

# Strong Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Hood's Pills, small size, after dinner pill.

## A Model Regiment.

The story is told of an English militia regiment whose reputation was one of the best that on any occasion a detective from Scotland asked to be allowed to inspect a regiment to discover, if possible, if a certain malefactor were in the ranks. Permission being given, the detective, accompanied by the adjutant of the regiment, made the tour of the various companies, front rank and rear rank. When the official had got to the last man of the rear rank of the rear company, he stopped suddenly and gazed earnestly at the rather embarrassed warrior. "Why, you surely have made a mistake," exclaimed the adjutant indignantly. "Why, you have pitched on the best man in the battalion. He has been with us for more than 20 years and he is our pattern soldier. His arms are a mass of good conduct badges, and he is the example of all that is best in the life of a soldier. You surely do not know him?" "No," replied the detective. "I do not—but I know all the others."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## What About Leather?

The question is frequently asked: What is a vegetarian community to use instead of leather? Of course substitutes would have to be made for the many uses as a waste product. It is not necessary to seek further, but when they become scarce other substances will certainly take their place. Other things have already begun to compete with leather. Formerly the doublet and breeches and even bottles were made of this substance. Now we use cloth for bookbindings and other purposes and may have artificial leather boots. Demand always stimulates invention and production. It may therefore be safely predicted that to make ample provision for our clothing, even under a vegetarian regime, is a task not beyond the resources of civilization. We may be sure that if we have followed nature thus far and trusted her for our greater wants she will assuredly not fail us in these lesser things.—Westminster Review.

## A Wise Judge.

A curious judgment was pronounced the other day by a judge in a court of law at Volosio, in the island of Sicily. An action for damages was brought by two persons against the local railway company for losses sustained by a collision. It appeared that a man had lost an arm and a young woman had lost her husband. The judge, a Greek, assessed the damages thus: He gave 6,000 piasters to the man for the loss of his arm and 2,000 to the woman for the loss of her husband. At this there were loud murmurs, whereupon the judge gave his reasons in these terms: "My dear people, my verdict must remain, for you will see it is just one. Poor Nikola has lost his arm and nothing on earth can restore that priceless limb. But you" (turning to the woman) "you are still young and pretty. You have now some money, you will be able to find another husband, who possibly may be as good as—perhaps better than—your dead lord. That is my verdict, my people, and so it must go forth." So saying the judge left the hall. The people cheered him and congratulated themselves on having such a judge.

## Former Train Sounded.

A curious circumstance illustrating the difference in speed between sound and electricity, through wire as its guide and conductor, occurred in California. A certain powder works blew up in a town while a railway telegraph operator was telegraphing to another in a neighboring town. At the instant of the occurrence he telegraphed the news to the operator, who, 60 seconds afterwards, heard the report of the explosion. He knew it had occurred by wire just one minute before he heard the report. Sound travels at about the rate of 1,140 feet per second, while electricity accomplishes 180,000 miles in the same short period of time.—Philadelphia Record.

## Mrs. Johiah M. Fiske's graduate scholarship in Bernard College will go to the most satisfactory student in political science each year. It is worth \$250.

## Gladstone is under a pledge to his physicians never to make another public speech. He has more than once asked to have it set aside, but without success.

## Postmaster General Wilson is the most studious member of the Cabinet. He goes into society very little, and spends most of his leisure in his library.

# Eczema All Her Life.

Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga., says that his daughter, Ida, inherited a severe case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve. Year by year she was treated with various medicines, external applications and internal remedies, without result. Her sufferings were intense, and her condition grew steadily worse. All the so-called blood remedies did not seem to reach the disease at all until S. S. S. was given, when an improvement was at once noticed. The medicine was continued with favorable results, and now she is cured sound and well. Her skin is perfectly clear and pure, and she has been saved from what threatened to blight her life forever.

## A Real Blood Remedy.

Take a blood remedy for a blood disease, a tonic won't cure it. Our books on blood and skin diseases are mailed free to any address. Write Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

## SURE CURE FOR PILES

DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. It is a real blood remedy and always cures even after all else fails.

# Around the Hearthstone.

Strange force, concealed in some forgotten realm. That dost coax hopes and dreams of love and peace. And as the notes harmonious rise and fall, Canst bring to me in light both clear and strong. The forms of dear ones who have slept years hence. Whom I thought dead, but now they live once more. O, tell me that smiling as of yore! O, tell me that the flight of time was weak. That all life's sparkling hopes again are bright. And these dark years between were but a dream! Lay not thy harp aside, or cruel lute. The child of day's bright hopes, shall o'er me deal. And this best moment but a vision seem. While I again life's bitter weal must feel.—Boston Journal.

## A BRAKEMAN'S STORY

It was so quiet outside that when the long freight train would come to a standstill I could almost hear the big, drifting flakes as they fell. Not a breath of air was stirring and the big, round moon filtered down through the snowstorm with a white, softened light that revealed near-by objects in a strange, ghostly sort of way. The soft-coil fire that spluttered fitfully in the old-fashioned cast iron upright stove lacked cheer enough to break the spell of the outside air. Without knowing precisely why, we sat mostly in silence or muttered an occasional monosyllabic observation as to how soon we might reach Jersey City. We were four hours behind time and somewhere back of us we knew was the West Shore express, likewise behind time and endeavoring to make up something of its lost run. In the little red caboose in the rear of the big freight train, rumbled along through a blind fog of snow with a flying express at our heels gave an uncanny sensation that I, for one, did not relish in the least. The drummer who had boarded the train at Newburg sat morosely on a pile of grips, which afforded him a softer seat than the hard wooden benches strung along the sides of the car. A couple of shippers anxiously discussed the prospects for getting their stock to market without having them half frozen to death.

## Joe at the entrance of Joe, the brakeman, however, the grim little party seemed to thaw at once. He swung down from the roof of the last box car and in through the door in a cheery, wholesome sort of fashion that warmed us at once.

## "Joe," said one of the shippers, "we go going to reach Jersey City afore Christmas?"

## "Isn't this good enough for you to live in? How'd you like to be out brakin' to-night?"

## "Taint no use, that's a fact," the shipper asserted.

## "No, you bet it ain't," said Joe, decisively. "But this ain't a patching to what it is sometimes."

Something in the manner in which Joe carefully filled his cob pipe, took a bit of stick from the floor, poked it into the fire and lit his pipe slowly and thoughtfully, indicated that a story was coming.

## "Strange," said Joe at last, with a reluctant look into the fire and a long, steady pull at his pipe, "somehow it still reminds me of the day afore Christmas two years ago. That was when we brought Johnny Haines home. Guess you wasn't a knowin' Johnny," he added, turning to the shipper.

## "Nope. Heard of him. Go on, Joe. What was the story?"

"Not much of a one," Joe replied deprecatingly. "Just a brakeman's yarn, only it taint out of the common run. The first day I ever saw Johnny Haines I thought he was about the handsomest lad I ever set eyes on. He came up on No. 6 on her first trip. We used to meet often up and down the road and got to know each other pretty well. He was one of these lads with a fresh, pink and white complexion and a jolly laugh that made you warm up to him at once. He was straight and strong, and when he used to stand jauntily on top of the car, the train going forty miles an hour and he not seeming to think it was moving at all, there wasn't a girl along the road that hadn't a smile for him, as he went by. The lad was anxious to stick and worked hard, and as he kept his mouth shut pretty close, it was a long time before we found out anything about him. He had little ways about him that made us think once in a while that he hadn't been brought up to work, and his hands at first were as soft and white as a girl's. One of the fellows told us a story of how Johnny belonged to a good family, but got kicked out for some reason or other, but we always thought he made it up, and, in fact, we never did find out his story until that night. I mean the night we met him here."

Joe stopped, pulled vigorously at his pipe for a few minutes, blinked rather suspiciously several times, and finally the rather luscious voice went on:

"It seems that the lad's name wasn't Haines at all. He took that to conceal his own. His first name really was Johnny, though, and, as that name didn't seem to make so much difference, when he first came on the road he was a little past 20 and his open, boyish ways made some of the fellows give him and want to play tricks on him at first. But it didn't take them long to find out he had a better way of getting up on the train, and he lay around the Albany roundhouse one day, waiting for a train to be made up, when 'Bill' Lawson began to nag him and see if he couldn't get a fight out of him. It seems they had some trouble down the road, and when 'Bill' came to a halt, he called Johnny and saw him and my face Johnny shrieked out, 'It's Johnny!' But she didn't faint or cry, nor say another word. We just carried him in and put him on the bed and she took charge of him. One of the boys rode over to get a doctor, but when he came he saw at once that it was no use. It was only a question of how long Johnny could survive the shock. He lay there very quietly, and finally when the doctor's examination was finished, he said: 'Is there any show, old man?'"

"I couldn't reply, but he knew as I turned my head away that the answer was no use. It was only a moment, and then pulling Johnny's hand with his own weakly, he said in a husky voice: 'Little girl, I want to go home.' And that he insisted on all the rest of the night. We didn't think that he'd be alive by morning. But he was, and we decided to put him on board the morning express. The

He was on 'Bill' quicker than it takes to tell it, choking the life out of him. We started to separate them, but when we found that Johnny had 'Bill' so that he could not do any damage with the knife we let them fight it out. 'Bill' finally let his hand for mercy and then Johnny let him up. After we got on board of the train again, 'Bill' broke hands, and though he didn't show it then, I think afterward 'Bill' came to think as much of him as the rest of us.

"Up the road not very far from Albany there is a pretty little farm that runs down to the river, and right at the corner of it was a water tank. It happened that on this farm there was a dark eyed little girl who was the idol of all the boys along the road. She wouldn't flirt with us, but she used often to come down to the water tank and get little packages which the engineer, who was a friend of the family, used to bring down from Albany. She was plump and peachy, and had a pair of big, blue eyes, and under them the prettiest pair of eyes I ever saw. There wasn't one of us who wouldn't have married her quick if she'd had us. But she was sort of reserved and shy and none of us had nerve enough to make love to her. All except Johnny. All the girls smiled on Johnny and he smiled on them. He didn't have to see the lass twice before he was head over heels in love with her and it wasn't very long before he made her know all about it. To was was to win with Johnny, and regular as his train passed the farm Jenny—that was the little dame's name—was always there to meet him. We used to chaff Johnny a good deal over the matter, but we couldn't get much out of him. Some- times, though, when the engine was in the yard, we found out that Johnny was going to marry the girl if he couldn't get his father to consent. He couldn't very well marry on the salary he was getting as a raw brakeman."

"Things ran along through the summer and into the fall, and we noticed that Johnny had got very quiet and reserved like, and was evidently brooding over something. At last we found out that Johnny had been promised a raise, and that along about the holidays he was to be made a passenger brakeman, and then he was doing to get married. There wasn't one of us that wasn't glad of it, or who envied him his good luck. The fall stretched away into the winter, and one day, my wasn't it beautiful weather! You could stand up on top of a car, and as the train wound along the river shore mile after mile, just drinking in the air and view. Braking is a hard life, with lots of danger and pretty slim pay. But those days we'd forget all about the hardships and everything else. Johnny was on the same train with me and happy as a lark, thinking how he would marry and go up to Albany to live. I used to notice, though, that every once in a while his brow would cloud up, as if he was thinking of something that hurt him."

"Such weather couldn't last, though, and when the end came, it came with a squall. The thermometer dropped four degrees, and a cold driving rain that had set in in the afternoon turned into a hard, blinding, blinding snow. We had a big train that night, and with the snow and the sleet and the cold it gave us no end of trouble. She parted three or four times going not more than twenty miles, and it was cold, dangerous work slipping along the top of the bridge, making it hard to make couplings. The wind howled and whistled and the snow out your face like going through a hedge. It was dark and the lanterns didn't show plain through the snow, and everything seemed to go wrong. Several times we thought we were stalled in the drifts, but we'd under the engine and the engine and two or three cars through the drift, and then back up and take the rest of the train through. We wanted to get through to Albany, for the next day was a lay off, and two days after that came Christmas."

"Johnny and I found the snow against the cold, and I tell you, it was ticklish work. I felt more anxious about Johnny than I did about myself, for I was old at the business and he was new, and I know how easy it was for a sudden jerk to send a man flying down between the wheels. But Johnny wouldn't listen. He said he wasn't afraid, and just then the whistle sounded 'down brakes.' We were sitting in the caboose, shivering around a dirty little fire. I had frozen three of my fingers, and I thought my ears were frosted, too. You see the storm came so sudden we didn't have time to get on our mufflers, and the mufflers were pretty thin."

"Well, we climbed out, and Johnny ran on ahead, saying that he was all right and he'd take the front. The cars on top were so slippery as glass, and we had almost to creep along from one car to another to keep from falling off for the snow on the tracks made the cars lurch and swing. I looked up and through the snow and the dark Park street church. The monument is 16 feet high, the base is of Milford granite 5 feet by 6 feet, and 20 inches thick. The shaft is 12 feet 6 inches long, by 3 feet 6 inches square, and 6 inches thick. The monument on the shaft is of Copley, and is surrounded by a wreath. The coat of arms of John Hancock, consisting of a shield, on which are three crowns on a hand, bearing the crest of a winged griffin, with the inscription 'Olibri principiis,' will be displayed on the top of the stone when the portrait is in position. This memorial is erected A. D. MDCCLXXV. by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to mark the grave of John Hancock."—Boston Transcript.

## A Generous Tip.

On one occasion a Trinity House officer, while examining the mechanism of the monster revolving lamp belonging to a lighthouse, wished to see how many seconds would elapse before it completed a revolution. He took a half-crown piece and placed it on the revolving framework. Watch in hand, he patiently waited for the coin to come round again to where he was standing, but no half-crown appeared. The seconds lengthened into minutes—still no half-crown!

## Necessity for Haste.

Black-Head Sal-Quick-gait! Hurry up, young fellow! I want a surmounting on my husband for \$100,000.

Blank Insurance Agent—But, my good woman, why all this hurry? Won't you—

Black-Head Sal—Ter-morrey be blowed! He's just stole a boss.—Truth.

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## Old Apple Trees.

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I saw an apple tree recently on Orchard Hill in the town of Kensington, in this State, that was the last remaining tree of an orchard set out ninety years ago. All of the other trees were cut down thirty-five years ago. This one, bearing a favorite apple, by the plucking of a large family of children, was allowed to remain. Of late years the ground around it has been cultivated and it is a constant bearer. It is now covered with a dense green foliage and the limbs have a growth this year of over a foot. Its condition today shows the folly of cutting down trees as soon as they cease to grow and bear fruit.

Plow around them, or where this cannot be done use a spring tooth harrow. Mule them well and put on a good supply of muriate of potash, cut off the old, decaying, moss-covered branches, grow out a new top of smooth wood, and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing large smooth fruit growing, where once were only small inferior apples.

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Wheat is a summer crop and may be sown in July. It grows rapidly and will produce a crop if frost does not appear too soon. It will not thrive if the weather is very warm and dry, but with good land and frequent showers it should produce as much as forty bushels to the acre. Bees will work on the blossoms, as it comes at a time when no foreign bees are plentiful.

There are a few points about dishwashing which should always be kept in mind. Do not drop knives into hot water, as it injures the handles, and removes the cement. Heavy glasses should not be dropped in hot water. Thin glasses are less likely to break, and almost any glass may be saved from breaking if a teaspoon is placed in it before hot water is added.

In putting a fresh cloth on a passage or kitchen, or any unclean floor, it is a good plan to lay it on the old one. Raise the edges a little and wipe out the accumulated dust with a damp cloth, then let it fall in place, and put the new one over it. The wear of the latter will be much lengthened through the protection afforded by the first cloth from the roughness of the floor beneath.

He Hived Them. "Beau" Hickman, one of the old-time characters of Washington, lived on the farm with his wife, and no one from the President down escaped him. One night he wandered into the National Hotel, and asked the clerk to give him a room. The clerk had him shown to a room immediately over the kitchen, which was swarming with flies. About nine o'clock in the morning, "Beau" came along smiling, and stopped at the office, some of the loungers, whom the clerk had told of the flies, listened to ask "Beau" how he had rested. "First rate," answered he. "Flies trouble you any?" asked one. "A little," replied "Beau." "In the early morning, but I 'lived' on 'em." With one accord, the crowd broke for the room to discover the means employed in "hiving" them. "Beau" had taken a piece of pie which he had spread it upon the floor, waited until the flies had settled upon it, then turned the wash basin over them, and gone to bed.

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Burn everything on the farm that serves as a harbor for pests. By so doing there will be fewer insects next year and less work to do. Cases of blackberries should always be consigned to the flames in order to destroy the borer, and all diseased limbs and branches of trees should be treated in the same manner.

Of a fat ox about 60 per cent. of a sheep 55 per cent. of a fat pig (quicker) 85 per cent. of the live weight will be butcher's carcass, so if the live weight be ascertained, the dead weight can be obtained with certainty. These figures vary slightly, according as an animal is very fat, when they will be higher, or not very fat, when they will be lower.

There are hundreds of crops now growing on two acres, which should have been seeded on an acre only. Poor crops are sometimes due to the attempt to spread the manure over a wide surface, causing a loss on two acres, instead of a profit on one, because less plant food and more labor had to be given the crop than was grown on a larger area than was required.

Wheat is a summer crop and may be sown in July. It grows rapidly and will produce a crop if frost does not appear too soon. It will not thrive if the weather is very warm and dry, but with good land and frequent showers it should produce as much as forty bushels to the acre. Bees will work on the blossoms, as it comes at a time when no foreign bees are plentiful.

There are a few points about dishwashing which should always be kept in mind. Do not drop knives into hot water, as it injures the handles, and removes the cement. Heavy glasses should not be dropped in hot water. Thin glasses are less likely to break, and almost any glass may be saved from breaking if a teaspoon is placed in it before hot water is added.

In putting a fresh cloth on a passage or kitchen, or any unclean floor, it is a good plan to lay it on the old one. Raise the edges a little and wipe out the accumulated dust with a damp cloth, then let it fall in place, and put the new one over it. The wear of the latter will be much lengthened through the protection afforded by the first cloth from the roughness of the floor beneath.

He Hived Them. "Beau" Hickman, one of the old-time characters of Washington, lived on the farm with his wife, and no one from the President down escaped him. One night he wandered into the National Hotel, and asked the clerk to give him a room. The clerk had him shown to a room immediately over the kitchen, which was swarming with flies. About nine o'clock in the morning, "Beau" came along smiling, and stopped at the office, some of the loungers, whom the clerk had told of the flies, listened to ask "Beau" how he had rested. "First rate," answered he. "Flies trouble you any?" asked one. "A little," replied "Beau." "In the early morning, but I 'lived' on 'em." With one accord, the crowd broke for the room to discover the means employed in "hiving" them. "Beau" had taken a piece of pie which he had spread it upon the floor, waited until the flies had settled upon it, then turned the wash basin over them, and gone to bed.

## AGRICULTURAL NEWS

### THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

The Farmer Should Put a Fair Value on his Time and Labor—Be Equal to Any Emergency—Value of Timely Cultivation—Farm Notes.

## What is a Farmer's Time Worth?

What is a farmer's time worth? That depends upon the farmer, but it is certainly a poor farmer who has no right to pay for his knowledge of the business and his management. The worker in any department of skilled labor is paid for knowing how. Surely a farmer's labor gets more than its worth for subsistence. This is a well-known law of wages that leads one to desire that his friends depend upon something more remunerative than mere manual labor only. Then shall the farmer have no credit except for the actual labor performed, at the rates received by his hands? This is