



All the year round in the time when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery works the best.

It purifies the blood. It's not like the sarsaparillas, which claim to do good in March, April, and May; you can depend upon it always.

No other medicine of its kind says as much—but no other does as much. It cleanses, renews and invigorates the entire system.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer \$500 for an incurable case of Catarrh. It isn't mere talk—it's business.

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths.

A Safe Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

THE EMPEROR'S IDEA.

Emperor William has astonished and disgusted Germany by writing in the Golden Book at Munich "The will of the Emperor is the supreme law."

SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

Vile cod-liver oil has lost its vileness in Scott's Emulsion and gained a good deal in efficiency.

It is broken up into tiny drops which are covered with glycerine, just as quinine in pills is coated with sugar or gelatine.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda add their tonic effect to that of the half-digested cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING—free.

Scott & Bowen, Chemists, 134 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do.

INDIAN DEPRECIATION

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CLAIMS

The "EXAMINER" Bureau of Claims

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If you have a claim of any description whatsoever against the United States Government, and wish it speedily adjudicated, address:

JOHN WEDDERBURN, Manager, 215 P STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

ASTHMA CURED

No matter how long standing DR. HAMILTON'S CURE FOR ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND COUGHS is a sure cure. It is a liquid, is easily used, and is guaranteed to cure when properly used.

DR. HAMILTON'S CURE FOR ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND COUGHS. Price, \$1.00 at druggists, or by mail, \$1.25. Address: DR. HAMILTON'S CURE FOR ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND COUGHS, 1111 N. 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

A positive cure for insomnia is to make a tea of Jerusalem oak, which grows in the woods, and drink it as you would any other tea, before going to bed.—Detroit Free Press.

Rice bread may be made by putting one-third cold, boiled rice to the sponge when bread is set to rise. The loaf will be moist, not because it is raw, but because it is its nature.—Good House-keeping.

Lemon Pie: One pound of sugar, two lemons grated, the juice strained; one-fourth of a pound of butter, six eggs, leaving out two whites. Let simmer till it is thick as honey. Cover and it will keep a month.—Home.

Orange Cookies: One cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, two tablespoonsful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two teaspoonfuls orange extract, flour sufficient to roll thin; bake in quick oven, sugar should be sifted on, same as for lemon cookies.—Detroit Free Press.

Hot milk is recommended by a medical journal as an excellent substitute for beer, whisky or other alcoholic stimulants, in cases of great fatigue and over-exertion of body and mind.

It is risky to attempt to decorate china that has been used, because if the glaze has become permeated with grease, which in course of time gradually happens, the colors can not be successfully fired.

The greatest care is necessary in cooking venison. Like all game, it must be served very hot. The cold pastry is the only exception to the rule.

It is not at all surprising that parrots should use poly-syllables.—Boston Journal.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc.

The old-time father and mother were a spanking team.—Galveston News.

NOT GOOD FOR A COLD.

Failure of an Old-Time Remedy to Afford a Common Affliction.

"Hello! You seem to have a bad cold," said a News reporter to a well-known politician whom he met the other day.

"Well, I should say so," remarked the one addressed, in a voice which seemed to come from his boot-tops.

"You see, I was out on a recent night blowing a horn, and I have been threatened with whooping-cough, croup, diphtheria and all the other throat diseases ever since."

"But I want to tell you the game my wife played on you. You see, although she is not a very old woman, she is extremely old-fashioned—always wanting to tie a woolen stocking around the children's necks for some throat, hanging little bags of asafetida on them to keep off diseases, feeding them sulphur and molasses in the spring to clean up their blood, and sassafras tea in the fall to thin their blood and get them ready for winter, and all the other old-time whims."

"Well, when I went home the other night with my fine, large cold, she concluded that a whisky sweat was the proper thing for me, and forthwith scudded to the drug store and brought home a pint of the worst whisky I ever saw."

"Taking half of it she proceeded to make what she called a 'stew,' and for fear the liquor would not be bad enough to burn me up she garnished it with some red peppers, No. 6 and a few more things, and after bustling around and getting me into my night-shirt she had me drink that vile decoction and then seat myself on a chair."

Putting the remainder of the whisky in a saucer, she set it on fire, and then covered me all over with a blanket, and I had to sit there until all the pores in my body were duly opened, after which I was permitted to wrap myself up in the blanket and get into bed between two hot blankets.

Shades of tophet, how hot it was! But there was no getting out of it, for the good wife announced her intention of sitting up and watching to see that I kept under the cover, so to speak. When I awoke I had a chill, there was no bedclothes on me and there was the partner of my joys and sorrows on the bed by my side, sleeping soundly.

"Poor woman! She meant well, but my throat was more sore than ever the next morning, and I had to help myself or make signs at the breakfast table. And my wife is the maddest woman in our neighborhood. This whisky sweat for a cold has been handed down from generation to generation in her family, but it will stop right here. She will never teach our daughter how to make a whisky stew or give a sweat!"

Indianapolis News.

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FARMER AND PLANTER.

SEARCHING QUESTIONS.

How Many Farmers Can Answer Them to Their Own Satisfaction?

A North Carolina farmer propounds the searching questions below to his brother farmers in the "Tar Heel State." They will be found applicable to all sections of the country. The questions get right down to the milk in the cocoon!

Do you know that the farmers of North Carolina spent over three million dollars this year for fertilizers for cotton and tobacco?

Do you suppose they will be able to get enough extra from the crops to pay the bill?

Do you know that more than three million dollars' worth of fertilizing material has been washed away this rainy season from your barnyards because of neglect in looking after your home-made fertilizers?

Do you suppose that the land of North Carolina is a dollar's worth better off because of the three million dollars spent for fertilizers for sale crops?

Don't you know that field you are "resting," as you suppose, by allowing it to grow up in weeds, is ripening a lot of seeds and making more nut-grass roots to bother you next year?

Don't you know that if you had sown that field in peas you would have a great crop of pea-vine hay to cut and feed this winter?

Don't you know that the feeding of that hay would bring you your money back in the animals fed, and leave you a lot of manure that will pay you better than the bought mixtures?

Don't you know that crimson clover seed scattered on this pea stubble will give you a good winter pasture and furnish you a growth to turn under next spring that would give you more corn, cotton or tobacco than five times its cost spent for fertilizers?

Don't you know that the constant culture of the soil in cotton, year after year, is making your land poorer all the time?

Don't you know that whatever makes your land poorer makes you poorer also?

Did you ever hear of a farmer who got rich by buying fertilizers merely to raise cotton with?

Did you ever know a farmer who made his land rich by intelligent course of cultivation who did not get "well off" as fast as his farm did?

Did you ever know cow peas or clover to bring a man in debt to a commission merchant?

Did you ever know home-made manure to fail to improve your land?

Do you know of a farmer who has too much of it?

Did you ever know a cow injured by a comfortable stable and plenty of hay?

Did you ever know a man to get rich in any business who did not study it, and have faith in it, and give his whole time and energy to it?

Don't you know that the biggest tax the farmers of North Carolina pay today is the fertilizer bill, the waste of home-made manure and the washing away of fertilizers from fields kept bare of clover or grass?

Don't you suppose that somebody, somewhere, makes a profit in raising the pork you send money to Chicago for out of your cotton crop?

Don't you suppose somebody, somewhere, makes a living, and perhaps grows rich, growing the wheat your flour is made of, which you buy out of your cotton crop?

Don't you suppose that somebody, somewhere, makes money by raising the bees which the butchers in North Carolina towns have to send to Richmond to buy?

Don't you know that you could raise all these things here, and, in raising them, raise more cotton on a few acres than you now do on many?

Do you see how high prices are going to benefit the farmer who has bread, meat and manure to buy and only one thing to sell?

With cotton low down and wheat high, how is a man helped who raises no wheat?

What if butter is awfully high-priced in our towns, while our farmers have no cows, or nothing to feed them on if they have, while somebody somewhere else makes money by feeding cows and shipping butter south?

If you know all these things, don't you see that bad farming has more to do with farmers' troubles than anything else he has to endure, and there is no doubt that he has much to carry aside from this?—Southern Cultivator.

TILE DRAINING.

Something Few Farmers Seem to Appreciate the Value Of.

Few farmers appreciate the value of thoroughly under-draining wet places on their farms, or we should see this advance in improvement oftener undertaken. What has up to the time of draining been little if anything more than an idle waste, may by judicious tile draining become the most fertile and productive spot in the neighborhood. Thus, instead of being a constant threat to health and an unsightly waste, it is turned into a source of profit to the owner, and will be pointed to with pride by every one who knows of it as an object lesson in what may be done in numerous places.

These remarks have been suggested by observations on a meadow which had been flooded by the filling up of an old mill-pond near Morgan, but which is being reclaimed for Dr. P. L. Murphy, superintendent of the state hospital, by Mr. W. E. Walton, who has the farming for the hospital in his immediate charge. Up to the time the first drains were laid, which was less than a year ago, the whole area was either a barren waste or a thicket of coarse weeds and small trees, of which no use could be made. This season it has produced a heavy growth of corn in the whole area first drained, except on about one-half acre, where the wire-worms' larvae, of the snapping-beetles have injured it, and about two acres, most of which was devoted to melons and pumpkins. Thirty tons of watermelons were taken from about one and one-half acres and the yellow pumpkins, still on the ground where they grew, were a beautiful sight in the early September sun.

It was but a short time ago when a high authority in agriculture expressed the opinion that the stream into which the drains most empty could not be lowered enough to make the drainage of this meadow successful. Straightening the curves by cutting across the loops has helped, so that now the stream has cut its own bottom down eighteen inches lower than it was when the work was undertaken.

This reclaim meadow bids fair to become the most productive field of the farm, which is contributing in many ways to the support of the state hospital.—F. E. Emery, Agriculturist, N. C. Experimental Station.

EARLY LAMBS.

A Business that Can Scarcely be Overdone.

The demand for early lambs has become so settled that there is little danger of over-production, as some predicted when this industry began. The season begins with the holidays, and lasts until too warm to ship, generally about April 1. Good ewes only can produce good lambs. They need not be young, although it does not pay to keep them after four or five years old, but they must be strong, healthy and of good breeding. The best ewes for this purpose are crosses between Merinos and some coarse wool sheep, Southdowns preferable. This produces animals of fair size, with wool that weighs and sells well. Each year poor milkers may be weeded out, and the flock made nearly perfect. About December 1 the ewes should be inclosed in the pens. This time may vary, according to the season, but it is oftener earlier than later. The fold must be light, well ventilated, and warm, between sixty and seventy degrees Fahrenheit.

If the temperature be warmer than the common living rooms of a house the sheep do not thrive, and if below fifty degrees it is too cold for the lambs. Ventilation and drainage are important to prevent dampness and mold. Almost any basement may be made warm enough without artificial heat by lining the sides with boards and straw or chaff. Paper may be used, but is not much better. For a few days after shearing the fold should be kept quite warm, as sheep feel the cold; but as soon as the wool starts a little the temperature may be lowered. It is needless to try to raise lambs in winter without shearing the ewes; if the place is warm enough for lambs, ewes suffer from heat, and vice versa. Then, too, lambs get ticks from unshorn mothers, which hinder growth; they also look dirty from rubbing against the ewes, which sometimes hurts the sale. Moreover, ewes not sheared lose considerable wool.—Rural World.

Scratching the Surface.

Why is it that thousands find a continual and persistent scratching of the mere thin top soil during the growing time of such very great importance and profit? Plainly, because just below this protective stirred surface the most of the feeding roots ramify in their search for supplies for the plants they respectively belong to. They get their wholesomest and best food near the surface, where access of air sweetens and prepares it, and where raw material of the food is in most abundance. But water must be present, for it is only in solution in water that the roots can imbibe or convey the food. If the surface is kept open and loose, either artificially, as by implements in our fields, or naturally, as by the annual mulch of leaves and sticks in the forests, the water continually rising through the soil is brought to a stand just where the feeding roots want it. It is prevented from rising further and escaping by evaporation if the surface is so freshly and completely broken that its capillarity is there destroyed. The initial deep plowing of the soil is of little importance compared with this essential frequent surface-stirring and crust-prevention.—Rural World.

Light in Barns.

A man took two calves sixty days old, weighing 180 and 182 pounds, and both deep red in color, and placed the heavier one in a dark room where the feed could be delivered by a spout. The other he placed in a similar room, where it had plenty of sunlight, and both had the same feed for three months. At the end of that time the one in the light room weighed 430 pounds and was apparently healthy. The other weighed only 360 pounds, and had faded in color to a dull, dirty red, and for a week or two after restoration to the light kept its eyes closed most of the time. It never recovered its former bright color, or from the other effects of its three months in darkness. Neither animals nor vegetables can thrive without sunlight.—Rural World.

HERE AND THERE.

—Farmers, don't forever hang to the tail end of the coupling-pole of the goat of progress. Take a front seat, or go under with the tan bucket and wagon dog. It is the man who rides on the cow-catcher that gets there first.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

—In an arithmetical progression the sum of the means always equals the sum of the extremes. Borrowing money to pay interest on borrowed money constitutes the extremes of a progression that generally exceeds the means.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

—We must never lose sight of the fact that the magnitude of our crops measurably depends on our own skill and industry. Our law-makers and rulers have no control over the elements or our own good management.—Rural World.

—It will require a long spell of wet weather to bring the road question to the front. There are some things people will not see until they get their teams and wagons bogged down in a narrow lane and wrestle with the restraint of their religious profession.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

—All intelligent students of the horse give little hay, and feed grain more liberally than to the ruminants, for the double reason that the horse makes poorer use of the hay than a steer or sheep will, and is easier of motion. Good horse breeders give but ten or twelve pounds of hay a day, and feed once or twice daily.—Rural World.

—The agricultural department of the government will make an exhibit at the World's fair of face-simile casts of all of two hundred varieties of edible mushrooms which grow in this country. It is believed that the exhibit will be productive of great benefit in educating the people respecting this valuable article of food, which is abundant, but now little utilized.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

—If the governments of Europe were as anxious to supply their poor with good, cheap and nutritious meat food as they are to protect by a high tariff their own rich producers, they could very easily demonstrate the quality of American pork, how it is bred, raised and fed; then how it is killed, cured, packed and shipped, without waiting for a series of years to have it dignified into their ears by would-be diplomats.—Rural World.

A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS.

SOBER second thoughts are generally preceded by headaches.—Texas Sittings.

It is easier to forgive enemies who have worried than enemies who have worried us.—N. Y. Herald.

Don't fool with a wasp because you think he looks weak and tired; you'll find he's all right in the end.—Detroit Free Press.

A TOMSTONE is about the only place where the average man really doesn't care to have his name in print.—Washington Star.

It must be a supersensitive actor who won't look at a billboard for fear it might remind him of his board bill.—Morning Journal.

MEN may come and men may go, but for coming and going the servant girl has a record that never will be broken except by herself.—Peck's Sun.

WHEN we read the interminable sentences of some writers, we cannot help thinking that their readers are in danger of being sentenced to death.—Once a Week.

THE oft-repeated question of "Do you love me?" in engagement, should be changed to "Can you support me?" and "Do you know how to cook?"—Acheson Globe.

ENTERTAINING TRIFLES.

THE fountains of Trafalgar square spout five hundred gallons of water a minute.

ONE of the largest and finest maple orchards in northern Vermont was a wheat field seventy years ago.

TWO SIDES of a face are never alike. The eyes and ears are invariably out of line, and other features are dissimilar.

IT is probably not a matter of general information that the finest, purest and most nutritious animal jelly known is made from elephants' tusks.

IN a game of cards near Trenton, Tex., Charley Banks put up his pistol in lieu of chips. A dispute arose, and in the struggle for the pot the pistol went off, shooting Banks through the head.

THERE are records of elephants that have lived for 300 years, and an age of 150 years is not regarded as so very old for an elephant. It takes about a quarter of a century to get an elephant to full maturity.

A SILK weaver in Lyons, France, has spent three years in making a Catholic prayer book, in which the prayers were woven into each leaf, not printed. Five hundred copies were made. They sell for wedding gifts to the rich.

HASH AND REHASH.

THE largest chicken ranch in the world is on an island in Bellingham bay, Puget sound.

ON the Himalaya mountains fields of barley are cultivated and brought to perfection 11,500 feet above the sea.

THERE is in Connecticut town a working telegrapher who is entirely blind. Receiving, he writes messages correctly and legibly; sending, the "business" is read to him by a boy.

A PLEASANT dinner party, composed of twenty-eight persons, lately sat down to a princely meal in the interior of the trunk of a tree on the estate of the host, in Tacoma, Wash.

THE Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words also except one word. The same is true of each new appearing each week from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

A SENSITIVE old bachelor says that pretty girls affect him just as ornamental confectionery does—they give him the heartburn.—Once a Week.

THE BREATH of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spangly bones are attacked, and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat sometimes producing catarrhitis bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Dr. Harter's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

A remedy recommended by Physicians and Druggists.

"WAT' arrest me for voting twice?" said the tramp, reproachfully. "Don't you know that even history repeats itself?"—St. Joseph News.

A—The first 3 letters of the alphabet are the "A. B. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer" C—American Brewing Co., St. Louis.

"THEY say Robinson has water on the brain." "Where did he get it?" "What's the water?" "No—the brain."—Life.

THE gentler sex often suffer from peculiar weakness that gives them great distress. Let them not suffer. A great Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla attributes the female organization, and they soon grow strong and robust. It is woman's best remedy for weakness and declining health.

"SEN with what a swagger the farmer walks now!" "Yes; a sort of corn stalk."—Baltimore American.

LOVE is never satisfied until it gets both arms full.—Dallas News.

THE fat man who writes poetry should invariably be boiled down.—Texas Sittings.

FOND of a nap, but seldom found sleepy—a moth.—N. Y. Journal.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers the California Fig Syrup Company.

The young man behind the ribbon counter is not necessarily modest just because he turns all colors.—Yonkers Statesman.

All the World and His Wife Recognize Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as an incomparable remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, malaria and inactivity of the kidneys, but they are not so well aware that it has proved to be an absolute specific for "la grippe," that terribly distressing malady. Lose no time if this dire stricture attacks you in resorting to the Bitters, and you will speedily experience relief.

DOUBTLESS when they speak of the "flaring elements" they mean when the winds have come to blows.—Washington Post.

PAIN from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

"LET me give you a wrinkle," as Time said to the mature beauty's face.—Baltimore American.

USE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for Coughs, Colds and other Throat Troubles.—"Pre-eminently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

THERE'S pitch in the voice, and that's why some singers' notes stick.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

MANY mothers would willingly pay a dollar a box for Bull's Worm Destroyer if they could not get them for 25 cents. They are always safe and always sure.

THERE are many men who are generous to a fault, but it is generally to their own fault.—Boston Transcript.

FOR indigestion, constipation, sick headache, weak stomach disordered liver—take Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

IT is not at all surprising that parrots should use poly-syllables.—Boston Journal.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc.

THE self-made man should never marry a tailor-made girl.—N. O. Picayune.

BLOWS, dizziness, nausea, headache, are relieved by small doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

THE old-time father and mother were a spanking team.—Galveston News.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

A Tested Remedy For All

Blood and Skin Diseases

A reliable cure for Contagious Blood Poison, Inherited Scrofula and Skin Cancer.

As a tonic for delicate Women and Children it has no equal.

Being purely vegetable, is harmless in its effects.

A treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free on application.

Druggists Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

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\$500 REWARD

will be paid to the agent of any scale company who will sell over his own name as agent, that the Jones

5 TON WAGON SCALE, \$60

is not equal to any made, and a standard reliable scale. For particulars, address only

Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N. Y.

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TRADE MARK