St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Bruises.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular aches.

Washwoman's Help.

A Minnesota woman has invented a boiler, having a wire basket carried by a flanged ring, which rests on the top of the boiler, the basket inserted before the clothes are put in and lifted out when the clothes have boiled sufficiently, bringing all the garments with it.

Rheumatism

Is caused by acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes this acid and cures the aches and pains of rheumatism. Do not suffer any longer when a remedy is at hand of which thousands of people say it has caused all symptoms of rheumatism to disappear. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price, $1.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25 cents.

Fork Cleaner.

A recently patented invention will please those housewives whose souls have been vexed by the problem of polishing forks. It consists of a treble strap of "Selvyt," held in position and stretched by means of a wire frame and handle. The forks to be polished are inserted between the straps, each of which fits into a corresponding space between the prongs. A few movements up and down then suffice to thoroughly clean and polish the fork, either with or without plate powder.

Indicator on Guns.

An indicator has been designed for repeating arms which will show at a glance whether the shells are all discharged, and how many loads there are in the gun, a numbered cylinder being carried by the stock to revolve one number as the mechanism is operated to bring a shell into the firing chamber.

Housekeepers will appreciate a new kitchen utensil which has the bottom formed of a perforated receptacle which strains the vegetables after cooking and mashes potatoes, etc, without removing them.

Schilling's Best
tea
sold only in
Packages

Keeps the Reins in Place.

To prevent horses getting the reins under their tails, a Virginian has designed a harness attachment composed of a number of wire bows, to be secured to the breeching on either side, and extend over the tail, and prevent the horse from switching it high enough to get over the reins.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frosted feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Salt Water Fire Service.

A salt water fire protection service has been established in Boston for a limited area. A line of pipe has been laid to a point near the postoffice and a number of hydrants laid on it. Pumping is done by an engine on a fire boat. This, it is hoped, says Engineering News, is the beginning of a comprehensive system of independent fire protection for the business district of the city. Such a system has been advocated for a number of years.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

Where the Balls Come From.

The largest center in the world for the manufacture of steel balls for ball bearings is situated at Schweinfort, in Bavaria. A couple of factories there, owned by one firm, produce close upon 300,000,000 balls annually with the labor of 600 men working ten hours daily. The total production of Germany is stated to be about 650,000,000, while England and France combined turn out only about 70,000,000 additional.—Chicago Chronicle.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MADGE BABCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Rose of Christmas.

IT was the eve of Christmas.

The air was frosty—men's boot heels made the snow creak under them as they passed with the quick tread of those who had but a few hours left in which to anticipate the coming of the Christmas saint and the advent of Christ-myth in their homes.

Christmas greetings mingled with the orders of the shopkeepers to hasten the delivery of goods, the furs and satins of the millionaire's wife brushed against the faded, threadbare shawl of the shivering woman from the city's darkest slums, who had stolen a brief and hopeless holiday from toil that in this one hour of the world's joy she might breathe the incense of an unknown existence of happiness, of gifts, of plenty, of a fabulous and dream-like ease, a vision that floated before her starved eyes in dimmer unreality than the storied tales of pagan magnificence.

A flood of brilliant light poured out from the shops. Such was the luxury of the holiday season that not only the signs of winter were evident, but the garnered treasures of all lands. There were fruits from Persia and Arabia, gems from every nation that the sun shines on, luxurious furs from polar regions, where only intrepid explorers have trod, silks from lands where the sun pours a fiery flood the year round, the choicest and daintiest bits from Egypt, India, Siam, a bewildering array from the islands of the sea and from the capitals of the European and Asiatic nations. Countries whose history told of the Christ-myth so far in the dim light of history that its origin is lost, piled their wares side by side with the unequaled productions of the new world, rivaling in costliness and beauty all that appeared to tempt the hearts and the purses of men.

Amid this Christmas joy Philip Meredith walked with an acrid and indefinable pain at his heart. A gray, leaden mood had settled over him like a fog. He made a strenuous effort to forget. He had told himself that the coming of this anniversary should not overwhelm him with that agony of recollection which he knew down in his innermost soul he could not endure. For days the approaching holiday had filled him with an unacknowledged terror.

"IT IS HE!" SHE CRIED.

It was the first Christmas he had spent without her, without Mirabel. And, telling himself that he would forget, that he would not remember, he straightway remembered with the intimate fidelity of pain all that could wound him now.

A breath of fragrant air from out a florist's shop made him turn his head for a moment, and as he looked he saw forget-me-nots. The sight gave him a pang. He recalled the morning they had first met. It was a morning in spring, fresh with innocence. Her eyes were blue—blue like the forget-me-nots. Then, less than a year later, they were wed, and the one Christmas they had spent together had seemed to him more exquisite in its perfect happiness than the one on the plains of Judea could have been to the shepherds. Then came misery; scarcely had the echo of the Christmas bells died away in the air than that fatal episode had occurred that had parted them. It arose in a trifle, as most of the world's misery and wars have, and then before he knew it he had said words that had made a gulf between them which it seemed could never be bridged. She said she would go away and battle with the world by herself; he made a brutal reply. Then they parted, but when, after a few days of devastating loneliness, he went to seek her, she had gone.

So the year had dragged out its course and this terrible holiday was at hand. It flaunted itself before his eyes—its joy mocked him at every step—his ineffectual attempts to forget it brought it more vividly before him.

Again the opulence of a florist's shop met his gaze. A sudden resolution came to him; he stepped up to the window and speculated between orchids and lilies.

"Ah, Philip, I see you are choosing my Christmas gift," said a voice at his elbow. He turned—it was his cousin, a woman born to bring to others some of the light and joy denied them in their own poor lives. "Do not hesitate so," she continued, laughing, "you know how easily I am pleased in the matter of flowers. Shut your eyes and choose whatever you see first when you open them, and it will suit me."

"It will give me more pleasure to suit your taste than to trust to a haphazard choice," he replied. "Come with me straight into the shop and say what you will have."

"Oh, Philip," said the woman, her eyes filling with a soft mist, "you are always good and generous, and I will let you give me flowers, but not for myself. Have you forgotten my poor people in the hospitals? Give me the flowers for them. I cannot have too many of them, and, oh, Philip, you cannot imagine how much joy they will bring the sick and suffering."

"You may have all you want," he said. "Here they are, roses, violets, orchids, lilies of the valley—what will you?"

* * * * * * *

It was Christmas morning in St. Joseph's hospital. There was a faint antiseptic odor in the air. The long lines of narrow white cots stretched their serried rows down the room in pitilessly quiet array. On one cot lay a woman, who was a mystery to the hospital officials. She had been brought in late in the afternoon of the day before insensible. She was young and beautiful; her clothing was that of a gentlewoman; she had all the marks of refinement, albeit with certain signs of toil, but every mark that could identify her had been carefully clipped from her garments. For hours the watchers thought the angel of death would stop at her before he took the one next her. Yet he passed her by, and in the early hours of the morning she revived and murmured words they could but indistinctly understand. Toward noon she revived so that her conversation became intelligible. But with the return of consciousness she seemed to guard her secret more closely. She refused to answer the questions of the hospital physicians, and insisted that she would soon be strong and well and would leave the hospital.

The Christmas flowers had come in and the nurse selected the finest bunch of American beauty roses in the lot and took them to her patient. She lay, limp and silent, in her cot. It was her first experience in a hospital. She reflected vaguely, that it would be her last. She had fainted on her way to the river, it is true, but that was no reason why she should not carry out her design. It was only a question of time. The nurse approached her. She bore a large box.

"Here is something for you," she said.

It was a large white box; around it were wide, pale blue ribbons. A spray of holly lay on the top. She looked at it listlessly.

"Shall I open it for you?" said the nurse pleasantly. "It was sent especially for you by a friend."

The pale patient almost smiled. The nurse's kindness was almost pathetic.

"There is no one to send me flowers," she said, "but you may open it for me."

The nurse did so. A rush of fragrance filled the air. The roses burst upon the vision of the pale woman with the glory of midsummer, dazzling in their brightness. They lay in their satin-padded home like fragrant jewels.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried. "Let me have them."

As she took them a card fell out. She looked at it as one might look at a dear face that had been hidden for years. Her eyes dilated. She was silent for one moment, then she cried out in a voice that thrilled the nurse and caused every head in the ward to be lifted from its pillow.

"It is he!" she cried. "It is he. I must go at once."

They remonstrated with her, but the sick woman was well. She arose from that pale couch with sudden vigor—her eyes were bright—every trace of illness left her. "I must go to him," she repeated, time and again. The doctors came and looked at her and then conferred in a low tone with the nurse. "She may go," they said.

So she took her roses and walked down the street. It was a beautiful morning—the sun shone brightly and the air was crisp—one could not have guessed that the angel of death had hovered near her during the night. She walked some distance and then she neared a church. On its steps, just stepping out to go down the avenue, was a man. His restless agony had driven him forth in the early morning to try to exercise the demon that would not let him rest. He had passed the church, and, drawn by an impulse he could neither define nor resist, he had entered. With the strains of the "Gloria in Excelsis" ringing in his ears he went out. As he stood on the steps of the cathedral and looked casually down the street he saw what made his heart stand still. A mist swam before his eyes—his knees shook under him. He hastened toward her.

"Mirabel!" he gasped.

She looked up at him with a smile.

"I was going to see you," she said simply.

The morning sunshine made a halo about her head. Her eyes were filled with a dewy sweetness. The purple shadows of the aftermath of pain were slipping away on the horizon before the glory of dawning day. He felt dazzled. His heart leaped, then burned within him. He drew her arm within his own and they turned down a quiet side street. She smiled at him.

"I knew you would find me some time," she said, with an infinitely gentle air. "When they brought me your roses in the hospital this morning and I saw your dear name once more I knew that our trouble and separation were over forever. Sweetheart, how good it is to see you once more."

He understood how fate had played with those Christmas roses, and in the sudden illumination of his mind and heart he felt as if he had narrowly escaped falling over a precipice.

As they walked down the street together the bells rang "Glory to God in the Highest," and white pigeons circled around the steeple.

Unconventional.

The simple ways of the unobtrusive rector of a small country parish in England had endeared him to the hearts of the people to whom he ministered. He was eccentric, and in conducting the services of the church, unconventional. Says a writer in the Cornhill Magazine:

From the reading-desk could be seen the fields stretching away to the rectory gates. One morning, instead of beginning the service as usual, he announced:

"As I see my sister, somewhat late, approaching the church through the fields, I shall postpone the commencement of divine service till her arrival."

In very cold weather he would invite the congregation to come and warm themselves at the stove before leaving the church. Under other conditions of weather his thoughtfulness for the comfort of his flock took a somewhat different form, and at the end of a half-hour's sermon he would sometimes say:

"As the weather is still so inclement, I will, my dear friends, lengthen my discourse somewhat, in the hope that it may clear later."

Italy's Tax on Bicycles.

The Italian Government has imposed a tax of 10 lire on bicycles, and in future all machines will have to carry a mark showing that the yearly tax has been paid.

What the chrysanthemum needs to make it a handsomer flower, is a box of hair pins.

The rainbow is always bent on disappearing.

BOY-PREACHER AND PANTHER.

Thrilling Adventure in the Wilderness of Early Indiana.

A venerable presiding elder of the Methodist Church, Rev. Frank A. Harlin, now of the Rockford, Illinois, district, began his ministerial career at the age of sixteen as a "junior preacher" in Indiana, when the region that he served was for the most part an unbroken wilderness. He spent most of his time on horseback, and used his saddle-bags at night for pillows.

On one occasion, the story of which was told by Rev. Mr. Hardin at a recent conference, the boy-preacher found the settlement of Millersville in a high state of excitement over the ravages of a great panther amongst the live stock.

At a wayside cabin Hardin was warned not to go on, as the panther had been seen on the road and it was necessary for him to travel at night in order to meet an appointment for the next day.

But the servant of the church had no notion of being turned from his duty by the presence of a wild beast in the woods. Moreover, he had no fear, for the moon was shining and his "claybank" mare was a spirited animal.

The trail led through a dense piece of woods known as the Sugar Flats. Hardin had not gone far into them before the forest of maples, then in full leaf, quite shout out the moon.

"A good place this to meet the panther," the boy-preacher said to himself.

Almost at that moment his mare seemed to drop to the earth, or to crouch close to the ground. He knew well enough that she had seen something that he had not, and that that something was highly dangerous to them both.

He knew that her next move would be a jump, and on the instant he prepared himself for a possible parting of the saddle-girth by gripping the mare's mane. He had no sooner done this, and leaned as far forward as the horn of the saddle would permit, than the mare made a leap, and went bounding along the dark trail like lightning.

At the very instant in which she leaped Hardin heard the most terrible scream that ever smote his ears. It seemed to come from directly over his head; and in less than one second after the screech and the leap of his mare, Hardin heard a heavy body strike the ground in the very spot where the mare had been standing while she crouched preparatory to the spring. She had plunged forward just in time to avoid the claws of the panther, which had dropped from the tree at horse and rider.

Now the mare was flying through the woods to escape possible pursuit. Probably Hardin could not have held her if he had tried—and he did not try. He had all he could do to cling to her back on the uneven ground, with tree-branches brushing him.

Not until she had reached a large open space on the crest of a ridge did the mare slacken her pace. Then she stopped and drew a deep, shivering sigh, as if to say, "That was a narrow escape for both of us."

The mare went on now at an easy trot, as if she had put the whole episode behind her. The young preacher could not say as much, for the terrible scream of the animal haunted him for weeks. His destination was the cabin of a doctor. When he reached there and told his story, the doctor said:

"Nonsense! You must have heard an owl."

Hardin knew better, but he made no reply. He was not surprised when, a little later, the doctor took him aside and said:

"That was undoubtedly the big panther that you encountered, but you know I often have to ride at night through the sugar flats, and my wife would be in constant terror if she knew there was a panther there."

In a few days two young boys went into the same woods in quest of wild turkeys. Reconnoitering a brush-heap, they saw under it a huge animal, watching them exactly as a cat watches a mouse when preparing to spring.

One of the boys took aim at the creature's head, losing no time in doing it, and fired. The panther gave one kick and died in his lair. The lads pulled him out and ran for home, and brought their father and neighbors. The panther turned out to be one of the largest ever killed in Indiana.

Shot an Angel.

The shooting occurred in the West, on the Panhandle Branch of the Santa Fe Railroad, and the story of it is related by the Topeka State Journal. The hero of the tale is a superstitious engineer, who believes in warnings.

One night he was rolling along at a good speed, when he saw a clear, white light, like a will-o'-the-wisp, dancing over the track a few hundred feet in front. He shut off steam and came to a stop as quickly as he could. The conductor and train crew came running up to the engine to see that was the matter.

"There is some one swinging a lantern across the track," said the engineer, and the crew went ahead to investigate.

"We can't find any one," reported the rear brakeman, and the engineer pulled out again, but he went slowly, and in a few minutes stopped again. The crew went ahead once more to see what was the cause of the light. The conductor, who was a good shot, drew his revolver, and at his second shot there was a crash, a scream, and the light went out, and something white came fluttering down from the clouds.

The engineer was scared. "You've shot an angel, sure," he said to the conductor, with a face as pale as death.

Investigation brought out the fact that a small boy, with a lantern tied to the tail of his kite, was the cause of the trouble; but it teases the engineer to be asked about "shooting angels."

Not Enough.

Kind Lady—I am sure you would learn to love my children.

Nurse—What wages do you pay?

Kind Lady—Fourteen dollars a month.

Nurse—I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be affectionate with them at that price.—Puck.

American Wars.

Since the Declaration of Independence the United States has had six wars, not counting the little differences with the Indians. These were: The War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the war with the Barbary States, the Mexican War, the war for the Union and the war with Spain.

Teacher—I hope all you little boys love to commence the week right by getting up early Monday morning. Little Johnny—Yes'm, I always love to get up early Monday morning. Teacher—And you feel all the better for it, don't you, Johnny? Little Johnny—Yes'm. That's the mornin' we have pancakes.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A self-made man usually looks like the kind of a man he would be apt to make.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Every Farmer Should Put Up His Own Ice Supply—Fall Plowing as a Remedy for Grasshoppers—The Hedge as a Vermin Breeder.

Ice during the heated season of the year is a luxury few farmers enjoy because of the expense attached to keeping refrigerator and dairy supplied. True, it is only a few cents' worth per day, yet in a season the ice bill would far exceed the amount the average farmer could afford to expend. He is kept from putting up his own ice by the notion that seems to be prevalent that an ice house is an expensive affair, and the success of packing a doubtful sequence. This is a mistaken idea. Below we give a description of a fifty-ton ice house and the method of packing the ice which has stood the test and proven both practical and cheap. The house can be of any size desired, this being larger than most farmers require. A good plan is to get several neighbors to put up the building and pack together, sharing the first expense and after labor.

The building should be situated on ground that is high enough to drain the surface water away from it, as it has no floor. It is 16x16x10 feet, the walls made double, with an 8-inch space between the outside and inside sheeting. This space is packed with straw and chaff pounded in as closely as possible. A good roof that will not leak is required; in this house boards with battened cracks will prove all right and much cheaper than shingle.

But one opening is necessary, the door through which to put in and take out the ice. This is about 2½x4 feet square and 8 inches in thickness, to correspond with the walls of the building. It is made like a box 2½x4 feet, and 8 inches deep, filled like the wall with chaff or straw.

Before packing, fill the bottom of the room with about 8 inches, of cinders or some such substance that will readily take in the water. Pack the ice on this, leaving a space of from 8 inches to a foot between the ice and walls to be filled in with sawdust, chaff or straw. This should be cramped in as tightly as possible. All the cracks and crevices between the ice cakes should be filled in with pounded ice, making the mass as compact as can be. Ice put up in this way will not melt down a foot in the whole season. It will not melt if the sun, rain and air are excluded, and a reasonable chance given it to drain off the little water which comes from it.—Epitomist.

Plowing to Kill Grasshoppers.

In presenting helpful and timely notes on a few of the many insects against which farmers may have cause to use preventive measures the Michigan station advises as follows:

The best known remedy for grasshoppers is fall plowing for the destruction of the eggs. Where this practice can be regularly carried on over large areas the grasshoppers are not likely to become troublesome, but there is always some stump or neglected lane which would be difficult or impossible to plow, or else there is some farmer who will refuse to plow his land, and these lanes and unplowed lots will furnish places for the hatching of enough locusts to infest an entire neighborhood.

The eggs are laid in pods containing about twenty-five or thirty eggs. These pods are made of mucus, which is given out with the eggs during the process of laying and dries down hard, becoming brittle and impervious to moisture. The eggs are thus provided with waterproof covering about three-fourths of an inch long and smaller in diameter than a lead pencil. The pods are concealed in holes in the sod in which they were formed. These fragile little pods of eggs are open at the upper end, providing a place for the escape of the young locusts. Now if the sod be plowed under most of the egg pods are turned wrong side up, besides being buried so deep that the young locust will never be able to escape. Then, too, many are broken, and moisture thus gains entrance and leads to the destruction of the eggs. It is likely also that the plowing will expose many to their natural enemies, such as birds, shrews, mice, etc.

A good rolling after the plowing and dragging will pack the dirt so tight that very few will escape. To be of the most value the plowing must be general. No strips along fences, no lanes of any size, and no clearings containing brush and stumps should be allowed to seed the rest of the farm.

When it is absolutely impossible to turn the sod under in these places, recourse may be had to another remedy—viz., poisoned baits. Bran mixed with paris green, using 1½ to 2 pounds of the poison to 25 pounds of bran, should be stirred up with water to the consistency of dough. Sometimes cheap molasses is added to make it stick together better. This is made up into small balls and placed about the field. The greatest care must be observed for a long time after using these baits that no live stock or poultry be allowed to gain access, and if it is impossible to completely exclude them it is best not to use the baits.

Hedges as Vermin Breeders.

Nobody now talks about the hedge as a cheap fence, though its other recommendation of being permanent unfortunately still holds good. Except for a border around some suburban residence the hedge is a nuisance, and is now little planted. In the country it is especially objectionable, as it keeps on growing unless cut back every year or two, and its roots extend on either side, robbing the cultivated land of moisture and plant food that the crops require. Most commonly the hedge is built around the orchard, possibly with the idea that it will protect the fruit from thieves. Instead of this, the hedge is apt to stir the ambition of all the boys in the neighborhood to try whether they cannot get through it, and we never saw the hedge that could keep an active boy out of where he wanted to go. But the worst of all the evils of the hedge around an orchard is that it is sure to be surrounded by tall grass, making the best possible harbor for rabbits, which will go through and strip the bark from apple trees. In most cases, too, the rabbit will strip the bark from the hedgerow trees, thus killing them and destroying the hedge.—American Cultivator.

The Habit of Wheat Growth.

It is impossible to grow good crops of winter wheat where fall droughts are prevalent. It is only where there are enough fall rains to beat down the tender blades into the soil, and thus check their growth, that the wheat will tiller or spread to either side, getting a firm hold of the soil, and also at the same time sending up side shoots that will make a spreading habit of growth. This protection will not prevent the frost from going into the ground, but it will shield it from the sudden changes from freezing to thawing, and the reverse, that are far more injurious than steady cold weather would be. In fact, the wheat grower is never better satisfied than when he finds fall sown wheat frozen in the ground with a light fall of snow over it. If wheat can be kept covered with snow through the cold weather that will prevent cold weather from browning the leaves, and it will come out in spring in good condition to grow. Some wheat growers harrow the wheat in fall, but this bruises the leaves, and coming before cold weather, when the wheat plant is dormant, it is too great a check to its growth. Harrowing in spring, if possible before a rain and followed by warm weather, is a much better practice.

Prices of Sugar Beets.

Western beet sugar makers are willing generally to pay $4 per ton for beets that show 12 per cent. of saccharine matter. The pulp after the sweet has been pressed out of it has some feeding value, as have also the leaves. But it is difficult to keep them long in good condition, as they sour and rot when exposed to air. The rate of 12 per cent. of sweet has been much exceeded in the East. In a favorable season, which is one rather dry and with much sunshine, beets have been grown that showed 14 and even 16 per cent. of sugar. In such cases, however, the yield is lessened. Twenty tons of beets have been grown on an acre, but it must be in a season so cloudy and moist that the sugar percentage could not exceed 12 per cent., if it indeed came up to that. Over four tons of beet sugar per acre has been made in Germany. There land suitable for sugar beet growing brings high prices. But in Germany sugar beet growing is made profitable by a government bounty on all beet sugar that is exported.

Sow Grass Seeds After Grain.

It is a common mistake of farmers in sowing grass or clover seeds with drilled grain to try to sow it as quickly after the grain is deposited as possible. Many grain drills have been made with grass seed sowers attached, so as to drop the grass seed immediately after the grain drills had deposited the grain and while the loosened soil was still falling on the seed. The plea of course is that the grass seed is thus "better covered." It is, in fact, usually covered much too deeply, sometimes not coming up until several weeks later. The truth is that grass seed on cultivated soil needs no covering save what rains, frost and melting snows will give it. Nor is it best with winter grain to sow the grass seed until two to four weeks after the grain is put on the ground, in that way it will grow large enough, and yet will not injure the grain crop the following season.

Sheep Breeding in the Arid Region.

The extensive cultivation of alfalfa in some of the States where little water falls is leading to the introduction of sheep breeding and wool growing as a leading industry. The alfalfa will grow and keep green in the dryest time, as it sends its roots down deep for moisture. The sheep also will live with less water than any other farm animal. In all our Eastern States sheep may be kept in summer on pasture with no water except what they get by eating grass at night or in early morning, while it is covered with dew. This does not prove, however, that sheep can be kept on pasture in regions where dew seldom if ever falls. Even with dew in the morning, if the weather be warm the sheep will drink some before night if they get the chance to do so.

Economy of the Silo.

Good silage that has been well and closely packed in the silo is estimated to weigh about forty pounds per cubic foot, and forty pounds is also about the ration allowed each cow for one day. A silo ten feet deep and ten feet square will consequently hold 1,000 pounds of ensilage, which will supply two cows over four months. Such a silo is a small one, but the estimate shows what a large proportion of food can be stored away for winter in a small space by the use of ensilage.

Variety of Feeding.

A quart of bran mixed with a peck of cooked turnips will give better results than when the same proportions of bran or turnips are fed separately, for the reason that the turnips are composed mostly of water and the mixture is more complete as a food, while the bran is better digested when fed with the bulky food. Variety in feeding conduces to health, and the less valuable foods become more valuable by mixing them with substances that are more concentrated and nutritious.

What to Do with Soft Corn.

If there is room under shelter, soft corn should be spread thinly on the floor, so as to keep it from heating. When freezing cold weather comes, it will freeze dry, and may then be ground in the cob with greater advantage than to use in any other way. But there will be a considerable part of the poorest corn that has little corn on it, and which is mainly cob. This can be better given while soft to cattle than fed in any other way. In drying corn cobs, most of their nutriment is lost, and only when there is considerable corn on them will it pay to grind them for feed.

The Lady Apple.

It is probably the small size of this variety, as well as its bright color and good flavor, that make it such a favorite on the parlor table. A plateful will give a taste of apple to a great many people, each taking a specimen. It has a small core, and is easily peeled, though many like the aromatic flavor of apple skin, and prefer to eat it without peeling. Though a small variety, it is a very productive apple, and always brings a good price in the market.

Hens in Autumn.

The hens that are moulting will not lay, and at this season nearly all flocks are going through the moulting process. To feed largely on grain will be a mistake. Give the fowls chopped meat and corn meal, and three times a week give a ration of bran, ground oats and linseed meal mixed, which will be found excellent in promoting the growth of feathers.

When Water Lit a Fire.

On the western coast of Ireland, at Ballybunion, the sea set fire to the cliffs. For centuries the great Atlantic rollers had been breaking them down and making great fissures in them. In their depths were masses of iron, pyrites and alum. At last the water penetrated to these, and a rapid oxidization took place, which produced a heat fierce enough to set the whole cliff on fire. For weeks the rocks burned like a volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose high in the air.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Prolific Father.

Prince Robert of Bourbon, ex-Duke of Parma, is now the father of his eighteenth child, a daughter, the ninth child by his second wife. All eighteen, seven sons and eleven daughters, are living, but only the eldest, the wife of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, now 28 years of age, is married.

If a woman has as many as two pots of chrysanthemums in bloom, she is not doing her duty by her opportunities unless she gives a chrysanthemum show.

The Pope Has No Debts.

Pio Nono bequeathed to the church 5,000,0000 francs in gold. Leo XIII has already doubled that sum, which is deposited among various European banks. The holy see has no debts, those which existed having been paid by the present pope.—Albany Argus.

The Enormous Gold Product of 1898.

From South Africa, the Klondike and Australia gold is being shipped in large quantities. This year's output will nearly double that of any previous twelve months.

The sales of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are also increasing very fast. This famous remedy will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, nervousness and weakness.

The Japanese are, as a race, so small that it is necessary to build specially low bicycles for them.

There is in the constellation Andromeda a star visible to the naked eye which the smallest telescopes show to be double. Seen through a powerful instrument, it is found to be triple.

Follow It Up.

Sit down and cool off suddenly, and then regret it, for stiffness and soreness is bound to follow. Follow it up with St. Jacobs Oil and you will have nothing to regret from a prompt cure.

A Texas woman has patented a new toy for children, consisting of a jack-in-the-box to be released from the box by striking the spring catch with a ball attached to an elastic cord.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Now at Burlingame, will remove to its beautiful new home at Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., and re-open January 16th, 1899. Address Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Menlo Park, Cal.

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board $1.00 to $1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to $1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

There are houses still standing in Nuremberg, Bavaria, that were built in 1080.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Waltham has joined several other Massachusetts cities in adopting a curfew ordinance.

If you want the best wind mill, pumps, tanks, plows, wagons, bells of all sizes, boilers, engines, or general machinery, see or write JOHN POOLE, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

The California woodpecker will carry an acorn thirty miles to store it in its nest.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Anglosaxonia contra mundum" is a late neo-Latin coinage.

AGENTS WANTED.

DIATOMS—Vegetable and metallic, a freak of nature, noted as the best POLISH in the world for silver, gold, brass, etc., sent in quantity sufficient for years, for 25 cents P. O. stamps. It is infusorial and cracks in stoves may be repaired with it. Address, R. H. BALLINGER, 501 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

A breech-loading cannon made in 1559 has been discovered in an old museum at Hamburg, which explodes the belief that such weapons are an invention of the present century.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

A colorless ink for use in writing on postal cards, etc., is made by mixing together sulphuric acid and water, the writing becoming permanently visible when the paper is heated.

Established 1780.

Baker's Chocolate,

celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known

Yellow Label

on the front of every package, and our trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

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Seems to Get Ripe.

One complaint seems to get ripe in autumn, and that is neuralgia. To soothe the pain, strengthen the nerves and rid the system of it, use St. Jacobs Oil, the best known cure.

A handy device for hanging clothes is formed of a ring to be screwed to the top of a post to support a number of arms, which are dropped into a hole in the end of the post when not in use.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Missouri woman has designed an ice creeper to slip on the sole of the shoes, a steel plate, with curved ends, to grip the edges of the sole having teeth to engage the ice as the wearer walks.

SENATOR CHANDLER'S OPINION.

The following letter from Senator George Chandler speaks volumes for Dr. Darrin:

(Oregonian.)

Dr. Darrin—Dear Sir: I am pleased to inform you that my son Charles, whom you treated in January, 1896, for heart trouble and general debility, has fully recovered and gained 30 pounds, for which please accept my thanks.

GEORGE CHANDLER.

Baker City.

A Swedish Gentleman's Luck.

To the Editor.—I have been afflicted with deafness and ringing noises in my head. Dr. Darrin treated me with electricity and cured me. Will answer questions at 539 Loring street, Albina.

CHARLE CARLSON.

Would Not Take $5000.

To the Editor.—I have been a physical wreck for the past four years, being afflicted with kidney, liver and heart trouble and dyspepsia, accompanied with pain in my back, stomach and breast. One month ago I went under Dr. Darrin's electrical and medical treatment. Now I am cured and able to work. I most emphatically commend Dr. Darrin's treatment, and will answer any questions, at 545 Wood street, Portland. Would not take $5000 and be placed back where I was.

WALTER MORGAN.

Deafness Cured in 20 Minutes.

To the Editor.—For six months past I have been troubled with deafness. But, thanks to Dr. Darrin and his method by Electricity, for by him and in 20 minutes I was entirely cured. My daughter was cured of rheumatism six years ago. I advise all who may be troubled in any way to call on Dr. Darrin. They will find him efficient in all he professes to be. Refer to me, at 51½ Third street, Portland.

MRS. A. SCHOEPS.

Dr. Darrin's Place of Business.

Dr. Darrin gives free examination to all, and when necessary gives medicine in connection with electricity. The poor treated free from 10 to 11 daily, except medicines. Those willing to pay, 10 to 5; evening, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12.

Deafness, catarrh, eye, nose and throat, heart, liver, stomach, lung troubles, errors of youth, blood taints, gleet, impotency, varicocele, hydrocele and stricture a specialty. All chronic male and female and private diseases treated at reasonable rates. No cases published except by permission of the patient. All business relations with Dr. Darrin strictly confidential. Letters of inquiry answered. Circulars and question blanks sent free. Batteries and belts furnished when necessary. Offices, 265 Morrison street, Portland.

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In buying seeds "economy is extravagance," because the cost of cultivation wasted on inferior seeds always largely exceeds the original cost of the best seeds to be had. The best is always the cheapest. Pay a trifle more for

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and always get your money's worth. Five cents per paper everywhere. Always the best. Seed Annual free. D. M. FERRY & Co., Detroit, Mich.

A SWORN STATEMENT.