No Protection.

Neighbor—"So the angels brought you a little brother last night?" Little Girl—"Yes; that makes four children, and the house is awful small, but I s'pose it can't be helped. It's too hot to keep the windows shut at night."—Good News.

—In a recent discussion on Irish education, Mr. Knox observed half humorously that what Ireland wanted was an "innocent" history of Ireland, that is, a history that could be read by both Catholics and Protestants, without giving offense. Mr. Morley thought the suggestion hopeless.

TAKE STEPS

in time, if you are a sufferer from that scourge of humanity known as consumption, and you can be cured. There is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its early stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write to those who have been cured and profit by their experience.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound CURES ALL

Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life.*

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

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CUT THIS OUT—Find the next page in the next paper, and so on, until you have a complete up to date Directory of this city.

IN THE CITY AFTER LEAVING THE MOUNTAINS.

Dull senses, stirred
By the great city's sounds, so long unheard;
Toil-swollen hands and sluggish, sun-baked brain,
To feel this civic pulse—to think again—
I strive in vain:
For old, old mountains rise
Behind these crowds of people of today,
Gray rock, green forest, and their darling stream
Are in my eyes still, since my lingering gaze
Held them, them only, through long, lonely days,
So, to my eyes,
Our toiling human thousands do but play
With phantom needs, with woes born of a dream;
Chasing desires that flit, with mocking cries,
Athwart the mountainous old verities.
—Harper's Weekly.

CASE OF KIDNAPING.

They were laying down the scarlet cloth on one of the platforms and arranging, for better management of the crowd, the movable barriers. The inspectors had their boots brushed to a condition of brilliancy that seemed to verge on the supernatural; the small lamp-boys appeared with faces that, all things considered, were nearly clean. The hands of the clock, looking down, did not fail to notice that Charing Cross was bestirring itself.

"What's the row?" asked the Hour Hand.

"Royalty," answered the Minute Hand briefly. "Royalty going to the Continent. And I wish to goodness I was going with 'em, I do."

The Hour Hand whistled thoughtfully a patriotic air, and shook itself lightly.

"I only hope," said the Hour Hand, "the same sort of thing won't happen that occurred once when the young Prince of what's-the-name-of-the-place came over to England. Did you hear about it?"

"I never hear about anything," said the other crossly. "I've got other work to do besides listening."

"I'll tell it you if you like."

The Minute Hand grunted. The Hour Hand shifted itself forward a little and told this tale.

* * * * *

The carriage drove into the station in good time, and a single representative of the embassy followed quickly upon it. The young prince was to pay a visit to London strictly incog., and it was his particular desire that, upon his arrival, there should be absolutely nothing that even approached formality; indeed, he was coming from Dover by the ordinary train. Just under the clock two men were talking.

"It'll be a rare old beano if it only comes off, Jim. Old Icey Creamo says it's as good as 10,000 pahnds, if it's a punny."

"Yus. If it's a punny. I'll bet you 4 to 1 something goes wrong."

"I'll take you. I'll take you. In sixpences."

The two smacked each other's palms to render the wager binding. Another carriage drove into the station with an odd, clean-shaven coachman, in a coat that looked a shade too large for him. Inside was a man with fierce mustachios.

"There he is. See him on the box? That's old Icey Creamo."

"So are you," said the other, incredulously.

"It's a pawsitive fact, my boy. It's a good make-up, s'elp my bob. Go and tell him that the prince is at the front of the trine. I'll go and tell the other lot that he's at the back."

"What do we stand to get, old man," asked the pessimist, "if this goes rocky."

"I don't know, Norris. I've never took on with a job like it before. I don't suppose it's much. They say they don't want to kill 'im."

"So they say," said Mr. Norris, doubtfully.

"What they want is £. s. d. And it's a vurry common complaint, too. Go and look on the slite and see what time the trine's due."

Mr. Norris did so and returned with the information, that it was due in five minutes' time.

"Good!" said the other. "You look after Icey Creamo. I'll look after the toff's own carriage. If I can only keep 'em well away from the saloon it ought to be pretty right. We'll follow 'im up in a 'ansom. That's the oidea, isn't it?"

"That," said the other—"that is the oidea, old man."

The two strolled off, performed the duties which they had assigned to themselves, and the carriage from the embassy drove down to the end of the platform. The tidal train steamed over the bridge, came slowly into the station, the buffers of the engine kissing the stop-buffers gently just for fun. From every carriage passengers descended. The porters attacked the compartments in search of loot in the shape of bulky portmanteaux and bloated handbags, to be placed in company with their respective traveling companions on cabs: the gentlemanly man with the fierce mustachios, seeing a youthful figure, with refined face, descending from a saloon in the fore part of the train, and looking helplessly around, hurried forward at once, hat in hand.

"Par ici, votre Altesse s'il vous plait."

Both stepped into the carriage, the door was closed, and Icy Creamo—this was, probably, the bogus coachman's real name—quickly drove out of the station. The two men, who had been talking, jumped into a hansom and followed, with a look of extreme content upon their ingenious faces.

"Well, I never saw no prince get out, sir," the guard said to the attache in charge of the embassy carriage. "Perhaps he's walked on to the hotel."

The attache, much perturbed, declared that he could not think it was likely, for the prince had wired from Dover to say he was coming. The inspector came up and heard the evidence and said, with a judicial air, as though the remark half settled the matter, that it was a rum go.

"His luggage is in the customs," said the station inspector, "but where's he?"

As this was precisely the point which the others were troubled about there was no reply.

"He can't have vanished into what you may call thin air," said the station inspector, argumentatively. "You'd better drive to the hotel, sir, and see if he's arrived, and then come back."

The attache from the embassy, more excited and more annoyed now that he saw clearly that the disappearance would entail work upon him, hurried away to the hotel on foot. Soon he returned.

"Personne is there," he cried.

"Oh, he's there, is he?" said the station inspector. "I thought there was no occasion—"

"I say to you nobody is there. His highness the prince has not arrived, nor his valet. His highness the prince has disappeared."

"Well, I'm hanged!" said the station inspector. Which, of course, was not, strictly speaking, true.

The extra special editions came out with placards bearing one item only:

ABDUCTION OF A PRINCE.
SUPPOSED ANARCHIST PLOT.

They contained, of course, the barest account of the extraordinary affair, but they were, nevertheless, quickly bought up. The men selling in the streets were surrounded by would-be purchasers, the bookstalls were besieged; no other topic of conversation was permitted in decent society. A perfect army of interviewers came down to the station to see everybody; a small battalion of snapshooters took the scene from every conceivable point of view. At the hotel they could get little information—and this, under the circumstances, was not surprising; at the embassy they could get no information at all, but they ascertained by dint of patient waiting that a good many telegrams were being dispatched thence, and this fact alone, handled with due dexterity, would make at least twenty or thirty lines in the morning journals. They all went home at about 10.

It was 11 o'clock that night exactly that one of the two Englishmen came back into the station and stood exactly under the clock. To him, within two minutes Inspector Brading of New Scotland Yard—Inspector Brading, in silk hat and frock coat, with a white satin tie, smoking a big cigar, and presenting altogether a genial see-it-out appearance that was agreeable to behold.

"You'd better come down to the yard, Norris," said Mr. Brading, when he recognized his man. "We can settle all we want to do 'ere, Mr. Brading. You got my telegram?"

"I did. Who do you want to split upon now?"

Mr. Norris looked around and did not speak until his gaze rested again on Inspector Brading.

"If you like to make it worth my while," said Mr. Norris, slowly, "I can tell you—I can tell you just where—"

"Well, well."

"Just where, at this very moment, the missing prince is."

"In fact?" cried Inspector Brading, with much anxiety.

"It's Gaw struth," said Mr. Norris, piously.

"I'll tell you what, Norris. If the prince is really in the custody of some of your set, and you can take me to the place, I'll see that you get a big reward."

"Done with you," said Mr. Norris. "I don't want no truck with these anarchist beggars, I don't. They're a bit too thick. They dunno where to draw the line, they don't."

"They get punished rather heavily, too," remarked Inspector Brading, pensively.

"That's wot I mean. That's wot I mean. Nah, look 'ere. This is how it was done."

And Mr. Norris, looking nervously about him the while, told the tale. How some Italian extremists in Bath street, Clerkenwell, had decided to kidnap a prince—it didn't matter what prince so long as he was a prince—how they had decided on trying for this particular prince, how they had perfected the arrangements, how it had all turned out so well, how he (the prince) was now in a not too pleasant back room in Bath street, carefully guarded by the gentlemen concerned in the affair. The impression of the excellent Mr. Norris was "that they was a-going to keep the young joker there for, say a week or so, and then demand a pretty big sum."

"As ransom?"

"Quite so. As, to use a common expression, as ransom." The extreme set of foreigners were getting precious hard up, and if they didn't get money somehow, why, they'd have to work. Mr. Norris gave the names, gave their addresses, gave all he knew, and Inspector Brading took everything down in a small pocketbook.

"Now, then," said Mr. Norris, wiping his lips expectantly, "what price me?"

The inspector turned and beckoned to a man in evening dress.

"I don't want to lock this man up, Perkins," he said. "Only keep him in tow just for an hour. Give him a drink or two."

"Ere," said Mr. Norris, with an aggrieved air, "is this the wy—"

"And if you call on me in a week, perhaps I shall have a pound or two for you."

"A pahnd or two!" cried Mr. Norris. "Well, of all the —— Why, look 'ere. A prince goes and gets hisself kidnaped, and I comes and gives you information, and—you torks abaht giving me a pahnd or two! And this a prince, mind you, a ryle prince, as I've sived, and you goes and offers me wot I call a mere bagatelle. Seems to me" (with increased bitterness) "that princes must be uncommon cheap today."

"Well, you see, Norris," said Mr. Brading of Scotland Yard, apologetically, "it's like this. Some of you chaps come to us so late with your stuff. We knew all about this before, and we arranged for the prince to get out of the Tidal at Cannon street, and come on quietly by the Underground. The chap your friends have got in Bath street is young Sergt. Peron, who knows plenty of languages; and if he only uses his eyes and his ears for a few hours, why—"

"Well," said Mr. Norris, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand—"well, this takes it! This takes it, upon my word!"

The crowd at the barriers were craning their necks and standing on each other's toes in order to catch sight, for a moment, of the departing royalties. The engine of the train gave an imperious whistle, puffed majestically and drew swiftly out of the station across the river. The reporters jotted down the names of the equerries, trying hard to spell them wrongly; loyal old ladies, who had been peering over the barriers, fanned themselves with their gloves and cried (for no reason, and murmured, "Poor dears!"

"How in the world do you manage to pick up all these bits?" said the Minute Hand curiously. "I never seem to hear anything about them, somehow."

"Ah," said the Hour Hand, "now you want to know something."—Pall Mall Budget.

"Spoken" at Sea.

Many of the newspapers published in our seaports give a column to shipping news. One of the most frequent announcements is to the effect that a ship named was "spoken" on a given day, in certain latitude and longitude. The meaning of the term cannot be mistaken, but how communication was held may not be so easily understood.

Of course the expression "spoken at sea" came into use when it was the custom for two vessels whose courses came near crossing to hail each other through the captains using the speaking trumpet. By this means news was received and sent. But this occasioned loss of time, if it did not necessitate a change of course. In later usage the spyglass has taken the place of the speaking trumpet, except in cases where the vessels are coming near together in their regular courses.

Communication is now made by signaling, and the code is very simple. Every merchant vessel in foreign trade has a registered number by which it can be identified in any port of the world. Two vessels exchange numbers by signals, and that one which first arrives at any port connected with the rest of the globe by cable reports having "spoken" the other in such and such latitude and longitude, "all well."

The report is made public through the shipping newspapers. Of course the correct form of statement at the present day would be, in a majority of instances, "seen" rather than "spoken," but nautical terms are not easily changed.

Author of "Sweet Marie."

"The Poet of the Rockies," Cy Warman, is responsible for "Sweet Marie." Mr. Warman likes "Sweet Marie." One reason for his fondness is that he made $2667 in royalties between January and July, and expects his receipts for the three months ending with September to be over $2000 more. There is a reason for his liking her.

Mrs. Warman is responsible to the public for "Sweet Marie." She inspired the song. Her name is Marie; and they have been married only a couple of years, which accounts for her being "sweet."

Mr. Warman has not always been a poet, although he is now making thousands of dollars from a successful song, and has already made a reputation. He went to Colorado in 1880, when he was 25 years old, and began work on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad as a fireman. His train ran through the famous Marshall Pass, and he attributes his subsequent career as a poet to the inspiration of the scenery in the Rockies. "I couldn't help writing poetry with such surroundings to run my engine through," he says.

A New Story.

"Maybe it's a chestnut worked over," remarked the drummer to the hotel clerk, "but I heard a story the other day which illustrates the kind of men some Chicagoans are."

"Let her go," said the clerk, encouragingly.

"One of those rich fellows there," continued the drummer, "had a close-fisted Yankee friend of his with him at his country place, and during the evening the friend dropped a quarter in the grass and immediately went down on his knees to find it.

"What are you looking for?" inquired the host, who was talking to another guest some distance off.

"I've dropped a quarter in the grass."

"Here, let me help you with a little light," said the Chicago man, and he kindled a $5 bill with a match and held it till the Yankee found his lost quarter."—Detroit Free Press.

Polite.

Relations of courtesy between physician and patient are always pleasant to see. It is related that Dr. B— of Boston and Mr. S—, an old-fashioned merchant who was his patient, were both very polite men, though the doctor was somewhat embarrassed in manner, and occasionally made queer remarks inadvertently.

Mr. S— at last came to his deathbed, and sent for the doctor. The latter came, and found him but an hour to live. He was, however, extremely calm and collected.

The doctor came and sat at his bedside awhile. He had other patients who needed him.

"Go, go, doctor; don't let me keep you," said the dying man.

"Ah, not me you!" said the doctor, nervously, rising.

Hadn't Practiced.

A colored woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the diocese of Florida, and was required to say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments. She got through with the first two fairly well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when it came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman: "De fac' is, Mr. Turpin, I hasn't been practicin' de Ten Command'ments lately."—Life.

—Prof. Virchow was asked by an inquisitive American recently at what hour he was accustomed to go to bed. "When my day's work is done," he answered. "It may be 1 o'clock or 2 or 5, but it is my rule not to sleep until I have finished what I have to do." In spite of this irregularity of habit, Prof. Virchow at 72 is a very energetic and active man.

FOR THE FARMER.

The Difficult Seed.

I.
A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?

II.
"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then, it's fashion's old.

III.
"The violet is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the canterbury bell—
I never cared for blues.

IV.
"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers, beside;
The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread too wide."

V.
And so it criticised each flower,
This supercilious seed;
Until it woke one summer hour
And found itself a weed.
—Mildred Howells in St. Nicholas.

Cleanliness.

The meat of the animals being fattened as well as the milk from cows in the dairy, are easily affected by the food that they eat and the quarters in which it is given. Cleanliness pays in the better health secured and in the better quality of the product. Animals that are compelled to eat in filthy quarters or to eat unclean food cannot keep healthy. Because numbers do live through so as to be finished for market does not prove but that they were more or less diseased and that it was only a question of time until it would develop. Cleanliness not only saves feed, but improves the product. A better gain in proportion to the amount of food supplies can always be secured if the animals are kept in clean quarters, and only sound, healthy, clean food is supplied to them. In order to secure the best possible gain, the best health is necessary. Thrift and vigor are essential in digesting and assimilating the food most thoroughly, and good digestion and assimilation are necessary to make the most out of the food and an animal cannot maintain the best health when obtaining unhealthy food in unhealthy surroundings.

It is easier to commence in the fall to keep clean than to allow the quarters to become foul and then attempt to clean up. Plenty of bedding with regular cleaning out will help to maintain cleanliness. Good racks and troughs, with care in handling the feed, will help materially to supply clean food with hogs. A tight place for feeding grains and good troughs for feeding slops and supplying water will aid materially in supplying clean food to the hogs, and at the same time lessen materially the waste.

From this time on until the stock can be turned out into the pastures, more or less feeding of all of the stock will be necessary, and it is quite an item to supply under such conditions as will secure the best possible results and nothing is of more importance, when all things are taken into consideration, than cleanliness in the food and the supplying.—N. J. Shepherd in Prairie Farmer.

Wheat as Food.

Dr. Salmon, chief of the bureau of animal industry, Washington, has been investigating the subject of "Wheat as Food for Growing and Fattening Animals," and sends us his report from which we learn that wheat contains practically the same amount of protein per 100 pounds of oats, and that both wheat and oats contain about 20 per cent. more protein than corn. On the other hand, wheat only has about one half as much fatty matter as corn and oats. In carbohydrates the position of wheat is about half way between that of corn and oats.

Protein, that is the albuminoid constituents of grain, goes to build up the albuminoid tissues of the animal body of which the muscles are the most prominent part, but it may also be changed into fat. The fat in the animal body comes, therefore, both from the fat and the protein in the food which is eaten. The carbohydrates sustain the heat of the body and must be present in sufficient quantity or the more valuable fat which has already been assimilated will be used for this purpose. Young growing animals require more protein than older ones, and also more than fattening animals, in order to supply material for building up the muscles, tendons and other albuminoid structures.

The German standard shows that wheat is better for growing and fattening animals than is corn. Corn comes nearer being an ideal grain for fattening animals in the country than is indicated by the tables. Such animals apparently do not need as much protein as is contained in the standard, and may take with advantage more carbohydrates and fat. Equal parts of wheat and corn should, therefore, prove better for fattening animals than either of these grains alone. For growing animals corn is plainly not so suitable as is wheat or oats.

When wheat and corn are the same price per bushel, it is preferable to feed wheat and sell corn: First, because wheat weighs 7 per cent. heavier per bushel than corn; secondly, because wheat is worth more pound for pound than corn, whether for weight as equally good grain for fattening animals, and better for growing animals; and thirdly, because there is much less value in fertilizing elements removed from the farm in corn than in wheat.

The best form in which to feed wheat is to roll or grind it into a coarse meal. It may then be fed alone, or mixed with corn meal or ground oats. When ground fine it is pasty and adheres to the teeth, gums and cheeks so that it is not as readily masticated or eaten. In the form of a coarser meal it is relished by all animals, it is in a condition to be attacked by the digestive process whether thoroughly masticated or not, and in most cases it gives the best results. Our domesticated animals are all very fond of it, but are not accustomed to eating it. Precautions should consequently be observed to prevent accidents and disease from its use.

The number of pounds of live weight that may be produced by feeding a bushel of wheat will evidently vary according to age and condition of the animal fed.

At the South Dakota Experiment station the hogs fed ground wheat required 4.81 pounds, and those fed whole wheat required 4.91 pounds for 1 pound gain in live weight. The ground wheat fed returned 58.39 cents per bushel, the whole wheat, 55.83 cents; corn 60 cents, and peas, 65.36 cents. The quality of pork obtained from ground wheat and corn was about equal, and was superior to that from whole wheat, peas or mixed feed.

Fall Care of Trees and Plants.

It seldom occurs to those having the care of trees and plants that there is need of any particular care in the fall. If a good growth is made in the summer months it is thought to be sufficient. In many cases it would be, but, on the other hand, the fall is a trying time on newly set trees of the previous spring, and plants not over hardy have to be prepared for winter. In fact, much of what we do in the fall should be with a view of preparing for the winter ordeal. During the spring and summer it is proper to cultivate continually raspberries, blackberries, currants and like plants. The hoe and hoe-harrow should never rest. But after this good cultivation, with the plants strong and vigorous, cultivation should cease when fall comes, or an undesirable late growth will result. What is needed at this time is sturdy, well-ripened wood. Weeds must be kept down if rampant, but with clean culture through the summer there will be no weeds of any account afterwards. Trees with unripened wood are the first to be injured by the cold of winter. Therefore stop cultivating and stop watering heavily, where it has been practiced. It has been frequently observed that partly tender raspberries, such as the Herstine and Brinckle's Orange are here, will winter tolerably well when growing in a rather dry situation, where their canes ripen up thoroughly early in the season, whereas, when in rich, damp localities, where growth keeps up late, they get badly winter killed. The knowledge of this is the secret possessed by many who successfully winter many plants which others fail with. What is wanted is perfect growth during summer and perfect ripening during the fall. Perfect growth is not that of a tree which drops its leaves early. The poor tree which the foliage falls in early September, as is sometimes seen, is not in a healthy condition. It suffers from some leaf blight, which will operate against the tree. We want growth to stop, but we want foliage on the branches until the proper period for falling is reached. I believe in working hard to keep up healthy foliage. Many gardeners of the old school believe it of no use to preserve the foliage of strawberry plants in winter. Some, in fact, mow them off in the fall. For my part I want no better fruit than my plants give me and these plants are covered lightly with leaves in winter, to protect what foliage they have. Trees recently planted and all others not entirely hardy are greatly helped through the winter by having a good mulch of manure or forest leaves placed about them, to keep frost from the roots. In my experience this is of much greater importance than is supposed. Many and many a tree dies in winter because evaporation goes on from its branches all the time, which the frozen-up roots are unable to make good. In unfrozen soil roots are active all winter and moisture is supplied as it is wanted. Many broad-leaved evergreens like the rhododendron, would be uninjured if the roots were out of frost and thousands of dead fruit trees would be thriving today had they been thus helped during their first winter.—Prairie Farmer.

Household Hints.

Drawn Butter Sauce—Put half a teacup of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook, but not brown; then add a pint of water and stir until smooth. Season with salt and pepper. This sauce is a nice addition to boiled or baked fish.

Breakfast Appetizer—A ripe, sweet, juicy apple is pleasing, nutritious, medicinal and, being aromatic and vitalizing, is supposed to aid in developing physical, mental and spiritual beauty. The teachers of expression in art think so; the vocal teachers say it will clear the voice; a vegetarian says it will excite muscular action along the alimentary canal, and the housekeeper ought to know that it will save the bread and butter. Broiled sour apples served with powdered sugar and cinnamon and bits of hard butter before the coffee is a very fascinating breakfast dish.

Creamed Bacon—Bake in the oven slices of bacon till they are brown and crisp; put them on a hot platter; add to the fat in the pan a tablespoonful or more of flour; stir till smooth; add gradually a teacupful and a half of milk and cook two minutes.

Roast Loin of Veal, Kidney Stuffing—Select a fine, fat loin weighing about six pounds, with the kidney in; then buy another veal kidney; take both kidneys and peel them out of the suet, then soak in slightly salted water for an hour. Free them from fiber, put them in a chopping bowl and chop very fine with half an onion, a little parsley and some green sage leaves. Mix with half a plate of stale bread previously softened in cold water; season the whole with salt and pepper; stuff the flap of the loin with it; fasten with skewers; season veal with salt, pepper and a little powdered sage sprinkled over the top; lay some strips of fat salt pork over and roast in a hot oven till very well done.

Bavarian Strudel—Make a paste with one pound of flour, just under one-half pound of butter, four whole eggs, the white of one egg, a pinch of salt and a half tumblerful of water. The latter should be lukewarm, and the butter must be melted in the same, so that the pastry may be light and elastic. Let it stand when well kneaded for about ten minutes in a warm place. Spread a clean cloth over the pastry board, cover it with flour and on this pull out the paste till it forms an oblong as thin as possible. This is done by using the two ends of the cloth, and should be accomplished with great rapidity. Have ready some good apples, peeled, cored and cut in small dice; put them into a basin, cover them with sugar and let them stand for twenty minutes, stirring them frequently during that time. Strain off the moisture; add the apples, a few tablespoonfuls of well-washed currants thoroughly dried and a pinch of powdered cinnamon; also some chopped almonds. Spread this mixture lengthwise over about two-thirds of the pastry only; sprinkle with sugar, fold over the rest of the pastry, moistening it as you do so with some melted butter. The strudel must have the appearance of a thick sausage; put into a well-buttered baking dish, curling it round in snail-shell fashion. Brush it with yolk of egg and bake in a fairly hot oven for forty-five minutes. On taking it out sprinkle it with sugar and cut it into thick slices. Raisins are used sometimes instead of currants.

Apple Turnovers—Make a very rich "short" pastry, roll it out and cut into squares about five inches wide. Set in the middle of each a large pared and cored apple; drop into each apple a piece of butter about as big as the end of one's thumb, fill up the hole with sugar and put more around the outside of the fruit. Into the sugar stick two inches of cinnamon and press three cloves into the flesh of the apple. Lay a slice of lemon on the top of all this, then take up the four corners of the pastry, pinion them into a knot over the apple and let them bake in a good quick oven so that the pastry may be well browned, but they must have time to be well done. This way of doing apples is very rich and good. They may be eaten either with or without cream.

Veal Salad—Bits of veal cut fine make a delicious salad and a very good way to use up small scraps of cold beef is to cut them fine or thin and make a layer salad, alternating with cold boiled potatoes, salt and pepper and cover all with a French dressing.

Cold Beef Salad—A very appetizing way of using up cold roast beef is to chop it fine with lettuce leaves, adding a mayonnaise dressing, or, if that is not liked, a simple dressing of mustard, hard-boiled egg, a little melted butter and enough vinegar to bind the salad together. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Curry of Mutton—Put a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; when melted add as much flour and a half a pint of boiling broth or liquor made with meat extract; when smooth stir in a tablespoonful of curry powder and salt to taste; add the minced mutton, heat through and serve in a border of steamed or boiled rice.

Pineapple for Supper—Here is a delicious way of preparing pineapple for a Sunday night supper: Cut the fruit into cubes and sprinkle with wine, using one gill of wine to a quart of the fruit. Chill the pineapple and then sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Heap in a mound in a glass dish. If the leaves of the pineapple are green and pretty place them in the center of the mound. A gill of orange juice may be substituted for the wine.

Bread Sticks—Add one yeast cake to a half pint of lukewarm water, dissolve, add half a teaspoonful of salt, the beaten white of one egg and sufficient flour to make a dough; knead well for ten minutes. Stand aside for two hours. When light turn out on the board, cut off small bits and roll them under the hands into sticks the size of a lead pencil; cut into like strips to fit pans. Stand in a warm place for twenty minutes and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven. These sticks are especially nice served with salads.

Temperance and Obstinacy.

The temperance principles of the regiment of Illinois Infantry volunteers, known as the "One Hundred and Two Dozen," are well illustrated in an incident related by the regimental chaplain. In the battle of Champion Hills Orderly Sergeant Abraham Newland, Company D, was shot in the face, and fell on his upon the field, but was picked up later and carried to the hospital.

Sergt. Newland's jaws and mouth seemed to be all shot to pieces, and he was in a sinking condition. Seeing this the surgeon ordered him to have a little brandy, which the dying man, as they thought him to be, refused. The surgeon told him that he must take it or he would die.

Newland motioned for paper and pencil and wrote, "If I die, I will die sober."

This obstinacy angered the surgeon for a moment and he muttered, "Die then." But his kind heart conquered and he gave the sergeant the best of attention, and saw him recover with scarcely a trace of the wound. The surgeon remarked afterward:

"Sergt. Newland was too obstinate about the brandy; but no doubt his temperance principles saved his life, since a drinking man never could have rallied from such a wound."

Old "Daddy-Long-Legs."

Almost everyone is well acquainted with that extraordinary insect called "daddy long-legs," which makes its annual first appearance in the month of May. But everyone does not know, what S. H. Scudder has recently abundantly demonstrated, that this strange little creature, towering high above its fellows on its thread-like stilts, is probably, as its name may be thought to imply, a more ancient inhabitant of America than any representative of the human species.

Far back in tertiary time, at the very dawn of the modern world, its ancestors lived in great numbers in that part of the continent which we now call Colorado. The fossil remains of these insects show the characteristic features that mark them today, although new species have taken the place of the old; for even daddy long-legs knows what evolution is, and its descendants have been fitted by natural selection to a kind of civilized existence suitable to the exigencies of life in the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries.

The Letter was Loaded.

A Huntington, Ind., postoffice clerk stamped a letter the other day which contained an explosive. The thing went off and nearly killed him.—Courier-Journal.

—Corner lots on Fleet street, Piccadilly, and other desirable business locations in London are worth $100,000 a front foot.

NOCTURNE.

Good-by, mosquito, soon we'll find
Your days are o'er;
You were—claim not to be maligned—
A frightful bore.
—Washington Star.

SAN DIEGO'S GIRL PILOT.

Only Twenty Years Old and Able to Bring in the Biggest Ships.

Miss Elizabeth Polhemus of San Diego, Cal., a 20-year-old lass, wishing to earn her own living and having a fondness for the sea, has been qualifying herself as a pilot for ocean vessels entering San Diego harbor. In eight months she expects to pass the examination required by the state board of pilot commissioners and receive her certificate as a first-class pilot. Miss Polhemus is the only woman in the country, so old sea captains say, who now attempts to guide great ships into a harbor. Of course, until she receives a pilot's certificate, Miss Polhemus guides the vessels under the eye of a veteran pilot who stands beside her on the quarter-deck. This, however, is a matter of form, as insurance companies demand a certified pilot, and the old pilot accompanies the girl simply to comply with the rules. So thorough is the young woman's knowledge of handling a ship, and of the reefs, shoals, currents and air currents of San Diego harbor that the old pilots who have instructed her in this difficult work seldom have a word to say in criticism of her management, and for six months it has not been necessary to change one of her orders when bringing a ship into port.

All her life this young woman has lived by the sea. Her father is a gallant old sea dog, who fought for the flag, and has sailed all seas as a master of big merchant ships and now holds an important harbor position at San Diego. She has a kind of hereditary instinct for piloting. When in her teens she could handle an 80-foot schooner in a stiff breeze almost as well as a veteran sailing master. The old pilots are proud of their feminine protege, because of her marked skill, and also because of her courage and coolness in emergencies which have called for a prompt display of steady nerves.

One summer afternoon during a half gale from the sou'east, a 3000-ton collier hove in sight off Point Loma, and in the master's eagerness to make port that afternoon, he ran in too close before taking a pilot, and found himself being forced upon Zunniga shoal off the harbor mouth. Miss Polhemus was the only available pilot at that moment. She was put aboard the collier and gave the captain a dressing down in Queen's English because of his carelessness. The captain's eyes were open to the fact that unless speedy action was taken the ship would be lost. At the girl's order all hands were put to shortening sail. She stood by the wheel and soon had the ship on another course, although the situation was so grave that she had to wear ship under most trying conditions in order to get an offing until the ocean subsided and the harbor could be entered in safety. The girl skipper amazed the grateful captain. She gave the bluff old Englishman some new ideas concerning the capacity of an American girl.

When Miss Polhemus gets her pilot's certificate, her fees for bringing in a vessel will be $5 per foot on the draft of a vessel and 4 cents per ton. A 3000-ton ship drawing 20 feet would pay the pilot $220. The pilots have a lookout station at Point Loma, and, unless a vessel is expected the pilots make little money, as their trim schooners can lie in their berths inside the point and put to sea only when a vessel is sighted. It is not necessary for them to cruise up and down the coast, as do the New York pilots.

Millions for Defense

Against the inroads of that subtle, lurking foe to human health, malaria, has been expended uselessly when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters appeared upon the scene and demonstrated its powers as a preventive and curative of the dreaded scourge. When the "gold fever" raged in 1849 in California, malaria was contemporaneous with it at the "diggings," and wrought dreadful havoc among the miners. Then and subsequently on the Isthmus of Panama, and wherever in the tropics malarial disease is most virulent, the Bitters became the recognized safeguard. For the effects of exposure and fatigue, miasma-poisoned air and water, sea sickness and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, the Bitters affords prompt relief. Invalids of all sorts will find it fully adequate to their needs.

A Girl Carpenter.

A lively young Danish woman, Miss Sophie Christensen, is anxious to get work in Chicago as a carpenter and joiner. In the city of Copenhagen she learned the trade, to which she was bound as an apprentice. When her apprenticeship was completed, about two years ago, she was admitted to full membership in the union. She displayed a great aptitude and skill as a worker at the trade, and she is ready to display specimens of her handicraft. Among other things she has made a "self-closing bookcase" which is serviceable, artistic and beautiful, and which is admired by everybody who sees it.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Two Barns.

A Virginia judge once visited a plantation where the darkey who met him at the gate asked him which barn he would have his horse put in. "Have you two barns?" inquired the judge. "Yes, sah," replied the darkey; "dars de ole barn, and mas'r has jes build a new one." "Where do you usually put the horses of visitors who come to see your master?" "Well, sah, if dey's Metodis's or Baptis's, we gen'rally puts 'em in de ole barn; but if dey's 'Piscopal, we puts 'em in de new one." "Well, Sam, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."

—A small landed proprietor was taking a drive with his daughter and his intended son-in-law for the purpose of showing the latter around the estate. The coachman drove at a smart pace. "Johann," whispered his master in his ear, "don't drive so fast, else the estate will look so small."—Fliegende Blaetter.

SEND your full name and address to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philada., Pa., by return mail, and get free of all cost, a coupon worth several dollars, if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention.

—He (after the honeymoon)—"Has your father said anything about helping to provide a home for us?" She—"Oh, yes, indeed. He said that when we had a home of our own he would buy me a cook book and allow the money to teach me how to use it, even if it took a year."—Good News.

—Mack—"They had a consultation of doctors at Higbee's yesterday." Bradford—"Whom did they call in?" Mack—"The undertaker."—Life.

Glencoe, the scene of the massacre of the MacDonalds was lately sold for $80,000. The estate comprised 6300 acres.

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

He is a bachelor pro tem.,
His wife's away,
And meanwhile—you can make a mem.—
Life isn't play.

He sleeps in all the beds in turn,
'Twould make his wife's face set and stern
If she could see how things are mussed
Since she went off, in placid trust
That things would stay where they were left
While her dear hubby was bereft.

The bureau drawers are half pulled out,
With shirts and socks strewn all about
The floor, because he tried one day
To find a shirt she'd put away.

The parlor hasn't once been swept,
His old cigar stumps he has kept
Upon the center table, where
There chanced to be a small place bare.

Out in the kitchen in a pile
Are the dishes gathered, while
Her indolent, though loving spouse
Has been a bachelor keeping house.
The pile will grow without a doubt
As long as the supply holds out;
Then he'll brace up, when need confronts,
And wash the whole lot up at once.

The whole house has a musty air
Of stale tobacco; everywhere
Newspapers litter up the floor—
And I could tell you of much more
Which, if his dear wife knew of it,
Would make her fall down in a fit.

Oh, things have gone to wreck and wrack
While she's away,
And you can bet when she comes back
Life won't be play.
—Somerville Journal.

Modern Marriages.

Be fair, and own that if all girls weighed as well their chances of married happiness there would be fewer of the fearful mistakes we see about us. But no! Most of them go to the altar, their heads dizzy with their own importance, with thoughts of their presents, bridesmaids, jewels, establishment, at the side of a lover who swears they are perfection. How many of these escape the hour of bewildered dismay when they realize the bond that makes them subject for life to a man they can have known only on the surface? I believe if wedding presents could be made into a pile, and the wife of a month could offer herself upon them in sutee, it would be a not uncommon event.—Mrs. Burton Harrison in the Century.

He Did the Errand.

Wife—"Will you bring me home a small bundle from the store, James?"

Husband—"I'm afraid I'm not to be trusted with a bundle, my dear. I'm so absent-minded, you know, I might leave it somewhere. Better have them sent home tomorrow."

Wife—"You may be absent-minded, James, but I have begun to notice of late that you are not so much so as to forget to bring a brick home in your hat occasionally."

James concludes that he will perform the errand.

Rational Dress.

"Rational dress" was worn at a Sydney theater recently by a French lady who is making a tour of the world and has got as far as New South Wales. The lady, who attracted much attention as she promenaded round the foyer during the entr'actes, wore loose gray knickerbockers reaching to the ankles, long, tight-fitting coat, vest, collar, tie and soft gray felt hat, and had her hair dressed in a little knot at the back, while the front was parted at the side and waved.

Saved by a Bad Reputation.

In a Washington county town, a little while ago, the local champion liar was brought up before the justice for stealing hens. It was a pretty plain case, and by the advice of his lawyer the prisoner said, "I plead guilty." This surprising answer in place of the string of lies expected staggered the justice. He rubbed his head, "I guess—I'm afraid—well, Hiram," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "I guess I'll have to have more evidence before I sentence you."—Central Law Journal.

Pigs that Caught Fish.

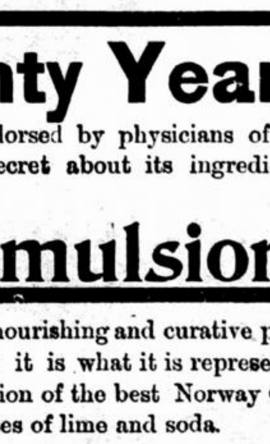
Mr. Lynn has a well stocked fish pond—or rather he did have. A short time since he turned a lot of pigs into the lot where the pond was located and a day or two afterward discovered that the pigs had caught and eaten nearly all his fish. The water was low and the pigs would stir up the mud and when the fish would come up to the surface to get air they would swim out and catch them.—Pattonsburg Times.

—A Matter of Doubt—"Maria," he said, thoughtfully, "I want to ask you something." "What is it?" "Do you think that you'll ever have a vote?" "I do, assuredly." "If you get one, and I run for office, will you cast it for me?" She was thoughtful for some time; then she said: "Hiram, I can't say yet. Not till our debating society has passed on the question whether a woman's first duty is to her fireside or her country."—Washington Star.

WHEN IN THE CROWDED THOROUGHFARES of city life you see young maidens with cheeks fair as country roses, give them credit for using GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

—"That government is best which governs the least." When little Johnny read this he said: "I'll have to show that to dad."—Boston Transcript.

Must Praise Hood's



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A Cure That Cures

is the kind most people desire. Such a cure is Ripans Tabules, but not a cure for everything. They are for all liver and stomach disorders and one tabule gives relief.

—First Young Wife—"Don't you get nervous when your husband doesn't come home till late?" Second Young Wife—"Oh, no; he's insured heavily in two companies, you know, dear."—Half Holiday.

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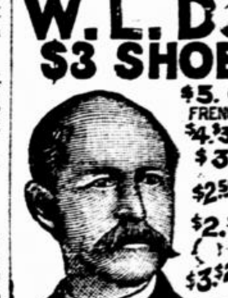

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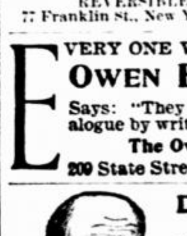

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