What He Was After.

Clerk—That gentleman you sold a bottle of hair dye to three weeks ago was here again to-day.

Druggist—Was he after another bottle?

"No, sir; he wanted to know if we kept wigs."—Life.

Easiest Thing in the World.

Flanigan (at the door of the cell)—Phwat did yez git run in for, Dennis?

McLoogan—Gettin' full.

Flanigan—Is that all? Well, there'll be no trouble then in bailin' yez out.—Truth.

His Reasons for Objecting.

Guest (pushing them away from him) -I don't like the way you cook eggs at this restaurant.

Waiter—What's the trouble, sir?

Guest — You don't cook them soon enough.—Chicago Tribune.

Yellowstone Park.

Advices just received at the Northern Pacific offices, St. Paul, Minn., from Mr. W. P. Howe, in charge of the lunch station at the Upper Geyser Basin, state that the Geysers are playing better than ever, and are much finer than last year. The Giant, one of the finest in the park, plays to the height of 250 feet. Last year its eruptions took place once in about five days and continued for 90 minutes. This year it is playing oftener. Mr. Howe is taking the temperature of the Giantess, another of the large Geysers. It is also playing frequently and its temperature at the time ranges from 193 to 198 degrees Fahrenheit. By sending six cents to Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., you can obtain a beautiful Tourist Book that describes the Park.

Teacher—"Who was president of the first French republic?" Scholar — "Napoleon." Teacher—"And who was his wife?" The Class (vociferously) — "Trilby." Brooklyn Life.

The Most Sensitive Thing on Earth

Is a human nerve. This in a state of health Let it become overstrained or weakened, and the sensitiveness is increased tenfold. For weak or overwrought nerves, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best tonic in existence, since it invigorates and quiets them at the same time. It also possesses superlative efficacy in dyspepsia, constipation, malarial and kidney complaints, rheumatism and neuralgia.

He drew the sword, but not, alas!
His country's foes to baffle,
He drew the sword because he held
A ticket at a raffle.
—Philadelphia Record.

Tobacco-Twisted Nerves.

Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It's not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No-To-Bac, sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Doctor—"Madam, I much regret to say that your husband has appendicitis." Wife —"Now I know where all my raisins have gone."—Truth.

Do You Desire to Adopt a Child?

Address the International Children's Home Society, 234 La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois, Rev. Dr. Frank M. Gregg, General Manager. Such a child as you may desire, of any age, will be sent you on ninety days' trial.

Where It Is Folly to Trust.—"Don't you think the man who marries for money is a fool?" "He is, unless he gets it in advance."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

Imagination is a mettled horse that will break the rider's neck, when a donkey would have carried him to the end of his journey slow but sure.—Southey.

Weak and Weary

Because of a depleted condition of the blood. The remedy is to be found in purified, enriched and vitalized blood, which will be given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It will tone the stomach, create an appetite and give renewed strength. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. $1; six for $5

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

LOOK FOR THIS

LOCK

—IT IS ON—

The BEST SCHOOL SHOE Made

HAMILTON BROWN SHOE Co. SECURITY SCHOOL SHOE SEE THAT THE LOCK IS STAMPED ON THE BOTTOM OF EACH SHOE

PRICES FOR CASH

5 to 7½—$1.25 ✱ 11 to 13½—$1.75
8 to 10½— 1.50 ✱ 1 to 3 — 2.00

IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO

HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO.,
ST. LOUIS.

Corticelli Lace Embroidery.

The materials for this work are Corticelli Lace Embroidery Silk, size No. 500 and Honiton braid; these are applied to fine bleached linen in simple but pretty designs, which give the work popularity. "Florence Home Needlework" for 1895, which is now ready, explains the subject fully. The other subjects are Mosaic Embroidery (new designs), Crochet and Correct Colors for Flowers, embroidered with Corticelli Wash Silk.

Send 6 cents, mentioning year, and we will mail you the book; 96 pages, 66 illustrations.

NONOTUCK SILK CO., FLORENCE, MASS.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

DRUG STORE IN CHICAGO FOR SALE OR MIGHT TRADE FOR GOOD FARM.

STORE IS IN GOOD LOCATION, HAS FAVORABLE LEASE, AND TRADE CAN BE STEADILY INCREASED.

Owner is not a druggist and has other business which demands all his time. Small cash payment with good security for balance, 6 per cent. interest, would be accepted. Price of store, $8,700. Address MYERS, Druggist, Ellis Ave. and 36th Street, Chicago, Ill.

CONVERSE COLLEGE, ON PIEDMONT SLOPE OF BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS. Has Large Resources. Thorough in All Its Appointments. Forty Free Scholarships.

The purpose of its existence is the thorough and liberal education of young women.

OPENS SEPTEMBER 26, 1895.

For catalogue, terms, etc., address, REV. B. F. WILSON, Pres't Spartanburg, S. C.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CROSS LITTLE SUE.

Did you ever hear tell of a girl named Sue,
Who pouts and frets the whole day through,
Whose face has the look of a thunder cloud,
Whose voice in whining, and cross, and loud?

She's a small-sized girl, with a sweet little brother,
The dearest papa, and a fond, loving mother
To love and make glad; but more than all these
She loves her ill-temper, and it tries to please.

Sometimes her poor mother is quite in despair,
And the father and brother her feelings both share,
And the home wears a gloom; when instead the whole place
Should be brightened by Susie's bright laughter and face.

Now, children, dear children, don't look cross and pout,
Keep that side within and the bright side without,
Be cheerful and merry; on your face wear a smile,
And the whole world will love you, as it does every sweet child.
—Nellie Burns, in Housekeeper.

JACK'S GREAT SLIDE.

How He Recovered a Snowshoe and Saved His Life.

Jack Gladwyn Jebb, known by his friends as Jack, was a young Englishman who had lost his patrimony and had gone to Colorado to seek his fortune in mining. Winter had set in, and he was living in a log cabin, from which, on snowshoes, he went along to visit the three mines of which he had the charge. He usually traveled at night, partly to get an extra day at the mine, and partly because the snow was then in a better condition, with fewer chances of an avalanche above timber-

SLIDING AFTER A SNOWSHOE.

line. One of the liveliest of these solitary adventures is thus described by his biographer:

Jack started at one o'clock in the morning, and blessed with a good moon made capital time, so that he reached the crest of the range by daylight. The snow was in excellent condition, just soft enough to make his twelve-foot Norwegian shoes bite well. All the lower branches of the pines were covered, and in the gulches the snow must have been twenty feet deep.

On the crest the wind had swept the ridges clear, and Jack had to carry his shoes for half a mile or so, till he came to a long valley. Here he fastened them on again, and started downward; slowly at first, then faster and faster as the grade grew deeper.

Suddenly, at the top of his speed, he found himself in the air, and came down with a force that nearly stunned him. He had struck a sheet of ice, his shoes had lost their hold, and down he had gone on his back.

Both shoes came off. He clutched at them instinctively, but caught only one. The other was instantly beyond reach, sliding down the mountain side. As Jack watched it disappear he felt sick. If the shoe was gone, he might reckon on his fingers the number of hours he had to live. There were four or five miles of snow, from ten to thirty feet thick, between him and his destination. To wade through it was impossible.

Before him were twenty miles of mountain and valley to the nearest camp. To stay where he was meant to be frozen to death in a few hours. He must recover that shoe, or he was lost. It would of course slide down the steepest grade, and would pass into the lower valley by the way of a rocky gorge, which Jack could see from where he stood, and which was a breakneck place, with mountains of snow in and around it, whence it would be impossible to climb, should the search be unsuccessful.

Any chance was worth trying in so desperate a case, and Jack thought that, as the shoe he still had would naturally follow its mate if placed on the same grade, his best plan was to lie down upon it, start sliding, and trust to its being stopped by whatever had arrested its fellow.

Of course, the odds were that the first shoe had gone over a precipice, or splintered on a point of rock, and that the same fate would overtake the second, together with its burden; but, if a man must die, a quick death is better than slow torture, and Jack decided to risk his fate. He found the spot where the accident had happened, put the remaining shoe on the track, lay down along it, rounding his chest as much as possible, and steering with his elbows. Down they went, sometimes sliding along smoothly, sometimes plowing through the soft drift, on and on, it seemed to the anxious traveler, interminably. He kept a sharp lookout for any trace of the lost shoe, and also for any ghastly header that might be in front of him.

At last he came to a turn in the gully, and could scarcely believe his eyes. There was the lost shoe sticking out of a drift in front! Slowly and anxiously he extricated it, fearing to find that the toe had struck a rock and splintered. No, it was all right; and in a moment more he was safe, and sweeping down into the timber.

When Doctors Disagree, Etc.

There is a story going the rounds of the British press about two very distinguished archæologists—Sir William Wilde and Dr. Donovan. It seems that these two gentlemen made an excursion to the Isles of Arran, where interesting remains of archæological nature have been found. They came across a little rough stone building, and both entered into a fierce argument as to the exact century of its erection. Finally each claimed a date, one giving it the sixth century and the other a later one. A native, who had been listening with gaping mouth and ears to the lengthy and learned terms used by the disputants, broke into the conversation with the remark: "Faix, you're both wrong so far as that little buildin' is concerned; it was built just two years ago by Tim Doolan for his jackass."—Harper's Round Table.

A Shrewd Dog.

A dog owned by a gentleman has eyes that are not alike in color or size. The owner says that the dog knows this and takes advantage of it. When there is a stranger at the table he sits at his side until he is fed. Then he goes to the other side and pretends he is another dog, and gets fed again. Surely this dog will never be hungry.

The Gospel of Art.

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.
—Kenyon Cox, in Century.

ARIZONA'S ROAD RUNNER.

Bird with Tireless Legs and a Deadly Hatred of Rattlesnakes.

"There's a bird down in my country," said Maj. Ransom, of Arizona, to a Denver reporter, "which we call the road runner. It is an interesting fellow, this bird, with long legs that never give out and which devour distance with an appetite that never seems appeased. Generally two road runners go together—for company's sake, no doubt. They seem to be great gossipers and do a vast sight of talking to each other. They will chase ahead of your horse as you ride along the trail, and keep up the stride for miles and miles and hours and hours with a steady side-to-side motion much like the gait of a packing horse. Why they run along ahead of one in this insane fashion can only be guessed at. It would seem to be for fun and exercise.

"They are gifted with a great deal of sagacious malevolence toward the rattlesnakes, with which crawling brood the runner has deadly feud. I suppose the rattlesnake pounces upon the road runner's eggs and makes omelets of them; or gobbles up their young on a spring chicken theory. Whatever the cause of hate, however, the road runner is the deadly enemy of the rattlesnake. They wreak vengeance on it in this way: They espy a a rattlesnake asleep in the sun. 'Mum' is the countersign with your road runner; he never says a word. He and his fellow road runner go about in discreet silence and collect the dried, dead joints of the flat cactus, which abounds in the southwestern deserts. They build a corral about the dozing serpent with them.

"These pieces of cactus bristle with thorns as sharp and keen as needles. When they have their snake corraled the two road runners arouse it with yells and the flapping of their little jimcrow wings. They revile it and scold it and appear to apply all kinds of hard epithets to it. The snake gets frightened and its rattles buzz. But they don't come near it. They stand at a safe distance and rail at it. At last the snake tries to crawl away, but can't cross the cactus fence which the road runners have built. The spines prick the snake and it draws back. Meanwhile the road runners keep up their derisive racket. With each prick of the cactus the rattlesnake's wrath increases. At last, in desperate, brainless fury it begins to bite itself. Its poison is as deadly to itself as to everybody else, and in a short time it dies. Great, then, is the mad triumph of the road runners, which taunt it until its last gasp and exult over the corpse like savages. After the snake is surely dead they walk off with airs of cockney satisfaction, and, as it were, arm in arm."

DONKEYS IN EGYPT.

How One of Them Earned the Sobriquet of "Musical Moke."

The Egypt of the Pharaohs might still be a land of plenty for the agriculturist and a heaven of research for the archaeologist and Egyptologist, but it could never be the happy hunting ground of the average tourist without the assistance of the meek but hard-working ass! We read and hear so much of him nowadays that he will surely soon be of as much importance as the workman. But who cares to say a word for his prototype and ever-faithful companion, the Egyptian donkey?

Who does all the work, from carrying a lordly pasha on his violet velvet saddle, to creeping home at sunset so laden with berseem (clover) that nothing is visible but his head and his tail, with a full-grown man and child perched on top of the load? There are

A LESSON IN MUSIC.

donkeys of all sorts to be found in Egypt. The little kittenish, fluffy beast of a few weeks old takes the cake for charm and good spirits, especially if he be a white one, with black points. Perhaps the most curious donkey was one that would always sing when requested. He was dubbed the "Musical Moke." But the adjective was questionable, and he sang the same tune on all occasions, sometimes accompanied by the banjo, sometimes having to read from notes which he would hardly recognize, and certainly the joke contained in them could never have entered his asinine head.

But he did his best, and none of us can do more. He may not have enjoyed it, but I doubt if donkeys can ever be said to enjoy anything; they take life from a philosophical point of view, bearing the kicks and half-pence with the same placid equanimity and patience.—London Daily Graphic.

How a French Bank Is Guarded.

The treasures of the Bank of France are said to be better guarded than those of any other bank in the world. At the close of business hours every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would have to work in a diving suit, and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning, the water is drawn off, the masonry is torn down, and the vaults opened.

Why Not?

Some years ago in western New York the Sunday school children in a small village were having an all-day picnic, with speeches and recitations interspersed. A gentleman, addressing the children, said during his speech: "Now, children, in the adjoining building, the ladies are preparing a fine dinner for us. They have everything good to eat; among other things there are cookies with holes in them. Now, when you eat the cookies, what are you going to do with the holes?"

A little fellow who sat right in front of the writer jumped to his feet and called out: "Mister, mister, I know; save 'em to put in other cookies."—Ram's Horn.

That Is What Noah Did.

Teacher—Johnny, I think you would be ashamed of yourself to run away from school for the sake of floating around in that old leaky, flat-bottomed boat. Weren't you afraid of getting drowned?

Johnny—No'm; not so much as on shore.

Teacher—What nonsense! Did you ever hear of anybody going out in a boat for fear of getting drowned?

Johnny—Yes'm.

Teacher—Who?

Johnny—Noer.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tale of a Tail.

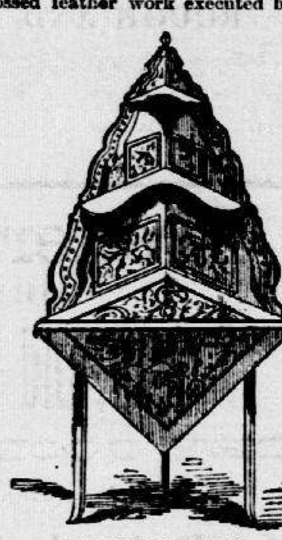
A little boy once owned a kite,
Which to the clouds did sail:
One day it lodged high in a tree,
And hangs thereby a tail.
—Boston Courier.

WOMAN AND HOME.

CORNER TEA TABLE.

Designed and Executed by British Association Workers.

A recent exhibition in London that has been under the patronage of royalty is that of the Home Arts and Industrial association. This enterprise encourages the cultivation of artistic effort among the rural population, the farm workers and village laborers, as well as in more pretentious communities. Side by side with a piece of embossed leather work executed by the



A CORNER TEA TABLE.

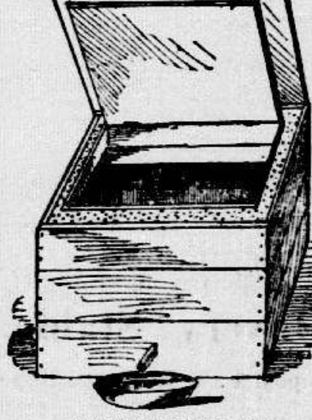
princess of Wales may be a screen of hammered brass which is the product of a coal heaver. One of the best workers in brass is a washerwoman.

The corner table illustrated is one of the exhibits, the work of two pupils of one of the schools, and it is both beautiful in execution and unique in design. It was built by one young man and carved by another, and is a graceful and convenient model for reproduction. It is especially useful as a tea table, the china to be arranged on its shelves, while its folding leaf can be raised and utilized for the tea-brewing apparatus. Its shape affords an often valuable economy of space.

HOMEMADE ICE BOX.

But Little Skill and Still Less Expense Needed to Make One.

When prosperity reigns over the land, things are too cheap to warrant much time or labor being spent upon household conveniences, but now, when economy is so absolutely necessary in so many homes, it is well enough to treat upon the topic which forms the caption of this article. If the wage-earner is out of work, part of the time or entirely, time and labor count for nothing in the production of household articles and it is always better to be well employed than to be idle. Now, if not provided with a refrigerator for the summer, and it pays as well to buy ice for one as to buy the food that goes into it, if you have not a good, cool, well-ventilated cellar, let John make you one as follows: Get or make two boxes, one a foot smaller than the other, and pack the space with sawdust. Set the thing down on the cellar floor. Each box must have a hinged cover, as per diagram, and at the bottom of the inner box is to be a slatted rack for the ice to rest upon. The drip water can escape by a bored hole and piece of tub-



A HOMEMADE ICE BOX.

ing out into a dish. Inside the inner box arrange cleats for shelves to rest upon. Altogether you will find this a very satisfactory ice box, the air in it being sweet and pure and colder than in most refrigerators. Have two sets of shelves, so that when one set is being cleaned and dried the other can be in use.—Good Housekeeping.

New Bread Pudding Recipe.

A new recipe for bread pudding has been found and is presented with the indorsement of being worth a place in the appendix leaves of the housekeeper's cook book: Soak one pint of fine crumbs in a pint of milk until soft, add three tablespoonfuls of cocoa dissolved in a little water, three well-beaten eggs, a half cupful of granulated sugar and another pint of milk. Set the pudding dish in a pan of hot water and bake one hour. Whipped cream flavored with vanilla is very good with this pudding, or a sauce made from a scant cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of corn starch and a cupful of water may be used. Cook the ingredients in a double boiler ten minutes, and just before serving add an ounce of butter and a half teaspoonful of vanilla.

Important Invention in Weaving.

One of those inventions which will inevitably displace a large amount of labor because of its increased economy has recently found its way into textile manufacturing. It is a loom which automatically feeds bobbins into the shuttle. This work hitherto has been one of the duties of the weaver. Now five persons can take care of eighty of these looms, whereas, at present, one person looks after six. The new process will run for an hour or two after every one has left the factory at night and through the noon hour. It is said that it will save one-half the labor cost in weaving and one-fourth the whole labor cost of manufacturing.

Stuffed Tomatoes Are Good.

Select about six large tomatoes and scoop a hole out of the top of each. Make this stuffing: A tablespoonful of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of minced veal or chicken, a teaspoonful of mixed sweet herbs, and some lemon peel chopped very finely. Season all rather highly with pepper and salt, moisten with cream or a beaten egg. Place the tomatoes on a baking tin, fill the hole in each with the above stuffing, and bake in a moderate oven for about a quarter of an hour. To serve, place the tomatoes on a hot dish and pour thick, brown gravy round.

Just Judgments.

Love is an infinite capacity for suffering.

A man's affection is regulated by his digestion.

The beauty of pain is not in the thing itself but the way it is borne.

The mere accident of relationship does not give one the right to be intruding.

GREATEST OF DANGERS.

Platonic Friendships Between Married Men and Inexperienced Girls.

The greatest of dangers, I think, lies in the belief of the possibility of a Platonic friendship with a married man, writes a lady in Ladies' Home Journal. A number of letters have come to me written by unhappy girls who, having been thrown, either through business or in a social way, with fascinating men, have yielded to the attraction, believed in the possibility of such a friendship, only to discover that what was talked of as friendship was in reality love. Nothing excuses you, my dear girl, for loving a man whose heart, mind and body belong to another woman. It is true that too often these undesirable friendships begin in the most innocent way, but the very minute that you find that this man is becoming a necessity to your happiness you must stop, and at once. The old story is told by the man, the oft-told story of an unsympathetic wife—a wife that is not companionable, a wife given over to domestic affairs—with, as a natural sequence, the oft-told story that you bring a little life into his life, that you make a little happiness, and that you are the only woman who ever thoroughly understood him. This is such an old story, and yet it is one to which too many women listen. My dear girl, look the matter straight in the face. No matter how bad a man's wife may be, no matter how he may long for companionship, you are doing an absolute wrong by even listening to his story.

SOME DONTS' IN DRESS.

Don't neglect quality for the sake of quantity.

Don't wear a white petticoat unless it is white.

Don't forget that long credit often brings discredit.

Don't trim good material with common trimmings.

Don't imagine that beauty will atone for untidiness.

Don't look a frump because you cannot look a swell.

Don't expect great bargains to turn out great saves.

Don't dress to startle people's eyes, but to satisfy them.

Don't make your own dresses unless you can do it well.

Don't jump into your clothes and expect to look dressed.

Don't achieve the grotesque while attempting the original.

Don't wear a fur or a feather boa with a cotton dress or skirt.

Don't dress your head at the expense of your hands and feet.

Don't buy cheap imitations if you can afford the genuine article.

Don't put cost before cut. Corded silk won't cover a clumsy fit.

Telling Age by the Coiffure.

The common objection among womankind to letting their age be known is not shared by the ladies of Japan, who actually display their cycle of years in the arrangement of their hair. Girls from 9 to 15 wear their hair interlaced with red crepe in a semi-circle around the head, the forehead being left free with a curl at each side. From the age of 15 to 30 the hair is dressed very high on the forehead and gathered up at the back in the shape of a butterfly or fan, with twistings of silver cord and perhaps a decoration of colored balls. Beyond the milestone of 30 a woman twists her hair around a shell pin placed horizontally at the back of the head. Quite differently, again, a widow arranges her coiffure, and the initiated are able to tell at a glance whether she desires to marry again or not.

Hats to Be Made from Logs.

A Connecticut man has patented a machine for making hats out of wood. A log of wood, cut square, fed to the machine, is converted into fine strips of wood much resembling excelsior. It is claimed that when these are moistened they can be woven much more readily than straw, and make a durable hat. The inventor says the substance is lighter in weight than straw, and that because of its easier manipulation and lower cost it will supersede the straw now used for headgear.

A Very Poor Catch.

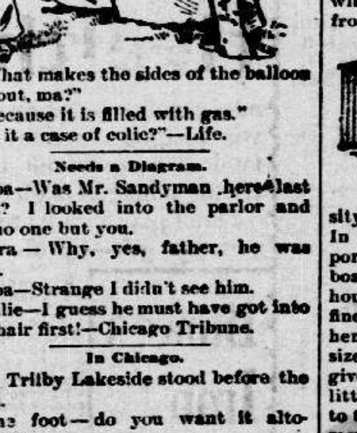
"Mercy," cried the editor's wife, as she arose in the morning, to find two windows pried open and the lamp overturned in the middle of the floor. "There was a burglar in the house last night—a burglar!"

"Yes," said the editor, with a yawn, "he struck us just before daylight, but he was evidently a very poor man. I only got six dollars out of him. You'll find it in the bureau drawer. The key's under my pillow!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Practical Advice.

Don't "hitch your wagon to a star,"
Young man, for, as a rule,
'Twill prove more practical by far
To hitch it to a mule.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

BASED ON EXPERIENCE.



"What makes the sides of the balloon stay out, ma?"

"Because it is filled with gas."

"Is it a case of colic?"—Life.

Needs a Diagram.

Papa—Was Mr. Sandyman here last night? I looked into the parlor and saw no one but you.

Clara — Why, yes, father, he was there.

Papa—Strange I didn't see him.

Willie—I guess he must have got into the chair first!—Chicago Tribune.

In Chicago.

Mr. Trilby Lakeside stood before the artist.

"The foot—do you want it altogether?"

"Yes, the whole of it on one canvas, please."

Selecting his brushes the painter began his life long job.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Overworked Extremity.

Mrs. O'Reiley—And phwat are yez readin' over there, all in yer rockin' chair so fine?

Mrs. Maginnes (too busy to look up) —"A Slave's Fate."

Mrs. O'Reiley—Huh! It do beat all how everything's about fate since that Trilby book.—Truth.

His Reasons for Objecting.

Guest (pushing them away from him) —I don't like the way you cook eggs at this restaurant.

Waiter—What's the trouble, sir?

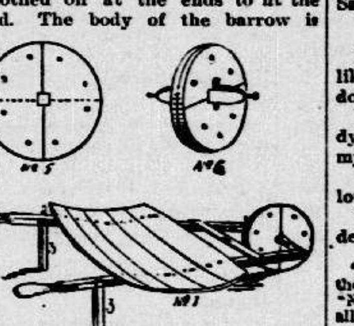
Guest — You don't cook them soon enough.—Chicago Tribune.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

CHEAP WHEELBARROW.

It Can Be Made at Home on Wet Days or in the Evening.

Lay two pieces of white pine or hemlock boards side by side. With a pencil and piece of string draw a circle, using the crack between the boards for the center. Next saw out the circle with a compass saw. Having done this, repeat the operation, using the first for a pattern. The square hole should be sawed out before nailing the wheel together. Nail the four pieces together, taking pains to have the cracks cross each other. Make a square piece to fit the axle hole, securing it in place with wooden pins on either side of the wheel, as shown at No. 6 in cut. The handles may be made of almost any material at hand having sufficient strength, and consist merely of two straight pieces, about 4½ feet in length, smoothed off at the ends to fit the hand. The body of the barrow is



A HOMEMADE WHEELBARROW.

made of barrel staves. In order that the staves may retain their original curve, thus giving the body its proper dish shape, blocks should be nailed to the handles having a gradual curve starting from the inside. Bore a hole in the wheel end of each handle and drive a large wire or wire nail through the hole into each end of the axle. A few blows of the hammer give it a pair of legs, and the barrow is complete. By the application of a little grease on the axles occasionally the barrow will be found to work more satisfactorily. —Rural New Yorker.

TESTING THE EGGS.

Too Much Attention Cannot Be Paid to This Operation.

This is a very important process. Contrary to what some people expect, all eggs will not hatch. The percentage of a hatch is the number of chickens from the fertile eggs, not from the number of eggs placed in the machine. It occurs frequently that eggs are fertile but the germ is so weak that it will seldom live after the tenth day. Eggs should be tested on the fourth or fifth day and again on the tenth day. Leghorn, Minorca and Houdan eggs can be tested satisfactorily 36 or 48 hours after placing them in the incubator, but Brahma and other dark-shelled eggs cannot be satisfactorily tested until the seventh day unless one is an expert and a very good egg-tester is used. A strong germ, says a writer, will show a small black spot with red veins radiating in all directions. Addled eggs will show cloudy detached black spots floating in the egg without any veins attached. A red circular line will be found in stale eggs. The latter must be removed or foul odors will be the result. An unfertile egg is perfectly clear and will be nearly as good as fresh-laid eggs for cooking purposes. On the tenth or twelfth day the chick begins to move and the eggs become more and more clouded. On the eighteenth day the egg is entirely opaque, except the small space called the air-cell. The latter varies in size according to the larger or smaller amount of moisture used during incubation. By setting eggs under a hen at the same time as eggs are set in incubators, and comparing them every few days, an excellent idea can be obtained of the proper size of this air-cell.—Farmer's Voice.

RAISING CALVES.

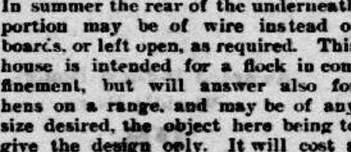
It Is What Every Wide-Awake Farmer Should Do.

Farmers who sell or ship their milk usually raise few calves, thinking it is cheaper to buy cows than it is to raise them. But are we as apt to get as good cows? If a farmer sells cows it is his poorest ones he wants to dispose of. Whereas, if we raise our own cows we raise the calves from our best cows, and by using a blooded bull we stand a fair chance of improving our daily herd. As to feeding calves, it is not necessary to feed them much milk. We have good success in feeding a porridge made of cornmeal, ground buckwheat, wheat bran and linseed meal, mixed and proportioned as follows: Four quarts corn meal, four quarts wheat bran, two quarts ground buckwheat, and about two handfuls of linseed meal. We begin using about one heaping tablespoonful for each mess; make the porridge with water, add a pinch of salt and one quart of sweet milk. Increase the amount of grain as the calf grows older. Care should be taken not to get the calves too fat. When raising calves for cows they should be fed just enough to keep them growing and in good flesh, but not too fat. Calves kept fat while growing are not as apt to make as good cows as those that are just kept in a good growing condition.—N. Y. Tribune.

HOUSE FOR POULTRY.

Arranged So as to Be Comfortable All the Year Round.

The poultry house shown has an underneath run, which serves to keep the hens cool in summer and warm in winter, as well as protecting them from sudden storms without the neces-



SUMMER AND WINTER HOUSE.

sity of going into the roosting room. In summer the rear of the underneath portion may be of wire instead of boards, or left open, as required. This house is intended for a flock in confinement, but will answer also for hens on a range, and may be of any size desired, the object here being to give the design only. It will cost a little more than a house that is close to the ground, but its advantages will more than compensate for its cost. The upper portion is intended for roosting and laying, though in summer the hens may lay in boxes in the underneath portion.—Farm and Home.

Charcoal in the Poultry Yard.

Charcoal is one of the best disinfectants and purifiers of the animal system we have, or at least that we know of. When fowls are afflicted with such diseases as roup or any other putrid affections, charcoal is of great service, as it helps greatly to purify the digestive organs and acts as a stimulus by purifying the blood and toning up the system in general. It does not need to be crushed up fine, mixed with other food and thus compel them to eat it, but all that is necessary is to break it up in small pieces, convenient for them to swallow.—Farmer's Voice

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Strong Brains.

A mild bit of repartee is reported as having occurred between the poet Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were talking about brain fever, when Mr. Saxe remarked:

"I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself."

"How could you have brain fever?" asked Dr. Holmes, smiling. "It is only strong brains that have brain fever."

"How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.—Golden Days.

A Small Demand.

Lady—If I were a big, healthy man like you I'd be ashamed to beg! Why don't you go to work.

Weary Wraggles—I would work, lady, but I can't get anything to do at my trade.

Lady—Well, that is hard, poor fellow? What is your trade?

Weary Wraggles—I'm a bank president, lady.—Puck.

"Sure, sorr, Oi'd loike t' git me name on the pinsion list." "Were you in the army?" "No, sorr, but moi sympaties was enlishted all troo th' war."—Harper's Bazar.

A Home Illustration.—She—"Do you think it is true that marriage delights in contrasts?" He—"Certainly! You know you are continually contrasting me with the man you supposed me to be before we were married."—Puck.

Tramp—"Say, boss, could yer give a feller a dime for a square meal?" Kind Gentleman—"Certainly. If the meal is a good one. Where is it?"—Harper's Bazar.

Wife—"What do you think of Bridget's cooking?" Husband—"I think if she tried to boil water she'd burn it."—Truth.

"Woggles had a lot of money at one time. What became of it?" "He blew it in." "How?" "Invested it in a pneumatic railway scheme."—Washington Star.

Doting Mamma (to Alfred, who is strutting about in his first trousers)—"Alfred, come over here and kiss me." Alfred (firmly)—"No mamma, I can't love you any more. I'm too old."

Manhood has a contempt for cowardice. That is why you get angrier when you see the other fellow isn't going to fight.—Plain Dealer.

"Hicks has married an armless woman." "Did he tell you his reasons?" "Yes; he said that he would never be under any woman's thumb."—Syracuse Post.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six. —Goldsmith.

Dentist—"The nerves are dead; that's what's the matter." Celtic Patient—"Thin, be the blessid Virgin, th' dom tooth must be houldin' a wake over thim!"—Puck.

Father—"What was your mother talking about awhile ago?" Son—"I don't know." Father—"Why, you sat and heard it all!" Son—"Yes, but she was talking to the baby."—Chicago Record.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Took No Chances.

He—If you loved me, why did you at first, refuse me?

She—I wanted to see how you would act.

He—But I might have rushed off without waiting for an explanation.

She—I had the door locked.—N. Y. Weekly.

This is the excellent foppery of the world that, when we are sick in fortune we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers by spherical predominance.—Shakespeare.

The man who carries a single state
Is accounted now of worth;
But in early days old Atlas was
The man who carried the earth.
—Indianapolis Journal.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

A history will live, though written ever so indifferently; and it is generally less suspected than the rhetoric of the muses.—Shenstone.

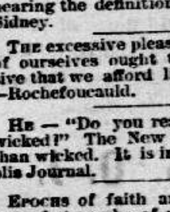
Safety to mother and child and less unpleasantness after confinement, result from use of "Mother's Friend." Sold by druggists.

Alexander received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude.—Sir P. Sidney.

The excessive pleasure we feel in talking of ourselves ought to make us apprehensive that we afford little to our auditors.—Rochefoucauld.

He — "Do you really think kissing is wicked?" The New Woman—"It is worse than wicked. It is insanitary."—Indianapolis Journal.

Epochs of faith are epochs of fruitfulness; but epochs of unbelief, however glittering, are barren of all permanent good.—Goethe.



Do YOU EXPECT To Become a Mother? If so, then permit us to say that Doctor 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 shortened, the mother strengthened and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

Send twenty-one (21) cents for The People's Medical Adviser, 1000 pages, over 300 illustrations, giving all particulars. Several chapters of this great family doctor book are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women with suggestions as to successful home treatment of same. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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