

WONDERFUL WORK.

Case No. 18,977.—David M. Bye, P. O. Address Box 297, Midland, Mich.: "Three months I was almost incapacitated from labor; could not sleep at night; had to walk the floor, owing to terrible pain in the hips, in the small of the back, in my instep and ankle of the right leg. "I was treated for sciatic rheumatism in the hospital, but received no benefit. One month ago I returned home and was given a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. To-day residents of this city can bear witness to the fact that I am able to work, and can also walk to my work without the aid of a walking-stick or crutch.

"In speaking of the immediate effect of Doan's Kidney Pills, I did not find them to denude the pain, but quickly and surely to eradicate the cause of it.

"I am of the opinion that Doan's Kidney Pills is the best remedy for kidney ailments that can be procured. I was especially careful in my diet, in order to give the treatment fair play.

"In conclusion, I shall be pleased, at any time, to answer any inquiries regarding my case, from anyone desirous of obtaining it."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bye will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

SO PRESUMING OF HIM.

With Only \$75,000 a Year He Had No Reason to Expect That He Had a Chance.

The yellow moon hung by its crescent hook against the starlit azure of the September sky, and the night was dreamy, delicious, divine, says the New York Herald.

The man and the maiden walked beneath the silent stars and listened to the purple music of the dusk. Her jeweled fingers rested lightly on his arm, and he felt there as trembling harp-strings feel the touch of angel hands that summon forth the soul's high harmonies. His heart beat fast and the red blood ran riot in his veins, for love had drunk its life from his lips and he had drunk his life from hers. He had not spoken, but he felt the spirit of the hope that makes man dare do anything and now this night of nights would see him conqueror of the maiden's heart.

"A penny for your thoughts," he whispered, bending low to look into her sweet, soft eyes.

"No more," she murmured, looking up at him, to let those blue eyes fall again. He caught her hand in his and let his full heart flow.

"All I have in the world," he said, sublimely.

"Too little," she responded, with firmness. And then he knew that some of his hated rivals had told her he had but \$75,000 a year income and no rich relatives.

A Kansas Editor Ruminates. It is said that when a hungry Indian goes hunting he kills the first thing he sees if it is only a crow. If he kills a duck, he drops the crow and if he gets a deer, he throws away the duck. Some girls are regular Indians, aren't they?—Lane New Leaf.

Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, as a blood purifier, strength and health restorer, and a specific for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles, leads all other similar medicines in its wonderful sales and marvelous confidence of the people, especially our vast German population. It is not a new and untried product, but was made and sold more than sixty years ago.

Why He Is Called a Martyr. Teacher-Jamie, can you tell me why Lincoln is called the martyred president? Jamie—"Cause he has to stand for all the Lincoln stories."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Do not believe Pina's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1900.

Willing to Leave It Out.—"Sweet are the uses of adversity," quoted the philosophical friend. "Perhaps," admitted the prosaic man, "but I'm not banking for that kind of sweetness."—Chicago Post.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Excellent Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

As to His Hair.—"She declares her hair is natural. Is that straight?" "Jesse—"Straight as a dye."—Philadelphia Press.

"Some men bet on a horse race," said Uncle Eben, "an' den talks about being unlucky instead of foolish."—Washington Star.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use June Tint Butter Color.

Only 5% per cent. of the globe's land surface is fit for cultivation.

It is easy to find fault, because there is so much of it.—Chicago Daily News.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.



Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by Dr. JACOBS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at both and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using Dr. JACOBS' CURE. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

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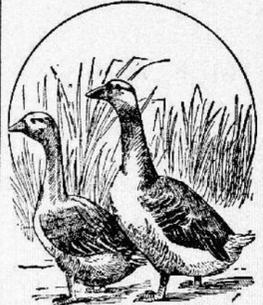


THE TOULOUSE GOOSE.

Very Popular in France and England But American fanciers seem to prefer the Embden.

Toulouse geese are the pride of France. From them comes the pate de foie gras, so much enjoyed as a delicacy by the gourmands of the world. They gain their name from the city of the same name in southern France, but like the Houdan and other fowls of France the Toulouse geese in their native land are cultivated purely for market purposes. The finish for exhibition—fine feathers and increased size—has come under the handling of the English and American fanciers. Mr. Lewis Wright tells us that the geese is the result of breeding and feeding up the graylag and selecting the largest and darkest colored specimens.

Miss Carnpan, of England, writes as follows: "It is 20 years since I started breeding geese. For years I



A PAIR OF TOULOUSE GEES.

have been an exhibitor of Toulouse and win my full share of prizes. I started with a pair of the finest to be obtained, the gander a very long bird, the goose remarkable for color, very wide wings and not showing the least tinge of brown in plumage, but a beautiful silvery gray. Size and this beautiful silvery gray color free from any discoloration are most important features for the exhibition Toulouse. None can be more attractive than they when of high quality, large size and rich color. They more than any other geese have gained the admiration of visitors to the showrooms.

The looser plumage of the Toulouse adds to their apparent size, while, in fact, they are usually under the weight of the best Embden. Records show that at Birmingham Toulouse ganders have weighed 36 and 38 pounds each and ranged from 32 to 62½ pounds per pair, but the general average of the White Embden has been the best and most regular, and while the show weights of the present do not equal the above because they have quit showing them in a fattened condition, the average is in favor of the Embden if of the same age.

ABOUT SEED POTATOES.

When Placed in the Ground and Covered with Earth and Straw They Keep Well.

American Gardening tells how some have kept their potatoes intended for seed. Selecting them when digging, they store them in a dry shed, or barn until the weather gets cold. About the middle of November they sort them, rejecting all that show signs of decay. They then spread a layer of straw eight or ten inches thick upon the ground, and place the potatoes on this. The best results are from mounds about three feet wide at the base and rising like a cone to about the same height. This is covered with straw and then by a layer of soil from six to eight inches thick. Before the weather gets too severe more soil may be added, and when the ground is frozen, put on more straw or straw manure. They seem to winter much better than in cellars or when put in mounds or pits as soon as dry. We would say that we think it would not injure the germination of the sprouts if the tubers were frozen solidly in such a mound, if they were not disturbed until they had thawed out in the earth in the darkness. We have plowed out potatoes in the spring that had lain within six inches of the surface of the ground all winter, where the ground had been frozen two or three feet deep, and they were apparently as sound and fresh as those dug in the fall.

Cow Peas in the North.

If cow peas are planted this far north about June 1, the early varieties will be right to turn hogs on the last half of August, and will furnish the right food at this time to finish on new corn, and the ground may be seeded with winter wheat afterward without any preparation, if a disk drill be used, or rye may be seeded for a green winter cover crop and turned under for spring crop, especially potatoes. For beginners I would advise: Get seed that will mature in your latitude, or farther north; drill 15 pounds per acre in rows 30 to 36 inches apart, and cultivate clean until vines interfere. A few years' trial with cow peas will suggest many ways to utilize them to good advantage on every farm.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Good Horses Sell Well.

The demand for all the better classes of horses is far greater than the supply, because farmers became discouraged six or eight years ago, and quit breeding, when panic prices were below cost of production, and the fear that the bicycle and electricity would soon displace the horse. With the revival of commercial prosperity came the increased demand for good horses; and with no breeding for a few years, the horse buyers soon culled out the good horses, and we are now in the midst of a horse famine.—Rural World.

POULTRY IN WINTER.

Flocks Should Be Cullied with a View of Making Each an Every Bird Prove Profitable.

Many flocks are run through the winter at an expense, simply because we neglect to take a proper interest in them, and because we do not study and learn just what is necessary to make a profitable winter flock.

To make poultry profitable during winter, we should begin in autumn. With poultry, it is in the same line with any kind of stock on the farm, good wintering depends upon the condition of the stock in autumn or at the beginning of winter. In the first place cull down your flock of laying hens, and keep none that it not liable to make a good winter layer. The age of hens must be taken into consideration. Early spring pullets, or, say, pullets hatched from March on until June, should make the best of winter layers. One-year-old hens do fairly well at egg production in winter, but it is an exception that older hens are profitable winter layers. This depends somewhat on the variety, as the smaller varieties carry egg production much longer than the larger ones.

Perhaps we might here say that there will be found but little difference as to the number of eggs produced from any good standard variety of well bred and well kept hens of either the larger or the small breeds until they begin reaching two years old, after which the small varieties lead.

Laying hens, if the eggs are for market purposes and not for hatching, are much better without cockerels running with them. No flocks of hens will produce near the number of eggs if a large number of cockerels are running with them.

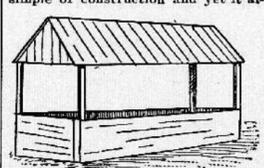
Fowls should be cullied and kept in separate flocks during winter, if more than one class are kept.

Late hatches should be kept by themselves, cockerels by themselves, and the laying flock should be given special care in the way of housing and feeding.—A. H. Duff, in Farmers' Voice.

HANDY MANURE SHED.

Although Simple in Construction It Prevents Loss of Any Material Housed in It.

It is a great waste of manure to throw it out of doors and there allow it to be acted upon by the sun and rain; hence the advisability of having a manure shed like the one shown herewith. As can be seen this is very simple of construction and yet it al-



ECONOMICAL MANURE SHED.

most wholly prevents any loss of the material housed in it. It is also very convenient, for the planks running lengthwise of the structure are made to be removed in filling or loading by the end planks which meet them being spiked securely to the extra short posts, which are set opposite one another for this purpose. The fresh manure can thus be wheeled out as fast as made, thrown into one corner and then forked to the opposite one in a few days to prevent violent fermentation. Such a shed is much better if it has a cement floor with the lower-most planks forming the sides embedded in it.—Fred O. Sibley, in Epitome.

Turkeys as Duck Killers.

Grasshoppers and other insect pests could not beot high carnival in the fields and orchards of Colorado this season if farmers and fruit raisers would only employ the proper means to circumvent them. Their deadly enemy is the plain domestic turkey, the bird that turned Thanksgiving day from a time of prayer and meditation to a time of gorging and purgative pills. Farmers, beet sugar raisers and fruit culturists, all over the state are now raising turkeys, which they turn into the fields and orchards to eat the insects. Experiments have been under way with the turkey as a bug killer for several years past, and each test has given very satisfactory results. The Field and Farm propagated this idea 15 years ago, the advice coming originally from Mr. Ogilvy, of Weld county. The proposition is creating a great deal of interest in all sections, and turkey eggs for hatching have been in much demand.—Denver Field and Farm.

A Hint from the Gypsies.

The gypsies, who devote their time to horses and horse trading, are experts in taking an animal that is in poor flesh and getting him in good condition in a short time. One of these gentlemen gives the following as his favorite ration used for this purpose: Mix a bushel of flaxseed with a like amount of barley and corn and grind them together. These proportions can be increased or decreased to meet the necessities of any particular case. This mixture is to be fed three times a day, after being mixed with a peck of chopped hay or straw. Commence with giving him a small amount at first, gradually increasing it, until he is fed all he will eat. It is recommended as being much better than any drug treatment for young or old horses.—Farmers' Voice.

Live Beetles Kill Poultry.

One thing which is responsible for the death of many turkeys is their eating of live beetles, says a writer in the Midland Farmer. If the potato beetles are killed before eating, no harm is done, but when swallowed alive, they will live for a number of days, destroying the lining of the crop and bringing on inflammation. Chickens are not apt to eat potato beetles, but often swallow live beetles, which are small, but about as harmful. Grasshoppers are so large that they are usually torn to pieces before eating. All soft insects may be swallowed without danger to the turkey or chicken.

SONGS THAT STIR THE HEART.

Women Were the Inspiration of Writers of Many of the World-Renowned Melodies.

In a majority of cases the heroines whose graces and virtues form the theme of the song writers have been real women and not creations of the imagination. Which of those girls who have had their love affairs immortalized in verse are the most popular to-day it is hard to say. The revival of the old songs by the minstrels in these latter days shows plainly that they have as strong a hold on the public as when they were first sung. Men and women who have traveled many lands and listened to everything worth hearing in the way of good music will settle back in their chairs and listen to one of the old songs with an air of contentment never seen on any other occasion.

For the time the white-haired man smells the apple blossoms of the old homestead and is a boy again, and the grave-eyed woman by his side hears the young lover telling his tale as she listens to "Annie Laurie."

It is with a sigh that they both come back to the present as the singer ends. And they are happier for those few moments in which the dear, dead past was a living reality.

Nothing will work this transformation so effectively as the old songs sung when new to women who long since have passed to the other side.

There was Annie Laurie, for instance, Scotland's favorite woman, in song. She was the daughter of a Scottish knight, Sir Robert Laurie, and was born about the year 1682.

William Douglas of Fingland, one of the noted Scottish family of that name, loved the girl. When he left Scotland to fight in Flanders for fame and fortune she gave him a lock of her hair. In the lonely night watches when thinking of home and the maiden left behind the soldier scribbled the song that became famous. It was the only remembrance the girl had of her lover. He was slain in battle. Tradition says he met death with the lock of Annie Laurie's hair in his hand.

Jane was a typical country lass who lived in her father's cottage in Cambridgehire. Her roguish eyes rested with approval upon a neighboring farmer's son, one Edward Fitzball. Passing up the street on one occasion he saw "Pretty Jane" watching him slyly from behind the window curtain, believing herself to be safe from observation. Fitzball continued his walk until he reached the stile marking the boundary of his father's fields. He sat on the stile and mused on Jane's charms. Then suddenly inspiration came, for he was a poet as well as a farmer, and the result was the verses which have delighted the world for years. Before the ardent lover the rye was in full bloom, and he headed the poem with the title "When the Bloom Is on the Rye." Later he went to London and made his mark as a singer. He met the celebrated composer, Sir Henry Bishop, and asked him to set the words of the song to music. Bishop did so, but thought so little of the composition that he threw it into the waste-basket, from which Fitzball rescued it. He sung it that same evening, and it was enthusiastically received. It was afterward renamed and has since been one of the most famous songs in the world.

Jane herself was not so kindly treated by fate. While still young she died of consumption.

THEIR BOTANY CORRECTED.

Thought They Knew White Mountain Orchids, But Made a Slight Mistake.

"Look before you leap," was always my motto," said a young clubman the other day, according to the New York Tribune, "but since my sister and I struck Gorham, N. H., this summer I've changed it to 'Don't leap anyway.'"

"This is how it happened: My sister and I have both dabbled a bit in botany and thought we had the botanical name for the blue orchids you find in the White mountains (that is, you find if you're lucky enough) down pat. One day we drifted into Gorham and went for dinner to a little hotel in the main street that looked rather homelike and attractive. On the long table where we had seats stood a vase with not one or two, but dozens of these orchids in it. That should have aroused our suspicion, but it didn't. Looking around us, we saw no one who seemed at all likely to question the statement, so my sister remarked to me: "What a lovely vaseful of Habenaria fimbriata!"

"Yes," said I, as if that was our everyday fashion of speech.

"But the word was hardly out of my mouth, when an old man opposite us, whose coat hadn't been brushed, apparently, since it left the tailor's at least a dozen years before, and whose long, unkempt beard concealed what I know now must have been the fine chin" which the novelists mention so blandly:

"Those orchids, before you, my young friends, belong to the cycodes variety, and not to the one you have mentioned. If you notice more carefully, you will see that they are a trifle smaller and lighter than a Habenaria fimbriata."

"The rest of the company regarded the old man as if he were their new-found champion, my sister bottled her indignation at being addressed as his young friend, and we put what face we could on the matter. He I don't take any more chances."

King Edward's Memory.

The king is said never to forget a name or a face. Queen Victoria made it a point in his education that the development of memory be a carefully considered feature. Many persons have been surprised at the king's remembering and singling them out for recognition in the presence of a throng of people. They tell a story in Rome of the king having noticed in a cafe there, while traveling incognito, a restaurant proprietor who had attended him elsewhere. The man, all unconscious of the identity of his patron, so the story runs, slapped the prince, as he then was, upon the back, exclaiming delightedly: "Bless you sir; you're the only man that's put foot in this place who remembers my being at Ostend!"—St. James' Gazette.

AUSTRALIAN SWINDLERS.

Some of the Tricks of a Class of Sharpers Who Find Many Victims to Prey Upon.

The "spieler," as his name implies (it is no doubt taken from the German), is a swindler and a blackguard. He belongs to a numerous class who infest all Australian larger towns and cities, and who live by preying upon simple-minded country folk, unsuspecting foreign visitors and fools at large. The spieeler has always one confederate or more, sometimes he is the head of a considerable gang, says the Philadelphia Press.

The police of New South Wales declare that there are at least 100 spieelers always resident in Sydney; the other state commonwealth capitals suffer in proportion to their population.

In person the spieeler is a man of respectable appearance and affable demeanor. A skillful impersonator, his shape is protean; he is by turns a squatter, a lawyer, a millionaire, a lucky digger, a supreme court judge, a gentleman of private fortune, an English "Johnnie," fresh from "home"—sporting a lisp and the convention "Haw! Haw Doncherknow, dear boys!"—a parson, an eccentric retired merchant, a capitalist looking for investments for his money, or a bookmaker.

He is always a man of gentlemanly presence; sometimes he is a gentleman by birth. He always dresses well and displays an abundance of jewelry; sometimes he is a Jew. He puts up invariably at the best hotels, for at such places he meets the majority of his victims.

He is a bird of passage, flitting quickly from state to state, and he never appears twice in the same character in the same town or at the same hotel. Finally, he is a man of brains, a keen student of human nature, and an exquisite comedian.

Here are a few of his favorite tricks by means of which he contrives to "rook" the inexperienced, to pay his confederates and live like a fighting cock himself:

His favorite character is that of the wealthy do-nothing, a blase man of the world. In guise he attaches himself to young men whom he meets at the hotel, fast or giddy young men whose tastes incline to gambling. Singling out a particular victim, the wealthiest, or, at least, the most foolish, he feigns a fancy and flatters the pigeon to the top of his bent.

When the time is ripe, he hires two rooms in some office building in the city, which he furnishes lavishly on the time payment system. Choosing a particular evening, he has his luggage taken to the railway station (without his victim's knowledge), and then after dinner, off-handedly invites his "dear young friend" to stroll around with him to his club.

The victim consents, and they repair to the aforementioned two rooms, the "club" forsooth.

A confederate, in livery, admits them. Other confederates are lounging in both rooms, who, however, affect to take no notice of the newcomers. The spieeler calls for drinks. The victim unsuspectingly imbibes a drugged whisky and soda. Presently the spieeler introduces his protege to his confederates.

A game of cards is suggested. The victim sleepily agrees. He plays and loses.

When he has lost all his ready cash he signs blank checks, which are presented to him for that purpose by the spieeler. The spieeler later on takes him back in a cab to the hotel, his "dear young friend" apparently reeling drunk, and cashes his checks over the bar, feigning the obliging bar man liberally for the service.

An hour later the spieeler is comfortably seated in a railway carriage—on his way to another town—often hundreds of pounds richer than his trouble. It is as a parson the spieeler is an artist. His pockets are filled with tracts, his mouth with quotations from the Scripture.

He is on a visit from a distant state, and either his parish is impoverished and he is collecting to build a church, or he has a subscription list for some poor, deserted wife or lonely widow, deserving creatures, who have lately been stricken by the hand of Providence and cast destitute upon a cold, cold world.

His victim in this case are charitable and God-fearing old men and women. He refuses nothing—a penny or a pound. His tale—recounted in a canting sing-song—would harrow the hardest heart. Moreover, he obliges all donors to sign their names on his list, which he declares will be published, when complete, in all the leading journals of the states.

In a week he departs, covered with sanctity and breathing benedictions. In his pocket a fat purse. At the next town he discards "the cloth" and gets hilariously drunk, because for a whole week he has been obliged by his sanctity pose to taste only water.

Color and Nerves.

Experiments on the nervous system show, according to a foreign physician, that the red end of the spectrum is exciting to the nerves, while violet, blue and green are calming. Every sufferer from nerves knows that a gloomy day affects him unfavorably, while the first ray of sunshine makes him gay again. It has been suggested that the green of vegetation, the blue of the sky and the blue-green of the ocean may thus have a powerful influence in calming the spirits. The authority referred to above, however, cautions his readers against the adoption of too sweeping conclusions.—Family Doctor.

Anything to Check It.

"Your son," says the phrenologist to the anxious parents, "will become a poet some day."

Here the father interrupts with an air of deep concern.

"But don't you think we could cure him right now if we would whack that portial bump with a sledge or something like that?"—Baltimore American.

When He Realizes It.

Probably a small boy never so thoroughly realizes that fighting is wicked as when he is getting the worst of the encounter.—Chicago Daily News.

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CONSTIPATION

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Prickly Ash Bitters

not only removes hard impactions and imperfections, but it strengthens the muscular structure of the bowels and assists the peristaltic or wavelike motion which carries forward their contents to excretion. It promotes daily evacuations, establishes healthy movements and is the best known remedy for permanently curing habitual constipation that distressing condition to which so many of both sexes are subject.

SOLD AT DRUGGISTS. PRICE, \$1.00.

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IS THE BEST FOR

Cuts, Old Sores, and All Open Wounds

Probably a small boy never so thoroughly realizes that fighting is wicked as when he is getting the worst of the encounter.—Chicago Daily News.