Good

Is Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it cures the severest cases of scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia and rheumatism. If you are a sufferer try

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

FED ON HORSE MEAT.

Residents of Los Angeles Ate Broncho Steaks Instead of Beef.

Something of a sensation has been caused in the residence parts of town remote from the markets and where traveling venders of toothsome steaks and roasts are regularly patronized, says a Los Angeles dispatch to the San Francisco Chronicle, by the discovery of the board of health that much of the alleged beef which has been sold for an indefinite period is nothing else than the remainders of Southern California bronchos after the period of usefulness of those equine friends of man is past. Health Officer Steddom today laid the matter before the board of health and a long and earnest discussion followed the recital of the sensation by the health officers. Dr. Steddom told how his inspectors had first discovered that horses were being butchered and sold as beef in the city. He said that enough evidence had been accumulated to convince the health office that horse flesh was really being peddled about as beef, and the industry is believed to be a large and growing one, as bronchos are considerably cheaper than bovines in that part of the country. The evidence, however, was not of such a nature as to admit of its use in convicting the guilty persons of the offense.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

—Excitement was intense at Vancouver recently among mining men, owing to the fact that fabulously rich quartz had been found on Texada island, on the abandoned Lorndale claim, Texada island is some forty miles from Vancouver, and it is but recently that gold was known to exist there in paying quantities. The quartz in question was free milling, and there were chuncks of gold sticking out all over that could be cut away with a penknife. The specimens ran about $40,000 to the ton.

—Baron Ferdinand Rothschild possesses an old "grandfather's" clock that originally cost over $150,000. The mechanism records the day of the week, month of the year, the phases of the moon and strikes each hour. The quarters are chimed with a different bell, and (a rare thing with these clocks), it has a second-hand. The case was made by Wertheimer, and stands fourteen feet high. It was originally the property of Louis XVI.

—Great Britain's new cruiser Talbot, which is to replace the Magicienne on the North American station, will greatly strengthen the fleet, as she is twice the size of the vessel she replaces, and has a much more powerful armament.

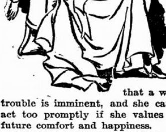
—The principal and no doubt the richest fishing grounds for pearls is among the Moluccas group of islands.

—Liquefied hydrogen is the most volatile liquid. It boils at 211 degrees below zero.

"WORN OUT."

A COMMON EXPRESSION USED BY AMERICAN WOMEN.

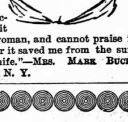
Many do not Realize the Full Significance of Those Two Words.



When a woman is nervous and irritable, head and back ache, feels tired all the time, loses sleep and appetite, has pains in groins, bearing-down sensation, whites and irregularities, she is not "worn out," but feels as if she were. Such symptoms tell her that a womb trouble is imminent, and she cannot act too promptly if she values her future comfort and happiness.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America, go to prove beyond a question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., as thousands of women do.

Here is a lady who says:—



"Let me add my name to your list of testimonials. For years I suffered with such a weakness of the back I could not stand straight. I had terrible pains in my womb. The doctor said an operation must be performed, as there was no other way to be cured. I was afraid to have the operation performed, and kept trying the medicines that I saw advertised. At last I tried yours. After taking three bottles I felt like a new woman. I recommend it to every woman, and cannot praise it enough, for it saved me from the surgeon's knife."—MRS. **MARK BUCH**, Dolgeville, N. Y.

ONE OF EGYPT'S MYSTERIES.

A Lake, Part of Which is Fresh and the Other Part Very Salt.

During the reign of Said Pasha a causeway was built across the lake of Mareotis, with the result that the western portion of the lake became highly impregnated with salt, while the eastern part remained as formerly, only slightly brackish. Scientists are not satisfied as to the source of the immense quantity of salt contained in the lake, and some have conjectured an underground passage from the sea. However, there is no visible channel by which the sea water might enter, and, as one can ride all around it, it is, to all intents and purposes, a lake.

Its length is about nine miles and its breadth four, and it furnishes the entire salt supply for Egypt. A miniature railway runs from the workshops to the lake, where the salt is cut and the trucks filled by gangs of Bedouins, who, during the season, are at work day and night. At the workshops the salt is ground and packed, and from there distributed all over the country.

To the unconscious mind the main charm of this lake is its beauty. As one stands on the thick crust of salt near the shore, which stretches as far as the eye can see, one feels exactly as if standing on a field of ice, and in addition to the dazzling whiteness of the salt, its beauty is enhanced by a pink tinge, which at the edges of the lake deepens to a mauve. The cause of this color is also a matter of conjecture, and has been attributed to minute organisms contained in the salt; whatever its origin, it fades as the salt becomes dry, but while damp the effect of the imprisoned color is indescribably lovely.

To get an entirely different phase of the sight one must ride over the causeway. Here one has the ice field on the right, and on the left the rippling blue Mareotis. About half way across, where the lake is deeper and the salt crust has not formed, the scenery changes. The water has the still and heavy look of the Dead sea, but, unlike the latter, which looks like molten brass, this milky lake, with the clouds and the blue sky reflected in it, might be likened to a vast opal, and the setting sun, throwing a fiery ball into its depths, completes the similitude.

To eyes accustomed to the soft and varying tints of green in an English landscape, the setting might seem unworthy of this gem, for the surrounding hills boast no verdure. But after a short residence in this desert one learns to admire the hills, in which all the sepia tones are blended, and when lighted up by the setting sun the coloring calls to wind the western windows of Magdalen chapel.

This enchanting scene, however, is evanescent. As the salt is formed by evaporation, it is only during the hot summer months that this can take place, and with the first autumn rain the picture fades away and the sparkling ice field resolves itself into a placid lake of blue.—London Telegraph.

A Mine on Fire for Twelve Years.

A question referred to Attorney-General Monett of Ohio by Mine Inspector Haseltine discloses a remarkable situation. Twelve years ago, during the great miners' strike, mine 139, at New Straitsville, owned by John Elliott of Zanesville and operated by the Great Vein Coal company, was fired. It was afterward abandoned. Recently the discovery was made that the coal has been burning all these years, and threatens, unless extinguished, not only to communicate to other mines, but to let many houses drop through the roof. As real estate is already low enough in that vicinity, the land owners object to the threatened collapse. Elliott, the owner of the mine, will be asked to put out the fire, and in case of refusal will be prosecuted.

Pianos that Catch Cold.

Half the pianos of this country catch winter colds exactly as we do. They get hoarse, or have a cough, or a stiff note, or some similar complaint which cannot be cured by home remedies, but which requires tedious and expensive doctoring.

In order to prevent these avoidable ailments a piano should be kept in a moderately warm room, where the temperature is even, say 60 or 70 degrees, the year round—not cold one day and hot the next. The instrument should not, however, be too near the source of heat. It should be kept closed, and covered with a felt cloth when not in use, particularly in frosty weather.

Always place the piano against an inside wall, and a little out from it.—Answers.

Tastes in Complexions.

What constitutes beauty of complexion? To the negro a beautiful complexion consists in ebony blackness. The Tartar and Mongolian races of the polar regions of America see beauty only in yellow skins. The Indians admire a brown complexion. Numbers of barbarous people conceal the natural tint of their skins under a staining of many colors; others are indelibly marked with a general tattooing. The Greenlanders paint their faces with yellow and white. The Decanaises stain themselves yellow and redden their hands and feet. Of course, the white people of America and Europe find the greatest beauty in the white skins brightened with a touch of rose color.

The Little Toe to Go.

A comparative anatomist says that the little toe has got to go; that it is a useless appendage, already showing signs of degeneration or withering away, says the Boston Journal. It is proved that the horse, in the course of several centuries, has dropped four toes and now travels on one, and some think that man's pedal extremities are bound to follow a similar line of evolution. In the horse it is the middle digit which has survived as the fittest. In man it will be the first or great toe.

—A dispatch from Rossland, B. C., states that the latest dividend of the Le Roi paid yesterday, makes a total of $250,000 paid to date. With the advent of the Red Mountain road the shipments will be increased and it is expected that soon $50,000 a month will be paid. Ore running $48 per ton has been struck in the Jumbo mine. In the Slocan country the Ruth mine has been sold to an English party for $166,000, and the Payne group to Salt Lake and Montana parties for $125,000. The Sapphire group has been bonded to Nelson people for $15,000. Half of the St. Keverne has been bonded to California parties for $10,000.

—The Wyoming Press has the following good story: "One day this week as George W. Cooper and a young man named Nieberger were on the road with their team from Coe & Coe's camp to Piedmont, a big mountain lion jumped at the team and lit on the double trees. Neither of the men had a weapon save a pocket knife, but Cooper sprang upon the beast and seized it by the back of the neck, while Neiberger, equally plucky caught the animal by the tail. After a lively tussle they got the brute down and with the pocket knife managed to cut the lion about the neck so badly that it bled to death. There were three other lions seen at the same time, but they ran away."

—The ancient Egyptians at their grand festivals and parties of pleasure, always had a coffin placed on the table at meals, containing a mummy or a skeleton of painted wood, which was presented to each guest with this admonition: "Look upon this and enjoy yourself; for such will you become when divested of your mortal garb."

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages.
Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

LOVE AMONG THE THORNS.

She wears a mannish collar, and she squanders every dollar
On dresses, trim and tight and tailor-made;
Since the time when first I knew her have her eyes been growing bluer;
And I'd woo her, but the truth is—I'm afraid!
For you see she's full of notions, such as silly Swedish motions
For developing her muscles like a lad's;
And so, naturally, I fear to come uncomfortably near to
A girl with forty fin de siecle fads.

Only lately 'twas her hobby in a legislative lobby
To rob the stately senators of peace;
Then she went to seven lectures on Italian architectures,
With now and then a reference to Greece.
But she soon adopted bowling, balls of lignum vitae rolling
At triangular assemblages of pins;
Then she lectured like a parson to the men in jail for arson,
As a penance for imaginary sins.

I'm confident I love her, but the little stars above her
Are not quite so unattainable as she;
For she frequently has stated that she's now emancipated,
And matrimony's galling to the free.
It has passed the point of joking, and become a thing provoking,
From whim to whim unceasingly she gads;
And though all my life I tarry, I declare I'll never marry
A girl with forty fin de siecle fads!

—Munsey's.

MY OWN DECEASE.

I.

Although undoubtedly I had been very ill, I am by no means certain of my facts at about this time; so whether I was the victim of a little too much indulgence in the flowing bowl, or of a lively imagination, or of a hypnotic trance, I really cannot say, any way, one morning I seemed to be conscious that I was talking with a demon, who sat by my bedside. He was a very pleasant sort of a fellow and not bad looking, but somehow I knew he was a demon.

"Would you like to hear what they are saying about you and go to your own funeral?" he asked, pleasantly.

"People generally do attend that ceremony personally," I suggested; then, after a moment's reflection, I asked: "Am I dead, then?"

"Of course. Did you not know it?"

"If I did it must have escaped my memory," I replied, imperturbably.

"Well, you are dead, but I will give you the remarkable power of going among your family in the spirit and invisible to them."

"That's very kind of you, but I've heard you people seldom perform services for nothing. What recompense do you require?"

"None. The penalty you will pay will be sufficient reward for me."

"What penalty?"

"To see yourself as others see you, and hear what they say of you."

My friend then dematerialized himself into thin air, and the next moment I was gliding noiselessly down the stairs.

I should explain to you that I am an orphan, without parents, but a member of a large family; sisters, brothers, cousins and all the rest of it. I happen to have more money than any of the others, and have hitherto been much sought after on account of many excellent personal qualities. I am not married. Well, the fact is, I am of a rather retiring disposition, and not having yet come across a girl who would help me out with the preliminaries, I had not found courage to take the fatal plunge. My eldest sister, Priscilla, had therefore been keeping house for me.

I easily passed through the closed parlor door without opening it, which was very convenient, and found myself, unseen by them, in the midst of relatives from different parts of the country. They were waiting breakfast for some important person who had not yet made his appearance. I was foolish enough to think it might be myself and sat down to my customary seat at the foot of the table; but, of course, no one saw me. I had forgotten for the moment that I was a dematerialized spirit. Soon, however, the door opened, and the important individual entered the apartment. It was my eldest brother Tom. Now I began to understand He was my executor and residuary legatee. He represented me, the late Crawley Slowquicker, Esq., deceased, hence all the court and deference paid to him. This was absurd, you know, for a bigger fool never lived.

Well, he made straight for my chair, and sat down where I was sitting! This was stepping into my shoes with a vengeance—actually usurping the same place occupied by my disembodied spirit. Tom was a bulky fellow, and I felt the affront Besides, wishing better to watch the proceedings, I got up quickly and sat behind my chair.

Two things especially attracted my attention, and somewhat shocked me. In the first place, Priscilla's presiding seemed much more lavish than under my regime, and in the second I was struck by the happiness and gayety of the whole company. This was calculated to take my fatuity down a few pegs, for I had fondly imagined that my death would plunge my entire family in the uttermost depths of despair. But it hadn't.

"I never like going into black," Priscilla was saying in her even tones to Aunt Gwen, "it's so very unlucky."

"I don't mind the change at all," said Aunt Gwen;" the color just suits me, you know. But I really can't tell what orders to give, not knowing how I am provided for."

"That's as good as asking," said Tom, with one of his horrible laughs which I used to consider hearty. "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. I suppose the regular thing is to read the will after the funeral; but as it's all among ouselves it does not matter, and I'll read it to all directly after breakfast."

Then they started talking about their late relation, Crawley Slowquicker, and the things I heard about myself positively astonished me.

They were all sadly deficient in the bump of reverence, and I found that not one of them entertained that respect and affection for me of which I had imagined they were all possessed. Now I fully realized the truth of my friend the demon's words. It was a dreadful penalty to pay, a sad mortification to hear what they said of me, and to see myself as others saw me.

"Well, of course," my cousin Vernon said, responding to some remark in a virtuously deprecatory tone. "Of course, de mortuis nil nisi bonum, and all that sort of thing, you know; but I can't help saying that Crawley was always mean—horribly mean!"

Confound the fellow! And this was a man to whom I had left £500, forgiving him all the money he owed me, which was as good as double the legacy!

"No, no; not mean," Tom answered, and I blessed him for those words, but he spoiled it all by adding, "A bit careful, you know."

"Ah, I should think so," says Priscilla. "You will hardly believe it, but it's a fact he never allowed me money enough to keep house decently."

Of course, this was not true, as you may imagine. She was always wanting more money, and yet it never succeeded in purchasing anything remarkable. And this was my sister Pris, whom I had always thought so affectionate, so entirely devoted to me. Oh, it was too horrible.

These three were my principal legatees. If I had only known sooner! But how was that possible?

I knew what I would do. I had made up my mind—and having no body, I was all mind now—I would go at once to my solicitor's, and have a codicil drawn up while there was yet time. But stay, there was no time; it was too late. I had quite forgotten that I was only a poor ghost, a dematerialized spirit, and that old idiot, Sharpitlaw, was so wedded to routine and old-fashioned custom that he would certainly regard a posthumous testament as informal, and as I was invisible he would treat my signature as null and decidedly void.

When next I turned toward my amiable and disinterested family circle, I perceived that the breakfast things had been removed, and Tom Slowquicker sat in the armchair with my will spread out before him.

"There's someone missing," he said, looking around him, magisterially; "who is it?"

"Only my sister Minnie," Vernon remarked, casually. "I went to her this morning, but she's so upset about his death that she feels quite ill, and could not come down to breakfast."

"Don't be absurd," said Priscilla; "why, she never gave him so much as a civil word." Then, sotto voce to her brother: "And that's what has upset her, I expect. She is afraid she has spoiled her chances of a legacy."

Oh, that spiteful Priscilla! If I could only alter my will! But it was too late, for here was my executor standing, or rather sitting, in my place. At least there was one thing I could do; I would find my friend, the demon, and see if arrangements could not be made for haunting them!

But these precious words about Minnie had sent balm into my tortured spirit, so that my incorporate heart throbbed, shaking the venetians, and Tom asked where the draft came from. I would go to her at once, so I traversed the closed door again, passing them all as the sigh of a summer breeze, which is we know not what, or whence it comes, or whither it goes—a breath from—well, no matter where; I don't exactly know myself.

Thus I went upstairs and into Minnie's room, where I found the poor girl still in bed, her cheeks pale, her eyes red with weeping, all the signs upon her of a sleepless night of sorrow, and pressed close to her soft bosom she held a likeness of my unworthy self, which I had given her once long ago. And this was the girl who never spoke save to ridicule and poke fun at me, whose dislike for me was almost proverbial in the family; and yet the girl whose love—with usual human perversity—I would have given all the world to win.

Ah, this knowledge of her heart's secret was sweet to me! It gave me courage. I would comfort her. I would pour forth my love. I would tell her—stay! what could I tell her? Was I not forgetting again that I was only a poor ghost—merely the shadow of a shade? Was I not unseen by her? And even were it possible for me to make myself visible for a few moments, I should only succeed in terrifying my poor love out of her senses.

Alas! was this the realization of a hereafter? the punishment of early vanities and sins? To see things just as they are, and yet to be so miserably impotent to alter them; to see, too, what might have been, and to beat out my weary spirit on into enternity in vain longing for a fruition that can never come!

My funeral was appointed to take place the next day. It was a very grand affair altogether, and cake and wine had been laid in the parlor to entertain the guests upon this festive occasion. I dare say I should have done the same had I been burying a relation, but somehow it hurt me to see my best dry sherry being put away.

As I accompanied the mourners down the steps, I suddenly perceived my friend the demon by my side. Vainly I sought a coach, but could find no room. I turned to him somewhat angrily, and remarked:

"I say, you promised I should go to my own funeral, but I don't seem to have been considered in the arrangement at all."

"You forget that corporeally you hold the place of honor at the head of the procession, but in the spirit you can get in here. There's only the doctor and the clergyman."

"Between the doctor and the parson! Really, my dear demon, you are remarkable for a most sardonic humor."

Well, the men of medicine and religion talked politics all the way, which I thought inappropriate; but as they were both Conservatives they did not disagree. I am a Liberal myself, and began vociferously expounding Mr. Gladstone's policy, quite oblivious that my gesticulations were unseen, my words unheard by them.

"Good job for yourself you are dead," said the demon. "You're just the sort to get into a jolly row with redhot politicians!"

The cemetery was soon reached, and I looked down and saw my coffin lowered into the open grave.

"Earth to earth——"

A few lumps were thrown, and fell upon the lid with a grewsome rattle, and——

II.

I awoke with a start, and my eyes met those of my brother Tom, who asked, cheerily, "Well, how do you do now, old fellow?" But I turned from him—for I could not help thinking of him as I had seen him last, reading my will down in the parlor—turned away and encountered my darling little Minnie, who sat unobserved in a remote corner of the room, and I felt, oh! so grateful and happy at seeing her there. I felt then that it was not all a dream.

I have used feigned names in this veracious tale, because I think she would not like to know the strange experience which led me to take courage to woo, and, by and by, wed her.—Spare Moments.

PLENTY OF GOLD.

Western Nevada and Eastern California Are Possessed of Rich Deposits.

Charles D. Walcott, director of the United States geological survey, has recently returned to Washington from a trip of investigation in Western Nevada and Eastern California. He made a careful study of the gold deposits of the Silver Peak district of Nevada, and also visited several points of interest along the Inyo range of Eastern California.

He considers the group of quartz mines on the ridge northwest of the town of Silver Peak, Nev., as embracing one of the most promising gold districts in the West. The mines of this group extend along the line of outcrop for between three and four miles. They have never been opened up systematically, and very little work other than prospecting has been done upon them during the last thirty years, the rich silver mines situated some six miles to the south having monopolized the attention of those interested in mining development in the district. There is no need, however, of extensive mining operations to show the extent and value of the gold-bearing quartz; it lies on and near the surface along the Eastern slope of the range and is cut through by six main canyons. These canyons reveal the fact that a quartzite of Lower Cambrian age is penetrated on the line of its bedding by a large number of quartz veins, all of which are auriferous. Some of these are fully six feet in thickness, large portions of the mass averaging in value $10 to $12 per ton. Large pockets occur which are much richer. If this single group of mines were worked by modern methods, Mr. Walcott says, they should together produce at least $1,000,000 worth a year, and possibly much more.

There are other promising gold deposits, which are located west of Sodaville, in Esmeralda county, Nev., and there is still gold left in the Gold Mountain district, about fifty miles southeast of Silver Peak.

Mr. Walcott's purpose in visiting this region was to determine whether it was desirable to enter upon the topographic mapping and geologic survey thereof. He thinks that the work should be taken up at once, and is of the opinion that, with better transportation facilities, there will be further discoveries of gold, and that mines already known but now idle will be successfully worked. This is, moreover, a bituminous coal field, twenty-five miles north of Silver Peak, which promises to be of economic interest, as well as copper deposits west of Saline valley. Under existing conditions, the extensive silver deposits cannot be worked with profit.

A THOUSAND LIGHT SIGN.

It Adorns the Facade of the New Grand Theater Building.

The largest electric sign in New England, that on the Washington street facade of the New Grand theater, was lighted on Saturday night, and attracted the attention of thousands of passersby. The sign is composed of 1000 incandescent lamps of 32-candle power each, and the letters which they make are four feet high and about the same width. The sign tells the name of the theater and underneath gives the prices.

It took four men a month to make the sign and it cost the company that erected it about $5000. Unlike other electric signs in New England, the letters in which the electric lamps are set on this one are made of block tin, instead of wood and they are lighter and will stand wear much better than the old style signs. Three separate currents from the street main supply the lights and the sign is controlled from three switchboards in the theater.—Boston Herald.

An Immense Ram

The Pennsylvania Steel Casting company of Chester, Pa., has cast the ram for the battleship Kearsarge, now being built at Newport News. This is believed to be the largest casting of the kind turned out in this country, weighing, when ready for shipment, about 70,000 pounds of metal, and in five hours it was ready to be poured into the huge mould.

Monetary Conference Call.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 5.—The executive committee in charge of the arrangements for the currency reform convention to meet in this city on January 12, today agreed upon asking boards of trade or similar commercial bodies in cities of 8000 or more population to send delegates to the conference.

—The "forty-foot vein" of gold-bearing quartzite found on Cow creek, Wyo., in the Grand Encampment district, proves to have been a blow-out, and is but three or four feet wide. It's a great find, however, and will be developed as soon as spring opens.

FOR THE FARMER.

A Magic Gift.

I always believed the fairy tales,
For with every year I grew
I found that more and more of them
Were the truest kind of true.

And of all tales I knew and loved
In the days when I was small,
You have chosen, to prove its truth to me,
The prettiest one of all.

The tale of the maid whose lips dropped pearls,
And roses and all things sweet,
Because she was simply civil and kind
To a fairy she chanced to meet.

Why shouldn't it happen to girls—and boys—
In the days when fairies flew—
Since a few poor latter-day words of mine
Have been turned into flowers by you?

—H. C. Hunner in the Christmas (December) Scribner's.

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*Verses acknowledging some flowers, sent him in gratitude for a reading he had given in aid of a charity.

Making Livestock "Hustle."

As winter is approaching, I will offer a few suggestions, says a Missouri man in the Prairie Farmer. These hard times it behooves the farmer and stockraiser to practice economy. By all means do not spend any money or time fixing up the horse stables. Let the horses get hardened to it so they can stand the real cold weather when it comes; they will not be so apt to take cold if you should go to town or church and leave them out for a few hours. Horses are getting entirely too tender by being pampered and housed up so closely. In regard to the cows: A cow that will not do well with a barbed wire fence for a shelter is not worth her keeping. Harden them by all means. When it comes to building warm stables and feeding them ground feed they deteriorate; their teeth are made to grind their feed, so by all means let them grind it. Occasionally when the weather is not too bad and you feel like standing around to let them take the nubbins from your hands it might not hurt them, but if the weather is real bad just dump a little fodder to them, or, better still, put the dogs after them and chase them to the strawstack. The exercise will warm them up and do them good. Oh! some of you scientific fellows may laugh at this suggestion, but I know it will work because I have seen it tried in Iowa and Missouri. Why, a dog is one of the best cream raisers yet, if you only give him a chance. Look at the way hogs have been dying off for the last few years! It is all caused by their being too tender; caused by keeping them in warm houses, feeding ground feed. Turn them in a bare lot and feed them a few ears of corn with the shuck on; that will give them exercise. Do not give them too much at a time or they won't scramble for it. Do this and mark the improvement.

Crimson Clover for Horses.

The division of botany of the United States department of agriculture has investigated the cause of death of horses that have been allowed to feed on overripe crimson clover (trifolium incarnatum), a forage plant that has been boomed by the agricultural press of many of the Northern states. The calyx of this clover is densely beset with stiff hairs, which at maturity become thick-walled, and doubtless, though not so stated by the department, the cellulose constituting the young cell of which the cell is composed, is transformed into lignin, or some other substance indigestible for the horse. The surface of the hair is marked by sharp pointed tubercles bent toward the apex. Taken into the stomach of the horse, these hairs form themselves into masses of a spherical shape. They are arranged with their bases toward the center of the ball, this position being facilitated by the tubercles pointed toward the apex of the hair. When the balls reach a certain size, apparently in from a few days to several weeks, they pass into the intestines, where they form obstructions, causing intense suffering and death in a few hours following the appearance of the first symptoms. No bad effects are observed when the clover is eaten before the seed matures. The fatal effects have mainly occurred when the plants were allowed to ripen and the straw and refuse, after threshing, had been fed to the horses. From all of which we conclude that crimson clover is an excellent crop to plow under, or to allow to mature and be used to reduce the surplus horse stock of the country.

Storing Onions.

Onions have to be handled very carefully in order to keep well. In the first place it is utterly useless to try to winter onions successfully, unless they are perfectly sound and well capped over to begin with. If they have been kept somewhat damp, or in large bulk (as in barrels, etc.), and have begun to emit roots, or started to grow at the top, don't try to keep them for any length of time. There may be a way to dry them off again, say in a kiln in moderate heat, or possibly by exposing them to the fumes of burning sulphur, but this is only surmise and suggestion, and as a matter for experiment. I want dry, sound, dormant bulbs, and nothing else for wintering. Then we have to provide a cool, dry room, and even here the onions must be stored so that there is a circulation of air all through them all the time. For this purpose we should put them in shallow crates with slatted bottoms, filling the crates only partly, if to be stored in tiers above one another, so that there is a space between each two layers of onions. Still better it would be to have shelves of slats or coarse wire screen, storing the onions on these not over six inches deep. If the bulbs are allowed to freeze (and slight freezing will not hurt them) they must be left untouched while frozen, and kept frozen long enough so they can thaw out gradually.

How to Make the Garden Pay.

How are we to restrict the production of perishable garden stuff and remain in the garden business? says a writer in the Practical Farmer. One cannot hold garden stuff from year to year for better prices, as one could corn or wheat, but must grow them every year. With good seed put in rich, thoroughly prepared soil as early as it can be made so; with vegetables hastened to early maturity by frequent cultivation with best tools, put on the market in a clean, liberal package and in attractive form, I find I can sell at fair prices even in close, hard times like this year has been. Some markets call for certain vegetables more than others. Find out what your market demands, and rather make a specialty of a few things. With me, pie-plant, asparagus, early cabbage and early tomatoes have been leaders in vegetables, and raspberries in small fruits. I do not go much on home-made tools for any purpose, rather relying on men who make a specialty of different machinery and garden tools. Our modern implements are especially adapted for their several uses. They are light, durable and a thing of beauty compared to the general run of home-made tools.

Wintering Vegetables.

With the plethora of vegetables now usual in our markets, we might cease to talk about ways and means of producing them. In fact, it sometimes seems we should talk more about curtailing rather than increasing the production of garden crops, except the talk of increased production be the outcome of hope that better times will bring us increased consumption and increased demand. In this hope we will live, and continue to look for improved methods of production. The all-absorbing topic at this time and every fall, however, is the proper storage of vegetables. While production is pretty well understood, the most successful methods of keeping vegetables for use during winter and early spring are yet more or less a terra incognita, an unsolved problem, for the great mass of gardeners. Some suggestions have already been given on this subject.

Grit for Poultry.

For shells go to some river or pond and gather clam shells. If alive open them. The chickens will clean them of meat. Pound the shells fine by using the thimble of an old wagon hub. Set the big end down on an iron bottom bored full of ¼-inch holes, with the under side reamed out, so the pieces of shell will pass through easily. Then take an iron bar 1¼ inches through, 20 inches long, to break the shells with. Pound up the broken glass, china and crockeryware for grit. Have used the above the past year with good returns.

Growing Grain to Feed Down.

Eastern farmers when they grow grain always adopt the methods of harvesting rather than allow hogs and other stock to turn in and feed it down. This last in the West used always to be done with corn, wasting thereby some grain and

DEFECTIVE PAGE

losing altogether or nearly so the value of the corn stalks. This is now generally recognized as being too wasteful of valuable feed to be profitable. But some Western farmers think that growing rye to feed down is less wasteful than is corn for the same purpose. The rye straw as feed is undoubtedly not so valuable as the corn stalks, and where there is no market for the rye straw the grain crop may be grown for the purpose of tramping it down by hogs and pigs. A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer writes that he has found rye thus fed especially valuable for sows with young pigs. The little pigs pick up the rye grains scattered by the old sow as she crunches the rye heads. It is an excellent early feed, the rye coming to head before the Indian corn is anywhere near earing, and at a time when old corn in many farmer's cribs is exhausted. Besides, the rye is pound for pound worth more for growing animals than is the Indian corn, as rye ranks next to wheat in nitrogenous food nutrition.

Oats for Feeding.

There is reason for the fact that in proportion to its weight oats sell higher than any other grain. They are worth more pound for pound than corn, not only because they are more nitrogenous than corn and their nutriment is therefore more easily digested, but because also the hull of the oats gently excites the lining of the stomach, and thus aids digestion of all food in it. When both proteids and carbon go into the stomach the carbon is better digested, because the system gets the nutrition it needs, and all parts operate more vigorously. With oats, oil meal and cotton seed meal and wheat bran or middlings, much straw can be fed and give good returns. Try to feed straw alone, and most animals will slowly starve, because they cannot digest enough of it to keep up animal heat, and repair the waste of fats which existence implies in all living creatures.

Seasonable Poultry Notes.

I have made the mistake of having the poultry house too much crowded for best results during the winter, says E. T. Perkins in the Prairie Farmer. The best laying flocks that come under my observation are those that have the run of the barn floor, which is covered quite thickly with chaff. I would not have hens on the barn floor, though; it's no place for them. The late cockerels should be well fed in order to get them to market soon; this will give the remaining fowls more room. At one farmer's they have a flock of turkeys a year and-a-half old, including more than one male. From injudicious feeding they are little more than half as large as they should be. Fowls must be well fed to secure a good growth, and all not needed for stock should be marketed. We cannot afford to feed non-producing stock in the poultry line. If one has as good poultry as other stock, and gives them as good care, I believe, from experience, that they are fully as profitable. I like poultry and I also like cows, but if I were to decide between them, I should take hens.

Kill the First Weeds.

The abundant rains of last summer and this autumn have caused a heavy growth of weeds all over this section. Many farmers made the mistake of letting them ripen seed before cutting them, thereby seeding the ground with noxious weeds for many years to come. About four years ago I noticed a few stocks of mullein growing in our pasture. Thinking they would do no harm, they were left to grow. This fall the entire pasture was overrun with them, and the grass killed out in many places. This is the result of letting those first plants mature seeds four years ago. Will have to clean them out with hoes at a cost of several days' work, which could easily have been avoided by destroying the weeds I first noticed. Destroy all weeds before they mature seeds if you would have clean fields.

A Lack of Business Methods.

Some farmers are always complaining of hard times, telling other people how this government should be run, etc., while at the same time they cannot run a 40-acre farm successfully. They let their clover hay out on halves, some even furnishing all the tools. Others hire help in haying and pay in hay, large loads at about $1 per load, thus selling fertility off the farm for the sake of getting their work done without paying out any money. These men are always scarce of feed, and are compelled to buy in the spring, paying twice as much per ton for hay as they sold for; or they let their stock do without. One farmer told me that he could have stacked his wheat when I stacked mine, but "wasn't in much of a hurry." Rains set in and his wheat was damaged to the extent of $25 upon his own estimate. When will farmers learn to farm right? We should plan our work and use every effort to do the right thing at the right time. We are not able to continue farming in an unbusiness like manner. Take care of your stuff; cut down expenses; live more economically; work a little harder, and success will surely come.

Thrifty Farmers.

One thing which strikes the traveler passing through this portion of our state is the varying methods of different nationalities. The Germans (there are many of them in this and adjoining counties) first erect a loghouse for themselves, then a good-sized log barn. Just as soon as their clearing warrants it, or their crops demand it, up will go a fine large frame barn. Then they may begin to think of a better house, and many of the older settlers have as good as are found in the most favored localities. But they first make sure of enough barn room to hold all of their stock and crops, and with good fences and modern improvements they are well on the way to prosperity. Of others the opposite is true with a few exceptions. A shed is put up for stock, and hay and grain are stacked out, while a fine house is put up, if the farmer can raise sufficient funds by mortgage or otherwise. Manure is thrown outdoors, and I have actually seen farmers building new barns or sheds in order to get away from the manure accumulated around the old one. They will tell you they are doing the best they can under the circumstances; but the Germans started in under the same conditions and by close economy and industry have risen to be worth dollars where other classes are worth cents.

Hale and Hearty

Is the condition in which every human being was undoubtedly intended to be, and whenever this is not the case there must be something wrong. Probably in a majority of cases the trouble is in the blood, which has become impoverished or impure by reason of hereditary scrofula taints or from some other cause. In case there is scrofula in the blood there will frequently be eruptions of the skin, though sometimes the disease assumes a different form. In fact, a very large proportion of diseases are caused by this inherited taint. That the cause is in the blood is proved by the fact that scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh, and other like diseases are most readily cured by purifying the blood. No medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet Hood's Sarsaparilla is always advertised as a blood purifier. The way to keep hale and hearty is to keep the blood pure, and if it is not in a condition of purity and vitality there is no better remedy that can be used than this same great blood purifier and strength builder, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Kruger's Great Strength.

Poultney Bigelow tells this interesting anecdote of President Kruger in Harper's Magazine for December: "He once saw a Kaffir struggling in the river, while other Kaffirs stood on shore as spectators. At once he jumped in for the purpose of saving his life. But the black man lost his head and grappled Kruger with such violence as to render it more than probable that both would drown together. Kruger was a splendid swimmer, and was able to remain a very long time under water. On this occasion he could only rid himself of the frantic black by total immersion, and so he remained under water for a period of time which thoroughly alarmed those who witnessed the performance, but at last he emerged upon the surface—without the Kaffir."

Bryan Man Buncoed.

A McKinley man in Cleveland wagered with a Bryan friend $100 to a cent that New York would give over 150,000 plurality for the Republican candidate. A condition of this apparently great odds was that if the McKinley man won he should receive an additional cent for every vote in the plurality above 150,000. McKinley's plurality in New York was over 266,000. The man who had offered the odds of $10 to a cent therefore wins by the terms of his wager $1160. The Bryan man when he drew his check for the amount said it was a bunco game, but any man fool enough to get caught like that ought to pay for it.—Washington Post.

Fortune Seeking Emigrants.

Many a poor family that seeks the Western wilds in the hope of winning a fortune, is preserved from that insidious foe of the emigrant and frontiersman—chills and fever—by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. So effectually does that incomparable medicinal defense fortify the system against the combined influence of a malarious atmosphere and miasma-tainted water, that protected by it the pioneer, the miner or the tourist provided with it, may safely encounter the danger.

—A big strike was reported from the Lillie mine, located between the Vindicator and the Christmas, on the south slope of Bull hill at Victor, Col. The ore gave assay returns of $36,000 to the ton. The width of the pay streaks could not be learned.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

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Ladies' fine cotton hand-embroidered initial handkerchiefs at 5 cents each. The grandest line of 25-cent qualities ever shown.

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—A French peasant has constructed a wooden bicycle of which even the nails are made of wood.

Wisconsin Patents.

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

G. Bacon, Antigo, spring bed; John Burke, Janesville, saw-sharpening device; N. A. Christensen, Milwaukee, airpump valve; B. H. Clement, Chester, assgr., breech-loading firearm; W. H. Davy, Pewaukee, chair; G. Disrud, Forward, calf weaner; C. H. Hall, Glidden, assgr., automatic whistle; J. E. Patton, Jr., Milwaukee, interchangeable color-exhibiting device; C. H. Radke, Kaukauna, furnace grate; William Schuelke, Milwaukee, organ (three patents); J. P. Van Vleck, Cooksville, cage; Charles Whitford, Milwaukee, combination table.

—The meeting of the British association in Toronto next year promises to develop a great international gathering of scientists.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

—The exports of Germany to the United States during the quarter ending March, 1896, show a decided increase over the exports during the like period of 1895.

Grand opportunities in seasonable Christmas goods. Special sales in handkerchiefs, gloves and fancy goods. Mail orders promptly attended to.

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—In 1860 a monster petrified tree was found in Baker county, Oregon. It was 666 feet long and 60 feet in diameter at the butt.

Fancies in Furniture for the Holidays can be found in almost endless variety at the mammoth furniture establishment of CLEMENT, WILLIAMS & CO.,
Broadway, Milwaukee.

—The salmon fishing in both the Restigouche and Miramachi has been good upon the whole this season. The Inch Arran house at Dalhousie opened this spring under new auspices, and has been well patronized during the hot spell.

Send for our illustrated winter catalogue.

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—In Germany the census is taken every five years.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS! Send stamp for new Holiday Catalogue and state specialty interested in. C. N. CASPAR'S BOOK EMPORIUM, Milwaukee, Wis.

—The first number of a new paper entitled the German Industrial Advertiser, in the Japanese language, has appeared.

The use of Hall's Hair Renewer promotes the growth of the hair, and restores its natural color and beauty, frees the scalp of dandruff, tetter, and all impurities.

—A house without a woman is like a body without a soul.—Montenegrian proverb.

—The Manitoba crop bulletin for August estimates the total wheat yield at 18,565,198 bushels; oats, 16,633,222 bushels, and barley at 3,698,460 bushels.

We will forfeit $1000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. The Piso Co., Warren, Pa.

—Over 5000 barrels of apples have been shipped from Montreal so far this season.

There is *nothing* (unless it be the sewing machine) that has lightened woman's labor as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap, *constantly* sold since 1865. All grocers have it. Have *you* made its acquaintance? Try it.

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

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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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