A bill is now pending before the Legislature of Alabama, which seeks to prohibit the sale of patent medicines, unless the formula of the same shall be placed on the bottle or package containing the medicine.

An attempt to pass a similar law has been made in almost every State in the Union, but has always failed because the measure is not in the interest of the people, but on the contrary is introduced to serve some selfish end.

If proprietors could comply with the provisions of such a law, every tinker in medicine in the country would inflict on the public an imitation of remedies that require skill and experience in their preparation.

If this law is passed it will practically prohibit the sale of patent medicines in the State of Alabama, and many of them are recognized as household remedies by thousands of people who would consider it a hardship to be compelled to do without them.

"I SET four pies out on the window sill to cool," said Mrs. Hucker to her husband, "and they have all been stolen." "Then we must number them among the lost tarts," was the philosophical reply.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

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"I suffered with indigestion. Food distressed me very much. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla after meals, and before one bottle was gone I could eat heartily without distress. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to many. I never heard of its failure to cure. Recently our station agent had the grip. After he was able to get up he had a disagreeable sensation in his head. He said it felt as large as a stove and he was unable to perform his duties. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using one and a half bottles he was fully cured. Truly, there is no humbug about Hood's." JOHN BENNETT, Sunman, Ind.

Mr. John Bennett

This statement is corroborated by Bigney & Co., druggists, Sunman, Ind.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial

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A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;—

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

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FARMER AND PLANTER

TIMELY THOUGHTS.

Before Maturing Plans For Next Year Scan the Mistakes of the Past.

Before developing fully the plans for the coming year, it is well to look back and scan the mistakes of the past. Conceit often makes us attribute failures to every other possible cause than our own folly, ignorance or indolence. Everything is to blame but ourselves. This is human nature, but it does not help us to make better crops. It keeps us in the same old easy-going steps, in the same old ruts. Each successive year we repeat our mistakes, and lay the blame for failure on the weather or something else. What a boon the weather is to the poor farmer. All his shortcomings are hidden away in it.

One almost universal mistake is the cultivation of land too poor to pay any profit. On the rich lands of Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi and Alabama, and with the increased production from the use of commercial fertilizers in the older states thrown in, the average crop of cotton does not exceed one bale to three acres. Is it not perfectly clear then that a very large quantity of the poorer land planted in cotton must make less than one-third of a bale to the acre? But suppose the yield to be one-third of a bale to the acre, is there any money in it? The present season a bale of cotton will not bring on an average more than $25, which is equivalent to $8.33 gross per acre. Now set over against that, interest on land, taxes, cost of preparation and cultivation, including stock, implements, smith bill, picking, ginning, bagging and ties, hauling to market; and in many cases storage, insurance, commissions for selling, etc. After deducting these, how much will be left? Suppose you make eight bales to the mule on say twenty-four acres. The wear and tear or annual depreciation of a mule costing $150 is $15; the interest on his cost a dollar more, say $16, which, divided by eight, makes $2 a bale for horse-flesh, to say nothing of the cost of feeding the horse. The picking of a bale of cotton will cost nearly $4.00, the ginning $2.00, say $10.00 for wear and tear of horse flesh in making, and for picking and ginning one bale of cotton; or for one-third of a bale (yield of one acre) $3.33. Can you bring the cost of preparation, planting, plowing and hoeing of an acre under $5.00? Again we ask is there any money in that? On most farms the whole cost of provision crops is properly chargeable to the cotton crop, also, because the former bring no direct income—they are consumed in making cotton; and what is left to pay for your supervision, your own worry and trouble, and the exhaustion of your land. We are perfectly satisfied that less than an average yield of a half bale to the acre will not pay, and that will pay a very moderate profit only.

Here it may be asked, have southern farmers then been getting poorer, have they made no money raising only a third of a bale to the acre. As a whole, we have no hesitation in saying that they have not made money.

Some have. These are: First, those having farms naturally rich and specialy adapted to cotton, and who cultivate them with hired labor or with croppers. Second, those having lands that cost little, and have rented them for so much cotton per acre. Third, the small farmers who do their own work and utilize the labor of their young children. Those of the first class, who are unusually good managers, and who have been fortunate to secure good laborers, have made some money. Isolated cases may be found here and there. The second class make good profits whenever they watch their business closely, get tenants for whom they do not have to make advances, or tenants so industrious and thrifty as to be able to pay out. But their apparent profits are reduced sharply by the running down of their lands—tenants as a rule neither protecting land from washing nor manuring it. The third class, by utilizing the labor of their young children, get moderate compensation for their own labor, but make very small profits. The last, as a class, have probably done better than any other. Against the above three classes who have made some clear money stand the numerical majority, who either have lost money or merely paid out. Those who have lost money are in debt, probably their farms mortgaged. Alas, how many of these are to be found. Others who have paid out have lived poor, enjoying few of the comforts, except the rudest, and none of the luxuries of life. Our farmers, as a rule, work harder and live poorer than any other class. And yet the cotton crop brings a large quantity of money into the south every year. Who gets the benefit of that? The farmer least of all—the merchant, the banker, the cotton factor; the railroads get the lion's share. See how the cities have prospered and grown—how railroads have been built. But to come back to our mistakes.

Next to the mistake of working land too poor to pay profits, is that of pursuing methods which tend to make our lands poorer every year. No soil, however rich it may be naturally, will retain its fertility, if deprived of its humus. Without humus it will refuse to yield up its plant food; it will run together and bake after rains; it can not be gotten into a state of fine tilth, neither will it retain its tilth; it will suffer greatly during drought; it loses the air—it dies. Yet in the face of these well-known facts, we make cotton—a humus-destroying crop—the overshadowing crop of the farm. Keep our lands in clean culture year after year; reduce grain crops—humus producing—to a minimum, and allow no rest to the weary, exhausted soil. Never was a more suicidal policy pursued by sensible men. And, finally, to cap the climax, we spend thousands of dollars in the purchase of chemical fertilizers to apply to these soils, which, in the absence of humus, will not stand the shortest drought, and thus virtually throw money away. We ask the candid reader if the picture is overdrawn.

We shall not stop now to discuss the terrible mistake of raising cotton to buy provisions. Everybody sees and admits that, and it is very encouraging to note that the tide is rapidly setting in the opposite direction. It is the most hopeful sign of the times. More than anything else it will contribute to correcting the first two mistakes we have mentioned. Whenever less cotton is cultivated less poor land will be kept under the plow. With greater substitution of grain crops for cotton, an increase rather than a decrease of humus in the soil will follow. Give up your faith in a great number of poor acres. Year after year you have tried them and they have been found wanting. Try a smaller number of acres of your best land and cultivate them better. Every farmer knows which are the most productive and reliable fields on his farm. Plant these only and cultivate them better; place emphasis on good land, good preparation and good cultivation rather than on the number of acres planted; you will gain every turn. You will need less labor (both of man and beast), less manure, less provisions (because fewer acres call for a smaller number of work animals), fewer plows and other implements; and, moreover, you will need less rain, because such land will stand drought better. Since the use of commercial fertilizers has become general, the tendency is to rely on them too much, and on good cultivation too little. Good cultivation brings out the latent fertility of the soil, and it is upon this, after all, that our chief reliance must be placed. Fertilizers are only helps and aids, and are rapidly settling down to their proper place as supplementary additions to the compost heap. Consider the soils of the older countries of the world, of China, England, France. They have supported dense populations for hundreds of years, and yet it is only within the present century that England has imported guano from South America, bones from the continent, or utilized the phosphatic coprolites from her own formations. The same is true of France and Germany.

This brings us to another mistake of most southern farmers, to-wit: The not using of the best implements for preparing, seeding and cultivating land. Before the war the prevailing habit of clearing fresh land gave the one-horse scooter and shovel precedence over all other plows. They were well adapted to stumpy, rooty land, also to the careless, heedless negro. So firm a foothold did those plows obtain, so strong the force of habit, that they still hold the first place on most southern farms. Now it is impossible to break land deeply and thoroughly with one of these light plows when the land is at all foul. They choke up and are constantly thrown out of the ground. After the land is thus broken, it is usually bedded with twister or shovel, if intended for cotton, and that is all the preparation it receives. Contrast this with what might be done. With a heavy two-horse turn plow, or, better still, with a sulky plow, all the trash can be buried out of sight, at any depth desired, from three to ten inches. The clean surfaces thus obtained may, by alternate rolling and harrowing with a disc harrow, be brought into finest tilth from three to five inches deep. If desired, it may then be thrown into beds by a riding or walking cultivator, going once to each row. With the implements named, this greatly-superior preparation can be given with the same (or less) labor, both of man and horse, that the imperfect breaking and bedding with one-horse plows require. Imperfect preparation increases decidedly the labor of subsequent cultivation. Northern farmers who have had free labor for a long time, who have learned to appreciate its costliness, and the vital importance of economizing it, use these improved implements almost universally. Though they cost more at the beginning, they are cheap in the end. It behooves the farmer to advance cautiously and prudently in this direction. He must not purchase implements unsuited to his work or his lands or his crops, or to his laborer. He must become somewhat of a machinist, to be able to manage the more complicated implements. He must observe and study their working at the fairs and on the farms of his more advanced neighbors. He might have to visit remote parts to see them work and even then get well paid for his trouble. Take all wise precautions, but improved implements he must have, to keep pace with the times.—Southern Farm

HERE AND THERE.

—No better use can be made of surplus clabber, skim milk and buttermilk than feeding it to the pigs and poultry.

—Remember, you can save a great deal of spring work in your garden by a thorough plowing of the ground now.

—A quart of cracked wheat and a pint of cracked corn well soaked and added to two buckets of thick slop is highly recommended as a hog feed.

—When grass takes the place of half our cotton, and stock takes the place of half the cotton pickers, farmers will not have to go so far, and get so little.

—To give your stock the full benefit of the corn you feed them, you must grind it. Even the cobs, when ground with the shucks and grains, are a valuable addition.

—Feed young animals abundantly. Keep them growing. You can not stint and starve them and reasonably expect them to develop into anything but runts.

—All nursing mothers should be abundantly fed on good, nutritious food to insure the rapid development of their young. This rule is applicable to all farm animals.

—A farmer can realize money quicker on a hog than on any other domestic animal. A good hog on good feed brings a good price in good time for the good farmer's needs.

—Don't neglect plowing your garden throughly before the cold winter rains set in, provided you have not already done so. A good supply of manure should be plowed under, too.

—Beautify your grounds with shade trees and shrubbery. The most lovely picture of rural life is a farm home with green lawns, shady groves, flower yards and orchards. "While we live, let us live!"

—Throw away nothing that can be utilized on the farm. Wood ashes make a fine addition to the compost heap, and a compost heap should be found on every farm, where all waste material can be utilized.

—Raise an abundance of feed of all kinds, but do not tray to carry more stock than you can feed abundantly. You have no right to own an animal you can not make entirely comfortable by good feeding.

—"Knowledge is power." This proverb is strikingly true in agricultural life. It is the intelligent, progressive farmer who reads agricultural books and papers who leads the van of the procession.

—"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." This proverb applies to clean surroundings about your lots and barn as well as cleanliness of person. It is not only genteel to be clean, but absolutely necessary to health on the farm.

—The sheep of the future, if he profits either grower or feeder, must carry a good carcass to the butcher's block, and leave the fleece as an incident of the process. People are tired of dry, tasteless chops, and will not pay anything but beggarly prices for such.

—While the heretofore all-cotton man is looking around for other crops upon which to lavish his time and energies, he should not forget the P's are popular, powerful and prolific promotors of prosperity: Pigs, poultry, potatoes, peaches and pears. Give the P's a trial.

—A farmer will take a day to sharpen up his mill stones whenever they become worn, and he will not buy a mill that will not grind well and "hold its edge if he knows it, but he will keep a cow that would not give more than a gallon of milk a day if stabled in a corn crib and the door crammed with fodder. You don't have to philosophize to see the inconsistency in this.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

[A wellspring of pleasure.]

He who so happies, he was strong,
The four-year-old.
All things unto the king belong
Of flock and fold;
The waving of his tiny hand
Will summon all unto his stand;
No mighty monarch of the land
Is half so bold.

He was a toddling little lad
So full of play,
And such a cunning way he had
To pass the day.
He was so winsome and so shy,
With such a big and luminous eye,
Just like a slice of azure sky—
Both blue and gray.

The Saxon and the Celt combined—
A lusty strain;
The fervor tempered, cooled, refined,
And sure to reign.
The gurgling laughter gushing free
As bells that chime their revelry
When Christmas comes with gracious glee
And glad refrain.

The ruler of the house and home,
Although so small,
A face as sweet as honeycomb
He beams on all.
Close clasped unto his mamma's breast,
Snug as a pigeon in the nest,
He sinks to sweet and soothing rest
While shadows fall.

—James E. Kinsella, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

SALTING DOWN A BEAR.

An Experience That Gave a Native No Pleasure.

DOWN in the Cross Forks in the Pennsylvania hemlock belt one fall a native of one of the back districts came in.

"Does anybody know," said he, "if b'ar meat 'll salt down anyways nigh proper?"

"For winter?" said an old woodsman, who looked wise.

"Course for winter," replied the man from the back districts. "Didn't s'pect I'd be saltin' of him down for nex' summer, did ye?"

"Hev ye got a b'ar to salt?" asked the wise-looking old woodsman.

"If it were a coon or a groun' hog," said the other, "do ye s'pose I'd be astin' ye ez to how a b'ar would salt down?"

"Is yer b'ar dead?" asked the wise man.

"Course not!" exclaimed the man from the back districts. "I'm goin' ter salt him down alive, hide an' taller, claws an' gizzard, an' all his fixin's, from the top of his snout to the end of his tail! Any durn lunkhead knows that salted live b'ar orter be better chawin', long in the winter, than salted dead b'ar!"

"How old is yer b'ar?"

"I didn't 'zamine his teeth p'tic'lar close when he fust showed 'em to me, but from the glimpses I got of 'em I think he can't be a day less 'n four year old, come spring."

"Wall, if ye'r got a b'ar, an' he's dead, an' hain't more'n four year old," said the wise-looking woodsman, "he'll salt down better'n anything ye ever socked y'er teeth in. I don't keer whether it's fish, flesh or fowl! But don't salt down the head. Make head cheese outen it! Ye hain't got no idee how much better b'ar head cheese is than any other mess o' victuals that ever was put together. An' the grease that ye skim offen it when it's cookin' ye can't put no price on that's big enough, fer it hain't got its ekal for hair oil, or fer griddle greasin', or fer curin' the roomytis. An' don't salt down the b'ar's feet. Pickle 'em. Pickled b'ar's feet sets better to a feller's ribs than mumy in the wilderness did to the children o' Israel, time they run short o' fodder. Will a b'ar salt down any way nigh proper? Huh! Mebbe he won't! If ye don't think he will send him to me an' I'll reak it!"

"That's all I want to know," said the one who was seeking information. "I don't keer nothin' 'bout making head-cheese outen him nor picklin' of his feet. I jist want to salt him down. I'll go buy a bar'l an' salt the b'ar an'

"THAT'S WHAT I MEAN, BY HEN."

the sheep an' the pig all inter it together."

"Inter one bar'l?"

"Inter one bar'l."

"Yer b'ar must be a durn scraggly runt, then!"

"Fatter'n a goslin', an' weighed four hundred if he weighed an ounce!"

"Gointer pack a suckin' pig in with him, then?"

"A two-hundred-and-fifty-poun' shoat, by jeeswax! An' ez fer the sheep, tha never was a nicer an' fatter ewe ever riz fer mutton!"

"Ye mean yer gointer git a hogshead to salt 'em down in?"

"I mean I'm gointer git a bar'l to salt 'em down in! Jist one bar'l! That's what I mean!"

"Then yer lyin' faster'n a hoss kin trot! That's what I mean, by hen!"

The wise-looking old woodsman was excited. The man from the back districts just grinned. After he had grinned awhile he looked solemn and said:

"I want to tell ye, though, that it hain't no pleasure to me to hef to salt down that b'ar an' that sheep an' that pig all together in one bar'l. I'd rether put 'em in three bar'ls, but bar'ls is skeeree an' high, an' times is hard. So I'll hef to do it. If ye know where Honey Bee Rock Hole is, on Kittle creek, then ye know where that b'ar had fixed up a place fer winterin'. I'd had my eye on him fer better'n a month, an' thort I'd let him save till the weather got threatenin' an' he had got all the rib fat on him that he could carry fer lastin' him through the long snooze that lay efore him soon ez the threatenin' weather started him for the Honey Bee Rock Hole. I had sold all my sheep but that one ewe, an' I had got her in the ch'icest kind o' shape to be corned mutton fer me an' the ol' woman. She were nippin' away in the pastur' yet, an' t'other day me ol' woman says:

"'Balaam,' she says, 'ye better be fetchin' that ewe inter the barnyard, fer she's gettin' 'bout fat enough to suit Reub Shane,' says she.

"Reub Shane is a neighbor of our'n, an' I kin give ye an idee o' Reub's stardin' over our way by tellin' ye what the reg'lar sayin' is 'mongst us. For instance, mebbe I'll say to my neighbor, or mebbe my neighbor'll say to me:

"'How's yer sheep gointer come out?'

"Then I'll say, or my neighbor'll say, just accordin' ez to which it mowt be:

"'Wall, if the sniffles, or the foot rot, or Reub Shane don't get 'em, they'll do first class.'

"So I says to my ol' woman:

"'All right, Hanner. I'll fetch the ewe in to-morrow,' I says.

"That Berkshire shoat o' mine were fa tter'n butter, 'bout then, an' I sot the day fer butcherin' of him the same day I had laid out to fetch the ewe in from pastur'. I kep' him in that kivered shed o' mine, and allus lef' the door open so's he could git out in the straw yard an' mummix around if he wanted to. Early in the mornin' o' the day I were gointer butcher him Joe Been come over to help me do the business.

"'Fust,' says I to Joe, 'let's go over and fetch the ewe in from the pastur.'

"We went over, an' the ewe wasn't there. She were gone, slick an' clean.

"'Ding my biscuits,' says I. 'Reub Shane kin jedge a sheep better'n any feller I ever see! He know'd that ewe hadn't orter be out another day, an' so he's took her in!'

"'Joe Been he looked around a bit an' shook his head. But he didn't say nothin' for quite a bit. Then he says:

"'Mebbe it were Reub, an' then ag'in mebbe it wasn't,' says he.

"That were all he said. Then we went back to butcher the shoat. The pig wasn't in the yard an' the shed door were shet.

"'By jeeswax!' says I. 'That's funny,' says I.

"'Mebbe it is,' says Joe, 'an' mebbe it hain't,' says he.

"I went up an' opened the door, but I slammed 't too ag'in durn suddent, you bate yer boots.

"'By jeeswax, Joe!' says I. 'Tha's a b'ar in the shed!'

"'That's what I thort,' says Joe. 'An' yer sheep's in there, too,' says he. 'An' we won't hef to butcher the shoat, neither,' says he. 'All we got to do now,' says he, 'is to gether in the b'ar. Tha's been a lot o' work took off o' yer hands,' says he.

"I went to the house an' got my gun. When I got back Joe opened the door. Out sprang the b'ar, an' he looked ex big ez a heifer, an' he were bulged out at the sides like a hog full o' new grass. He showed a couple rows o' teeth that looked like double-blank dominoes sharpened at one end. He pounced right fer me, but I give him

"BY JEESWAX, THA'S A B'AR IN HERE."

nine buckshot out o' each bar'l o' my gun, an' he laid down in the yard an' didn't git up ag'in. I went in the shed. The pig were gone.

"'The sheep's layin' on one side o' that b'ar's innards,' says Joe, 'an' the shoat's on t'other side,' says he. 'Yer day's work has been short, sharp and decisive,' says he. 'All ye want now,' says he, 'is a bar'l to salt yer b'ar down in, an' then ye'll hev the b'ar an' the sheep an' the pig all salted down together,' says he, 'an' I reckon they'll be prime,' says he, an' he went home.

"So I guess I'll go an' buy that bar'l now an' do the saltin', though it hain't no pleasure fer me to know that I kin git that b'ar an' that sheep an' that pig all in the same bar'l."

But the man from the back districts went away grinning.—N. Y. Sun.

HER WEDDING TRIP.

Her Husband Just Remembered Her in Time to Save Her Life.

The wife of a well-known New Yorker told about an incident of her wedding trip the other evening as illustrating the forgetfulness of a man who has only recently abandoned selfish bachelorship. They had only just begun their bridal journey. On that afternoon the train left the track and began to bump along the ties. It happened at that moment that the newly-made husband was walking down the aisle of the car away from the seat where his bride sat. He knew that part of the railroad very well, and he was terrified at having the train leave the track there, for they were upon a bend on a steep and lofty embankment. With a thought of nothing but the peril which threatened the train he dashed madly for the door. He was on the platform already, careening and wavering, and in another instant he would have leaped, when, unconsciously looking back at the danger he was leaving, he saw his wife. Instantly he turned and dashed back into the car. He was just in the nick of time to reach his wife, for already the car was tottering.

"Hold on for your life!" he cried to her. "We are going headlong over the bend."

He had fallen in the aisle at her side, and, clinging to his seat, held his wife.

"Hold on for your life!" he cried again, "for we are going over!"

And they did go over several times, and though the bridal couple were cut and bruised terribly, they were more fortunate than many others, for the death list after that wreck was a long one.

"But, my husband," she said, in telling the story, "could not seem to forgive himself for having forgotten me for a second, while I could understand it perfectly. He wasn't used to looking after a wife, and if you want to know the truth," she added, with a smile, "I was glad that it all happened as it did, for I don't believe that any man who was caught in danger with his wife would desert her, but it takes a brave man who has got out of danger to go deliberately back into it. He knew that danger better than anyone else in the car, I suppose, and he must have felt that we were both lost. Yet he came back to me, and that was how I learned, on our wedding day, that my husband, if he was forgetful, was also brave."—N. Y. Tribune.

An Expert.

The girl with a pompon in her hat met the girl in the mink cape.

"I'll wager anything," said the pompon, "that Charley Hawes proposed to you last night."

"H—h—how do you know?" hesitated the mink cape, with a blush.

"Oh, a little bird told me so."

"Well, I don't care who told you," said the mink cape, desperately; "it was just too lovely for anything, and he did it beautifully and didn't get a bit embarrassed."

"Of course, of course," admitted the pompon, spitefully. "And why shouldn't he do it nicely? He's been practicing all summer."—Detroit Free Press.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WORK on the great Methodist university at Washington will begin next spring. A donation of $250,000 has been made recently with which to construct the first building.

THE enrollment of the university of Chicago is now 1,100, and it is expected that it will reach 1,600 before the close of the college year. This will be twice as many as were enrolled last year.

DR. J. J. ROBINSON, LL.D., who has resigned from the Yale law school with which he has been connected for twenty years, will become dean of a new school of philosophy of the Catholic university of America at Washington.

BUTTER AND CHEESE MAKING.

Biggest Dairy and Creamery Supply House in the World.

Farmers throughout the country are constantly making inquiries as to machinery and appliances for the making o f butter and cheese.

A reporter for a Chicago paper was recently detailed to investigate the subject. The result of the reporter's tour was the discovery that Chicago, which leads in so many things, contains the largest and most complete manufactory in the world for the production of butter and cheese making machinery and utensils. The concern is the Davis & Rankin Building and Manufacturing Company, one of the well-known and reliable business institutions of Chicago, and occupies a splendid building at 240 to 254 Lake street. In the several departments of its factory, which occupy in the aggregate some three acres of floor space, there is not an implement or a piece of mechanism, no matter how simple or how intricate, that is not made in this wonderful establishment. Six hundred persons, all of them, with the exception of about a dozen, skilled workmen and trained experts, are employed. The farmer who owns two or three cows can find here, at insignificant cost, useful devices for converting his milk into marketable form, and the community that wishes to establish a creamery large enough to take care of its entire product is accommodated with equal facility.

The centrifugal cream separator, for separating cream from milk, is as great an invention in its way as the sewing machine, the reaper or the cotton gin. The Davis & Rankin Company manufactures these devices in great variety, from a low-priced, but finely finished hand separator, worked by means of a crank, to the superb contrivance known as the Davis separator, with capacities of from 1,200 to 8,000 pounds per hour.

For furnishing motive power this company makes an admirable engine, either horizontal or upright in style, in which simplicity, compactness, strength, economy, and durability are conspicuous points. This is the only farm and dairy motor that was awarded a medal at the World's Columbian exposition.

All persons interested can do no better than to write to the Davis & Rankin Company, and obtain a catalogue of their creamery and dairy machinery supplies. When you come to Chicago pay them a visit and see one of the wonderful sights of this wonderful city.

Two at a Birth.

In conjunction with the first appearance of the infant, 1895, will be issued a new Almanac relating to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, published at Pittsburgh, by The Hostetter Company, in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish, and obtainable free of all druggists and country dealers. Besides the matter descriptive of the Bitters, it will contain accurate calendar and astronomical calculations, illustrations, jokes, verses, statistics and other interesting matter.

THEY ARE THAT WAY.—Kitty—"Oh, Mr. Flirtly is so tender, isn't he?" Judith—"Yes—pretender."—Detroit Free Press.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

GENIUS begins great works, labor alone finishes them.—Joubert.

Double the Quantity, Same Price.

Such is the highly important change made by the proprietors of that standard remedy, Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, for internal and external use. This will be very acceptable to the public, and will doubtless result in a largely increased demand for this justly popular preparation.

HEAVEN and earth fight in vain against a dunce.—Schiller.

Great Rock Island Route Playing Cards.

If you send 15 cents in stamps or coin to JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., R. I. & P. R'y, Chicago, you will receive postpaid the slickest pack of playing cards you ever handled. Beautiful steel engraved Whist Rules accompany them free.

DROPSY is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

I CAN recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

JANITOR of Skyflats (gruffly)—"What are you doing in the vestibule at this time of night? Are you one of the tenants?" Tom De Witt—"No, I'm not! So you'd better be civil or I'll break your head."—Life.

"I AM summoned to another climb," said the bellboy as the indicator announced a call from the top floor.—Philadelphia Record.

DO YOU EXPECT **To Become a Mother?** If so, then permit us to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed, a true **"Mother's Friend,"** FOR IT MAKES **Childbirth Easy** by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

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PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH.

Mrs. FRED HUNT, of *Glenville, N. Y.*, says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two bottles last September, and December 13th I had a twelve pound baby girl. When I was confined *I was not sick in any way.* I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another room and went to bed. I keep your Extract of Smart-Weed on hand all the time. It was very cold weather and our room was very cold but I did not take any cold, and never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living child and the largest of them all. I suffered everything that flesh could suffer with the other babies. I always had a doctor and then he could not help me very much, but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was only seven days old when I got up and dressed and left my room and stayed up all day."

MRS. HUNT.

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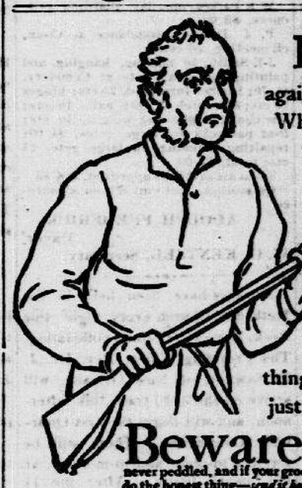

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