

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

EXIRA, IOWA; THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1897.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

THE SONG OF THE OX WAGON.

This is the song of the straining span, the tune of the lattered tilt. Of the slow essays in perilous ways of the wagon stoutly built; The song that was sung in the ancient tongue, when the days of the world dawned gray, The creaking creak of the disseloom, the song that is sung today.

East and west and south and north the first-born herdsmen spread, From the waters clear of the high Pamir, from the ancient Oxus bed, On and on to the plains of the Don their creaking wagons ran, And the disseloom showed out the doom that has given the earth to man.

Over the sands of the thirsty lands, under a brass sky, Where the only law men bow before is the law of the assagil; Forth and forth to the dim far north where the broad Zambezi flows, Still today in the ancient way the rumbling wagon goes.

Through the forest ways where the wild things graze, the dappled, the fawn, the gray, Where the tall "Kamnet," at sunset steal like ghosts to the silent bed, Where the lions drink at the reedy brink of the slowly shallowing pan, The disseloom shows out the doom that has given the earth to man.

Slow and slow the wagons go by thick and thin, and their thin path tread on the homeless waste is the road of the coming rain, And in dread of the straining span, the thief and the thief and the beast give place To the farm and field and the yearly yield of the men of the wisar race.

East and west and south and north, from the days of the dawn till now, Ere grass was burned or sod was turned by the share of the furrowing plow, This was the tune of the lattered tilt, the song of the straining span, How the disseloom points out the doom that has given the earth to man.

—St. James Gazette.

IN PERIL.

It was night. I was in my bedroom at the Pera hotel listening to the silence, if you will allow me to make a bull. It was half past 10, and the Turkish city, never very wide awake, had now gone calmly fast to sleep. All lights were put out, and no sound was to be heard, even in Pera, but the occasional howl of a street dog that some bitten watchman had beaten with his staff. Dervishes had ceased their oily waltzing and their demoniac yawling. Priests had left their lofty inarets for the night. The sultan had sunk into a trance. The bars, where notions of all nations sold, were barred and bolted up. Coffee shops had quenched their coal fires. The beggars on the go had dragged home their "us and sores." The soldiers of the "arte were in their barracks "tag of a revolt. Viziers laid uneasy heads on silken pillows. The "sick man's" dying city dead asleep, and it made one pry to feel even near 600,000 sleep.

Human nature is imaginative. When it sees eating, it wants to eat, and when it sees sleeping it wants to sleep. Besides, did I not know that my countrymen in Pera were wavering in their allegiance to the pleasant king of midnight and were half of them yawning and cretching over billiards and dominoes and looking with affright at the two uplifted clock hands? Turks, who have no amusements, go to bed early.

I was sitting at the window of my room, meditative, one foot off the boot on, wondering if there as ever a minute, day or night, since Constantine was placed in his orphyry tomb that some wild dog had not barked in Pera, when a tap me at my door. I put my boot on and bade the visitor open the door. It was Antonio, my dragoman, or courier, whom I had hired that day, and thus he spoke:

"Monsieur, sara, nous avons. We have got the fireman for the night."

Firman, you must know, is an i word, signifying, in this instance, a passport.

h, have you? All right, Antonio, I am ready," said I, buttoning my coat to the last button and isting my hat before the mirror. Vers good," returned my Albanian guide, who, by the way, had most villainous face imaginable. "Come on, sara."

hat firman, the sultan's gracious mission—gracious, but expensive st me 250 piasters, or about \$28. It known unto you, reader, ever so many Circassians—ry whipped by the Russians in of their devoted courage and enius of their leader, Schamyl been offered a few piasters em to join the army of the had accepted the offer read-owing that Turkey was the aral enemy of the land of vermin nd steppes, and had been apprised n arriving at Stamboul after many hungry days of forced marching over countries innocent of bridges and of roads that the ports was ible to pay the native troops, let one foreign ones. That was enough make the hungry Circassians any, was it not? A little way beyond the valley of the Sweet Waters, which is a place of fashionable sort, equivalent, or therabout, our Central park, those soldiers a hundred patriotic battles had ated their camp and were utter- discontent in a way that was y disagreeable to the Turkish vernment. It was in order to see m that Antonio, and I left the a ho 11 o'clock at night.

ing torn to pieces by cases of Consumption, roup and colds are cured 'cure. Sold by C. W. Houston.

the rival boatmen of Tophana, I tumbled down into the cradle of a neat caique, which, because it is a pattern boat, I will describe. It is long and sharp at both ends, and at both ends it is boarded over, to prevent shipping seas, with varnished planks, crossed at the top with little crowning rails of gilt carving, very dainty and very smart. The cradle where I lay, my back against where the coxswain would be seated in an American gig, was lined with red cushions and white lambkins.

There were two boatmen, because the Sweet Waters, where we were to land, was far up the Bosphorus, and it was tolerably hard work, even for them, brawny and accustomed to rowing as they were.

Antonio, my scoundrel of a guide, held forth on the white minarets, looking ghostlike in the moonlight and on the dark cypress trees, throwing their heavy shaking shadows athwart the phosphorescent water. He bade me observe how the caique-joe (boatman) fastens his oars by leather loops to pegs on the sides of the boat, which had no rowlocks—a simple plan that prevents them ever being lost unless they break in some of the whirling and impetuous currents of the Bosphorus. Every time I looked the boatmen laughed with all their teeth, and said affirmatively, "Bono, Johnny," upon which I called out authoritatively, "Chapuk!" (Quick, quick!) and to which they invariably replied by saying, "Yawash, yawash," meaning: "No hurry. All in good time."

Antonio, as we progressed, gradually transferred his conversation from myself to the boatmen. At that time I knew very little of their sweet sounding jargon, and naturally feeling uninterested I closed my eyes and sunk into a reverie, to be aroused therefrom by one of the boatmen using a Turkish phrase, the meaning of which was known to me, in tones of the deepest disgust. Their fierce and furtive glances, together with the frequent use of that one phrase, which might be translated thus, "Dog of an infidel," confirmed a sudden suspicion that I was in a serious scrape. I was so seated that, although my face was not seen by them, I could discern their features and gestures plainly.

"Chapuk!" I cried imperiously, knowing that it is generally best to show no white teeth.

"Yawash, yawash!" replied the boatmen defiantly.

"No hurry, sara," said Antonio, lighting his chibouk and puffing away complacently.

How I regretted having left the Pera hotel at that unseemly hour to see a parcel of Circassian ragamuffins, who were perhaps not worth seeing! How roundly I swore that if it were permitted me to issue scathless from that scrape I would never be out after dark again in Turkey!

Past the Maiden's tower, a sort of legendary lighthouse that stands on a rock at the entrance of the Golden Horn opposite Scutari; past long lines of vessels and rows of dark rod wooden houses with broad flat roofs and cellarlike boathouses; past pine trees and cypresses, silent caiques and coffee houses, with here and there a dead lump of carrion bobbing like a float in the moonlight, swollen and horrible, we reached at last the Sweet Water meadows, where the deserted caiques were gathered thick as carriages round the door of the Theatre Francais.

I had a mind to make those two villainous boatmen row me back again, because, as we were near one of the sultan's tinselly Italian palaces, neither they nor the audacious Albanian dare attempt violence just then, but unfortunately I was troubled with a weakness called pride, which troublesome infirmity I should advise my readers, if ever they are placed in similar circumstances, to conquer right away. Although I felt I thereby placed my life in jeopardy, I could not for the life of me take the certain way of escape that offered itself and determined to pursue at all hazards the object for which I had set out.

The two boatmen jumped on land, and drawing the caique almost high and dry so that we should not wet our feet stood with ready palms held out to receive their pay. I gave a few piasters to each, and then an animated conversation ensued between my dragoman and them, conducted in Turkish, and in which the constant repetition of the phrase before translated again occurred.

"Dei will wait, sara," said the Albanian at its conclusion.

"All right," I returned, affecting more coolness than I felt, for I had no arms with me bigger than a pen-knife, and I had seen them produce during the palaver bright, ugly looking knives from their voluminous sleeves. "Chapuk! I want to get back soon."

Antonio uttered a valediction to his (as I supposed them) accomplices, and we entered a defile whose quickly heightening sides were topped with regular rows of cypress trees. In a little while on either side, before and behind, there was nothing but impenetrable darkness visible, and above, the sky, now overcast

with clouds, was starless and gloomy. The dragoman led the way, stealing on with a lithic, sure step and wafting clouds of perfume from his chibouk. Trying to divest myself of the conviction that I was about to become the victim of an already concocted plot, bringing forth a whole array of arguments to justify that attempt, and yet peering nervously into the darkness right and left, anon in the direction of the Albanian and then shrinking behind me, I followed without a protest in his footsteps, just as a lamb goes to the slaughterhouse.

He carried a lamp such as all dragomans carry in the nighttime, and suddenly bethinking myself of this I asked him to light it.

"Presently, sara," he said. "We shall come into plenty light soon."

To the best of my belief we had now gone about half a mile. Once or twice I fancied I heard a footfall in our rear and with a contraction of the heart half turned to face an anticipated assailant, but nothing emerged from the darkness, and I resumed my journey, perturbed and painfully suspicious. The clouds suddenly thinned before the watery moon, and the irregular walls of an old tumble down ruin, formerly a mosque of much repute, but now a playhouse for all the little Turks in the villages roundabout, loomed directly before us, the defile ending abruptly at the mouth of a rude road on the right.

The Albanian proposed lighting the lamp in this ruin, as on account of a gusty wind it would be difficult to light it outside.

I thought his proposal rather un-called for, since we had the moon, but acquiesced quietly and followed him into the mosque, which had been built up in that semioriental Byzantine style that, back through Venice, spread throughout Europe, even in Canute of England's time. I was interested in this relic of another age and momentarily forgot my suspicions. Antonio stepped into a vault which was still almost entire and which had once in all probability been the refectory where the dervishes, or priests, partook moderately of food. He opened the door of the gaudy lantern, which would have reminded you of Aladdin's, and striking a match lit the wick.

"You wait. Me fill chibouk," said he, setting the lantern down.

I was seized from behind and thrown violently to the ground, falling with my hip on a sharp stone that made me lame for weeks after. I turned round without rising, being then unable, on account of the wound I had received, and saw one stalwart assailant cover me with a gun and the other behind him grasp the hilt of a disagreeable knife.

Antonio held the lamp aloft and seemed to regard the whole affair as a capital joke.

The boatman with the gun spoke fiercely in Turkish, and the Albanian, turning to me, said: "Want money, sara. Give 'em money, you go safe."

It was very unpleasant looking up the muzzle of that gun and feeling that the slightest movement might endanger my life, but I am an American and disliked the cavalier manner of those Turkish dogs. I was just about to defy them to do their worst when I heard the tread of men outside. I shouted out for help at the top of my voice, and six Turkish soldiers, headed by an officer, came into the ruin at a trot and halted at the entrance of the vault, covering us all with their matchlocks.

That villainous Albanian, as soon as he saw how quickly the tables were turned, ran forward and commenced a fierce denunciation of his accomplices.

"Ingils subjekt!" asked the Turkish officer, turning to me.

The English, you must know, have so bullied and browbeaten the Turks that they would rather allow an English murderer to go scot free than come into collision with them.

"American subject," I answered, succeeding in a painful attempt to rise. Then I made him understand by suitable gestures that the Albanian and the two boatmen were all alike culpable, and they were presently deprived of their knives and the gun, each one of them placed between two men and marched off toward the spot where we had landed.

Outside the ruin the road was full of Turkish soldiers, all going in the direction of the Circassian encampment for the purpose of overawing that brave and turbulent people.

Judges are very corrupt in Turkey. The Albanian contrived to bribe himself out of the clutches of the law, but the two boatmen were very properly punished.—New York News.

Milk in Spain.

The Spanish milkman or maid, as the case may be, has no chance to impose upon the customer. When the milk is delivered, it is literally in bulk. The milkman drives around his flock of goats to each customer's house, ascertainment how much milk is needed, sits down and draws the requisite quantity.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a sure cure for Headaches and nervous diseases. Nothing cures so quickly. Sold by C. W. Houston.

Hamlin Department.

Mrs. Monroe White has been ill the past week of la grippe.

O. P. Tyler will ship one car load of his fat cattle next Tuesday.

Will McGuire shipped a fine load of porkers on the Monday train.

Henry Young is filling his yards up with young stock this winter.

Merchant McGuire was attending to business in Audubon, Tuesday.

Walk Cress was over to Marne this week trying to dispose of his pop corn.

There was a jolly dancing party at Ben Goodwell's home Saturday night.

Counselman & Company have nearly 60,000 bushels of corn cribbed at the Station.

James Whitney, the Atlantic banker, was sizing up Old Hamlin, Monday forenoon.

Rev. Plummer will hold services at school house No. 2, next Sunday at the usual hour.

There was another enjoyable skating party in Mal Bryan's pasture last Monday night.

Miss Bessie Bradley is enjoying a short vacation at her parent's home, in Old Hamlin.

They are getting 6,000 pounds of milk at the creamery, three times a week, these days.

O. P. Tyler and S. D. Coonrod are attending the Farmer's Institute, at Audubon, this week.

They are getting the ice for the creamery off of the John Bishop farm over in Greeley township.

Miss Anna Bell, of Manila, was a guest at the A. W. Bradley home, at Old Hamlin, a part of the week.

The Blue Grass Creamery have ordered fifty new cans and a little nearer in the springtime they will put in another cream separator.

S. A. Heath is at Pella, Iowa, this week attending a meeting of the State Baptist Association, in the capacity of a member of that body.

Sid Godwin has rented his farm to John Cress, for next year. Mr. Godwin will work for Hon. Wm. Walker, the big cattle feeder, south of Exira.

Harry Percy bought these good bunches of corn, from the following farmers, this week: George Lafay, 1,000 bushels; John McAnulty, 1,000; Mr. Stetzel, 1,200 bushels.

After the literary last Friday night a gay party of Old Hamlin young people adjourned to the Bradley home and indulged in a social dance, some of a welcome home for Miss Bessie.

W. C. Wilson bit on a tin tag in a piece of Burr Oak tobacco tother day and when he examined it the tag said it was good for a pocket knife. He sent it off and now is the possessor of a "jammugood" whittler.

Mrs. Cloughly was up from Clarinda, Iowa, this week visiting with her brother, Merchant Shoemith, at the Station. She will visit her parents at North Branch and will return to her southern home Saturday.

There will be a chicken pot pie sociable at the farm home of Supervisor W. D. Stanley, this evening, to which you are all invited. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Presbyterian church at Old Hamlin.

A baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ballou last Friday but the little stranger only opened its eyes to this world for a few hours and then closed them in death, the body being buried in the Exira cemetery Saturday afternoon. Since the month has been in a very precarious condition, but late advice from the lady says she is gradually on the mend.

S. D. Coonrod, the weather man, tells us that during the month of January there were twenty days that the wind blew from the north, and there were seven days the mercury registered below zero. The coldest day was the 25th when it was 20° below zero. The warmest day was 1st when it was 42° in the morning and 56° in the afternoon. There was five and one-half inches of snow.

Revs. Day and Plummer, Thomas Gwin and Willis Hopkins went to Shelby county for our new church and the first two loads arrived Tuesday evening. They decided to change the location and the building will stand on a lot between the residences of Harry Percy and Will Young. Teams will go Wednesday, Thursday and Friday for parts of the building and soon now Hamlin Station will have a church.

Uncle S. D. Coonrod and Mrs. J. Z. Moore are conducting what they call a class meeting, and are holding them at private residences on Saturday afternoon, the next one being at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith, next Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. These meetings are for the young people of any denomination who are seeking light and wish to be led along the path of truth and righteousness. These worthy people are meeting with grand success in their noble work as a large number of young people assemble at these meetings weekly.

Mr. Ward L. Smith, of Fredericks-town, Missouri, was troubled with chronic diarrhoea for over thirty years. He had become fully satisfied that it was only a question of a short time until he would have to give up. He had been treated by some of the best physicians in Europe and America but got no permanent relief. One day he picked up a newspaper and chanced to read an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He got a bottle of it, the first dose helped him and its continued use cured him. For sale by C. W. Houston, Exira; C. L. Blom, Brayton.

The Gray Pharmacy.....

Has just opened up with a complete and honest line of Drugs, Staple and Fancy Stationery, Paints, Oils and everything found in a first-class drug store. When you want a prescription filled, it is not necessary to go to Manning or Audubon as heretofore, as we are prepared to fill them promptly at any hour, day or night. We invite the patronage of the people of Gray and vicinity, and you will find our charges reasonable and work carefully done. We are here to stay and will try to satisfy.

Yours respectfully,
C. EUGENE MERTZ, REGISTERED DRUGGIST
 GRAY, IOWA.....

Ross Department.

Nels Christensen is feeding 112 head of fine steers.

Grandma Moody is visiting with her son Joe, in Audubon.

John Korah is enjoying a visit from his brother, of Cass county.

John Wagner shipped two carloads of hogs to Cedar Rapids Monday.

Party at the Jean Story home in Lincoln township last Friday night.

John Cameron is hauling a carload of barley to Ross which he will soon ship.

Nash & Phelps are building a 1600-bushel corn crib on their farm in Sec. 28, Lincoln township.

T. A. Miller is hauling thirty tons of baled hay to Ross this week, and will probably ship it himself.

J. S. McCuen marketed 12 head of year-old hogs at Ross last Friday that averaged 360 pounds each.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Scheetz, of Templeton, visited Sunday at the home of Wood Scott, in north Douglas township.

Wood Scott will move from the Kilburn farm in north Douglas township and farm in Viola township the coming year.

Markets.—Corn 64¢, oats 7c to 9c, barley 15c, hogs \$2.70 to \$2.80, chickens 44c, turkeys 75¢, butter 11c, eggs 12c.

While hauling corn to Ross Wednesday Will Hamilton broke his wagon. He immediately purchased a "Smith" of Luse.

Mrs. L. G. Kopp left Friday night for Tampico, Illinois, in response to a telegram announcing the death of her sister, of consumption.

Walter Woodrow arrived Tuesday night from Stuart to visit a few days with his sister, Mrs. Willis East, of south Lincoln township.

Harvey Maharg does not confine his successful feeding to cattle and hogs. Tuesday he marketed 66.25 worth of turkeys with Luse.

Revel meetings closed at the Sands schoolhouse last Saturday evening, thirteen conversions. We understand that Rev. Clemmer, of Audubon, will soon commence a series of meetings at the same place.

About 150 persons attended the Lyceum at the Henderson schoolhouse at their last meeting. Friday night of this week promises another rouser. Following is the program:

Essay..... Nellie Morrow and Mable Corson
 Paper..... Belle Lousielok
 Debate..... Ed. J. H. Hines, Jas. Hall, Loui Barger, Err. Eddy, John Lewis—Frank Mantz, T. B. Northup, John Lovelace, John Koch, Jr., John Costello, Robt. Henderson.

Clem McCuen and Will Williamson settled a year-old feud in Ross and spectators say it was a game fight. One night last April McCuen was in Audubon enjoying himself until he met Williamson who proceeded to stop him. Meeting Will in Ross last Monday Clem invited him out and a warm fight ensued in which McCuen was declared victor as he came out of the mill with plenty of satisfaction and scarcely a mark.

It remained for the representative magazine of the Middle West, The Midland Monthly, of Des Moines, to give to the world the solution of the historical question, "Who Notified the War Department of John Brown's Proposed Raid on Harper's Ferry, and What was the Informant's Motive?" Ex-Governor Gue, in the February Midland, assuming his own full share of responsibility for the act, relates the whole story of the anonymous letters with a candor which precludes further question. Governor Gue's admissions will compel a re-writing of the history of the John Brown Movement. Another interesting feature is the latest portraits of Nellie Grant Sartoris and her son and two beautiful daughters.

Gray Department.

Harlan Kennells is home again. Peter Hansen is still on the sick list.

J. J. Kittell left these parts a few days ago.

Grandma Matson is very sick at this time.

Frank Buckner is hauling lumber for a new corn crib.

Miss Annie French was a Gray visitor over Sabbath.

George Bald is still hauling lumber for his new house.

Mrs. Smith is confined to her home with a severe cold.

Miss Dol Kennedy was visiting at the Brookfield last week.

Mr. Mertz, father of our druggist was an over Sunday visitor.

Peter Moller, the Green Bay agent here is very busy this month.

Ed. Earhart shipped a nice load of beets to Chicago from this place.

Frank McCullough is hauling building material for Frank Lest.

Hog buyers report that product scarce than they have been for many years.

Miss Lena Polzin will learn the millinery business this summer at Manning.

Miss Myra Crow has been quite sick of quinsy but is reported much improved.

S. C. Randles and Nels Christensen are hauling lumber for their large corn cribs.

Harry Arnold was in this vicinity recently disposing of the Stuart farms for 1897.

A team on Broadway slipped their toes Saturday night and started west at a lively gait.

Miss Lena Polzin and Miss Bertha Borskowski visited with Mrs. Greenwald last Sabbath.

Quite a number will move again from one farm to another this month. A few have commenced now.

The children of Mr. Wilson who have been afflicted several weeks with scarlet fever, are convalescing.

We are still enjoying (?) winter weather. Our thermometers registered the lowest last week that it has for many years.

Al. Ayers attended the literary down at the Henderson last Friday night and reports an excellent paper, read by the ladies.

Rev. Hayden attended a series of meetings at the Sands.

Chas. B. Hood, Broker and Manufacturer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio, certifies that Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal as a Cough remedy. Dr. D. Brown, Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, testifies that he was cured of a cough of two years' standing, caused by La Grippe, by Dr. King's New Discovery. B. F. Merrill, Haldwinsville, Massachusetts, says that he has used and recommended it and never knew it to fail and would rather have it than any doctor, because it always cures. Mrs. Hemming, 222 East 25th St. Chicago, always keeps it at hand and has no fear of Croup, because it instantly relieves. Free trial bottles at Chas. W. Houston's Drug Store.

Outing for February offers a charming variety of seasonal reading, and includes two complete stories and sketches of sport, travel and adventure in many lands. The illustrations are up to the usual high standard. The frontispiece takes us to Sunny Florida and its famous trapon fishing. The number opens with a bit of perilous adventure, Under the Snow, by William Bledell Cameron. Another northern story is Way Beyond de Saagatchewan, by Therese Guerin Randall. Printed in New York City at 25c a number.

A Physician's Tribute

To the Benefits Received From Dr. Miles' NEW HEART CURE.



Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure

Are the Messengers of Sense.—The Telegraph System of the human body. Nerves extend from the brain to every part of the body and reach every organ. Nerves are like fire—good servants but hard masters. Nerves are fed by the blood and are therefore like it in character. Nerves will be weak and exhausted if the blood is thin, pale and impure. Nerves will surely be strong and steady if the blood is rich, red and vigorous. Nerves find a true friend in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it makes rich, red blood, do their work naturally and well.—the brain is unclouded, there are no neuralgic pains, appetite and digestion are good, when you take

Heart Disease is curable. It is not surprising that all cases are not cured, since no physician has made the heart a special study for a quarter of a century as Dr. Miles has done. The following tribute from a physician will be read with interest. "For six years prior to taking Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure my wife was a terrible sufferer from heart disease. She had a constant fluttering of the heart and had not taken a step in the left side. She took three bottles of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and was completely restored to health, and has not taken a drop of medicine during the past two years. Under these circumstances I cannot do otherwise than recommend it to others."

Friendship, N. Y. W. H. Scott, M. D.

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle free or money refunded. Book on Heart and Nerves sent free to all applicants.

DE. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Nerves

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Are the Messengers of Sense.—The Telegraph System of the human body. Nerves extend from the brain to every part of the body and reach every organ. Nerves are like fire—good servants but hard masters. Nerves are fed by the blood and are therefore like it in character. Nerves will be weak and exhausted if the blood is thin, pale and impure. Nerves will surely be strong and steady if the blood is rich, red and vigorous. Nerves find a true friend in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it makes rich, red blood, do their work naturally and well.—the brain is unclouded, there are no neuralgic pains, appetite and digestion are good, when you take

The One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills and Liver Stimulant. 25c

The Honey Bee.

A paper read by Mr. S. D. Coonrod of Hamlin, before the Audubon County Farmer's Institute:

We will take a swarm of bees the first of May and look in them and if they have young brood or eggs all right and if there are none we will feed them a gallon of syrup made of granulated sugar and that will set the queen to laying eggs and all will be right. If you want to raise honey rub off the queen cells and if you want to raise bees leave alone some cells. Some say to smoke and then divide them. I don't divide only when they won't swarm and then I take out four of the seven frames and leave the other three in the hive, and the bees will soon fill them. Set the four frames away by themselves and close the entrance to the hive so the bees won't rob them. I think there is time lost in dividing them if it is done to increase the stock. The queen lays all the eggs and commences about the first of April if in good condition.

(More next week.)

Insure with the Central Insurance Company.