Little Soldiers

In your blood are the millions of corpuscles that defend you against disease.

To make and keep these little soldiers healthy and strong, is simply to make and keep the blood of the right quality and quantity.

This is just what Hood's Sarsaparilla does—it helps the little soldiers in your blood to fight disease for you.

It cures scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, dyspepsia, general debility, and builds up the whole system.

Value.

"O, George!" cried the young bride, "I've split one of my finger nails! And there's no $5,000 insurance on the finger, either!"

"Never mind, dear," said the young husband, kissing the injured digit. "It's worth $5,000, just the same."

"Isn't it worth $5,250, George?" she asked, snuggling up to him. "It's the one that has my engagement ring on it."

Satisfactory.

Smith—I used to have a great deal of trouble with my teeth, so I finally had them all extracted and an artificial set put in.

Jones—And are they satisfactory?

Smith—You bet they are! Why, I can almost eat with them.

Artful Urchin.

Little Boy—Mamma, I wish you'd find out who it was hypnotized me, and punish 'em severely.

Mamma—Wh-at?

Little Boy—While you was out I was pulled right into the pantry and forced to eat a lot of those mince pies you said I mustn't touch.

The Real Dispute.

"But, honorable sir," insisted the educated Japanese, "you class us wrongly. We are not Mongolians."

"In that case," said the California statesman, shrugging his shoulders, "you will have to settle your differences with Noah Webster—not with me. He says you are."

Sure Thing.

"Henry," said the rich old uncle, "if you think I am likely to die suddenly some day when I least expect it you may as well rid your mind of that idea. There is nothing whatever the matter with my heart."

"You'll never die of enlargement of it, anyway, uncle," cheerfully acquiesced the spendthrift nephew.

THE TRUE MAPLE FLAVOR.

Housewives Welcome a Maple Flavor That Has the Real Maple Taste

Vermonters have a reputation for the quality of the maple syrup produced in their state. It is but a few years since the discovery was made of a method of imparting this delicious flavor to dishes without the use of maple syrup. The new flavoring extract was appropriately named Mapleine.

Strange as it may seem, Vermonters themselves cannot tell the difference between syrup made with Mapleine and that which comes from their own Green Mountain state. This is due to the purity of the ingredients and the care used in the manufacture.

Mapleine is perfectly healthful, is purely vegetable and makes a syrup that is equal to any and superior to many brands of maple syrup that are placed on the market.

Flavoring for cakes, icings, blanc mange, sauce, etc., that is delicious and has all the piquancy and delicacy of maple syrup can be readily made by the addition of a few drops of Mapleine to a little water in which granulated sugar has been dissolved. Mapleine syrup makes such dishes as rice, tapioca, stale bread, etc., simply irresistible to children.

Mapleine Dainties is the title of a booklet full of wholesome receipts published by the Crescent Manufacturing company, who make Mapleine. The booklet will be sent free to anyone who asks for it. You can buy Mapleine of your grocer. Try it, you'll like it as thousands of others have. Here is a sauce for puddings that is delicious:

Whites of two eggs, one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, one cup of milk and one teaspoonful of Mapleine. Mapleine can be used anywhere that other flavoring extracts are used.

Seemed to Awaken Memories.

Tommy—Paw, what is three card monte?

Mr. Tucker—It's the most diabolical, infernal swindle that ever anybody—er—er—O, it's some sort of gambling game with cards, I believe, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

Where It Landed Him.

With a dazed look in his bloodshot eyes the man who had been on a jag for a week or more and had wandered over the country in a half delirious condition without knowing where he was going came to himself.

He was in a strange city.

Everything around him looked unfamiliar.

"Officer," he said, stopping a policeman, "what town is this?"

"Anaconda," answered the policeman.

"Then I've got 'em again!" he groaned.—Chicago Tribune.

A Reason for Helping.

The poor help the poor more than the rich help them. An official of the Department of Charities in New York recently remarked this trait.

"Everything has its cause, its simple and striking cause, if we can but find it," he said. "Once, in a miserable slum, I heard two little girls talking about this matter of poverty and wealth and helpfulness.

"'Why is it,' said the first, 'that the poor allus is more willin' to help us than the rich?'

"The second child replied promptly, and not without some bitterness, 'Them wot don't mind givin' is the ones wot stays poor.'"

Nothing in It.

Bartender—Say, what do you think of this idea of runnin' cities on the commission plan?

Alderman (from the 'Steenth Ward)—I don't know much about it, but I'm agin it. The—er—commissions are mighty small and they don't go to the right people.

His Specialty.

William Jackson—I hear you engaged a deaf and dumb man yesterday.

Proprietor of Quick Lunchroom—Yes.

"Going to make a waiter of him?"

"No; he's going to make signs."

Race for a Wife

BY

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"But, Maude, my darling—!"

"Yes, and intend to remain so," laughed the girl merrily. "And the sooner the fact is broken to Mr. Pearman that he is not 'my destiny's lord,' the better."

"Stop, child—listen to me," and the nervous tremor in her mother's voice arrested Maude's madcap humor instantly. She knew every inflexion of that dearly loved voice, and her quick ear detected coming trouble, much as the sailor foresees the storm in that peculiar sobbing sound the wind sometimes gives forth shortly before the tempest bursts.

In a second she dropped quietly on her knees by Mrs. Denison's side, and leaning on the arm of her chair, said, "There's more to come, mother; you haven't told me all yet."

"No, my dearest; I had hoped so differently. I mean—I told your father, in short——;" and here Mrs. Denison fairly broke down, and wept copiously.

Maude petted, soothed and coaxed, as she had done on many a previous occasion, and between the showers of tears learned how much they were in the hands of the Pearmans; how that their remaining at Glinn was an impossibility unless the Pearmans came to their assistance; and how her hand was the price they placed on standing in the breach between Harold Denison and his creditors. About the foregoing of their own claims the poor lady wisely said nothing. Better Maude should think her future husband stood chivalrously forward in her father's support, with the prospect of her fair self as his guerdon, than she should know that her hand was the sole bribe which induced him to forbear seizing upon Glinn.

The saucy smile had left the girl's lips by the time she comprehended the sad story. It was replaced by a pale, anxious look, such as had never been seen before on Maude Denison's face.

"You can't mean this, mother," she said, at length. "You surely don't wish that I should marry this man, whom I can't say I dislike, for I don't even know him enough to tell whether I do or no; but that I am to take this man for a husband without any reference to my own feelings—you don't intend that, do you?"

"I don't know what will become of us if you don't, Maude," gasped Mrs. Denison.

"And is it not possible that we could live without Glinn?" inquired her daughter.

"What would your father do?" moaned the mother once more, truer to him even still than to the child she adored so.

"It is hard!" said Maude, and her young face grew stern in expression as she spoke. "Do you think it quite fair that I am to throw my life's happiness away at eighteen to save Glinn? Mother, I know nothing of the world, but a man surely brings a bad introduction to a girl's heart who seeks her as Mr. Pearman would apparently seek me. I don't think I'm a romantic fool, but I never thought to leave your side in this wise. Of course I know girls do marry for money; but—but—I had—had hoped I should be different," and here Maude was seized with an hysterical choking in the throat, which though it only drew a few tears from her own eyes, brought forth another shower from Mrs. Denison's.

I really am shocked, for the sake of my readers, at the amount of tears introduced into this part of my story. "Umbrellas up!" would have made an appropriate heading to this chapter; but what am I to do? You see, Mrs. Denison is one of those women who naturally dissolve into—may I say, mist?—on the most trifling occasions, and come down in torrents when things go hard with them. And, bear in mind, she was performing the hardest task that had ever fallen to her lot as yet.

"No use crying about it, mother," said Maude, gulping down her agitation bravely. "I am going up to my own room to think it all over; but come what may, I feel at present you will have to let Mr. Pearman know that I'm grateful for the honor he has done me, but respectfully decline anything further."

When Maude reached her own room, she sat down and began to muse over all her mother had told her. Had it come to this really, that it rested with her to save her parents? What was she to do? I have said before that she was not like the young ladies of this world. She was rather behind the age in many of her ideas. She was very young, and had, moreover, a tinge of that dear old-fashioned romance about her which is at such a terrible discount in these utilitarian days. "What can there be to think about?" cries Belgravia. "Preserve me from such an imbecile daughter!" shrieks Tybumia. But Maude, after thinking for half an hour, with set face and knit brows, suddenly rose with a smile rippling over her pretty face, and while the midday sun still glinted through her bonnie brown hair, sat down to write to Grenville Rose.

"He always gets me out of scrapes," she murmured, softly; "he must out of this, though"—and here she even laughed—"I'm afraid Gren will think this what he calls a 'big un.'"

CHAPTER X.

Grenville Rose dwelt in the Temple. There, in a couple of pleasant rooms, he read musty law books, the latest periodicals, and waited for business. Though there was very far from being any asceticism about Grenville Rose, yet he stuck soberly and honestly to his trade. If the work didn't come, he couldn't help it. He was always in the way, and an assiduous attender at the Westminster Courts. But if you are "Coke on Lyttleton," strongly impregnated with the departed afflatus of Erskine and Ellenborough, you cannot show it until you get an opening. The beginning of the legal profession is doomed to be principally observation. Attorneys are far from being speculative on the subject of undeveloped talent. It is not given to everyone to have Sir Jonah Barrington's chance of a friendly judge, who insisted on his continuing the case he had begun, in consequence of his leader being temporarily out of court. So that whether Grenville Rose was a coming lawyer, or a pretentious impostor, was still concealed in the womb of time. In the meanwhile, the nothing he had to do he, at all events, did conscientiously—more, a good deal, than can be predicated of many of us. He strolls leisurely out of his bedroom, in dressing gown and slippers, the day after Maude's resolution, and glancing round his breakfast table, takes little notice of the heap of letters that lie thereon. His attention, on the contrary, is arrested by the absence of some condiment he peculiarly affects. After indulging in a solo on the bell, which produces no apparent result, he opens the window and runs up the vocal scale on "William," terminating, crescendo, in "Wil-li-am!" which seems to produce some slight commotion, at length, in a boy with a pewter, and a companion furnished with shoe brushes, who are lightening the hours by pitch and toss. Satisfied with this result, he first opens the morning paper.

Grenville Rose is not in the least addicted to the pursuit or study of racing; still, like most men of his age about town, he very frequently hears it talked of. He knows the names of the prominent favorites for the coming great three-year-old events of the season. Has he not more than one friend who has asked him to book himself for a Grenwich dinner in the event of some Derby contingency coming off satisfactorily? He throws his eye lazily over the sporting intelligence, and under the head of "Betting on the Two Thousand," he perceives "Five to two against Coriander—taken freely."

"S'pose he'll about win. Suit Silky Dallison down to the ground, I presume; not that I know much about it. But as he hath bidden me to the consumption of clicquot and bait, if Coriander wins at Epsom, it is fair to presume he'd like to see him well through 'his smalls,' to begin with."

Ah! we go blundering on in our blindness and ignorance. Can even the most far-sighted of us ever predicate twenty-four hours ahead? What a mess Providence makes of our intricate calculations! What shallow fools we seem, after all our study! I wonder what Grenville Rose would have said, if anybody had hinted to him that within ten days his destiny would be bound up with Coriander's? Can you not fancy his laughing retort: "I never race! 'What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?'" Yet it will be so.

Grenville tosses the paper on one side, and in a careless way takes up his letters. Two or three are thrown aside; but his pulse quickens, and his handsome features flush a little, as he catches sight of that firm, delicate hand he knows so well. Maude's letter had been near the bottom of the pile, or he had not glanced over the paper before reading it. That cousin of his had wound her way into his heart strangely of late. He hardly knew himself how it had all come to pass. He had bullied her as a boy; he even, till quite lately, had snubbed her as a man. He had liked her, ay, loved her, in cousinly fashion, all his life. How was he to have dreamt that the gawky school girl who accompanied him in his fishing expeditions at Glinn was to grow into the lovely girl Maude had of late blossomed into? He was no fool, and had as much command over his passions as five-and-twenty, that sets up for no superlative virtue and lives in the world, can usually lay claim to. That anything could be more injudicious than a love affair between himself, with mere undefined prospects, and the daughter of his ruined, spendthrift uncle, no one could be more clearly aware. That if Maude Denison married, it must be somebody with means and position, he thoroughly understood. That he should at present marry anybody, he quite recognized as an impossibility. And yet, with all these theoretical axioms distinctly present to his mind, he was forced to admit to himself that he was over head and ears in love with his cousin. That he had never even hinted it to her was a fact upon which he gave himself most extraordinary credit. That she had as yet given him no earthly reason to suppose he was anything to her but Cousin Gren was a circumstance that he brooded over sulkily and despondingly. With these correct and high-principled views, it should have been made matter of great gratulation; but you see it was not. I am afraid it will ever be so. The right people never do fail in love with each other; while, from the days Helen left Menelaus to the present time, the converse of the proposition seems inexhaustible and unchangeable.

But all this while Grenville Rose had been reading Maude's epistle. His face darkens as he does so, the brows contract, and a curse breaks at last from his lips in a low, guttural tone that bodes bad times for somebody, supposing that Grenville possesses power equal to his inclination.

"That brute Pearman!" he muttered. "My instinct didn't fail me. Better I'd have dislocated his cursed neck by throwing him down stairs that night than this. And the poor child appeals to me to help her! What can I do?"

Once more he glances at the letter—again he reads the paragraph: "Gren, dear, you have been my resource in all my scrapes since I can remember. Do come to my rescue now; what am I to do? My childish troubles of bygone days were not of much account, whatever they might look at the time. This seems extinguishing the sunshine of my life on the threshold—as if I was doomed, as I heard you say not long ago. I have said I cannot, I dare not. Both papa and mother say I am to decide for myself. But it isn't so—you know, Gren, it isn't. There's papa, more sneering and gloomy than ever, suggesting that we had better make the most of Glinn during the remaining few weeks that it remains to us—as I have decided to give away the property. Mother, of course, all tears; and papa bullies her worse than ever. Oh, tell me what to do, Gren, for I am very miserable. I can't stand it much longer—I know I can't. I shall have to give in; I cannot bear to see mother always in tears. I almost wish I was dead, I do indeed; and yet I don't want to die."

"Yes," he mutters, after reading it through for about the twentieth time; "it's easy to see the whole thing. My precious uncle intends you shall marry Pearman, so that he may finish his days in Glinn. My aunt, poor soul, is weeping a Dead Sea over the arrangement, and having her soul harried out besides. Maude—Maude, my darling, how can I help you? Pretty chance of a pauper like myself being much use on the occasion," he mused, with a bitter sneer. "She never says, poor child, by the way, what sum, if any, would stop the gap—though, of course, there must be a price. However, that is a question there is no use in raising. Of course it's thousands; and to raise a few hundreds would require all my ingenuity, to say nothing of terminating in my eventual destruction; not but what it's little I'd think of that just now, to save Maude. My love, I am powerless!" And Grenville Rose leaned his head upon his hands and tasted the bitterest sorrow this world can afford—that of an appeal for succor from the woman whom he loved, and the knowledge that he was powerless to help her even a hair's breadth in her bitter anguish. Better to stand by her deathbed than this!

Our nineteenth century training makes us bear such trials well. But do not believe, my brethren, that when the mask is dropped, feelings are not much the same as of yore. Bitter tears are shed over worthless women, and deep lamentations made over rotten investments in the privacy of the bed chamber. The matutinal razor sweeps the chin at times with a strange fascination for one strong free stroke at the jugular vein; a morbid feeling to end all this weary struggle, and cut the knot of existence. A well-known writer, the other day, laid down: "It was better to be bored than to be miserable." I can't say I agree with him. I would rather be miserable.

For more than an hour does Grenville pace his apartment, musing over Maude's letter. But no! he can neither see help to be rendered, nor even anything to justify the slightest interference on his part. Then he thought savagely of the old dueling days; how easy it would have been to have picked a quarrel in those good old times, and run his chance of disqualifying Pearman through the medium of a pistol bullet. But we have changed all that; and when we quarrel nowadays, we employ counsel instead of firearms. I suppose it is all for the best, though I take it there was more politeness in general society when the being rude had to be so speedily justified.

(To be continued.)

CHANCE FOR A BIBLIOPHILE.

Unique Copy of Ancient Records, Full of Historical Material.

Here is an opportunity for some rich collector of books, or for some library that likes to place upon its shelves tomes which are valuable as records of bygone days, says the New York World. The opportunity in question is a book believed by its present owner to be the only copy in existence, which was printed in Osnaburg, Germany, in 1628. It is valuable not so much for its age as for the wealth of historic material it contains.

This book is a history of the see of Osnaburg, the first Saxon-Germanic church, from its foundation by Charlemagne, in 772 A. D. It relates his nomination of its first bishop, St. Wiho of Frisia, and contains, first, the order and series of the bishops of Osnaburg, with an epitome of their origin and characteristics, from 772 to 1623 and 1628, when Itel Frederick, Count of Hohenzollern, cardinal of the Holy Roman church, and Francis William, Count of Wartenberg, successively occupied the see.

Second, the acts, canons, statutes and decrees of the synods and councils of the church held at Alemania, Cologne and Osnaburg in 1225, 1260, 1310, 1322, 1360, 1423, 1452, 1536, 1625, 1628, authenticated by notarial certificates.

Third, the apostolic mandate of Innocent VI., dated from Avignon, 1360, to Wilhelm, archbishop of Cologne, "De vita, habitu et honestate clericorum et monachorum."

Fourth, the confirmation of the Caroline constitutions of Carolus IV., Roman emperor, ratified by the council of Constance, 1423.

Fifth, the ceremonial of the assembly of the major synod of Osnaburg, 1628, and the historic sermon of Pater Gulielmus Aschendorf, S. J. "De vitus precedentibus temporibus enatis et adhue durantibus."

The book belonged in 1643 to the great library of the Bollandists at Antwerp. On the title page, in the handwriting of Father Jean de Bolland, the illustrious "ancient," are the words: "Domus prof. Soc. Jesu, Antwerp, 1643." (House of the professed of the Society of Jesus, Antwerp, 1643.)

When the Bollandists were expelled by Joseph II. of Austria, their library was seized and sold at auction. It was purchased for the monastery of St. Norbert at Tongerloo. When these monastics were afterward driven out by the French revolutionists, their library was pillaged and the book came into the possession of Father Jean Francois Van de Velde, S. J., president of the University of Louvain. His autograph is on the opening page.

The book, which is in Latin, is bound in vellum and in perfect preservation, belongs now to Joseph A. Donovan, Rochester, N. Y., who is willing to sell it for $10,000.

Up to Her.

The young housewife was engaging her first cook.

"Of course," she said, "I don't want to have any trouble with you."

"Thin it do be up t' yersilf, ma'am," replied the kitchen lady. "If yez make no complaints Oi'll make no trouble."

Not Guilty.

"Conductor," complained the lank spinster passenger, "that man in the opposite seat is winking at me!" "He says he doesn't mean to wink at you," explained the car official. He's trying to keep the eye that's turned toward you shut, ma'am."—Judge.

A Suggestion.

The Mistress—Jane, the dishes you have been putting on the table of late were positively dirty. What have you to say about it?

The Servant—I think, ma'am, that you ought to get colored dishes. They won't show the dirt at all."

Sympathetic.

Father (proudly)—I believe, my dear, that boy of ours knows as much as I do.

Mother—Yes, poor little fellow! It's too bad that he doesn't know any more.

Economy.

"This stove," said the clerk to his Irish customer, "is the best stove in the house. It is the stove of economy. It saves half the coal bill."

"Give me two of thim," replied the Irishman, "I'll save all."—Success.

A Suggestive Title.

"What's he done now?"

"Lecturing on 'The Decline of Poetry.'"

"Wrote verses himself, didn't he?"

"Yes, and they were all declined."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Ounce of Prevention.

Jimmie—How did you know I was going to call?

Her Little Sister—I saw Nell taking the pins out of her belt.—Puck.

ALFALFA IN WESTERN OREGON.

No Other Crop Offers So Many Attractions to the Farmer.

H. D. Scudder, Department of Agronomy, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.

Of all the crops produced upon the farm perhaps no other offers so many attractions and advantages to the farmer as does alfalfa. As an improver of the soil it has few equals and no superiors As forage for all classes of live stock, whether used as hay, green feed, or pasture, it is unexcelled in yield, feed value, palatability, and permanency of growth. To the farmer keeping cows, hogs, or poultry, it is of paramount value in that it is practically the only forage crop that will supply green feed continuously through the dry summer months of this region. In addition to these advantages it is superior to all other crops in quickly improving and maintaining the appearance and selling value of farm lands. Lack of understanding of the peculiarities of the plant and its requirements, has caused many failures of first attempts at growing the crop in Western Oregon. This has led farmers to believe that alfalfa is not naturally adapted to this region While this to a certain extent is true, yet the difficulties in the way may and have been largely overcome. The splendid results obtained by the state experiment station and other growers in different parts of Western Oregon should convince the most skeptical of the great future of the crop in this state. As authentic and accurately measured yields to illustrate the possibilities of the crop here, those recorded at the experiment station may be cited. The average of all the yields of the station field for the last eight years has been 6.2 tons of cured hay per acre yearly, or where cut as a soiling crop, 26.3 tons of green feed per acre. This field has the ordinary heavy clay loam soil typical of the Willamette valley, and has received no irrigat on, fertilization or special treatment whatever. Anywhere in Western Oregon where certain primary requirements of the crop are satisfied, the same or better results should be obtained. It only behooves the beginner to secure the best advice obtainable as to methods of growing; start with a small piece; experiment with it until its requirements are learned; gather experience from his failures and persist until successful. The reward of such persistence is ample.

The primary requirements of alfalfa are a deep, well drained, sweet and fertile soil, free from weeds. The lands most nearly meeting these requirements are on the slopes of the rolling lands of the valley bottoms; the slopes and tops of the hills surrounding these valleys, or the deep sandy loam river bottoms well above the water level. The ordinary valley low flat lands are not suitable.

The deep feeding tap roots upon whose length these plants depend for securing plant food and moisture, make a soil eight to ten feet in depth imperative. Although alfalfa prefers a sandy loam, yet it has proved equally prosperous on the heavy clay loam soils, a heavy clay subsoil or hardpan delaying but not stopping the root growth.

Owing to the need of its roots for air, alfalfa, especially when young and during the growing season, is easily injured by standing water either above or below ground. Root growth stops at once on striking water-saturated soil, hence the water table should not be less than eight to ten feet below the surface of the ground during the growing season. Overflow from streams in winter when the plant is dormant does not cause much injury, even if continued for several weeks.

Of even more importance to the alfalfa plant than a deep and well-drained soil, are the bacteria which produce the nodules on the roots, through which the plant is enabled to draw upon the free atmospheric nitrogen, enriching the plant and the soil with this most valuable of all the plant food elements. Conditions unfavorable to the activities of these bacteria cause a corresponding lack of prosperity in the growth of the alfalfa. Like the plant roots, these bacteria require abundance of air in the soil, upon which to feed, and also a neutral or slightly alkaline medium such as is supplied in limestone soils, in which to work.

Unfortunately the lack of lime in Western Oregon soils, in addition to the prolonged wet season and the prevailing heaviness of the soil, causes long exclusion of the air from the soil and a tendency towards acidity or sourness which is very favorable to the alfalfa bacteria. Hence it is, perhaps, that in a majority of Western Oregon soils these bacteria are not present, and must be supplied by artificial inoculation after the harmful acidity has been corrected. This correction is accomplished in naturally well drained soils by application of different forms of lime. Water slaked lime most quickly and directly corrects soil acidity—ground unburned lime more slowly but less expensively—while light annual dressings with land plaster keep it sweet (more or less indirectly) by making the heavy soils more open and friable. The land plaster also assists in making potash compounds for which alfalfa has great need, more available, but to avoid loss through leaching should be used only in small amounts.

The need of a fertile soil for alfalfa growing, while not generally recognized, is highly important. Though the plant draws its most important food, nitrogen, from the air, yet it is a heavy feeder upon the other plant foods of the soil. On naturally unfertile soils, or those run down by continued wheat or other improvident farming, it is necessary to supply immediately available plant food such as well rotted barnyard manure, to carry the young plants through the first two years until their deep feeding roots are established. Such fertilization as barnyard manure or green manure (like rye or vetch plowed under) is best applied to the crop preceding the alfalfa or by preceding it with clover or vetch. Aside from its plant food and moisture retentive value the humus from such fertilization is of great assistance to the alfalfa bacterial activities.

Preparing for alfalfa in the preceding crop is also important in enabling the prospective grower to clean up the weeds. Weeds, because of their more rapid growth, heavy draughts on available plant food and moisture, and their shading, are highly injurious to the young alfalfa. Hence by preceding alfalfa with a thoroughly cultivated crop such as kale, corn, potatoes, or roots, all of which do best heavily manured, the ground is made clean and fertile for the alfalfa.

The causes of failure to secure a stand of alfalfa are generally a poorly prepared seed bed, poor seed, or the wrong time or method of seeding. The causes of the failure of the crop to grow after a good stand has been secured, are either lack of alfalfa bacteria, the need of lime, pasturing when too young, an impoverished soil, overcrowding with weeds, a shallow soil, poor drainage, lack of cultivation, or improper after treatment. A crop properly started and cared for should produce steadily without reseeding for fifty years or more.

Owing to the excessive rainfall of winter and the heavy weed growth of early spring, fall sowing of alfalfa has not proved as successful as spring sowing. The ground should be plowed deeply in the fall if possible, manured and replowed early in the spring. Where plowed rather late in the spring, the land should be disced and harrowed before plowing. If the soil is in the least sour, from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds of unburned lime—ground or in the lump—should be applied very early in the spring, or in place of this, from 500 to 1,000 pounds of water slaked lime may be sown about April first. After the spring plowing the ground should be frequently harrowed to get rid of the weeds, conserve the moisture and bring the seed bed into a uniformly fine state of tolth.

The seed should be sown from April 20th to May 1st. Just preceding the sowing the land should be inoculated with the alfalfa bacteria by scattering over the seed bed about 200 pounds per acre of soil taken from the surface foot of an old alfalfa field. This alfalfa soil should be mixed with about 400 pounds of the surface soil of the new field to facilitate its even sowing. To avoid exposing the inoculated soil to the sunshine, which injures it, it should be sown on a cloudy day or towards evening, and immediately harrowed in.

If an acre be once successfully inoculated, the next year it will furnish a soil supply for inoculating other land. No faith should be placed in inoculating the soil through the purchase of inoculated seed, as under ordinary conditions this method is seldom successful.

Immediately following the inoculation the seed should be sown at the rate of twenty pounds per acre, care being taken to secure pure seed of good germinating qualities. Germination may readily be tested by placing an average 200 of the seed between moist blotting paper, laid between the faces of two dinner plates and pouring a little water in the lower plate from time to time.

The seed may be broadcasted and harrowed in, but a more even and vigorous stand is secured, especially if the surface soil is a little dry, by drilling one half of the seed at a time, crosswise. The ordinary grain drill may be used with the grass seeder attachment so connected as to deliver the seed into the grain tubes. Following the seeding the ground should be rolled well and then very lightly harrowed. The seed should always be sown alone, without a nurse crop of any kind.

The field should be mowed whenever the weeds begin to shade the alfalfa, or whenever the growth comes to a standstill or begins to turn yellow; or when the new shoots of the second growth begin to appear; or when the plants show one-tenth in bloom. The cutter bar should be set about 5 inches above the ground the first year, and the first cuttings, if light, be left upon the ground. It is imperative that the crop should not be pastured the first two years.

Every year about April first a dressing of 100 pounds of land plaster should be applied, and while the ground is still soft, thorough cultivation should be given, with the disc harrow set straight and weighted and run crosswise, followed by the common harrow. This cultivation keeps out grass and weeds, splits the alfalfa crowns and thickens the stand; keeps the surface soil mellow and helps conserve the moisture to carry the crop through the dry months. If the soil is poor a top dressing of well rotted manure applied in the fall will prove beneficial. It is well to let the alfalfa go into the winter with a six or eight-inch growth.

In Western Oregon the common variety of alfalfa should be used, preferably Montana grown.

In pasturing alfalfa, to avoid bloating, cattle and sheep should not be allowed to go on the field with an empty stomach or when the plant is wet, and to prevent rooting, hogs should be ringed. Where cut and fed green to cows, there is no danger of bloating.

An acre of alfalfa will furnish pasture for about ten good sized hogs, or summer green feed for ten cows.

MAPLEINE A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 35c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wn.

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"I never saw anybody that suffered from throat trouble as much as my Uncle George used to," said Mrs. Lapsling. "He had it so bad that finally the doctors had to make an incision in his sarcophagus and remove a part of it."

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Vestryman (making another attempt to light his cigar)—I don't like these noiseless matches.

The Rev. Dr. Honeywell. I do. I received a fee of $50 once for marrying a deaf and dumb couple.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and nervous diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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"Is—is that all you have to say, Rudolph?"

"Great Scott, Muriel, it has taken me eighteen months to say that!"

The way Hamlins Wizard Oil soothes and allays all aches, pains, soreness, swelling and inflammaion is a surprise and delight to the afflicted. It is simply great to relieve all kinds of pain.

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Young Wife—John, how does my new hat strike you?

Husband—I'm delighted with it, Arabella; it's neat, sensible, and——

Young Wife—I knew it! I told that milliner I didn't believe it would suit me, and I'm going to take it right back!

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Singleton—Have you seen the magazines this month? They're just full of illustrated fiction.

Marryat—Yes, and the greatest piece of illustrated fiction in them is the "ad" showing how stylish you'd look in "So and So's $7 suit."—Philadelphia Press.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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"Yes, I've known him since long before he was married. He plays second fiddle in his own house, too."

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The impairment of the nervous force in men and women is first manifested by extreme nervousness, sleeplessness, dread, worry and anxiety without reason, trembling of the hands and limbs, with the slightest exertion, heart palpitation, constipation, kidney trouble and a general inability to act rationally at all times as others with health in their bodies do.

In a half pint bottle get three ounces of syrup sarsaparilla compound and add to this one ounce compound fluid balmwort, and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound essence cardiol, and one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom); mix all together, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one at retiring.

Offering an Inducement.

"To make it an object, brethren,"
Said shrewd old Pastor Leach,
"The higher you raise my salary,
The shorter sermons I'll preach."

—Chicago Tribune.

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