I Lost My Hearing

Herman Hicks.

As a result of catarrh in the head and was deaf for over a year. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with the catarrh. I consider this a very remarkable cure." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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CURES DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA INFANTUM, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS.

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VIOLETS IN THE GRASS.

The blue wild violets in the grass,
They smile up at me as I pass;
The tender hue of April skies,
They mind me of my baby's eyes,
My bonny little laughing lass
Amid the violets in the grass!

The boniest babe was ever born!
Her tresses like the tasseled corn,
Her mouth the sweetest half-blown rose,
Her laugh the merriest breeze that blows!
Her eyes, what could their blue surpass?
Not ev'n the violets in the grass.

Ah me! how plain I see her stand,
Her feet sunk in them, and her hand
Eager to pluck them all for me,
Her face a-glow with baby glee,
Her fingers hidden in the mass
Of blue wild violets in the grass!

Again I see her, laid at rest,
The violets nestling on her breast.
The waxen fingers, white and cold,
Still clasp them in their patient hold,
But know not now, alas, alas!
The touch of violets from the grass!

Soft cradled on a sunny slope
Watched by twin angels, Faith and Hope,
My pretty baby sleeping lies:
And as it were her own sweet eyes
Smile up to greet me as I pass
The blue wild violets in the grass.
—Katharine Festetits, in Youth's Companion.

VAGARIES OF LIGHTNING.

Queer Freaks in Pennsylvania and Queerer Yet in Ohio.

"I was once driving over the Myrtle hills, in the lower part of this county, with my wife and baby, flying from a thunderstorm that was coming up rapidly in the valley," said a resident of Lancaster, Pa., "but I only did not escape from the storm, but ran right into another one equally as heavy on the very summit of the ridge. When the two storms, traveling in opposite directions, met directly over our heads, streaks and balls of fire began playing around like the spitting and exploding offshoots of a miscellaneous collection of Fourth of July pyrotechnics. Lightning danced and flashed on every bit of metal there was in my horses' harness, whirled around with the tires on all four of the wheels, and ran about and zigzagged everywhere around the buggy frame, until we were literally sitting in a fiery chariot drawn by a horse encased in flaming harness. It was not only the sight of this most extraordinary electrical display, but the snapping, cracking and exploding of the lightning, like a continuous volley of musketry, that struck us dumb with terror. The poor horse was too much scared to run away, the fire and noise seeming to have just the contrary effect upon him, and it was all that I could do to urge him forward. On each side of the road trees were being splintered and shivered by thunderbolts every few feet of the way, and the terror of the crashing thunder, glare of the forked lightning and noise made by the trees as they were riven by the bolts was something no one can describe. In going a mile, where we reached a house, we saw six cows, seven pigs, two horses and eighteen sheep killed by lightning in fields on both sides of the road. Neither myself, my wife, or child suffered the slightest physical injury or inconvenience from that awful play of electricity about us, and the horse seemed to be improved by it; but the nervous strain on us all was terrible. That extraordinary electrical disturbance lasted at least a quarter of an hour.

"Well, I thought that was a little the queerest sort of an experience with lightning that anyone ever had or was ever likely to have; but I have just come back from a visit to Ohio, and I want to say that that experience of mine might have been the boss queer one up to this summer, but it isn't any more. I think across some others in Ohio that can beat it.

"Take the one, for instance, at Bailyville. I got to Bailyville at about noon one day. A thunderstorm had just passed over that locality, and the clouds had nearly all broken away or rolled southward. The sun had come out, and all uneasiness on account of the storm had passed away—for thunderstorms in that region are nearly always attended by more or less damage—when the most terrific thunder clap ever heard there or elsewhere, so close to the earth that the earth trembled as if from an earthquake, and preceded not more than a second by a flash of lightning of blinding sharpness, broke from the cloudless noonday sky. The sudden appearance and terrible nature of the startling phenomenon paralyzed the farming community with alarm, and it was several minutes before anyone ventured forth to see what damage had been done by the thunderbolt. Some very amazing things were discovered. In a field on the edge of the village a large flock of sheep were pasturing. The sheep had all huddled together, as sheep will during a thunderstorm, and were still huddled when the surprising clap came. When the owner of the sheep went to the field to see if anything had befallen his flock he found every sheep standing just as they had huddled in the storm, but out of the forty in the flock eighteen were dead. Not one of the dead sheep had fallen to the ground. That was strange enough, but the eighteen dead sheep were black sheep, all the others in the flock being white, and unhurt. Each dead sheep had a hole in the back of its neck, around which the wool was burned away.

"On the farm a short distance from the village a big flock of sheep had gathered in a circular bunch during the storm, and every outside sheep was killed, twenty in all, and all white fleeced. On that same farm, but in another field, was a small flock of sheep, all white except one, which was a big black ram. The ewes all huddled about the ram while the storm raged, and when the thunder clap came the ram was killed, no harm befalling one of the other sheep. More than that, the ram's fleece had been turned by the shock as white as that of any other sheep in the flock. That was all the damage that was reported during the hour I was in Bailyville, but it was enough to convince me that Ohio lightning knew a few tricks that Pennsylvania lightning hadn't learned yet.

"My friend Simon Frey lives at Big Oil valley with his wife and seven weeks' old baby. One day Simon was hurrying home from the valley trying to get there before a big thunderstorm that was coming up caught him. The rain began falling before he got there, and was coming down for certain when he drove into his barn. Simon stood in the barn door waiting for the rain to slack up, when his house was struck by lightning. It seemed to hit both chimneys at once, and a streak of fire ran from one chimney along the peak of the roof, and midway between the two chimneys it met another streak of fire that was flashing along the peak from the other chimney, or, rather, where the chimney had been, for both chimneys were knocked into brick dust by the lightning. When the two fiery currents met in the center of the ridgepole there was an explosion like the discharge of a cannon, and a fountain of bluish flame, that threw off snapping and zigzagging sparks and jets of fire, shot up into the air at least ten feet. Then all was over, the whole exhibition lasting not more than three seconds.

"Simon was only three rods away from the house, but felt not the slightest effects of the terrible shock. He ran to the house, not knowing what horrifying sight might await him there, as it seemed impossible that his wife and baby could have escaped death beneath that terrific electrical bombardment. But they had, and after the first shock of his fright was over Simon couldn't do anything else but lie down and almost burst with laughter, the lightning had brought about so ludicrous a situation in the house. Mrs. Frey was sitting on the kitchen table, her head resting against the wall. In one hand she held a rolling pin, while the other was buried to the wrist in a roll of dough. She was covered with flour from head to foot. The baby lay in a basket of newly-washed clothes in a far corner of the kitchen, yelling at the top of its lungs. The baby's cradle was turned upside down in the center of the room.

"When Mrs. Frey recovered from her dazed condition, which was not for some time, she gave her recollection of the occurrence. She was rolling out bread dough on the table, a mound of flour lying before her. The baby was asleep in its cradle. Suddenly she heard a strange and loud buzzing in her head and felt herself being lifted bodily from the floor. That was all she knew of what had happened. The terrific report of the meeting currents on the roof she had not heard. There was no sign of any damage inside the house, but in some strange way the lightning had lifted Mrs. Frey from the floor and plumped her down on the table and had tumbled the cradle upside down and carried the baby across the room and dumped it unharmed in the basket of clothes. The mound of flour had been swept clear from the table and scattered from head to foot over Mrs. Frey. The lump of bread dough she was rolling out was cut in two in the middle as if it had been done with a knife. One-half remained on the table, the other half being wrapped completely around Mrs. Frey's hand. Aside from a severe nausea that troubled Mrs. Frey all the rest of the day, neither she nor the baby suffered any ill effects from their extraordinary experience."—N. Y. Sun.

PLAIN COMMON SENSE.

The Witness' Answer Exhausted the Subject.

A story which might bring some comfort to badgered witnesses is told in connection with Col. Fowler, one of Gen. Shaler's staff. He was a clever lawyer as well as a good soldier, and he once fell into the hands of a fellow-lawyer, whose chief ability lay in the direction of abusing plaintiff's attorneys and confusing their witnesses.

On the occasion in question Col. Fowler was on the stand to establish his signature to a document, and swore without hesitation that it was a genuine autograph.

"Now, sir," said the lawyer, with a threatening and impressive shake of his forefinger, "on your oath—on your oath, remember—how do you know that is your signature?"

"Well, sir," replied Col. Fowler, unmoved by the man who was apt to make timid witnesses confused and even hysterical in some cases, "on my oath I don't know how I know that is my signature, but I do know it."

The lawyer was a little taken aback by this calm reply, and before he could rally from his surprise the judge spoke up.

"That will do, counselor," said he. "The witness is right. No man can know how he knows a thing of that sort, and the witness' answer has exhausted the subject. The human mind is incapable of analyzing its own action by which it attains this mysterious knowledge."

And so that cross-examination failed through the common-sense answer of Col. Fowler to a question which hundreds of witnesses have tried to answer, with the sole result of leaving the jury under the impression that they were lacking in one of two qualities—truthfulness or intellect.—Youth's Companion.

AN ORIENTAL BUNCO GAME.

How Nadir Shah Gained a Jewel He Coveted.

One of the cleverest and yet most simple bunco games ever accomplished was worked by Nadir Shah, a robber, who became king of Persia, and subsequently conquered a great part of India about a century and a half ago. During his progress through the latter country he defeated the Tartar king of Delhi, and, after appropriating everything in sight, he graciously offered to reinstate the fallen monarch as his representative and vassal.

The king accepted with alacrity, and the two swore eternal friendship, and service and protection respectively.

An elaborate ceremony was arranged to celebrate the event, and the Tartar chief made his appearance at the proper time, dressed in all the magnificence he could muster, but there was that about him which made the conqueror start, for, blazing in his turban was a diamond such as Persian eyes had never looked upon before. It was in fact no less than the famous Koh-i-noor, of mountain of light.

Nadir Shah was overcome with mortification and regret that he should have left such a gem in the king's possession, but he could not consistently plunder the man whom he had just promised to protect.

At last an idea struck him. There was an ancient oriental custom of exchanging turbans as a token of amity.

Nadir at once put it into practice. He removed his own handsome headgear, and tendered it to the other. The Tartar could not refuse this mark of condescension, and so he reluctantly accepted Nadir's turban, handed over his own, and the mountain of light passed away from Delhi forever.—Detroit Free Press.

—"Confound the man who invented the thermometer!" "Why?" "If it were not for him, we'd never know how beastly variable this climate is."—Harper's Bazar.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

KEEP A LEVEL HEAD.

The Farmer Should Always Have His Wits About Him.

The farmer at all times should keep a level head on his shoulders, and under no circumstances be stampeded or panic-stricken in carrying on the operations on his farm. He needs particularly a level head at this season of the year when, we regret to say, the community in general are losing their heads on the question of finances. We mention several ways in which farmers may do an unwise thing, and we fear many of them are doing it.

1. Many farmers are doing themselves very great injury by losing confidence in the financial system of the country, and especially in the soundness of the banks in their neighborhood, and therefore, withdrawing their deposits, and thus taking them out of the general circulation. It is within the power of the farmers of the United States at any time to bring on a panic which will affect the entire country, and other countries as well, by simply taking their deposits out of the banks and keeping them at home. This involves such a violent contraction of currency that it is felt in every avenue of business. Farmers generally believe that in so doing they are making sure of what they have, acting with supreme conservatism, and as they term it, "making themselves safe." There is nothing they could do that would make them more unsafe, for the reason that anything disturbing public confidence necessarily stops business, throws labor out of employment, increases crime, stops production in other lines and robs him of his own market. If the laboring men can not get employment they can not buy farm products, and as a matter of course prices of farm products must fall and the reaction comes upon the farmer in full force.

The result of it is a stoppage of factories, and throwing labor out of employment necessarily means exceedingly low prices for farm products. Factories must stop when there is a violent contraction of the currency, and the farming operations being the great interest of the west, any sudden withdrawal of money from banks destroys confidence. It takes years to build up a confidence that can be destroyed in months.

2. We think that farmers are making a mistake in holding their farm products in hope of higher prices. We believe that on their merits everything produced on the farm this year should bring a good price, provided consumption of farm products go on. If this stops from any reason prices must necessarily fall to the limit of their consumption, and no power can advance them except for a brief period. Speculation may depress them for a brief period below it, but after all the permanent range of prices is determined by the consumption of products.

Anything, therefore, that stops consumption depresses prices and inflicts no end of suffering. We think it specially unwise to hold crops for speculation at the close of the season when a bountiful harvest of almost everything, with the exception of wheat, is in prospect. Of course accident may happen any crop as yet. The exact measure of the crops of the season has not been determined as yet, and some of them will not be for sixty days, but the present condition indicates that there will be no scarcity of anything grown on the farm. We should therefore expect, under ordinary circumstances, good prices, but not excessive, for the reason that there is no very great surplus of any one crop. If, however, from any reason consumption decreases, the price necessarily decreases, and we therefore think it a good time to be closed out of last year's crops and send them on the market of the world.

It is especially hazardous to hold crops when the farmer is in debt. Liquidation is now the order of the day, and the more complete it is the quicker will be the recovery.

Therefore, if we have any advice to give our readers it is that when they have anything that is ready for the market, sell it. Prices may go higher after awhile, but unless there be a speedy restoration of confidence, they will undoubtedly go lower.

It is a good rule to sell any crop on the farm when it is ready. The man who adopts the habit of selling hogs, cattle or whatever else he may have when they are fit to go, no matter what the market may be, will usually come out the best in the long run.

Many men have made money by being indebted to banks which required immediate payment, and, in a word, forced them to sell their stock. Sometimes they have lost, and as a rule will lose when the stuff is not fit to go. When it is fit to go, the man who is compeled to sell is sometimes quite fortunate.

The man who imagines that everything is going to be bow-wows because for a time there is a stringency in the money market is making a great mistake. Consumption to some extent must go on. People must eat and must be clothed. These things can not stop altogether. Production also must go on. The sun does not cease to shine because some men are panic-stricken. The pigs, lambs, calves and colts keep right on growing, corn stores up its fatness just as rapidly when bankers are calling in loans as when they are out on the streets on a hunt for good borrowers. Prices in the west are not abnormally high. There has been no rash speculation among farmers to speak of. Neither has there been overtrading among the merchants. There is plenty of money in the country to do all the business of the country, and there is nothing the matter except men, like children, are seeing spooks or ghosts in the graveyard. Under these conditions no calamity can fall on the west, except such as western people bring on themselves by failing to keep a level head.—Wisconsin Farmer

AUTUMN FOALS.

They Remove an Objection Raised Against Spring Foals.

At this season of the year many farmers are wondering whether or not it will be profitable to try and raise foals from the mares that must assist in doing the work on the farm. Where mares are depended on to do a great share of the farm work there is no doubt but what their being in foal from a service of the previous spring greatly retards the work, for no careful man wishes to run the risk of producing a premature birth of the foals by overworking his mares. Not only must mares be used in moderation for several weeks previous to foaling time, but they are not in condition to stand real hard work for quite a little time after foaling, so that to a man who depends mostly on his mares to do his work the question of raising spring foals is one of considerable importance. The objections that apply in the case of spring foals however, do not apply with equal force regarding equal foals. To be sure the trotting-horse breeders have a strong objection to breeding their mares so that they will drop foals in autumn, but as their objection is based almost solely on the ground that autumn foals are not of the requisite size and age to trot in yearling stakes the following season, it has no bearing in the case of farmers who are not raising trotters for turf purposes alone.

As a general thing and speaking from experience it may be taken as almost certain that the foal that is dropped in autumn, after the flies cease to be troublesome, and the scorching hot weather is over, will in its yearling form surpass the one that was foaled any time between the middle of July and the first of September. Indeed for some reasons it is preferable to have the autumn foal dropped nearer the first of October than the first of September.

A very large number of foals dropped in the two months of July and August die before they are a week old from the troublesome bowel complaints that are always much more fatal in the extremely hot seasons than at any other time, and even when they live, the effects of the weather, the flies and the short pasturage on which their dams are oftentimes forced to get their living give them a set-back that the well-cared for autumn foal never gets.

Farm mares that are bred so as to produce foals in the fall are in no way incapacitated from doing their full share of the spring work, and as the farm work after that time is not hard they need not be thrown out of use at all excepting for the first ten days after the birth of the foal. Then with a little extra attention the foal will begin a hearty growth that need never be checked.

In the early fall a ration of green forage will be found an excellent as well as convenient way of keeping up the mare's flow of milk. Sowed corn is a first-class article for this purpose, and where it is grown alfrifa may also be used. As the cooler weather comes a box stall should be provided for mare and foal and the ration for the mare should be of food calculated to keep up the milk supply. The usual feed of oats should give way to ground oats, bran, middlings and even ground rye mixed in proper proportions. The feed should be fed in a box in which the foal can also get to it and he will begin to partake of it in a surprisingly short time, in fact the writer has known of some foals that commenced to eat such feed at five weeks of age.

When spring comes, autumn foals that have been treated in this manner will be found to be not much behind the spring foals in point of size, and ahead of those foaled in July and August. They will also be eating grain nicely and may be weaned without stopping their growth. Then, too, the pastures will be all ready to turn them into and the dams will again be ready to take part in the spring farm work.—National Stockman and Farmer.

Pulverized Soil.

We performed an experiment many years ago which exhibited very distinctly the difference between a crop growing in a finely-pulverized soil and in one cultivated in the common, rough manner. The land was hard and cloddy, and was not fit for a fine crop. It was taken in hand when the weather was dry enough to favor fine pulverization. Parallel drills were made for roots, and to make them perfectly mellow, a log, drawn with a horse by one end, was passed successively along these proposed drills. The whole was thus finely powdered. Beets were then planted in these drills, and the mellow condition kept up through the season. The result was, in a high degree, satisfactory, and the beets raised in these drills far exceeded those under common management. A better mode of pulverizing may be devised, but this example is given, not to show the mode, but to give the result.—American Cultivator.

HERE AND THERE.

—Prevention is cheaper and better than cure. When an animal is sick it should be removed at once from all others of its kind.

—Give level culture and avoid hand labor on the potato crop and thus cheapen production. Sort thoroughly before taking to market to secure the top price.

—The farmer makes a financial failure less often than any other business man. While he seldom achieves great wealth, he has a pretty sure road to comfortable independence.

—The worst idea that a farmer can get into his head is that he needs more land. We have seen a good many farms, but seldom one where more labor could not be better employed than more land.

—It will be found an advantage to clean out the hay loft and sweep it thoroughly before new hay is stored. The number of mice and insects found snugly domiciled in the loft will be surprising.

—Butter underworked will be striped, overworked it has the appearance of lard; if done either way there is a loss in value and in the maker's reputation. A good profit is the result of attending to little details.

—In nearly all cases the nearer the work of cultivation can be given in season the better will be the results secured. Thorough cultivation is one of the essentials necessary to the growing of a good crop.

—The man that will scrub his grain bins thoroughly with boiling brine just before he fills them, will hardly be troubled with weevil. Whitewashing the bins with thin whitewash, being careful to get it into cracks and corners, makes assurance doubly sure.

—Some men set a tree as they would a fence post, but such will never make good fruit-growers. The hole for the tree should be made wide and deep, and the bottom filled with good, rich earth. Then set the tree firmly and put a good stake beside it and bind a belt of soft material about the tree and the stake.

—The best time to plow stubble ground for fall wheat is the earliest possible moment. If the roller or drag follows close after the plow, the partly crushed and pressed down lumps will not dry out and harden as they will if left as they come from the plow, and the work of preparing the seed bed will be much easier; and then the moisture in it will be conserved.

PERSONAL MENTION.

PRINCE BISMARCK expressed regret the other day that he had not kept up his pianoforte practice, and said that he thought that persons having talent for music should cultivate it assiduously.

WILLIAM ZEGLER, of Detroit, is said to be growing a new tongue immediately over the one that nature originally gave him. The name of the insurance company he is soliciting for is not given.

NEXT to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe the most successful American author, from a pecuniary point of view, is Gen. Lew Wallace, whose "Ben Hur" alone has earned him more than one hundred thousand dollars in royalties.

MISS MATT CRIM, the young novelist, was born in Louisiana, but has spent most of her life in Georgia. At present she is engaged on a novel and a play. In appearance she is graceful and girlish. She is still quite young.

Aroused and Regulated

By that purest and best of botanic alteratives, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a dormant liver renews its secretive action and impels the bile into the proper channels. This welcome change is accomplished by a disappearance of the yellow tinge of the skin and eyeballs, uneasiness in the right side, constipation, morning nausea, dizziness, furred appearance of the tongue, and sourness of the breath, which accompany liver trouble. Rheumatism, dyspepsia, malaria and kidney complaint are removed by the Bitters.

A CURIOUS thing about politicians is that just as soon as they have a finger in the pie they begin to talk of getting there with both feet.—Philadelphia Times.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

MISS PEDAGOGUE—"Name the principal parts of the verb to marry." Young Miss Wabash—"To marry, married, divorced."—Chicago Record.

A FAIR lady becomes still fairer by using Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

WHEN the suspicious man sees a balloon sailing away toward the clouds he is justified in thinking there is something up.—Troy Press.

S. K. COBURN, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

THE fine wheat will insure the farmer and the English sparrow full crops.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

SCURVY and scorbutic affections, pimples, and blotches on the skin are caused by impure blood which Beecham's Pills cure.

THIEVES may break through and steal, but they can never rob the telephone girl of her rings.—People's Home Journal.

A WELL-DIRECTED snowball puts most anyone in the mood for dancing.

LOVE never works by the clock.

THE best thing out—a conflagration.—Life.

SHADOWS are black, but they have no teeth.—Ram's Horn.

LANTERN-JAWED people can't always throw light on a subject.

THE Chinese language has only four hundred and fifty words. The rest of it is expressed with firecrackers.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

IF gravestones told the truth the millenium would be here now.

SOME people cannot weigh their opinions. There are no scales strong enough.—Galveston News.

FIRE is a good servant, and, like other servants, its goodness depends on its keeping its place.—Puck.

CYNICAL EDITOR—"Ah, it's the way of the world. We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."—Texas Siftings.

IT takes a blockhead a long while to find out what ails him.

THE small boy is never as blue as he looks, when he is eating homemade blackberry pie.—Puck.

"THE cooking school enlarges a woman's domestic sphere." "O, yes. She's apt to change husbands oftener."—Washington.

ORDER may be Heaven's first law; but it was disorder that produced earth's first lawyer.—Puck.

"WHAT is a confidence man, papa?" "A man unworthy of confidence."—N.Y. Press.

OF all the persons who get a living by filling pulpits, not the least deserving, perhaps, is the honest fellow who puts in the horsehair.—Puck.

A RECENT invention converts waste paper into hogs and barrels. This is one way of hooping up the spring poem business.

"August Flower"

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