

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOG.

How to Produce the Quality of Pork Most in Demand in the Various Markets of the World.

[Paper read by H. F. Work before the Kentucky Swine Breeders' Association, at Elizabethtown, April 12, 1893.]

This subject is of vast import to every wine-raiser and is receiving the direct attention of every live stock journal in the land. As I was the first writer in the United States to attack the excessively fat hog as not conforming to the consumer in the evolutions of trade and methods of preparing the product, and have subsequently contributed many articles to the press on the subject, what I may say to-night may be regarded as a summary of former expressions.

For a number of years hogs of excessive fat, abounding in lard and "prime mess," topped the market. The profits in swine growing while cotton ruled king of the southland and during the war of the rebellion were so great that the hogs were worked for all that was in them, and every effort was directed toward producing excessively fat animals of immense size. But now the customs have changed. "Sow belly" has been superseded in the armies of the world by canned meats, and bacon and "prime mess" have been almost entirely discarded the world over. Yea, even the differences in the price of bacon in the European market have been constant for many years. Owing to the extreme fatness of our bacon it only brings from 8 to 11 cents in England, while the British and Danish product brings from 15 to 17 cents. Does it not appeal to our intelligence as a matter of business to change the quality of our hogs and have a better quality of bacon, breed and feed "the hog the market demands" and get better prices? There are three prime conditions which we will have to consider if we reach the attainment of raising hogs producing a product most in demand in the markets of the world, namely, breeding, care and feeding.

In seeking the type of hog producing the greatest proportion of lean meat, those as breeders only those of sufficient bone, sound feet and legs, of good length, devoid of all excess of grossness of head, jaw and flabby belly, with just enough shoulder to give symmetry to the animal. It is absolutely impossible to produce a large proportion of lean meat without the animal has ample bone, sound feet and legs, with organs of digestion and respiration unimpaired, thus ensuring constitutional vigor and muscular action. Muscle is lean meat, and the vigorous, active hog during his entire existence is taking on flesh of that streaked kind, firm and fine in texture, with equal facility that his weak-legged, helpless brother takes on his bunches of flabby fat. Give your hogs plenty of range throughout their entire existence. Close confinement of the breeding stock and overfeeding with rich and highly fermentitious foods, often consisting of a single corn diet, is more largely responsible for the troubles of the modern swine breeder than all other causes combined.

The people of every nation are condemning pork of excessive fatness, which, let us hope, may be the means of wiping out many of the abominations of modern breeding to produce excessively fat types. It will take some time to get some of the breeds down to a bacon hog, as the bacon hog is the great desideratum, and we should reach a conservative point between the lank, active hog of the pioneer age, which possessed a vigorous constitution, and the present condition of his over-burdened descendants.

Now as to care of the hog to produce the best quality of pork. He should not be confined to cramped quarters, but should have access to sunshine and the pure air of heaven, pure water and sufficient range to exercise at will and develop muscle and take on solid flesh, instead of being in confinement and taking on puffy fat. In the development of young swine, green vegetation is not only a luxury but a necessity, and they should be put on pasture in the spring as soon as it can be had, and fed on bone and muscle-forming food in connection with a light corn ration until the time for ripening them for market. Then, in addition to the lighter foods which should be kept up, increase the corn ration to the extent of their ability to digest and assimilate such foods, avoiding over-feeding, yet pushing them to a marketable weight as fast as circumstances will allow. There was a time when the hog developed his muscles and added largely to the percentage of lean meat in hunting their own living, which was composed of the masts of the forests and picked up in stubble fields where much grain was left by the scythe and cradle. The forest has been changed into fertile fields, and our small grain is so carefully gleaned by the self-binders that those ranges for the swine are a thing of the past, and our hogs, as a consequence, have suffered correspondingly. While conditions have so radically changed that we can not expect to give our hogs the most unlimited range that they formerly enjoyed, but we can make them add to the per cent. of lean meat in having them work for part of their living in the clover fields and bluegrass pastures. Both clover and bluegrass are bone and muscle builders, much relished by the hogs and valuable adjuncts to solid foods. Scores of writers tell us that there is nothing in the breed, that it is all in the feed, but if we were put into possession of all the facts we should find these writers were breeders of fat types and were ready to dispose of their accumulations. It is useless to argue that you can finish a hog ready for the knife on light foods. A grass range and all the light foods, such as milk, middlings, bran, etc., are all right and necessitous, especially for young stock, but to make a finished product on such food

you will find the meat flabby and a tough as India rubber. Poor hogs, nor lank, flabby hogs produce the quality of pork most in demand in the markets of the world, but the animal making the choicest cuts and largest per cent. of lean meat is largely governed by the type and care and food while growing, but in finishing for the market it is a very small factor, and for the product to attain its greatest excellence make corn one of the chief agents.

The Sheep's Likes and Dislikes.
Sheep are the epicures among farm animals. The hog will eat corn in filth, kneed deep, and cattle gather living from muddy stalk fields; but the sheep asks for clean food, in clean troughs, standing in clean yards. No farm animal has such strong likes and dislikes, and we must cater to its tastes if we expect it to do its best for us.

The sheep will not touch hay that other stock have nosed over. They must eat at the first table or not at all. We throw the refuse from the sheep racks to the cattle, but it would be useless to throw the stubs left in the cattle mangers to the sheep. So with corn and oats; they like them none the better if the rats have played over, or the sparrows roosted above the feed bins. The best corn shellers have a fan attachment which blows out all dust and loose particles of husk. Hereafter our corn will be shelled by horse power and then passed through the fanning mill.

Sheep dislike to have their hay-racks used for hen roosts. In these days of pure food laws, one of the children should be appointed a special deputy to see that such transgressors are promptly put in the chicken house. Mud is another of sheep's dislikes. Had they their choice, they would take lady-like care of their golden slippers. I saw a flock stand half an hour this morning studying whether or not to cross a muddy road.

In November we had a cistern built to supply the main sheep with water. The water has yet such a strong taste of cement that nothing will drink it, so the sheep must be let out to drink. These muddy days it is no uncommon sight to see a whole flock of sheep crowded on the stone walk that leads to the barn. Soon we hope to house our sheep during the entire fattening period, as they will fatten better when they are confined. When sheep must be fed out of doors, a few loads of coal ashes, that make the back yard unsightly, should be thrown on each side of the feeding troughs. No one since the days of Job can start down a line of troughs with mud ankle deep and a flock of hungry sheep at his heels and not lose his patience.

Sheep like pure water, several degrees warmer than they find it in the brook. These are reasons that they hunt the springs and close up to where it bubbles out; or cross the run to drink in the barn, where pure water is provided and warmed several degrees by passing through the underground pipes. These may be considered the niceties of sheep husbandry. You can not say to the sheep: "Eat what is set before you, asking no questions." They want clean service, pure food and pure drink, with clover blossoms for dessert. It pays to give them what they want.—National Stockman.

Just a Suggestion.
When we bed a dozen pigs with straw which we can not sell, that straw brings us more than 50 cents a hundred weight. The pigs will eat more or less of it, and the rest will be trampled into the dirt so that it will catch and retain the liquid manure. Several tons can be thus converted during a winter. It is only by such little measures that one gets the full benefit from keeping hogs, or any other stock.—Farmers' Home Journal.

HERE AND THERE.

—Good butter is not made in five minutes, nor ten minutes. The best article requires 30 to 40 minutes, and you can't save time and quality both.

—A hog fed at a fair profit until it reaches 300 pounds will be fed at a loss soon after passing that point, and if fed to 350 or 400 pounds all profit will be destroyed.

—To be a successful farmer one must not only read, but his mind must be so trained as to be able to sift what he reads, separate the chaff from the wheat, for there is much chaff in the best papers.

—Give the hogs as good care as any other stock. Do not go on the theory that anything is good enough for a hog. Anything which comes handy for a feed will never bring the hogs to a profitable market.

—Never let your cows be moving manure piles; they do not look pretty; and some neighbor might call you a thoughtless, lazy farmer, and that would not be nice. Moreover, they might tell of it, and that would make you ashamed.

—The amount of milk a cow will give in a day or a week, is not decisive of her merit; it is the quantity she will give in a year. Some cows demand a long rest spell, while others do not. Persistency is a cow's most valuable characteristic.

—During the summer, while eggs are abundant, way not put up a few dozens in lime water for "hard times"? In this connection we will call attention to the article on keeping eggs in this issue. Moderate abundance all the time is better than a feast followed by an egg famine.

—A horse is really none the better for being sleek fat. In fact the fat may be hurriedly applied and may conceal blemishes that would appear if the horse was in good condition for actual service. And yet a fat horse will sell better on any market for the simple reason that he is fat.

—As the weather becomes warmer, slack up on feeding corn. One feed of whole corn at night is all any fowl ought to have unless fattening for market or the table. For growing chicks or laying hens, wheat bran and oats, sorghum seed, with plenty of green vegetable matter, are the foods required.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The number of stars visible to the naked eye is less than 6,000. The number of stars visible through the largest telescopes is probably not less than 100,000,000.

How far away the Milky Way is there are no means of judging with much confidence. Prof. Barnard has given good reasons for thinking that its ground-work consists of stars, which are much smaller than the sun, perhaps hundreds of thousands of times smaller, so that its distance from us may not be great, as star distances go.

Some experiments recently made in Belgium tend to throw doubt on the truth of the assumption that insects are guided to flowers by the brightness of their colors. Brilliantly-colored dahlias were covered so as to show only the disks, and butterflies and bees sought these flowers with the same eagerness and frequency as those which were fully exposed. The conclusion reached that the insects were guided by their sense of smell rather than by their sight seems conclusive.

The long familiar laboratory method of drying the air by means of a moisture-absorbing agent has been borrowed by a Frankfurt inventor for a patented dry barrel or box for preserving vegetables and other substances. The new apparatus is simply a box with a false bottom of slats, under which is placed a metallic tray containing caustic potash. The vegetables, fruit, etc., are placed on the false bottom, and the air—admitted only through the bottom—is dried before reaching them by passage over the potash. One charge of the drier is claimed to last six months.

WHERE THE JOKE CAME IN.

The Boys Hauled the Professor Back Much to Their Chagrin and Discomfort.

A very good story is told of the head of a college, who was the possessor of a very clumsy, old-fashioned vehicle, to which he was very partial and which he constantly used in riding through the streets of the town, to the disgust of most of the students.

A plan was formed among some of the boys that on a certain night they would remove this offensive vehicle from the coach-house to a wood about half a mile from the college. Their intention was to run the carriage into the thickest of the woods and underbrush and leave it there.

But the principal by some means learned or suspected their intention. Accordingly, in the evening, he quietly went out to the coach-house, and, well wrapped up, crouched in a corner of the carriage, and waited.

Soon the boys came, very stealthily, and, without looking into the vehicle, began their operations very quietly; and in whispers, and with many a "Hush," and "Take care," and "Look out," they succeeded in getting it out of the house and yard, and into the road.

There they were all right, but they were puzzled to find the thing so heavy to haul; and amid grumblings and puffings and pantings, varied occasionally with a strong expression of disgust, they succeeded in reaching the woods, the principal listening to their complaints, and rather enjoying the situation.

Having with some difficulty backed the carriage into the brush, they began to congratulate each other on the success of their maneuver. The old gentleman, letting down the window, very quietly said:

"Now, young gentlemen, just take me back very carefully, if you please."—Spare Moments.

New Use for Soldiers.

A standing army is not such a bad thing after all, even in peaceful times. With considerable trouble and more or less opposition from ignorant legislators, the Massachusetts general court appropriates every year thousands of dollars to provide the gypsy moth commission with ammunition with which to exterminate the caterpillar. But there is so much fuss over preparations that many worms escape, ready to propagate in multitude in the following year. The Kaiser does all this differently. The other day he heard that caterpillars were destroying the fine timber in Rominten, in East Prussia, where he has a jagdschloss. The mighty oak, some of which date back to the Crusades, were being wiped out by the hundred. The Kaiser promptly ordered two battalions of his pioneer corps into the district, led by officers who were expert agriculturists and entomologists. They swept down upon the caterpillars as their companions-at-arms did upon the French at Sedan and Metz, and they are said to have exterminated them. This work may seem like an insult to the German uniform, but it is a very worthy office all the same.—N. Y. Times.

His Qualifications.

I am reminded of a little boy who applied for a job at a squire's house, where he could earn five shillings a week by making himself generally useful.

Squire—Can you clean silver?

Boy—Yes, sir.

"Can you cook, and light fires, and sing, and dust old china, and make beds?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Can you mend electric bells, and do plumbing and gasfitting, teach modern and ancient languages, geography, and the use of globes?"

"I can, and also do anything else that is required."

"Then I think you will do."

Boy—Thank you, sir. By the way, is your house built on a clay soil?

Squire—Well, it happens that it is. But what has that to do with it?

"Well, I thought you would like me to fill up my spare time by making bricks."—London Answers.

COULD NOT BE DONE.

It Was Utterly Impossible for That Boy to Respect His Father's Gray Hairs.

"Boys," began the Sunday school superintendent, impressively, "I hope none of you will ever get into the reprehensible habit of alluding to your father as 'the old man.' When you grow up, no matter how big or old you may be, you should always look up to and respect the silver hairs of your father, who has grown bent and gray working for you in your helpless infancy. Now, all of you who think you can do this please raise your right hands."

Up went every hand except one.

Sternly saying the delinquent, the superintendent solemnly observed:

"Why, young man, I am horrified—absolutely horrified—as well as astonished at your behavior. Don't you wish to raise your hand and put yourself on record as being willing to respect the gray hairs of your father when you grow up to be a man?"

"No. No use tryin'; can't do it now," unblushingly responded the lad.

"Why not, sonny?"

"Cause he ain't liable to have no gray hair. Dad's bald," chirped the youthful philospher, triumphantly, and amid a general titter the disconcerted superintendent gave it up and passed on to something else.—Tit-Bits.

A Peculiar Feeling.

The sensation of homesickness has been variously described, but never more graphically than by a little girl, who, miles away from home and mamma, sat heavy-eyed and silent at a hotel table.

"Aren't you hungry, dear?" asked her aunt, with whom she was traveling.

"Does your head ache?"

"No."

"What is the matter?"

The child's lip quivered, and she said, in a tone to grieve the heart: "I'm so seasick for home!"—Albany Argus.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich. The women of to-day are not as strong as their grandmothers. They are bearing a burden in silence that grows heavier day by day, that is sapping their vitality and clouding their happiness.

Mrs. Alexander B. Clark, of 417 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, is a typical woman of to-day. A wife with such ambition as only a loving wife can have. But the joys of her life were marred by the existence of disease. Suffering as thousands of her sisters have suffered, she almost despaired of life and yet she was cured.

"For five years I suffered with ovarian trouble," is Mrs. Clark's own version of the story. "I was not free one single day from headache and intense twitching pains in my neck and shoulders. For months at a time I would be confined to my bed. At times black spots would appear before my eyes and I would become blind. My nerves were in such a state that a step on the floor unsettled me."

"Eminent doctors, skillful nurses, the best food and medicine all failed. Then I consented to an operation. That, too, failed and they said another was necessary. After the second I was worse than ever and the world was darker than before."

"It was then I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I heard that they had cured cases like mine and I tried them. They cured me! They brought sunshine to my life and filled my cup with happiness. The headache is gone; the twitching is gone; the nervousness is gone; the trembling has ceased, and I have gained twenty-six pounds. Health and strength is mine and I am thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People or the blessing."

These pills are a boon to womankind. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, they restore the requisite vitality to all parts of the body; creating functional regularity and perfect harmony throughout the nervous system. The pallor of the cheeks is changed to the delicate blush of health; the eyes brighten; the muscles grow elastic, ambition is created and good health returns.

Coarse and Brutal.

History states that a certain Roman official of some importance was killed one day by a falling tile while indulging in a parade. A young man of the family of Hur was charged with his death and brought into court. The judge, after hearing the case, turned to the prisoner and said: "I sentence you to the mines for life." "To the mines?" echoed Ben Hur. "Yes, to the mines," retorted the facetious magistrate; "there are great mining facilities on the Mediterranean. You will find all the ore you want in the galleys." At this brutal jest it is said the attorney for the prosecution laughed long and loud, but Ben Hur saw no joke in the galleys—he was not a prisoner.—Detroit Free Press.

And He Gets It.

Ted—What kind of a fellow is it that buys green goods?
Ned—He must be a man who wants money bad.—N. Y. Journal.

A Warm Story.

Amy—So your father rebuked you for rearing that newfangled ch? Did he burn it?
Mamie—Oh, no! He—he put it in the ice chest.—Up to Date.

"Popular airs may be catching, but it takes good tire to hold them."—Chicago News.

Harold Frederic says that day will yet come when Paris will repent her hasty condemnation of M. Zola, and name a street for him. We suppose what Mr. Frederic really means to say is that Paris will rue it.—Boston Herald.

"I hear that the crowd assailed you when you appeared at the Plunkville opera house."
"False, my boy, false," replied the eminent tragedian, Mr. Barnes Forster; "all false. There was no crowd."—Indianapolis Journal.

Flick—"Call him a musician! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a nocturne and a symphony." Flack—"You don't mean it?" And they hurry to get away from one another. Each is terribly afraid that the other will ask: "By the way, what is the difference?"—Boston Transcript.

A musician that can play all kinds of instruments beats the band.—Chicago News.

It is only in accord with the eternal fitness of things that miss, kiss and bliss rhyme together.—Chicago Daily News.

The man who is domiciled in a village boarding-house, has no use for a local newspaper.—Chicago Daily News.

Some men try to accomplish great things not because they are ambitious, but because they lack sense.—Acheson Globe.

The most enjoyment a woman gets out of running a house is to be allowed to drive a nail wherever she pleases.—Washington Democrat.

A great many are apt to judge people by their knowledge of cut glass.—Washington Democrat.

When a woman tries, she can invent more meanness than a dozen men.—Washington Democrat.

The farm and the garden are the best gold diggings.—Ram's Horn.

Envy bites its keeper.—Ram's Horn.

ASTHMA'S PROGRESS.

From Cold to Cure.

No relief in other remedies.

There are many medicines that palliate asthma. There are few that do more than relieve for a time the oppressed breathing of the sufferer. There are few diseases more troublesome and more irritating than asthma. It interferes alike with business and with pleasure. It prevents enjoyment of the day and makes the night a terror. A remedy for asthma would be hailed by thousands as the greatest possible boon that could be offered them. There is a remedy for asthma. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has cured hundreds of cases of this disease, and testimonials to its efficacy from those who have tried the remedy are multiplying with every year. The cases presented in the testimonials that follow, may be taken as exemplifying the quick and radical action of this great remedy.

"About a year ago, I caught a bad cold which resulted in asthma so severe that I was threatened with suffocation whenever I attempted to lie down on my bed. A friend recommending Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I began to take it, and soon obtained relief, and, finally, was completely cured. I have used this medicine in my family with great success for colds, coughs, and croup."—S. HOFFER, Editor "Rolink" (Polish), Stevens Point, Wis.

"While on the Gasconade River, Ga., I

caught a severe cold which resulted in asthma. After taking doctors' prescriptions for a long time without benefit, I at length made use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was completely cured."—H. G. KIRCHELL, Greenwood, Miss.

"Some time since I had a severe attack of asthma, accompanied with a bad cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted physicians, and tried various remedies, but without getting any relief. Finally I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a very short time was entirely cured."—J. ROSSILLI, Victoria, Tex.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is known the world over as one of the most effective medicines for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is not, as are so many cough medicines, a mere "soothing syrup," a temporary relief and palliative, but it is a radical remedy, dealing directly with the disease and promptly healing it. In response to a wide demand Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is now put up in half size bottles, sold at half price—so cents. More about Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook. A story of cures told by the cured. Sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Greatness Recognized.

Stranger—What's going on here to-day? There seems to be a celebration of some kind in progress.

Native—Yes; we're givin' Cy Simpson a little blow-out on gittin' back from the city without buyin' a gold brick. He's the first citizen of this place that ever done it.—Chicago Evening News.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Stunning Example.

Professor (to class in philosophy)—Now, Johnnie, give me examples of the extremes of softness and hardness.

Johnnie Bright—The dude and his diamond stud.—Jeweler's Weekly.

A Cheap Farm and a Good One.
Do you want a good farm, where you can work outdoors in your shirt sleeves for ten months in the year, and where your stock can forage for itself all the year round? If so, write to P. Sid Jones, Passenger Agent, Birmingham, Ala., or Dr. R. B. Crawford, Traveling Passenger Agent, 6 Rookery Building, Chicago, Ill.

Do you want to go down and look at some of the Garden Spots of this country? The Louisville & Nashville Railroad provides the way and the opportunity on the first and third Tuesday of each month, with excursions at only two dollars over one fare, for round trip tickets. Write Mr. C. P. Atkins, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

Do you want to read about them before going? Then send ten cents in silver or postage stamps for a copy of "Garden Spots" to Mr. Atmore.

His Little Game.

Askins—How is it that Slicksmith seems to make an instantaneous hit with every lady to whom he is introduced?

Teller—Oh, he calls the married ones "miss" and the single ones "Mrs."—Judge.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Very few people know good stationery when they see it.—Washington Democrat.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

A married woman pretends often to be fooled when she is not.—Acheson Globe.

ATTRACTIVE WOMEN.

Fullness of Health Makes Sweet Dispositions and Happy Homes.

[EXTRACTS FROM MRS. PINKHAM'S NOTE BOOK.]

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill health, painful menses, pains in the side, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and begin its use. This truly wonderful remedy is the safeguard of women's health.

Mrs. MABEL SMITH, 245 Central Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what your wonderful remedy has done for me. Without it I would by this time have been dead or worse, insane; for when I started to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a terrible state. I think it would be impossible for me to tell all I suffered. Every part of my body seemed to pain some way. The pain in my back and head was terrible. I was nervous, had hysterics and fainting spells. My case was one that was given up by two of the best doctors in Brooklyn. I had given up myself; as I had tried so many things, I believed nothing would ever do me any good. But, thanks to your medicine, I am now well and strong; in fact, another person entirely."

If you are puzzled about yourself, write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and secure the advice which she offers free of charge to all women. This is the advice that has brought sunshine into many homes which nervousness and irritability had nearly wrecked.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Women's ills

WELL-MAGAZINE—THE KING THAT EARNS MONEY—LITTLE OF THE KIND, THIS, OHIO. A. N. K.—1707

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