CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

The governor's hoyden daughter had a warm heart under all her careless guise, and she soon had Agnes fed, dressed in a suit of her own clothes, and snugly tucked up in bed in her own chamber.

The weary girl fell asleep, and when she woke she found it was past sunset and Helen Fulton was sitting by her pillow.

"Papa has come," she said; "so get up and brush your hair, and let me put this cluster of rosebuds in your curls—papa is not so old that he has lost all taste for beauty."

Agnes submitted quietly, and was led down to the library by her young hostess.

The governor was a tall, well-preserved man of 45, with a pleasing address, a keen gray eye, and a face rather handsome than otherwise. Helen led Agnes up before him.

"Papa, this is Miss Agnes Trenholme of Portlea. She has come here with a special errand to you."

The governor greeted her courteously.

"I am pleased to see Miss Trenholme. I know Mr. Ralph very well. To what am I indebted for this agreeable surprise?"

Agnes swallowed down the sobs that were rising in her throat by a brave effort. She had wondered what she should say to this man when at last she should get an audience, and now that the time had come she had forgotten everything she had intended to urge. Her courage, so brave and strong, had subsided to positive weakness. She slipped down to her knees on the rug before him, and burst into tears.

"My child," he said, kindly laying his hand on her head, "what means this emotion? Speak out. Surely you are not afraid of me."

"No, but I feel so tired, and so nearly hopeless! And I dread that you will refuse me. But you must not! Indeed you must not, for I will take no denial! I will stay here at your feet until you grant my request!"

"You forget that you have not made it."

"I came to ask so much of you! I have traveled nearly 200 miles alone, braving the displeasure of my friends, and the scorn of the world—I have come to ask you to spare his life—the life of Lynde Graham."

The governor's brow grew dark.

"Miss Trenholme, he is a murderer!"

"I tell you he is not! Never call him thus! You wrong him. He is innocent. I tell you, before God, that if you let him go to the gallows, some time you will repent in dust and ashes the murder you yourself have committed! He never did that dreadful deed. He would not save harmed a single feather of the lowest bird in the woods. I do not ask you to pardon him—O no, I am content with asking his life—a little respite from death until God sees fit to bring the real assassin to justice!"

"My poor girl," he said, sorrowfully, "I regret that this has happened. I pity you, for I suppose you love this unfortunate young man; but I cannot grant your request. From my soul I believe Lynde Graham guilty!"

"Do not say so. You crush out hope in my heart! O, I cannot, cannot go back over that weary road without the paper I want! Look at me, Governor Fulton. A few little weeks ago I was happy and care free. Now see the change this terrible grief has wrought. Your daughter pities me; her innocent heart feels for me! You do not know to what strait she may yet be reduced. Be merciful to me as you would want mercy shown to her!"

Helen crept into her father's arms, and laid her soft cheek against his.

"Papa, it will not hurt you to let this man live, and it will make her so happy. I'll go without a new bonnet this winter, if you'll do what she wants." And she pinched his cheek.

"Madcap! Helen, how can you trifle so!" asked the governor, trying to frown. "This is too solemn a thing to joke upon. I believe that death should be the fate of all murderers."

The face of Agnes grew stern as his own. Her voice had a steel-like ring.

"And so do I, with my whole soul! If I thought him guilty, I would not speak a word to save him. I loved the murdered girl as fondly as I could have loved my own sister, and I would give half my life to have the real murderer suffer for his crime. But in this case the law has fastened on the wrong person, and a curiously strong chain of circumstantial evidence has so closely wound itself about him, that it was impossible for the jury to do otherwise than convict him. But for all that he is guiltless. Oh, sir, give me a reprieve, if only for one little year! Many things may be revealed in a year."

"It is impossible!"

"Only for one year! O, sir, I will not let you go until you yield!" She looked up into his face, her eyes streaming with tears.

Helen stole an arm around his neck.

"Papa, if you don't let her have the paper she wants, I'll never, no, never, kiss you nor pull your whiskers again as long as I live! I swear it by the book!"

Insensibly his stern face softened. Agnes was watching him closely. She saw the change, and her heart leaped into her throat. She caught his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"You will make me happy!" she cried. "Oh, sir, God in heaven bless you; and some time you will thank Him that he taught you mercy in the cause of justice!"

The governor rose, put Helen away from him, and drew toward his writing materials. He wrote rapidly a few moments, signed his name at the bottom of the sheet in bold characters, and affixed the great seal of the state.

He then folded the document and gave it into the waiting hands of Agnes.

"There," he said, "if I have done wrong, I hope heaven will pardon me, but no man in his senses could resist two such women. I have reprieved Lynde Graham for eighteen months, and if in that time nothing turns up in his favor, he shall be executed! Take it and lose no time. Remember if you do not reach Portlea by 10 o'clock on Christmas morning, this paper for which you have dared so much will be a dead letter!"

She stooped over him and touched her lips to his forehead in utter silence. Only God knows how much at that time she revered Archibald Fulton.

The groom brought her horse, fed and refreshed, to the door, and assisted her to the saddle. Helen went out and took her hand. There was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of this wild girl that the damp fogs of night did not put there.

"I love you, Miss Trenholme," she said gently. "I admire so much your courage, and your faith in the man you love. I do hope you will be in time. And some day I mean to know you better. Good-bye."

The groom loosed the rein and through the gloom rider and horse vanished from the sight of Helen Fulton.

CHAPTER VII.

OV. FULTON needed not to have urged Agnes to use expedition; she required no incentive to haste, beyond her own terrible anxiety. The good old gentleman bethought himself of his want of gallantry in permitting her to leave alone on so dangerous a journey, soon after she departed, and he immediately dispatched one of the servants on horseback to escort her. The man was well mounted and he overtook her a few miles on her way and they rode together until the evening of the 24th, when she dismissed him. She preferred to go on alone. She halted until after midnight to rest her horse, and then set forth. She had seventy-five miles to ride before ten in the morning.

Between the hours of ten and two!

The fearful words of the sentence rang constantly in her ears. What if she were not in time? O, what if she were not? The thought was agony. She urged on her jaded horse by every means in her power. Ten miles from Portlea, it seemed as if the animal was about spent. He trembled, staggered and was about to fall, but Agnes sprang off and soothed and encouraged him with voice and hand, and then by-and-by mounted again and went on. O, how heavy her heart was! Despair had almost seized her. If Jove gave out, then all was over. She seemed, even then, to hear the jeers of the cruel crowd, the mocking shouts, the heartless laughter.

Still her horse staggered on, but his breath came hot and thick, and the foam stood upon his flanks like newly fallen snow.

She looked at her watch. Half past 10! If she should be too late! The world whirled round before her. There was a great roar in her ears, like the rush of the sea upon the rocky coast. It grew so dark she could not see. She grasped the neck of her horse for support, her confused head falling on the pad of the saddle.

Only for a moment. The anxiety within brought her to herself. She looked around her. She was very near Portlea. There were many people moving to and fro. A great crowd filled the streets. She took a road to the jail yard. The crowd was terribly dense, but Agnes saw nothing save that horrible frame work of timber, raised high above the stone walls of the jail, and standing on the platform, a very prince among them all, the tall, erect form of Lynde Graham!

She was in time! Her heart swelled almost to bursting.

"Yet a little more, Jove, and it is done!" she cried; but the poor beast could do no more—he reeled and sank on his knees, with something that sounded like the sigh of a human being in despair.

Agnes sprang from the saddle and dashed through the excited crowd. They parted before her, and she reached at last the foot of the scaffold. The rope was already adjusted, the carpenter stood ready, waiting the sheriff's word to let the drop fall, and the signal would have been given in another instant.

The voice of Agnes rang out, over and above all the confused noises of the motley gathering:

"A reprieve! A reprieve!"

She held aloft the paper—they saw the great seal of the state.

"A reprieve from the governor," she said, and fell senseless, even as she spoke, into the arms of old Dr. Hudson, who rushed forward to receive her.

The sheriff read the reprieve aloud, and then removing the rope, he led the prisoner down the steps of the scaffold. In all his captivity no one had ever heard Lynde ask a single favor, but now he said to the official:

"Grant me this. Miss Trenholme has saved me a little longer to life—allow me to pass near enough to her to touch her clothes."

The sheriff stared, but indulged the wish. Graham went up to where she lay, a great crowd around her, and Dr. Hudson and a brother physician applying restoratives. He stooped down and looked into her face. Oh, how very white and deathly she looked! Graham lifted the soiled mantle she wore, and touched the hem reverently with his lips. Then he turned away, and went back to his dreary prison house.

Agnes was taken to the residence of Dr. Hudson, and cared for as well as could be. But she had endured so much, both mentally and physically, that life hung upon a thread, and for days she lay in a stupor so closely resembling death that at times those who watched her could not tell whether or not the breath still lingered.

Mrs. Trenholme braved the displeasure of her son ,and came down at once to nurse her, and when, after ten days of stupor, her disease culminated in brain fever of the most violent type, she wrote thus to her son:

"Ralph, Agnes is sick unto death. If you could sit beside her as I do, and listen to her unconscious ravings, and through them learn how terribly she had suffered, you would forgive her. Oh, Ralph, by the memory of your dead father, I implore you to come to us!

"Your Mother."

But Ralph, still haughty and unrelenting in his cruel pride, answered:

"Mother, it is useless to plead for her. She has brought our honored name to disgrace by the course she has taken. I cannot forgive her! Ralph."

But that night, when he retired to rest, no sleep came to Ralph Trenholme. He saw the pale face of Agnes as he had last seen it. She laid a little cold hand on his arm and with a sweet, sad voice asked him to pardon and love her. He started up, his brow wet with a chill perspiration, his heart beating loudly. But at last he slept, and, sleeping, a vision came to him. He stood in the summer house at the foot of the garden. The time was June, for there were roses in bloom at the mouth of the arbor. Directly, there floated upon the roseate air the face of Marina. He saw the blue eyes, and felt the thrill of the golden hair as it swept against his cheek.

"Ralph," she said, "dear Ralph, put aside vengeance. It belongs unto God alone, and he will bring it to pass! Also put aside wrath, and go to your sister. She is calling you, and I, your guardian spirit, bid you obey the summons!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Labouchere's Little Joke.

Notice—Several influential dowagers have combined together to charter the steamship Frisco, 6,000 tons, for the purpose of conveying a cargo of disappointed British girls to America, with a view of disposing of them advantageously in the states. Attention is earnestly requested to the circumstance that presentation at court is desirable, since importance is attached to this social formality across the Atlantic, and ladies who have attended a drawing room may, therefore, be expected to obtain more satisfactory terms than those who have not. The steamship Frisco, according to present arrangements, will sail from Southampton for New York on October 16 next. All inquiries as to terms, etc., should be addressed to the secretary, 225 Belgrave square, S. W. Office hours, 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. upon week days; Saturdays, close at 2 p. m.—London Truth.

Safe There.

When Col. Ingersoll was in England he visited St. Paul's cathedral for the first time. As he was contemplating the tomb of Wellington the guide said:

"That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest military 'ero Europe or the 'ole world hever knew—Lord Wellington's. 'is marble sarchophagus weighs 42 tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing 13 tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket 'ermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that is a ma'ogany coffin, 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the colonel, after thinking a while, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, cable me at my expense."

The Sultan's Troubles.

As if the sultan's cup of bitterness were not full to overflowing, with the spirit of revolt stalking through Armenia and Macedonia, and even in the shadow of his palace at Constantinople, now comes a petition from Crete requesting the powers to intervene in the affairs of the island and put an end to anarchy, accompanied by murder and rapine, of which the Cretans are the victims. In a little while it may no longer be necessary to partition Turkey; the empire of the Ottomans will fall asunder through sheer rottenness.

At a Safe Distance.

Clara—All the girls are taking boxing lessons. Aren't you scared?

Young Bachelor—No; I always keep away from bargain counters.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

HAVING to depend entirely in agriculture on the success of plants in the field to furnish human food and animal fodder, the farmer should understand how plants grow. The seed, in a favorable condition of the soil, puts its root downward, to bear fruit upward later on. The best condition demands humus to make plant flesh, mineral matter, to furnish fibre, glazing and tubing to retain solids in solution, and carry in water all particles that are requisite and necessary to their own places in the plant structures, drawn by the rays of the sun. Hence the first law given to man by Moses, in Genesis: "Let the earth bring forth grass, herb-bearing seed (weeds), trees bearing fruit, whose seed is in itself." It was so, and God saw it was good. "Nature absorbs a vacuum." Animals hate bare ground. Many farmers believe that plants breathe. They cannot without lungs. To respire, to inhale and exhale air, hence to live. The action of sunshine on the leaves of plants is to draw moisture out of them, through the plant's structure, directly from the soil.

During the past summer, hundreds of trees on our farms, in shallow soils, dried up, and died for lack of moisture in the earth, within the reach of their roots.

In the dry countries of Iowa the meadows and pastures now are very bare ground. Hence half the number of cattle for the next summer pasture will be the wisest policy for profitable results. "Grass enough for two cows, but one cow on." In evergreen and deciduous trees, the leaves that lack sunshine soon die. A picket fence will destroy plant leaves and branches in its shadow. During the past summer in sunshine with moisture the plant growths were prolific. On the lawn, all trees overshadowed in part, all day long, the shaded part died, while those parts shone on at some time in the day lived and made a healthy growth. The sun can draw moisture out of plants, but never drive it into them.

Richard Baker.

Pastures.

I have several pastures of five acres to 200 acres. I keep no certain number in each pasture, but change according to season and the amount of stock on hand. Usually try to keep each kind of stock by itself, and change about so as to give a variety of feed. Sometimes have to keep horses, sheep and cattle in same pastures, but think horses and sheep do best, and cattle with hogs if necessary to mix them. Cattle do not do well with sheep, nor horses with hogs. Part of my pastures are wild grass, part are fed into June and blue-grass, and part are old timothy meadows run into June grass. Tame pastures are black loam and sandy with clay subsoil. Wild pastures are mucky loam. Often feed cows fodder, straw and damaged hay on pastures near barns. Sometimes put barnyard manure on pasture if no other place is available. Like both trees and sheds in pasture and barns for winter. Have no ponds, but running stream in open ditches and windmills with tanks. Am compelled to have both tile and open ditches. Prefer tile. Would sow several kinds of those adapted to soil and climate. Have some rail, some five board, some barb-wire and some woven wire. Prefer woven wire five feet high. O. Dinwiddie,

Lake Co., Ind.

Illinois Horticultural Convention.

(From Farmers' Review.)

The fourteenth annual convention of the Illinois Horticultural society was held at Kankakee recently.

In reviewing the fruit lists for Illinois a discussion arose on the protection of fruit trees from rodents. Various methods were advocated, among them being fish oil and axle grease. There was, however, danger of using these too much, especially on young trees. Instances were given where such treatment had resulted in the death of the trees. Trees ten years old would not be harmed by the treatment. An apple grower said he knew of an orchard of 2,000 young trees that had been killed by using too much oil.

Mr. Williams had been using for twelve years a paint made of soap, tar, sulphur and lime. He put it on the trees with a common paint brush. It makes a thorough glaze and will destroy every insect. He believes also that this paint has the tendency to protect from sun-scald. The little lime in it, when the dry weather comes, turns the mass to a grayish color that throws off the rays of the sun and thus keeps the bark of the tree from cracking.

One man that had tried tarred paper thought there was great danger from using this, as it was not taken off early enough in the spring, in which case the tar from the paper works into the tree. He had tried paper made out of felt, and untarred, and found this to work very well, if it were but taken off early enough in the season. He now uses strong muslin, putting it on every fall and taking it off every spring. He had tried this now for three years.

Mr. Burnhardt expressed himself as certain that the rabbits would let the trees alone if they only had enough of other things to eat. He had been setting out trees for twenty-five years and had never had any trouble from rabbits. But there had always been about his place some brushwood or trees for them to work on. The scattering of some kind of grain on the ground would serve to keep them away from the trees.

Mr. Augustine suggested that there must be different varieties of wild rabbits, for the kind that lived in his vicinity began to gnaw the trees as early as July.

Mr. Gilbert protects his trees by using only common wrapping paper, such as can be obtained in any grocery or dry goods store. He tears these papers into strips eight inches wide. These he wraps around the tree on the bias, beginning near the ground, and stopping twenty inches above it, where he ties the paper.

A discussion arose on the value of the yellow transparent for commercial orchards. Some believed it a mistake to plant largely of this variety on account of its poor keeping qualities. However, when in good shape, it sells readily, and men from Southern Illinois expressed great faith in its commercial value.

Much time was devoted to the discussion of the efficiency of spraying, and successes and failures were reported. The prevailing opinion was that the failures were due to ignorance in doing the work.

Question.—How many have experimented with spraying mixtures?

Twenty-seven replied affirmatively.

Question.—How many recommend spraying?

Thirty-five votes were cast for it, and none against it.

The growing of small fruits was discussed, and the growing of strawberries in hills came up. While hill culture gives large, fine berries, yet growers on a large scale do not follow it, as it does not pay for the extra trouble.

The question of fertilizers was discussed at length. The most important point developed was that the extensive use of barnyard manure made it possible for the soil to use a greater mass of chemical fertilizers than if it were not used at all. Thus in the neighborhood of large cities the market gardeners are enabled to use immense quantities of commercial fertilizers because they also use immense quantities of barnyard manure.

Mr. Morrill, of Michigan, spoke on the marketing of fruit. The first requisite is to have something desirable to market. He could not tell a man how to market undesirable fruit. The great necessity with farmers is to learn how to co-operate in the sale of goods. The co-operative organizations have largely failed for the reason that there seemed a jealousy against any man being paid to look after the work. He believed the time to be approaching when farmers would use more business-like methods.

The superintendent of the insane asylum at Kankakee spoke on the great success of irrigation at that place. The water for the irrigation works is pumped by steam engines that can supply from 100,000 to 200,000 gallons per day. The cost for this pumping is only three-tenths of a cent per thousand gallons. During the last season they had raised vegetables worth over $6,000.

By a vote of the society the life membership fee was reduced from $20 to $5.

The election of officers resulted in the following choice: President, Mr. Goodrich; vice-president, Lem Small; secretary, H. M. Dunlap; treasurer, Arthur Bryant.

The next annual meeting will be held at Springfield.

William Gould spoke on the cultivation of grapes. He plants 8x8 or 7x9, which gives about 700 vines to the acre.

Sulphur for Sheep.—The American Sheep Breeder says: While sulphur is indispensable for sheep, as furnishing one of the important elements of the fleece, it must be given in such a way as to be available for this purpose. It must be in the food. It cannot be given in the crude form, in which it is not a food, but an active medicine, producing a laxative action on the bowels and an excessive excretion through the skin. It is this which makes it useful as an antidote to all kinds of parasites, the sulphur thus passing through the skin being extremely offensive to all insects. But its action on the skin is to open the pores and thus make the animal more subject to changes of the weather, and especially to injury by rains. It is thus not desirable to give sulphur as food or nutriment except in the food, such as white mustard or any other plant of the turnip and cabbage tribe.

Transplanting Large Trees.—Gardening gives this method, and we can certify to its being a good one: We prefer doing this in the spring, and would prepare for it now. If you want to move a moderately large tree, say four, five or even six inches in diameter of trunk, next spring, head in its top now all you think ought to be done at planting time, then mark a ring on the ground around and four, five, six or more feet away from the stem, the distance away depending on the size of the tree. Now, along, but outside of this ring mark, dig a narrow trench say three feet deep, the object being to cut away all roots projecting beyond it, and fill up the trench at once with the same soil that came out of it. By spring the tree will have fairly recovered from the shock caused by cutting in root and top, and may be dug up and transplanted with fair chances of success.

Armour Buying Corn.—P. D. Armour, the millionaire packer, is making arrangements to crib an enormous amount of corn in Iowa this year. He is building cribs all along the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road and has arranged with the Des Moines, Northern and Western railway company to construct along their line of road cribs which will hold 750,000 bushels of corn. The road already has cribs with a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels.—Ex.

CURE CONSUMPTION.

WONDERFUL PROGRESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., Offers to Send Free Two Bottles of His Remedy to Cure Consumption, and all Lung Troubles.

NOTHING could be fairer or more philanthropic than the offer of T. A. Slocum, Manufacturing Chemist, of 183 Pearl street, New York City.

Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the Cure of Consumption and all Pulmonary Affections (and to increase its usefulness, and make its great merits known), will *send two bottles free* to any reader who is suffering from Throat, Chest, and Lung Troubles or Consumption.

Already this scientific treatment, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficent results, he considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible specific remedy.

Offered freely, is enough to commend it—and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer.

There will be no mistake in sending—the mistake will be in overlooking the generous invitation; the only expense to the sufferer being slight express charges on delivery of the remedy.

Mail your express and postoffice address to T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl street, New York, and mention reading this article in this paper.

An occasional drubbing will do most any man good.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

When a woman gives a party, she also gives the neighbors an opportunity to talk about her.

Colorado Gold Mines.

If you are interested in gold mining or wish to keep posted regarding the wonderful strides being made in Colorado, it will pay you to send fifty cents for a year's subscription to The Gold Miner, an illustrated monthly paper published at Denver.

Some teachers hate the children and some children hate the teacher.

Forecasters.

Some people are so influenced by the electric currents of the atmosphere that they can foretell the coming of a thunderstorm with perfect accuracy, and others there are with nerves so sensitive that they are sure of having neuralgia from a low and fretful state of the nervous system. Now why can't the latter be warned in time and know that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The use of St. Jacobs Oil promptly will ward off an attack, or if attacked, will promptly cure. Such people can do for themselves what others do from weather prophecies, heed the signals and save the wreck and disaster.

If you want to be a man first resolve to pay your debts.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Every poor singer doubtless once led a church choir.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

No man is smart enough to be funny when he is drunk.

THE GENUINE "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are sold only in boxes. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs and Throat Troubles.

All married men are better off than the old bachelors.

The Modern Way

Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeable as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches, and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Company.

After all an aching heart does not hurt like an aching tooth.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

One way to become dishonest is to spend other people's money.

THE WORLD'S EARLIEST POTATO.

That's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 28 days. Salzer's new late tomato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielder in the world, and we challenge you to produce its equal! 10 acres to Salzer's Earliest Potatoes yield 4000 bushels, sold in June at $1.00 a bushel—$4000. That pays. A word to the wise, etc.

Now if you will cut this out and send it with 10c postage you will get, free, 10 packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Lathyrus, Sand Vetch, Giant Spurry, Giant Clover, etc., and our mammoth seed catalogue. w.n.

Only three out of every hundred men engaged in business escape failure at some time during their career.