Wisconsin Patents.

Patents for the following Wisconsin inventions are reported this week by Erwin, Wheeler & Wheeler, 58 and 59 Loan and Trust building, Milwaukee, Wis. These attorneys will furnish the "Inventors' Handbook" free on request.

E. W. Anderson, Rhinelander, Wis., tongue support for sleighs; F. A. Balch, Neillsville, Wis., washboard; F. F. Bent, Lake Geneva, Wis., display rack; M. F. Bigelow, Alden, Ia., bridle bit; Henry Bowers, Milton, Wis., land marker; H. G. Butler, Kenosha, Wis., burning clay to make ballast; Alfred Von Cotzhausen, Milwaukee, Wis., advertising or display device; Enoch Dickerman and E. L. Dickerman, Corra, Minn., washing machine; Peter Erekson, Houston, Minn., windmill; Thomas Francis, Stevens Point, Wis., gage; Charles Gengnagel, Wabasha, Minn., horse hitching device; John Jackson, Clinton, Ia., typewriting machine; Frederick Kees, Minneapolis, Minn., corner strip; S. V. Kennedy, St. Paul, Minn., mowing machine; Max Knollmueller, Milwaukee, Wis., bowling alley; Nicolaus Leidgen, Milwaukee, Wis., lubricator; James H. Maggard, Iowa City, Ia., separator; H. D. May, Lachwood, Ia., band cutter and feeder; H. E. McKinney, Liberty Center, Ia., folding egg case; John N. Moehn, Milwaukee, Wis., check holder.

Small Boy and Czar.

There is a story told of a Wisconsin boy who, when the United States Columbian stamps appeared, saved up his pocket money to get an unused set to send to the Czar. His Majesty, delighted with the ingenious letter that accompanied the gift, returned the compliment by sending his little American correspondent a complete set of unused Russian stamps, from the earliest issues to the present time.—London Daily News.

—James Whitcomb Riley's first real successful poem from the standpoint of popularity, was written in imitation of Poe and published as a newly discovered poem by that famous author. The deception was explained and Riley was henceforth famous.

IN Society women often feel the effect of too much gayety—balls, theatres, and teas in rapid succession find them worn out, or "run-down" by the end of the season. They suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness and irregularities. The smile and good spirits take flight. It is time to accept the help offered in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine which was discovered and used by a prominent physician for many years in all cases of "female complaint" and the nervous disorders which arise from it. The "Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants for it regulates and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and *cures*.

Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or to disorder of the special functions. The waste products should be quickly got rid of, the local source of irritation relieved and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." Do not take the so-called celery compounds, and nervines which only put the nerves to sleep, but get a lasting *cure* with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"FEMALE WEAKNESS."

Mrs. WILLIAM HOOVER, of *Bellville, Richland Co., Ohio*, writes: "I had been a great sufferer from 'female weakness;' I tried three doctors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take it. I took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five."

MRS. HOOVER.

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.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

KNOWLEDGE

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.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST, IN 5&10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE. Morse Bros., Prop's. Canton, Mass.

BUILT THE OTHER WAY.

We send the pigskin flying
 Like a burnt-out shooting star,
As we play our games of football
 Up here at old Vassar.
We chase across the gridiron,
 We plan the rush and run,
But when the ball's kicked o'er the goal
 The Vassar girl is done.

For her there are no plaudits,
 No shouts of victory,
No thundrous tongues to raise the cry,
 No thousand eyes to see.
"You've won the game! You've won the game!"
 Our Freshmen comrades say;
But there's no mighty voice to shout,
 "Hurrah for Rose and Gray!"

"Oh, why is this?" we cry aloud,
 "Give us the reason true.
Why is it that the Rose and Gray
 Can't kick with Orange and Blue?"
"Hush, hush, my dears," the teachers wise
 Unto the players say;
"It cannot be until your clothes
 Are built some other way."
—New York Sun.

A STORY OF THE TIMES

It was Thanksgiving morning, but in the home of James Benton, machinist and striker, there were no signs of the festivities and feasting that seem synonymous with the day.

The Benton cottage stood just in the edge of the flourishing young city, one one year before had presented a picture of quiet, peace and moderate plenty, but now there was no wood in the shed, no coal in the bin, no flour in the box, no meat — no nothing edible save a few pounds of cornmeal in the pantry and a few potatoes in the cellar.

A half-starved cow roamed restlessly the length of the tether on the bit of unfenced common just beyond, vainly trying to get a breakfast from the few remaining frost-bitten weeds.

In the once pleasant kitchen, over a smoldering fire of cobs, begged by the children from the mill across the town—crouched a mother and four children.

Tina, the eldest, a girl of 15, was speaking:

"O, mother, why can't father see to what he is bringing us? Why won't he go back to work?"

"You know, Tina, that he belongs to the union and dare not go back if he would," was the weary reply.

"But why belong?" persisted the girl, as if the subject had not already been discussed many times.

"Well, he thought he was doing for the best in joining. You know I have never favored it, but it can't be helped now."

"It is six months or more since they were ordered out," Tina went on, musingly, "and what a change it has made."

"I suppose we will starve before long," put in Bert, the 13-year-old boy, hopelessly.

His mother laid a thin, trembling hand on his arm, but said nothing. Bert was a delicate lad and perhaps felt the privations more than the others.

"Goodness!" broke out Carl, the family "stand-by," who was strong and cheery, despite it all, "but didn't we have a swell dinner last Thanksgiving! Turkey—such a bouncer—mince pie, cranberry sass, puddin'——"

"Don't, Carl, it makes me so hungry," interrupted Tina.

"It makes me faint at the pit of the stomach," said Bert, pitifully, pressing with his right hand in that region.

"I thought it might be fillen to talk it over," laughed Carl.

"It don't fill me," said 6-year-old Clare. "Not a bit!"

It was the common story in the striker's home, and the sufferings of the Benton family were only counterparts of those borne in thousands of such homes.

"I say," broke out Tina again, "a man has no business to belong to any union or society when it can compel him to let his family starve. It is cruel, cruel!"

At this Clare began to cry, and Mrs. Benton's hands shook worse than ever.

"Yes, just see how you shake, mammy, you are starving, starving, right before my eyes; and Bert never could live only as he had something nice fixed to tempt his appetite, and these children——" Here the frenzy of Tina's grief overcame her and she walked the floor sobbing hysterically.

"Now don't, Tina!" Carl expostulated. "I'll go right out and find something to do 'nd bring in a fine dinner; see if I don't!"

Carl was always full of hope; sanguine even in the face of failure. Often before he had thus hopefully gone out, to return with nothing or only a few pennies. There was not much that a 10-year-old boy could do, and then the town people were generally against the strikers, and considered that in any way aiding the families was encouraging the strike.

Hastily Carl tied on his ragged muffler, drew on his cap and left the house, both bare hands thrust into the pockets of his threadbare coat. Bravely he puckered his lips for a whistle, but the sound was rather faint. No wonder! One potato and a two-inch square of bread made by wetting up cornmeal with water is hardly calculated to put much courage into a growing boy.

"Poor little soul!" murmured the mother, pityingly, as she watched him out of sight.

When worn out with her grieving Tina bathed her face, put on a shawl and hood and bade Bert "come for cobs." With an old clothes basket between them they trudged off. When they were gone Mrs. Benton wrapped Clare up and gave her permission to "run out doors a little while:" then she threw herself on her knees and prayed as only a mother whose children were dying by inches could pray. Great tears fell on the chair before her, and her hands clutched its sides with the frenzied grasp of despair.

"Give them bread, give them bread," she plead over and over again. "And, for their sakes, save my reason; and, oh Father, make the employer to do as he would be done by, and forever dissolve the unions that compel men to let their loved ones starve!"

And then, when the wild, agonized appeal was done, she arose strengthened for one more effort. It seemed that the mother love must triumph over everything; she must provide at least one meal for her children.

Taking up a tin cup she sought the poor cow's side, hoping to secure a little milk, although already she had drained the last drop, it seemed. Less than a pint of the precious fluid rewarded her efforts, but she paused to pat the creature's emaciated side and say: "Poor Bess, poor Bess, how it makes my heart ache to see you so hungry." And then she went sadly toward the house, murmuring: "A strange, dreadful Thanksgiving day. How little I ever dreamed of coming to this."

Clare had followed her and now came in begging for a drink of milk; "just a teenty drop, mammy, 'cause I'se so tired."

Little Clare called all bad feelings tiredness, nor even guessed that it was lack of food that ailed her, but her mother knew, and looking into the large, wistful eyes, she took a desperate resolution. "I'll do it; I'll do it!" she cried defiantly, apparently addressing some imaginary opponent.

When Tina and Bert returned, lugging their baskets of cobs, the former noticed a subdued excitement about her mother and was much surprised when the latter made herself as neat as possible and announced that she was "going down town," but she did not see the tiny box that she had tightly clasped in under her shawl.

The Bentons had little money ahead when the strike began, but had their rent paid three months in advance; to meet the demands for the last three months, and keep them from actual starvation, almost everything in the house had been sold. They were trying to find a buyer for Bess in the hope of keeping a roof over them through the winter, but so far no where near her value had been offered, and she was daily becoming more unmarketable.

James Benton himself was on the tramp. Goaded into a sullen madness by the sight of the family's sufferings, he had started out, ostensibly to find work; but nothing had been heard from him now for two weeks.

Hurrying on her way, glancing neither to right nor left, Mrs. Benton sought the one pawnbroker's establishment that the town contained, only to find the door locked and a card outside saying: "Out of the city for today."

"Oh," was the word that escaped her white lips, and everything grew suddenly dark around her.

It so occurred that two men passing saw her fall; it also occurred that both were ministers in the town, though strangers to each other. One, noting her shabby garments and the fact that she was on a pawnshop steps crossed the street and "passed by on the other side," but the other one hurried to her assistance, not knowing whether she wore silk or rags, conscious only that she was a fellow being in distress.

When Mrs. Benton opened her eyes once more she was lying on a couch in a room lined with books, while over her bent a gentle-faced woman with bands of snow-white hair above her brow.

"Where am I?" was naturally the former's first faint query.

"In my son's study," answered a motherly voice. "You fainted on somebody's steps and he brought you here."

When able to sit up the minister himself came in and kindly inquired into her case. At first she was inclined to be reticent, but his courteous interest soon melted the last remnant of pride and reserve, and she found herself telling him all her story.

"And this was the last resort," she said, opening the tiny box which he had found in her nerveless hand, and displaying a worn wedding ring and an old-fashioned gold brooch handsomely set.

"The brooch was my mother's, my grandmother's and my great-grandmother's, and I intended it for Tina, my eldest daughter; but I can't see them starve."

Then the gentle-faced woman brought a light lunch and bade their guest eat it.

At the second bite Mrs. Benton dropped her fork: "I can't, I can't! Oh, my starving babes!"

"Eat this; your children shall be cared for," the minister made answer. And then she fairly fell upon the delicate morsels—despite her efforts to restrain herself—and devoured the last crumb.

"Perhaps you were never hungry," was all her apology, as she handed up the server and smiled into the face of the white-haired woman.

For reply the latter dropped a kiss upon her forehead, saying:

"Dear sister, there are worse pains than those of hunger. Thank your heavenly Father that you still have your children unspotted by the world."

"Then I have something to be thankful for," she said to herself, as, for a few moments, she was alone.

* * * * * * * *

"What's that?" cried Clare, suddenly, as from the window she espied two men coming up the path carrying a huge basket. The others crowded to see.

"What can it mean?" said Bert.

"Mammy never could have bought that," said Tina.

"Mebby poppy sent 'em," suggested Clare, who sorely missed her father.

Tina opened the door.

"We were to leave these things at James Benton's; is this the place?" one of the men inquired, looking curiously about the house.

"Yes, sir."

Out on to the table they piled the contents of the basket—a chicken, a small ham, some links of sausage, a half dozen loaves of bread, a tiny jar of butter, tea, sugar, dried fruits, fresh fruits and "sundries."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Benton arrived, and when she saw the "supplies," she sank on her knees, saying fervently:

"Let us pray."

Awed, the children knelt around her, and a prayer of thanksgiving arose, as fervent as had been the plea for help.

What a dinner they had, though poor, faint Bert would only wait to eat a good-sized slice of bread and butter before he went out to find Carl. The latter, poor little fellow, had not earned a dime.

It was growing dusk before food for the cow and a load of coal arrived.

"I walked out there," the young minister told his mother at bedtime; "I could not resist the temptation, and to look in at the uncurtained window, and I came away repeating over and over: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these.' I'm happy and thankful tonight, mother. Tomorrow we will interest our friends. Oh, that the striker would stop to count the cost before he goes into it!"

James Benton came home a few days later, worn, ragged and penniless, but when he learned what had been done for the family, he cried out: "Then all men are not bad, after all. I'm going to work tomorrow if they'll let me;" and he did, and within twenty-four hours others had followed his example, and the strike off.

"One wrong can never right another," was the motto Tina worked, and her father nailed it up in his shop, as he said, to keep himself and others from going on another strike. Once more the necessaries and many of the comforts of life can be found in his home and he has learned to "be content with his wages."—Velma C. Melville in Practical Farmer.

ADOLPH SUTRO.

He Is Still Vigorous and Has Money of All Kinds and Denominations.

Adolph Sutro, the newly-elected mayor of San Francisco, is thus described by a writer in the Boston Transcript: "Tall and straight as a pine tree, his hair white and his side whiskers with but a tinge of black, Adolph Sutro is still vigorous, despite his 63 years. He owns one-tenth of the area of San Francisco county. He was born in Aix-la-Chapelle, near the river Wurm, in Rhenish Prussia, one of eleven children. His father was a manufacturer of cloth. In this calling Adolph was early initiated.

"After the revolution of 1848, the mother, by this time widowed, brought her brood to New York, landing in 1850, and in the same year reached Baltimore. Adolph caught the gold fever, and was soon on the Pacific coast. He has been there ever since, excepting for trips abroad, during which he has visited all the civilized countries, and he has been an important factor in the development of the city. His career is one of the most picturesque and striking in the American catalogue of wonderful men.

"Fame and fortune came to Sutro through the Comstock tunnel which bears his name, an enterprise that he conceived and carried out in the face of opposition that would have discouraged and crushed another man. The tunnel was begun in 1864 and completed in 1874, and then Sutro was a millionaire. By judicious investments his wealth steadily increased. He is of luxurious tastes, and has gathered about him treasures of art to enrich his home, Sutro Heights, and made it beautiful with rare vegetation and statuary. It is his design to give it to the city some day. He has a library of great value, also to be given to the city."

BURDETTE AS A LECTURER.

His Invalid Wife Responsible for His Lectures.

Taken altogether, I think that Bob Burdette is the nicest man on the lecture platform today. He does not lecture often now. He spends most of his time at his home, "Robin's Nest," near Philadelphia. He is still devoted to the memory of his wife. You remember the pathetic verses he wrote at the time of her death. Well, he seems to feel her loss just as much today. He has a picture of her hanging in his room and every day he takes his little boy to pray before that picture. Mrs. Burdette was responsible for his lecturing. She was an invalid, you know, and had to be carried about. Well, he used to bring home to her at night a long strip of clippings—he called it his menagerie—and read them to her as she lay in bed. He was raising a little moustache, and she made a great deal of fun of it. One night he brought home a roll of clippings which he had labeled "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache." There were some ladies at the house and they insisted that he should read his budget to them. They were very much amused and they urged him to read for an entertainment they were going to give at the church. Bob said that he wouldn't think of it, but his wife spoke up and said: "Yes, you must go, and I'll go, too." "Well, if you'll go I'll go," said Bob. So he did. There was a preacher from Dubuque at the entertainment and he proposed to Bob to give a reading before his church and offered him $50. Bob said he wouldn't think of that, either, but his wife said: "Yes, you will, and I will go with you." "If you go I'll go," said Bob, and from that beginning grew his experience on the platform. He is one of the best platform attractions in the country today.—Philadelphia Times.

Very Absent Minded.

A good illustration of how absent-minded business can make a man is given by the Boston Traveller. It was the busiest time of the year for the man in mention, and although he was but recently married most of his time was taken up with his arduous labors. It was well on toward midnight when he closed his desk a few days since, and being tired wended his way toward his old boarding house, and in a few minutes was in the land of nod, dreaming over the many trials and tribulations undergone during the day. All of a sudden he awoke with a start. "Where am I? Have I gone crazy?" He looked around the room for a while, trying to realize what seemed so strange. Pretty soon it came to him that he was a married man, so, jumping up, he dressed himself as quickly as possible and turned toward home. His wife, very much worried, was sitting up waiting for him. It was a long time before he could convince her of the truth.

Grammatical Error.

The death of Dr. James McCosh has brought out many stories of the time when he was the president of Princeton college. One is that before the extension of the proctor system in Princeton he was called upon frequently to suppress over-enthusiastic students. One night a merry party was assembled in a room, making a great noise. Dr. McCosh hurried over to the dormitory and found the room. He rapped, but received no reply. A second time he hammered on the door and demanded admittance. "Who's there?" "It's me—President McCosh." "You're a liar," was the reply: "if you were old Jimmy you would say, 'It's I.'"

—Schliemann found at Troy three silver vases, each six inches high and beautifully engraved.

FOR THE FARMER.

A Comparison.

THE AGNOSTIC.

I do not know whom I should thank,
 And if I thank the wrong one
Who'll save me, 'tis a query frank,
 From anger of the Strong One?

So I will live and go my way,
 Like other things are going,
And save my thanks until a day
 When I become more knowing.

THE CHRISTIAN.

God of the wooing spring,
Of pregnant summer, fertile fall,
And winter, wrapped and slumbering;
I hear thy voice when linnets sing,
Or brooding thunders hoarsely call;
I see Thy hand in everything,
Guiding and shaping all.

God of the perfect year,
God of the living and the dead,
'Tis Thee I thank with grateful tear
For purple grape and yellow ear,
And all these blessings 'round me spread;
I am Thy child, well known and dear,
From Thy hand I am fed.

Should sorrow come, or pain,
I still would magnify Thy name.
In blighting drouth and saving rain,
In wealth increased, and labor vain,
In honor, station, or in shame,
Thy purpose works, obscure or plain,
Thy wisdom lives the same.
—George Horton.

Preparing for Winter.

Do not cover your roses too early nor too heavily. They often heat and grow under the covers. Leaves make a good protection with evergreen limbs or brush laid over to hold them in place.

Get your compost heaps ready; mix a lot of leaves with the compost until the whole is light, but heavy enough to hold its place against the wind. Spread this over the strawberries not too heavily, just as the first heavy freezing begins. Better anticipate a heaving frost.

Have your roses pegged down. I have come to the conclusion that with most roses this is better than any covering. Sometimes I loosen the roots on one side to let the plants lie over enough.

Cover hollyhocks and perennial phloxes with a few leaves and brush. Put piles of leaves around choice shrubs and hold them down with stems. Let leaves blow under all evergreen hedges, and don't remove them.

When the heavy rains or thaws are likely to wash the soil, be sure in late autumn to dig shallow channels to carry the water quickly to ditches. Save your soil. A vast amount is often washed away, and the best of it.

The best plants to dig for winter forcing are lilac bushes and the yellow flowering Ribes, or currant. With these pot some small masses of lemon lily roots. Set in the cellar, and carry to a warm room some time before needed—about three weeks. Freesia refracta is the prettiest and sweetest flower among the bulbs.—Prairie Farmer.

This Year's Apple Crop.

The average apple crop of 1894 is the poorest in quality of any year of the last seven. The combination of defects is peculiar. Scab is very prevalent, making the fruit extraordinarily "one-sided." Anthrax has added to the mischief, creating cracks and hard spots under the skin. The coddling moth has done less mischief than usual, but worms are not entirely absent. There are indications that the growing use of arsenites will, in a few years, entirely suppress this moth and give us wormless apples. The curculio does some stinging of large fruits always, but it generally amounts to only a small scar on the surface. In pears the damage is greater than in apples. Anthrax is always worse among close-growing trees. I have found it peculiarly apt to effect special varieties, like Detroit Red and Greening.—Prairie Farmer.

Making the Calves Gentle.

Calves should always be treated gently. It is the only way to make them docile when they come to be cows. By beginning early and handling the teats when small, their size may be increased, while at the same time the animal will become used to it, so that she will be broken to milking even before she has a calf. A calf thus treated is worth much more when she becomes a cow than one that has to be broken into milking at that time.—Prairie Farmer.

November Dairy Notes.

These are the days when corn stover is generally fed out to stock, other fodder coming later. The old slothful way of feeding it was to scatter the dry stalks over the barnyard and allow the cattle to destroy at least half of them by stamping into the snow and mud.

The new and better plan, not wholly adopted, is to chop up the stalks in a feed cutter and place them before the cows in the stable manger, sprinkled slightly with saline water, or mingled with a small ration of ground feed. Thus is not only all of the nutriment in the stalks and leaves saved, but it is enriched by a palatable addition, and the cows can eat it quietly in warm quarters instead of in the bleak barnyard.

Night's milk that is not set for butter, but is destined for the creamery of the shipping station, should not now be left in the barn over night. There it will absorb odors from the stable, and if put in the hay barn the temperature will be too cold for it.

It should be set in the dairy room at the dwelling house, and no dairyman's house should be without a good dairy room, and there under ventilation and moderately cool temperature its quality will be unimpaired.

The shipping cans employed contract at the top, so unless the hot milk is stirred there is little chance for aeration. As strange as it may seem, I have known milk stored in such cans to become tainted, even when subjected to winter weather, by retention of heat through non-aeration.

The best plan is to keep it over night in tin vessels having large, open mouths, and pour it into the shipping cans in the morning. Care in this direction may save you lots of trouble, as the milk companies' employes are always on the alert to discover shortcomings in lacteal quality.—George E. Newell in American Cultivator.

Milk Cans in Cold Weather.

Milk does not sour so quickly when cool weather comes as it does in midsummer. With those who are careless, this is used as an excuse for not cleaning pails and cans so thoroughly as is deemed necessary when the temperature is in the eighties. This is a great mistake. It does not need much stale milk left on the pail from one milking to another to make it much more offensive than milk that is merely soured can be. Milk at this season is apt to be kept in farmhouses in rooms that are more or less contaminated with vegetable odors. In such atmosphere it spoils quickly, however cool the temperature may be.—American Cultivator.

Charcoal for Corn-fed Hogs.

A diet wholly of corn is very hard to digest. If food does not digest in the stomach it must sour, for its temperature is always at 98 degrees, which is extreme heat for a summer's day. When souring of the stomach occurs, it is remedied by feeding charcoal. There is not, however, a permanent remedy. The charcoal is carbonaceous, and therefore the larger part of it is like the corn. It is the potash mixed with it that corrects the acidity. But the better way is not to let the stomach get sour. Feed even the fattening hogs some fine wheat, middlings with milk and a few sliced beets daily. This will keep their digestion good, and when food digests it does not sour on the stomach.—American Cultivator.

Keeping Apples in the Cellar.

Apples intended for wintering in the cellar or for home use should not be placed there until cold weather, and during all their journey from the tree should be handled with great care to avoid abrasion of the skin, or bruises, which often prove as destructive as when the skin is broken. Such long-keeping varieties as russets may, if in good order, be placed directly in barrels and not again handled until ripe in March or April. It is best to place other varieties in bushel boxes or upon hanging shelves and then not more than five or six deep, so that they may be looked over occasionally and the damaged or decayed ones removed. If the cellar is naturally dry, causing the fruit to shrivel, then place near to or directly upon the cellar bottom, where it is, of course, cooler and more moist. However, if damp and liable to cause mold or induce decay, then remove them as far as possible from the floor, as the dryest atmosphere rises to the ceiling. During the winter if an apple shows the least signs of decay remove it and at once use it in any available manner desired.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Household Hints.

In selecting a turkey, says Miss Parloa, see that the flesh is white, that the bird is short, plump and fat, and that the end of the breastbone is soft and flexible. This bird should be treated with the greatest respect. Season it well with salt and fill the breast and body with a well-seasoned dressing. Spread soft butter over the breast, legs and sides, then dredge thickly with flour, and put into a hot oven where the butter and flour will unite to make a frothy crust for the turkey. After the turkey is browned the heat should be reduced. There must be a basting every fifteen minutes with the gravy in the pan, besides salt, pepper and flour. The coating of flour and butter, the constant generous basting and the low heat for the greater part of the time of cooking, will ensure a tender, well-seasoned dish.

After drawing the turkey, rinse out with several waters, and in next to the last, mix a teaspoonful of soda. The inside of the fowl, writes Marion Harland, especially if purchased in the market, is sometimes very sour, and imparts an unpleasant taste to the stuffing, if not to the inner part of the legs and side bones. The soda will act as a corrective, and is, moreover, very cleansing. Fill the body with this water, shake well, empty it out and rinse with fair water. Then prepare a dressing of bread crumbs, mixed with butter, pepper, salt, thyme, or sweet marjoram, and wet with hot water or milk. One may, if it is liked, add the beaten yolks of two eggs. A little chopped sausage is esteemed an improvement when well incorporated with the other ingredients. Or, mince a dozen oysters and stir into the dressing; and, if partial to the taste, wet the bread crumbs with the oyster liquor.

The effect upon the turkey meat, particularly that of the breast, is very pleasant. Stuff the craw with this, and tie a string tightly about the neck, to prevent the escape of the stuffing. Then fill the body of the turkey, and sew it up with strong thread. This and the neck string are to be removed when the fowl is dished. In roasting, if the fire is brisk, allow about ten minutes to the pound; but it will depend very much upon the turkey's age whether this rule holds good. Dredge it with flour before roasting, and baste often; at first with butter and water, afterward with the gravy in the dripping pan. If the roasting be done in an oven, laying the turkey in the pan, put in with a teacupful of hot water. Many roast always upon a grating placed on top of the pan, thus the boiling water steams the under part of the fowl, and prevents the skin from drying too fast or cracking. Roast to a fine brown, and if it threatens to darken too rapidly, lay a sheet of white paper over it until the lower part is done. Stew the chopped giblets in just enough water to cover them, and when the turkey is lifted from the pan, add these, with the water in which they were boiled, to the drippings; thicken with a spoonful of browned flour, wet with cold water to prevent lumping; boil up once and pour into the gravy boat. If the turkey is very fat, skim the drippings well before putting in the giblets. Serve with cranberry sauce. Some lay fried oysters in the dish around the turkey.

——Mince Meat.——

Five pounds of the lower part of the round, boil it until it is tender when it weighs about two pounds; four and a half pounds of apples weighed after peeling and coring, three-quarters of a pound of suet, three pounds of raisins, four and a half heaping tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, two heaping tablespoonfuls of ground clove, three level tablespoonfuls of salt, three and one-half pounds of sugar and three nutmegs. Boil the raisins until tender and save the water in which they were cooked.

Chop the meat, apple and suet very fine, put them on together with the sugar, salt, spices and raisins, add half a cupful of the liquor in which the meat was boiled, the water in which the raisins were cooked and a cupful of sweet pickle vinegar. If needed to make the mince meat moist enough use a little more of the meat liquor. Cook the mixture until it all comes to the boiling point, then set aside for use.

——Thanksgiving Pudding.——

Six crackers, three pints of milk, a pound of raisins, a quarter of a cupful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, the same of cinnamon, a spoonful each of clove and allspice, quarter of a nutmeg and six eggs. Roll the crackers until fine and soak them in the milk after they are soft add the butter which has been creamed with the sugar, the spices and beaten eggs. Bake in a deep buttered pudding dish four hours in a very moderate oven.

——Boiled Turkey with Celery.——

Chop half a head of celery very fine. Mix with it one quart of bread crumbs, two scant tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter and two eggs. Stuff the turkey with this, sew up and truss. Wring a large white cotton cloth out of cold water and dredge it thickly with flour. Pin the turkey in this and plunge into boiling water. Let it boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, then set back where it will simmer. Allow three hours for a turkey weighing nine pounds, and twelve minutes for every additional pound. Serve with celery sauce. The stuffing may be made the same as above, only substitute oysters for celery, and serve with oyster sauce.

——Plain Pie Crust.——

For one pie use one and a half cupfuls of sifted flour, a small half-cupful of lard, a saltspoon of salt, and a large pinch of baking powder. Place the flour in a pan, sift the salt and baking powder over it, add the lard and with a chopping knife mix the lard thoroughly with the flour. Use as little ice water as possible in mixing. Mix with the tips of the fingers, adding but little water at a time and handling as little as possible.

——An Apple Pie.——

For one large pie put three-fourths of a cupful of granulated sugar in a bowl and add a tiny pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix these together and sprinkle a little over the bottom crust before putting in the apple.

Place the apple in the lined plate in three layers, with the mixed seasoning over each and a grating of nutmeg over the top layer. Wet the edges of the under crust with milk before putting the top crust on and pinch or fold closely.

——Pumpkin Pie.——

Pare the pumpkin and cook in but little water, so that when done it can be sifted quite dry. Add sugar to taste, one egg for each pie and milk enough to make of required stiffness. A tablespoonful or two of cream to each pie is an improvement. Flavor with nutmeg, cinnamon and a little ginger. Have ready a nice crust made light with a little baking powder. Bake well in deep perforated tin plates.

——Creamed Onions.——

Boil in plenty of salted water, and unless the onions are very mild it is well to change the water when parboiled. When very tender drain thoroughly and add from another saucepan a cream sauce, made by rubbing together a tablespoonful of butter with one of flour, and when well cooked adding gradually one pint of rich milk. Let the onions simmer gently in this sauce for ten minutes, then dish with butter, salt and pepper to taste.—Good Housekeeping.

Called it Square.

A friend of mine, a newspaper man, tells me that he was lately in a small town in New York state where Chauncey Depew was billed to make a speech that night, and it happened he stopped at the same hotel Depew did. Just after supper the editor of the local paper dropped in to see Mr. Depew, and the distinguished gentleman proceeded to have some fun with the country journalist. He had fun, too, and every now and then he rounded up a sentence against the editor by saying: "Oh, you can't believe everything in the newspapers," the editor having used the newspaper matter very largely in his argument.

After the speechmaking was over the editor met Mr. Depew in the hotel office again, and there was a big crowd present.

"Well, my friend," inquired the genial Chauncey, "what did you think of my speech?"

The editor hesitated a moment.

"Are you," he asked solemnly, "the genuine Chauncey M. Depew?"

"Certainly, why not?"

"Are you the one that all the newspapers have been saying was the finest speaker, the greatest talker, the sharpest stumper, and the brightest wit before the public?" pursued the editor.

"I guess I'm the one," blushed the gentleman. "Why?"

"Oh, because you can't believe everything there is in the newspaprs."

And Depew shook hands with the editor and called it square.—Demorest's Magazine.

Held His Tongue.

"One of the most remarkable cases of faith I have ever seen," said a well-known physician, "occurred when I was a student in Philadelphia. I had a patient, an Irishman, who had a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed and a lighter one put in its place, I noticed that one of the pins went in with great difficulty, and I could not understand it. A week afterward, in removing this pin, I found it had stuck hard and fast, and I was forced to remove it with forceps. What was my astonishment, on making an examination, to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice instead of through the cloth.

"'Why, Pat,' said I, 'didn't you know that pin was sticking in you?'

"'To be shure, I did,' replied Pat, 'but I thought you knowed your business and so I hilt me tongue.'"—Atlanta Journal.

—The famous London bridge cost $15,000,000.

SHOUTING AFTER DEATH.

Capt. Nolan's Last Cry at the Balaklava Charge.

There is a story told of Capt. Nolan of the Light brigade at Balaklava. Nolan as aide-de-camp of the division-general assumed to guide the Light brigade in its awful charge, and, with frantic exclamation and vehement gestures with his uplifted sword, he rode to the right oblique beyond the head of the reckless column, in order to draw the 600 out of the valley of death, which lay directly in their course, off toward a line of flanking redoubts which they had been ordered to attack, and where victory and not disaster doubtless awaited them. When he was a few paces to the right of the leading ranks a piece of shell struck him on the chest, tearing into the heart. Kinglake makes the following minute record of the event:

"The sword dropped from his (Nolan's) hand, but the arm with which he was waving it the moment before still remained high uplifted in the air, and the grip of the practiced horseman, remaining as yet unrelaxed, still held him firm in the saddle. Missing the perfect hand of his master, and finding the accustomed governance now succeeded by the dangling reins, the horse all at once wheeled about and began to gallop back upon the front of the advancing brigade. Then, from what had been Nolan—and his form was still erect in the saddle, his sword arm still high in the air—there burst forth a cry so strange and appalling that the hearer who rode nearest him called it unearthly. And, in truth, I imagine," continued the historian, "the sound resulted from no human will, but rather from those spasmodic forces which may act upon the bodily frame when life as a power has ceased. The firm-seated rider, with arm uplifted and stiff, could hardly be ranked with the living. The shriek men heard rending the air was scarce other than the shriek of a corpse. The dead horseman rode on till he passed through the interval of the Twelfth Light dragoons. Then at last he dropped out of the saddle."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Benevolence in the Factory.

A prince among advertisers, William L. Douglas, president of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Montello, Mass., is not less eminent for practical kindness to the host of people employed by him in the production of the celebrated $3 shoe. We look naturally to a man of his enterprise for comprehensive and noble benevolence, and we are not disappointed. Adding still another expression of his manly good feeling towards people who depend on him for a livelihood, he has appointed a well-equipped physician as custodian of the health of the work people. Every person employed at the factory commands the doctor's services, either within its walls or, if need be, at his or her own home; and it is within the physician's province, of course, to prescribe absolute rest when this shall appear necessary or desirable. The Douglas doctor exacts no fees from his patients, his engagement being by arrangement with Mr. Douglas, whose claims on the loyal good-feeling of his employes are emphasized by this expression of his bounty.

It ought to be generally known that since December, 1888, the principle of arbitration has been recognized by formal agreement of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. with its employes, every man in the employment of the firm signing an agreement to submit any disagreement that may arise and not otherwise be settled to the State Board of Arbitration for a decision to bind both parties.

Too Cold for the Real Baby.

A benevolent gentleman in Paris gave a franc to a street beggar who held a babe in her arms. He chucked the baby under the chin and in amazement cried: "Why, your child is only a pasteboard figure!"

"Yes, monsieur," she replied; "the night being cold, I left the real baby at home."—Philadelphia Press.

The Place of Torment

Of bilious people is chiefly in the region of the liver, but with the extreme discomfort located there are associated sour stomach, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, morning nausea, an unpleasant breath, furred tongue, sick headache, and irregularity of the bowels. For each and all of these unpleasantnesses, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a swift and agreeable remedy. It is greatly preferable to any vegetable purgative or drastic mineral cathartic. Such pseudo-specifics usually do more harm than good. In malarial complaints the liver is always involved. For such disorder, as well as for rheumatic and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a benign remedy. Physicians strongly commend it for its promptitude and thoroughness, and professional approval is fully justified by public experience during more than a third of a century.

How He Captured it.

During the war a soldier took part in a foraging expedition and found a bottle of whisky and proceeded forthwith to console himself for the hardships he had endured during the campaign. On returning to camp he was placed in the guard house and his condition reported to the captain.

"How did he get into that condition?" asked the captain.

"He captured a bottle of whisky."

"How did he manage to do that?"

"I am not sure, sir," said the sergeant, "but I think he surrounded it."—Harper's Magazine.

A Bow-Legged Giant.

Frank Coyle, a 17-year-old grocery clerk of Newport, Ky., is undoubtedly the strongest man in Kentucky. His only defect is that he is bow-legged. Coyle thinks nothing of carrying a barrel of flour to a customer half a dozen blocks away. Barrels of salt and sugar are handled the same way. He could at any time secure a position on the stage were it not for his bow-legs.

—London is as yet without a permanent orchestra capable of giving the highest class of music. A movement has just been started to establish one on much the same footing as that on which the Boston Symphony orchestra is kept together. A Scottish orchestra was maintained last year at a financial loss by wealthy amateurs, but the prospects are that it will be soon self-supporting. That was exactly Maj. Higginson's experience with his Boston orchestra.

—Andrew Braden, Andrew Braden, Jr., and Thomas Braden, representing three generations, together voted the Republican ticket at Brookfield, Pa. It was the fifty-seventh annual election at which Andrew Braden, Sr., had voted, always for the Whig party or a representative of its principles. The others have a good record except in length.

—Search is now being made in the subterranean rooms of the great Kremlin of Moscow for the famous library of Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible. Eight hundred famous but lost manuscripts are supposed to be hidden there.

—Great reduction in Sterling Silver. Teaspoons, $3.00 per set and upwards. Call or write O. L. Rosenkrans & Thatcher Co., 129 Wisconsin street, Milwaukee.

—Charleston, S. C., was at first called King Charles Fort, in honor of Charles I. Charleston was substituted for the earlier designation in 1783.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PARTED ON ONE SIDE.

The maid wore a coat, collar, necktie, and shirt,
 And parted her hair on the side;
But when some one addressed her as sir she felt hurt,
 And ran to her chamber and cried.
—Detroit Journal.

OBJECT TO THE BEACONS.

Florida Shad Fishers Say They Destroy Their Nets.

A Florida law designates December 1 as the opening day for shad fishing in the St. Johns river, but the prospect of a profitable season for the fishermen is anything but bright, unless they succeed in having removed the fire beacons which the lighthouse board placed in the Sister and St. Johns reaches last summer. The fishermen say that it will be impracticable to float nets while the beacons remain in their present positions. If one of their nets, which cost $150 each, should get caught on a beacon, it would be chafed and torn to shreds. The fishermen do not feel able to take such a risk, and will have to give up the fishing unless the beacons are moved. They suggest that these signals be changed for range-lights on shore, which would serve the purpose of the lighthouse board equally well. The men who make their living by the shad industry petitioned Senator Call some time ago to obtain relief for them at Washington, but nothing was heard from him about the matter. They afterwards forwarded to the lighthouse board an application, which was endorsed by the Jacksonville board of trade, but this seems to have met with a similar fate.

HIGHLY MAGNETIZED.

The Strength of a Stratum of Magnetite at Oil City.

Deep down underneath the bed rocks of New Castle there is a stratum of magnetite. When the gas well near the Neshannock bridge, on South Jefferson street, was being drilled the tools came in contact with this peculiar mineral and were so highly magnetized that everything stuck to them after they were withdrawn. Monday a small boy found a bolt near the mouth of the well which, after twenty years or more, still retained its magnetic qualities, and would attract small steel and iron articles from a distance of a few inches.—Oil City Guardian.

Regardless of Punctuation.

The boy who sells the cheap song books in front of the variety theater is a wonder in his way. He talks at lightning speed, and mixes the titles beautifully. Here is what you hear him say as the crowd is pouring out: "Take 'em along the song-books here the lastest 'n' most popular songs th' day all th' songs sung in the show her golden hair was hanging down her back the fatal wedding Mollie Newell an' Maggie Mooney I don't want to play in your yard if you won't be good to me O' Mrs. O'Flaherty you sat down upon me hat still the dance goes on she's my sweetheart we kept it up till Sunday morning they're all th' songs sung in th' show words and music remember and they're a dime 10 cents still his whiskers grew hit 'im again they're 10 cents."—Chicago Record.

How's This!

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

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

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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.

Killed for Playing on the Grass.

In Prussia the murder of men, women and children is frequent by the bayonets and the bullets of guards and sentinels. The other day a little boy was on the grass of a square in Berlin; the guard tried to arrest him: the child, frightened, ran away; the guard shot him dead. Such occurrences are frequent. If a newspaper condemns them the editor is imprisoned.—Ouida in the Fortnightly Review.

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.

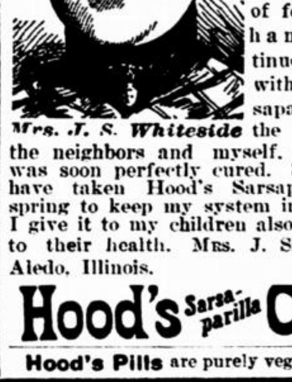
—An ox with a natural knot in the middle of his tail belongs to Zeke Clotts of Mobile, Ala. Several surgeons have made futile attempts to untie the knot.

—"Why do they call them stag parties?" "Because when he goes to one a man takes at least a couple of hours."—Boston Gazette.

—Frozen turtle from the South Seas is now on its way from Queensland to London, as an experiment.

I Had Salt Rheum

On my hands for six years. I consulted different physicians and took different medicines, but did not realize relief from any of the treatment. I suffered terribly, and finally gave up discouraged. Noticing the good Hood's Sarsaparilla was accomplishing, I purchased a supply. When I had taken a fourth of a bottle I noticed a decided change of feeling in my hands. I continued faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to the surprise of the neighbors and myself, my affliction was soon perfectly cured. Since then I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla every spring to keep my system in good order. I give it to my children also with benefit to their health. MRS. J. S. WHITESIDE, Aledo, Illinois.



Mrs. J. S. Whiteside

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

—"It seems," said the judge, "that you have only lived in Georgia six months?" "Must be longer than that, sir; why, judge, I'm a brigadier-general!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Everybody Having Rheumatism should try the remedy which cured me. It recently cured a druggist who suffered for twenty-two years. Trial package free. Address John A. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis., Dept. D.

—More books of fiction are printed than others. Other classes come out in the following order: Religious, juvenile, law, education, biography, political and social science.

School Children will eat sweetmeats and you can't prevent it. The first you know of it there is a headache: the child is bilious and something must be done. Use Ripans Tabules, a remedy which is standard for such troubles.

—"I can't help my dislike for it," said Meandering Mike; "I oncet seen a sign in the suburbs that said 'water works,' an' I never could have no respect for it sence."—Washington Star.

—A London contemporary calls attention to the fact that the future King George V. has three sisters and his wife three brothers, and that, so far, the British peerage seems to be high enough in the social scale for their love affairs.

—The O. L. Rosenkrans & Thatcher Co.'s watch is the best and most reliable time piece. Write for catalogue. O. L. Rosenkrans & Thatcher Co., 129 Wisconsin street, Milwaukee.

Jimmy—"Ain't you awful glad cool weather is comin', Mr. Muddle?" Mr. Muddle—"Well, I don't know. Why?" "Oh, 'cause mamma said your wife made things hot for you most of the time."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Jayne's Expectorant is both a palliative and curative in all Lung Complaints, Bronchitis, etc. It is a standard remedy for Coughs and Colds, and needs only a trial to prove its worth.

—The first book published in America (a Catholic "devotional" for the guidance of the faithful) made its appearance in the City of Mexico in 1535.

—Scientific opticians. Eyes examined free. Visit or write O. L. Rosenkrans & Thatcher Co., 129 Wisconsin street, Milwaukee.

—Secretary Gresham was out of his hotel for a short time on Saturday, but has not yet entirely recovered his health.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an especially good medicine for Croup.—Mrs. M. R. Avent, Jonesboro, Texas, May 5th, 1891.

—The population of the German empire is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

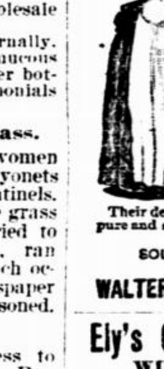
Freckles, Tan and all beauty-marring blemishes vanish from the face when Glenn's Sulphur Soap is used.

—The falling off in wages this year in round numbers, was $1,000,000,000.

—Independence hall was built in 1729 to 1734.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.



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SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE **CATARRH**

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

EVERY ONE WHO WEARS THE **OWEN ELECTRIC BELT** Says: "They are the Best." Get a catalogue by writing The Owen Electric Belt Co. 209 State Street. CHICAGO, ILL.

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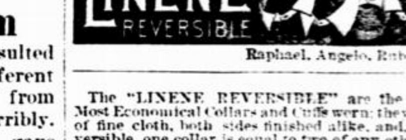


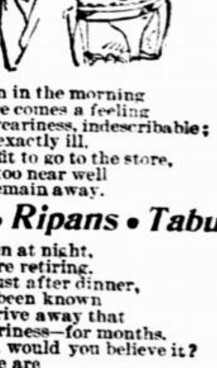
Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso.

The "LINENE REVERSIBLE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for six Cents. Name style and size. Address REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

THE SALES LADY.



Often in the morning
There comes a feeling
Of weariness, indescribable;
Not exactly ill,
Nor fit to go to the store,
But too near well
To remain away.

One • Ripans • Tabule

Taken at night,
Before retiring,
Or just after dinner,
Has been known
To drive away that
Weariness—for months.
And, would you believe it?
There are
THREE DOZEN
IN A BOX.

DR. McNAMARA. Established 1861 for the cure of Nervous Debility, Exhaustion of Brain Energy, Mental Aberration, Physical Prostration, Sexual Weakness, Kidney Affections, Blood Diseases, Barreness, Leucorrhoea, Monthly Period and Marriage. Medical Rooms, Corner of Johnson Street and 580 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

500 SALESMEN • • WANTED • • THE JEWELL NURSERY COMPANY. Largest Nursery in the Northwest. .... LAKE CITY, MINN.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

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

My ELECTRIC BELT sent on TRIAL **FREE** Dr. Judd, Detroit, Mich. Want agents

M. N. U. .... No. 48.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Know all women

that there is one rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, and all-pain remedy, as harmless as water, and sure as taxes—It is St. Jacobs Oil—used by everybody,—sold everywhere.

Weak Mothers

and all women who are nursing babies, derive almost inconceivable benefits from the nourishing properties of

Scott's Emulsion

This is the most nourishing food known to science. It enriches the mother's milk and gives her *strength*. It also makes babies fat and gives more nourishment to growing children than all the rest of the food they eat.

Scott's Emulsion has been prescribed by physicians for *twenty years* for Rickets, Marasmus, Wasting Diseases of Children, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Emaciation and Consumption.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

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DEFECTIVE PAGE