THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBYNS & CO.

OREGON, : : : : MO

HOUSE CLEANING BELLES.

See the wild house-cleaners, as they scrub,
How the paint and wood-work now they rub!
How they splash the soap and water
Over things they hadn't ought'er—
And the flies and spiders slaughter.
As they rub, rub, rub, dipping brush into a tub,
And vehemently they scrub,
While the husband or the father
Whose patience thus they bother,
Takes his dinner and his supper at the club.

See them mop, and splash around the suds
And from every nook or cranny bring old duds,
Things that were long since forgotten,
Garments spun from wool or cotton,
Worn and torn, in rags and rotten,
While they sweep, sweep, sweep, everything into a heap;
And the house in uproar keep,
"Till the faithful husband's passion
Vexed at treatment of this fashion,
Into righteous wrath doth leap."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Make the Farm Pay.

The *Western Agriculturist* says: It will pay to thoroughly understand farming, and make a business of it. It will pay to take agricultural papers and magazines, and read and digest their contents. It will pay to continually improve your stock, and to improve on your manner of farming. It will pay to systematize your work. It will pay to buy labor saving machines, and it will pay to take care of them when not in use. It pays to raise those products which will find quick sale at good prices near home. It pays to get a name for selling the best; to keep good stock of all kinds, as poor stock of any kind leaves no profit; to keep down the weeds; to have some article to sell every time you go to market, and to buy what you really need in the improved seeds. It pays to have more to sell than to buy. It pays to have fine poultry, cattle, hogs, sheep, bees, fine improved wheat corn, oats and hay. It pays to make home attractive, give the children all the schooling possible, and it pays to be a good, honest, thinking farmer.

Confined Chickens.

On some farms the crops raised are of such kinds that they cannot be injured by the poultry, which, consequently have a wide range. There are, however, many poultry raisers who are obliged to confine their fowls in a run of greater or less size, and who are not careful enough to provide amusement for them. A few tomato plants set in one corner of the yard, protected with lath until the fruit begins to ripen, and then thrown open to the chickens, will give them healthy, cheap food, and what is almost as necessary, exercise. The melon rinds and seeds, and an occasional head of cabbage will be enjoyed. It is an excellent plan to plow up the yard a couple of times in the course of the summer. It brings worms and bugs of various kinds to the surface and makes a good scratching place. If sown with oats and corn the young tender plants will be eaten. Any butcher will sell a large basket full of bones and spoiled meat for a very small sum, and often he will be glad to give them away. If you have an outside cooking apparatus throw all this into a caldron, cook and feed; if not, cut off the best pieces of meat, put them in an old iron pot with a few pieces of charcoal, and beg a place for it on the kitchen stove. The charcoal will prevent any offensive odor. Chop fine any pieces that are too bad to go to the house, and every bit will be eaten. Throw the bones in one corner of the yard and they will produce worms and maggots in great numbers. In some parts of France these white maggots are bred on purpose for chicken food.

Buckwheat in the West.

Western farmers are constantly complaining that there is no home market for their products, and that they are obliged to send everthing to the seaboard states or to Europe in order to obtain money for it. The cost of transportation, they affirm, reduces the price to such an extent that there is little or no profit in farming. If they had a home market for their crops they could become wealthy in the business of producing them. They say all these things in face of the fact that this market is supplied with turnips from Canada, cider from Ohio, corn-husks from Maryland, peanuts from Tennessee, and sweet potatoes from New Jersey.

This market is rarely supplied with the requisite amount of buckwheat, or the flour made from it. What generally passes for buckwheat flour is a mixture, in various proportions, of rye and corn meal, wheat middlings and a small quantity of the article for which it is named. The comparatively small amount of buckwheat sold here and in other western cities comes principally from New York, Pennsylvania and Canada. There is no good reason why the West cannot produce this grain not only for home consumption, but for the supply of other sections of the country. The consumption of buckwheat would be doubled if a genuine article of flour was manufactured and put on the market in packages suited to the wants of the retail trade.

Take the seasons as they go, buckwheat is a profitable crop to raise. Only a half bushel of seed is sufficient for an acre. The average yield per acre is about twenty bushels. A machine is not necessary to cut it, and it may be thrashed economically with a flail and winnowed by pouring it through a current of air. It exhausts the soil less than any sown crop that can be produced on it. It may be raised to good advantage on land to poor to produce paying crops of corn, wheat, oats, rye, or potatoes. The crop is useful in subduing tough sod and preparing it for the growth of plants that require thorough cultivation. The ground may be prepared for it, the seed sown, and the grain harvested at times when work on the farm is not driving. It matures quicker than any field crop produced on northern farms.

A fair yield of grain is often obtained from land on which a crop of fall rye or grass has been harvested before the ploughing was done. To produce a large crop, the soil should be good. To give the best results it should be as well prepared as for a crop of corn or small grains. The reasons why small crops of bukwheat are often produced are manifest. The land in which it is sown is of the poorest quality, and no pains are taken with its preparation. The seed is often severel years old, and is scattered over the ground by a person unacquainted with sowing grains. An attempt is made to cover it by drawing a harrow over lot of turf, stones and lumps of hard earth. No good crop of any kind is obtained by this kind of management.

Emerson's Tribute to the Farmer.

The following worthy tribute to the farmer is from the pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

The story of the farmer is, that in the division of labor, his part is to create: all trade rests at last on his primitive activity. He stands close to Nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and meat; the first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land. The farmer's office is precise and important, but you must not try to paint him in rose colors. You cannot make pretty compliments to fate and gravitation whose minister he is. He represents the necessities. It is the beauty of the great economy of the world that makes his comeliness. He bends to the order of the seasons, the weather, the soil, and crops, as the sails of the ship bend to the wind. He represents continuous hard labor year in and year out, and and small gains. He takes the place of seasons, plants and chemistry. Nature never hurries; atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work. The farmer ties himself to Nature, and acquires that livelong patience which belongs to her: he must wait for his crops to grow.

His entertainments, his liberties and the spending must be on a farmer's scale, not a merchant's. It were as false for farmers to use a wholesale and massy expense as for States to use minute economy.

He has great trusts confided to him. In the great household of Nature the farmer stands at the door of the bread-room, and weighs each loaf. It is for him to say if men shall marry or not. Early marriages and the number of births are indissolubly connected with an abundance of food. The farmer is a hoarded capital of health, as the farm is of wealth, and it is from him that the health and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities come. The city is always recruited from the country. The men in cities, who are centres of energy, the driving-wheels of trade, and the woman of beauty and genius—are the children and grandchildren of the farmer, and are spending the energies which their father's hardy, silent life accumulated in frosty furrows.

He is a continous benefactor. He who digs a well, constructs a stone foundation plants an orchard, builds a durable house, reclaims a swamp, or so much as puts a stone seat by the wayside, makes the land so far lovely and desirable, makes a fortune which he cannot carry away with him but which is useful to his country long afterwards.

Two-Year-Old Steers

Prof. Brown, of the Ontario agricultural college, delivared an able address before the Markham Farmer's club. The Rural Canadian says:

Prof. Brown is a strong believer in the early maturing of beef cattle. He contends that a two-year-old, properly handled all along, will always return more money for its time and weight than a three-year-old can possibly do. On the subject of proper handling from childhood, he says very explicitly, fortifying his statements with facts and figures, and rounding out his argument with a challenge which ought to attract public attention. He said:

"With reference to the question of greater point to be obtained by getting rid of beef when ten years old, I wish to make an important public announcement to the province, through your agency. It is a fact, as I do now; and have elsewhere publicly stated, that the loss or gain to the province alone is not less than $1,000,000; it is surely worth while to prove it thoroughly. We have several times given practical proof by the actual cost of producing two and three year old steers at our farm, but, in order to face the country and drive the lesson home as hard as possible, I am prepared, on having government consent, to exhibit, say three or four steers two year old Shorthorn grades, at any or all our principal shows next year, against a similar number of three year olds of the same kind on condition that the exhibiters submit a statement of the exact amounts and kinds of food given twelve months previous to date of exhibition, with the weights of cattle at same date. The judge or judges would then be asked to do five things.

1. Value the animals as they stood by age and weight twelve months previous to exhibition.

2. Value the foods eaten for twelve months.

3. Allow twelve months' interest on value of three year olds, as they stood when two years old.

4. Value them at date of exhibition according to the weight and quality.

5. To prove age.

This would be simple enough, and I give fair warning that I would show animals that will make the beam kick at 1,600 pounds, not pampered or any way prepared for the occasion, but getting plenty of corn meal, or pea meal, or crushed oats, as the case may be, with turnips, hay, straw and bran—no condiments, nor linseed meal, nor oil cake, but straight, liberal feeding, as an ordinary and profitable investment for the export trade.

In order to draw the public on this subject, I shall be glad to give $25, if the Provincial Association or the Toronto Industrial give $25 also, as to so make a $50 prize."

For stall feeding the professor would select, first, the Short-horn and its grades; next, the Aberdeen Poll and its grades; third, the Herefords; assigning the Galloway a fourth place, "except for permanency of character and quality of flesh, in which respects he bows to none."

The professor is of the opinion that most of our stall cattle managers are extravagant in their feeding, for the one prominent reason that they look upon straw as only fit for bedding, or at the most, that only a small quantity should be allowed with hay, and that there is great waste of straw perpetrated from ignorance of its feeding value.

The professor's remarks on the grazing of cattle are eminently wise and practical. While not considering Ontario a grazing country, in the sense of having large natural or artificial runs for cattle and sheep, where a feast of fat things can be relied on from May to October, he still contends that we are quite able to provide good pasturage, were we only convinced of the importance and practicability of so doing. Too many are contented with turning out the yearling to the bush, the aftermath, and the timothy field—he might have added, the grain stubble. These sources of supply are too precarious to keep the young animal constantly improving, so as only to need "topping-off" for the butcher. He makes the startling assertion, that were every farm in Ontario possessed of a properly managed five acre permanent pasture plot, the grain to the whole country would be 11,000,000 annually. Yes, we pay to little attention to the cultivation of grass for permanent pasture.

Measurements of Men.

Popular Science Monthly for May.

What I propose to speak of in the present memoir are those measurements of the bodily form and faculties that can, or apparently could, be made with some precision, but the personal data in respect to intellectual and emotional capacities, and to special aptitudes and tastes, require a separate treatment. The progress of the art of measurement of the more purely bodily faculties has been by no means uniform. It has never been specially directed toward furthering the knowledge of the life-history of individuals, but for the most part toward other theoretical investigations. In some cases elaborate instruments and methods of observation have been devised by which certain faculties have been tested with extreme minuteness; in other cases no well-contrived and approved system of examination exists. If everything should be stated by which anthropometry might profit, the effect would be not unlike the map of some partially-settled country, drawn on a scale so large as to show the cadastral survey of its principal town lands. A fraction of the whole would thus be minutely engraved, the wide adjacent regions would be represented by a few lines of route, and the remainder would consist of blanks. In order to convey in the best way an idea of what is know about such a country as this the general map of it should be on a small scale, and then uniformity of treatment becomes possible. Acting on this principle, I shall avoid entering into details on those subjects where there exists very much to speak of, and shall nowhere go further than is sufficient to express the simpler requirements of anthropometry,

Let us, then, consider how we should set to work to define and describe the various bodily faculties of a person whom we had ample means of observing, say one of our own children. Some of the observations could hardly be made except at a properly equiped anthropometric laboratory; others, as it will be seen, could at present be carried on best in the play-ground. I shall not care to distinguish these in the description; they will be obvious enough when they occur. The test would define the capacities of the person at the moment when he was observed. They are expected to be renewed at intervals, so as to serve as records of successive periods in his life-history.

"Who is Lucifer?" said the teacher to the infant class in Sunday-school. "I know," spoke up a brave five-year-old girl in a very earnest tone. "Well tell me, Katie," said the teacher. W'y Lucy's fer Bob Spriggs, who has such a funny little moustache, an' wears such a short coat; but papa don't like him at all, an' sez he ain,t got no sense, an' no money, an' he's fer zat ole Mr. Grip, an'——" "That will do, Katie," broke in the teacher; "I see you are posted. We will go on to another question," and it required the teacher five minutes to get through using her handkerchief wiping her eyes, she "had such a bad cold, you know," for Lucy was instructing another class near by. Lucy told her mother afterward that she thought Katie too young to go to school, the confinement was not good for her.

LOUD-VOICED TELEPHONES.

A New Discovery that Astonishes the Electricians Themselves.

New York Herald.

An improvement has been made in the telephone, by which the full tones of the human voice may be transmitted.

Mr. C. E. Chinnock, the electrician of the Metropolitan Telephone Company, of this city, said yesterday: "Two weeks ago I went to Boston to consult with the Bell Telephone Company from which all other telephone companies in the country obtain their rights. While there I was invited into the office of Mr. Jacques, the chief electrician of the company. Mr. Jacques said he had something to show me that would perhaps surprise me. He gave me a seat in his private room. About twenty feet away from me was an ordinary looking telephone, just like those in use all over this city. A moment after Mr. Jaques had closed the door I heard the voice of an unseen person say, in an ordinary conversational tone: 'Good morning, Mr. Chinnock; how do you like Boston?' I looked around in amazement, and said to Mr. Jacques: 'Have you got a speaking tube here?' 'No; that is the telephone,' said the electrician. At first I thought it was some practical joke they were playing on me, but after a little explanation I was convinced that it was a wonderful discovery in electrical science. By using the carbon in a pulverized form instead of in the shape of a hard button, and by using a current four times as strong as before, the telephone is made to give forth as loud and articulate tone as those of a human voice. I believe there is no doubt that after this improvement has been put into general use, the call bell now attached to all the telephones can be dispensed with, because the voice from the telephone can be heard by any one near enough to hear the bell. While I was still in the room a voice came from the telephone calling for Miss Taylor, a lady employed in the adjoining room some forty feet away from the instrument; and yet Miss Taylor at once left her desk and went to answer the call.

Mr. Chinnock says that when the voice comes from a long distance, as from New York or Philadelphia, it is necessary to shout.

Mr. Davis, the vice president of the Metropolis Telephone Company, says that the new invention would probably not effect telephoning at short distances. The present instrument for short distances, he thought, was now as near perfection as could be. The only thing needed was a wire that would not pick up the outside noises which at present sometimes interfere with easy conversation. The new telephone would be used for talking between distant cities, as Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, New Orleans, and possibly San Francisco.

Sketch of the Noted Dr. Lamson and His Family.

Washington Republican.

The news cabled from England a few days ago that Dr. George H. Lamson, a young American of good family, had been found guilty of the murder of his brother-in-law, receives large notices from the press of this country. It seems that the young man went abroad under the wing of his father, who is a minister of the Episcopal church, and after graduating as doctor of medicine at Paris in 1870, he undertook the practice of his profession in England, having only a moderate success. His brother-in-law was a young man at school, not in good health, and Lamson, by the provisions of a will, was to inherit a portion of his property, in case of his death; hence he took occasion to hasten it by the administration of poison. About thirty years ago Dr. Lamson's father, then a minister recently in orders, fell in love with Miss Spicer, a young lady of accomplishments that he found at a boarding school, and soon afterward married her. She had three brothers who were educated in a popular school at White Plains, N. Y., under the care of John Swinburne, a gentleman of rare qualifications, who is still living at White Plains. The boys must have been with him four or five years, during which time they were frequently visited by their mother, but never by their father. Mrs. Spicer came up from New York and made the necessary arrangements with Mr. Swinburne, and saw the boys frequently thereafter. They were provided with every comfort, dressed well, and had an abundance of spending money. The bills were sent to Mr. Spicer, and paid promptly, and letters in regard to the boys were frequently received from him, written in a hand that indicated business and a familiarity with the ways of the world. Mr. Swinburne some times talked to the boys about their father. They said that he was not a lawyer, but had a good deal of business in Wall street; that he had an office down town, and generally slept there; that he was seldom at home, and had a great deal to do. Mr. Swinburne looked carefully through the New York directory, but could find no one by the name of Spicer who answered to the character which the young gentleman gave their father. Mrs. Spicer lived in a good but not very pretentious house on Twenty-second street, at which Mr. Swinburne sometimes called, where all correspondence was directed and where the boys spent their vacations, but Mr. Spicer was never found there. In due course of time the oldest of the boys was graduated, and, on going home, soon began to mingle with the young people of his circle. The Rev. Mr. Lamson was frequently at the house on Twenty-second street, but resided in Brooklyn, and through that connection with young Spicer became attached to a Brooklyn lady of good associations, who responded to his affections, and it was not long before the young people thought of marriage, but when Spicer came to ask the consent of the lady's father he met with something like a repulse. That gentleman, who was a man of prudence and business sagacity, was naturally reluctant to marry his daughter to a man who seemed to have no business, and whose family he knew nothing about. He told Spicer that personally he had no objection to him, that all that he knew of him was satisfactory, but he did not like to give his consent to the marriage till he had seen his father and knew something about his circumstances and position in life. Of course, the young man went away with a heavy heart, but the first time that he met with his father he told him all that had transpired. Meantime the great world of commerce and business thundered on with his hurly-burly and took no note of these small affairs. It was busy with its stocks, its banks, its ships, its railroads and its great political projects and financial interests. Perhaps the one man that just then rode highest on the wave of commercial prosperity and had his hand on the greatest number of public interests was Robert Schuyler, the first of the great railroad kings. He was president of the New York and New Haven Railway Company, chairman of the executive committee of the Illinois Railway Company, and held a multitude of other offices. He was a graduate of Columbia College, was reputed to be a man of great wealth, and was related to the most distinguished families of the Empire state. His grandfather was Gen. Philip Schuyler of revolutionary fame, his father's sister married Van Rensselaer, the famous and wealthy patron of Albany; another sister married General Hamilton, the distinguished secretary of the treasury under Washington, who came to an untimely end by the hand of Aaron Burr, and his personal friends and relatives were in the first positions in the country. He was reputed to be a bachelor, and when he was not at his office in Hanover street, nor at his hotel down town, he was understood to be at the residence of his stepmother, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who was an ambitious, aristocratic lady, proud of her position in life and not disposed to countenance secondary associations. Mr. Schuyler had often declared that he should never marry while his mother lived, and as her death occured about this time, it may have had something to do with the revelations which followed. When young Spicer went to his father and told him on what ground his matrimonial aspirations had been obstructed, that gentleman was greatly agitated; but with the instant resolution of a man of business he told him that he had it in his power to make everything satisfactory, and would explain himself fully in a few days. Accordingly, on one of his visits to to the house on Twenty-second street, he called the children together, and said he had something important to tell them. He went on to say that the name which they had hitherto borne was not their real name; that for reasons which he would not then give, he had adopted for them another name, but henceforth they would bear the proper name of their father, which was Schuyler. The matter was immediately made public, and caused great astonishment and much speculation. But from that time the family was recognized, and in the case of the son, Robert Schuyler, everything was made satisfactory, and the young people were married at an Episcopal church on Brooklyn heights, and the writer was present at the wedding. The wedding must have taken place in the spring of 1854, and it was in the following July that there was a great sensation in the business circles of New York. On the third day of that month Mr. Schuyler wrote a note to the board of directors of the New Haven Railroad, resigning his position as president, and telling them that they would find much in the books of the company that was wrong. The result showed he had not overstated the case. In the investigation that immediately followed it was found he had overissued the stock of the company about a million and a half and that the money was gone. The house on 22d street had been watched for many days in the hope of detecting the culprit, but he had taken good care to be out of the way, and died a year later at Nice, in Italy. Mrs. Schuyler removed to Saratoga, and lived handsomely on the broken remains of Mr. Schuyler's fortune for some years, but has recently fallen into straightened circumstances. The children are scattered, and some of them dead. Mrs. Robert Schuyler, the younger, is buried at Saratoga; Mr. and Mrs. Samson are in England, and their son is soon to be hanged for murder.

Story of a Watch.

Thirty-one years ago a gentleman now occupying a prominent place in Masonic circles in San Francisco, then residing in an interior county of California, sent an order to London for the manufacture of a fine gold watch. During the following year the watch, costing over $400, was received, and was carried by its owner for the next nine or ten years. In 1861 a friend started for Philadelphia on a visit, bringing the watch with him since which time nothing has been heard of him, the supposition being that he was murdered and plundered by some of the hard characters that were so prevalent here at that time. The miseing man had abundant means and left behind him a piece of mining property worth $30,000 or $40,000. The owner of the watch mourned the loss of his friend and regretted the missing timepiece, and after some years moved to Philadelphia, where in time the above incidents became to him a memory as a dream. A few days ago he was conversing with a friend in a jewelry store, when a stranger stepped up along side of him, laid a watch on the counter, and asked him to purchase it, and, to the astonishment of the whilom interior resident he recognized at the first glance the timepiece he had lost twenty-one years previously.

Subsequent investigation revealed that a long about 1861—2 a gentleman of Philadelphia had purchased the watch of a man, possibly one who had murdered the visitor from the interior, for $350, and had carried it up to the day of his death, which occurred in Tucson, Arizona, about a year and a half ago. In the settlement of his estate the watch was appraised at the low valuation of $125, and the sister of deceased, knowing it to be valuable, took it as a portion of her interest in the property. The original owner gladly bought it of the man.

The Scenery of Iceland.

The fiords which, bursting through the rocky barrier that guards the coast, run far up into the interior, constitute a most characteristic feature of Icelandic scenery. They have all a great similarity of form, so that the description of the general features of one may serve equally for that of all others. Having, probably, been at first rents or chasms produced by the general upheaving of the island, their length is often very disproportioned to their breath; some of them being scarcely two miles wide yet extending twenty-five or even thirty miles into the country, and continue still further by narrow vales, down which the mountain rivers find their way to the sea. Lofty ridges, running out into the ocean, and ending in precipitous headlands, separate them from each other. In the neighborhood of the Rode and Beru Fiords these assume their most magnificent appearance, attaining an elevation of nearly 4000 feet; though their average height on other parts of the coast is only about half of that now specified. So sudden is the rise of these mountains, that it is no common thing to find precipices 1,000 feet high, from the top of which a stone may be cast into the sea. The fiords are thus shut in on both sides by perpendicular walls of rock towering up to a tremendous hight, whose summits are clothed with eternal snows, or veiled in dark clouds. All around seems dead; no trace of life is visible. Men and all that he produces vanish amidst the mightier works of nature. Woods and the higher classes of the vegetable creation are entirely wanting, and the naked rocks are too steep for even the hardy birch or stunted willow to fix their root. No sound is heard save the billows dashing on the craggy shore, no motion seen but the cataracts rushing down the rugged cliffs. Such is the general appearance of these fiords, and the repulsive aspect they present; yet there does the Icelander choose his dwelling, unappalled by the rocks which threaten every moment to crush him by their fall. The island is nowhere thickly peopled, but these friths and all their connected valleys are more so than any other portion. Here grassy meadows are found in the immediate vicinity of the sea; and here, therefore, the natives can employ in conjunction both of these sources of gain which alone the severe climate leaves open to them. On their shores are the finest pastures for cattle, while their waters are a favorite retreat of the cod, the most valued of the fish caught on the coast.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage, Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first class hotel in the city.

Try the new brand Spring tobacco.

We have heard men pray: "O Lord, strip us of our pride." but the Lord will not do it unless those who pray show their sincerity by loosening their garments.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—I have a friend who suffered terribly. I purchased a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and, as a result of its use, she is perfectly well. J. BAILEY, Burdett, N. Y.

Amelia—"You may talk about your city fellows, but give me a beau from the country!" Juliet—"And why do you want a country beau. I should love to hear?" Amelia—"Because sis, he's very likely to become a husbandman?"

Ojo Caliente!

"I wish I was worth $1,000,000," said a gentleman. "What good would it do you, for you don't spend your present income?" inquired a friend "Oh, I could be economical on a larger scale.

Ojo Caliente!

A young man of Port Jarvis was engaged to marry a young lady, but she retrograded on him. He then took a step farther and proposed to her mother They are now bossing that girl together.

Ojo Caliente!

DON'T BE IN THE HOUSE.

"Rough on Rats." Clear out rats, mice, roaches bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers, 15c

"I tell you," said the canvasser, "you have no idea of the hard work there is in this business. It is either talking or walking from morning till night." "Beg pardon," replied the victim. "I have a pretty distinct idea of the talking part of your programme. Now please favor me with an exhibition of the walking part." The canvasser exhibited.

Mr. Chas. Smith, of Jimes, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for Sick Headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

If Noah had foreseen the future, and killed the two mosquitoes that took refuge in the ark, he would have rendered some of the strongest words in our language unnecessary.

Ojo Caliente!

Post-office Clerk: "Here! your letter is overweight." Pat: "Over what weight?" P. C: "It's too heavy; put another stamp on it." P. "Och, git out wid yer foolin'! Sure if I put another stamp on won't it be heavier still?"

URINY MEN.

"Wells's Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, $1. Druggists, send stamp for Pamphlet to R. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

"No," he said, as they congratulated him on his engagement. "I'm not so particularly charmed with the girl, but I expect to be very happy. Her mother is about the best tempered woman I know of."

Ojo Caliente!

Sportsman: Is blowing into a gun a satisfactory method of ascertaining if it be loaded? Don't know; those who have tried it haven't had a chance to state wheather it was satisfactory or not.

The medicines composing Carter's Liver Bitters are all American, fresh, home-grown, active and valuable. They form a bitters which cannot be used without benefit.

"I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing the manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said that when it came to speed no long-haired poet should distance him, and he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the waste basket.

Ojo Caliente!

Mrs. Coddle went down to the kitchen to see if everything was going on all right. "Where is Bridget?" she asked of Annie, the upstairs girl. "Gone out mum." Well, I declare; the fire is gone out, too!" "Yes, mum," said Annie; "it went out a few minutes after Bridget did."

Better than putting one Dollar out at compound interest, is the sending it to Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md., for two boxes of his Celery and Chamomile pills, which cure nervous disease, quiet the mind, bring on refreshing sleep and prevent paralysis. The same amount will buy at your druggists, his well-known and popular Skin Cure, the popular and standard remedy for all scalp and skin diseases.

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat eat when turning her head first one way and then another?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

Dr Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" purify the blood and cure constipation.

A few days ago a Georgia politician came to Washington to search for an office. Deceived by the flattering promises held out to him, he telegraphed home: "Things are working, will be home in a few days." Not long afterwards he again telegraphed home: "Things have worked; send me $25 to get home."

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

In one of the corridors of the alleged palace of justice, an old advocate sees a young and alleged learned brother at a distance walking alone, gesticulating nervously and talking to himself. "That man must be as crazy as a loon—a lunatic, I should say," he remarked to a companion. "Why so?" "Can't you understand? Sir, a lawyer who talks to himself is as bad as a confectioner that eats his own candy."

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