Only a Missing "M."

ONE Saturday morning I was sitting at my desk opening my correspondence, when I came across a letter which conveyed to me news that considerably shocked me. My old friend and client, Sir Douglas Renwood, was dead, and the letter announcing the sad intelligence was from his nephew, and ran thus:

"—— Cottage, Staines, June 1.—Dear Mr. Geary: I have to inform you of the sad death of my uncle. He passed away at ten o'clock last night. It was all terribly sudden. He caught a violent chill last week, which developed into inflammation of the lungs. We sent for Dr. Holmes, the leading doctor here, but he could do no good, and the end came last evening.

"I write to you because I think it desirable that you, as the leading family adviser, should come down here at once to arrange for the funeral, and also to go into other matters connected with my poor uncle's estate. Yours faithfully,

"MARK RENWOOD."

"Aha!" said I to myself, as I concluded the reading of the letter, "the other matters which Mr. Mark refers to are closely connected to himself. He is the next of kin. Douglas died unmarried. This means £20,000 a year to my young friend."

I then proceeded to continue my work of opening the morning letters, and, finding that there was nothing of urgent importance therein, I determined to act on Mark Renwood's suggestion and go down to Staines without delay.

I sent for my head clerk and told him of my intention, bidding him also to find out when there was a train from Paddington. He soon returned with the information that I could catch a good one at 12:30, and I accordingly drove to Kensington and collected what I required for the journey, and an hour later was seated in a first-class carriage on my way to Staines.

I had announced my coming by telegraph from Paddington, and I was therefore not surprised to find young Renwood waiting for me when I alighted.

He was a tall, thin young man, with strong aquiline features and small, gray eyes. I had known him since he was at Eton, and he held out his hand to me with a cordial smile.

"I am delighted to see you come so soon, Mr. Geary," he said, speaking in a hearty tone, "but I wish you had come on more joyous business. This is a sad affair, indeed."

"Sad enough," I rejoined, "and yet we must all die some day or other—else where would the young ones come in?"

The cottage was about half a mile from the station, and our journey took us along the river bank. As we passed the boathouse on the slope, he said, in a low voice:

"This is the spot where my poor uncle contracted the chill which caused his end. He and I were walking along this path one evening, when we heard a cry for help, and the next moment a child's head appeared above the water. I, of course, would have plunged in, but, as you have perhaps noticed, I am suffering from a temporary sprain, and could not swim an inch. My uncle, knowing this, threw off his coat, and, swimming to the spot where the child was fast sinking, rescued it just as the youngster came up for the third time."

"This Dr. Holmes," I queried, "was he a really good man?"

"I believe he is the best doctor in these parts. Had I known things were so serious I would have wired to town for our own man, but I never dreamed that such was the case."

"Poor old gentleman!" I said. "And he was to have been married soon, was he not?"

"Yes. That is the oddest part of the business. He looked forward so much to giving up the state of bachelordom in which he had lived, and now—well, it's no use talking of the past."

"All the same," I could not help remarking, dryly, "it is not such a terrible thing for you that this marriage did not take place. Had it done so there might have been an heir to the estate, who would have cut you out most completely."

He looked up with a hasty glance.

"Oh, Mr. Geary," he said, "I cannot think of things like that at a time like this. My uncle was a father to me, and better than many fathers. I am well-nigh stunned by the blow—money matters just now seem to me very small, indeed."

"Well, well," I said, somewhat testily, "we cannot do without money, whether we think of it or not. But here we are at —— cottage, for, I suppose, this is the place."

"This is the place," he answered. "Come in."

I followed him into the cottage and up the stairs, until we came to the room where the dead baronet lay.

I went slowly toward the bed on which my poor old friend and client rested, and, drawing aside the sheet which covered the dead face, took a last long look on the features I knew so well.

I was roused from my reflections by the entrance of young Renwood, who came up to the bedside and pulled out his cigar case, several papers dropping from his pocket at the time.

"Have a cigar!" he said, as I stooped to pick up the papers, and then, seeing a shade of annoyance that I could not conceal cross my face at the thought of smoking at such a time and in such a place, he said, hastily: "Perhaps we'd better not smoke, though; it's hardly decent in a room with death in it."

His sudden glow of proper feeling did not impress me and I merely handed him the papers he had dropped in silence.

One of these he handed back to me.

"You'd better look at that, Mr. Geary," he said, abruptly; "that is Dr. Holmes' certificate of death."

I glanced at the document. Yes, it was all in order. "Douglas Kenneth Renwood, aged 65," and so on, but when I came to the heading, "Cause of Death," I gave a violent start.

"Good heavens!" I said to myself, "can this be possible—can this be possible?"

For something I had seen in that certificate had connected itself with something I had seen in another document that morning, and the sight of the two things filled me with an awful suspicion.

And I determined to act on that suspicion and to act at once. Asking Renwood to excuse me for half an hour, as I wanted to call on a legal friend, who lived in town, I hurried away.

I was going to call on Dr. Holmes, whose name was at the foot of the certificate recording the death of Sir Douglas Renwood.

I had to wait some time at the physician's house, as he had numerous consultations in progress. After an hour of terrible anticipation in the dull waiting-room, I was at length ushered into the doctor's presence.

"Dr. Holmes," I said, "I have not come to see you professionally, but rather to ask you one question."

He seemed surprised, but simply said: "Go on."

"Did you sign a certificate of death through inflammation of the lungs, of Sir Douglas Renwood, who now lies dead at the place called —— cottage?"

He jumped up from his chair in amazement.

"My dear sir," he cried, "what on earth are you talking about? I know nothing whatever of Sir Douglas Renwood, except that he is reputed to be a man of eccentric habits, as he refuses to have any servants in his house."

The suspicion which had been darkening in my mind grew darker as he spoke these words. In a moment I had risen from the chair, and, walking quickly to the doctor's side, I said:

"Doctor, there has been some foul play in this business. Sir Douglas Renwood lies dead and I have just seen a certificate of his decease bearing your name at the foot."

The doctor looked astonished.

"Then it is a forgery," he cried. "I have never signed a certificate of this man's death. More than that, I did not know even that he was ill."

I thought for a moment and then said:

"Our way is clear. We must go at once to the police station and get a warrant for the arrest of the man who produced that certificate as coming from you. That man is Mark Renwood, Sir Douglas' nephew and—heir."

The doctor gave me a quick glance.

"His heir, eh?" he said. "Come, perhaps we are on the brink of a discovery. It seems to me that there is more in this business than meets the eye."

I thought so, too.

An hour later Dr. Holmes, a couple of plain-clothed policemen and myself entered the cottage. Bidding the two men to be close at hand in case of need the doctor and I went straight upstairs in search of Mark Renwood.

He did not seem in the least astounded at the appearance of the doctor. Evidently he imagined that he was the "legal friend" on whom he fancied I had gone to call, for he held out his hand with a smile.

"Any friend of yours, Mr. Geary," he said, "is welcome here. Introduce me, please."

Wondering whether he was merely playing a part or was sincere, I formally introduced the two men..

"Dr. Holmes—Mark Renwood."

A terrible change came over Renwood's face and he clung to the table for support. He tried to speak, but words failed him. The look on his features told what I had already guessed.

There was no time for idle thought or conjecture. I touched the bell and the two constables appeared in a moment.

"I give this man in custody," I said, in a loud voice, "for uttering a forged death certificate. Whether a further charge, and a more serious one, will be added, remains to be seen."

Renwood uttered not a word. With a white, scared look, he suffered himself to be led from the house, and thence into a conveyance. Our way lay in the direction of the police station.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body of Sir Douglas Renwood, and the verdict of the jury, following on the doctor's post mortem examination, was "Willful murder against Mark Renwood."

He was accordingly committed for trial at the next assizes.

The incident which served to convict him was the forged certificate. He could assign no reason for the forgery, and therefore the jury had no option but to conclude that the man who had administered to the deceased the subtle poison which caused his death was his nephew, the man who stood in the dock.

Sentence was passed accordingly, and on the night before his execution he sent for the chaplain and made a full confession.

"I killed my uncle by means of a drug which natives use in certain parts of India for medical purposes, and which leaves the features calm and composed after death. My uncle was about to marry, and, in the event of his doing so, and having issue, I knew that my chance of a great estate was gone. So I brought him down to Staines, and kept him under lock and key in the cottage.

How did I discover the forgery? By the fact that I knew Dr. Holmes' handwriting, and detected the difference? Not a bit of it. The doctor's handwriting was as unknown to me as the first Pharaoh. No. It was simply on account of the fact that the death certificate bore the cause of death, "inflamation" being spelled with one "m."

In the letter from Mark Renwood with which this history begins the word occurred with the letter omitted, and it struck me as being very curious that two men should make a mistake over the same word. So curious was this apparent coincidence that I pursued the inquiries which ended as I have described. If Mark Renwood had been a better speller he would, in all probability, be alive at this hour."—Cassell's Journal.

PERPLEXITIES OF A PRESIDENT.

Constantly Beset by Seekers After Office.

To a large extent the administration of a president of the United States is judged by the character of the men whom it selects for public office. As soon as a president is inaugurated, his perplexities begin. He may have been the idol of his party up to that time, but his will be an exceptional experience if he does not find friends turning into critics or even into opponents, because of their disappointment over his nominations.

Practically, his first official act is to nominate the eight cabinet officers who are to be his advisers, and each of whom is to be the head of an important department of the government service. Then comes the necessity of selecting ambassadors and ministers, consuls and collectors, postmasters and district attorneys, and other officers of greater or less importance.

Although most of the minor places have been brought under the civil service rules, and are filled through competitive examinations, the number of officers nominated by the president, subject to the confirmation of the senate, is still large enough to cause a new president much anxious thought.

On the one hand, a president is beset with the importunities of men who want offices for themselves or others. Perhaps they were active in securing his nomination. Or they were chairmen of political committees. Or they were generous contributors of campaign funds. Each of them has some personal or party claim to consideration, which he does not hesitate to press.

On the other hand, a president feels the pressure of an enlightened public sentiment, which demands the subordination of personal and partisan considerations to the public good, and makes fitness the first requisite in official station.

This sentiment is specially strong with reference to the diplomatic service. It grates upon American sensibilities to have men appointed to represent the United States at foreign nations. When a man is commissioned for foreign service who does not even know the language of the country where he is to reside; or another man is made minister at an important capital for no better reason than that he has been a hustling party leader in congress, the administration responsible for such appointments suffers in prestige more than it can possibly gain by squaring a few political or personal debts.

However hard a president may try, it is impossible for him to satisfy the demands of politicians. There are not enough first-class offices to go around among the men who imagine themselves entitled to them. Perhaps half a dozen of them ask for the same office, each with a strong backing. If the president appoints one, he makes enemies of the other five and their friends. Ordinary prudence, therefore, to say nothing of higher motives, should prompt a president to pay more attention to the public good than to personal clamor.

Public sentiment makes allowance for errors of judgment, and the difficulties of a president's position. It does not expect ideal selections everywhere; but it will judge an administration by the general character of its appointments, and it is an encouraging sign that the standard of the public service is becoming higher rather than lower. —Youth's Companion.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The wine-bearing palm of western Africa yields a sap which is sweet when first drawn, ferments in a few hours, and is a quick intoxicant.

—Firelighters are made in Germany by twisting wood wool into a rope, cutting it into short lengths, and dipping the end of the pieces into melted resin.

—The hairspring of a watch is a strip of the finest steel, about 9½ inches long, 1-100th inch wide and 27-10,000ths inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered.

—Before the introduction of firearms, the wood of the yew was in so great a demand for bows that a law was enacted in Venice that every ship trading in the port should bring ten bow staves with every butt of Malmsey wine.

—A recipe for preserving wire ropes that are to be carried under water or under the earth's surface consists of a mixture of 35 parts of slacked lime and from 50 to 60 parts of tar. The compound is boiled and applied hot.

—The thickest known coal seam in the world is the Wyoming, near Twin Creek, in the Green river coal basin, Wyoming. It is 80 feet thick, with only one thin parting of shale near the roof, and upwards of 300 feet of solid coal underlie the property of 4,000 acres.

—The tunnels of the world are estimated to number about 1,142, with a total length of 514 miles. There are about 1,000 railroad tunnels, 12 subaqueous tunnels, 90 canal tunnels and 40 conduit tunnels, with aggregate lengths of about 350 miles, 9 miles, 70 miles and 85 miles respectively.

—Tar may be instantaneously removed from hands and fingers by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel, and wiping dry immediately after. It is surprising what a large surface of skin a small piece will clean. The volatile oils in the skins dissolve the tar, and so it may be wiped off.

—The citizens of Dijon, France, recently voted a tax for putting a railing around a tree which stands within the city limits. The tree bears a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town council has a record tracing history of the tree since the year 722 A. D. It is 122 feet in height and 45 feet in circumference at the base.

NOBLEMAN A POLICEMAN.

Must Serve Ten Years "On the Force" to Inherit a Fortune.

The strangest of all the many requests that have been made of Mr. Hanna since he took up his leadership in politics came to him when Baron von Muegge, a young German, solicited his influence to obtain an appointment as deputy United States marshal, at any place where the surroundings are agreeable, at any salary, or any amount of fees that might be offered.

The applicant, who is well vouched for and is undoubtedly all that he pretends to be, told a strange story of the will of his mother, a wealthy, but eccentric, German, who stipulated that he should serve ten years as a policeman before he should come into his fortune, her idea being to teach him self-control, develop his character and convince him of the dignity of labor.

As he did not wish to serve in such an humble capacity among his former and future associates, Von Muegge came to the United States to serve his time. He has been on the force in several cities, and is now employed as a watchman by a railroad company in Cleveland.

The man is personally known to Mr. Hanna through a rather curious episode that occurred while he was a member of the Cleveland city police. A few nights after the election some of Mr. Hanna's friends and admirers tendered him a banquet at the Union club in that city, and during the dinner two of the waiters got into trouble, in which one of them bit off a portion of the ear of the other.

The fight was so fierce that a policeman was sent for to take charge of the combatants, and that duty happened to be assigned to Von Muegge. Mr. Hanna recollects seeing him at the Union club on that occasion.

His term of servitude expires in November next, and the baron is anxious to spend the remainder of the period in surroundings which will be more agreeable than those in which he has been situated for the last nine years. He would like to be a deputy to the United States marshal of the District of Columbia for the next six months, and has asked Mr. Hanna's influence to secure that position.—Chicago Record.

WORSHIPED A FALSE GOD.

Debating Society Enshrines Webster's Image Instead of Clay's.

The members of the Henry Clay Debating society of Oakland, an organization of enthusiastic young students of history, oratory and debate, have made a discovery which has shocked them.

For a year they have been admiring a picture of Daniel Webster, thinking it was a likeness of the immortal man for whom they named the club. It hung upon the wall in the main room of the suite occupied by the club, and in the year was seen and admired by hundreds. It was a steel engraving incased in a large oaken frame, and made a very attractive picture. Some of those who looked upon it may have recognized in it the likeness of Clay's rival, but no one ever mentioned the fact, and in the list of art works belonging to the club it was set down as a picture of Clay. During the debates which have aroused the echoes of the club rooms in the last year the picture was pointed to with pride every time one of the young orators referred to Clay in any way.

Two weeks ago some one broke the horrible news to the members of the board of directors. There was a special meeting, and it was decided at once to take the picture down. There was an effort to fix the blame for the error, and some of the members of the committee who had purchased the picture were called before the directors. It was agreed, however, that the wisest plan would be to let the matter drop. All those who were in the secret were pledged to secrecy and another picture was purchased.

The members of the club felt rather sheepish about the incident and did not relish the idea of having the public informed. At a meeting held a few evenings ago Guy D. Reynolds, in the course of a speech, referred in a general way to the affair. He said enough to make the members feel uneasy and to cause the uninitiated to become curious, and it was no longer a secret. Now there are general details, and visitors to the club are not supposed to smile when they gaze on the picture, although the laugh is on Henry and his followers.—San Francisco Chronicle.

POTTED VEAL AND TONGUE.

How to Convert Left Over Meats Into a Fresh Dish.

Cold veal left from a roast or potpie may be minced, pounded to a paste and mixed with equal parts of cold boiled and smoked tongue or ham for a potted meat. The root and tough parts of a boiled tongue left after slicing the rest for tea may be used up in this way. To a pint measure each of tongue and of lean veal, both chopped and pounded to a paste, take two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and a pinch of mace. Mix a tablespoonful of butter with the tongue and add a pinch of cayenne to it. Add the other ingredients to the paste of veal, mixing them in thoroughly. Put first a layer of seasoned veal in a jar of earthenware, then a layer of tongue, until the jar is full. Pack the meat as tightly as possible in the jar, leaving no air spaces. Set the jar of meat in the oven in a pan of cold water, and let it bake in this way for half an hour. Pour a little melted butter over it, and let it become cold, then set it away. Cut it into thin slices for tea, using a very sharp knife and having the roll of potted meat very cold in order to make it firm enough to slice. The jar in which the meat is potted should be buttered before the meat is put in it. The jar must be set in hot water a moment to slip out the roll of meat, which must then be chilled again to make it firm for slicing.—N. Y. Tribune.

Delicious Brown Fricasseed Chicken.

Brown fricasseeing is a very tasty way of serving a fowl. Singe, draw and disjoint; put in a good-sized saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter; when hot drop in the pieces of chicken; allow them to brown gradually, taking care the butter does not burn. As soon as the pieces are browned, draw them to one side of the saucepan, and add to the fat two tablespoonfuls of flour; mix and add one pint of stock or water. Stir constantly until it begins to boil, moving the chicken around in the sauce. Add a slice of onion, a bay leaf, a tablespoonful of chopped carrot, a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Cover the saucepan, push it to the back part of the stove, where the chicken may simmer slowly for an hour. When done, dish the rough pieces in the center, crossing the legs on the front of the platter; place the wings and the dark meat at the sides; the back and breast on top. Dish your chicken each time in the same manner, so that the carver may know exactly where he will find the dark and the light meat. Take the sauce from the fire, add to it the yolk of one egg, beaten with two tablespoonfuls of cream; strain this over the chicken. Garnish the dish with crescents of fried bread, dust over a little finely-chopped parsley, and send to the table.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Studying the Mushroom.

A club has been formed in New York city, the members of which are interested in all sorts of edible fungi. They are to experiment and investigate all forms of mushrooms and toadstools with a view to furnishing information to those who have not the opportunity for personal study. It is thought that a cheap food supply may be provided through the medium of these growths. There is a society in Boston and there are several in England. There are to be lectures, exhibits and literature and interested persons will be taught to distinguish between the harmless and the poisonous sorts. There is also a branch devoted to the study of the best methods of preparing these articles for the table. The mushroom is a favorite delicacy with such a large number of persons that any information concerning it, or its more plentiful and inexpensive supply, will no doubt be greeted with enthusiasm.—N. Y. Ledger.

How to Broil Shad.

Split a well-cleaned shad down the entire back, remove the backbone and season with one tablespoonful of salt; brush the fish over with a little melted butter or olive oil, let it stand 30 minutes, then put the fish on a broiler with the flesh side down; place over a clear, moderate fire and broil 15 minutes; then turn and broil five minutes on the skin side. Dress the shad on a warm dish, mix one tablespoonful of butter to a cream, add the juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg and one teaspoonful of fine chopped parsley; spread this over the fish, garnish with parsley and one lemon cut lengthwise into six pieces. The broiling can be done nicely on a gas broiler. —St. Louis Republic.

Serving a Fricasseed Fowl.

A fricasseed fowl should always be put upon the platter in one way, says a cooking teacher, so that the server may know where to find the different parts, and there may be as little as possible of the splashing of gravy in the dividing about of an exploring carving-fork. Put the back in the middle, says the authority, and the breast on top of it. Cross the drumsticks, and lay them at either side, with the second joints at the ends. The wings should be placed outside these. If two fowls are served, the arrangement is simply repeated at the other end of the platter. —N. Y. Post.

Supplying All Wants.

The Peddler—I have the most excellent silver polish.

The Lady of the House—Don't need it. I haven't got any silver.

"Well, then, it will take grease spots out of wall paper."

"Haven't got any wall paper."

"Then it will renew the curl in feathers."

"Haven't got any feathers."

"Well, then, it will make oil paintings look like new."

"Haven't got any oil paintings."

"Well, then, a little taken internally will make you feel as if you had some of these things. Good day."

To Make Sure.

"Young man," said the statesman, "I decline to be interviewed."

The hopeful reporter looked sad.

"I always interview myself," the statesman explained. "It is a great plan for missing mistakes. Just sit down and I will have your copy ready in about 20 minutes."

Plain Croquettes.

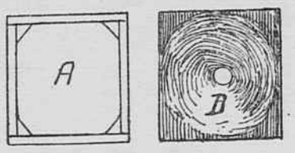
One pint of chopped meat of any kind, one slice of bread soaked in tepid water, two eggs, seasoning to taste. Squeeze the bread dry, add the meat, bind with the eggs, seasoning to taste. Mold, roll in egg and crumbs and fry. One cupful of cold mashed potatoes can be used instead of the bread.—Boston Budget.

POULTRY & BEES.

EGG-EATING HENS.

How to Remove Temptation Out of Their Wicked Way.

The plan portrayed below can be made by anyone handy with tools, and the cost will be but little. After making the frame as shown at a, take a strong, close piece of burlap, cut somewhat larger than the frame, and set a ring in the center of the piece large enough for an egg to pass through easily. Tack this on the upper edge of the frame a, allowing it to sag five or six inches in the center, as at b. To complete the nest and make it more attractive and natural for the hens, wisps of hay may be twisted and sewed on the inside. The frame should be made to fit tightly in the nest heretofore used, so that it will not have to be fastened. The egg will drop through the hole and roll to one side of the nest below. The eggs may be gathered by simply lifting up the front side of the frame.—Curtis J. Irwin, in Farm and Home.



THE EGG-EATING HEN FOILED.

WONDERFUL INDEED.

The Queen Bee Is the Most Marvelous of All Insects.

The study of bee life is always an interesting matter to the beginner and of all bees the queen is the most wonderful product in insect life. In the first place she is the product of the bees themselves. A common worker egg is taken and fed a certain kind of food and a fully developed female is produced from an egg that in the natural course would have been imperfect.

As soon as she has become fully grown the queen bee sets out to find a mate, and after her return from this wedding trip never leaves her home again unless it is to seek another and more commodious one, for it is always the old queen that leaves with the swarm instead of a younger one.

The queen bee lives four or five years and is capable of laying from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs a day during all this time. As the ordinary worker lives less than six weeks in the working season and only six or seven months under the most favorable circumstances, the queen sees many generations of her children come and go. No queen ever had more loyal subjects than those of the queen bee, and they will die in defense of her and their home at any time. If a strange queen is introduced into a colony, the members of it pounce upon her at once unless their old queen is removed, in which case the stranger is usually given a warm welcome.

If a surplus of queens is hatched in a hive, the extra ones are killed at once, and after the old queen becomes useless for the purpose of laying more eggs to keep up the strength of a colony, her children kill her and cast her out and raise up a new one to succeed her.—Farmers' Voice.

THE FLAVOR OF EGGS.

Green Bone Is the Cheapest Hen Food on the Market.

Good feeders have long known that certain kinds of food would greatly improve the flesh of animals for human consumption. The feeding of roots improves the quality of mutton; artichokes improve the quality of pork. Enterprising duck farmers have found that the feeding of celery improves the flavor of their birds, and chestnuts are fed to fattening turkeys to produce a game flavor. Green cut bone is fed to chickens for the same reason and to increase the size of the fowls and to increase and improve the flavor of their eggs. Careful experiment and practical experience have proven beyond any question of doubt that the liberal feeding of green cut bone will double the egg yield from a given number of hens. Green bone is the cheapest egg food on the market to-day, and in many places can be had for the mere asking. In those places where it has acquired a commercial value it can be bought for 25 to 30 cents per 100 pounds. This is much cheaper than wheat, which is the best of the cereal egg-producing foods. Green cut bone has such a potent force in increasing egg production that it will be found especially helpful in winter, producing large quantities of eggs when they are of greatest value.—Journal of Agriculture.

SHADY CHICKEN COOP.

It Affords Comfort in Daytime and Shelter at Night.

Shelter at night, and shade for the heat of the day, are both provided for in the coop shown in the accompanying cut. A barrel with a bit of the head left in, is placed upon its side and partly filled with dry loam. Above is stretched a square of cheap cotton cloth, as shown in the sketch. If the hen is to be kept from running with the chicks, she can be tied to the stake in front, or slats can be nailed across the front of the barrel. A square frame, covered with coarse wire cloth, makes an excellent protection for the front at night, as it keeps out the enemies of the chicks, but lets in pure air. It is for lack of proper ventilation that many broods fail to grow thriftily. Remove the surface of the loam in the barrel occasionally and put in a coating of fresh earth.—Orange Judd Farmer.

PROTECTION FOR CHICKS.

HINTS FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Protect the north and west sides of the bee hives.

If a colony is found queenless unite it with a queen that has a colony.

Many bees are lost when taking a clearing flight early in the spring.

Bees consume a large quantity of water after they begin to rear brood.

If bees have no convenient watering place, one should be provided for them.

Examine the hives, and if you do not find a brood in all stages it is a sign that the queen is dead.

More spring dwindling results from putting the bees out too soon than from any other one cause.

By feeding now, the bees will breed more rapidly, thereby increasing the force of the working bees.

One of the best ways of uniting colonies is to set one hive over the other and let the bees mix at will.

It is best to contract the entrances to the hives in early spring until the weather becomes warm and settled.

After the honey season fairly opens, the bees will get water enough from the thin nectar gathered from the flowers.

In case the queen is dead take a frame of brood from another hive and the bees will soon rear a queen for themselves.

In all feeding care must be taken not to spill the feed about the hives. It may, and generally will, induce robbing.

To introduce a strange queen into a hive put her into a queen cage, cover her with sugar paste and lay on top of the frames.

Cutting off edges of the comb or cutting holes in the same where there are eggs or larvae just hatched will almost always insure the starting of queen cells.

Better queens can be secured if we wait for the queen cells to be started naturally by the bees under the swarming impulse. By early feeding and adding brood this period can be hastened. —St. Louis Republic.

BUSINESS JUDGMENT.

It Is Necessary to Make Poultry Keeping a Success.

If farmers and poultrymen generally would use more business judgment they would be more successful. It is not only necessary to send fresh eggs to market, but they should be well sorted in the crate as to color and size. Furthermore, they should be clean. Dirty eggs and all varieties of shapes and colors will not attract the eye of the buyer, says the Homestead. In these days of close competition one cannot be too careful about the manner in which shipments are made. It is the same with dressed poultry. Poultry should have a plump and tempting appearance, free from pin feathers and absolutely clean. The head and feet should have a clean and fresh look. One reason why scalded poultry never sells well in market is on account of the pale, shrunken look of the head, giving it a sickly look. Another good business principle is to serve the market according to her demands. If she wants white eggs don't ship brown, and if she wants brown, don't force a white shipment on her. Your broilers would go begging in a rooster market, and your roosters would have slow sales if broilers were asked for. There are so many little things that must be considered. How to market is indeed important, but when to market is a fact that must be closely studied. Waiting for holidays has made much disappointment. There are too many waiting for those events. The man who markets when he has something ready for market is generally the one who comes out the best. And he who is enabled to market once a week the year round has the greatest success.

Local Markets for Eggs.

It is not always in the large markets that the highest prices are obtained for eggs. One reason why so many farmers ship their eggs to a distant market is because it is easier to do so than to sell nearer home. When a lot of eggs can be sent away in a crate to be sold by an agent the work is done, and when sold in the nearest town more time must be given. If the towns were better supplied prices would be higher in the large markets, and it will no doubt pay to build up a local custom for eggs, as better prices are obtained in that manner than by shipping to the cities. —Farm and Fireside.

Sell Your Honey at Home.

Push your sales of honey at home as much as possible. If city prices are not comparatively high and you must sell cheap, sell at home, giving your neighbors the advantage of what you have to pay out in the way of freight, insurance and commissions. If you will do this you will get new customers, and some of these will become regular purchasers, even at good prices. Very often commission men are blamed for low prices, when they have done the best that could be done at the time of sale.

Administering Iron to Hens.

It is claimed that a French physician has discovered a method by which iron can be given in large doses. Hens, he noticed, have powerful internal organs. They can digest considerable quantities of iron and then render it back through the albumen of their eggs in a form which is easily digested by the weaker stomachs of mankind. So he feeds his hens with what he calls "a very absorbent salt of iron," mingled with grains of wheat, and they lay eggs extremely rich in iron already digested.

Every Little Helps.

Turn the sheep in the cornfield for a day or two after you get it planted. It will relieve the constant strain on their pasture, and they will give the weeds in the fence rows a big back set.—National Stockman.

Gravel Roads for Iowa.

A writer in the Des Moines (Ia.) Farmer's Tribune urges the superiority of gravel roads for that state. His reason is principally the trifling cost of the gravel as compared with the cost of stone necessary for a macadam road.

Cheap in the Long Run.

A well-graded and macadamed road would cost a good deal at the start, but it would be there for future generations and the benefit to the community would be everlasting.

Their Object in Life.

"Do you cyclists want the earth?"

"We do—long enough to put good roads around it. Then you can have a part of it back again."—Chicago Tribune.

What Is Needed Most.

Material for making a road isn't lacking half as often as is the disposition to get it.

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence a patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. T is simply because it possesses gre merit and produces greater cures th any other. It is not what we say, b what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tel the story. All advertisements of Hood Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla i self, are honest. We have never deceive the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CURES THE CHILDREN.

Nervura Is the Best Medicine and Surest Cure For the Little Ones.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the Household Remedy For Children. Give Your Child This Wonderul Remedy. A Cure Is Certain.

CURE OF MRS. WONDERLEY AND HER CHILDREN BY DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.

The health of the children should be the first consideration of every parent. Too many children are allowed to drift into fatal decline by neglect. If your little ones are pale, puny, nervous, do not play with zest and do not develop as they should, give them immediately this great restorer of health and strength, this maker of good blood and strong nerves, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. For St. Vitus dance, spasms, epilepsy, convulsions, Dr. Greene's Nervura is the only remedy absolutely and unfailingly sure to cure. If your infants are cross, irritable, and do not sleep well, are restless in sleep, tossing about, gritting the teeth and starting suddenly from sleep, have twitching of the eyes, face, head or limbs, you can be certain that one of the above terrible diseases will be the inevitable result unless taken in time and *cured now* by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. Get this wonderful remedy at once, and you can be perfectly sure of a cure. You need not fear to give it to infants or children of any age as it is perfectly harmless, being made from pure vegetable medicines marvelous in their curative and health-giving powers. Read what Dr. Greene's Nervura did in restoring to health Mrs. Mary Wonderley and her two children, at 1009 Buttonwood St., Philadelphia, Pa. She says:—

"I had been suffering for two years with nervousness and indigestion so that at night I could not sleep, and in the morning I felt weak and tired and so badly that I could not do my housework. I thought I could never get cured. I would have to get up at night and walk up and down, had pains all over my body, and when I got to sleep would wake with a pain around my heart so that I would be afraid to lie down again. I had pains in the top of my head and my hands would tremble if I tried to sew, and the least noise would frighten me. My husband was told to get Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which he did, and when I had started on the second bottle I was surprised to find myself improving rapidly. Had I known of Dr. Greene's Nervura when I was first sick it would have saved me many dollars paid to doctors. My little children were also helped through this great medicine. They would wake up at night frightened by horrible dreams, and their appetite was failing and my little girl had dark circles under her eyes and was puny, pale and sallow. My little baby only weighed 15 pounds. After taking Dr. Greene's Nervura she weighs 28 pounds and my little girl is as fat and rosy as a peach. We owe all this to Dr. Greene's wonderful remedy."

Do not delay, but give your child this grand medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, now, and watch it gain in health every day and every hour. Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, the most successful physician in curing diseases of children, can be consulted free, in person or by letter. No fees to pay for consultation, examination or advice, and the low prices of his health giving medicines place a sure cure in reach of everybody.

You Need Another Hat,

Something different from what you bought earlier—something for a change that is chic, stylish and just suits the season. We have just the thing—not too elegant, but just dressy enough, and it doesn't cost much. If you need a hot weather hat, a dainty finish for your summer suit, we have it. An examination of our stock shows we have too many hats on hand, and to reduce these and also to give our customers a bargain **Unexcelled in Tazewell.**

We Shall Cut the Prices on Them Exactly One-Fourth.

Then a $3 hat will cost you only $2.25 and a $2 hat will cost you only $1.50 and a $1 hat only 75c, the rest in the same proportion.

Do Not Lose This Opportunity.

TAZEWELL MILLINERY CO.

BROWN'S RESTAURANT,

KELLY BUILDING,

TAZEWELL, - - VIRGINIA.

E. D. BROWN, Proprietor.

Board and Lodging by day, week or month. Meals at all hours at 25c. Table first class.

NATIONS IN MANUFACTURES.

Figures Show That the United States Are at the Head.

There are actually more employes of manufactories, male, female and child labor included, in Germany, Great Britain and France than there are in the United States, though the population of the United States is 22,000,000 greater than the population of Germany, and 34,000,000 greater than the population of Great Britain or the population of France. There were returned by the last national census 5,091,000 persons as in "manufacturing and mechanical industries" in the United States, but included in this number were 150,000 seamstresses, 185,000 tailors, 60,000 milliners, 288,000 dressmakers and 105,000 butchers, and with these and sundry other similar deductions from the number of those engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries it is found by the last report of the commissioner of labor that the actual number of persons engaged in manufactures in this country is 3,837,000. But though the number of employes is less than in other manufacturing countries, the United States stands at the head of them all in their products of manufactures, the product by hand, the volume of steam power used and the annual wages paid.

These figures show the total product of American manufactures to be in excess of $7,000,000,000 a year, whereas the total value of the combined manufactures of Great Britain in a year amount to only $4,100,000,000. Germany follows with $2,915,000,000. France comes third with $2,245,000,000, Russia fourth with $1,815,000,000, and then the other countries having large manufactures as follows: Austria-Hungary, $1,265,000,000, Italy $605,000,000, Belgium $510,000,000, Spain $425,000,000 and Switzerland $160,000,000. In respect to the product of manufactures by hand the United States is far in excess of all other countries. The average here is $1,888, in Great Britain $790, in France, in Belgium and Germany the same, $545; in Switzerland $433, in Russia $381, and in Italy $265. In respect to the amount of steam power used, the United States stands at the head of all manufacturing countries, with a total of 18,000,000-horse power. Great Britain has 12,000,000, Germany 9,000,000, France 5,000,000, and Austria-Hungary and Russia 2,500,000 each. Belgium, which has less than one-seventh of the population of Austria-Hungary, and less than one-fifteenth of the population of Russia, has 1,000,000-horse power, having increased at a rate more rapid than any other country in Europe. In respect to the wages paid, the United States again stands first, with an average of $348 a year, Great Britain following with $204, France with $175, Belgium with $165, Germany $155, Switzerland and Austria-Hungary $150, and Spain and Russia $120. The explanation of this apparent paradox, that while other nations have a larger number of employes engaged in manufactures than the United States, the United States has a larger product from their manufactures each year, is found in the superiority of American workmen, who, as the figures show, turn out considerably more work per capita than the employes of any other country engaged in like manufactures. —N. Y. Sun.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

People, as a rule, like creamery butter the best.

North Dakota is forging ahead as a dairy state.

Corn alone is not a proper milk-producing food.

The state of Washington has a fine dairy association.

Get a separator if you mean to make the dairy profitable.

Wherever alfalfa will grow is the place for the dairy and swine.

New forage crops come and go, but clover, blue grass and timothy stay.

Some people have not the "talent" for making good butter and ought not to try.

A good way to prevent wooden butter bowls from cracking: Bury the new bowl several inches deep in a salt barrel and allow to remain for two weeks. —Western Plowman.

Not Palatable.

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Toward the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from the tray near him, and politely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined the offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you! I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.