PHYSICAL STRENGTH,

cheerful spirits and the ability to fully enjoy life, come only with a healthy body and mind. The young man who suffers from nervous debility, impaired memory, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from, unnatural, pernicious habits usually contracted in youth, through ignorance, is thereby incapacitated to thoroughly enjoy life. He feels tired, spiritless, and drowsy; his sleep is disturbed and does not refresh him as it should; the will power is weakened, morbid fears haunt him and may result in confirmed hypochondria, or melancholia and, finally, in softing of the brain, epilepsy, ("fits"), paralysis, locomotor ataxia and even in dread insanity.

To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book of 136 pages, written in plain but chaste language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home-treatment, of such diseases. This book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of this notice with ten cents in stamps, for postage. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

For more than a quarter of a century physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution have made the treatment of the diseases above hinted at their specialty. Thousands have consulted them by letter and received advice and medicines which have resulted in permanent cures.

Sufferers from premature old age, or loss of power, will find much of interest in the book above mentioned.

FLOOD-TIME.

Across the vale the floods are out,
The floods are out with rush and rout,
Across the world the floods are out.
The land is in the sea.
And round the oak tree that displays
The bronze-bright head in wintry days
The roaring current swings and sways,
Shouting his song of glee.

And landsmen now are watermen,
The robin, as the water-hen
That makes her nest in reed and fen,
The robin's gone afloat.
The wind that rocks him to and fro
With a soft cradle-song and slow
Pleases him in the ebb and flow,
Rocking him in a boat.

Flotsam and jetsam whirling by,
The bridge arches spread overhead and sigh,
The whirling crows flap wings and cry,
And praise themselves that they
Have built their homes, one story each,
In the tall masts of elm and beech,
And thing no swelling flood can reach
Till all the world be gray.

The westward waters, cool, serene,
Mirror the sunset's gold and green,
A road of flame, and emerald sheen
Broken to million lights.
The eastward waters take the moon;
Clad in the pearl from throat to shoon,
Whiter than any lily in June,
She scales the heavenward heights.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Skunks in the Furnace.

When Alexander Cochran went into the cellar of the Congregational church of Deep River, Conn., to fix the furnace for winter use, out popped six skunks from the furnace door. His dogs attacked the skunks, fur flew in all directions, and Alex soon fled in quest of fresh air. A man with keen nostrils could scent the battle twenty rods away

Turned Black by Lightning.

A thunder storm in Trimble, Tenn., induced Spencer Mills and Bill Goldby to halt under a tree. Lightning struck the tree and rendered the men unconscious. When the yrecovered some hours later, Mills' skin was as black as that of an African, and it has continued so ever since.

Had Been to Paree.

Mrs. D'Avnoo—"I advertised for a French nurse." Applicant—"Oi hov been in France, mum." "Not very long, I guess." "No, mum; Oi only shtayed long enough to get the accint."—New York Weekly.

—Most of the amber found in Prussia and along the Baltic shores goes to the East to be made into mouthpieces for pipes.

—Materna, who is singing Wagner's music at the Lamoureux concerts, has carried Paris by storm.

A Thankful Mother's Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"Last winter I did not think my little ones would have a mother long. I suffered terribly with female troubles.

"I could keep nothing on my

stomach and got so 'poor' my friends hardly knew me. I suffered with severe headaches, dizziness, faintness, backache, and 'the blues.'

"Thanks to *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, I am now as fat as ever, and have no female troubles. If you use my letter, I hope it may be the means of saving some other poor mother's life as it did mine."—Mrs. Ella Van Buren, 821 Garden St., Peoria, Ill.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of it value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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'rs, Canton, Mass.

SUSPENSE.

I asked if I might write to her
Of trifling things and news;
Perhaps my city notes might touch
Her fancy and amuse.

She simply smiled, and said that I
Might write just as I pleased;
And then she dropped her head and blushed,
And I—I knew she teased.

I wrote her all the news about
The latest fads and things.
Occasionally I would drop
A hint of wedding rings.

I was the most devoted scribe,
A woman ever met;
As for her skill I cannot say,
She hasn't answered yet.
—H. S. Keller.

THE TRAMP'S ROMANCE.

The store porch was well filled. The Chronic Loafer was there as usual, lounging upon the bench, hacking away at the hard oak with his heavy jack-knife. Seated by him were the G. A. R. Man, the Tinsmith and the Miller. The Pennsylvania Dutchman leaned stupidly against the doorpost, while the Tramp was stretched easily along the floor. A light summer's shower had driven the wanderer into the shelter of the porch roof for a few hours.

"Was you ever disappointed in love?" inquired the Chronic Loafer jocularly of the traveler, at which sally the rest of the party laughed heartily.

The tramp brought the butt of his heavy hickory stick down upon the floor with such vigor as to raise a small cloud of dust from the cracks, and replied: "Wull! Have I? Jest say."

"Come tell us about it, ole feller," cried the Tinsmith and the Chronic Loafer.

"Not mucby, wull I."

"We ain't surprised at yer havin' be'n disapp'inted," said the G. A. R. Man. "But et's yer persumption ketches me. What's her name?"

"I called her Emily Kate," replied the Tramp, wiping a soiled tear from the corner of one of his eyes with his finger. "She'll allus be Emily Kate to me, though ter other folks she ain't nothin'."

"Where does she live?" interrogated the Miller, skeptically.

"Et youse gentlemen keeps quiet an' don't ast so many questions," said the Tramp, "I'll tell yer all 'bout et. Yer see, et come like this. 'Bout three years ago I was workin' through this valley towards Snyder county, an' one fine day—et was one o' them days when yer feels like settin' down an' jest doin' nothin'—I come through this here town an' went up th' main road about two mile tell I come ter th' Red Hill. I never knowed jest why I done et—et must a be'n fate, but I switched off onter th' bye road, 'stead uv stickin' ter th' pike. I went 'bout a mile an' didn't meet no one nor pass no houses, tell at las' I come ter a farm what has an orchard on th' sout' side th' barn.

"They was a nice grassy place on th' other side th' road under an apple tree, an' ez it was one of them warm, lazy summer days, I made up me min' ter rest, an' lay down in th' grass. Yer kin laugh et folks who allus talks weather, but I tell yer et does a powerful sight wit' a man. I know of thet bed a be'n a rainy day. I'd never had thet fairy-core—ez th' French calls et—thet hit me then an' played th' dickens wit' me fortunes.

"I was layin' there watchin' the clouds overhead an' listin' ter th' plover whistlin' out in the fiel', an' ter th' tree-frawg belerin' up in th' locus', when all uv a sudden I seen a blue gleam in an apple tree in th' orchard 'crosst th' way. I watched et, an' pretty soon I made out thet et was a woman. She was sittin' there quiet an' still, like she was readin'; an' down below I seen th' top uv a chicking coop, an' hear th' ole hen cluckin'. I couldn't see much fer th' leaves, an' didn't git sight uv her face, but I made out th' outlines uv thet blue caliker dress, an' Jes' kinder drank 'em in.

"Et was th' day done et all. 'Fore I knowd et I begen ter imagine th' face thet must bev fit thet form. I pictured her like th' girls thet rides th' mowin' machines in th' agricultural advertisemen' chromos—yeller hair an' all. I wanted ter try an' see her face, but I didn't dare ter, for she'd a-seen me, an' thet 'ud a spoiled my chancet. But I lay there jest dreamin'-like, an' 'fore I knowd et I could think uv nothin' but thet there girl in th' tree, who I figured must hev be'n a heap sight better lookin' than a circus lady.

"Et come sundown, an' ez I hed ter hustle ter git supper I dragged meself tergether an' moved on. I went up th' valley three days an' got 'bout thirty miles toward Snyder county, but th' whole time I was thinkin' 'bout nothin' but th' girl in th' blue caliker dress. I never felt so queer before, an' didn't know jest what ter do. Last I decided I'd hev ter go back an' git another look at her, so I turned 'round an' kivered me tracks.

"I reached th' orchard 'bout one day later, in th' afternoon, an' hanged ef she wasn't there, but a-settin' in a tree closer ter th' road. I didn't dast go near her, fer I knows how 'fraid th' weemen is uv us men. But I slid inter me ole place, an' jest lay there watchin' her blue dress wavin' in th' breeze; an' then when I seen as how she'd changed trees, I begin ter think maybe she'd seen me an' moved up one tree nearer th' road, kinder so as we'd be closer."

The Tramp's voice broke. He placed one hand upon his ragged breast and gazed over the valley through tear-filled eyes.

"Now quit yer blubberin', Trampy," cried the Loafer, "an' git ter the en' uv this 'ere yarn."

The traveler wiped his eyes upon his coatsleeve and continued:

"Wull, as I lay there watchin' her so still an' quiet, I began ter think. I wondered what her name must hev be'n an' 'loved et orter be'n a pretty one. Then I kinder thought bein' ez I didn't know her name I might give her one—th' prettiest I could git up. I racked me brain an' final' sot on Emily Kate—thet sounded high-toned. Then I began ter wonder who'd be so fort'nit as ter git Emily, an' cussed meself fer bein' sich a bum. I kinder thought I might reform, but final' 'lowed ef she'd take me without me hevin' ter reform, et 'ud be a sight pleasanter all 'round. I see how she'd moved up a tree, an' kinder wondered ef she'd seen me. Th' more I thought on et, th' worse I got. I begin ter think mebbe ef I cleaned up I wouldn't be so bad—in fact, a heap better than lots uv folks I knows. By th' time et come sunset I concided ter resk et, an' begin ter think uv crawlin' th' fence an' interducin' meself; but then me heart failed me. I put et off tell th' nex' day, an' slid over th' fiel' ter a barn an' spent th' night.

"I didn't eat no breakfas'. I couldn't But when et come sun-up I went down ter th' spring an' washed up. Then I cut fer th' orchard. 'tendin' ter wait till she come. I expected she wouldn't be there so airly, sence she'd likely do up th' breakfas' dishes.

"I shinned th' fence inter th' road, an' then what a sight I seen. I nearly yelled. They was a great big feller hed his arm right round her wais'. She was a-layin' all limp-like, wit' her head pitched forward so I couldn't see et; an' her feet was draggin' through th' timothy, fer the feller was pulling her along down th' orchard. At first I was fer runnin' ter her resky, but I thought mebbe I'd better wait tell I see what come uv et.

"Th' big feller he pulled her, all limp, down ter th' other side, an' then leaned her up agin' a tree an' hit her a punch wit' his fis'. I seen th' blue caliker sun-bonnet droop. Then he jumped th' fence an' started down ter th' meddy.

"Me heart was a-thumpin' awful. I waited tell he was outer sight, an' then clumb th' fence an' slipped down through th' long grass ter where Emily Kate lay, half dead, agin th' ole tree. I seen a chicking coop there an' hear th' ole hen cluckin'; an' I stepped up and raised th' girl's droopin' head. She hed a straw face, an' was keepin' th' hawks off them chickings. My Emily Kate was a scare——"

The Tramp's voice grew husky, and he faltered.

"See here, you ole fool," cried the Chronic Loafer, "it's quit rainin' this ten minutes, an' you've kep' me from splittin' ter-morrer's wood wit' your bloomin' lies."

The Tramp cleared his throat, and, gathering up his bandana and stick, he arose and replied:

"Youse gentlemen 'sisted I mus' tell yer 'bout it. I tole yer—but I mus' be movin'."

And a moment later he disappeared around the bend in the road just below the mill.—New York Sun.

HORACE GREELEY'S BROTHER.

Preached Moderation in Using Water and Got Drunk Once to Cure a Felon.

"Nathan Barnes Greeley, Horace Greeley's brother, who died at the old Greeley homestead, near Corry, Pa., on Monday, was one of the most eccentric of men," says S. C. Williams of that city to a New York Sun reporter. "His farm in Wayne township was one of the finest in Western Pennsylvania. For many years he lived alone there, and was simply content to make a living out of it. I used to like to go out to his place and hear him talk. I saw him last five years ago. He was then 78 years old, and he was as hale and hearty as he had ever been. He attributed his excellent physical and mental condition to habitual economy in the use of water, both as a beverage and for lavatory purposes.

"'Although I am a Prohibitionist,' he once told me, 'I believe that too much water, either taken internally or used externally, is as bad as too much rum. But there is only one excuse for a man to get drunk,' he went on. 'The only time that a man is excusable for getting drunk, and he is a fool if he doesn't do it then, is when he has a felon on his finger. To get good and drunk is the quickest way in the world to cure a felon. I have tried it and know what I am talking about. The only time I ever tasted liquor in my life was when I had a felon on my finger. I hadn't had a wink of sleep for three nights. Someone said that a good drupk would cure me. I thought I would try it. I told my daughter what I intended doing, and then went to Corry and filled up with the kind of stuff they sell in Corry. After loading myself I had 'em fill a quart bottle of the best they had, and took that and the load I had to my daughter's. I didn't like the whisky, but the prescription called for a good drunk, and I got it. For a while, as I found out afterward, I made things lively at my daughter's house, carrying on after the most approved manner of confirmed old topers. Then I sank into oblivion, and for a time it was a question whether I would come out of it again. But I did, and, although the pain and swelling had gone from my finger to my head, the change was a great relief, and I was all right in a day or two, and my felon troubled me no more. It was an heroic remedy, but if I ever get another felon I'll go off on my second drunk, I don't care if I'm as old as a century.'

"One summer day I thought I would drive out and have a chat with old Barnes, as everybody called him—he called himself the old gray-headed crank—and when I got to the lonely farmhouse I saw a pair of big bare feet sticking out of the open front door. I got out of the wagon and found that the feet belonged to Barnes Greeley, and that the rest of the easy-going old farmer's person was stretched on the bare floor. A newspaper covered his face, presumably to keep off the flies, and a sonorous snore made it rattle, indicating that the independent brother of the great Horace was very much asleep. Chickens were pecking about on the floor of the room, and several contented pigs were grunting and roaming about the threshold. I didn't have the heart to disturb the old gentleman's slumbers, and went back home. One of Barnes Greeley's weaknesses was his love for hogs and chickens. They roamed at will anywhere about his premises, not excepting the best room in the old man's house.

"This eccentric brother of the Tribune's founder used to tell many things about Horace. When the latter had made himself and his paper famous he sent for Barnes to come to New York. Barnes did so, and Horace gave him a place of some kind in the Tribune office but he didn't remain long.

"'I couldn't till any place I would accept,' the old farmer delighted in saying, 'and wouldn't accept any place I could fill. So I came back home. I'd rather be a king among hogs than be a hog among kings.'

"In his younger days Barnes Greeley was a great hunter and fisherman. He was fond of telling amusing stories of Horace's attempts to hunt and fish on his occasional visits to the old Pennsylvania homestead.

"'If deer had fun by Horace in droves,' Barnes would say, 'he couldn't have shot one. I don't believe he'd have woke up to the situation until the deer had been gone an hour or two. As for catching fish, he never got so much as a bite in a trout stream, while I would be fishing right by his side and pulling 'em out by the dozen.'"

FOOLISH WILD GEESE.

Hunters Beguile Their Game Into An ambuscade by Whistling.

"They have a queer way of hunting wild geese on the Roanoke river, especially that part of the Roanoke river which is in Warren county, North Carolina," said a man who claims to know. "The river as it passes through Warren county is formed into a succession of falls and rapids by the best of peculiar rocks over which the stream flows for several miles. That portion of the river is absolutely unnavigable, except by the old-time flat bottom canoes or skiffs, or whatever kind of boat they may be called, which the natives have used ever since there were any natives in North Carolina. It requires an expert handler of these boats and a person well posted in the characteristics of the river to get up stream, and you have to watch out with both eyes wide open when you go down stream.

"The Roanoke river is a quarter of a mile wide in Warren county, and the rocks that project everywhere above the surface from shore to shore, are scooped out in the hollows like a butter bowl. The shores of the river are thickly bordered for miles with oak and beech trees, and many kinds of berry bushes, and the many islands are thickly grown with these trees and bushes. In their season acorns, nut berries and mast drop into the river in enormous quantities, and as they are carried down stream they lodge by the hundreds of bushels in the hollows of the rocks. This lodgment of food, of which they are particularly fond, attracts myriads of wild geese and other wild fowl to that part of the river, but it is the geese that the sportsman, both native and visiting, especially cares to go out after. Not because he doesn't have a longing for ducks and the like, but ducks and the like haven't yet fallen into the way of letting themselves be bagged after the method by which the wild geese are bagged, and as that is the only way wild fowl in the Roanoke part of Warren county can be bagged, the sportsman doesn't waste his time on ducks and the like. Like their kind everywhere, wild geese on the Roanoke river are very shy, and it would take a man with a good long-range rifle, provided he is a good shot, to get a satisfactory bag in the course of a day, so the native way of hunting them is the only one if a person wants to enjoy himself.

"To hunt wild geese in Warren county after the method of the local sportsman, a blind is made in the river at one of the smallest of the rocks that will give the hunter foothold, and one that is well below a favorite feeding place for geese. The nature of the rocks and the hollows scatter the flocks as they 'pastur,' as the natives call it, and although there may be a hundred or more of the fowls in sight there will rarely be more than two or three together. After a hunter has taken his place in a blind below the feeding geese another hunter puts out in his boat from a point a long distance above them. He lets his boat drift with the current, simply holding it back with the oars if it goes too fast. As the boat draws near a group of feeding geese the hunter in it begins to whistle some tune, or, if he doesn't know any tune, just whistles. This attracts the attention of the geese. It does not frighten them, but stirs them up. The little groups gradually gather together into one flock. The geese direct all their attention to the shrill sound coming from the boat, and drift down stream away from it as the boat tosses along carelessly on the rapids. The man in the boat is known as the driver, and if he is skillful he will so manipulate his boat and his whistle that he will have a hundred or more geese drifting ahead of him and gazing wonderingly at him, or in wonder listening to the sound he is making, until by the time they draw near the blind they will be in a thick bunch, and offer great possibilities to the hidden hunter. It is usual for the man in the blind to let the geese come within thirty or forty yards of the blind before he cuts loose. The geese rise in great confusion after the first shot, and before they get out of range two or more effective shots may be had at them, and the driver is pretty sure to drop a few before the flock has passed over him on its way back up the river. The flying geese fly a mile or two and then apparently forget all about the trouble they had got into, for they drop into the river again, float down in their feeding, and in the course of an hour or so permit themselves to be driven once more into the same ambuscade."—Sun.

Well Qualified for Membership.

One of the new members of Paul Revere chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, is the wife of the Baron von Rydingsvard of Stockholm, now resident in Boston, says the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. Though bearing a foreign name, Lady von Rydingsvard is so genuinely American that she joined the society on the strength of seventeen lineal ancestors who took an active part in the battles of the revolution. Twenty-four being the highest number it is probable any candidate for membership could have, Lady von Rydingsvard will rank high on the honor roll, especially as among her ancestors were several distinguished officers, one a brigadier general.

FARM AND HOME.

The Old Stone Basin.

In the heart of the busy city,
In the scorching noon-tide heat,
A sound of babbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in an old stone basin,
And over the cool wet brink,
The heads of thirsty horses
Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads,
As the horses come and go,
The "Gift of Three Little Sisters,"
Is read on the stone below.

Ah! beasts are not taught letters,
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words, and yet

I think that each thirsty creature,
Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks, in his own dumb fashion,
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone;
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fate,
Or the name they bear to men;
But the sweetness of that precious deed
Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after life,
They must the happier be,
For the cup of water poured by them
When they were children three.
—Susan Coolidge in Philadelphia Ledger.

The Remedy for Washed Soils.

In a recent bulletin upon washed soils, issued by the department of agriculture, deforestation of hillsides and tops is given as the first and most active cause, and reforestation as the most effective means for remedying the evil. Sodding has been found less effective, and on the steeper slopes impracticable. The advice is: "Wherever the ground is hilly and unfit for farming it should be set and kept in forest, not only to make it produce a timber crop, but also to prevent the washing, which finally becomes dangerous to the lower valley lands. Wherever agriculture is possible and profitable there should be such a distribution of forest, pasture and field as will secure the greatest immunity from torrential action of the waters. The forest should occupy all hilltops, which, as a rule, have too thin a soil to allow profitable agricultural use; it should be kept growing on the steeper slopes, where the water acquires the greatest momentum, and the loosening of the soil by the plow furnishes a most favorable condition for erosive action; it should be placed on all rocky, uneven spots, because it will produce useful material even on such unfavorable situations, and, finally, forest belts should be maintained on long slopes, alternating with fields and pastures, running along the brow of the slope, of widths and at distances proportionate to the character of the land and the angle of the slope; on the steeper slopes closer together, on the gentler slopes further apart. These belts, acting as a barrier to break the force of the water, will prevent an undue accumulation of surface waters, and will protect to a considerable degree the lower fields from washing." Farmers, therefore, living in the cleared hill country should start upon the work of reforestation with a well-conceived plan. They should understand that they must begin this work at the origin of the evil, at the very tops of the hills, where the water begins to gather and acquire its force, and gradually proceed with their work down to the lower levels.

Another Farm Census.

Secretary Morton has ordered a farm census to be taken by the statisticians of the department of agriculture every year on March 1 for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of grain and other produce in store. The instructions call for exact information as to the amount of wheat in the hands of farmers, in country elevators, warehouses and mills, and in commercial and private elevators on that date; the amount of flour in mills and warehouses and in the hands of agents, commission merchants and wholesale dealers; the amount of corn in the hands of farmers, in country elevators and cribs, and in sight at commercial and private city elevators; also the amount of oats in the hands of farmers, in country elevators and warehouses, and in sight in commercial and private elevators.

Feeding Wheat to Horses.

More care is required in feeding horses with wheat than with feeding other grain. It is highly nitrogenous, and has not the large proportion of hull that in the oat reduces the danger from too concentrated nutrition. But any kind of grain will founder horses as well as will wheat. Horses that eat their fill of oats will be foundered, especially if this is done after they are warm with hard work. It is a good rule to never feed any grain or allow horses to drink while they are too heated. It chills the stomach and stops digestion. But a small proportion of wheat with oats may sometimes be given with great advantage. Wheat flour boiled and mixed with milk is one of the best remedies for scours, either in calves or colts. A tablespoonful put into water and boiled will make a thin porridge that will season a pailful of milk, and make it sufficiently constipating to stop any ordinary case of scours.

Breeding Up Stock.

When engaged in breeding up a native stock to some one of the improved varieties there should be a definite point aimed at from the first. This must be adhered to, or the stock will soon become entirely unreliable for breeding. Our native animals are of no particular breed, but if good specimens of their kind they are better to breed from than a half-bred or three-quarter-bred animal of some other strain. For example, if you are breeding from a Holstein bull for milk or butter, a half-blood of Shorthorn or Jersey or Guernsey will not give as good results as will a first-rate native cow. In the former case there is prepotency on both sides and the offspring will be widely variant. With a native cow and a thoroughbred bull of any kind the prepotency is all in the same line. If the breeding is continued further the same strain of breed should be used as at first. The established breeds are all too firmly established to be crossed more than once with any certainty that the breeding will perpetuate the desirable qualities on either side of the house.—American Cultivator.

To Heal Bruised Trees.

A writer for the Rural New Yorker says that to heal bruised trees he sometimes paints the wounds with gum shellac, which is quickly done; yet he thinks a salve made of four parts of rosin, two parts of beeswax and one part of tallow, melted together, poured into water and immediately worked as one would work molasses candy, and made up into rolls, of, say, a half pound each, would be a good thing to have ready for such use. By holding it in the hand to soften up a little, greasing the fingers a little to keep it from sticking, and by pressing the thumb on a small lump it may be spread over a wound where it will remain some time and keep out all moisture until the cut is healed over. If the wound be large, it may be necessary to repeat it in a year or two. This salve is the very best wax to use in grafting trees he has ever tried.

Keeping Too Many Varieties.

It is much more expensive to keep two varieties of poultry than to keep only one. Where the object is to keep a breed pure, it becomes a very difficult matter if the yards contain breeds different in characteristics, for accidents will happen despite every precaution and both breeds contaminated. Should several flocks of only one breed be kept, no harm will be done should the birds from one flock get into the yards of another, for, though the mating may not be of the particular individuals desired, yet there will be no danger of "crossing breeds." It always entails greater care to keep several breeds than to manage one only, and this fact should not be lost upon the beginner. Every beginner who ventures upon the keeping of pure breeds should give his attention to one breed at a time. That is, he should begin with one breed, learn all the points, how to mate and manage it, and become thoroughly familiar with its merits and characteristics. He may then, if he persists in so doing, procure another variety, which must be studied as was the first. In no other manner can a beginner who has had but little experience make a success of pure breeds. Like any other business it must be understood, and the knowledge required can only be gained by practical experience.—The Prairie Farmer.

A Big Bee Farm.

In the village of Usworth, in the county of Durham, Mr. W. B. Chambers, shoemaker, has over a million bees in twenty hives, some of which are double ones. In one year Mr. Chambers took 225 pounds of honey in one season from one of his double bee hives. The largest bee farm in the world is said to be near Becton, Canada. It covers four acres, and the owner in a favorable year secures not less than 75,000 pounds of honey from 19,000,000 workers. Mr. Hurbison of California has about 6000 hives, which yield yearly 200,000 pounds of honey. Greece has 30,000 hives, Denmark 90,000, the Netherlands 240,000, France 950,000, Germany 1,450,000, Austria 1,558,000. The United States have 2,800,000, which produce 61,000,000 pounds of honey annually. The largest weight of honey taken in a single season from one hive was 1000 pounds, in Texas, United States.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Household Hints.

Orange Roly-Poly—Make a light pastry as for apple dumplings; roll in oblong sheets and lay oranges, peeled, sliced and seeded, thickly all over it. Sprinkle with white sugar; scatter over all a teaspoonful or two of grated orange peel and roll up, folding the edges closely to keep the syrup from running out; boil in a cloth one and a half hours. Eat with lemon sauce, prepared as follows: Six eggs, leaving out the whites of two; half pound of butter, one pound of sugar, juice of two lemons and rind of both grated. Place over a slow fire till it thickens like honey.

Beefsteak and Oysters—For a steak of from two to three pounds use a quart of oysters from which all bits of shell have been carefully removed. Broil the steak without salting it, as quickly as possible, placing it close to a very hot fire; as soon as it is brown season with salt and pepper, put it in a hot platter and put over it the oysters. Lay on the oysters about two tablespoonfuls of butter cut in half-inch pieces, and put the dish into a very hot oven until the oysters are done, which will be as soon as their edges begin to curl. Serve the dish hot at once.

Baked Mushrooms—Trim off the roots and imperfect parts of a quart of large mushrooms, and wash them in plenty of cold water containing a teaspoonful of vinegar; cut as many slices of bread, free from crust, as will cover the bottom of a medium-sized baking pan. Lay the mushrooms on the bread, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, put a small piece of butter on each one, and set the pan in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Serve the mushrooms on toast, being careful that it does not burn.

Hickory-nut Macaroons—To one and one-half cupfuls of hickory-nut meat pounded fine add ground allspice and nutmeg to taste. Make a frothing as for cakes, stir in the meats and spice. Flour the hands and roll the mixture into balls about the size of a nutmeg. Lay them on tins well-buttered; giving room to spread; bake in a quick oven. Use washed butter for greasing the tins, as lard or salt butter gives an unpleasant taste.

Cocoanut Pyramids—Whip the whites of five eggs as for icing, add one pound of powdered sugar while doing this until it will stand alone, then beat in one cup of grated cocoanut. Shape into pyramids upon a dish and serve.

Indian Cakes—Put a quart of sour milk or buttermilk in a large bowl, add a teaspoonful of salt, dissolve a teaspoon heaping full of plain baking soda in a little hot water and pour it in the milk. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter and one egg well beaten, then stir in two heaping tablespoonfuls of wheat flour. After this stir in your Indian meal till you have a nice, thin batter. Let it stand half an hour, then try a tablespoonful of the batter on your hot griddle. If not quite thick enough add more Indian meal. Never thin a batter. Once you do this, you spoil the whole substance. These cakes are good without an egg. Just add a little more flour.

Sauce Bigarade—Boil the rind of half a Seville orange for fifteen minutes in one gill of water, sweeten with a teaspoonful of brown sugar, having ready in another saucepan half a pint of good brown stock chicken with three ounces of brown roux, and into it strain the flavored water, add the strained juice of one Seville orange, one desertspoonful of lemon juice, three-quarter gill of claret, and dust with a little cayenne, and stir over a moderate fire until sufficiently hot.

Notes.

Rye is much the hardiest of the winter grains. It can be sown very late, and will grow a crop all right provided it has time to germinate before it is frozen. It is biennial, and if winter rye is sown in spring it amounts to nothing. So hardy is the plant that merely germinating in the fall it will pass through the winter without damage. Some farmers used to say it was better sown pretty late, as the plant had little or no leaf to exhale moisture for the roots to furnish during the coldest weather.

When the hens lay soft-shell eggs you may at once come to the conclusion that they are too fat. All the lime, ground oyster shells, bone, or other foods will be of no avail. When the hens are fat the reproductive organs are obstructed and the shell can not be deposited around the yolk and albumen, nor will eggs from fat hens, even if perfect, hatch well. Whenever softshell eggs are laid, the poultryman must endeavor to avoid anything that tends to increase fat, and should endeavor to make them exercise as much as possible.

For lice on cattle nothing is more effective than kerosene emulsion and of the strength usually employed in spraying fruit trees and vines. It is made by dissolving one-half pound of hard soap in a gallon of boiling water and adding two gallons of kerosene oil. Stir violently until a perfect emulsion is formed. Dilute with nine to fifteen parts of warm water and apply with a spray pump. It will knock out all lice on the first application, but will not kill the eggs. A second spraying should be given in two or three weeks to kill any more which may have hatched out.

The Coldwater (Mich.) Courier says that Patrick Bishop has tried the experiment of feeding ground wheat to hogs with the following results: On September 10 he drove seventeen head, old and young, on the scales, and they weighed 1450. He fed them forty bushels of ground wheat, and paid 6 cents a 100 for grinding. He weighed them again October 31, after feeding the forty bushels, and they weighed 2600 pounds. There was a gain of 1150 pounds, which at 4½ cents per pound, the price now paid for hogs, would amount to $48.78, or at the rate of $1.22 per bushel for the wheat fed.

THIRTEEN VETERANS.

Newspapers Which Are More than One Hundred Years Old.

The Rutland, Vt., Herald has started in its second century, says the Washington Star. It was 100 years old last Saturday. The anniversary was celebrated by the publication of a centennial supplement and the reproduction, by photographic process, of the first number of the paper, which, of course, was published December 8, 1794. According to the census made by the present editor of the Herald there are but thirteen American newspapers which have reached the century mark. The names of these papers and the dates when they were founded are as follows:

1756—New Hampshire Gazette, Portsmouth, N. H.
1758—Newport Mercury, Newport, R. I.
1764—Connecticut Courant, Hartford, Conn.
1771—Massachusetts Spy, Boston and Worcester, Mass.
1779—New Jersey Journal, Elizabeth, N. J.
1785—Augusta Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.
1786—Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Mass.
1790—Salem Gazette, Salem, Mass.
1792—Greenfield Gazette, Greenfield, Mass.
1792—New Jersey State Gazette, Trenton, N. J.
1792—The Guardian, New Brunswick, N. J.
1793—Portsmouth Journal, Portsmouth, N. H.
1794—Rutland Herald, Rutland, Vt.

Gladstone's Joke.

A London letter tells how Mr. Gladstone has played unconsciously a capital little joke upon his critics, literary and political, and is said to be enjoying it as much as anybody. Fifteen years ago he wrote for a now defunct magazine an article entitled: "The Evangelical Movement: Its Parentage, Progress and Issue." This was recently unearthed by the editor of the present Evangelical Magazine, who, with the author's permission, republished it in this month's number. The critics, with one accord, treated the article as new, and praised or sneered, according to their political beliefs, which is quite a common way of writing literary criticisms there. The Liberals of course found in the article proof that Mr. Gladstone's intellect had improved, like good wine, with age, and the Tories, with equal certainty, detected signs of mental decay. The Radicals, too, drew comfort from it as showing that the Grand Old Man, in his retirement, was more eager than ever to sever the connection between church and state; while the wing churchmen discovered in this remarkable article abundant arguments in favor of the maintenance of the union between the state and church. As a matter of fact, the Grand Old Man now writes little, although he is bombarded with applications from editors in all parts of the world.

The Thumb.

The thumb is supposed to indicate the strength of the animal propensities. Its base is termed the Mount of Venus.

You can make better food with

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Lighter, sweeter, more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 105 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

SONG'S DOMAIN.

The poet well the poet knows
In ambush lurks where'er he goes
Lisps hidden in each wind, that blows,
Laughs in each wave,
Sighs from the bosom of the rose,
Wails from the grave.

And Orphic laws of lute and verse
All the symphonious worlds coerce,
That hour by hour their parts rehearse—
Winds, strings and reeds,
In this orchestral universe
The maestro leads.

But though all life and death and birth,
And all the heaven's enzoning girth—
Earth, and the waters 'neath the earth,
Are Song's domain,
Nor aught so lowly but is worth
The loftiest strain.

'Tis from these moods, in which Life stands,
With feet earth-planted, yet with hands
Stretched toward visionary lands,
Where vapors lift
A moment, and aerial strands
Gleam through the rift.

The poet wins, in hours benign,
At older than the Delphic shrine,
Those intimations, faint and fine,
To which belongs
Whatever character Divine
Invest his songs.

And could we live more near allied
To cloud and mountain, wind and tide,
Cast this unmeaning coil aside,
And go forth free,
The World our goal, Desire our guide,
We then might see

Those master moments grow less rare,
And oftener feel that nameless air
Come rumoring from we know not where;
And touch, at whiles,
Fantastic shores—the fringes fair
Of fairy isles;

And hail the mystic bird that brings
News from the inner courts of things—
The eternal courier-dove whose wings
Are never furled;
And hear the bubbling of the springs
That feed the world.
—William Watson in The Spectator.

Had Seen a Cyclone.

Col. John A. Cockerill is writing some interesting letters from the West, where he has been hunting and hobnobbing as the guest of Buffalo Bill. Speaking of Sheridan, he thus illustrates the wild sense of humor in the big-hearted Western people: There came to the Sheridan inn barroom one day a man who had been firing a defective breech-loading weapon, and the charge, blowing rearward, had deposited a line of blue powder grains, extending from his right eyebrow to the roots of his hair. As he pushed back his hat to take a drink a toiler at the bar caught a glimpse of the odd mark. "That's a fine lode of galena ore you've got there, pard," he remarked. "Strange you hain't worked it." One day at North Platte, after a sandstorm, I was discussing cyclones with an old inhabitant. "Don't have 'em here at all," he promptly said. "But don't you know," he continued, "that it takes two people to see a cyclone—one to holler 'Here she comes' and tother to holler 'There she goes damn her!'" And this led me to believe that the veteran had seen at least one in his time."

The Unexpected Discharge of a Cannon

Close by would not have a more disturbing effect upon nerves which are vigorous than an ordinary noise upon those that are weak and unstrung. As a nervine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are unrivaled. By promoting digestion and assimilation they overcome that gastric disorder, which is the most prolific cause of nervous debility, and which, so long as it exists, defeats in large measure the action of sedatives and opiates. Such remedies, moreover, necessitate the use of increasing doses, and finally cease to act altogether, except in dangerous quantities. They never reach the fountain head of the trouble, and solace the nerves only by semi-paralyzing them. Equally objectionable are fiery unmedicated alcoholic stimulants. Kidney, bladder and liver trouble