

FUNNY FOLKS

A Popular Antidote.
"Mike," said Mrs. Flannigan, looking from the paper in her hand to her husband, who had just signed the temperance pledge, "shure an' a great doother sez that alcohol do be a shure sure for carbolic acid pizen, an' if so be yez haven't anny alcohol, thin twit as much whisky will do jist as well as."

"Be quick, thin, Sarah, me dear, an' lay by a good store of the stuff. Shure I'm thot despritt there's no tullin' whin I'll be nadin' the rimidy."—Judge.

In a Bad Way.
"You'll have to excuse my dolly," said the little four-year-old, with great dignity. "She's indisposed."
"What is the matter with her, Kitty?" asked the visitor, with a show of friendly interest and sympathy.
"She's lost all the sawdust out of her stomach," replied Kitty, "part of her left leg's gone, she's got nervous prostration and can't wink her eyes."—Chicago Tribune.

She Wanted to Know.
"Grandniece," said the old lady, feebly, in a tone which indicated mental anxiety as well as bodily suffering.
"Yes, aunt. What is it?"
"When Dr. Silvers comes I suspect he will try to give me an anodyne, and I want you to promise me not to let him do it. It won't cure my disease, and if I have a pain I want to know it."—Lentle's Weekly.

Love Made Him Go Round.
Lady—What brought you to this deplorable condition?
Tramp—It was a love affair, ma'am.
"Poor man! How very sad. Here's a quarter for you."
"Thanks, ma'am. Dis will kinder give dis love affair up mine a boost. You see, it was my love for liquor dat put me on de hog train."—Chicago Daily News.

An Obituary.
He was strong on lines financial, and his income was substantial. And he trod with face undaunted through this wilderness of woe: Always kept his head on level, had no fear of man or devil. Till he bumped against a plumber and the plumber laid him low. There was need of some connection at a pipe line intersection. An adjustment of a meter to a three-fourths tube inside. For defendant in the action life has no more sensation—Bill was longer than the pipe line, but he paid the same and died.
—Noblesse States Journal.

Expert Drillmaster.
The world is just a school through which we all are sent to pass. Only here and there is one who when the term at last is done has left the primer class.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

God's School.
The world is just a school through which we all are sent to pass. Only here and there is one who when the term at last is done has left the primer class.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

He's Getting Even.
Trivet—Did you hear of the dreadful revenge Frothingham took on Miss Dimling when she refused his proposal?
Dier—What was it?
Trivet—He proposed to her mother, and Mrs. Dimling was a widow, and say he won't let a man come to the house to see his stepdaughter.—Chicago Journal.

Boarding House Prisonery.
Landlady—Our Shakespeare club is to discuss the character of Cassius tonight.
Boarder—Did you know Cassius?
Landlady—What a question? Of course, not.
Boarder—I didn't know but he boarded here; he was lean and hungry, you know.—Brooklyn Life.

Long-Felt Want.
Biggs—Do you belong to any society?
Diggs—No; but I'm going to assist in organizing one next week.
Biggs—What is to be the nature of it?
Diggs—It will be a society for the suppression of useless societies.—Chicago Daily News.

At of the Right Timber.
"Josh," asked Mrs. Chugwater, looking up from a paper she was reading, "why does a medical student have to go before a board?"
"So he can hang out a shingle, I suppose," replied Mr. Chugwater.
"What do you want to bother me about a thing like that for?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Mean Doctor.
The Doctor (after seeing Mrs. Smythe)—It's nothing serious. Mr. Smythe—No?
The Doctor—No; I told her a trip abroad would prove anything but beneficial to her in her present state. Mr. Smythe (with a sigh of relief)—Shake!—Brooklyn Life.

Evidence.
"Does Mr. Blimmas know much about horse races?"
"No," answered the man with a faded and experienced look.
"How can you tell?"
"By the fact that he is willing to bet on them."—Washington Star.

After Spilling the Soap.
Walter—I beg your pardon, sir! I never had such a thing happen before.
Customer—I wish to gracious you had! Then you might have been more careful this time!—Brooklyn Life.

That Settled It.
He had taken an unwarranted liberty in criticizing her new hat. It provoked her. She was about to say that she didn't propose to be dictated to by any man. But she didn't say it. All she said was:
"I do not propose."
"Then he interrupted her."
"If you did," he smilingly murmured, "I should certainly say yes."
And that seemed to settle it.—Tit-Bits.

Right Against.
Because that Shakespeare's self has said "I land."
A reason that it's sure:
"There's a divinity that shapes our ends"—And she's the manturee.
—Judge.

A CRUEL BLOW.
Billy Binks—Ah! old chap, you don't know what swell people I come of. Why, I've got real blue blood in my veins!
Slumpy George—Ah! I've often wondered what made yer nose that 'ere color!—Aly Sloper.

Her One Request.
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "there is one favor I want to ask you. I hope you will realize it is for your own good and not get angry."
"What is it?"
"I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never bet on a horse that isn't going to win."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Could See No Reason.
Surprised Foreigner—Do you mean to say you have special elections for congressmen in your country?
Native American—Sometimes, if there is a vacancy. Why not?
Surprised Foreigner—Why, from the way you people talk about your congressmen I shouldn't think one of them was worth the expense of a special election.—Chicago Tribune.

Some from Outside.
Miss Backbay—I don't like your friend Mr. Gotham. He remarked to me last night that there were no pretty girls in Boston.
Miss Knickerbocker—How ridiculous!
Miss Backbay—Wasn't it?
Miss Knickerbocker—Yes, because there are always some New York girls visiting there.—Philadelphia Press.

Fame.
The ways to gain this world's applause are various and complex. Some get the same by writing books. And some by writing checks.
—Washington Star.

WHY HE STOOD WELL.
The Landlady—Poor Mr. Light-weight died last week and I know he went straight to Heaven.
Mr. Gorman—What makes you think so?
The Landlady—He always paid his board in advance, never complained about his room being cold or his bed being hard, and, besides, he had a very delicate appetite.—Chicago Tribune.

The Boston Maid Again.
She was a Boston maiden whom they took about the town; And showed the interesting things in upper town and down. They went to a cold storage place: It made 'em all feel queer To hear the Boston maid remark: "It's very warm in here!"
—Yonkers Statesman.

All Ware and No Fare.
Guest—Will you kindly tell me how you cut this beef so thin?
Waiter—With a carving knife. Why?
Guest—Nothing; only I was just wondering if it was done with a safety razor.—Judge.

No Wonder It's Splendid.
"What splendid language Mr. Chokah uses in his sermons!"
"Yes, indeed. But, then, what can you expect? His sermons are invariably made up of five-eighths Bible and three-eighths Shakespeare."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Uncle Eph'm.
"Hit beats all," exclaimed Uncle Eph'm, "how de slot machine business is a growin'! After awhile you'll be droppin' a penny in de slot an' gittin' religion."—Chicago Tribune.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

GRASS AND ITS CULTURE.

A Farm Product Upon Which the Southern Farmer Places Too Little Value.

Do permanent pastures or permanent meadows need manure or fertilizer? When we take into consideration the fact that each and every ton of ordinary meadow hay contains 41½ pounds of nitrogen, 11½ pounds of phosphoric acid, and 42½ pounds of potash, it would stand to reason that where two tons of hay, which of course would contain double the amounts of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash mentioned above, are removed from an acre of ground, annually for ten, fifteen, twenty or twenty-five or more years, it would take no great stretch of the imagination to enable one to answer above query most decidedly and emphatically in the affirmative.

But without any guess work in the amounts of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash mentioned above, annually for ten, fifteen, twenty or twenty-five or more years, it would take no great stretch of the imagination to enable one to answer above query most decidedly and emphatically in the affirmative.

But without any guess work in the matter, we would refer the reader to the simple facts in the case. The universal experience of hay raisers the country over, is that even on the most fertile of soils, the yield of grass, where no manure or fertilizers are applied, becomes annually, slowly, but surely, less and less, until the weary, tired and starving acres refuse to yield a sufficient amount of grass to justify running the mower over it.

For lack of a sufficient quantity of suitable nutrition, the more valuable of the grasses die out and useless and pernicious weeds usurp their place. Many weeds seem to thrive on hunger, but this certainly can not be said of any of the grasses. It is a great mistake, and one that many otherwise good farmers have some way fallen into, that grass needs no manure, and that it is abundantly able to take care of itself. No more fatal mistake was ever made. Grass must have plenty of plant food in some form, or it will certainly perish of pure starvation. It may die a lingering death, and take more time over it than some other plants, but unless a liberal quantity of plant food is obtained by it from some source, it fails to pay to run the mower over it at all. As the grasses give out, as stated above, useless and pernicious weeds occupy the soil more and more. Fertilize the soil, and the grasses and even the clovers will take on a new lease of life, pluck up fresh courage and exterminate the weeds.

In spite of the fact that cotton, corn and tobacco raisers spend the greater part of their lives trying to kill grass, as if it was their worst enemy, rightly handled, it is their very best friend, and the most money-saving crop that can possibly be raised by the general farmer; seedling and feeding being all that is necessary to insure an annual and profitable harvest.

Comparatively few farmers seem to put a proper valuation on grass. It keeps work stock of all kinds in a thriving condition; it furnishes us with beef, mutton, kid, wool, and reduces the cost of raising hog meat at least one-half; it gives us our semi-daily supply of milk and butter. It does all this, and more, too, spring, summer and fall, while in winter it feeds the work stock and cattle of the entire world. We feed our gardens liberally, because we expect to derive a considerable portion of our sustenance therefrom. Our eyes are wide open as to the benefits accruing from a good garden, but we seem to willingly and willfully close them when it comes to a portion of the farm that furnishes ten bites to the garden's one.

Is this a rational, judicious and wise policy?
To some extent we are writing this for the benefit of the general farmer, because we believe that in slighting the manurial requirements of his grass crop, whether pasture or meadow, hence causing untold suffering on the members of the brute creation committed to his care and keeping, he is doing what he does through ignorance. It is mainly for the benefit of the poor, helpless, long-suffering and patient brutes themselves that we are writing.

Many a time we have seen patches of ground fenced in and dignified by the appellation of pastures, that were for months almost as bare of grass as the center of a public road, while every bush and sapling therein was browsed so high as the poor three-parts-started animals could reach.

Were it necessary, or unavoidable, for pastures to get in this fix, we would have nothing to say; but we know it is not. No crop on the farm will respond more speedily, more satisfactorily, or more profitably, to liberal applications of plant food than will the grass crop, let that same grass crop be in permanent pasture or permanent meadow.

Permanent pastures usually secure a sufficient supply of nitrogen from the droppings of the stock and from leguminous plants which form a part of the sward to keep it in good condition; but this is only where the sward is sufficiently dense to keep the soil shaded, and is not the case wherever the soil is bare and naked or partially so.

In order to induce a luxuriant growth of nutritious and tender grass, a fertilizer containing eight per cent. phosphoric acid and eight per cent. potash, at the rate of 500 pounds per acre, should be annually added.

It requires a good soil and as much care and preparation to make a good, permanent pasture as for any other crop, and when once well done, is easily becomes the most valuable, as well as the most profitable portion of the farm. The same is equally true of a permanent meadow. Well seeded and liberally and judiciously fed, his hay

costs him but little except for the gathering. It is just as simple a matter, just as easy, much more satisfactory, and far more profitable, to gather from three to six tons of good dry hay from each and every acre devoted to grass for hay, than it is to get one or two tons annually from the same amount of ground. It is mainly a question of seeding the land properly at first, and feeding the crop liberally afterwards.

Bare patches in either pasture or meadow may be reseeded, yet shallow, or scratching over them with cultivator, duck-bill harrow, spring-tooth harrow, or a light disking, then harrow, then sowing grass seeds and following with the roller. If Bermuda is the reliance, clean the roots, run them through a cutter, mix with oats; break the land, sow the oats and joints of Bermuda in the rough, then harrow or roll, or both. Do this in the early spring.

Where land is deficient in nitrogen, and land and grass poor alike, a complete fertilizer is necessary. The following fertilizer may be safely relied on: 90 to 180 pounds of nitrate of soda, 250 to 500 pounds acid phosphate and 80 to 150 pounds muriate of potash. On very poor soil, the minimum application would possibly be found sufficient; but where the land is moderately good, the maximum application would undoubtedly be the best, or the first formula mentioned, containing eight per cent. phosphoric acid and eight per cent. potash, might be applied any time during winter; then in spring, just as the grass is starting to grow, top dress with 100 to 200 pounds of nitrate of soda.

Chemical fertilizers are much better for grass, and much more palatable for the stock, than is stable manure. Where grass receives a heavy dressing of stable manure, stock will not eat it all, except as they are forced to— and who can blame them?
—G. H. Turner, in Texas Farm and Ranch.

SOUTHERN TRUCK FARMING.

The Change that Has Come Over the West Prairie Section of the Gulf Coast.

A few years ago the entire gulf coast prairie section was considered fit only for cattle ranges, and farming was not thought of except to grow gardens and a roasting ear patch on land where cattle had been penned. The soil was considered too poor for farming to any greater extent, and compared with alluvial bottoms, black prairies and the sandy loams, where red oak and hickory thrive, these coast prairies may yet be classed as poor—poor for cotton and corn, the great staples of the country. True, this poor land, by judicious fertilizing could be made more productive than any natural soil, but to fertilize large areas for growing low-priced products was out of the question; it wouldn't pay, and cultivating small ones for any purpose, except garden vegetables for home use, was beneath the dignity of the old-time farmer, who measured himself by the number of his cultivated acres. The thousand-acre farmer was just ten times as important a personage as the hundred-acre farmer, regardless of financial solvency. A visit to the coast country now will show how great a change may be made in a few years. Truck farms have sprung up around almost every railroad station, and train load after train load of valuable products are moved out every shipping season. The great level plains are scamed in every direction with large canals, on which low-draft steamers might easily float, and the level landscape is alive with labor-saving tools, each doing the work that formerly required a dozen men a dozen hours per day to perform. In season these plains become seas of water, only obscured by the waving rice rapidly maturing under a ripening sun. In short, the land that was too poor for the old-style farming is now the most prosperous agricultural section in all the south.
—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.
—Deep plowing and thorough preparation by disking and rolling has often increased the yield of both oats and wheat by 100 per cent. Then why not farm that way every year?
—In Connecticut the farming land is high-priced; nevertheless, three-fourths of it is devoted to hay and pasture grasses. This is merely, but truly, an indication of the value of grass in farm economy.
—After oats are harvested, cotton, corn, German millet, sweet potatoes and second crop Irish potatoes may be planted with fair assurance of success. Why should land be required to produce but one crop, when two may be secured?
—News comes from Rome, Ga., that there will be at least 3,000,000 new peach trees planted in that state this winter. Nursery trees have doubled in price, owing to the enormous demand, and nearly all the nurseries are running short.

It is gratifying to know that rural free mail delivery is completely successful wherever it has been tried. This marks the beginning of a new era in farm life. Rural telephones are also penetrating the country districts and abolishing the "backwoods."
—Any farmer who does not grow fruit for home use in season and to can, and otherwise preserve for use all the year round, is denying his family the cheapest and most wholesome luxuries known to any people in the world except the denizens of tropical forests.

—Deep milk vessels should not be turned top down for airing, because any foul air they may contain rises and can not escape, and the moisture remaining after washing condenses on the inside, corrodes the metal and forms a good breeding place for deleterious germs.
—Fowls that are early through moulting, and are well fed with a variety of 'ood and kept comfortably housed will lay in winter. But it is a well-known fact that a severe cold spell usually causes the hens to suspend business until the weather changes, and we don't blame them.

Syrup of Figs

The Sale Annually of Millions of Bottles

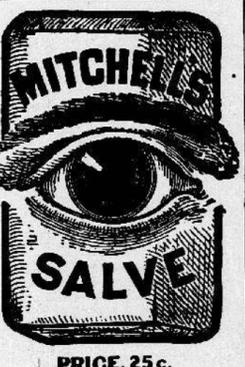
of Syrup of Figs and the universal satisfaction which it has given attest the fact that it possesses the qualities which commend it to public favor. With the diffusion of knowledge of what a laxative should be and a general understanding of the fact that it should have a truly laxative and beneficial effect and be wholly free from every objectionable quality, or substance, the large and growing demand for

Syrup of Figs shows that it is destined to supplant the old-time cathartics which were generally injurious and usually disagreeable as well. In Syrup of Figs one finds a true laxative, simple and pleasant to the taste, gentle in its action and beneficial in effect. In the process of manufacture figs are used as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially. In order

To Get Its Beneficial Effect Buy the Genuine—Manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal. Louisville, Ky. New York, N.Y. Price fifty cents per bottle.



PRICE, 25 c.

Her Circulating Medium.
"She's a very cautious woman. Especially about gossip. No woman ever heard her retail any scandal."
"But I am told that stories confided to her in secret do get out somehow."
"Yes, I know. You see, she tells them all to her husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hept They Would Run Their Course.
Mrs. Vernon Brown—Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers?
Mrs. Snifflin Jones—I wouldn't have him do it for my husband. I want him to let them grow and get them all out of his system.—Grove Stories.

In the millennium, of course, a woman will be only as old as she thinks she looks.—Town Topics.
If some people hadn't debts they would not have anything.—Indianapolis News.

It is great cleverness to know how to conceal our cleverness.—Rochefoucauld.
It's good to forgive, but it's better to forget. Best of all, just don't.—Town Topics.
The Elevator Man—"Going up."
The Caller—"How soon are you coming back?"

It is natural for you to lean on others; but don't lean too heavily.—Atchison Globe.
Nobody thinks church services are as frequent as the janitor does.—Washington (La.) Democrat.
"Paint heart n'er won fair lady," but it has saved its owner many a jar.—Indianapolis News.

"Be virtuous," said the pessimistic moralist, "and you will not be so unhappy as you would be otherwise."—Puck.
It is not the way a man saves his money that gets him a reputation for stinginess. It is the way he spends it.—Indianapolis News.

To be right, no doubt, is better than to be president, but there is a distressing lack of emoluments connected with it.—Indianapolis News.
We should feel greatly obliged to the muse if she would tell us how to become a rich poet.—Puck.
The Elevator Man—"Right away." The Caller—"Then I guess I'll walk. I may want to stay up there some time."—Indianapolis News.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 SHOES \$3.00
UNION-MADE
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Fruit.
Its quality influences the selling price. Profitable fruit growing insured only when enough actual Potash is in the fertilizer. Neither quantity nor good quality possible without Potash.
Write for our free book giving details.
GERMAN KALI WORKS, 25 Nassau St., New York City.

HAZARD
GUN POWDER
READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSURE UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

PILES ANAKESIS gives relief and positive cure for PILES. Write for free sample address "P. O. Box 100," New York.
READY ROOFING Anybody with 200 sq. ft. of roof can be roofed in 24 hours. Write for free sample address "P. O. Box 100," New York.
DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases of Dropsy. Write for free sample address "P. O. Box 100," New York.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
Bears The Signature Of **Chas. H. Fletcher** Over Thirty Years The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CERTAIN COMPANY, 71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.