbits live all around the Northern Hemisphere. The mammals found on isolated islands are of surpassing interest to the naturalists.

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FLASHES OF FUN.

"I did not see you in church last Sunday." "I do not doubt it. I took up the collection."—Bohemian.

Caller (to child)—Is this papa's little boy or mamma's little boy? Child—Dunno; the judge hasn't decided yet.—Life.

Hyker—Bronson tells me he is taking mud baths now. Pyker—Why, I thought he was out of politics.—Chicago Daily News.

She—It's funny you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't he? He (absently)—Yes, usually.—Town and Country.

"Has the patient a generous reserve force, nurse?" "No, doctor; he has nothing but a mean temperature."—Baltimore American.

Grace—So you have at last made up your mind to marry Jack? Lola—Yes, I'm tired of having him hang around the house every evening.—Chicago Daily News.

"Don't you ever get homesick, captain?" asked the passenger on the ocean liner. "No; I'm never home long enough," replied the captain.—Exchange.

Bronson—My next-door neighbor is always looking ahead for trouble. Woodson—For example, Bronson—Well, this morning I saw him sharpening his lawn mower.

Miss DeMuir—I wish I could think of some new and unusual birthday present to surprise mamma with this year. Mr. Spoonmore—How do you think she'd like a son-in-law?

Cleverton (who has hired a taximeter cab to propose in)—Say "yes," darling! Miss Calumet—Give me time to think. Cleverton—Heavens! But not in here! Consider the expense!—Life.

The Lady (to hastily-retreating burglar)—Pardon me, but won't you please wait till my husband sees you? I told him there was some one in the house, and he said "Rubbish!"—Harper's Bazar.

Dick—You look worried, old fellow. Wick—I have cause for worry. Dick—What's the trouble? Wick—My wife says if I don't accompany her to the seashore this summer she'll stay at home.

Boy (who has been naughty and sent out into the garden to find a switch to punish him with)—Oh, mummy, I couldn't find a switch anywhere, but here's a stone you can throw at me.—Punch.

Physician—Well, what do you complain of? Policeman—Sleeplessness, doctor. Physician—At what time do you go to bed? Policeman—Oh, I don't mean at night. I mean in daytime, while I'm on my beat.

She (on her bridal tour)—Oh, Dan, I'm so unhappy. Dan—Why, what is the matter, darling? She—If I am as much to you as you say, you can't be sorry your first wife died, and that makes you too brutal for me to love.—Life.

Doctor—The room seems cold, Mrs. Hooligan. Have you kept the thermometer at seventy, as I told you? Mrs. Hooligan—Shure, an' O! hav, docthor. There's th' devilish thing in a toombler av warrum wather at this blissful ninut.—Judge.

Mamma—Good gracious, George! What is the matter with Freddie Jones? Is the child having a fit? George—No, mamma. You know Freddie stutters, and we bet he couldn't say "altrudiously" before Bobbie ran twice around the block.—Puck.

Towne—Do you believe in dreams? Browne—I used to, but I don't any more. Towne—Not as superstitions as you were, eh? Browne—Oh, it wasn't a question of superstition. I was in love with one once, and she jilted me.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Cyrus—Reuben got bunked. Silas—How so? Cyrus—Why, he read the advertisement of a firm that stated if he would send a dollar they'd send him some light reading. Silas—And did they send it? Cyrus—Yes, they sent him two books entitled "The Age of the Arc Lamp" and "How to Make Candies."

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once. 'I'll go down,' said he. 'Oh, don't do anything rash!' 'Rash! Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove the piano from the house without assistance?'—The Throne.

"I tell you," said one man to another as they emerged from the corridor of a concert hall, "I envy that fellow who was singing." "Envy him!" echoed the other. "Well, if I were going to envy a singer I'd select somebody with a better voice. His was about the poorest I ever heard." "It's not his voice I envy, man," was the reply; "it's his tremendous courage."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Gave Him an Opening.
"Do you save any money?" inquired the editor.
"No; but I'd like to," answered the bard. "Now, if you would occasionally buy a little lay, I could lay a little by."—Kansas City Journal.

Anatomy.
The Professor—Some of you gentlemen are not giving me your closest attention. Mr. Biggs, what do you find under the kidneys?
Future M. D.—Toast, sir.—Puck.



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How the Dirt Flies at Panama.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Goethals, chairman and chief engineer of the isthmian canal commission, told President Roosevelt late in January that before January 1, 1915, the ditch which is to bisect the vertebrae of the American continent will be completed and that all will be in readiness for the first trip to make the little pleasure journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so writes Roy Crandall in the Technical World Magazine. Inasmuch as the colonel is noted for conservatism and caution, it is believed that he feels deep down in his own heart that at least a year will be cut from that estimate.

Pie for Him.
Human Pincushion—What has become of the glass eater?
Sword Swallower—Got a job as baseball umpire for the season.
Human Pincushion—Queer job for a glass eater, isn't it?
Sword Swallower—Not at all. When the bleachers start throwing bottles at him he'll just smile and swallow them.

Cause of the Trouble.
The visiting parson was handing convict No. 1213 consolation in small chunks.
"You should not complain, my misguided friend," he said. "It is better to take things as you find them."
"Youse is on de wrong track, parson," replied the prisoner. "It was practicin' dat theory dat got me pinched."

Omissions of History.
The war correspondents were complimenting Capt. Molly Pitcher on the conspicuous courage she had displayed at the battle of Monmouth.
"It was nothing," she said. "I merely wanted to show that my other name isn't Coddie."
For, verily, true bravery, unlike genius, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Didn't Like the Phrase.
"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "did you say this tip on the races was a 'lead pipe'?"
"Yes."
"Well, I don't pretend to expert knowledge. But lead pipe somehow suggests plumbers. And plumbers are always expensive."—Washington Star.

Mutual Reluctance.
"Here is my seat, madam, but candor compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am."
"Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'"—Chicago Tribune.

London theaters, music halls and concert halls provide seating accommodation for 327,000 people.

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

As He Understood It.
It was Dicky's first day at Sunday school, and he was telling his mother about it.
"They sung the funniest banquet song I ever heard," he said.
"What was it?" she asked.
"Hold the Port; Fried Ham Conine!"

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is licentiate partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Castoria that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.
(Seal.) A. W. OLASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Too Monotonous.
"Yes," said Slangey, "I tramped through Switzerland once."
"Come off!" exclaimed Dowter, "You never did!"
"Sure I did; on the level."
"That proves you're lying. It's simply impossible to tramp through Switzerland on the level."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Penalties of Fame.
"Being the author of one of the 'best sellers' of the year has its drawbacks," says a woman writer of popular books. "Frequent requests for contributions of one's books to charity bazaars are a tax upon good nature—and the pocket-book. No matter how flattering such demands may be, they are decidedly expensive." She went on to say that should she gratify all the persons who wrote to her for copies of her books, "because they could not afford to buy them," and respond to the constant calls to devote the children of her brain to charities, it would cost her from \$400 to \$500 a year, "without counting the time lost in wrapping, directing and stamping."—New York Press.

Has Her Doubts.
"I know there are such things as rain-makers," sighed Mrs. Chugwater, looking through the window at the dismal prospect outside; "but I don't believe there is really any such thing as a rain crier. Or, if there is, there's nobody that knows how to use it."

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"I know there are such things as rain-makers," sighed Mrs. Chugwater, looking through the window at the dismal prospect outside; "but I don't believe there is really any such thing as a rain crier. Or, if there is, there's nobody that knows how to use it."

Peenities of Fame.
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