Imperfect Page

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THE DINNER HORN.

The dinner horn, the dinner horn,
The sweetest sound that e'er was born;
It winds away so loud and clear,
And none so deaf but he can hear.

New life it puts in man and boy,
And lights each face with new-born joy;
The lad who scarce before could crawl
Now lightly vaults the orchard wall.

The hired man who droned along
Now cheerily carols the latest song,
And steps are swift that were slow before,
As straight he strides for the kitchen door.

The tramp, too, hears; his nap it breaks;
With hungry sniff his way he takes
To where looms up the farmhouse gable
To take his chance at second table.

O dinner horn! O dinner horn!
Sweetest of sounds that e'er was born;
I'd sing your praises some more, I vow,
But I've got to quit; I hear it now!
—Will S. Gidley, in Farm Journal.

Grit That Was In Him

By WILLIAM WENDHAM

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"THIS is the end, sir—do you hear, the end! Leave the house and never enter it again. I will pay these infamous bills, but they are the last. To-morrow I will advertise your shame to the world and warn all men that I will never again pay a debt that you contract. Not one dollar of mine will ever go into your hands." So spoke Godfrey Whitford to his only son and heir, Earl.

"Where would you suggest that I go?" suggested Earl in his lazy drawl, crossing his aristocratic legs and leaning back in the chair. "As you know, the present state of my finances does not permit of a trip abroad nor a suite at the Union."

The old man flashed one blazing glance at the younger from his keen gray eyes and the square jaw became more set than was usual.

"You may go where you please. Perhaps the disreputable companions with whom you have chosen to consort can make some appropriate suggestions."

"In other words, I may go to the devil," remarked Earl.

"Exactly—or where you please," replied the other. "Good day."

It was the climax of a long season of wild oats by the boy, and which had been borne with more or less impatiently by the hard-headed millionaire. He had long realized that Earl was going rather a swift pace and was spending more money than was good for a young man, but he had reflected that his son had been brought up in an atmosphere of wealth and luxury and he did not wonder that he did not know the value of money. He had hoped all along that he would settle down after his college days and take hold of his business with him. But when he returned from a few months' trip abroad and was faced with bills run by Earl during his absence he was appalled. The bills ran high into four figures, and the boy began to show signs of dissipation. There had been a stormy scene, and Godfrey Whitford had laid down the ultimatum.

This had been but four months before, and now again came another batch of bills—only this time they were all combined in one loan from a money-lender, and the total exceeded the amount that had so scandalized the old man upon his return from Europe.

Earl Whitford, after calming his nerves with a series of cocktails, took account of stock and sized up the possibilities. It resulted in his calling on a favorite uncle, and laying the case before him. His uncle gave him a good dressing down, and plenty of good advice, and ended by letting him have a thousand dollars.

The papers the next day gave the city two distinct shocks. Society read in the morning issue that Earl Whitford had been disowned and disinherited by his father, and that Godfrey Whitford would no longer be responsible for any debts he contracted. The evening issue related in big headlines the story of the most sensational "killing" in the history of the local racetrack, which "killing" had been accomplished by Earl Whitford, who had appeared on the track with a thousand dollars which he placed on a "thirty-to-one shot" and won; afterwards placing the entire $30,000 winnings on a favorite in another race, and doubling his money.

This was but the beginning of the sensations Earl Whitford gave the papers. With $60,000 in his pocket he gave the staid old city an illustration of "painting the town." Fast horses, desperate gambling at race track and gaming rooms, where the stakes caused the modest gambler to gasp; wine suppers so elaborate and so free as to become common talk; midnight orgies—every form of dissipation that would burn money—all these things were spread daily before the people in the newspapers, and the strange thing was that Earl's money did not diminish. His marvelous luck clung to him, and the more reckless were his bets the more he seemed to win.

After awhile the young man received a letter which startled him a bit. It was from Irene Dawson, his second cousin, a sweet little girl who lived down in the country, and to whom he was engaged. She had been summoned to town by his father and told the circumstances of Earl's dismissal from home and advised to break off the engagement. She had arrived in the middle of his great debauch, and she wrote him immediately. She told him how shocked she was and that her heart was broken; that she had loved him thoroughly, and never could love another, but now it was manifestly impossible to marry him; and she hoped he would find in the life he had chosen enough of happiness to compensate for a woman's broken heart and for the family name he had dishonored and the respect of the world which he had forfeited. The letter sobered him a trifle. He had a genuine affection and respect for the girl, and the thought that he had lost her staggered him at first. But he only plunged the harder into debauchery.

After he had exhausted his ingenuity in finding fresh ways to shock the community and humiliate his father, he went to New York taking with him a more or less brilliant train of satellites. There his fast life was continued. His luck did not follow him and as the months went by his store of cash grew less and less. One day something over a year after he left the home city he awoke to the realization that he was practically at the end of his pile. This news he gently broke to the satellites who had been feeding off him, with the effect that there was a great scurrying of rats to get away from the sinking ship. All were more or less hurt at his lack of consideration at going broke and all accepted a last little loan from the dregs and faded away.

One night he turned into a popular roof garden, heavy with liquor, and came directly face to face with his father and Irene Dawson. The old man looked him full in the face and without sign of recognition. Irene with an expression of disgust drew in her skirts that they might not touch him. A smile came into his flushed face.

"I could show them a thing or two yet—and the others, too, if it were worth the while. Is it worth the while? This sort of thing surely is not."

Some months later Godfrey Whitford, president of Consolidated Traction system, sat in his private office bending over his papers when the door opened and a man entered. The man came close to his desk before the old man looked up. He faced his son plainly dressed, perfectly sober and with clear eyes and steady hands.

"Well, sir?" he said, frowning.

"Pardon my intrusion, sir," said the son, "I have not come to ask for anything nor to make apologies. I simply want to say to you, that I am through. I have had all the fun I want and am now going to work. I have decided that I will work out my career here where I had my fling and I have a curious desire to begin it in the very business in which I could have started near the head. I come only to tell you of my plans so you may not think I am doing anything except in the open. I can doubtless get a job down at the barns washing cars or oiling tracks or something. I will apply to the foreman—unless you object. I will do so under my own name, but without any reliance on your favor. Good day, sir."

"Good day," and the old man turned to his papers. After the door closed he looked out of the window long and thoughtfully. Then he sighed and returned to his work.

About this time Irene Dawson received a letter from Earl Whitford in which he said that he appreciated fully how dastardly he had acted and that he realized what he had lost; that the only reparation he could make was to live a decent life and try to make something of himself; that he asked nothing from her—indeed he realized he could not, but for his own sake he proposed to show her that she need not draw her skirts away when she passed him.

Earl Whitford pursued his lowly work in the barns with the same ardor of spirit which he had thrown into his dissipation. His identity was not known, but his quiet industry and application told and he was advanced rapidly, within a few months being placed on a car as conductor. There the great test came. As luck would have it he was given the run penetrating the most aristocratic section of the city and was compelled to collect fares from those with whom he had associated in the days of his prosperity. But he stuck it out and made no sign.

Then came the great strike. One terrible day when everything was at the worst there was a fearful clash at Fifth and Plutarch streets and the issue depended on the motorman, who deserted. The conductor rushed through the car, grabbed the lever and amid volleys of bricks, cobblestones and bullets won the day—then was carried senseless to the hospital. Godfrey Whitford when asked what should be done about it (it being known by his subordinates at that time who the hero was) said:

"Follow the usual course," but it was observed that the old man was in high feather that night.

But he never relented and Earl won his way from one place to another until he became assistant superintendent. Then one fine day the old man died and lo, and behold, there was no will and Earl inherited the entire estate. There was only one sealed note from the father to the son. It read:

"My boy: you did it your way and I am proud of you."

Earl Whitford is now the president and general manager of the Consolidated Traction system and in his heart of hearts he knows that he was the arbiter of his own fortune.

P. S.—The author forgot to relate that when Earl was in the hospital a lady whose face was concealed by a heavy veil visited him daily and as soon as he was convalescent knelt by his bedside and buried her face in his bosom. And that she forgot and forgave all the past and that they were quietly married one spring morning before he returned to work.

Priest and the Highlanders.

The position of the priest in a highland community is, as may be imagined, one of exceptional authority. The deep reverence and enthusiastic devotion with which the people regard their faith, extends to the person of the priest, and not only in spiritual things, but even in many of the everyday affairs of life which even remotely concerns his interests, his will is obeyed with childlike docility. Examples will show this better than pages of description. The writer knows one highland priest who has often driven from the public house, on a Saturday night, the too indulgent members of his flock, and that with a liberal use of his "pastoral staff;" nor was he ever gainsaid. Again, it is still customary in some parishes for the priest to call to the altar rails on Sunday, for public reprimand, the notorious delinquents of the week past. It is doubtful whether such a survival of the discipline of the early church could be found in any other European country, except, perhaps, in some of the more secluded parishes of the kindred race in Ireland.—Donahue's Magazine.

Allison is said to have consumed 24 years in the preparation of his "History of Europe;" but many important literary enterprises were also carried on by him during this time.

MISS ABBY ALDRICH.

Young John D. Rockefeller's Bride to Be Is Well Known in Educational Circles.

Miss Abby G. Aldrich's engagement to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is universally talked about, although Miss Aldrich has not a wide circle of acquaintances at the capital. Senator Aldrich has been in the upper house of congress for 20 years, but his family has resided in Washington less than six months during this entire period. Mrs. Aldrich and her daughters have attended several inauguration ceremonies, but they did not tarry after the festivities.

Miss Abby has the reputation of being bookish and of making a profound study of all the intricate questions connected with higher education. Several eminent educators of Washington assert that while Miss Aldrich's love affair with Mr. Rockefeller may date only from July of this year, her interest in his plans antedates this by several years. Some time ago there was a movement inaugurated to affiliate the Columbian university with that of Chicago.

Both institutions are under Baptist patronage, and some of the trustees believed that the connection would be mutually beneficial. Miss Abby Aldrich heard of this and visited Columbian during one of her brief visits to Washington. Her questions showed a deep knowledge of the problems at issue and convinced the authorities that she would be a strong champion of their cause. These same professors express the belief that young Mr. Rockefeller has shown the same wisdom in the selection of a wife as marked his business career. Miss Aldrich, they say, is not only entirely fitted to take her place with grace and dignity as the wife of one of the richest men in the world, but she is eminently capable of assisting the large philanthropic schemes in which the elder and the younger Rockefeller are engaged.

Miss Lucy and Miss Abby Aldrich, the only children of the Rhode Island statesman, will inherit large fortunes, but they are far from among the richest heiresses in the senatorial set. There are several charming young maidens whose papas can write checks in the millions fluttering around in the gay set at the capital. Senator

MISS ABBY G. ALDRICH.
(Engaged to Be Married to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.)

Hanna's two daughters, Miss Mabel and Miss Ruth, will be well dowered, as will the three lovely daughters of his colleague, Senator Foraker. Senator McMillan, of Michigan, is accounted one of the solid men of the senate, and his daughter, Miss Elsie, is given all the prestige due a great heiress and belle in the highest official set.

Senator Stephen B. Elkins' friends are fond of saying that the gentleman does not know how many millions are to his credit, and that he adds a few more every year. He has a bright young daughter, Miss Katherine, who will be among the reigning belles two winters hence, if she repeats the social triumphs of her mother, who as Miss Hallie Davis, daughter of Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, was the loveliest and most popular young woman in Washington society. Senator Wetmore, colleague of Senator Aldrich, is an immensely wealthy man, who has two daughters, both well known in the fashionable world of Washington, New York and Newport. Some colossal fortunes come into the senate with the next term of congress. Mr. Kearns, of Utah, is said to share honors with Senator Clark, of Montana, as the richest member of the august senatorial body. He has a young family, but they will not be social factors for some years to come. In the lower house Representative Newlands, of Nevada, is the most prominent man in the social world. He has been twice married and has three daughters in society. All are heiresses.—Washington Letter in Chicago Chronicle.

Girls and Public Schools.

In colonial days girls were not allowed to attend the public schools of Massachusetts. In one town the master taught them for two hours after the boys were dismissed. In 1780 girls were admitted to the public schools of Boston from April to October; but it was not until 40 years later than even in Boston the schools were open to them all the year.

Stocks with Jewels.

The pendant is one of the features of the new stock, though it is in no way connected with it. It consists of a handsome dangle or jewel which is fastened to a very slender chain in such a way that the pendant falls directly under the chin while the chain is invisible inside the waist.

Artificial Honey in Germany.

The bee and honey raisers of North Germany are having a hard time. They feel the competition of the artificial honey factories very much. The artificial product contains often no more than ten per cent. of natural honey.

Female Labor in France.

One-third of the goods manufactured in France is the product of female labor.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE.

It Has Been Studied Without Avail by the Sages and Philosophers of All Ages.

If there is one question more than another to which it is difficult to get or give a satisfactory answer, it is surely this: "Why did you fall in love with your husband?" In nineteen cases out of twenty a woman would probably confess candidly that she did not know, or else she would declare conclusively that she did because she did, and that ought to end the matter.

In the rare cases where a lady condescends to declare her reason the answers are both interesting and instructive.

"Whatever made you marry the prisoner?" a London magistrate asked a

BECAUSE SHE LOVES HIM.

woman whose face bore "striking" evidence of her husband's affection. "Because he punched all the other fellows' heads," she answered, "and nobody else dare make love to me."

Another good lady confessed that she fell in love with her husband because he was the "only man who ever dared to snub her." While other men were stumbling over each other to pay her court and attention, he always treated her with absolute indifference and even rudeness.

The consequence was that she determined to bring him to her feet and his knees. She succeeded, but lost her heart in the attempt.

"I fell in love with my husband," one lady recently declared, "because he was the only man about whom no one was ever heard to say an unkind word. Even the women, although he paid them no especial attention, were agreed that he was 'a darling;' and, although he was plain, almost to ugliness, and old enough almost to be my father, I loved him and determined to marry him long before he had any such thought of me."

Not long ago a Yorkshire lady of wealth and beauty shocked her friends by marrying a poor cripple. It had come to her ears that he had long loved her in silence and had counted each day happy if he only caught a distant glimpse of her. She discovered that he was a devoted son and brother, and a man of unusual gifts and culture for his humble position; and, moved by one of those sudden, generous impulses to which some women are liable, she sought an interview with him, told him that she had learned his secret and offered her hand and fortune. This may appear a strange and improbable thing, but thousands know that it is literally true.

Another lady whose marriage resulted from a similar impulse gives this explanation of it: Among the friends of her family was an old bachelor with a reputation for crustiness, who had known her from a child and had often nursed her in early days. To her he had always been gentle and kind, and she had loved him "in a way" as long as she could remember.

One day she said: "Why have you never married, Mr. ——?" "Marry, my dear! Why, no one would ever marry a grumpy old man like me." "Of course they would!" she answered, indignantly. "Why, I would marry you myself." "Thank you, my dear!" came the unexpected answer; "then we'll consider the matter settled."

In spite of her surprise and misgivings the girl loyally kept her promise; and she has never had reason to regret her "moment's indiscretion."

A lady friend of the writer married her husband for the very illogical reason that he was an avowed woman hater. He made no secret of his aversion to the fair sex, and declared it so constantly that, as she says, "I vowed I would convert him and make him change his mind, at least so far as one of my sex was concerned." He was not a difficult convert, for within 12 months he had forsworn his creed so far as to conduct one of the "hated sex" to the altar; and now he declares that he "loves them all."—London Tit-Bits.

FRENCH PRESIDENT'S GUARDS

Police Methods Employed to Promote Safety of the Executive of France.

The Paris municipal council has refused to pay any longer for the police protection of the president of the republic, hitherto defrayed by the taxpayers, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, on the ground that this is an item of national and not municipal expenditure. The municipal police have been withdrawn from the Elysee. In their stead is a staff of detectives belonging to the surete generale, a section under the ministry of the interior. The older members of the Elysee police staff, unwilling to sever their connections with the Elysee, have resigned their municipal appointment and joined the new force. The cost of protecting the president is $13,500 a year. Twelve detectives, styled by courtesy inspectors, are employed for this purpose. Their office is under the gateway of the Elysee, on the Faubourg-Saint-Honore, and they are taking their orders from the president's civil secretary.

The brigade has no easy task. It accompanies the president on all his travels and at least a couple of detectives shadow him on his morning walks to the Bois de Boulogne. M. Casimir-Perier could never bear this police surveillance, and more than once he gave his detectives the slip, much to the annoyance of the prefect of police. Felix Faure looked upon them as most useful and deserving men. President Loubet thinks they are a necessary evil.

CHEAP STRAW SHED.

Suitable for Cattle, Sheep or Hogs and the Storage of Farm Tools and Implements.

When stacking straw either in the field or barnyard, a good shed suitable for cattle, sheep or hogs, or even rough farm tools and implements, may be made with little work. Before threshing, secure six posts, each eight feet in length, and forked at one end if possible. At the place stack is to be built, set the posts about two feet deep in ground, in rows of three posts on

USEFUL STRAW SHED.

each side; the rows eight or ten feet apart, and posts nine feet apart in row. Take two poles each 20 feet long and place one on each row of posts for crosspieces to hold top. Lay rails or poles six or eight inches apart on top of the crosspieces, and set ordinary fence rails, slanting, round frame, leaving one end open, as shown in the illustration. The rails should be close enough together to keep the straw from falling in or being pulled out. Build the stack on top of this frame, and a comfortable shelter will be provided. If desired, stalls may be made in the shed; and the size given—20 fet long and eight or ten feet wide—may be adapted to suit the wishes of the farmer or the amount of straw at his disposal.—J. G. Allshouse, in Ohio Farmer.

HOW CATTLE MULTIPLY.

There Is No Business as Profitable as the Systematic Raising of Good Stock.

There is money in raising cattle and no one who has ever kept them and cared for them in a business way has ever made a statement to the contrary, says the Texas Stockman and Farmer. A young man cannot invest $50 in a safer or more certain business than to buy a good cow and take care of her progeny for a period of five or ten years. In ten years $50 at ten per cent. will double itself, but where can a young man loan $50 at such a rate of interest? Anyway at the end of ten years he will only have $100 for his investment. If he will invest $50 in one good prolific cow and take care of her and her offspring for ten years, his $50 will not only double but create more than 1,000 per cent. of the first principle. As an example of what can be done in this line a case is given by the Hoxie Sentinel.

"Ten years ago," says the Sentinel, "John Sims presented his two sons, Willis and Robert, with a cow each and put them in Willis Johnson's herd to pasture, instructing Mr. Johnson to sell or trade the steer calves for heifers and also sell enough of the increase to pay the herd bills, which he has done. Mr. Sims and family returned home from Colorado, where they had been seven years, and the boys found that each had a nice little herd of cattle. One had rather bad luck, however, and only found 12, while the other found that he was the possessor of 28, making a total of 45 for the two cows, after deducting all loss and expenses."

If the young men in question had worked and cared for their respective stock and with the proceeds of matured animals added more breeding animals to their herds, it is plain that the above figures could easily have been doubled.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The raisin product of California in 1900 was 70,000,000 pounds.

One of the doing kind of farmers is worth one dozen of the suggesting sort.

The total value of the peach crop in the United States is about $50,000,000 annually.

The estimated profit of wheat-growing in Argentina, at current prices, is $3.42 cents an acre.

Don't fail to read the best papers. Form your own conclusions, then work them out, since it is the only sure way to make the farm pay.

The effort of the California fruit-growers to secure a six-day fruit-train service from Sacramento to Chicago, and a nine-day one to New York, has resulted successfully.

The first load of new wheat of the 1901 crop was marketed at Winfield, Kan., June 24. Weight, 62 pounds to the bushel. Kansas hard red winter wheat is now a formidable rival of the justly celebrated northwestern spring.—Farm and Home.

Sheep as Weed Destroyers.

It has been said that the sheep is a double-purpose animal, because it furnishes two profitable products—mutton and wool. We would add another value to the sheep; as an aid in the destruction of weeds on the farm he stands second only to the plow. Wherever a flock of sheep is kept weed growth is kept in check, provided, of course, the area is not out of proportion to the size of the flock. If you want a pasture trimmed up neatly and made to appear smooth and well-kept let a band of sheep in it for a few weeks and they will make a complete change of it.—National Rural.

Improving Marshy Land.

When a piece of marshy land has been drained it is often found that crops fail to thrive, although it seems to be very rich in nitrogen. The remedy is to add barnyard manure. The semi-aquatic vegetation which formerly occupied the land decays so slowly that cultivated crops cannot get nitrogen rapidly enough for their needs. When the manure is added it sets up a fermentation which converts the nitrogen bearing materials into a more soluble and hence available form.—Director C. E. Thorne, Ohio Experiment Station.

KEEPING EGGS FRESH.

A Simple Method Which Has Given Satisfaction to Many Who Have Tested It.

With a fairly cool cellar, there is no trouble in keeping eggs for two or three months, if they are turned so that the yolks do not settle. If those who have chickens, and are afraid of not getting eggs in winter, will try this plan, they will with little doubt be satisfied.

As early as September begin to fill cases to keep for a month or two at least. When full, keep in cellar, turning the boxes upside down every day or two. If the number laid is small, boxes that will hold six, twelve or fifteen dozen should be made or bought, as the eggs should not be left unturned many days, and it is very awkward to turn them when the case is not full. The boxes should be numbered and dated. When eggs are to be sold or used, take the oldest, but use them while they are perfectly good. August eggs could be sold in September or October, those packed in September could follow, and so on. Under ordinary circumstances, the gain in holding from one to two months will generally be 25 per cent.

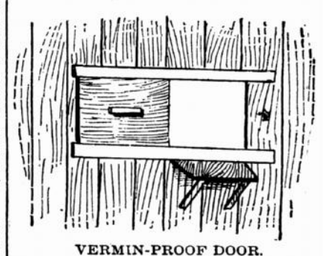
If the supply is for family use, make boxes large enough for one section of regular paper "fillers." These hold three dozen eggs, and your box may be two, three, four or five layers deep. Boxes of that size are easily handled, and will be convenient for marketing if there are more eggs than you need.

At my own home we followed this plan last winter, and of over 40 dozen, not one egg was spoiled, though in a very few the yolk had settled. The effect of such alternation is virtually to convert the 15-cent eggs of September into 25 or 30-cent eggs of December. It is a great satisfaction to have eggs that you know are good, and if you happen to have too many there is no trouble in selling them at a good price, and at a time when generally the demands for cash are quite numerous.—Country Gentleman.

VERMIN-PROOF DOOR.

It Positively Prevents Would-Be Intruders from Entering Into the Chicken House.

A convenient plan for light-weight breeds of poultry to pass in and out of a coop is shown herewith. In cold weather too much of a draft comes in through the open door. Besides snakes, rats, mice and other vermin can crawl in through the door if left open. But wherever the above shown arrangement is in use no foreign intruder can enter into the chicken house, unless they can climb upon the smooth wall or fly. Cut the opening



VERMIN-PROOF DOOR.

18 inches or higher from the floor and make it one foot square; this will be large enough for poultry to pass through. To close over the opening at night and in very cold weather a small sliding door is used to shove across opening. I find this to be preferable to a hinged door, as the wind has no effect on it. A small platform, eight by eight inches, is placed just below the opening, on both sides, for poultry to step upon when passing in and out of coop. This arrangement is also very handy for letting fowls pass between scratching shed and coop. At least we have found this method preferable to leaving the door open. The sliding door should fit very tightly over opening to exclude all drafts of cold air in winter.—Lewis Olsen, in Farm and Home.

Busy Barometric Bees.

Generally the bee stays at home when rain is in the air. When the sky is simply dark and cloudy these busy workers do not leave their dwellings all at once. A few go out first, as though the queen had sent out messengers to study the state of the atmosphere. The greater number remain on observation until the clouds begin to dissipate, and it is only then that the battalions entire rush out in search of their nectar. A bee never gets out in a fog, because it is well aware that dampness and cold are two fearsome redoubtable enemies. We do not mean, however, that the bee is a meteorologist in the absolute sense of the word. Its cleverness consists in never being taken unawares, for it possesses untiring vigilance. Often one may observe the sudden entrance of bees into the hive when a dense cloud hides the sun and even though the rain is not in evidence.—Los Angeles Times.

Young Chicks Need Grit.

When the chick begins to live it has a good supply of food from the yolk of the egg. This lasts for two or three days. During this time the grit is not needed. But as soon as the first hard grain is eaten, which is often the third day from birth, the grit is necessary. Nature does not supply this. The chick must find it or it must be supplied. This may explain the success in feeding soft feed to chicks under artificial conditions. Too often the chicks have no way of getting grit, and the soft food makes it possible for the work of digestion to go on. But if the grit is supplied in abundance there is little doubt that the gizzard of the young chick is able to handle hard food from the first.—Farmers' Review.

Diversity in Feeding.

All animals on the farm prefer foods that may not be relished by some others. The farmer should take advantage of this fact and utilize all the materials that might be wasted if there were not some animals that would accept them. A judicious use of the feed cutter, mixing a little bran or meal with the cut food, and tempting the animals with a variety, will render serviceable even such foods as wheat straw. There are several modes of serving corn fodder that will make it acceptable to dainty animals.

MISS LAURA HOWARD,

President South End Ladies' Golf Club, Chicago, Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound After the Best Doctors Had Failed To Help Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can thank you for perfect health to-day. Life looked so dark to me a year or two ago. I had constant pains, my limbs swelled, I had dizzy spells, and never

MISS LAURA HOWARD, CHICAGO.

knew one day how I would feel the next. I was nervous and had no appetite, neither could I sleep soundly nights. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** used in conjunction with your Sanative Wash, did more for me than all the medicines and the skill of the doctors. For eight months I have enjoyed perfect health. I verily believe that most of the doctors are guessing and experimenting when they try to cure a woman with an assortment of complications, such as mine; but you do **not guess.** How I wish all suffering women could only know of your remedy; there would be less suffering I know."—LAURA HOWARD, 113 Newberry Ave., Chicago, Ill.
—$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are ill to write her for advice. Address Lynn, Mass., giving full particulars.

Libby's Plum Pudding

is now in order.

With the frost comes the appetite for heartier table dainties. Why spend time and labor when

LIBBY'S Peerless Plum Puddings

are so delicious, pure, wholesome, and so easily secured? Ask your grocer. They are among the best of

LIBBY'S NATURAL FLAVOR FOOD PRODUCTS.

Put up in convenient size key-opening cans. Our little book "How to Make Good Things to Eat," is free. Write for it. Libby's Atlas of the World mailed anywhere for five 2-cent stamps.

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