Novel Passes.

The theaters in Japan have a novel method of pass-out tickets which are positively not transferable. When a person wishes to leave the theater before the close of the performance, with the intention of returning, he goes to the doorkeeper and holds out his right hand. The doorkeeper then, with a rubber stamp, imprints on the palm the mark of the establishment.

Noiseless Gum.

"Got any chewing gum?" asked the haggard-looking man, who was plainly suffering from nervous strain.

"What kind?" asked the druggist.

"Any kind, so it is noiseless. I want to give it to the fellow who works at the next desk to mine. I haven't been able to keep my books straight for a month."—Indianapolis Journal.

What a Blessing

It is to have strong nerves, and how many are denied it. They to whom nature has been niggard in this respect can enjoy nerve vigor and quietude if they use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, one of the finest nervines and tonics in existence. Dyspepsia, a prolific source of nerve inquietude, is invariably overcome by this genial medicine, which is also potent as a remedy for malarial and kidney trouble and constipation.

Lasts Two Centuries.

It is estimated that gold in circulation wears out on an average in 240 years.

—Ex-Empress Eugenie's wedding veil cost 250,000 francs.

WE GIVE AWAY

Absolutely free of cost, for a LIMITED TIME ONLY,

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, By R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, a book of over 1,000 large pages and 300 colored and other illustrations, in strong paper covers to any one sending 21 cents in one-cent stamps for packing and postage *only*. Over 680,000 copies of this complete Family Doctor Book already sold in cloth binding at regular price of $1.50. Address: (with stamps and this Coupon) WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

COUPON No. 112

Costly Flowers.

The two most costly blossoms this winter have been without doubt the American Beauty rose and the pink orchid. The former has a standing value of from $1.50 to $2 for a perfect specimen. Yet it has been not uncommon to see these luxuries decking large mansions on festive occasions, 200 and 300 in each room, and the pale loveliness and less substantial beauty of the orchid used no less lavishly. The amount of money each of these flowers represents in its circulating power does as much good as sending checks to relief organizations.—Baltimore Sun.

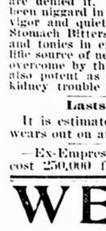
The Swords of Japan.

Modern cutlers despair of reproducing the ancient sword-blades of feudal Japan, as modern superficers in iron despair of imitating the artistic sword-guards of that country. According to tradition, the best of the ancient Japanese sword was even more rigid than that of Saladin's blades. It was enough if the latter would cut in twain at a single blow a down pillow, thrown in the air; but the Japanese blade, suspended horizontally beneath a tree, must sever any leaf that, falling, should accidentally alight upon the edge of the weapon.—Tid-Bits.

A BOSTON GIRL'S LIFE

Saved from Ruin and Despair by the Timely Aid of a Noted Woman.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]



IS there anything more truly pathetic than the cry for help that springs from the anguished heart of a young girl—a beautiful girl who sees ahead only suffering and uncertainty?

But oh, what joy and gladness her young heart pours forth when she realizes that her dreaded enemy, the blasting influence, is gone,—banished forever.

This sunshine and joy is now the happy portion of Miss Florence ——— of Beacon Street, Boston.

She often tells of her suffering from the suppression of the menses. The pain was excruciating. The doctors, instead of removing the cause of her ailment, plied her each month with morphine to prevent convulsions; but the trouble was permitted to exist.

When she could endure no more,—prostration was imminent and future hopeless,—her family procured a bottle of *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound, which, surprising to all, rapidly and permanently cured her.

In writing to Mrs. Pinkham, pouring forth her gratitude and happiness, she says: "Oh! that I could make every suffering woman try your valuable medicine! How they would bless you!"

A Canton Flannel Tongue

with a thick taste in the mouth, poor appetite, dry skin, dull headache—these are warnings of a bilious attack. Don't shock the system with powerful purgatives.

ZAEGEL'S SWEDISH ESSENCE

will ward off the attack, correct the stomach, clear the tongue and put you in perfect health in the shortest space of time. Purely vegetable, and perfectly safe.

ZAEGEL'S SWEDISH ESSENCE

Each package of Roots and Herbs makes one quart.

For Sale at Drug Stores, or 35 Cents by Mail.

M. ZAEGEL & CO., SHEBOYGAN, WIS.

DOMESTIC

Steam Pump.

A wonderful invention for raising water. For country homes, hotels and summer resorts. Now on exhibition in Plankinton Building.

Local Agents Wanted.

154 Second St., Milwaukee

H. B. GREGG, State Agent.

$300 SAVED!

Mr. Pat Drew, a highly respected citizen of Milwaukee and Ex Comm. of Public Works, living at 282 Ogden Ave., says: "About eight months ago I had been laid up for six weeks with chronic muscular and inflammatory rheumatism, and was on the point of going to Hot Springs in order to secure, if possible, temporary relief from my sufferings. I had tried every remedy I knew or heard of, with no good results. Just then I learned of

Schragge's $1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure

and sent to Chicago for three bottles. It cured me, and I have never been so well for seven years. I know 46 bad cases which this medicine has since cured. It certainly saved me $300.00."

Guaranteed Absolutely the Best.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

AD DOROTHEAM.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine:
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to interwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou are coming makes all glad;
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro;
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the hollest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women lovellest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart, has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's cholcest rose
And toddle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee, Miss).
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

—W. E. Gladstone.

A TALE OF THE STREET

I was young and I was employed in a bank on the Rue Lafitte. Every morning, very early, with the deep pockets of my overcoat stuffed full of bread and sausage, I left the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, passed down the Rue de Rennes, turned to the left into the Rue de Regard, crossed the rues du Cherche-Midi and de Sevres, walked down the Rue de Bac, crossed the Place du Carroussel and went in a slanting direction across the Boulevard des Italiens and arrived at the Rue Lafitte. And then came a resting place, but not repose; a resting place, but work, and disagreeable work, too.

Moreover, every morning at the same hour, prettier and more graceful than you have ever seen or imagined, a young girl went down from the Batignolles. She tripped down the whole length of the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, passed the church of the same name, crossed the Rue de Chateau-dun, took that of Lafitte, crossed the Boulevard des Italiens, and, in a slanting direction, the Place du Carroussel, admired the Seine from the Pont Royale and entered thus the Rue de Bac in its upper portion.

Then a halting place, but no repose. She arrived at the confectionery where she was employed.

You have possibly already understood that we happened to meet, this young girl and I! And, mon Dieu, qu'elle était jolie. She was as pretty and sweet as could be. I may as well say squarely and honestly that we met every morning with great regularity.

You will think me a simpleton when I tell you that, having fallen in love with this ravishing confectionery girl, I did not even pretend that I noticed her when we passed each other.

A simpleton, then, I must appear, for not only did I not dare to delight in gazing at her, except when I could see her reflected in the mirror of the store windows, but also when for a brief moment the hem of her skirts brushed past me, and, like a light feather broom, swept up the dust, I could not raise my eyes from the cobble stones to her face for one instant to see the color of her eyes or the ribbon on her hair.

And for forty yards after she had passed me I walked on like a man in a dream, scarcely knowing where I was going and seeing straight in front of me. Besides this my heart swelled up in my palpitating breast like an enormous pillow that I had swallowed without masticating and which was suffocating me.

Never, in order to conceal my trepidation, I used to whistle a little hunting air I knew, with my nose in the air. It was really pitiable.

Thus we passed every morning in silence, and this state of affairs would certainly have continued indefinitely had it not been for an exceptional occurrence.

This exceptional circumstance enabled me to break through the attitude of reserve by compelling me to speak to this incomparable little confectionery girl. En effet—it happened in this way.

"Psst! he! mademoiselle! You have dropped something!"

It was one of her gloves and it lay upon the pavement behind her.

How kind Providence was to me that day. I offer a prayer of gratitude to it every time I recall the circumstance, and I recall it very often!

The pretty girl stopped and turned round, and I handed the glove to her. She put out her dainty little hand toward my clumsy paw, which, like the paw of a bear that feared to burn itself by touching hot chestnuts, nearly let the glove fall in its nervousness.

In fact, the girl was almost obliged to catch the glove in the air to prevent it falling again to the ground.

"Merci, Monsieur!" she said in a silvery little voice and with a smile—oh, such a smile!

She added:

"You are late this morning."

For I had forgotten to explain that from the day when we first commenced to make the daily journey over the same route, though in opposite directions, with the obligation of arriving at our destinations at the same hour, it happened that each one knew well enough exactly at what point of the journey the other ought to be.

If, for example, I passed the girl at 10 minutes to 9 o'clock on the Quai d'Orsay, I would say to myself: "She will arrive at the Rue du Bac at 9 o'clock without hurrying, but I shall not reach the Rue Lafitte by 9 o'clock, even if I run the whole way."

Therefore it was she remarked:

"You are late this morning."

Oh! those first words from the lips that I loved!

I replied:

"I overslept myself."

She said: "I always leave punctually at 8 o'clock; otherwise I cannot be there in time."

I replied:

"Sometime I leave at a quarter past 8 and arrive at the bank ten minutes late."

She made one more remark. It was:

"Oh! you should not."

Then she went.

A few days later I succeeded in having another conversation. It was in the Rue de Richelieu, on the corner of the Boulevard, and it was 8:43.

"Ah!" I cried, "this time I am ahead of time. It is you who are late."

She was in too great a hurry to stop. She swept by me, contenting herself with placing her lovely finger upon her throat and laughing.

"Your cravat!"

It was true: my necktie had become unfastened. I had doubtless been walking too fast or had dressed in too great a hurry. But what a finger she had! And what a throat! I was glad my necktie had become unfastened.

Our third interview was on that celebrated day when I plucked up courage and said to her:

"It is really warm today."

She replied with a beautiful smile:

"Yes; but I think it is going to rain."

Without losing a minute I discharged at her this triumphant reply:

"It will cool the air!"

She was pleased to show that she agreed with me by making a little inclination with her pretty head, and then she hurried on.

But the ice was broken, wasn't it?

Dating from this circumstance I formed the habit of getting up at daybreak and racing down the streets, so as to meet her at her own door and to go down the boulevards with her even as far as the Moliere fountain.

She no longer made me tremble now, only I was more in love with her than ever.

I hope you will not be astonished beyond measure if I inform you now that this affair ended in our being married.

* * * * * * * *

The custom among married people being to live together, we had chosen an apartment, situated exactly half-way between the Rue du Bac and the Rue Lafitte, and the first thing we do every morning is to turn our backs upon each other and go to our respective work places.

So it is that whereas we formerly used to meet every day on the street, we no longer do so.

But in the evenings she is mine altogether, this little confectionery girl, and though kings might long for her, I do not intend to give her up.—From the French.

A Horse for 35 Bushels of Corn.

At Brest recently a father and son traded two young horses for seventy bushels of corn. They claimed to live near Winfield, Kas., and to have driven 200 miles trying to sell these two horses and buy grain for the horses they have at home.

They said that all the grain in their vicinity had been used, and there was no market at all for horses. They headed their teams homeward with the Jasper county grain.—Kansas City Star.

THE PROFITABLE SWEET POTATO.

The Toothsome Vegetable will Grow in Nearly all Climates.

Sweet potatoes are the most profitable crop that I raise. They will make from 200 to 600 bushels per acre; 1000 bushels have been made under extraordinary circumstances, and the tubers were of poor quality. But with a yield of 200 bushels, and at only 25 cents a bushel, they beat 5-cent cotton a long way. They seldom sell as low as this, and in the spring from 50 cents to $1. Extra fine varieties, such as the Bunch Yam and Spanish Bunch sweets, bring from $1 to $3 a bushel, and the supply is not equal to the demand, and not likely to be for years to come.

There are so many farmers who by ignorance or negligence lose their potatoes that sweets for seed are always in demand at good prices, and often they are very high. I have kept them not only through the summer, but until the next spring, and they germinated, but it took them two or three weeks longer than those of the previous year's growth. The raising of sweet potatoes for seed is quite a business here, and they are sent to every state in the Union, to Canada and South America, and two tubers sent last year by mail to Queensland arrived in good condition. There thousands of acres are planted for the vines to feed milk cows, and it would pay here.

Many seem to think that the sweet potato is only adapted to warm climates, but it will grow anywhere that the Irish potato will, and in many localities is a more profitable crop. Worn-out cotton lands, if allowed to rest a year, will make a fair crop of sweet potatoes. These poor lands, if planted in sweet potatoes one year, then in cowpeas, and then sweet potatoes, and again in cowpeas, will then produce good crops of corn or cotton. As sweet potatoes improve instead of impoverish land, and, as they bring a much better price in proportion to their cost than cotton, it is to be hoped that more will be planted than heretofore. Of all the crops that are raised in the South I can think of none that will equal Irish and sweet potatoes as mortgage lifters.—Alabama cor. of the Orange Judd Farmer.

Wouldn't Have It.

Andrew Carnegie has not been so much in the public view since the death of James G. Blaine. He was the Maine statesman's most ardent worshiper and devoted friend. He is a small, smart, shrewd Scotchman, who has done a great deal of good in the world, and intends doing more. He is peculiar, being Scotch. I once called on him for an interview, the subject being one with which he is familiar and I was not—the iron industry of the United States. I addressed him as "Mr. Carn-egy," and gained his ill-will immediately. It was a "toucheous" point with him, the pronounciation of his name. With much dignity he corrected me. "If you want me to sit down and talk with you, quit calling me Carn-egy. Where did you learn it, anyway? It is decidedly unpleasant. My name is Car-nay-gie! accent on the nay—that and nothing else. It is very simple, very easy. I don't see why anyone should call me anything else. It is very tiresome!" The interview was a success, but gained with much wrangling and disputation. He is irritable when crossed. It is not safe to ask a question. He must do the whole business of question and answer, and is sure to demand a proof of the article before its publication. "This should be a popular article," I suggested. "No, it must not be a popular article," he insisted. "I shall talk to the ironmasters of America. To speak to the public would belittle the interview and belittle me. I will not have it." Nor would he.—New York Press.

Two Kinds of Time.

A Savannah correspondent writes to the Chicago Record: "Noticing that my watch did not agree with the clocks in the courthouse tower and the church steeple, I asked the colored man who was driving us around what kind of time they had in Savannah. 'We has two kin's o' time hyar, sah, de railroad time an' de Mediterranean time.' 'The what?' 'De time dat de kyars comes in an' goes out by, sah, and de Mediterranean time, sah, which am de city time, de same as de sun.' 'We call it meridian time up North,' I suggested. 'I reckon dat may be so, sah; de No'then folks am a trifle quare in what dey call tings; dey have quare ways, sah, dey shorely do.'"

Douglass' Eloquence.

This story used to be told of two Irishmen who were present at one of Fred Douglass' great anti-slavery efforts and who were very much impressed with his eloquence:

Paddy—"I say, Moike, isn't that spaach wondtherful for a nagur?"

Mike—"Paddy, ye blockhead, an' sure an' don' yez know that he is only a half nagur?"

Paddy—"Well, if that's so, Moike, begorrah, wondther phwat kind of a spaach he would make if he were a whole nagur!"—Appleton Post.

True Philosophy.

If he dies folks say his vices killed him.

If he lives they say he's so tough the Lord doesn't want him.

If he dresses stylishly he is called a dude, and if he doesn't he is a slouch.

If he marries he is no account, and if he remains single he is blamed for it.

If he stays at home nights he's a poke, and if he doesn't he's a rake.

If he is good-looking he is set down as conceited, and if he isn't he's called as ugly as sin.—Recorder.

All in One Breath.

"Marmer," yelled one of those dear children occasionally encountered in public vehicles, looking at a young woman with very red cheeks and very dyed hair, "Marmer, why has she got five chimneys on her hat, one at each side and three behind? You've only got two, and that lady over there has only got one. Say, is that one of the hats they won't let 'em wear at the theater?" —s marmer escorted him to the street.—Boston Saturday Gazette.

A Slight Clue.

"I understand," said the detective, "that you had a clue to the whereabouts of Crookies, the famous criminal."

"Yes," replied the brother officer, "a slight one."

"What was it?"

"A man came to me and said he was Crookies and wanted to give himself up because he was tired of eluding justice."

"Ah!" I cried, "this time I am ahead of time. It is you who are late."

"Nothing. He couldn't prove his identity."—Washington Star.

High Water Would Sink Her.

Farmer Poore stood looking at the shipping.

"It's low water now," explained a bystander.

"By gosh, it's a good thing fur that there boat goin' apast that it is. Water's might' nigh over the edge of her now."—New York Morning Journal.

Acquired Proficiency.

"I wouldn't swear that way," said the kind-looking old lady mindly.

"Bless your soul, ma'am, you couldn't. It takes years of 'truck-drivin' to come anywheres near it," responded the gentleman whose team had balked across the car track.—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Difference.

When a woman puts on new clothes she immediately goes down town to show herself, while a man under similar circumstances sneaks to his office via back alleys, rubbing against every dusty post that he passes.—Boston Home Journal.

Horrors of Winter.

"In Blank's last play he portrays some of the horrors of a winter in the polar regions. Where did he get his ideas?"

"Took rooms in a steam-heated flat."—Boston Budget.

A Full-fledged She.

Fannie—"Why do people always apply the name of 'she' to a city?" George—"I don't know. Why is it?" Fannie—"Because every city has outskirts."—Demorest's Magazine.

A Superb Touch.

Mrs. Brownstone—"I think Mary's music professor has a beautiful touch."

Mr. Brownstone—"I should say he had! Seven dollars a lesson." — New York World.

Then She was Miserable.

"This is evidently a mistake," said the young lady to the P. C. when he arrested her for shop-lifting. "No, 'tain't," said that active and intelligent officer; "it's a missapprehension."—Fun.

Heedless.

Her father came upon us,
As we sat in the twilight dim,
Two souls with but a single thought,
And that one not of him.

—Detroit Tribune.

FOR THE FARMER.

Winter's Eviction.

"Winter must go," soft the west wind is singing,
No longer his minion Northeaster shall blow;
The swallow, Spring's herald, her edict is bringing—
"Winter must go."

His strongholds, frost-fenced, has Phoebus laid low,
His fetters that held her Earth now is far flinging,
The streams, long his prisoners, his impotence show,
And safe 'neath the brier the first primrose is clinging;
The dull banks are bright with the celandine's glow,
While c'ear from the hillside the sheep-bell is ringing—
"Winter must go."

—The Academy.

Thayer's April Berry Bulletin.

A young plant removed from the nursery is as tender and helpless as a babe. If exposed to the sun or wind it soon dies. If set in coarse lumpy ground and left without moisture, it cannot live. It must have food and drink. In preparing the ground, cover thickly with finely composted manure, plow deeply and harrow until fine and mellow. Rich well-prepared ground holds moisture and places food within reach of the young plant. When plants are received, keep in a cool place until set in the ground.

In setting plants, roots should be spread out in their natural position, to reach as much moist feeding space as possible.

Press the dirt firmly about the roots. More loss results from careless setting of plants than from any other cause. Set slowly, with care and judgment. Plants cost a fraction of a penny, or at most a few cents only, but when well set in your garden the least of them represent dimes and many of them dollars each. Value them then, not at cost, but at what they should bring when fully matured.

When soil is firm and mellow, as it should be, there is danger of setting too shallow. All plants should be as deep, when dirt is pressed about them, as before taken from the nursery rows. This means for strawberries, just even with crown of plant; black raspberries, currants, gooseberries and blackberries, six to ten inches; grapes, ten to fifteen inches.

After setting, mulch around each plant two or three inches deep with fine manure. The space between rows of berry plants, the first year, may be planted to potatoes or other low growing garden crops. Strawberries should have all the ground.—M. A. Thayer, Sparta, Wis.

Cropping Orchards.

An orchard in bearing ought never to be cropped. All the fertility that the soil contains is worth more to be used in developing fruit than for anything else that can be grown. Renovating crops to be plowed under may, however, be sown even in bearing orchards. If young orchards are making wood instead of fruit, when they are large enough to bear, a seeding with clover and plowing in midsummer affer a clover growth has been taken off will often bring them into condition to bear fruit. The clover while growing is a check to growth, and the cutting of the roots in midsummer is a further check. This will cause a great many fruit spurs to form late in summer and these will produce a large crop of fruit the next year. This is a severe remedy, but if the tree has a good supply of mineral fertilizer it will continue to bear from that time. It may be that a tree treated thus will not be so long-lived as is one whose growth has not been checked, but it is not often the very largest trees that are the most profitable.

Losses of Early Lambs.

The slip-shod methods of stock caring by old-fashoined farmers are best shown by their losses of early lambs. Sheep were not bred to lamb until late, and even then it was expected as a matter of course that more or less lambs would perish from cold. Now good farmers have their ewes lamb in midwinter, and both ewe and lamb are sheltered so warmly in basement stables that very few are lost. Sheep growers are now breeding improved kinds of sheep, which have the habit of dropping twins and occasionally triplets. The twin lamb needs some extra feeding, but when sold in early spring he well pays for this, while in olden time one and sometimes both of the twin lambs would be allowed to perish in the cold.—American Cultivator.

Care of Milch Cows.

More cows are farrowed in March than in any other month on most farms, says the Prairie Farmer. Milch cows will therefore need good care both before and after calving. Do not keep the cow confined in a stall because she is heavy with calf, says a writer in American Cultivator. It is far better for her to be in the yard basking in the sunlight whenever the weather is pleasant. The springing of the bag should be looked for, and when noticed it is a sign that milk is accumulating. If the bag swells very much, milk the cow, taking out all that the bag contains. It is sometimes necessary to do this once a day for a week or more before calving. This milk is very laxative and ought not to be fed to sows that are with pigs, as it will often scour them and make them lose their pigs. But after the sow has farrowed this new milk from the cow may be given her with great advantage. It will increase her own flow of milk, and if the pigs are old enough, they will drink it if placed where they can get it.

Preserving Eggs for Long Periods.

Numerous methods for preserving eggs are in use. The idea of all of this is to keep air out of the egg, as by such absence of oxygen decay can be arrested for a considerable length of time, especially if the eggs are perfectly fresh at the start and are kept in a cool, dark place. The standard method, most used by speculators and dealers, is to put the eggs in limewater. The process is as follows, this recipe having been widely sold at $5 under pledge of secresy: Take 24 gallons of water, 12 pounds of unslaked lime and 4 pounds of salt, or in that proportion, according to the quantity of eggs to be preserved. Stir several times daily and then let stand until the liquor has settled and is perfectly clear. Draw or carefully dip off the clear liquid, leaving the sediment at the bottom. Take for the above amount of liquid 5 ounces each of baking soda, cream of tartar, saltpeter and borax and an ounce of alum. Pulverize and mix these and dissolve in one gallon of boiling water and add to the mixture about 20 gallons of pure limewater. This will about fill a cider barrel. Put the eggs in carefully so as not to crack any of the shells, letting the water always stand an inch above the eggs, which can be done by placing a barrel head a little smaller upon them and weighting it. This amount of liquid will preserve 150 dozen eggs. It is not necessary to wait to get a full barrel or smaller package of eggs, but they can be put in at any time that they can be obtained fresh. The same liquid should be used only once.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Second-Crop Seed Potatoes.

The potato grower who has a home market for his crop and wants to be first in that market, will find it to his advantage to use second-crop seed potatoes. These small tubers are full of vitality, and whether planted whole or cut, send up but one sprout. The plant grows vigorously, and the new tubers grow to remarkable size in less time than those from ordinary seed. For an extra early crop, the grower will make no mistake in planting the true second-crop seed of good early varieties of potatoes. In the South two crops of potatoes are often grown the same season. The second planting is made in midsummer with seed from the first crop. The second crop grows till frost, and its product is the true second-crop seed recommended.

To Succeed with Turkeys.

To succeed with turkeys all that is required is good healthy vigorous stock and a little painstaking care with the young birds for the first week or two after they are hatched, after which they will take care of themselves and will need little or no food until time to fatten them in the fall.

Household Hints.

A GOOD HOME DINNER.

Cream of Rice Soup.
Broiled Beefsteak with Mushrooms.
Stewed Tomatoes, Browned Potatoes.
Lettuce Salad, French Dressing.
Apple Pie.
Edam Cheese. Crackers.
Coffee.

* * *

A good stuffing for baked fish is a close layer of oysters dipped in buttered bread crumbs, the two halves of the fish being pinned together along the edge with small wooden skewers. Haddock at this time of the year is a good variety to bake. Any baked fish should be served with Hollandaise sauce which is made from butter and yolks of eggs, seasoned with cayenne, salt and lemon, according to any good rule. For fillet of fish a flat variety like flounders is preferred, pieces of which are rolled in egg and crumbs and treated precisely like croquettes. Fillet of fish is usually served with a tomato sauce, daintily seasoned with parsley, spice and herbs. Chartreuse of fish and flaked cold fish are good breakfast or luncheon dishes, which the successful Lenten cook learns how to prepare.

* * *

A learned doctor, pleading for soup on every dinner table, says: "A person comes to dinner weary and hungry, and needs, first, something to stimulate the secretions of the stomach; the first course, hot soup, does this by its action upon the nerves, which control the blood vessels. Taking the soup slowly is an aid to digestion, and if not a favorite dish, hot fish or oysters can be substituted, serving the same purpose. The joint or roast can then be taken with benefit to the system, and the game, vegetables and 'sweets' should follow in their order, not necessarily in courses, for the plain family dinner."

* * *

There are but two kinds of soup—cream or clear. In making the latter half milk may be used, or the yolk of an egg, instead of literal cream, instead of making the bisque of clams. There nothing but the genuine article will suffice. Don't skim soup. What rises to the surface is what you want in your stock. Get the foreleg of beef, never take a hind leg. Use one quart of cold soft water to one pound of meat and edibles, simmer one hour to each pound. Put the cracked bones in the bottom of the kettle, lay the meat cut from them on top, add water and simmer. For the last hour add the vegetables. Strain and set in a cold place, but not in the refrigerator. The next day take the grease off the top if it is winter weather; in the summer leave it on, but, of course, only take the jellied stock from beneath it. The same grease may be tried out in boiling water and used for all purposes of drippings. Never add the salt to soup till the last thing, as it will harden the water. Thicken cream soups with one tablespoonful of butter to two of flour, for one quart of liquid, rubbing it smooth and adding it to scalded milk.

* * *

A new way to serve tomatoes is as a souffle. Simmer canned tomatoes forty-five minutes, strain off the watery part, and set aside. To the pulp add two or three slices of onion and simmer again for three-quarters of an hour. Drain again, put the pulp through a puree sieve, and to every cupful allow two eggs. Separate the whites and yolks, beat the latter light and the whites to a dry froth. Mix the yolks with the tomato, season to taste of salt and white pepper, mix with yolks, and bake at once in a hot oven for ten minutes. Bake either in individual cases well buttered or in a pudding dish.

An Original Apple.

A New York apple man is quite gone on the discovery of the Ben Davis apple that is raised down in Egypt, state of Illinois. It's red, solid and pretty as a picture. There's no more flavor to it than to a doorknob; no more taste than to a piece of clay, and no more smell than in a piece of ice; but it brings $9 a barrel.

"It ain't an eater; it's a cooker." It never rots, even when bruised. The bruise will only dry up. Freezing don't hurt it. It never falls to pieces when cooked. But it's because it hasn't any flavor of its own that it is esteemed so highly. It can be cooked with any other fruit, especially canned, and its flavor is peach, pear, apricot, orange, or whatever it has been cooked with. It's a kind of fruit sponge for soaking up other fruit juices. It is pretty much of a favorite for those who like it that it would not be surprising if the growers claim that it is a descendant of the original fruit that made such bad work in the Garden of Eden.

Eat Macaroni and Hot Bread.

In the Italian colony of Gotham, which is better known, perhaps, as Little Italy, macaroni and hot bread is the staff of life. In every kitchen, from the lowest to the highest, it is daily cooked in some form, and with the very poor it is often almost the only food. There are as many modes of serving it as there are grades in the social scale. The poorest class of people simply boil their macaroni in salted water. A frequent sight is of picturesque, ragged, brown-skinned creatures eating long, slippery ropes of boiled macaroni in the open streets. With head thrown well back they hold one end of the long, floury ribbon in the fingers high in the air. It rapidly grows shorter and shorter and finally disappears altogether. People a little higher in the social scale still boil macaroni in salted water, but drink cheap Chianti wine with it. In private families and in the Italian restaurants of the better class it is cooked in many delicious ways.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Child's Collection.

The child collector of wishbones has, I think, been distanced. "Please, grandpa," said a little friend of mine recently, "please tell me what you said to grandma when you proposed to her?" "Not I, my boy. That's a thing thee'll never know," drawled the old Quaker. "Oh, do tell me," pleaded the child. "Papa has told me how he proposed, and Tom Rutherford's father, and Uncle Jack. Please do, grandpa, I'm making a collection of pops and I want you to be in it."—Critic.

A Curious Profession for Women.

There are women in Vienna who make a living by being "physician subjects." One of them, for example, hires herself out to medical men as a subject on which they may illustrate laryngology and rhinology. She receives about 3 shillings an hour, furnishing her own instruments. Her throat has so little sensibility that the manipulations produce no irritation.—Strand Magazine.

Two Kinds of Coats.

"Are you aware," said the scientific boarder, "that if a coat of paint is applied to a man he will die within a few hours?"

"I wasn't aware," replied the Cheerful Idiot. "I have noticed, though, that a man may survive a coat of whitewash till the next election."—Indianapolis Journal.

Accidents will Happen.

"You made a slight mistake in my poem this morning," said the poet.

"Sorry," replied the editor. "What was it?"

"Well, I wrote: 'The clouds hang murky o'er the west,' and you made me say: 'The crowds hang turkey o'er my desk."—Atlanta Constitution.

Taking the Shingles Off.

A Pontiac, Mich., man who had bought some fresh fish was engaged in scaling them, when his little 3-year-old girl, who had been watching the carpenters tearing shingles from an old roof, called to her mother, "Papa's just going to spoil these fish, 'cause he's just taking the shingles all off from them, an' they'll leak."

Should Have Married a Barber.

"I wish my husband would quit his present business," said Mrs. Spiffins. "As long as he remains in it he will be at the foot."

"What business is he in?" asked Mrs. Manchester.

"He's a chiropodist."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Profitable Fair.

Clara—"Was your fair a success?"

Dora—"Yes, indeed. The minister will have cause to be grateful."

"How much was made?"

"Nothing. The receipts were less than the expenses, but sixteen of us got engaged and the minister is to perform the ceremonies."—New York Weekly.

Advice to His Flock.

An English paper says that the archbishop of York recently sent a letter to his clergy, asking them to abstain from tobacco during Lent; an announcement was made at the same time that the archbishop would go abroad for a longer vacation than usual.

The Kind of a Girl to Have.

Brite Daze—"Dere goes a gal dat we orter get acquainted wid."

Sloppy Wedder—"Why?"

Brite Daze—"I just heard dat dude say dat she intoxicates 'im ev'y time he's wid her."—Brooklyn Life.

A Singular Thing.

"I've been pondering over a very singular thing."

"What is it?"

"How putting a ring on a woman's third finger should place you under that woman's thumb."—Washington Star.

COMPARISON

Two fashions ne'er together come
The charm is with their rustle—
How strange a girl would look, by gum!
Without a bustle.—Exchange.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Lucky He Was Alone.

A certain man in our town set out the other day to celebrate his little son's birthday and went down cellar to make him a freezer of icecream. He was going to an afternoon tea and had just twenty minutes in which to freeze the cream. He managed to crack the ice and three of his fingers in the first five minutes. Then he gouged a hole in the palm of his hand with the icepick, but finally got the freezer packed and flew at the crank with bloody hands and made it revolve at the rate of 1,000,000 revolutions an hour. One can always tell by the way the freezer turns when the cream is stiffening, but at the end of twenty minutes that freezer was gyrating around as easily as when he began; so he flung off his coat, got a little madder, and increased the number of revolutions by 250,000. At the end of ten minutes the thing was still flying around with no indications of the cream "coming." Finally he jerked off the lid, and then fell down in a dead faint, frothing at the mouth. All that terrific effort had been expended on an empty freezer! The cream was upstairs on the kitchen table. It was a birthday and a festive occasion, and the dignity of the head of the family must be maintained. But he was down cellar and alone.—Boston Beacon.

A New Idea.

The idea of having matinee performances begin at 5 and end at 8 is an innovation introduced by one theatrical manager in London. A cause assigned for its existence over there is that it accommodates the suburban resident who may have the day in town, for shopping or social duties, enjoy the play in addition and still reach home early in the evening. Suburban folk, on this side, have many of them applauded the 2 o'clock theatrical performance, because it came in daylight, and permitted a return home in time for dinner. It is hardly probable that the change would be regarded with favor.

Profitable Farming in Wisconsin.

Settlers on the timber lands now being offered in small tracts by the Northwestern Lumber company, Eau Claire, Wis., are finding the soil so well adapted to growing all varieties of tame grasses that they are able to make dairying a very profitable industry. It is also said that potatoes, and all other vegetables, yield remarkably well, and are of such excellent quality that they sell readily at top prices in the big cities of the Northwest. These lands are located in a thickly-settled country, convenient to schools, churches and good markets.

Before and After.

"Casionally," said Uncle Eben, "er young man seems a heap mo' willin' ter spend money on valentines fo' er young lady dan he is ter settle de grocery bill after he marries her."—Washington Star.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—The rivers in Europe and even the Zuyder Zee, were frozen, while a sheet of ice covered the Hellespont in 1622.

MAY THE FIRST.

The race doth move, with woman
Ever in the van;
While behind with stovepipes in his arms,
Disconsolate walks man.

—Detroit Tribune.

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.

Henry P. Booth, West Superior, pneumatic brake for vehicles; Daniel Bullock, Fort Atkinson, wagon axle; Bert Dale, Milwaukee, water-closet cistern; Hubert Longaner, Milwaukee, elevator; Targe G. Mandt, Stoughton, wildfire-trap; John N. Moehn, Milwaukee, car coupling; George A. Shields, Bristol, ditching machine; Neil Smith, Superior, velocipede; Beverly L. Worden, Milwaukee, drawbridge. Trade Mark: Oriental Manufacturing company, Milwaukee, fig coffee.

Wanted a Full Load.

Coogan (below)—"Say, Murphy!"

Murphy (above) — "Phwat do yez want?"

Coogan—"Jist throw me down a bairick till Oi fill up me hod."—Schuylerville Standard.

For Well People.

Most medicines are for the sick. Some can be used with good effects by persons apparently well. Occasional resort to Ripans Tabules prevents attacks that result from disorders of the stomach and liver.

To preserve is better and cheaper than to repair.

His Preference.

Magistrate — "Do you prefer charges against this man?" McSwat—"Sure, yer honor, I prefer damages."—Philadelphia Record.

Another One Gone Right.

"I must say right here that the two boxes of No-to-bac I bought at the drug store here, completely cured me of the tobacco habit," are the cheering words received by the Sterling Remedy Co., of Chicago, from G. H. Hood, of Spring Green, Wis.

—Both the Empress Eugenie and the Princess of Wales have property in France which they hold in other names.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, dyspepsia, bad taste in the mouth, heartburn, torpid liver, foul breath, sallow skin, coated tongue, pimples, loss of appetite, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women;