Marrying on Account.

Rev. Mr. Williams was the Congregational minister in the village of Winslow, Me., several years ago. One evening, says a correspondent of the Boston Globe, four young people called at the parsonage. Two of them wished to be married.

The papers in the case were legal, so Mr. Williams performed the ceremony. The other couple acted as bridesmaid and best man. The groom was the son of a well-known man in the town, and as the happy couple were leaving the parsonage the young man whispered to Mr. Williams:

"Just charge it to father, parson. It will be all right."

Cure to Stay Cured.

Wapello, Iowa, Sept. 11.—(Special.)—One of the most remarkable cures ever recorded in Louisa county is that of Mrs. Minnie Hart of this place. Mrs. Hart was in bed for eight months and when she was able to sit up she was all drawn up on one side and could not walk across the room. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her cure, Mrs. Hart says:

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me after I was in bed for eight months, and I know the cure was complete for that was three years ago, and I have not been down since. In four weeks from the time I started taking them I was able to make my garden. Nobody can know how thankful I am to be cured or how much I feel I owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

This case again points out how much the general health depends on the kidneys. Cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and nine-tenths of the suffering the human family is heir to will disappear.

Deepest Haul Ever Made.

The deepest haul of a net ever made in the world was achieved by Americans off the Tonga Islands in the South Pacific. The trawl struck bottom 23,000 feet below the surface; that is considerably more than four miles down, but even at that depth animal life was found. Those strange beings lived in water whose temperature was constantly just above the freezing point, and under a pressure of 9,000 pounds to the square inch. To sink that net and bring it back again took a whole day of steady labor.—St. Nicholas.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy gave me prompt and complete relief from dyspepsia and liver disorgansem." R. T. Trowbridge, Harlem R. R. N. Y.

As Defined.

"Say, pa," queried little Johnny Bumpernickle, "what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

"An optimist," replied pa, "enjoys a thing he can't like, and a pessimist likes a thing he can't enjoy."

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a tenacious and persistent cough.—Wm. H. Harrison, 227 W. 121st street, New York, March 25, 1901.

Fixing the Blame.

"By the way," said the talkative barber to the bald-headed man in the chair, "did you ever try my hair tonic?"

"No," answered the victim, "that wasn't what caused my hair to fall out. I'm a married man."—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Kaiser and Children.

Recently the Kaiser and Kaiserin visited Saarbrucken to unveil a statue in that town, their little daughter, Princess Louise, being left in the meantime in the royal car at the railway station. A beautiful bouquet of flowers had been brought for presentation to the little princess by three small girls, who looked very disappointed at the absence of the little Louise. The Kaiserin, who noticed it, at once ordered that the children should be driven to the railway station to deliver their present. They found the Princess Louise at supper, and one of the children described how she had spilled some egg and cocoa on her white frock. She was very friendly and pleased, and talked as though she had known them "ever so long."

"The Empress, too," the girl relates, "was very kind to us at once, and said: 'Little girls, when you come to Berlin, you must really and truly come to see us. Promise me that you will come.' And the little princess also said we must come. The Emperor shook hands with us, and when he squeezed my hand a bit I squeezed back, and he laughed and put his other hand on top of it. Then both the Emperor and Empress kissed us, and the Emperor said: 'Well, little girls, I think my daughter must make you a pretty present in return for your beautiful flowers.' When we had left, and stood on the platform watching the train move off, the Emperor and Empress and the princess looked out, nodding and waving good-by till the train disappeared.—Housekeeper.

STRONGER THAN MEAT.

A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts

A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as food. He says:

"For the past five years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.

"The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

St. Cuthbert's Tower

By FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

A savage exclamation burst from Ned's lips. Old Mr. Williams was struck dumb with horror; for to him the discovery was quite unforeseen. The doctor bent over the skeleton, and taking a lantern into his own hand, looked carefully at the horrible thing, touched it, removed part of the ragged clothing, and muttered something the rest could not hear. The Vicar of Rishton, accustomed to death in many forms, maintained a demeanor of reverend gravity, tempered by amazement. As the doctor stopped, however, he interposed with some haste, and, coming close beside him, tried gently but firmly to thrust him aside.

"There must be an inquiry into this, I suppose," he said; "though, for the sake of the unhappy man who committed this deed, and whom we know to have repented long ago, I trust it may be made as quietly as possible. In the meantime the remains must be laid decently in some suitable place. I would suggest the church itself."

The doctor interrupted him brusquely. He, with the rest, had been listening in dead silence to the clergyman's words.

"Where you like, vicar; but I must make an examination first. If I'm not mistaken, I've seen something just now which will be a positive means of identifying the murderer." Still the vicar insisted, gently, but with becoming determination.

"I really think, in a matter touching the sanctity of the dead, that I, as vicar, ought to have a voice."

"But you are not the vicar of this church," said the doctor, standing his ground. "The Vicar of St. Cuthbert is your brother Vernon, and if, as you seem to say, he has had anything to do with this business——"

There was a stir among the hearers, and old Mr. Williams burst out: "What! What! Vernon Brander! Bless me! You don't mean to say——"

The vicar was protesting; Ned Mitchell was swearing and muttering; Fred Williams, who had crept in during the last few minutes, was whistling softly to himself, to keep off the horrors.

Suddenly the doctor, who had again stooped over the skeleton, silenced them all in imperious tones.

"Stand back, gentlemen; in two moments I can satisfy your curiosity as to who murdered this woman."

The vicar only attempted to resist this command; but the doctor, with a skillful and most unceremonious thrust, forced him back in the rest of the group; and the next moment the reverend arms were pinioned by Ned Mitchell's strong hands.

"Keep back, can't you?" hissed Ned, roughly into his ear; "murder will out, you know! And people might say such ugly things if they thought you wanted to hide the truth."

After this there was a sickening, deathlike pause, while the doctor's hands moved rapidly about the horrible heap of human bones and tattered finery. Then he sprang up and made quickly for the light. The rest followed, huddled together, panting, bewildered, like a flock of frightened sheep. For the doctor's face, old practitioner though he was, was livid and tremulous with a great horror. Standing in the open daylight they found him, looking at something he held half concealed in his hand. Mrs. Brander, Vernon and Olivia Denison stood a little way off, watching him, but not daring to come near. He closed his hand as the men gathered round him.

"Gentlemen," he began, gravely, in a very low voice, "there are circumstances in this case so revolting that I think no good can come of making them public. But you shall judge. I have found, inside the remains of that poor girl, a ring which, there can be no doubt, was the property of the murderer. In spite of the decayed state of the body, I can undertake to say that this ring was swallowed by the girl just before her death. "Here," and he held up his closed hand, "is the ring. Shall I show it you?"

"No!" said the Vicar of Rishton, sharply. They all turned to look at him.

"Why not?" asked the doctor, quietly.

Meredith Brander had recovered the composure which, indeed, he could scarcely be said for a moment to have lost.

"What good would it do?" he asked, gazing blandly in the doctor's face.

Doctor Harper returned his look with astonishment which became almost admiration.

"Well," he answered, "it would show up the most remarkably perfect specimen of a consummate humbug that I have ever had the honor of meeting."

A curious thing had happened before this short colloquy was ended. The rest of the group had gradually dispersed, and left the two men alone together. As he uttered the last words, the doctor also turned abruptly away, so that the vicar was left by himself. He did not seem disconcerted, but walked, with a half smile on his face, in the direction of the churchyard gate. His wife, whose handsome face was as pale as that of a corpse, and whose limbs tottered under her, moved, with faltering step, in the same direction. At the gate stood Abel Squires, who stood back to allow the vicar to pass out first. But Meredith Brander would not allow this. He turned to him with a kindly nod.

"Well, Abel," said he, "I'm afraid this is a sad business for somebody."

"I'm afraid so too, sir," replied Abel, with an immovable face.

"We must hush it up. I'm sure you would not like any harm to come to my brother."

"No fear o' that, sir," said Abel. "I could prevent that."

"Why, how so?"

"A wur wi' him all that evenin'. An' if he hadn't kept my tongue quiet all these years, truth would ha' been aht long ago."

The vicar went through the gate without another word. But before he had taken many steps in the lane outside, he felt an arm thrust through his. It was his brother Vernon, who pressed his arm warmly two or three times before he spoke.

"Cheer up, old chap!" he whispered huskily. "For Evelyn's sake and the children's we can get it kept quiet still."

Then, for the first time, Meredith threatened to break down. He wrung his brother's hand with a force which made Vernon turn white, and when he answered, it was with sobs in his voice.

"I'm a scoundrel, Vernie," he almost gasped. "But if you save me again, on my soul I'll be better to them than many an honest man."

CHAPTER XXII.

Ned Mitchell, although he had left Meredith Brander off easily at the moment of the discovery of the body, had no intention of letting his sister's murderer escape the just punishment of his crime. The discovery of the vicar's ring inside the poor girl's remains had not been altogether unexpected by Ned and by the doctor, whom he had taken into his confidence. He had had the wit to connect the vicar's loss of his ring, which the girl must have stolen unnoticed by him in the course of their last fatal interview, with the strange threat Nellie Mitchell had uttered to Martha Lowndes. He had confided his suspicions to the doctor, who had thus been on the alert to prevent Meredith from touching the remains of the murdered girl before he himself had examined them.

After a few words of explanation to old Mr. Williams, and a little substantial advice to the two workmen who had dug out the skeleton, Ned marched off with Abel Squires in the direction of Rishton Vicarage. On the way they passed Vernon Brander, who wished to stop Ned. But the latter hurried on, and to all the entreaties he tried to utter, turned a deaf ear.

"If you've been fool enough to hold your tongue for ten years, and bear the blame for somebody else's crime, that's nothing to do with me. You may talk till you're tired, but my sister's murderer shall get what he deserves."

And he walked on stubbornly with the tramp.

When they reached the Vicarage, and asked to see the vicar, they were shown into the drawing room, and left waiting there for some minutes. When the door opened it was Mrs. Brander, instead of her husband, who came in.

"What, has he run away already?" asked Ned, in a hard, jeering tone.

"No, my husband does not yet know you are here," she answered, in a very sad voice, "I knew you would come, and so I told the servant to announce your arrival to me."

"What's the good of that?" asked Ned, roughly. "You've done no harm, and we've nothing to do with you, except that we're going to set you free from a rascal."

Abel Squires had withdrawn to the farthest window, and tried to hide himself behind the curtain. Rough fellow as he was, to hear a man speak in a bullying tone to that beautiful, dignified lady was too much for him.

Mrs. Brander had never in her life looked so handsome as she looked now, standing erect before this coarse man, with a flush of deep humiliation in her cheeks, and passionate entreaty softening her proud eyes.

"But, my children, my poor children; they have done less harm in the world than your sister did, and if you hurt my husband you sacrifice them. Think of that. You have children of your own. You don't dote on them passionately any more than I do on mine; therefore you can enter into my feelings. Is it fair, is it just, that they should suffer? I don't appeal for myself, for you don't like me. But just think of this: for ten years I have been a dutiful wife. Listen. I knew of this murder on the night he committed it; for he came straight back with stained hands, and a face I never shall forget. Do you not think that was something to forgive? But I did it, and I implore you to do it, too. I am not asking you an impossible thing, for I have done it myself. And think under what circumstances!"

But Ned remained as hard as nails.

"I suppose—no offense to you, madam—your motives were not entirely unselfish; and even if they were, that's no business of mine. If you chose to put up with him, that was your lookout. I came back here to punish my sister's murderer, and I'm not going to be made a fool of by a woman when the game is in my own hands."

Mrs. Brander saw that there was hope. She moved nearer to him, clasping her hands, not in supplication, but because they would twitch and tremble, and so betray her anguish she was suffering. She tried to speak, but couldn't. But with one piteous look out of her proud eyes, she turned away again.

"Well, said Ned, in very ill-tempered tones, "we're wasting our time here. Abel, and Mrs. Brander's. So please, madam, let us see your husband, and have done with him."

But Mrs. Brander hastened to intercept him on his way to the door.

"You will not be too hard," she pleaded, in a breaking voice. "You are not vindictive, I am sure."

"I beg your pardon, madam; that's just what I am," snarled Ned. "And if I'm fool enough not to insist on the hanging he deserves, I'm not going to let him off scot free, I can tell you."

"Of course not, of course not," said she, in a tone of great relief. "He has done wrong—a great wrong; and he must suffer for it—we must suffer for it. Only don't expose him. Anything but that."

"Yes, anything but what he deserves, of course. Let us pass, madam, please. He is in the library, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," she faltered.

Ned turned round abruptly.

"You suppose so! Well, if he's given us the slip and left you to bear the brunt of it all, it'll be the worse for him."

Mrs. Brander drew herself up in the old, proud way, and spoke with her accustomed cold haughtiness in addressing a person she disliked.

"You need not be afraid, Mr. Mitchell. I can stand by a criminal husband; I would not be a cowardly one."

"Do you call it courageous, then, to kill a woman and let another man bear the blame for ten years?" asked Ned.

Mrs. Brander did not answer. She led the way across the hall to the study and knocked.

"Come in," called out the vicar, in his usual voice.

She opened the door and signed to the two men to follow her in. Abel would have slunk away, but Ned Mitchell kept a tight hold on his arm. Both, however, kept in the background, near the door, while the lady went up to her husband and laid her hand upon his shoulder. He leaned back in his comfortable chair, pen still in hand. He had been busy writing, and the table was covered with large sheets of MS. He faced the two intruders with an air of mild annoyance, which would have made an onlooker think that he was the injured person. Ned, with astonishment, which he would not admit by word or look, examined the bland, fair face, with its healthy complexion, frank, blue eyes, broad, white forehead, and saw on it no trace of shame, guilt or even of anxiety. It was his wife's face which bore all these signs. As she stood, upright and daring, by her husband's side, handsome, majestic and brave, Ned Mitchell felt that to deal with Meredith as he deserved, while she remained there, was impossible. He half turned, as if anxious to put off the interview. The vicar changed his position, wheeling his chair round so that he could face the two men.

"Well," he said, "you wish to speak to me, do you not?"

"Yes, we do. But what we have to say we wish to say to you alone."

"Go, my dear," said Meredith, turning kindly to his wife.

She hesitated, and he pushed her gently away from him. Then she stooped, kissed his forehead, and with an imploring, yet still dignified look into Ned's reluctant eyes as she passed him, she slowly left the room.

"Now," said Mitchell, in a louder, more assured tone, as if much relieved, "we've got an account to settle with you."

(To be continued.)

COUSIN BETTY'S CROSS-STITCH.

It Was a Rose Wreath on a Grey-Green Background.

One of Virginia Pryor's earliest recollections was of Cousin Betty's sofa pillow. Cousin Betty was working it in cross-stitch, a wreath of rosebuds upon a gray-green background. The background made almost as deep an impression as the flowers upon the little girl who stood beside Cousin Betty's chair, watching. Probably that was because of Cousin Betty's odd way of working, now at one of the pink rosebuds or green leaves, and now at the patch of gray down in one corner.

Virginia used to watch the gray patch with fascinated eyes as it crept slowly toward the blossoms. She had a feeling that some day it would sweep like a tide entirely over the rosebuds.

Year after year, as Virginia visited Cousin Betty, she watched the pillow grow. But gradually, as Virginia herself grew older, the visits became less frequent. School interfered, and then college, and then—something else. But after the something else had happened, Virginia declared that she must have one more visit with Cousin Betty. She wanted to tell her herself—and she wanted to be a little girl again for the last time.

She found the low white house and the old garden just as she remembered them; even Cousin Betty appeared no older. Virginia looked about her with a happy smile.

"Is the sofa pillow done, Cousin Betty?" she asked.

"No," Cousin Betty smiled.

Virginia laughed. "It must be twenty years you've been working at it," she declared.

"Twenty-one," Cousin Betty answered, serenely.

Suddenly Virginia had an idea. "We'll finish it together while I'm here, turn and turn about!" she exclaimed.

So the next day Cousin Betty brought out the sofa pillow, and they worked at it in turn. The delicate wreath, the colors a little dimmed by age, grew more beautiful with every stitch.

"I just love it!" Virginia declared, enthusiastically.

Cousin Betty was silent a moment; then she said, slowly, "I always meant it for you if you wanted it, Virginia. It's been a great comfort to me all these years. I put in the rosebuds and leaves when happy things happened, and worked off my blues on the background. Each of those rosebuds stands for one of your visits. It's been such company to me!"

Virginia dropped her needle and ran across to Cousin Betty.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she cried. "Do you suppose I'd have touched it? No, dear Cousin Betty, I won't take that, but I'll take something else if you'll make it for me. I want you to start a pillow for me—start it as you did this, with a little rosebud in the northwest corner. Then when I get cross with John"—the pink crept into her face as she said it, as if she ever could get cross with John—"or housekeeping goes wrong, I'll work off my blues on the background."

"I guess you might do a great deal worse things, Virginia," Cousin Betty replied.—Youth's Companion.

Arthur A. Wilder, who has succeeded F. M. Hatch as associate justice of Hawaii, is a native of Honolulu. He was educated in the United States.

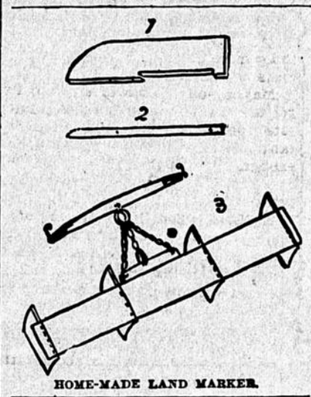
FARMS AND FARMERS

Home-Made Marker.

The marker shown is a handy tool on any farm and while it is especially useful in the garden, it may be operated for larger areas. The marker is shown complete at figure three in the cut. Cut a plank twelve inches wide by two inches thick, the desired length. The runners are cut from plank in the form shown at figure one.

By cutting a groove as shown in the runner just wide enough to let in the plank greater strength is secured than would be possible if the runners were simply nailed to the plank. As the horse pulls forward the notch offers considerable resistance which prevents the runners from being knocked off should the marker strike some obstruction.

At figure two is shown a piece of hoop iron which is designed to nail over the top of the runner and plank thus giving additional strength. A marker made as directed will last for years



HOME-MADE LAND MARKER.

and do excellent work. It is so simple in construction that any man who can handle tools can make it.—Indianapolis News.

The Effect of Nitro-Culture.

Erroneous statements which have recently been appearing in the public press regarding the free and unlimited distribution of inoculating material for leguminous crops is likely to cause those who apply for these cultures to be disappointed. A circular of the department of agriculture now announces that the results obtained with pure cultures in inoculating leguminous plants has resulted in such a demand for this material that the facilities of the department have been taxed to their utmost, and for some time it has been impossible to meet the demand.

The patent which the department holds upon the method of growing and distributing these organisms was taken out in such a way that no one can maintain a monopoly of the manufacture of such cultures and so as to permit of its being taken up and handled commercially. The commercial product is being handled quite generally by seedsmen. Upon application the department has furnished all necessary information to the bacteriologists representing properly equipped concerns, but it cannot assume to make any statement which could in any way be regarded as a guarantee of the commercial product, nor is it prepared to indorse each and all of the somewhat extravagant claims occasionally made for this discovery. The latest of the department's authorized statements may be found in farmers' bulletin 214.

Well Houses and Pulleys.

A tourist in the West has published the accompanying illustrations of

METHODS OF HOUSING WELLS.

houses and pulleys on wells which he saw in Colorado.

Of course, these are familiar objects to almost all country people; but nevertheless there are many wells that go uncovered. It is not a great matter, it is true, but still it is worth the cost and trouble to put a neat roof, closed in, over the well, for the protection of the rope, if one is used and also for keeping dirt from falling into the water, not to speak of preventing danger to life.

The old-fashioned open well is no longer used to any great extent, but when it is, using a bucket and pulley or windlass to draw the water has the advantages of economy and simplicity, not to speak of picturesqueness, but the water is not made any better by the well being open.

Immigrants Wanted on Farms.

The new information bureau established by the New York State Department of Agriculture is trying to solve the problem of farm labor for New York farmers. Said Secretary Larmon: "New York State wants five thousand farm hands and they can command wages of $150 to $250 a season." It appears that the best class of immigrants are going through the State West, where wages may be a trifle higher, but other attractions less favorable. There will be attempts to distribute some of the best foreign arrivals among the farmers of this State.

Liming Eggs.

Take one pint of lime, half a pint of salt, one and a half tablespoonsful of cream of tartar, mix these well in a porcelain kettle. Pour two gallons of water over them and stir until dissolved. When cool put in a stone jar (will not keep in wood), then set away in a cool place in basement or cellar. Have the eggs perfectly clean and fresh. Wash them if soiled. Put in cool, clean water when taken from the nest and then into the brine. Large jars are best. I generally put up about thirty dozen in this way in July and August and use them through the winter and until next June for bread, cake, etc. The only difference from a fresh egg they show is that the white is a little thinner and tastes very slightly of the lime.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Big-Boned Steers Not Best.

There was a time, though it was many years ago, when the big-boned steer that weighed 1,800 to 2,000 pounds, was looked for by the buyers of beeves, but now the animal that is sought by the butchers is one that weighs from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds.

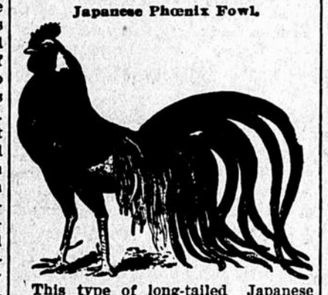
We have long since found out that the cheapest meat is made on young animals, and the money thus invested is soonest ready to be turned over. Not only is the money tied up longest in old animals, but the cost of producing meat on them is so great that our best beef feeders are no longer attempting to do that. The method now is to keep the animals growing right along from birth to the period when they weigh what the market demands.

Steers are now ready for the market at two years old or under. If all the animals shipped to the stock yards were of this kind there would not be much complaint about poor returns in stock breeding and beef-making. A good many farmers are still trying to make profitable beef on old steers. But the young steer is the only animal that gives us any promise of a profit.—Exchange.

Cow Feeding.

The food supplied to the dairy cow is designed to serve two purposes. The first, and the one that always does and always must take precedence, is the keeping up of the machinery of life. The animal heat must be maintained, and the constant wear and waste of the bones and tissues of the body must be replaced. All this must be done whether any milk is produced or not. If suitable material then remains it will be utilized for the second purpose of the food, which is the production of milk. The man who gives his cows but little food can obtain but little milk from them, simply because they have very little material from which to make it. This rule applies just as fully to the best cow in the country as it does to the poorest one.

Japanese Phœnix Fowl.



This type of long-tailed Japanese Phoenix fowl is owned by S. G. Egger, Lewisville, O.

The Cost of Making Butter.

In a recent report, published by the Iowa State Dairy Commissioner, the average cost of producing one pound of butter is given as follows:

In the creamery that makes 40,000 pounds of butter per year it costs 4 cents to make one pound of butter, and in a creamery producing 50,000 pounds it costs 3.4 cents to make one pound, while in creameries making 150,000 pounds per year it costs only 1.85 cents. In some of the very central plants that are producing over 200,000 pounds of butter per year it costs 1.4 cents per pound.

These figures clearly show that the larger the creamery the cheaper butter can be manufactured, and they also show that it takes about 400 cows tributary to one factory before a profitable creamery business can be established.

Feeding of Injured Horses.

Feeding plays a more prominent part in the healing of wounds in farm animals than is commonly supposed. This applies in particular in the case of horses. It is a well-established fact that liberal feeding with grain is very injudicious when animals are suffering from severe wounds. Such feeding is found to "inflame" the system, and to retard rather than hasten the healing of any injuries from which the animals may be suffering. For this reason veterinarians always recommend the use of cooling, laxative foods such as bran mashes and green stuff, in all cases where animals are laid up with deep-seated injuries, such as broken knees or deep cut wounds.

Perpetual Garden Peas.

The perpetual pea is a wonder. It was planted at the same time with the early peas, which are all dead and gone and other crops planted in their place. We are now eating the second crop from the perpetual, and it is still growing fresh and green, and in bloom for a third crop. We are watching this pea with a good deal of interest, not only because of its productiveness and long bearing, but on account of its size and fine quality. We had some friends at dinner a few days ago and all were delighted with the quality of this pea.

Breeds of Sheep.

The question of breed should be largely one of fancy and environment, says American Sheep Breeder. All breeds have merit when kept in the right place. If the fancier has a poor, rough, rugged farm some of the smaller breeds would be found to do better than the heavier breeds. It would be too much to expect the Lincoln, for instance, the product of low, fertile lands, to do well on the bleak, sparsely grassed highlands of Scotland.

Pinch back grape shoots, thus throwing sap into clusters. Bag a few grapes.

NOISES IN HER HEAD

Mrs. Reagan was a Nervous Wreck, But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Brought Sound Health.

"Before I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mrs. Mary Reagan, of No. 86 Kilburn street, Fall River, Mass., recently, "I was in and out of bed all the time, but now I stay up all day and do all my own work.

"I was badly run down from overwork. One day noises began in my head and almost made me crazy. My head felt as if a tight band had been put around it, and the pressure and the sounds made me so uneasy that I often had to walk the floor all night.

"My stomach was in bad shape, and I had smothering sensations. At such times my body seemed bloodless, my hands were like chalk and my face turned yellow. The doctor said I had dyspepsia in the worst form. Then my nerves gave way and I was completely prostrated. I frequently suffered from smothering sensations.

"The first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I used quieted my nerves so that I could get a good night's sleep which was a new experience for me. Before I began to use them I was a nervous wreck and trembled at the slightest sound. I was so weak that I had to sit down and rest every few steps when I went up stairs. Now I can run up a whole flight at once. The smothering sensations have gone and the noises in my head have stopped entirely. My appearance has greatly improved, for friends who were alarmed on my account before, now say: 'How well you are looking!' My husband spent over a hundred dollars on treatment for me that was worthless, but a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought me sound health."

Sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2 50 by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea" or

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail 25 cts. and 50 cts. Buy it to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

WET WEATHER COMFORT

"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never have had anything give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one."

(NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION)

You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats

OUR GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS SIGN OF THE FISH

A. J. TOWER CO. Boston, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO. Limited TORONTO, CANADA

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

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A Fib that Told on Itself.

A West Side young woman, who was going about twenty-five miles in the country to visit an aunt recently, had arranged to take a morning train and had written her relative to meet her. She found, however, that it would be inconvenient to take that train, so she decided to go in the evening. Imagine the surprise of her aunt on meeting the morning train to find no girl, but a letter in the mail it brought saying:

"I'm sorry, aunt Mary, but missed the morning train. I'll be out on the evening one—Kate."—Kansas City Times.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

Weak, Irregular, Racked with Pains—Made Well and 36 Pounds Heavier.

Mrs. E. W. Wright of 172 Main St., Haverhill, Mass., says: "In 1898 I was suffering so with sharp pains in the small of the back and had such frequent dizzy spells that I could scarcely get about the house. The urinary passages were also quite irregular. Monthly periods were so distressing I dreaded their approach. This was my condition for four years. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away when I began with them, and three boxes cured me permanently."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box.

No Cause for Complaint.

Guest (in restaurant)—Say, waiter, I ordered a spring chicken, did I not?

Waiter—Dat's what you did, sah.

Guest—Well, this fowl you brought me is evidently one of the pair Noah had in the ark.

Waiter—Yessah; but yo' all hain't got no kick comin', Ah reckon. Ef dat chicken hadn't been pow'rful healthy hit wouldn't neber done reached dat advanc'd age, sah.

DISFIGURING HUMOR.

BRUSHED SCALES FROM FACE LIKE POWDER.

Doctor Said Lady Would Be Disfigured for Life—Cuticura Works Wonders.

"I suffered with eczema all over my body. My face was covered; my eyebrows came out. I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better. I then went to another doctor. He thought my face would be marked for life, but my brother-in-law told me to get Cuticura. I washed with Cuticura Soap, applied Cuticura Ointment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as directed. I could brush the scales off my face like powder. Now my face is just as clean as it ever was.—Mrs. Emma White, 641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April 25, '05."