It Festered Day and Night

With nervousness, take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and tranquilizes the nervous system. The basis of recovery is a reform in errors of digestion. The epigastric nerve and brain are united in the closest bond of sympathy, so that dyspeptic symptoms in the gastric region are always accompanied by hurtful reflex nervous action. Both are remedied by the Bitters, which also cures malaria, biliousness, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

A NATURAL manner was her aim,
Sincere and simple, and all that;
She failed, but she was not to blame,
For she resided in A flat!
—Life.

JOHNNY—"May I wake the baby, mamma?" Mamma—"Why do you want to wake the baby?" Johnny—"So's I can play on my drum."—Woonsocket Patriot.

Cures

Talk in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla as for no other medicine. It has the greatest record of cures of any medicine in the world. In fact,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

START THE GIRL RIGHT.

When the girl comes to be a woman—look out. If she starts out in vigorous, womanly health then it is pretty safe to say she will be a healthy, attractive, [illegible] woman.

The beginning of womanhood is the real crisis in a woman's life. Nearly always something is wrong then in the distinctly feminine organs. Maybe it isn't very serious—no matter—the time to stop disease is when it starts.

McELREE'S WINE OF CARDUI

will bring girls safely through the crisis. Taken at the first indication of weakness, it never fails. It regulates the monthly periods with perfect precision. Its action is direct upon the feminine organs that above all others, ought to be strong and well.

Start the girl right. Don't expose her to the dangers and tortures of dragging weakness, bearing down pains, nervous prostration and the debilitating drains so common to women.

McElree's Wine of Cardui, is a home treatment. It does away entirely with abhorrent "local examinations."

Sold at $1.00 a Bottle by Dealers in Medicine.

WHAT LINE

made the rate one cent per mile to St. Paul for the THIRTIETH ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R.?

WHAT LINE

alone granted a return limit of thirty days on all tickets to the next Encampment at St. Paul?

WHAT LINE

deserves the united support of all the members of the Grand Army and their hosts of friends?

WHAT LINE

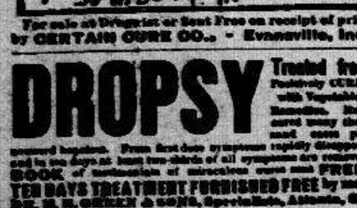
will you patronize? Under these circumstances, other things being equal, surely it will be the

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

"Maple Leaf Route"

F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

C. C. C.



For sale at Druggists or Sent Free on receipt of price by CERTAIN CURE CO., - Evansville, Ind.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES millions tested, proven "absolutely best." Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKPORT, ILL.

EDUCATIONAL.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE,
Third District, New Orleans, La.
Conducted by the Fathers and Brothers of the Holy Cross. [illegible] C. S. C., President.

L[illegible] ACADEMY
[illegible] KENTUCKY. [illegible]

TUSC[illegible] COLLEGE. [illegible]

[illegible]

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Fallacy of Any Hope For "Another Chance."

A Graphic Word Picture of the Day of Judgment—As the Tree Falls to the North or the South There It Shall Remain.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following sermon on the subject: "Shall We Have Another Chance?" before his Washington congregation, taking for his text:

If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.—Eccl., xi, 3.

There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude of people that there will be an opportunity in the next world of correcting the mistakes of this; that, however complete a shipwreck we may make of earthly life, it will be on a beach up which we may walk to a palace; that as the defendant may lose his case in a circuit court and appeal it and have it go up to the supreme court or court of chancery and all the costs thrown over on the other party, so a man may lose his case in this world, but in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the decision of the earthly case set aside, all the costs remitted and the defendant be triumphant forever.

The object of my sermon is to show you that common sense declares with the text that such an expectation is chimerical. "I the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impenitent and unforgiven man enters the next world and sees the disaster, as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the cause of his reformation; but we have 10,000 instances all around about us of people who have done wrong, and disaster suddenly came upon them—did the disaster heal them? No, they went on. There is a man flung of dissipations. The doctor says to him: "Now, my friend, if you don't stop drinking and don't stop this fast life you are living, you will die." The patient thanks the physician for his warning and gets better; he begins to sit up, begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business and takes the same round of grog shops where he got his morning dram and evening dram and the drams between. Down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning.

But now the sickness is more protracted, the liver more obstinate, the stomach more irritable, the digestive organs more rebellious. But still, under medical skill, he gets better, goes forth, commits the same sacrilege against his physical health. Sometimes he wakes up to see what he is doing, and he realizes he is destroying his family, and that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vows, and that that broken-hearted woman is so different fom the roseate wife he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her on the street, and that his sons are going out in life under the taint of a father's drunkenness, and that his daughters are going out in life under the sacrification of a disreputable ancestry. His nerves are all a jangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? He is in hell on earth. Does it stop him? Ah! no. After awhile delirium tremens pours out upon his pillow a whole jungle of hissing reptiles. His screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of bed crying: "Take these things off me!" He is drinking down the comfort of his family, the education of his children, their prospects for this life and perhaps their prospects for the life to come. Pale and convalescent he sits up. Physician says to him: "Now, my good fellow, I am going to have a plain talk with you. If you ever have an attack of this kind again you will die. I can't save you, and all the doctors in creation can't save you." The patient gets up, starts out, goes the same round of dissipation and is down again; but this time medicines do not touch his case. Consultations of physicians say there is no hope. Death ends the scene. That process of inebriation and physical suffering and medical warning and dissolution is taking place within a stone's throw of where you sit and in every neighborhood of Christendom. Pain does not reform. Suffering does not cure. What is true in regard to one sin is true in regard to all sins, and yet men are expecting in the next life there will be opportunity for purgatorial regeneration. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States and find that the vast majority of the criminals were there before, some for two times, three times, four times, six times. Punished again and again, but they go right on. Millions of incidents, and instances working the other way, and yet men think that in the next world punishment will work out for them salvable effects. Why, you and I can not imagine any worse torture from another world, and without any salutary consequence.

Furthermore, the prospect of reformation in another world is more improbable than here. Do you not realize the fact that a man starts in this world with the innocence of infancy? In the other case, starting in the other world, he starts with the accumulated bad habits of a lifetime. Is it not to be expected that you could build a better ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers? If starting with comparative innocency the man does not become godly, is it possible that starting with sin a seraph can be evoluted? Is there not more prospect that a sculptor will make a finer statue out of a block of pure, white Parian marble than out of a black rock that has been cracked and twisted and split and scarred with the storms of a half century? Could you not write a last will and testament, or write a deed, or write an important document on a pure white sheet of paper easier than you could write it upon a sheet of paper scribbled all over with infamy and blotted and torn from top to bottom? And yet there are those who are so uncommon-sensical as to believe that though a man starts in this world with infancy and its innocence and turns out badly, in the next world he can start with a dead failure and turn out well. "But," say some people, "we ought to have another chance in the next world because our life here is so very brief; we scarcely have room to turn around between the cradle and the grave, the wood of the one almost striking against the marble of the other. We ought to have another chance because of the brevity of this life."

My friends, do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century than in the first, and worse when they got 300 years old, and worse at 400, and worse at 500, and worse at 600, and worse at 800; the world had to be washed and scoured and scrubbed and soaked and sunk and anchored a whole month under water before it was fit for decent people to live in. I have seen many pictures of old Time with his scythe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a chest of medicines to heal. Seneca said that in the first few years of his public life Nero was set up as an example of clemency and kindness, but he got worse and worse, the path descending, until at 68 years of age he was the suicide. If 800 years of lifetime could not cure the antediluvians of their iniquity, I undertake to say that all the ages of eternity would be only prolongation of depravity. "But," says some one, "in the next life the evil surroundings will be withdrawn and good influences will be substituted, and hence, expurgation, sublimation, glorification." But you must remember that the righteous, all their sins forgiven, pass right up into a beatific state, and then having passed up into the beatific state, not needing any other chance, that will leave all those who have never been forgiven, and who were impenitent, alone—alone! and where are the salvable influences to come from? Can it be expected that Dr. Duff, who spent his whole life in pointing the Hindoos to Heaven, and Dr. Abeel, who spent his life in evangelizing China, and that Judson, who spent his life in preaching the Gospel to Burmah—can it be expected that they will be sent down from some celestial missionary society to educate and to save those who wasted their earthly existence? No. We are told distinctly that all missionary and evangelistic influences will be ended forever, and the good, having passed up to their beatific state, all the morally bankrupt will be together, and where are the salvable influences to come from? Will a specked or bad apple put in a barrel of diseased apples make the other apples good? Will one who is down be able to lift others up? Will those who have miserably failed in the business of this life be able to pay the debts of other spiritual insolvents? Will a million wrongs make one right? Poneropolis was the city where King Rufus of Thracia put all bad people of his kingdom, and whenever there were iniquitous people found in any part of the land they were all sent to Poneropolis. It was the great capital of wickedness. Suppose a man or woman had opened a primary school in Poneropolis, would the parents of other cities have sent their children there to be educated and reformed?

If a man in this world was surrounded with temptation, in the next world, all the righteous having passed up into the beatific state, the association will be more deteriorating, depreciating and down. You would not send to a cholera or yellow fever hospital a man for his health, and the great lazaretto of the future, in which are gathered the diseased and the plague-struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. The count of Chateaubriand, in order to make his child courageous, made him sleep in the turrets of the castle, where the wind howled and specters were said to haunt the place. The mother and the sisters almost died of fright, but the son afterward gives his account, and he says. "That gave me nerves of steel, and gave me courage that has never faltered." But, my friends, I do not think the turrets of darkness of the spectral world swept by sirocco and euroclydon, will ever prepare a soul for the eternal land of sunshine. I wonder what is the curriculum in the College Inferno, where a man having been prepared by enough sin, enters and goes up from freshman of iniquity to sophomore of abomination, and on up, from sophomore to junior, and from junior to senior, and day of graduation comes, and the diploma is signed by Satan, the president, and all the professional demoniacs attest the fact that the candidate has been a sufficient time under their drill, and then enters Heaven. Pandemonium, a preparatory school for celestial admission! Ah, my friends, while Satan and his cohorts have fitted a vast multitude for ruin, they never fitted one soul for happiness—never.

Again, I wish you further to notice that another chance in another world means the ruin of this. Now, suppose a wicked man is assured that after a lifetime of wickedness, he can fix it all right up in the future. That would be the demoralization of society, that would be the demolition of the human race. There are men who are now kept on the limits of sin by their fear. The fear that if we are bad or unforgiven here it will not be well with us in the next existence, is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back into semi-barbarism, and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery, and keeps midnight savagery from rushing back into extinction. Now, the man is kept on the limits of sin. But this idea coming into his soul, this idea of another chance, he says: "Go to, now; I'll get out of this world all there is in it. Come gluttony and revenge and uncleanness and all sensualities, and wait upon me. It may abbreviate my earthly life by dissoluteness, but that will only give me Heavenly indulgence on a larger scale in a shorter length of time. I will overtake the righteous before long. I will only come in Heaven a little late, and I will be a little more fortunate than those who have behaved themselves on earth and then went straight to the bosom of God, because I will see more and have wider excursion, and I will come into Heaven via Gehenna, via Sheol!" Hearers! Readers! Another chance in the next world means free license and the demolition of this. Suppose you had a case in court, and all the judges and all the attorneys agreed in telling you the first trial of it—it would be tried twice—the first trial would not be of very much importance, but the second trial would decide everything. On which trial would you employ the ablest counsel? On which trial would you be most anxious to have the attendance of all the witnesses? "Oh," you [illegible], "if there are to be two trials, and the first trial does not amount to much, the second trial being everything, everything depending upon that, I must have the most eloquent attorney, and I must have all the witnesses present, and I will expend my money on that." If these men who are impenitent and who are wicked felt there were two trials, and the first was of no very great importance, and the second trial was the one of vast and infinite importance, all the preparations for eternity would be post-mortem, post-funeral, post-sepulchral, and this world would be jerked off into impenitency and godlessness. Another chance in another world means the demolition of this world.

Furthermore, my friends—for I am preaching to myself as well as to you; we are on the same level though the platform be a little higher than the pew, it is only for convenience, and that we may the better speak to the people; we are all on the some platform, and I am talking to my soul while I talk to yours—my friends, why another chance in another world when we have declined so many chances in this? Suppose I spread a banquet and you invite a large number of friends, and among others you send an invitation to a man who disregards it or treats it in an obnoxious way. During 20 years you give 20 banquets, a banquet a year, and you invite your friends, and every time you invite this man, who disregards your invitation or sends back some indignity. After awhile you move into a larger house and amid more luxuriant surroundings, and you invite your friends, but you do not invite that man to whom 20 times you sent an invitation to the smaller house. Are you to blame? You would only make yourself absurd before God and man to send that man another invitation. For 20 years he has been declining your offers and sending insult for your kindness and courtesy, and can he blame you? Can he come up to your house on the night of the banquet? Looking up and seeing it is a finer house, will he have any right to say: "Let me in. I declined all those other offers, but this is a larger house, a brighter house, a more luxuriant abode. Let me in. Give me another chance?" God has spread a banquet of His grace before us. For 365 days of every year since we knew the difference between our right hand and our left He has invited us by His Providence and by His Spirit. Suppose we decline all these offers and all this kindness. Now the banquet is spread in a larger place, in the heavenly palace. Invitations are sent out, but no invitation is sent to us. Why? Because we declined all those other banquets. Will God be to blame? Will we have any right to rap on the door of Heaven and say: "I ought not to be shut out of this place; give me another chance?" Twelve gates of salvation standing wide for free admission all our life, and when the twelve gates close we rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, saying: "Give me another chance."

You see, common-sense agrees with my text in saying that "if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." You, see this idea lifts this world from an unimportant way station to a platform of stupendous issues, and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. Oh, my soul! my soul! Only one trial, and all the preperations for that trial to be made in this world, or never made at all. Oh, my soul! my soul! You see, this piles up all the emphasis and all the climaxes and all the destinies into this life. No other chance. Oh, how that intensifies the value and the importance of this chance. Alexander and his army used to come around a city, and they would kindle a great fire, with the understanding that as long as that light was burning the city might surrender, and all would be well, but if they left that light go out, then the battering rams would swing against the walls and there would come disaster and demolition. Oh, my friends, all you and I need to do to prepare for eternal safety is just to surrender to the King and Conqueror, Christ. Surrender hearts, surrender life, surrender everything. The great light keeps burning, light kindled by the wood of the cross; light flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Oh, let us surrender before the light goes out, and with it our last opportunity of making our peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, my brother, talk about another chance; this is the supernal chance. In the time of Edward II., at the battle of Musselburgh, a private soldier saw that the earl of Huntley had lost his helmet. The private soldier took off his helmet and went up to the earl of Huntley and put the helmet on his head. Now, the head of the private soldier uncovered, he was soon slain, while the commander rode in safety through and out of the battle. But it is different in our case. Instead of a private offering a helmet to an earl, it is the King of Heaven and earth offering a crown to an unworthy subject, the King dying that we might live! Oh, tell it to the points of the compass, tell it to day and night, tell it to earth and Heaven, tell it to all the centuries and all the millenniums that God has given us such a magnificent chance in this world that we need no other chance in another!

A dream. I am in the burnished judgment hall on the last day. The great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for His arrival, I hear the immortals in conversation. "What are you waiting for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that went up from America. The latter responds: "I was in America 40 years ago, and I heard the Gospel preached, and I had plenty of Bibles in my house, and from the time that I knelt at my mother's knee in prayer until my last hour, I had great opportunities; but I did not improve them, and I am here to-day waiting for another chance. "Strange, strange," says the soul just come up from Madagascar. "Strange; why, I never heard the Gospel call but once in all my life, and I accepted it, and I don't want another chance." "What are you waiting for?" says one who on earth had very feeble intellect to one who had great brain and whose voice was silvery, and and who had scepters of power. The latter replies: "I had great power on earth, I must admit; and I mastered languages, and I mastered libraries, and colleges conferred upon me learned titles, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power; but somehow I neglected the matters of my soul, and I must confess to you I am here to-day waiting for another chance." Now, the ground trembles with the advancing chariot. The great folding doors of the burnished hall of judgment are thrown open. "Stand back," cry the ushers, "and let the Judge of quick and dead pass through." He takes the throne. He looks off upon the throngs of nations come to the last judgment, come to the only judgment, and one flash from the throne reveals each man's history to himself, and reveals it to all the others. And then the Judge says, "Divide!" and the burnished walls echo it, "Divide!" and the guides angelic answer, "Divide!" and the immortals are rushing this way and that, until there is an aisle between them, a great aisle; and then a vacuum, widening, and widening and widening, until the Judge looks to one side of that vacuum, and addresses the throng, and says: "Let him that is righteous be righteous still, and let him that is holy be holy still." And then, turning to the throng on the other side of the vacuum, he says: "Let him that is unjust be unjust still, and let him that is filthy be filthy still." And then he stretches out both hands, one toward the throng on each side the vacuum, and says: "If the trees fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be!" And then I hear something jar with a great sound. It is the closing of the Book of Judgment. The Judge ascends the stairs behind the throne. The hall of the last Assize is cleared and shut. The High Court of Eternity adjourned forever.

Sin.

Sin is always expensive. It never pays what it promises. The flowers in the distance in the pathway of sin always wither before you reach them, and the way becomes a way of thorns. The Sabbath-breaker, the pleasure-seeker and drunkards all pay their fare, but never reach the intended destination. Blasted prospects, shattered constitutions, ruined families are the price of sin.—Rev. P. A. Baker, Methodist, Columbus, O.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

INTENSIVE FARMING.

A Prize Essay on the Best System of Increasing the Production of Crops.

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," is the truth upon which the intensive system of farming rests for adoption. It consists in causing land to produce the largest crops that it can profitably produce; and its methods are thorough preparation, heavy manuring and frequent cultivation.

It is important to the southern farmer, if he is to receive a fair price for his product, that the acreage in cotton shall be reduced. It is of equal importance to him, and of more to the consumer of cotton, that the cost of production shall be decreased. A crop of 8,000,000 bales sold at 7 cents, with cost of production at 4 cents, would give the farmer a greater net profit by $30,000,000 than a crop of 6,000,000 bales sold at ten cents, and produced at a cost of seven cents, provided the amount and cost of grain and hay crops produced were the same in both cases.

The first step in intensive farming is the thorough preparation of the ground to receive the seed. The seed should germinate and start on its mission of production at the earliest moment after planting. To secure this, the soil must be finely pulverized and brought into direct contact with the seed on all sides, so that it may be subjected to all possible influence to germinate quickly. After the process of germination begins, it is important that it shall proceed rapidly; and that when the little roots or feeders make their appearance the soil shall be in such mechanical condition as to supply ready at hand all necessary plant food, without much effort on the part of the feeders to find it. Put a grain of corn beside a clod of dirt, and it will not sprout; but first pulverise the clod, and then place the grain in this pulverized earth, and the soil will yield up the plant food it contains to the necessities of the corn. For any plant to make its best growth, the soil must be in the best mechanical condition to supply it promptly and regularly with food. Farming is feeding, whether it be live stock or plants that are fed. Harrowing, after breaking land, is as effective to plant growth as breaking. It is but carrying out the process begun by the plow—more finely pulverizing the soil.

After planting small seeds like oats, wheat, clover, etc., to insure quick germination and growth, the soil must be pressed about the seeds. This is accomplished by rolling.

Plants take their food in liquid and not in solid form. They drink instead of eat. Hence the soil from which the plant draws its food must be kept moist. No matter how much plant food the soil contains, if it is not in condition to be available to the plant, the plant starves. We can not regulate the rains, but we can make the best possible use of them by storing up for future use as much of their moisture as possible. This is done by subsoiling and deep plowing. Immediately following the two-horse plow which breaks the land, run a subsoiling plow in the bottom of the open furrow, loosening the subsoil to a depth of six inches, but taking care to mix as little of it as possible with the top soil. This will cause the land to absorb and hold much of the rain that otherwise would run off and be lost to the plants. By subsoiling you are placed in the best condition to resist the siege of a summer drought when the water supply is cut off from above. David Dickson, probably the best farmer the south has produced, said in a letter to the Cultivator in 1868, that a cotton plant could stand four weeks of drought if it had eight inches of soil and six inches of broken subsoil—with an additional inch of soil, and same subsoil, for every week of dry weather beyond four.

If subsoiling is continued year after year the topsoil becomes deeper as the elements convert the subsoil into soil, and thus the danger of damage from drought is lessened. Deep plowing is an essential to good farming. Except to do subsoiling, a one-horse plow has no place in the preparation of soil for planting. The effect of everything done afterward depends upon this preparation. It is as important as is the study of addition before commencing long division. To neglect this is as foolish and fatal as it would be for a farmer to fail to sharpen a dull reaper before cutting grain.

Subsoiling is not only a benefit as making a reservoir for moisture, but it furnishes a larger space from which the roots can draw food for the plant. The deeper the loosening of the earth, the more food there is available for the plants, and hence the more plants per acre.

After the soil is put in the best mechanical condition, the next concern is as to its chemical composition. It may be in condition to yield up every particle of plant food, but if it holds none to yield, then, unless this necessity is supplied, all previous breaking, subsoiling and harrowing is labor wasted. Science has ascertained that there are three principal elements of plant food, viz.: Nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. Other elements are necessary to plant growth, but for all practical purposes we need not speak of them. Each of these three must be contained in the soil in sufficient quantities, according to the nature of the particular plant grown, to secure good crops. If either be wanting, it must be supplied before best results can be expected. Good crops require plenty of available plant food. Owing to the limited amount of stable manure an average farm produces, this is supplied by commercial fertilizers and green manuring. The quantity of the commercial manure that can be profitably used depends largely upon the amount of vegetable matter in the soil—the more of the latter present, the more of the former can be used. Of course, there is a limit to the profitable use of fertilizers, but the danger is in the opposite direction.

Our land has been brought to the condition of a half-starved horse. Rains have robbed it of much of its life blood and an insufficiency of food has aided to destroy its strength, until now it is more in condition to be fed than worked. Everything is there in the way of bone, muscle, stomach, etc., from which to make a strong horse, but he will never become such until he has sufficient food and good treatment. Neglect and 100 pounds of guano to the acre have brought thousands of acres to almost the point of barrenness. When we remember that the 100 pounds do not contain more than two pounds of nitrogen, whereas we have taken from the soil three pounds of this element in every 100 pounds (3⅓ bushels) of cotton seed produced, besides the greater quantity washed away every year by the rains through our neglect, it is not hard to see why many farmers are poor and dissatisfied.

The work of increasing the productiveness of our lands must be by degrees, though not necessarily slow. After the land intended for cotton has been well supplied with humus in the shape of decomposing pea vines, a start with 500 pounds per acre of a fertilizer composed of 15 parts acid phosphate, six parts cotton-seed meal and one part muriate of potash would not be bad. This amount could be gradually increased each year until 1,800 to 2,000 pounds per acre is reached. What the limit is to the amount of fertiliser which can profitably be used on a given field can be determined only by experiment—depending on the composition of the soil, and the market value of the fertilizers and of the particular crop intended to be grown.

The profit derived from the heavy use of fertilizers is the saving in labor and in amount of land used. There need be no more expense in the thorough preparation and culture of an acre of corn, for example, when it is fertilized to make 40 bushels of corn to the acre than when fertilized to make only ten. By so heavily manuring it the labor of man and beast expended on the three additional acres in order to get 40 bushels, together with the rent of the three acres is to be counted as profit to be set against the expense of the increased amount of manure. If the use of a small amount of fertilizer gives a profit, then it is evident that all that the plants can utilise will give a larger profit. When the amount that a plant can use is supplied, the limit to the profitable use of fertilizers has been reached.

Not a small benefit resulting from heavy manuring is the satisfaction and contentment that large crops bring to both farmer and laborer. Even though a bale of cotton should cost as much per pound to raise when your fields yield a bale to the acre as when they yield only one-third of a bale, yet there is far more pleasure in doing the former than the latter. Laborers will do more and better work when the result of their labor is a source of pride to them. In these days of social and industrial unrest and discontent, that which brings contentment is of large moment.

Certain plants, like corn, send their roots out laterally, while others, like cotton, are largely dependent upon a tap root. The character of the root system of a plant must determine how the fertilizer is to be applied to it—whether broadcast or in drill. The rule to be followed is to put the fertilizer where it will be most accessible to the plant and to so thoroughly mix it with the soil that it becomes a part of it. The basic principle of farming is that manure is the plant's food and the roots are the mouths through which it feeds.

Fertilizer is put in the soil for the sole benefit of the plant, and should be used by it and not by grass or weeds. All that they consume is just so much lost to the support of the plant. The killing of weeds and grass just as they make their appearance above ground (just before would be better), and before they have had opportunity to steal an appreciable amount of the plant food, is one of the objects of cultivation. Some consider it the only object, but in this they are mistaken. If there were no such things as weeds or grass, still, to get best results, the work of cultivation by plow and hoe would have to go on. Cultivation must be done, grass or no grass, for the purpose of regulating and preventing the waste of moisture in the reservoir that we took such trouble to construct by subsoiling. The ground acts in the same way as a lamp wick—conducting by capillary action the moisture below to the surface, where it is lost to the plant by evaporation. When soil is not stirred for two or three weeks, little passages are found out of the spaces between the grains or particles of earth through which the moisture ascends to the surface and passes off into vapor. This leakage must be stopped. To do so we break these little passages or water pipes two or three inches under the ground by plowing, so that the plants can get the full benefit of all moisture the subsoil contains. Plowing lets the air and sunshine into the part of the soil stirred, and they remove the moisture from that depth of the soil which, becoming loose and dry, forms a dust mulch on the surface of the ground, holding the moisture in the soil below.

Cultivation, after the plant has become of any size, should be shallow—not more than three inches in depth—since deep plowing in cultivation cuts the roots and thus retards the growth of the plant. Moreover, cultivation should be frequent; every week or ten days in dry weather would not be too frequent, as the little waste water pipes must be kept broken and stopped beneath the surface and the reservoir maintained without leakage. Fertilizers are of no benefit without moisture, but on the contrary are a positive injury.

Deep and thorough pulveration of the soil in preparation, maintaining a high degree of fertility in accordance with the needs of the plant to be grown, frequent and shallow stirring of the soil in cultivation are the contributions of science to agriculture.—W. T. Stone, in Southern Cultivator.

HERE AND THERE.

—It is usually his own fault if the son of a successful farmer is not himself a success at the business. The foundations and first story are built for him already.

—Nothing but wide-tired wagons should be used on a farm. Their advantages are so numerous and self-evident that no argument as to their superiority is needed.

—Five cords of good stable manure and about 200 pounds of kainit—or in place of the kainit ten bushels of wood ashes—per acre would be a good fertilizer for fruit trees.

—Don't have all the little conveniences about the barn or all the labor-saving implements on the farm. Try some of the house to lighten the labor of the women folks.

—The essense of good farming is in the thoughts of those engaged or interested in it. The agricultural press of the country are conservative and wise in their counsels, while ever the ardent advocates of progress and economy.

—Don't depend on milk alone to make cheap pork. Thousands of dollars, observes the Farm Journal, are wasted annually by closely penning swine and pouring in valuable skim milk alone, when the same quantity would have grown thrice as many pigs at pasture.

—The farmer has that comfort, that supreme luxury, the consciousness of honest toil and independence, which the hirling and the drudge in the crowded centers of commerce and among the whirl and buzz of machinery in the manufacturing cities can never know and never enjoy.

—It matters not how much fertility is put in the soil, if moisture is wanting; the plant can get no more than is transported through it by water. While the plant may outwardly seem not to suffer greatly, yet give it an abundant supply of water as by irrigation, and note its wonderful results.

—It is a very great inducement, says Colman's Rural World, to the thoughtful, careful farmer, for the liberal reward of it, to think of every little thing, and see that every end is kept tight up and well in hand, and that there are no little leaks through which the income dribbles away, anywhere around him.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all druggists.

DR. JAKAP—"Let me see your tongue, please." Patient—"O, doctor, no tongue can tell how bad I feel."—Boston Transcript.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

"THERE is no such thing as perfection in this world," said the philosopher. "Right," assented the colonel. "Even whisky has to be high 50 pulsent watah."—Indianapolis Journal.

FLANNEL next to the skin often produces a rash, removable with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

WHAT is the baby's name? Indeed
We haven't one selected,
We're waiting till November comes,
To see which man's elected.
—Washington Star.

WE think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

"AN' so O'Flannigan was sint up for loife, ye sez?" "Yis, but his friends do be thryin' to get his sintence redooced tin years."—Life.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

"THAT child cried for an hour this afternoon." "Why didn't you give it to him?" asked the absent-minded father.—Detroit Free Press.

NON-COMMITTAL.—Possible Suitor—"Are you musical, miss?" Elderly Maiden (hesitatingly)—"Would that be agreeable to you?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

JOHNNIE CHAFFIE—"Come, Mamie, let us play Adam and Eve." Mamie—"How will we play it?" "You tempt me with an apple and I'll eat it."—Texas Sifter.

"WITH all thy faults, I love thee still," as the husband said to his scolding wife.—J. D. F. W.

FORMEN—"I thought her husband was French." "Oh, no. Broken English."—Detroit Tribune.

"THEY say Barrows has writer's cramp." "Well, I don't wonder, considering the literature he feeds on."—Harper's Bazar.

Corn

is a vigorous feeder and responds well to liberal fertilization. On corn lands the yield increases and the soil improves if properly treated with fertilizers containing not under 7% actual

Potash.

A trial of this plan costs but little and is sure to lead to profitable culture.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars booming special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

"BIG FOUR"
TO
ST. PAUL,
"THE ROUTE OF THE BOYS IN BLUE,"
TO THE
30th ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT
G. A. R.
SEPTEMBER 1 to 4, 1896.

Tickets will be placed on sale August 29 and 31 and September 1. Good returning until September 15, with privilege of extension until September 30.

SOLID TRAINS FROM CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, INDIANAPOLIS TO CHICAGO.

Best Line from Indiana, Kentucky and all Southern and Southeastern Cities.

For full information call on any agent, or address

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr. D. B. MARTIN, Genl. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook." It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

BIG AND GOOD.

Battle Ax PLUG

Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money.
No doubt about that.
But once in a while it isn't.
For instance, there's "BATTLE AX."
The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good."
There's no guess work in this statement.
It is just a plain fact.
You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

IF SILVER WINS [illegible] IT IS 2 TO 1 [illegible] IF YOU BUY NOW

Address AERMOTOR COMPANY, [illegible]

Backed by Gold

We will pay $100.00 in Gold for a case of Constipation or Indigestion not cured by the use of Dr. Caldwell's GERMAN LIVER SYRUP. Has cured others, will cure you. Each bottle guaranteed. [illegible] For sale by all Druggists. CARLSTEDT MEDICINE CO., Evansville, Ind.

AGENTS, STREETMEN and BOYS. [illegible]

[illegible] EFFECTS OF A SMILE; WHICH KILLS IT. [illegible]

Fire Insurance At Less Cost

[illegible]

A. N. K., F.