

TEARS AND SMILES.

The skies cannot always be clear, My dear; The merriest eye must still have its tear. My dear; The clouds that are frowning above us to-day Will presently break and go floating away. And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray. My dear! We can't have just happiness here, My dear; You would never be glad if you ne'er shed a tear. My dear; The sorrow that lurks in your bosom to-day, Like the clouds, when you've wept, will go floating away. And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray. My dear. If it's going to rain, it will rain, My dear; No matter how bitterly we may complain. My dear; There are sorrows that every good woman must bear; There are griefs in which every good man has a share. It is only the fool who has never a care, My dear. The skies cannot always be clear, My dear; Sweets wouldn't be sweet were no bitterness here. My dear; There could never be joy if there never was sorrow. The sob of to-day may be laughter to-morrow. And there's gladness as well as vain trouble to borrow. My dear! -S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

UNLICENSED PREMISES BY CLARENCE ROOK.

I HAD watched her for some moments as my 'bus rolled slowly down Piccadilly, and was greatly taken by her appearance. The pavements and the carriages were full of well-dressed and beautiful women; but somehow I seemed to have eyes for no one but that girl. She wore the sweetest costume—something in blue picked out with white at the collar and cuffs, and, I inferred, white upon the front of the bodice. She was steering her bicycle with skill and boldness through the five o'clock traffic of Piccadilly, and I longed to see her face, which, I felt convinced, would please my eye. But this, of course, I could not do, as she was riding steadily about ten yards in front of us. You cannot shout at a girl on a bicycle from the top of a 'bus, even if you know her name, and I could scarcely expect her to look back at a whistle. I leaned forward to the driver, handing him my open tobacco pouch. "Do you think," I said, "you could hurry up a bit and pass that lady ahead? I want to see her face." He turned, and, jerking his head in the direction of Hyde Park corner, said: "Lidy on the bike—blue dress—cut saucy?" "You've guessed it," I replied. He winked. Then he brushed his horses with the whip, and passed the Victoria 'bus ahead, which seemed in no particular hurry to arrive anywhere. The girl ahead, seeing a clear space before her, quickened up and held her own. "I don't think we can do it," I said, resigning myself to disappointment. He held his pipe between two fingers, and filled it with the remaining two, feeling, meanwhile, with his thumb for a match. I gave him my match-box. "It's all right," he said, as he nursed the flaming match in his fist and puffed his pipe into action. "There's a block at the corner." The girl slowed down, and stepped easily and surely from her bicycle. She stood upon the curb at the corner of St. James' street, leaning on her machine. I admired the pose of her head, the set of her shoulders, the pointing of her foot, as she stood silent and expectant. As the 'bus drew up by her side, I leaned over and saw her face. I was not disappointed. It was as I thought. She was, to me, amazingly beautiful. "You will excuse me, sir," said a voice at my side, "but you have gained your object." I looked round at my neighbor, and saw a lady, by no means ill looking, of about my own age, which is on the wrong side of 30. There was something a little stern, perhaps a trifle contemptuous, in the cast of her features, and she was regarding me with much apparent aversion. "You have seen the young lady's face, and now, perhaps—that's right, coachman, drive on." The 'bus moved slowly forward. I reflected a moment, for I had not noticed my neighbor before, and was a little startled at her implied reproach. "Excuse me," I said, "I haven't quite gained my object. I want to make her look at me, and she won't. Now, what is the etiquette in such cases?" I turned and waved my arm at her as the 'bus went on. But she was mounting her machine, and, being occupied with the arrangement of her skirts, took no notice of me. "May I ask," said my neighbor, "if that young lady is your sister, or your cousin, or—?" "Certainly not," I replied. "Why do you ask?" "Then, sir, I feel it my duty to tell you that you are no gentleman." I sighed. "I know that," I replied. "But I always pretend to be, and the public is so gullible. How did you find me out?" "No gentleman," she said, "would seek to annoy a lady in the street, especially a lady who, clearly, does not wish to notice him. And I can see that girl is persistently avoiding you." "O, is she?" I said. "Just wait a moment. She'll be as pleased as anything when she sees that I have noticed her. Nothing annoys a woman like indifference." "A girl—alone and unprotected—" she began. "She should be all the more pleased

to see me," I said. She was abreast of the 'bus again, and I leaned over the side, waving my hat. She looked up with a glance of surprise. I nodded pleasantly. She lifted her eyebrows and smiled. But a crawling hansom took her attention and she fell behind again. "There!" I said. "If ever a girl looked pleased, there she is. Who am I that I should refuse a momentary satisfaction to a lonely girl?" I turned with a smile to my neighbor. Her face was flushed with anger, for I had clearly proved her to be in the wrong. "It is men like yourself who are the blots on our vaunted civilization," she said. "Such a sweet, innocent face, too." "Yes, isn't it?" I said. "I am so glad you agree with me. It's the sort of face I've always admired; and as soon as I caught a back view of her I felt certain she would have that sort of face. That's why I wanted to get a look at it." "Such men as you—" began my neighbor. "Now, if I were not a married man," I continued, reflectively, "that is the very girl I would marry at once. As it is, of course, I can't. But that's not my fault, is it?" "You are married?" said the lady. "I am," I replied. "That makes it much worse," she said. "On the contrary, it is my excuse," I said. "It is not all owing to my wife. If it were not for her I should be—well—very different." "She must be a miserable woman," said the lady, "if she knows of your conduct. My heart bleeds for her." "Not at all," I said. "She is quite happy; as happy as that girl. Now did you ever see a more charming girl?" I turned and sent a nod in the direction of the girl who was pedaling along quietly just behind the 'bus. She lifted one hand from the handle-bar and waved it to me in friendly response. "Under the circumstances," I said, "I think I shall speak to her; otherwise I might miss her when I get off at Sloane street. Do you think she would mind?" "Let me implore you," said my neighbor; "if you do I shall speak to the conductor." "It would be grossly improper," I said, "unless he happens to be your brother—or your cousin—or—?" The lady sniffed and looked round. But the conductor was not in view. I leaned down, and the girl looked up inquiringly, riding to the side of the 'bus. "I am going to get off at Sloane street," I called to her; "will you stop there?" She nodded, and bending slightly over her handles quickly outstripped the 'bus and rode on past St. George's hospital and down the slope. I leaned back in my seat and watched her appreciatively as she floated away. "Never in my life," I murmured, "have I seen anyone whom I admire more. A most delightful girl!" "A most disgraceful incident!" said my neighbor. "You see," I said, affably, "two people meet—twas in a crowd—and their hearts rush together like magnets, or poles, or whatever the things are. It is quite clear to me that we were made for one another. Don't you believe in affinities? They are fun." "It is not a matter for jesting; it is a very serious matter to tamper in this way with the innocence of—" "I think it is rather a joke," I said. "It may be a joke for the man—or, rather, he may think so, mistakenly; but you never by any chance think of the girl. And I feel it my duty as a woman to protest against—" "Bless my soul!" I exclaimed, "I think of the girl always. She is never out of my thoughts." "The girl!" "Yes, the girl—that girl. Didn't I explain? O! here we are!" "Sloane street!" said the conductor. I jumped up. "Well, we've had a most interesting conversation," I said. "You see, she's waiting for me at the corner. I knew it. I never underrate my attractions." As I descended to the pavement, Celia greeted me with a smile of welcome, while the eyes of my late neighbor bored two holes in my back. "How lucky to meet like this," said Celia. "Where did you see me first?" "O, in Piccadilly," I replied. "But I couldn't be sure it was you until I saw your face. I want to get some tobacco here, and then we can walk along home together." "Had an amusing day?" said Celia. "Excellent," I said, "more particularly the ride down." "You seemed very much interested in the lady on the 'bus," said Celia, as we stopped outside the tobacconist's. "Did you know her?" "Never saw her before," I said. "Right under my very eyes, too," said Celia. "I couldn't help it," I said. "She seemed to have some objection to me, or to you, or to something or other—seemed to see something wrong in our behavior." "Didn't she know I was your wife?" asked Celia. "She didn't know me," I replied. "But didn't you tell her?" asked Celia. "Well," I said, "now I come to think of it, I don't believe I did."—Black and White.

Interrupting a Conversation. The late Justice Maule was once engaged in passing sentence on a prisoner, when one of the officers of the court annoyed him by crossing the gangway beneath him with papers for members of the bar. "Don't you know," cried the judge, severely addressing the official culprit, "that you ought never to pass between two gentlemen when one of them is addressing the other?" Having thus relieved his mind, the judge proceeded to pass sentence of seven years' penal servitude on the other gentleman.—N. Y. Tribune

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

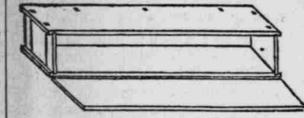
A FARMER'S ARGUMENT.

He Takes a Really Sensible Stand on the Road Question. If we study social and financial questions, we find that, to a great extent, we fall over the stones we ourselves have laid in the way. There is no end of fault-finding—and justly so—over the money sharks, the combines, the greediness of public officials and politicians. There is no doubt that these, collectively in many instances, get fully one-half of the people's earnings. Of the remaining half one-half of that is lost to the farmer by weeds and vermin, by bad financial management, and by bad roads. These are the stones he lays in his own way, or allows to lie there to stumble over. The farmers themselves are principally to blame for the poor and miserable condition of our country roads. The way of maintaining these roads is about the same that was customary in our colonial times, when any road was good enough, if rocks, stumps or holes did not make them entirely impassable for vehicles. It is very likely that more attention would have been paid to our country roads were it not for the introduction of railroads. What the railroads are for traffic on a large scale, so are our country roads for traffic on a small scale—like beneficial to all people. It is a fact that railroads haul cheaper, and it is not a fact that railroads cost more? Is it not, likewise, a fact that railroads earn enormous riches out of the people by hauling for the people? Now, if the farmer could haul his produce at half the present cost, how much would that save him? I do not know, some one may answer. Well, if I did not see the railroads I would not either. But the fact is, if we had good wagon roads all the year round, the hauling would not cost half what it costs now, besides the quicker trip and bigger load, and man, team, harness and wagon would last longer. The price for the load hauled would be better in winter and early spring than in mid-summer, when team and man are nearly suffocated by dust, and when they ought to be at home cultivating corn and potatoes; cleaning up around the hog house and yard, and making numerous other improvements. The country road question is generally misconceived; therefore, insufficiently discussed, and will not be solved satisfactorily by old ways and means. Instead of treating it as a question of national economy, it is regarded as a local matter, for which there is a great lack of comprehension, or of means to solve or carry it out. In the far west, where the settlers build their homes far apart, nobody thought of arranging or maintaining regular roads. All road making was confined to poorly, passable approaches to the railroads; very often, however, they found what a great damage an impassable road is. A great deal has been written about how to make farmers comprehend that it is in their own interest to maintain good roads. But it would seem to be all in vain. Farmers are averse to the cost of constructing durable roads and not farsighted enough to see the benefits they would derive from it. That the cost of constructing such a road is considerable, may be comprehended by everybody; but that it is as high as generally supposed is a mistake, and this seems to be the main reason that so little has been accomplished in this direction. Of course, the roads are repaired every year according to the nature and condition of the soil. Gravel will produce the best and cheapest roads; but is squandered in many places. We often see gravel put in places where the road is not sufficiently graded. There is mixed with the water in holes to a mush and entirely disappears in a few years. In many places gravel and stones are not to be had. In such cases the largest holes in the road are annually filled with dirt, by plow and scraper, and then left alone till the next year, and so ad infinitum. Here wide wagon wheels would be better than narrow ones; it is not to be wondered that the roads grow from bad to worse in some places. The manner in which roads in Wisconsin have been maintained for many years is not a correct one, nor is the system of roadmasters. It should have been abolished long ago. These roadmasters are elected by acclamation, whether the man is competent to earn his salary or not; influence conquers, and often the beer-glass decides the election. To some it is great fun to elect somebody who does not want, and does not care for the office. In some places it is the rule, when hauling gravel in payment of road taxes, to load on as little as possible. If the roadmasters would see that every team hauled at least one cubic yard, considerably more would be accomplished. In some districts where capitalists live who do not work their road taxes themselves the cash is collected by roadmasters who promised to have the taxes worked, but most of it remains in his pocket, or is used to fumigate or irrigate the throat. A roadmaster who really and earnestly sees to it that every tax paper does his duty is seldom reelected. If we want good roads we must elect men to the legislature who are interested in exacting more suitable laws. Things would be much different if, when a piece of road is to be made, the job was entrusted to expert and competent hands. Every roadmaster should be required to have a knowledge of bridge construction, with tools and the proper handling of the same. In nearly every state suitable material for the construction of good roads may be found, and if, in consequence of the great amount of labor, wages should rise, it would be far from a misfortune; the money would remain in the country, and every tax payer would have an opportunity to earn his money back again. It would not be long before the

money invested in the construction of the roads, after going through numerous channels of trade, would find its way back to the pockets of those from whom it had been taken for a good purpose. There should be permanently employed a few men with pick and shovel, to make necessary repairs, drain the roads after heavy rains, etc. This would save considerable money to every town, and our roads would by rational work always be in good condition. Now, as mentioned before, a great deal could be done to improve our roads; but such statements as we often hear—that "the roads are in worse condition than they were 50 years ago," is surely overdrawn. This is comparatively a new country and cannot compare with European countries. During the past 45 years, in our own town, we have cleared the land from heavy timber, stones and stumps, drained mud holes and swamps, built substantial barns and houses, raised blooded stock of all kinds, and kept the roads in as good condition as we know how. But laws that were all right in colonial times should be abolished, that we may keep up with the progress of the times.—A. Selle, in Rural World.

MILK CAN TROUGH.

A Convenience in Handling the Daily Dairy Product. Where no better plan can be put to use, a good method of keeping milk is to build a milk can trough, as portrayed herewith. The trough is shown on its side with the lid open and down. It is of two inch hemlock plank, eight feet long, two feet deep and 18 inches wide.



MILK CAN TROUGH.

This affords room for eight cans 12 inches in diameter and 16 inches deep. The trough is sunk in the ground in front of the pump curb, in such a position that all waste water is discharged into it and out through an opposite end, which aids in keeping the water cool during the day. The trough is emptied and refilled night and morning. A neatly-fitting lid of the same material fits to the top and on extra hot days several pieces of old carpet are thrown over the lid. To make it water tight two rods are fastened through each end and the nuts drawn up moderately tight. Before joining the edges together they should be daubed with white lead to more closely close up all the crevices.—Farm and Home.

Flax Is an Exhaustive Crop.

Some western farm journals are wondering why flax is not more grown than it is. The reason is that it is a very exhaustive crop and can only be grown profitably where fertility is little regarded or where there is good market for both fiber and seed. It is a good sign for western farmers that flax growing as it was practiced a few years ago is going out of their farm rotation. The stalk and fibre were always thrown away. Only the seed was marketed, and this sold so low that the raw seed, or, better still, flaxseed meal, was one of the cheapest fertilizers that can be used. Not until we have mills for making linen cloth and conveniences for separating the fiber from the stalk will flax growing be profitable in this country. When both seed and fiber can be sold the crop will pay for the heavy manuring it requires to keep the land fertile.—American Cultivator.

Training Up the Heifer.

Train up a heifer in the way she should go, and when she becomes a cow she will not depart from it. With her first calf, the young cow should be kept in milk as long as possible, because that is what she is wanted to do all of her productive life. If she dries up early, the next year the habit will make an effort to repeat itself, and the next also, and also the next, and so on. By careful feeding and encouraging treatment persuade the inexperienced heifer to continue in milk as long as she will agree to, and the next season have her, by similar means, exceed her previous record, until three or four weeks of drought is all she will demand.—Dakota Field and Farm.

Cremeries and Good Roads.

The Mankato (Minn.) Free Press says that the establishment of cremeries is becoming a potent argument for good roads. The daily trip to them with the milk must be made regardless of mud and wet or if the mud be ankle deep—for milk is a perishable product. Then, even when the road is dry, the milk, of course, is injured by the churning received on the journey over the rough roads. The farmer is, therefore, beginning to perceive the direct money value of road improvement. The Free Press adds that the cremery is becoming the focus at which better roads center. How to Prevent Blackleg. Blackleg is something to be dreaded by dairymen and stockmen, especially those who make a specialty of raising calves. Prevention is better than cure. A reliable prevention of blackleg in calves is said to be a mixture consisting of ten pounds of sulphur, six pounds of copperas, three pounds of saltpetre and three pounds of slacked lime. Pulverize and mix them, and use in the salt trough in the proportion of a pint of the mixture to a gallon of salt. New Brunswick Codfish. The people of St. John's, New Brunswick, are lamenting the fall in price of their great staple, codfish, which now brings less money than for many years before. The fish caught by the French has become a successful rival of the New Brunswick cod and is driving the latter from the foreign markets. Whereas 139,535 quintals were exported, for instance, to Spain in 1887, last year only 25,546 quintals were sent to that country.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

That Terrible Scourge. Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and the effects Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "fills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it. Using a Word. "My child, what made your face so dirty?" "That Billy Bludkins an' I had a fight, an' he throwed more dirt in my face than I could digest, mamma."—Judge.

Shake Into Your Shoes. Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, 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, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

An Invitation. Harry—A kiss is a drink of rarest nectar. Carry—Have one on me.—N. Y. Journal.

Largest in the World. The Star tobacco factory at St. Louis is the largest in the world. The buildings are in two rows: 2400 feet on Park and 2400 feet on Folsom avenue, with a total width of 271 feet. You will discover the reason for this marvelous growth if you give Star plug tobacco a trial.

No matter how well a man likes whisky, he likes to surprise people by telling them he has quit.—Washington Democrat.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like LIVE STOCK, FLOUR, CORN, etc. across different cities like CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BALTIMORE, INDIANAPOLIS, LOUISVILLE.

TO MOTHERS OF LARGE FAMILIES.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Free. In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life. Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer and suffer for lack of intelligent aid. To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy. Mrs. A. C. BUEHLER, 1123 North Albany avenue, near Humboldt Park, Chicago, Ill., says: "I am fifty-one years old and have had twelve children, and my youngest is eight years old. I have been suffering for some time with a terrible weakness; that bearing-down feeling was dreadful, and I could not walk any distance. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash and they have cured me. I cannot praise your medicine enough."

Not So Bad After All. Torn Tomkins, who had a fragment of a newspaper in his hand, rolled over until he faced Woebegone Williams, nearly setting the hayrack on fire in the operation, and remarked: "Say!" "What?" returned Woebegone Williams. "I guess mebbe water ain't so bad after all, if a feller tackles it right."

"Such as how?" demanded Woebegone, somewhat startled by the suggestion. "Why, here's aitem that says Count Maltke has sailed for Havre in the saloon of the Bretagne."

"Say! I thought there was something funny in the way them swell guys keeps crossin' the ocean. Now I understand it." And after a full and free discussion both decided that they would risk the water themselves under such conditions.—Chicago Post.

Beginning Early. Teacher—Now, children, can any of you define the word sarcasm? No? Well, it means saying one thing and meaning the reverse of it. Can anybody give me an example of that? Little Willie—Yeth, I kin. "Well, Willie, you give me an example of sarcasm, then, showing you mean just the opposite of what you say."

"Dod bless teacher."—N. Y. World.

Very Low Rates to the Sunny South. Via Big Four Route. Account one way settlers' excursion. Tickets on Sale: September 7th and 21st, October 5th and 19th. For tickets and full information call on any ticket agent of the Big Four Route, or address E. O. McCormick, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Warren J. Lynch, Ass. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

A Bright Idea. Algy—I'd like awfully to know whether she'd marry me or not. Reggie—Why don't you ask her, dear boy? Algy—By Jove, that's a good idea, I will. What a head you have, old man.—Yellow Book.

Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla featuring an illustration of a man and a woman. Text includes: "I can sincerely say that I owe my life to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For seven years I suffered, with that terrible scourge Scrofula, in my shoulder and my arm. Every means of cure was tried without success. I had a good physician who tried in every way to help me. I was told to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I immediately began its use and after taking seven bottles of this remedy the scrofula was entirely cured."—Mrs. J. A. GENTLE, Fort Fairfield, Me., Jan. 26, 1896.

Advertisement for Cascarets THE IDEAL LAXATIVE. Text includes: "WITHOUT GRIP or GRIPE. To get a natural result, a remedy should always act without violence, smoothly, easily, delightfully. This is the action of Cascarets THE IDEAL LAXATIVE, because they strengthen the muscular action of the bowels and gently stimulate the kidneys and liver. They are purely vegetable, containing no poisonous or injurious substances, and are recommended and used by young and old. BELIEVE WHAT WE SAY! 10 cents prove their merit, and we ask that you BUY AND TRY A TO-NIGHT! ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c."

Advertisement for SAPOLIO LIKE A GOOD TEMPER, "SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE." Text includes: "PISO'S CURE FOR BRUISES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. BAKER'S SOUS, Atlanta, Ga. A. N. K.—E 1676. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper."