Grooming horses is quite common among farmers, for far more men and boys take delight in working around the horse than will do the same thing for the cow. Yet to brush and curry the cow, especially at the time she is shedding her coat, is even more necessary than to groom the horse. It will aid greatly in keeping the milk free from the dust and hairs which introduce bacteria into it, and make it impossible to produce good butter from it. Besides, no domestic animal enjoys a thorough currying better than does the cow. Try it and see.

A Strong Thirteen Story.

A real estate agent said: "The strongest thirteen story I know of is the one which I have heard told about Arthur McQuade, who was in the boodle Board of Aldermen. It was said that when misfortune overtook him his friends—some of them—attributed it to the fact that he had purchased a house for $13,000 at No. 313 East Thirteenth street. There are people to-day," he added, "who will tell you that that was the cause of his trouble.'

Cures

Talk in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla as for no other medicine. It has the greatest record of cures of any medicine in the world. In fact,

Hood's

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1. **Sarsaparilla**

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion

TRAINING TOMATOES.

Referring to the tomato-trellis recently described, I would say that for several seasons I have used wire netting in my garden for training tomatoes in preference to stakes and strings. Netting three feet wide, securely tacked to strong stakes set at intervals of three and a half or four feet apart, was formerly used, but greater width is desirable. This forms a perpendicular trellis about four feet high, as the wire should be placed ten or twelve inches from the ground. Stakes two by four inches are heavy enough if braced, the first season, although I have used three-inch hard-hack fence-posts. A light strip of wood may be run across the top for staying the upper end of the wire, but this is not essential unless heavy blankets are to be used for protection against light frosts in autumn. Raffia, once used for tying the vines to the wire, will never be superseded by strings. It is always soft, pliable and strong, never stretching in wet weather or slipping if properly tied.

This method of training tomatoes admits air on all sides, and does not interrupt the sun's rays. The fruit ripens evenly, is easily picked and readily protected on cold nights.

An ideal trellis of this sort was developed in a neighbor's garden the past season. Ten-foot stakes and netting two fet wide were used. But the growth of the Ponderosa is phenomenal, and two other strips of netting were added, with a space of a few inches betwen them. The result was a handsome screen fully eight fet high, thickly decorated with crimson fruits. The aspirations of the vines, however, were unsatisfied, and a foot more of netting would have been covered. The expense of such an arrangement is light, and the profit and pleasure arising from clean, well-ripened fruit are satisfactory in every way.

Notwithstanding the fact that machinery has been introduced that does away with much of the hard labor that was performed on the farm by hand a few years since, laborers seem to grow scarcer year by year, and at times it is very difficult for the farmer to command all the help needed to push forward his work in busy seasons; and it is skilled farm laborers that are needed. The man who doesn't possess enough intelligence to hitch up to and operate most any sort of farm machinery isn't wanted any longer on most farms. In looking for a good hand the farmer now counts skill worth as much as muscle. He knows, from sad experience, that in unskilled hands a machine will, in all probability, suffer injury and damage far beyond the amount of wages paid, and he strives to steer clear of this sort of unprofitable labor.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The influence of women upon the civilization of the world, could never be measured.

Because of her, thrones have been established and destroyed. The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvellous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health.

Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the "Vegetable Compound," has done much to place this great power in the hands of women.

She has lifted thousands and thousands out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseases of the uterus.

The "Vegetable Compound" restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures backache, strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, and you are changed from a physical wreck to the joy of your home and friends.

By the way—the leading druggists tell us that the demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is simply beyond their power of understanding, and what is best of all, it does the work and cures where the best physicians utterly fail.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE NOTED DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Reformation of Habits."

TEXT: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated habit, and forced down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature pointing out all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this evening to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear this discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated.

Habit is a task master. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night, and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids, and through the awful night of temptation, toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them! God only can arrest them.

Suppose a man, after five, or ten, or twenty years of evil doing resolves to do right. Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight, and cries, "God help me!" He bites his lip; he grinds his teeth; he clenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the windows of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with an inflamed, tantalizing and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds, with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death leap.

How many there are who resolve on a better life, and say, "When shall I awake?" but, seized on by their old habits, cry, "I will try it once more. I will seek it yet again." Years ago there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man, with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out, "One round more!" He swept around and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the "one round more."

If a man wants to return from evil practices, society repulses him. Desiring to reform he says, "Now I will shake off my old associates and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day and the usher greets him with a look as much as to say, "Why, you here! You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door," instead of saying, "Good morning! I am glad you are here. Come, I will give you a first-rate seat right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer meeting, and some Christian man, with more zeal than common sense, says, "Glad to see you; the dying thief was saved and I suppose there is mercy for you." The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself on his dignity, resolved he will never enter the house of God again.

Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he sidles up by some highly respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street. Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation; instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand, he offers him the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face. Oh! how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good honest handshaking. Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses he runs against repulsions innumerable.

We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference betweem them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there comes to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, the people almost throw up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Isn't it shocking!" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with publicans and sinners.

Oh! ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell your plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the refined and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch, covered with filth and abomination. It is not because you are any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to Him frankly and earnestly and tell Him these habits you have, and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and ever, amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help, just look and live.

I remember in the late war, I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle and said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you."

Blessed be God for such a gospel as this. "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a full loaf for every one that wants it. Bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master Street Hospital in Philadelphia was opened during the war, a telegram came saying, "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night; be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags the most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from, or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then, also, I counsel you if you want to get back to quit all your bad associations. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed.

When a man deliberately chooses bad association because he likes it, that man has started on the road down. Oh, I do not care what you call it, that association will despoil your soul. After you are destroyed, body, mind and soul, what will they do for you? what will they do for your family? They will not give one cent to support your children after you are dead. They will not weep one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation.

I had a rare friend at the West. He was full of welcome when I went there to live. He had splendid personal appearance. There is not a grander looking person in this house to-day than he was; and to this grand personal appearance he added all geniality and all kindness of soul—tender as a child, a beautiful and loving nature, and I loved him as a brother; but I saw evil people coming up around him, evil men coming up from bad places of amusement, and they seized hold of his social and genial nature, and they began to drag him down, and he went further and further.

I used to say to him, "Now, why don't you stop these bad habits and become a Christian?" for I talked with him just as I would talk with a brother, and he understood me, and I understood him. I said, "Why don't you give up these things and become a Christian?" "Oh," he said to me one day, leaning over his counter—just after I had asked him for a hundred dollars to help educate a young man for the ministry, and he had given me the money before I had the story half told—"if it will do the young man any good, here is a hundred dollars." Right after that conversation I said, "Now, you are a splendid fellow; why don't you give up your bad habits and be a Christian?" "Oh," he said, as the tears ran down his cheeks, "I can't. I should like to be a Christian. You see, I have got these habits on me so, sir, I can't get rid of them. I have been going wrong longer than you would think for, and I can't stop."

Sometimes, in the moments of repentance, he would go to his home and embrace his little girl of eight years convulsively to his heart, and he would cover her with adornments and strew toys and pictures all about her, and then from her beautiful presence—the beautiful presence of his little child—he would go to the intoxicating cup, and to the house of shame, as a fool to the correction stocks; and there these bad men kept pushing him on, a ship, full-winged, crashing into the breakers.

I was called to his deathbed. I hastened, and when I got into the room I was surprised to find him in full everyday dress, lying on the top of the couch. I put out my hand and he greeted me very cordially. He said: "Now, Mr. Talmage, sit down right there." I sat down and he said: "Last night, just where you sit now, I saw my mother, though she has been dead twenty years—yes, sir; just where you sit now she sat. I couldn't have been mistaken. I was as wide awake as I am now. She sat just where you sit. Wife, I wish you would take these strings off that they are weaving around me; I wish you would take them off; they annoy me very much in this conversation." I saw he was in delirium. His wife said: "There is nothing there, my dear; there is nothing there."

Then he resumed the conversation, and said: "Yes, my mother sat just where you sit now. I knew her. She had the same spectacles, and the same cap and the same apron, and the same dress. It must have been her, just as she looked twenty years ago—she has been dead now twenty years. And sitting there she said to me, 'Roswell, I wish you would do better;' and I got up out of bed, and I knelt beside her and said, 'Mother, I wish I could—I wish I could do better; I would like to do better. Won't you help me? You used to help me. Why can't you help me now, mother?'" But soon I said, "Now we will pray." I knelt to pray. He did not realize anything I said, I suppose. Then I got up and said "Good-by! good-by!" That night he went to God.

Arrangements for the obsequies were being made, and they said, "Oh, it won't do to bring him to the church; he has been so dissolute." I said, "Bring him, bring him; he stood by me when he was alive, and I'll stand by him when he is dead. Bring him into the church." The Sabbath came. As I stood in the pulpit and saw his body coming up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. I stood there that day and I said, "This man had his virtues, and a good many of them; he had his faults, and a good many of them; but let that man in this assembly who is without sin cast the first stone on this coffin lid."

On the one side of the pulpit sat the beautiful child, as radiant and sweet faced as any child that sat at your table this morning. She knew not the sorrows of an orphan child; she was not old enough to realize them. Sometimes when I think of that awful scene, her face haunts me like a beautiful face through a horrid dream. On the other side of the pulpit sat the man who had destroyed him. They had put the wormwood and the gall into that orphan's cup. They pushed him off the precipice. I stood there and told them that there was a God and a judgment and a hell for those who destroyed their fellows. Did they weep? Oh, no, not one tear. Did they sigh repentingly? Not one sigh. Did they say, "What a pity that we destroyed him?" Oh, no. They sat and gazed at the coffin as vultures at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out. That night, though my friend lay in Oakwood Cemetery, I heard afterward that these men went right on with their iniquities, destroying themselves and destroying others.

Gather up all the energies of body, mind and soul, and appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing. It must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost! Push on, and you are saved! A Spartan General fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his blood and wrote on a rock, near which he was dying, "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Oh, what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the country! They go to the postoffice every day or to see if there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear! Nothing would please them half so much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses, just having frisked up through the meadow at the nightfall, stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The porch of the hovel is full of fowl. In the old farm house at night no candle is lighted, for the flames clap hands about the great backlog, and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of! After a while the father breaks the silence and says: "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town to-night?" And the mother answers: "In no bad place. I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 o'clock—for they retire early in the country—at 8 o'clock they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian General: "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment, and said: "The proudest moment of my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents in the country that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God, and become eternal victor.

Oh! despise not paternal anxiety. The time will come when you have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard they will not answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish that you had done just as then wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred! There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

IMPROVED ONION CULTURE.

The usual method of transplanting onions by hand and dibble is hard and tedious work. Often onion plants are set too deep in this way by the inexperienced, and the bulbs do not so readily form underground. During the first two years in my work with onions I have tested a method of transplanting young onion plants with a common turning plow, and found the method to work well. A furrow is opened with the plow, and the young onion plants are laid along on the straight side of the furrow, and then soil is thrown back on the roots with the same plow. After the earth is thrown on the roots it should be pressed with the foot by walking upon it, or a small roller may be used for the same purpose. In this way all the work may be done without bending the back except in dropping the young plants. Small boys may be employed for this work, and the setting of an acre can be done at a cost of $2.50.

In starting onions early at the north, Mr. C. L. Hill writes to American Agriculturist: With varieties which require a long season for their full development, an early start in the spring is necessary. I plant the seed under glass in hotbeds, early enough to have plants of good size by the time the ground can be put in condition for setting out. The transplanting is something of a job, and yet it is scarcely more than would be the task of the first weeding that has to be done when the seeds are sown directly in the field. There is also a great gain in having well-filled rows of plants evenly distributed. Even if the seeding should be faultless, some seeds will fail to come up, and the rows will be more or less uneven. But the transplanting plan gives such even rows of fine plants as does one good to look at.

JACKETS FOR SPRING.

If money is no object to the woman who is planning her spring wardrobe, let her take $35 and order her jacket from the tailor. For that price she may have a made-to-order coat of tan covert cloth lined with taffeta silk, correct as to sleeves, revers and buttons. If money is an object she may purchase a very presentable imitation of the made-to-order coat for $12 or $15.

Tan coats this spring are much more in favor than gray ones. Gray is used only when the coat is part of the suit. They are made rather short, with loose fronts fastening invisibly under a flap, with tight-fitting backs, small revers and sleeves, much more moderate in size than those to which the public has become assustomed.

Black coats are also to be worn this spring. They are short and are tight fitting in the back, with either loose fronts or revers turned back from the waist.

Narrow belts, which slip through the side seams and fasten under the revers, are worn with the latter. Young persons who do not fear to call attention to the size of their waists wear narrow bands of gilt or silver for belts, but quiet tastes prefer black silk, satin, leather, or even serge.

UNLUCKY DAYS AND GARMENTS.

"My beliefs run to days," says a woman. "Every woman who entertains is sure there is one day in the week on which she can have no success in any undertaking. My bad day is Thursday, but, then, I know lots of women who never make any positive engagements for Saturday. Saturday is a very black day in society lists, and there are numbers of otherwise sensible individuals who will never entertain on the day of the week on which some member of their family has died, just as there are those who, having once worn a gown to a funeral, will promptly give the whole costume away. Moreover, some girls I know feel there are certain garments in which they always meet with ill luck. It may be a pair of pretty stockings, or gloves, or a dainty petticoat that shows signs of being hoodooed, and once the evil genius is accurately fixed on the accursed garment, off it goes, and usually the possessor burns it, or gives it to some girl she has a grudge against."

REVIVAL OF SASHES.

The popularity of the ribbon has brought about the revival of the sash. The summer girl will wear sashes on as many occasions as possible. It is hinted that even the new woman will look upon the sash with favor. The sash of the coming summer is not like the one worn a few years ago. In place of the long loops the ribbon is tied in a pert butterfly bow. It stands up, instead of drooping down. The ends, however, are equally as long. They reach close to the bottom of the skirt. The front of the new sash is shaped like a girdle, giving the waist a more slender appearance than if the ribbon were merely wound about it.

RENEWING OLD DRESSES.

Whether they will succeed or not is hard to say, but the costumers will make strenuous efforts to introduce trimming on the new skirts. A few Parisian skirts have gored panels with trimming running up and down beside them. This is an advantage in remodeling an old dress. Two skirts that harmonize may be put together by this means. There is no end to the variety of passementerie and jeweled trimming that can be had to give the refurnished gown an appearance of newness. Speaking of trimming, one can buy set pieces of it for yokes to old waists for about $8, which give a very dressy effect.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Every sin suffered to remain in the heart raises a family.

In one way the egg of a wren is bigger than a turkey cock.

The man who does not look ahead will soon have to fall back.

One of the hardest things for some men to forgive, is a difference in creed.

Many a man who claims that charity begins at home, lets his wife saw the wood.

If you have both tracts and bread to give to the hungry, give them the bread first.

Many a man has started out to reform the world, and stopped at the first house.

Love is the greatest thing in the world, and yet nine people out of ten are after money.

No man can grind down another without first placing his own soul under the millstone.

When people are set on having their own way they don't care how much it is going to cost them.

Men are alike in nature, but different in character. They are one family, but many children.

Before we can truly possess anything, we must have the spirit that will enable us to enjoy it.

The man who has no use for the golden rule in a horse trade, had better be watched everywhere.

One shot in the wing means a wounded bird, no matter how fast it may be flying when it is hit.

The acorn that makes the forest, is bigger than the forest, but we fail to realize it, as we pick it up from under our feet.—Ram's Horn.

Seals of Wyoming and Utah.

The States of Wyoming and Utah have recently had their seals made, and are now affixing them to all public documents emanating from the Governor or Secretary of State. That of Wyoming represents a pedestal showing on the front an eagle resting upon a shield. Upon the shield are engraved a star and the figures "44," being the number of Wyoming in the order of admission to Statehood. Standing upon the pedestal is the draped figure of a woman modeled after the statue of the "Victory" of the Paris Louvre, from whose wrists hang the links of a broken chain. In the right hand she holds a staff from which floats a banner bearing the words "Equal Rights." This suggests the political position of a woman in this State. On either side of the pedestal, standing at its base, are figures typifying the live stock and mining industries of Wyoming. Behind the pedestals, and in the background are two pillars, each supporting a lighted lamp, signifying the light of knowledge. Around the pillars supporting these lamps are scrolls bearing the words "Live Stock," "Grain," "Mines" and "Oil." At the base of the pedestal in front are the figures "1869," "1890," the former signifying the organization of the Territory of Wyoming, and the latter the date of its admission to Statehood.

The seal of the State of Utah is well composed. An eagle holds in its claws six arrows and a Norman shield. This shield bears a hive on a pedestal, about which the bees are humming. The word "Industry" is emblazoned across the top of the shield, and the figures "1847" are shown at the lower point. Behind the shield are crossed two flags of the United States. Around the outer edge of the seal are the words "The Great Seal of the State of Utah, 1896."—Washington National Tribune.

Provisioning New York.

"Feeding a City Like New York," an article by John Gilmer Speed in July Ladies' Home Journal, presents some interesting and astonishing statistics. For instance, Mr. Speed declares that New Yorkers consume 80,000,000 dozen eggs per year, for which they pay $14,400,000; 290,800 pounds of butter per day, costing $18,200,000 per year; 297,000 gallons of milk, 5600 gallons of cream and 1200 gallons of condensed milk daily, at a yearly outlay of $16,250,000. Including cheese, for which $10,000,000 per year is paid, the aggregate value of the dairy products consumed in New York City is $44,450,000. Mr. Speed fixes the valuation of the meats of various kinds sold to New Yorkers each year at about $58,000,000. This does not include poultry, from 200,000 to 400,000 head of which are sold weekly. Upon a conservative estimate Mr. Speed places the quantity of fish consumed yearly in New York at 45,000,000 pounds, not including oysters, clams, crabs and other shell fish. There are 24,000 bushels of potatoes sold in New York daily, the yield of a 90,000-acre farm per year, the aggregate value of the tubers being $13,000,000. Other vegetables are consumed in like proportions. There are 70,000 bushels of wheat (flour) eaten every week, besides large quantities of oatmeal, buckwheat flour and cornmeal. The quantities of provender always on hand (the perishable goods being kept in cold storage warehouses) leads Mr. Speed to conclude that were New York cut off from all the points from whence her food supplies are drawn, her people could live in plenty for four months, and even manage to get along for half a year, without emulating the Chinese appetites for rats.

The Fatal Horse and Wagon.

If the statistics of accidents could be collected it would in all probability be shown that the most dangerous way of traveling is with a horse and wagon. We believe there is authority for stating that in proportion to the number of people traveling in various conveyances, horses and wagons kill more people than steamboats or railroads or trolley cars or bicycles.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

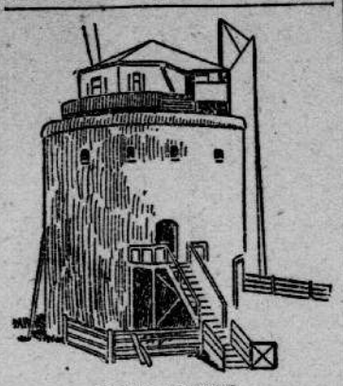
Death by Boiling.

In Old England, before the law was passed which prohibited "cruel and unusual forms of punishment," murderers were often condemned to death by boiling. In such cases the victims were chained in large kettles of cold water, which was gradually heated until it caused the flesh to drop from the bones. The last English victim of the "boiling death" was one House, a cook, who, it was alleged, had killed seventeen persons.

THE TOWER AT TYBEE

Built by the United States as a Defense Against Great Britain.

One of the objects which invariably attract the interest of voyagers approaching Savannah by sea is the tiny round tower a few hundred feet distant from the lighthouse at Tybee



TOWER AT TYBEE.

Island, on the Georgia side. With the aid of a good pair of marine glasses the tower can be described as built of stone and apparently hoary with age. Indeed, the native Georgian has no greater pleasure than to pour into the astonished ears of Northerners the tale that it was erected by the Spanish about the same time as the structure at St. Augustine. But the hard and rather unpoetic facts of the case are that the United States Government built the place as a defense against the British in 1812, some eighty-four years ago.

It is termed, in military parlance, a Martello tower, being copied from similar defenses erected along the English coasts when Napoleon was threatening to invade Britain. The tower saw some little active service in the Civil War, but, of course, was even then not more dangerous or stronger than a stone dwelling.

At present it is used as a reporting and signal station, and during the bathing season it is a favorite visiting place for the guests of the fashionable hotels at Tybee Beach, the noted Southern seaside resort. There are few objects on our coasts more striking and picturesque than the tower at Tybee, and it only lacks a few legends of Spanish possessions, sieges, etc., to make it famous.

How an Antelope Kills a Rattlesnake.

One of the worst foes the rattlesnake ever had on the Western prairies was the antelope. This wary animal, allied to the deer species, is extremely timid and so afraid of man that only the best hunters could ever bag one. But they had no fear of the rattler, and when one of the reptiles was encountered it was speedily dispatched.

The method of the antelope in making war on the serpent was unique and heroic. The antelope walked around the snake a few times awaiting a favorable opportunity. When it came there was a quick bound and the sharp hoofs of the antelope came down with deadly effect on the body of the snake. With movements as rapid as thought the antelope jumped out of danger only to spring back on its victim again and again until the body of the snake was cut into mincemeat.

Old hunters say that it was rarely that an antelope was bitten in such an encounter with a rattler, and the snake was always killed unless it found

ANTELOPE VERSUS RATTLESNAKE.

a convenient prairie dog's hole into which it could crawl. The sharp hoofs of the antelope cut like knives, and after being struck once or twice the reptile was too badly injured to offer any effective resistance.

A Lizard That Dances.

One of the interesting little animals that live in far-away Australia is the dancing lizard. This curious chap is about three feet in length and wears a pretty collar made for him by Mother Nature. This collar is of a bright red, yellow and blue mixture and is big and full of frills. He gets his name from his collar and is called the frilled lizard. He's not a bit pretty and he has a way of jumping around that gives one a peculiar fright if one happens upon him suddenly. Although this frilled chap has four legs, he seems to like walking and dancing on his hind legs better than traveling on all fours. He's as quick as lightning in his movements, and lives on the insects that inhabit the trees of the thick woods. He could become a dancing master if he was bigger and would conduct himself with greater ease. We can forgive the frilled lizard almost any of his pranks, but we can't forgive him his long name, which is chlamydosaurus kingi. Now, what do you think of that?

A Once Popular Singer.

Does any one remember a wonderful boy soprano named Richard Coker who thirty years ago startled New York and began as a chorister at Trinity Church and ended by singing at Buckingham Palace? When he grew up he adopted the name of Della Ross, developed a baritone voice, inherited a fortune and is now advancing toward middle life and living quietly in London.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Vidal, one of the most famous sculptors of France, was stone blind at the time when he executed some of his most famous works.

SYMPTOMS OF TUBERCULOSIS.

These are first a cough, accompanied by quick breathing, then a discharge from the lungs or throat, brightness of the eyes, loss of flesh, a bad-smelling breath, in a cow thin blue milk, deficient in caseine (the curd) and rich in fat. The skin becomes drawn and the hair harsh and erect, the cough becomes worse; if the bowels are diseased, there is an incurable fetid diarrhea, and as the disease progresses the animal becomes skin and bone only, and very weak and tottering. Finally it lies down for the last time and slowly dies. If the milk organs are affected, as they may be, although the lungs and bowels may show the effects most, the milk is likely to affect persons who may use it, or the meat will be diseased and unfit for food, as carrying the germs of the disease with it, unless thoroughly cooked.

There is no danger of manuring a soil too early for vegetables, while the crops all grow much more tender and the growth is more rapid.

If you have occasion to kill a hen from your flock and you find her rolling in fat put that down as the reason your hens are not laying. Just let up on the food for a few days, and you will see an improvement. Don't waste your food.

By Steamer, Tra'n or Boat?

Which of these have you selected as a means of travel? No matter. Whichever it is, recollect that for sea-sickness, disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, engendered by rough locomotion and bad food or water, and for malarial troubles, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most useful specific you can take with you. It is invaluable also for rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervous trouble.

A new style of cat has just appeared in Danbury, Conn. It is a kitten, with two tails and six legs.

How's This?

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

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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 obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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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.

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Nothing destroys authority so much as the unequal and untimely interchange of power. pressed too far and relaxed too much—Bacon.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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