Fabulous Wealth.

The "incalculable mineral wealth" of newly found mining regions largely run by syndicates and promoted by transportation companies is in too many instances really a fable. The products of industry in legitimate fields of enterprise nearer home are far surer and promise more stable rewards. No one will go unrewarded in the matter of improved health who use regularly Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, &c.

His Objection.

Wheeler—One thing about the bicycle is that it puts you in touch with the world.

Clumsyton—Yes, but I dislike to be touching it almost exclusively with the top of my head.—Truth.

Experience

And Not Experiments, Should be Your Aim in Buying Medicine.

Let others experiment; you should be guided by experience. Experiments are uncertain in result; experience is sure. Experiments may do you harm; experience proves that Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. Thousands gladly tell what Hood's has done for them. They want you to know and they urge you to try it. That is what is meant by the vast number of testimonials written in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla. They give the results of experience and prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

TENTS, AWNINGS,
Wagon and Horse Covers.
LEE BROTHERS,
MEMPHIS, TENN.

THE QUEST OF FORTUNE.

Sure to Be Found, Says Mr. Gozzleton, If One Only Takes the Right Road.

"The longer I live the more firmly I am convinced," said Mr. Gozzleton, "that a man who wants a fortune has got to do something besides wish for it. Fortunes, large and small, are shy, very shy. In one form and another they are passing by all the time, but they won't stop for the mere asking, however polite and graceful and earnest the invitation may be. We might sit out on the veranda from now till doomsday and rise and bow and scrape at every one of 'em that came along and ask 'em all in, but never one of 'em would stop. They might want to come in, but nothing short of actual collaring would bring 'em in. The fact is that if we want a fortune we've got to work for it.

"Men have made fortunes, to be sure, without working. Oil may spout up out the ground one man owns and cover him with riches. Another man may find iron ore in his land, and so on. But such cases are so few in number that they don't count; the chances of our getting rich in that way are really not worth considering. If we would be rich we must work for it. And work early and late; all the time. Plug at it, and keep plugging at it. There is practically no other way.

"The man who idles away his time, or fails to make the best possible use of it, stays poor; the man that works for all he knows how and keeps forever at it is bound to get ahead."—N. Y. Sun.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

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 obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Owner Wanted.

During the past week some one has left seven pounds of gold-dust in an oyster can in our office, and it has been kicking around under foot ever since. If the owner does not call and take it away within a week we shall heave it into the back yard. This office is no junk shop.—Klondike Hustler.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, nervous, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. *Try it to-day.* Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

In the Arid District.

Kansas Druggist—I can't sell you whisky without a prescription, stranger.

Col. Dreyer (a visitor from Kentucky)—I prepared fo' that, sah, when I set out for this benighted country—I had a prescription tattooed on my arm.

"That's all right, then! Come in and I'll fill you."—Puck.

Don't You Sleep?

Does your Head Ache? Somnifi Caffein cures instantly. All druggists. 25 cents. Dr. Waxton Medical Co., 201 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Greatness Recognized.

Stranger—What's going on here to-day? There seems to be a celebration of some kind in progress.

Native—Yes; we're givin' Cy Simpson a little blow-out on gittin' back from the city without buyin' a gold brick. He's the first citizen of this place that ever done it.—Chicago Evening News.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

A married woman pretends often to be fooled when she is not.—Atchison Globe.

COULD NOT BE DONE.

It Was Utterly Impossible for That Boy to Respect His Father's Gray Hairs.

"Boys," began the Sunday school superintendent, impressively, "I hope none of you will ever get into the reprehensible habit of alluding to your father as 'the old man.' When you grow up, no matter how big or old you may be, you should always look up to and respect the silver hairs of your father, who has grown bent and gray working for you in your helpless infancy. Now, all of you who think you can do this please raise your right hands."

Up went every hand except one.

Sternly eyeing the delinquent, the superintendent solemnly observed:

"Why, young man, I am horrified—absolutely horrified—as well as astonished at your behavior. Don't you wish to raise your hand and put yourself on record as being willing to respect the gray hairs of your father when you grow up to be a man?"

"No. No use tryin'; can't do it nohow," unblushingly responded the lad.

"Why not, sonny?"

"'Cause he ain't liable to have no gray hair. Dad's bald," chirped the youthful philosopher, triumphantly, and amid a general titter the discomfited superintendent gave it up and passed on to something else.—Tit-Bits.

Coarse and Brutal.

History states that a certain Roman official of some importance was killed one day by a falling tile while indulging in a parade. A young man of the family of Hur was charged with his death and brought into court. The judge, after hearing the case, turned to the prisoner and said:

"I sentence you to the mines for life."

"To the mines?" echoed Ben Hur.

"Yes, to the mines," retorted the facetious magistrate; "there are great mining facilities on the Mediterranean. You will find all the oar you want in the galleys."

At this brutal jest it is said the attorney for the prosecution laughed long and loud, but Ben Hur saw no joke in the galleys—he was not a printer.—Detroit Free Press.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

The women of to-day are not as strong as their grandmothers. They are bearing a burden in silence that grows heavier day by day; that is sapping their vitality and clouding their happiness.

Mrs. Alexander B. Clark, of 417 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, is a typical woman of to-day. A wife with such ambition as only a loving wife can have. But the joys of her life were marred by the existence of disease.

Suffering as thousands of her sisters have suffered, she almost despaired of life and yet she was cured.

"I became blind."

"For five years I suffered with ovarian trouble," is Mrs. Clark's own version of the story. "I was not free one single day from headache and intense twitching pains in my neck and shoulders. For months at a time I would be confined to my bed. At times black spots would appear before my eyes and I would become blind. My nerves were in such a state that a step on the floor unsettled me.

"Eminent doctors, skillful nurses, the best food and medicine all failed. Then I consented to an operation. That, too, failed and they said another was necessary. After the second I was worse than ever and the world was darker than before.

"It was then I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I heard that they had cured cases like mine and I tried them.

"They cured me! They brought sunshine to my life and filled my cup with happiness. The headache is gone; the twitching is gone; the nervousness is gone; the trembling has ceased, and I have gained twenty-six pounds. Health and strength is mine and I am thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for the blessing."

These pills are a boon to womankind. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, they restore the requisite vitality to all parts of the body; creating functional regularity and perfect harmony throughout the nervous system. The pallor of the cheeks is changed to the delicate blush of health; the eyes brighten; the muscles grow elastic, ambition is created and good health returns.

His Little Game.

Askins—How is it that Slicksmith seems to make an instantaneous hit with every lady to whom he is introduced?

Teller—Oh, he calls the married ones "miss" and the single ones "Mrs."—Judge.

It is very seldom that a girl can go away to college without inventing some new way to spell her name.—Washington Democrat.

A Humane Woman.—The Cabman—"Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab." Mrs. Oatcake (as she gets in)—"No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap."—Tit-Bits.

Full of Grand Marches and Quicksteps.—Oletimer—"Is your married life one grand sweet song?" Newlywed—"Well, since I got a baby it's more like a grand opera, with loud calls for the author every night."—Puck.

One of the most literary of the London evening papers makes the following startling announcement: "A complete set of hydrants and fire appliances will be arranged and the stage is to be fitted with a double asbestos and steel fireproof curtain, controllable by one man. The latter is designed to be one of the largest in London, namely, about 80 feet wide and 50 feet deep."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Beginning Early.—"I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife is a champion in that line." "Why, I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot." "She was until our baby was born, six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl that we will not like."—Chicago News.

Fidelity. — A certain sober judgment ought to mark Christians. They should be like the needle in the mariner's compass, not like the pendulum which, within its limited range, is always going from one extreme to another.—Herbert M. Melville.

Regeneration.—A man may beat down the bitter fruit from an evil tree until he is weary; while the root abides in strength and vigor, the beating down the present fruit will not hinder it from bringing forth more.—John Owen.

It is not the fellow who gets the biggest salary who makes the most money. It is the one who knows what to do with it.—Washington Democrat.

ATTRACTIVE WOMEN.

Fullness of Health Makes Sweet Dispositions and Happy Homes.

[EXTRACTS FROM MRS. PINKHAM'S NOTE BOOK.]

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill health, painful menses, pains in the side, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and begin its use. This truly wonderful remedy is the safeguard of women's health.

Mrs. Mabel Smith, 345 Central Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what your wonderful remedy has done for me. Without it I would by this time have been dead or worse, insane; for when I started to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a terrible state. I think it would be impossible for me to tell all I suffered. Every part of my body seemed to pain some way. The pain in my back and head was terrible. I was nervous, had hysterics and fainting spells. My case was one that was given up by two of the best doctors in Brooklyn. I had given up myself; as I had tried so many things, I believed nothing would ever do me any good. But, thanks to your medicine, I am now well and strong; in fact, another person entirely."

If you are puzzled about yourself, write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and secure the advice which she offers free of charge to all women. This is the advice that has brought sunshine into many homes which nervousness and irritability had nearly wrecked.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills

POTATO AND STRAWBERRY.

One time a big potato grew
 Beside a small strawberry red.
They into conversation drew,
 And this is what strawberry said:
"I'm glad that I am not like you—
 'Way down beneath the ground, so deep,
Where it is dark and chilly—Boo!
 It makes my 'runners' fairly creep!
But you're too dirty to be seen—
 That's why you hide your head, I guess;
Your face is scarcely ever clean,
 You're just a lump of ugliness!
While I am beautiful, you see,
 And sweet and fair—complexion fine;
The people fairly worship me,
 They say that I am just divine!"

The old potato rubbed his eyes,
 And, speaking slowly, answered thus:
"The vain, you know, are seldom wise;
 And those who make the greatest fuss
About themselves oft know the least.
 Beauty's a thing that quickly dies,
And sweetness an insipid feast
 For all but girls and butterflies.
'Tis true I'm ugly, old, and queer,
 And make my home beneath the ground,
But while you last a month, my dear,
 I am on hand the whole year 'round.
So listen, while potato sings
 To you a truth, my little miss:
Not always are the prettiest things
 Most useful—just remember this."
—James C. Challis, in Outlook.

FRITZ BEHAVES WELL.

Philadelphia Dog, Born in a Cemetery, Has Attended More Than Two Thousand Funerals.

Fritz is not a prepossessing dog by any means. He is not a thoroughbred, and he is not well groomed, but in his own line there is not a dog in the whole country like him. That line is graveyards, and Fritz is a "graveyard" dog. He has been to over 2,000 funerals, and will probably see as many again before he himself joins the great majority of dead canines.

Six years ago Fritz was born in the American Mechanics' cemetery at Twenty-second and Diamond streets. The exact place of his birth was under the little chapel where the last prayers are said over the dead, and in this melancholy atmosphere Fritz grew up. His brothers and sisters, three in number, were not so fortunate. One died; the other two were either stolen, or, unable to stand the depressing influence, ran away. Fritz' mother also disappeared, and he was left alone. Since then his disposition has been melancholy.

Perhaps from disappointment, perhaps from a morbid taste imbued by his solitary life, Fritz at two years old began to attend funerals. No one objected, his behavior was above reproach, and gradually the picture of the little black and white dog walking mournfully along in his favorite position just behind the coffin grew familiar. Now it has come to pass that no funeral is complete without Fritz. Just as soon as the chapel bell rings, no matter where Fritz is, he rushes to the spot from where he knows the coffin will be taken. However excited he is, he never barks, and, except when he is outside the cemetery, he never barks at all.

Usually, also, he lies down by the gravedigger when a grave is being opened, and a story is told of him by one of Superintendent Reel's men that during one rainy night Fritz' loud yelping, not barking, but wailing, was heard continually. No one paid any attention to it, but next morning Fritz was found beside a grave which had been made the afternoon before and which had caved in during the night on account of the rain.

The best thing about Fritz is that no matter whether it is a $25 funeral, with just a hearse and no carriages, or a $250 funeral, with 20 carriages, he shows just as much respect for the dead in either case. He is not a snob, by any means.—Philadelphia Times.

THE JOGGLING BOARD.

A Plaything Which Affords Lots of Amusement to the Boys and Girls of the South.

Through the south, and particularly in Louisiana, the children have a plaything known as the "joggling board." One sees it under the big oak trees and pepper trees on the well-kept lawns about great houses, and on the hard-beaten earth in front of the negro cabins. It is a piece of plank an inch thick and 12 or 14 feet long. Poor children place it between rails in fence corners or between two stumps; the children of the rich have frames made like the legs of a chair with rounds. This is sunk in the ground and the board placed on the top rungs. Some children use ordinary carpenter's horses.

KEEPS THE CHILDREN QUIET.

The board is very springy and children will sit on it by the hour "joggling" away contentedly when nothing else will keep them quiet. A traveler through the south said he had not seen a swing or "teeter" in his whole journey, but that every child was provided with a more or less satisfactory "joggling board."

Why the Senators Laughed.

The lieutenant governor of a certain state, who, by virtue of his office is president of the senate, astonished the legislators the other day by a peculiar ruling. A senator was speaking, and, having referred to "the gentleman from ——" the president checked him. "I want to call the attention of the senate to one thing," he said, after rapping sharply with his gavel. "The senators will address each other as senators, not as gentlemen. The senators," he added, gravely, "are senators, not gentlemen." Then every man in the senate chamber began laughing, but it was not until after adjournment that the lieutenant governor saw the joke.

Girlie's Bright Little Joke.

Girlie the other day asked her big sister to give her an example. So her sister said, in fun: "Well, if one family has three children, how many children have two families?" "Nine," was the prompt reply. "Why, how's that?" queried her sister. "Oh," said she, roguishly, "the other family had six children!"—Youth's Companion.

INDOOR BUTTERFLIES.

How Little Sturgis, a Convalescent Youngster, Was Entertained Royally by His Mother.

When Mamma Leavitt came home from a call at the high school teacher's she found Sturgis wishing that there was no such thing as measles.

"If it hadn't been for measles I don't believe I should have taken any notice of some butterflies I saw this afternoon," cried Mamma Leavitt, gayly. "And I shouldn't have found out all about them so we could have some ourselves if it hadn't been for measles."

"Flying butterflies," said Sturgis, doubtfully. "They don't fly in the winter. Were they big ones?"

"No," said mamma, "but they were as big as they ever would be."

"Were they alive?"

"No, but they were lively," answered mamma.

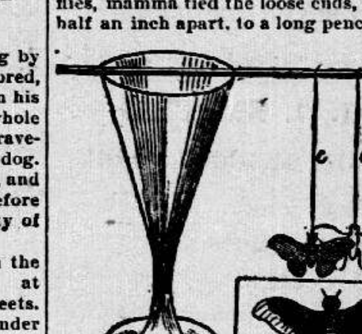
"What were they made of?" asked the little boy.

"Paper," replied Mamma Leavitt. "Let's have some." So she took some thin white paper and cut out two little butterflies like Fig. c, and through the dark spot in each head tied a piece of sewing silk about six inches long.

"You might get your water colors and have these two butterflies any color you choose," said mamma.

That seemed a good idea to Sturgis, and he colored them both light yellow. "They are not so pretty as when they are other colors, but they look more summerish when they are yellow," he said.

When Sturgis had colored the butterflies, mamma tied the loose ends, about half an inch apart, to a long pencil and



INDOOR BUTTERFLIES.

balanced the pencil on a tall glass vase (Fig. b). There were two lifeless butterflies swinging in the air.

"You said they would fly," said Sturgis.

"They will," said mamma. "We must wake them up. Run and get a warm, dry lamp chimney and a silk handkerchief and I will get my fountain pen or a stick of sealing wax, or a rubber handled knife."

Mamma looked and found some sealing wax. She made sure that this also was warm and dry.

"I am glad I have this," she said, "it is really the best thing. Now you rub the glass with the silk and I will rub the sealing wax with my woolen dress skirt. Now hold your chimney about an inch from the butterflies. See them fly to it?" Then Mamma Leavitt held the sealing wax almost two inches from the butterflies, and to Sturgis' astonishment they flew to the wax.

"They've gone to eat sealing wax," he cried in surprise. But almost before he has said it they flew back to the glass. Then back to the wax they went. Three or four times they flew, then they seemed tired and settled down to rest, hanging under the pencil.

"Let us give them some more life," said mamma.

So they rubbed the wax and the chimney and sure enough the butterflies were just as lively as ever.

"What makes them fly, mamma?"

"It is electricity," answered mamma. "We make it when we rub the wax and the glass."

"What is electricity?" asked Sturgis.

"Now you have asked me something I can't answer," said Mamma Leavitt. "I don't know, nobody knows. Perhaps some time wise men will find out, but until then the best thing for us is to find out what it will do."—Orange Judd Farmer.

LITTLE MUDDY TURTLE.

How a Cleveland (O.) Teacher Lost Her Hard-Earned Reputation for Artistic Cleverness.

In one of the public schools of Cleveland the teacher of the primary class has been reading Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to her pupils, and they enjoy the rhythm of the poem, if they do not understand all its verses. Says the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

When they come to a hard word the teacher goes to the blackboard and draws a picture to illustrate its meaning. This the pupils find highly entertaining, and it helps in quite a remarkable way to fix the text in their minds. A few days ago they came to this line in the early part of the poem:

At the door on summer evenings sat the little Hiawatha.

"At—th' door—on sum-mer eve-nings sat th' lit-tle," read the children. "Go on," said the teacher; but they didn't go on. The name of Hiawatha was too much for them. They knew who Hiawatha was, but they didn't recognize his name.

So the teacher went to the board and took considerable pains in drawing. First, a wigwam with the pole sticking up above it, and a rude aboriginal painting on the side; second, little Hiawatha, with feathers in his hair, squatted at the wigwam door; third a fine harvest moon. Then she pointed at Hiawatha and asked what it was. There was a general craning of necks and shaking of heads.

"Come, come!" cried the teacher, "you know what it is."

Then one little girl spoke up. "I guess I know what it is, teacher."

"You may tell the class, Laura."

"I guess it's a mud turtle." And instantly, with one accord, the class glibly repeated:

At the door on sum-mer eve-nings sat th' lit-tle mud-dy tur-tle.

And the teacher feels that her reputation for artistic cleverness had received a cruel blow.

Saved by a Stray Dog.

A wildcat is a feline no one cares to meet, but two schoolgirls in Wisconsin had that unpleasant experience. Their only weapons were their school bags, and with these they whacked the brute enough to keep him off for a time. But they must have eventually been torn, if not killed, had it not been for the arrival of a stray dog, at the sight of which the cowardly cat fled with a scream of baffled rage.

A Juvenile Bargain Hunter.

A pretty little girl of three years was in a drug store with her mamma. Being attracted by something in the show case, she asked what it was. The clerk replied: "That is a scent bag." "How cheap!" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!"—Youth's Companion.

Rule for Vehicle Driver.

There is a bill before the South Carolina legislature which requires drivers of vehicles to go to the right.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

CARE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Many a Dollar and Many Hours of Time Might be Saved by More Care of Farm Implements.

There is no more economical way for a farmer to employ his leisure winter time than by the overhauling and repairing of his implements. This is a point to which most of our southern farmers seem to give very little attention. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find plows, harrows, hoes and even harness, in the spring, lying where they were last used the previous fall. As a consequence of this exposure, the harness is unfit for use the next spring, and the farmer is at the expense of having to buy a new set. The woodwork of the tools is cracked and warped, bolts loose and rusty, and iron all badly corroded and roughened with rust. Under these conditions the woodwork is greatly weakened and apt to break much quicker than if it had had the proper care. Even if this should not happen, the general efficiency of the tool is very much lessened. A large part of the work of pulling a plow is taken up in overcoming the friction of the mold-board and landslide against the earth. This friction varies greatly, being at the minimum over a hard, smooth surface, and greatest over a rough surface—the condition of a rusty plow. All else being equal, the majority of our implements do better painted, but the increased draught resulting from a rusty tool, lessens the momentum of the animal pulling; hence, we not only have a decrease in the amount of work, but also of an inferior quality. It is false economy not to have, on all farms, a place for the protection of tools and to keep them in that place when not in use. The time saved in getting an implement when wanted would go far toward paying for such a shelter. This may consist simply of an open shed, with the ground for a floor, or, better still, a floor raised some six inches from the ground. It is best to have it raised so as to prevent water running in, so arranged that the team can drive through, thus avoiding the necessity of having to pull the tools in and out by hand. Near this shed for large tools should be a room devoted to hand tools and harness. This compartment should be provided with rack for holding shovels, hoes, rakes, etc., and pegs on which to hang harness. The contents of this room should be under lock and key. During cultivation each man who uses a tool should be compelled, when the day's work is done, to clean it and wipe it dry, and lay it in its proper place. When a tool is put away for the season, this should be especially looked after. As soon as fall leisure comes, one of the first duties of the farmer should be to overhaul his implements. They should all be gone over carefully, all necessary repairs made, and all nuts tightened. The bright or working parts should receive a coating of tallow, or grease of some kind, to prevent rusting. The woodwork is best preserved by giving it a coat of good white lead, and the tools look better when the lead is toned down to a gray or slate color with lampback. All iron parts, not used in friction or cutting work, can receive similar treatment, or a substitution of asphaltum may be made. It is safe to say that very few plows go through more than two seasons on the average farm without needing extensive repairs. With the systematic treatment outlined above we have known them to last 12 years.

Farmers, while economizing to meet the low price of cotton, do not overlook the necessity of caring for the implements.—Cor. N. O. Picayune.

PRACTICAL HOG EXPERIENCE.

A Breeder of Berkshires Tells of the Results of His Tests in Breeding and Feeding Hogs.

I have been breeding Birkshires for 30 years, and during that time I have tried several other breeds in comparative tests. The wide-awake farmer endeavors to send as little of the fertility of his soil as possible to market. The crops of his farm are disposed of as a finished product of the highest possible type, so as to command the best market price. For this purpose I found that the Berkshire excels all other breeds. These hogs have been improved for a century along the line of converting a mixed diet of slops, grass and coarse vegetables into the very finest quality of pork.

They are admirably adapted to following cattle, and gather up the scattering grain and vegetables on the farm, thus making them the general-purpose hog. My method of feeding is to take the sow at least five weeks before farrowing time, put her into a large, roomy lot where she can have plenty of exercise and pure water, give a good warm, clean house to sleep in, then commence to feed at first, wheat bran mixed with shorts and water, gradually adding a little shorts. I increase the shorts. Have the slop so thick that it will run slowly when being poured. Feed twice a day until within four days of farrowing, then drop out the shorts and feed half as much as before. A great flow of milk must be avoided, as there is danger of milk fever. Heavy feeding before farrowing is to nourish the unborn pigs and have them strong and vigorous. I do not feed the sow any the first day after farrowing, and but very little the second, then for a week feed her wheat bran mixed with water.

The second week give some shorts in the bran, and the third week half bran and half shorts, continuing until the pigs are old enough to wean. Give all shorts and milk that she will eat up clean, being careful not to overfeed. As soon as the pigs are old enough to eat, and that will be very soon if a little patience is used, give them milk from the cow, a little at a time, and gradually increase the quantity until they have learned to eat well. Then mix skim milk with shorts or sieved ground oats or ground wheat. Feed twice a day all they will eat up clean, but do not leave any in the trough to sour. Always feed sweet. Let the sow run on a clover field or a green rye field while suckling. Give charred corn-cobs once a week, and have wood ashes, to which a little salt has been added, within easy reach of the sow.

When the pigs are two months to ten weeks old, slip the sow away and continue to feed the pigs shorts and as much milk as possible—the more the better. When five or six months old, put them on a clover or green rye field and feed corn in the ear, being careful to feed so the manure will be scattered over the farm. I do not feed any drugs to cure cholera, but keep the house and pens all disinfected with chloro-naptholeum. I think the germ of hog cholera can be destroyed outside of the hog, but not after it has entered the circulation. From six to eight months is the best age to market, or even younger, say from five to seven months. They should weigh 300 to 300 pounds. Hams and bacon made from Berkshires treated in this way will command the highest price in any market in the world.—Farmers' Guide.

First Working of Corn.

As soon as cotton-planting is over, corn should be given its first working. If the soil has been compacted by rain, this working should be deep and thorough. The old-fashioned coulter—something like a soubsoil plow—is a very good implement for running round, as it throws little dirt and yet may be run quite deep. After the first furrow is run, broad scooters or long, narrow shovels may be used to complete the work. On light soils, or those not compacted by rain, the first working may be given with heel-scrapes or cultivators, and much labor saved. But it will not pay to leave the land in poor condition at this first working. Put in good condition now, all subsequent workings will be easy. One should study, however, to get good work done with the smallest number of furrows. "Save work, save time at every point," should be the motto of every farmer. When land is in good condition and the plowing properly done, no hoe work should be needed by a corn crop. The only hard work called for would be the thinning of the corn, which should be done immediately after the first plowing, so that any corn covered up may be uncovered at the same time.—Southern Cultivator.

Sweet Potatoes.

Sweet potato slips may now be safely set out for an early crop—and all are urged to plant largely of this valuable crop for hogs—when a market is not available. Those who have access to large cities will find them a valuable crop for hogs—when a market is not available. Those who have access to large cities will find them a valuable market crop—those first brought in selling readily at fancy prices. It is well to start a part of the crop early, so they may be fed to stock from August to November—taking the risk of winter keeping on a later started and smaller portion of the crop. Late-planted potatoes keep through the winter better than those started early—especially is this true of the St. Domingo and kindred varieties. Early matured potatoes of these are almost sure to rot or become pithy and worthless. These varieties abound in starch and might be utilized in the production of that article. Large tubers that rot and are thrown out on the surface of the ground sometimes have all their other constituents washed away by rain and finally present a white mass of quite pure starch.—Dixie Farmer.

Early Cow-Peas.

About the first of May early varieties of cow-peas may be planted for hogs and other stock purposes. Peas may be advantageously added to almost any other food given to hogs, including even corn. The hog has a rather small stomach, which calls for rather concentrated food, or, in modern terms, one which has a narrow ratio—say one to five—whereas much of the food hogs eat ordinarily has a ratio of one to eight or ten. It is too early yet to plant the late-maturing varieties—when planted early these incline to make more vine than fruit. Except on very rich soils it is better to drill peas and work them. The cost of working is offset by the smaller quantity of seed required for drill culture. On ordinary land it pays to apply moderate quantities of phosphate and potash and peas—it increases their growth and does away with the necessity of applying these fertilizers to the crop which is to follow the peas.—Southern Cultivator.

Top Dressing Grain.

If oats or wheat have a yellowish cast it usually indicates a deficiency of nitrogenous food. In case of wheat it may result from the presence of fly, but usually comes from lack of nitrogen in soil or manure. In such case, if the crop is otherwise in good condition and promising, it may pay to give a light-top dressing of nitrate of soda, and this should be done at once, for rains may not fall immediately, and the nitrate will do no good until it sinks into the soil in solution in water. It is not usually advisable to give a very heavy dressing—50 to 100 pounds per acre will answer, because none is lost by evaporation, and being very soluble in water the most of it is apt to be appropriated by the grain.—Dixie Farmer.

Causes of Poor Hatching.

The temperature of eggs under sitting hens should be 104 degrees. Some hens do not sit close to the eggs, and fail to give the necessary warmth, and therefore have a poor hatch. Others stay off the nest too long in cold weather. The hen is often disturbed by other hens, which is most sure to result in failure. The nests are often made in a cold, windy place. Make a warm nest in a warm place, in cold weather, and where other hens can not disturb them. Sometimes the eggs are not fertile, when of course they will not hatch.—Cor. Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—Sheep should be dipped as soon as sheared, for it takes less of the material and it has more perfect access to the skin.

—The hawk and crow will soon be round to inspect your poultry yards, and unless you are very careful they will sample your brood of chicks.

—If farmers would give more attention to increasing the yield per acre of their land, and less to increasing the acreage, they would have less cause to "darn the luck."

—There are many people engaged in farming all over this country who can only make a scant living. It is also true that there are many persons engaged in other branches of business who can't make even that much.

—This is the time of the year when the farmer should carefully think over his sources of income, and study how to reduce expenses, increase product and add to income.

—There is no difficulty in ridding the flocks of ticks if the pains to do it thoroughly are taken. It is the cheapest way in the end. And once got rid of it should be kept off the premises by careful examination of any fresh sheep admitted to the flock.

—There are many kinds of weeds that would get a good start on the farm if it were not for the sheep. In fact, nine cases out of ten, where you find a farm that is dirty and overrun with weeds, you will find that the owner does not keep sheep.

—The farmer who has not mares suitable to breed to heavy draft stallions, had better breed to some good jack and raise mules. The demand for good mules is increasing. Not all mares will raise good draft colts, but the majority will raise good mules.

—Willingness to work is not the only qualification of a good farmhand. The man who is to become a member of the family, and a companion for the boys, should be required first of all to be a manly man—clean in speech, and upright in conduct.

—It is a great mistake on the part of any farmer to work until his body and mind are tired out, so that both must rest until task time begins again. That would be hard treatment for a plow mule. If farmers would rest more, think more, and depend more on mental work than usual, they could easily get along without so much bodily wear and tear.

ASTHMA'S PROGRESS.

From Cold to Cure.

No relief in other remedies.

There are many medicines that palliate asthma. There are few that do more than relieve for a time the oppressed breathing of the sufferer. There are few diseases more troublesome and more irritating than asthma. It interferes alike with business and with pleasure. It prevents enjoyment of the day and makes the night a terror. A remedy for asthma would be hailed by thousands as the greatest possible boon that could be offered them. There is a remedy for asthma. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has cured hundreds of cases of this disease, and testimonials to its efficacy from those who have tried the remedy are multiplying with every year. The cases presented in the testimonials that follow, may be taken as exemplifying the quick and radical action of this great remedy.

"About a year ago, I caught a bad cold which resulted in asthma so severe that I was threatened with suffocation whenever I attempted to lie down on my bed. A friend recommending Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I began to take it, and soon obtained relief, and, finally, was completely cured. Since then, I have used this medicine in my family with great success for colds, coughs, and croup."—S. Hutter, Editor "Rolink" (Polish), Stevens Point, Wis.

"While on the Gasconade River, Ga., I caught a severe cold which resulted in asthma. After taking doctors' prescriptions for a long time without benefit, I at length made use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was completely cured."—S. G. Kitchell, Greenwood, Miss.

"Some time since I had a severe attack of asthma, accompanied with a bad cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted physicians, and tried various remedies, but without getting any relief. Finally I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a very short time was entirely cured."—J. Rosells, Victoria, Tex.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is known the world over as one of the most effective medicines for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is not, as are so many cough medicines, a mere "soothing syrup," a temporary relief and palliative, but it is a radical remedy, dealing directly with disease and promptly healing it. In response to a wide demand Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is now put up in half size bottles, sold at half price—50 cents. More about Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook. A story of cures told by the cured. Sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

He Was Waiting.

A young theological student who is about to depart for the missionary fields told an amusing story on himself the other evening that gives an insight to the cause that led to his determining to preach the Gospel to the heathen. He had called on a young lady, and her little brother posted himself in an armchair facing a handsome gilt clock. He had been there half an hour, when the young lady said: "Robbie, why don't you go to the nursery?" "I am waiting," replied Robbie. "What are you waiting for, my dear?" "Why, for his face to stop the clock. You know what you said."—Philadelphia Call.

Every woman has nooks and corners about the house in which to hide things that her husband can never find.—Washington Democrat.

There may be Wars and rumors of War, but our darling little babies may sicken and die unless we give *Dr. Moffett's* Teethina (*Teething Powders*). Teethina Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels and makes teething easy.

The baby in the cradle evidently thinks this is a pretty rocky old world.—Chicago News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

When you don't know, be brave enough to say so. Besides, it is a good plan; "I don't know" will save you many a useless argument.—Atchison Globe.

Very few people know good stationery when they see it.—Washington Democrat.

A Stunning Example.

Professor (to class in philosophy)—Now, Johnnie, give me examples of the extremes of softness and hardness.

Johnnie Bright—The dude and his diamond stud.—Jeweler's Weekly.

And He Gets It.

Ted—What kind of a fellow is it that buys green goods?

Ned—He must be a man who wants money bad.—N. Y. Journal.

A Warm Story.

Amy—So your father rebuked you for reading that novel, eh? Did he burn it?

Mamie—Oh, no! He—he put it in the ice chest.—Up to Date.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

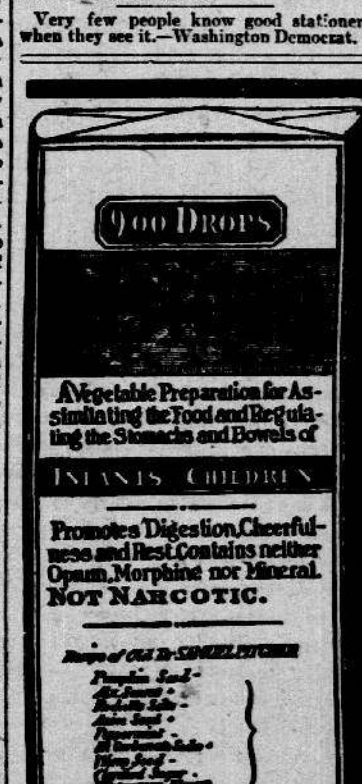
When a girl goes away to a larger town on an extended visit there is no great surprise when she returns with a change of color in her hair.—Atchison Globe.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

When a woman tells of a cute saying by her baby we always think the woman invented it.

Take care of your pennies and some one will come along with a scheme to take care of your dollars for you.—Chicago News.

We have noticed that the man who is lucky says nothing about the proverbial luck of a fool.—Atchison Globe.



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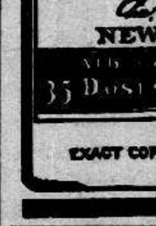

De Leon, Tex., writes: I am a widow, and can strongly recommend Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine, it having Saved my Life 6 years ago, when I was down with Liver Complaint and Kidney Disease. I think it a far better medicine than that made by "Zeilin" and "Black Draught."

Gestation.

During the period of gestation the tension upon the muscles and ligaments of the womb is greatly increased and the blood vessels are taxed to their utmost. If there is any tendency to uneasiness or pain, we recommend frequent warm injections of our Mexican Female Remedy and two or three doses, every day, of Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine. This treatment will strengthen the ligaments, will assist in holding the uterus in place, lessen pain, make the uterus more pliable and elastic, and prepare the organs for the final effort. It also lessens the danger of death to child and mother, and fortifies her against liability to convulsions, flooding and other dangerous symptoms, and with ordinary prudence guarantees a rapid recovery.

J. W. Tillison

Celeste, Tex., says: Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine is the best in the world for Biliousness, Indigestion and Torpid Liver. Have used it 10 years, and recommend it to my friends, and they all praise it. I think there is as much difference between it and "Zeilin's" and "Thedford's" as between day and night.

Paleness.

Anæmia is a condition often called "poverty of blood" from deficiency of the red corpuscles which give to this fluid its characteristic color. It arises from insufficiency of assimilation of the proper materials of food to replenish the blood, as in chlorotic girls. It may occur in persons who have long suffered with hemorrhoids, or in women from repeated discharges of blood from the uterus. The lips and tongue lose their natural red color and become white and the face looks like wax.

The most efficient remedy for this condition is Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine. The improvement produced by its use is frequently almost magical; an unhealthy look becomes strong and capable in its [illegible], digestion improves, the lips and cheeks lose their pallor, and the eye becomes bright and the step elastic.

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