

On Getting Up.

Early rising is an undisputed virtue. Now and then, indeed, some recalcitrant, of the order which is tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, maintains, as Lamb did, that there is something Pagan and Persian about seeing the sun rise and before half past ten.

Most persons, indeed, are early risers—overnight. They appreciate the economic value of the morning hours. They know the right, and they approve it, too; condemn the wrong, and still the wrong pursue.

Doctors generally are agreed that the more nearly we conform our active hours to those of the sun, the higher is the health of the race.

Nothing can be so bad for a high-strung, sensitive, quick-brained generation as the sense of incessant hurry. It is impossible to shake off the Old Man of the Sea, or to play cards for two or three hours and then, the fine blood-vessels of the brain being well filled, the mind well roused, the memory well stored with material to be spun into nightmare visions, we go to bed.

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Building a Hen-Coop.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoonpendyke, as he appeared before his wife with a broad grin on his face, "say, my dear, I've bought some chickens so we can have fresh laid eggs. Look!" and he held out a couple of pair of fowls tied by the legs for Mrs. Spoonpendyke's contemplation.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "Of all things! chickens! Ever since we've been married I've wanted chickens! and she approached the birds cautiously and with a look of misgiving that belied her words.

"In a coop, Mrs. Spoonpendyke, in a coop," retorted her husband, laying the chickens on the bed while he took off his coat and vest. "We might keep 'em up the chimney or in the clock, but we probably won't. We'll just keep 'em in a hen-coop, and I've got the lath and nails down stairs to build it with. Come down in the yard," and Mr. Spoonpendyke grabbed his new acquisition by the legs and started off, followed by his wife.

"Do you know how to build a coop?" asked Mrs. Spoonpendyke, as she watched her husband dig a post hole in the corner she had reserved for a geranium bed.

"If I don't, you probably do," snorted Mr. Spoonpendyke, kicking away at the spade until he loosened his leg. "Now, I put this post here and that one there. There, the two fences make the rest, and I only lath up these two—dod gas! the post!" he concluded, as it toppled over on his ear. "Can't you hold it up? What're you sitting around there like a cork in a jug for? Hold it, will ye?"

Mrs. Spoonpendyke grasped the post firmly with both hands and held it at an angle of thirty degrees.

"Now hold it perfectly still while I dig the other hole," and Mr. Spoonpendyke hacked away at the ground again and set his second post.

"I see what you mean," giggled Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "You sit it up from one post to the other, and then put the chickens in. My! how nice that'll be!"

Mr. Spoonpendyke glared at her a moment and then began putting up his laths, standing between the posts and the fence-corner and whistling as he worked.

"Now," said he, as he finished, "what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Spoonpendyke examined the job critically.

"It's a perfect palace!" she exclaimed. "But say, dear, how are you going to get out?"

"Yah-h-h!" roared Mr. Spoonpendyke, bounding into the air. "Why didn't ye tell me? What'd ye want to let me build myself in like a dod gasted mummy for? Ain't ye got any sense at all anywheres? Why didn't ye watch what I was doing?" and Mr. Spoonpendyke grinned horribly through the slats.

"I supposed you were going to build a hole in it," faltered Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

"So I am!" yelled Mr. Spoonpendyke, jamming his leg through the structure.

"Want any more holes?" and he kicked the side half way across the yard.

"Four chickens, four holes!" he roared, and the laths flew in all directions.

"Want any more holes?" and he smashed the roof out with the spade.

"Holes constantly on hand! If you don't see the hole you want, ask for it!" and he blew out the end with terrific energy.

"New goods coming in all the time! Second hand holes a specialty!" and he banged out the other end.

"Parties wanting holes to send in the country will consult their interests by applying here before going elsewhere!" and he ripped down the rest of the coop with prodigious clatter.

"Want any more holes in this particular coop?" he roared, wrenching out the posts and slamming them across the yard.

"Does this hen-coop begin to convey the impression of having a hole in it?" he demanded, stalking up to his wife.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Spoonpendyke, soothingly. "I'm so glad you got out, but where can we keep the chickens now?"

"Keep 'em!" ripped Mr. Spoonpendyke, with a horrible grimace, and grasping the wretched fowls by the legs, "who's going to keep 'em?" and he cut the lashings. "S'pose I'm going to run my business just to gratify a measly whim of a dod gasted woman?" and he jerked the chickens into the air.

"Never mind!" said Mrs. Spoonpendyke, as the last bird slid over the fence and disappeared. "Chickens are a nuisance, anyway. We really didn't need any."

"Why didn't you say so before I bought 'em?" blurted Mr. Spoonpendyke, as he dashed into the house.

"I didn't know it," sighed Mrs. Spoonpendyke, looking around upon the wreck, "and, besides, I don't believe we would have had many eggs, because those chickens were all roosters."

And Mrs. Spoonpendyke followed her husband, who stormed around the rest of the evening because he couldn't find 189 days, say nothing about cleaning stables and other work necessary to carry on a dairy. When men are willing to thus care for bees, they will find they will give a greater profit than can be obtained from cows, or any other branch of rural industry.

Bees, energetic work, a place for everything and everything in its place, and to know how to do things just at the right time and in the right place, if we would make it profitable. We also want the best bees, the best bee-hive, and all the modern appliances, just as our enterprising dairymen would have the best breed of cows and the best utensils to care for the milk.

Also, a man must have a liking for the business. No man will ever make bee-keeping profitable who would rather lounge about a country store or tavern than be at work at his apiary. In fact, a person will not succeed well in any business unless he has love enough for his calling in life to induce him to be diligent and faithful thereto.

"See that a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings" was what King Solomon said to his son, and the saying is as true to-day as it ever was. If a person is not willing to spend the time on his bees which they require, he had better keep out of the business; for sooner or later he will become disgusted with it, if it is undertaken with the idea that "bees work for nothing and board themselves."—Louisiana Republican.

—The most ancient of all recipes known to us comes from Egypt, from an ancient papyrus roll and it is a recipe for hair-dye.

—German friend—"De picture you haf baited is most putiful; dere is only von vord in de English language vich describes it—and I haf vorgehen it."

—Pilate John, of Empire, Nev., was recently bereaved by the loss of his wife. He swung her body over his shoulder and went to the foothills, where he buried the remains in a hole about two feet deep, covering the grave with a pile of bowlders. He returned to the lodge and joyously selected a shapely squaw, to whom he was immediately married.—Chicago Times.

—It is said that Mr. Bennett transferred to Mrs. De Long four per cent. bonds to the face value of \$25,000 when the Jeannette sailed, and that afterward he doubled the amount.

HOME AND FARM.

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process.

In India eggs are hatched by the heat of the sun. This enables old hens to devote a great deal more time to scratching up the newly-made gardens and exhuming little onions.—Norristown Herald.

Mr. Robert McCrone writes to the Iowa Homestead that the secret of raising winter squashes is to plant late, and when the borer gets in, cover the vine six inches deep with earth. "Burying the worm kills it," he says, and saves the crop—a suggestion which gardeners who have suffered from depredations of this pest will certainly think worthy of trial.

The following is an excellent remedy for the earache: Olive oil, one drachm; ether, one drachm; tincture of opium, one drachm; oil of bergamot, fifteen drops. A drop or two in the ear will cure the ache and soothe the sufferer to sleep in a very short time. The mixture should be kept in a bottle with a ground glass stopper, to prevent evaporation.—N. Y. Tribune.

To Polish Shirt Bosoms: Procure a "polishing iron" which may be bought at any house-furnishing store for 75 cents or \$1. After starching and ironing the bosoms in the usual way, lay them on a clean smooth board covered with a piece of old muslin, pass a damp cloth lightly over them, and apply the polishing-iron moderately heated. Rub hard until the shine comes.

Late experiments on Lake Zurich, conducted by M. Asper, show conclusively that light will penetrate water to the depth of at least 90 meters. He used emulsion plates, and sunk them at depths of 40, 50, 60, 70, and 90 meters in the lake one night last autumn. In the morning all the plates showed that the light had acted upon them. Substantially the same method had been tried by Professor Forel in Lake Lemano, but he did not think that light went further than 40 meters. The difference in conclusion is due to the fact that Professor Forel used albumenized paper and M. Asper the more sensitive photographic emulsion plates.

The English are fond of having military reviews, during which the soldiers are paraded in rows of ten or another and have a sort of silly mimic fight. Some years ago when there were militia reviews in this country two companies, the "Emmett Green Guards" and the "Jersey Indigo Blues," were having a mock fight on a meadow, when a militia general astride the lean neck of his horse, waved his sword and shouted, "If the turned-up nose private in the blues doesn't take his ramrod out of the barrel some one on the other side will get hit."—N. Y. Graphic.

One day recently three peculiar suicides were performed. At Hummelstown, Pa., Mrs. Mary Blessing, stripping herself of all clothing, placed the garments in a pile, saturated them with kerosene, seated herself upon them, touched a lighted match thereto, and complacently burned to death; James Bailey, of Exeter, N. H., laid his neck against an industrial circular saw to enter his own head; and Louis Wright, of Providence, R. I., threw himself from a third story window upon an iron picket fence, impaling himself.—Boston Post.

Canada's contrivance to encourage immigration by paying a portion of the passage money is bearing the fruit that might have been predicted. Large numbers of poor, miserable, degraded creatures in England are flocking to the Dominion. Those already there are crowding the community. Desirable immigrants, such as mechanics and farmers, do not avail themselves to any considerable extent to the advantages offered by the Canadian Government.

The first instance where physicians are mentioned in the Bible is II Chronicles, xvi, 12: "And Asa, in the thirtieth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet until the disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not the Lord, but to the physicians." The compiler coolly adds, as though a natural consequence: "And Asa slept with his fathers."

A glass fruit jar filled with sour milk, says a dynamic experimenter, will keep a light for a week becomes a bomb, which scatters destruction all around if thrown to the ground.—Detroit Free Press.

"What is philosophy?" It is something that enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.—Somerville Journal.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, etc. in New York, St. Louis, and Chicago.

NEW YORK, May 31, 1892. CATTLE—Exports, \$12 00 @ 16 00. COTTON—Middling, 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2. WHEAT—No. 2 Red, 1 45 @ 1 46. CORN—No. 2 Spring, 73 @ 75. OATS—Western Mixed, 60 @ 62. PORK—Standard Mess., 20 00 @ 20 25.

ST. LOUIS, May 31, 1892. BEEVES—Choice, 7 75 @ 8 10. HOGS—Common to Select, 6 00 @ 6 25. SHEEP—Fair to Choice, 3 75 @ 4 50. FLOUR—XXX to Choice, 5 25 @ 5 50. WHEAT—No. 2 Winter, 1 17 @ 1 18. CORN—No. 2 Mixed, 72 @ 73. OATS—No. 2, 54 @ 55. RYE—No. 2, 72 @ 73. TOBACCO—Dark Leaf, 5 00 @ 6 00. MEDIUM DARK LEAF, 7 50 @ 8 50. HAY—Choice Timothy, 19 50 @ 20 00. BUTTER—Choice Dairy, 20 00 @ 21 00. EGGS—Choice, 20 00 @ 21 00. PORK—Standard Mess., 19 50 @ 20 00. BACON—Clear Rib, 11 00 @ 12 00. LARD—Refined, 11 00 @ 12 00. WOOL—Washed, medium, 36 @ 38. Unwashed, 32 @ 35.

CHICAGO, May 31, 1892. CATTLE—Exports, 8 25 @ 8 50. HOGS—Good to choice, 7 50 @ 8 50. SHEEP—Good to choice, 6 00 @ 7 00. FLOUR—No. 2 Spring, 5 00 @ 5 25. WHEAT—No. 2 Spring, 1 10 @ 1 12. CORN—No. 2, 70 @ 72. RYE—No. 2, 70 @ 72. PORK—New Mess., 19 50 @ 20 00.

CATTLE—Native Steers, 4 50 @ 5 00. Native Cows, 4 50 @ 5 00. HOGS—Sales, 6 00 @ 7 00. WHEAT—No. 2, 1 12 @ 1 20. CORN—No. 2, 1 02 @ 1 04. OATS—No. 2, 52 @ 54.

NEW ORLEANS, May 31, 1892. FLOUR—No. 2, 6 50 @ 7 25. CORN—White, 1 00 @ 1 01. OATS—Choice, 1 00 @ 1 01. PORK—Mess., 25 00 @ 27 00. BACON—Clear Rib, 20 00 @ 20 50. COTTON—Middling, 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2.

The Champion Needle Story.

A lady living in the vicinity of Blairsville has had a somewhat remarkable experience. When a little girl, she put a sewing-needle in her mouth, which got into her throat. As it entered the throat crosswise it lodged, and her mother made an attempt to get it out, but it disappeared. The family were greatly alarmed and called in a physician, but as the needle could not be seen nothing could be done, and just fears were entertained of serious consequences. In a short time, however, the injury the throat had sustained healed, and as no further inconvenience was experienced the matter was forgotten or recalled only as a strange affair. The little girl grew to womanhood, married, and became a mother, enjoying all the while excellent health. A few days ago she began to experience a jugging sensation in one of her thighs, which became at times very annoying and painful. Finally the end of a needle made its appearance through the flesh, which she caught and extracted—beyond all doubt the identical needle swallowed years ago. To the uninitiated, at least, it seems very strange that a sewing-needle should spend more than a dozen of years in making such a pilgrimage through a human body without giving greater inconvenience or pain than in this case.—Pittsburgh (Pa.) Commercial.

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It seems that the organ-grinders, with the rest, are grumbling over the cold and wet season we are having. It keeps them close in their crowded city quarters, when they want to be out on the road, picking up pennies.

Malarial Fever, Rheumatism, etc. result most frequently from inactivity of the liver and kidneys. You make a great mistake and do yourself great injustice unless you bestow upon these important organs of life most careful attention. It is wrong to persistently turn the liver upside down by the use of severe cathartic medicines, or to lash the kidneys into complete exhaustion by overuse of violent diuretics. Strength can be given to liver and kidneys, new life and vigor infused into every part of the body, old age made to feel youthful, and disease banished from the body by using the Queen of all health renewers, Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. This wonderful compound is outstripping all other remedies. It contains Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Buchu, Celery and Calisaya. Ask your physician concerning the merit of such a compound, then try one bottle. It will make your mind and body healthy and strong. It is more refreshing than wine and you will like it just as well.

TROUBLES borrowed and stolen outnumber by far all others in the world.

T. J. THOMPSON, of Mayville, Ky., writes: "About a year ago I had a severe attack of chills and fever. I have been quite an invalid since suffering from shaking spells, nervous chills, night sweats, etc. My digestive and urinary organs were in a very weakened condition. I felt very weak, nervous and debilitated. I was unable to perform my usual duties. I was in a state of prostration, and my physician advised me to use Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. I bought a bottle and used it as directed. I now feel perfectly well."

When little Minnie was three years old she asked for some water one night. Father's wife said: "Papa, can't you get me some fresh water? This is a little withered." Advice to Consumptives. On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough—measures for relief should be taken at once. Consumption is a scourful disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scorful and blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Superior to all other liver oils as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Then you are paying attention to old Grinler's daughter, are you, my son?" "Yes, mother; I have been paying attention to her since she was a little girl. She is a nice sort of girl, and I like to get money." "Precious little good that'll do you, my son. She's the closest man in these parts." "But you know, mother, he can't live forever." "Do you, you be too sure. I've known old Grinler for forty years, and he hasn't died yet." This set the young man to thinking.

Profit, \$6,200. "To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$300 per year, total \$1,800—of the expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."—N. E. Farmer.

What is a candle? One whose fate is tied of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

NOW THAT the season for Summer Complaints is upon us every family should have a bottle of WALKER'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM in the house to use promptly when required. It is the best known remedy for Diarrhea, Dysentery, Flux, &c. For Sale by all Druggists.

GENTLEMAN (who has stepped on a lady's foot).—"Pardon, madam, pray take it for hand squeeze."—Flegende Blätter.

Personal. The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

Why is a tender-hearted philanthropist like a hen? Because his steps are arrested by the cry of woe.

"By asking too much we may lose the little that we had before." Kicker's net asks nothing in his fair trial. This given, it fears no loss of faith in its virtues. A lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two nephrologists and kidney-worm have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

When a man has the small-pox a second time, he finds himself the subject of remark.—Texas Siftings.

We kill our rulers when we remove from the human system whatever disorganizes the nerves. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills relieve from subjection to the power of headache, sleeplessness and dyspepsia. They strengthen the system and build up the vitality of the body. Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure is a sure and perfect remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Scalp.

All the other rowers except Haalan appear to be numb-skulls.—Boston Post.

Cancer and Other Tumors are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

"In Arkansas unfaithful lovers are boycotted," says an exchange. Perhaps they are. Because they rob them a chance to make up.—Texas Siftings.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound relieves the drooping spirits; invigorates and harmonizes the organs of function; gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural luster to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

In what respect did Absalom differ from a hound? The hound catches the hare, but Absalom, confound it, was caught by the hair.

Fits, Fits, Fits, successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

"A LEATHER MAN" remarked that the big exhibition at the dog show had bark enough in them to run a tan yard.

Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dye, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Black, &c. Only 10c.

Why is a postman in danger of losing his way? Because he is guided by the directions of strangers.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c. Why is a fish-hook like the letter F? Because it will make an eel feel.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1.

MR. MIDDLEBURY calls his straw hat "Saratoga" because it is a "summersort."

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

FRANKER AXLE GREASE continues to lead all competitors by a big majority. All dealers. TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

\$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and conditions sent free. Address: H. Hubert & Co., Portland, Me.

\$25 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 cents per copy. Send for circular. Address: H. Hubert & Co., Portland, Me.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5. Address: H. Hubert & Co., Portland, Me.

\$47 A MONTH and more in your city. Send for circular. Address: H. Hubert & Co., Portland, Me.

AGENTS COE, TONGE & CO., WANTED. ST. LOUIS, MO.

\$79 A WEEK. \$125 a month home easily made. Address: H. Hubert & Co., Portland, Me.

HAIR OPIUM. Morphine Habit Cured in 30 Days. No Pain. No Discharge. Address: H. Hubert & Co., Portland, Me.

Elkhart Carriage and Harness. Manufacture, repairing, etc. Elkhart, Ind. Address: H. Hubert & Co., Portland, Me.

EVERY ONE MUSIC. Will get valuable information FREE by sending for circular to E. TOULIER, Boston, Mass.

\$25 Every Day. Can be easily made with our Well Augers & Drills. Address: H