THE PICTURE THAT WE TOOK.

We posed her there upon the lawn
Beside her high-backed chair,
The morning sunlight beaming on
The wavelets of her hair;
She clasped her dolly to her breast,
And we, combining, tricked
Her into stillness. Then I pressed
The button till it clicked.

Dear God, what changes time can bring!
Sometimes now, unawares,
I find myself half listening
To hear her on the stairs;
And when I chance upon her doll,
Or on her brownie men,
I almost think if I should call
She'd toddle back again.

And when through mists I look upon
The little picture we
Took of her that day on the lawn
She seems once more with me;
Once more as in those other days
The sun gleams on her hair,
And with her rubber doll she plays
Beside her high-backed chair.

In Paris, Florence, Naples, Rome,
Are noble works of art,
And famed collections here at home
Uplift and thrill the heart,
But I shall ever value best
(Though critics' views conflict),
That picture made the day I pressed
The button till it clicked.

—Chicago Record.

A Voyage Across the World.

BY E. C. KITTON.

"VERY comfortable-looking poverty, I must say, Georgia," said Geoffrey Martin, looking round the little room approvingly. Certainly the dainty furniture and hangings and the blazing fire were worthy of approval.

"I quite agree with you, Geoff," answered Georgia, from her low chair where she sat with her slippered feet on the fender. "At first we found several drawbacks, but now we have got used to making our own beds and cooking our own dinners we rather enjoy life than not. Of course, there are heaps of things that we miss, and it was pleasanter to have servants to wait upon us than to have a woman in every morning to 'do up' the rooms; but we are too busy to have leisure to pine. I teach the young ladies of the town to play the piano, and to speak their native tongue with accuracy; and Josie is daily companion to an invalid lady—hours from ten to eight, and a holiday on Sunday. We rather like it."

"But Anna would not bend her shoulders to the yoke!"

"No; Anna thought poverty in England very objectionable. So she wrote to James that she had changed her mind about going out to get married, and should sail for Melbourne in the next steamer. We wanted her to wait for an answer from him, but she had a more perfect faith in him than we had, I suppose; any way, she is gone."

"Have you heard of her arrival yet?"

"Yes, and no. We have heard that the 'Petrel' arrived safely, but we could hardly have a letter from her till this week. It is just about three months since she sailed."

"Let us hope that her letter will not bring the announcement of her marriage to somebody else upon the voyage. It would be too bad if she broke poor old Jamie's heart, and those things do happen."

"So do snowflakes in May. No, I am not going to waste much anticipatory sympathy over Jamie's heart. I am anxious to hear from Anna, though, and so is Josie. That young woman is late to-night, and I am dying to see her surprise when she finds you here."

"She is due, is she?" said Geoffrey, walking to the window and pulling aside the blind that he might look out on the garden path, dimly lighted by the gas lamps on the road. "Does she walk or drive? There is a cab now coming along."

"Walk, of course. We cannot afford carriages!"

"The cab is coming here, nevertheless. Stops at the gate—somebody gets out; it is Josie, or Anna!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Georgie, starting up in such haste that her chair went one way and the fire-irons another. "Oh, Geoff, what is it? I am so glad you are here!"

"I am glad you are glad," he returned, grimly. "There you see, if it is not Anna I am a Dutchman."

"And if it is Anna it is her heart that is broken and not Jem's," cried Georgie, rushing from the window to the front door. "Oh, my poor, poor dear!" she went on as she flung it open and caught the newcomer in her arms. "What is it all, and how came you to be back again?"

"I am so tired, Georgie! I cannot talk," answered Anna, wearily. "All my luggage is out there."

"Geoff shall see to that. Come right in, darling. You shall rest and tell us all the tale to-morrow."

Rest was just what the wayfarer wanted. She drank her hot cup of tea, and took her soup in Georgie's lately vacated chair, and was after that only too thankfully led away to bed. Her sister undressed her and settled her with all love and tenderness amongst the pillows, without permitting a word of explanation, and then ran down again to Geoff and Josie.

"I call this a horrid surprise!" she said. "I always did hate surprises; they are no better than practical jokes. What do you think of Jamie now?"

"Perhaps the poor fellow is dead," suggested Geoffrey.

"Not he; naught never comes to harm," said Josie, spitefully. "The best I can hope for him is that he is ruined."

"Well, Heaven be thanked that whatever has come to him we have Anna back safe. She looks horribly ill. Geoff, you will come in to-morrow to hear all there is to hear about it?" For Geoff was evidently ready to depart.

"I shall be in first thing, of course. I would stop if I might, but it won't do to scandalize your pupils. If there is anything to be done you will fetch me directly?"

"I am so glad you are here!" said Georgie again.

Poor Anna! her tale was told in few words, but those few words contained a volume of sorrow. Her outward voyage had been prosperous and exceedingly pleasant. She was leaving poverty behind her, and was about to meet the man to whom her whole heart was given, and who had, as she knew, made a comfortable living for himself. She was strong and well and light-hearted, and all on board the vessel conspired to court and flatter her. She might have chosen a husband from amongst half a dozen men, but it was Jamie she wanted and Jamie to whom she was going. All through the voyage she pictured his delight when he should rush on board the "Petrel" to welcome her, but the "Petrel" arrived and there was no Jamie. Nor the next day; nor the next day; she settled herself in a hotel, wrote to him and waited.

After three days' waiting a lady was ushered into her room—a lady most distinctly of the strong-minded genus. Not a bad-looking woman, Anna thought to herself as the two stood watchfully regarding one another; not bad looking, nor vulgar, nor quite a lady, nor just at this moment quite at her ease.

"You are Miss Edgar, aren't you?" she said, after that pause of inspection. "It is rather awkward for us, you see. I am Mrs. Barrington—you won't take it kindly, I am afraid—but Jem would not come himself, he would send me. Now what can we do to put things as right as they can be?"

So the delay was explained. The delighted bridegroom had not rushed to meet his bride because he was already husband to another woman. It went hard with Anna, but she was a proud woman and compelled herself to give a cold attention to the explanations that Mrs. Barrington forced upon her. As if, being betrayed, it mattered to her how the thing was done! A rescue from danger on the one side, a nursing through an illness on the other. What did it matter to the woman they had cheated? Mrs. Barrington's offers of assistance were haughtily declined, and the first steamer that left Melbourne carried Anna Edgar with it.

"Did you foresee this, Georgie, when you gave me the exact passage money in that purse 'towards the house plenishing?'"

"Don't ask home questions, darling," answered Georgie with kisses. "Lie still and get well as quickly as you can."

For Anna had been exceedingly ill upon the return voyage, and was still terribly weak and shaken. The sympathy of all the place was with her, for seeing the impossibility of keeping the disaster secret, the Edgars had decided to speak of it openly at once, and friendly gifts of all kinds came in to show the kindly feeling of the neighbors. The little house overflowed like a cornucopia with fruit and flowers.

Geoffrey hung about, ready to nurse, run errands, write letters, or do anything that could be required of him, as long as his business could spare him, and then unwillingly announced that he must go.

"You will say it is heartless of me if I suggest that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he said, squeezing Georgie's hand as they sat over the twilight fire; "but you see Anna could not have done me a better turn than by coming to grief in this way. All your misfortune seems to be good luck to me. If she had not come back I should have been afraid to ask you to come to me, Georgie, darling, for you would have said you could not leave Josie. I cannot offer you anything like what you are used to or what you ought to have, but you say you do not mind being poor."

"I like it, Goeff, dear," answered Georgie; "and, besides, your poverty is wealth compared with ours."

Three-and-twenty was Anna Edgar when she went out to Australia in the "Petrel." At three-and-thirty she was Anna Edgar still, and the "Petrel" was steaming towards England with James Barrington on board.

The little house in Oxford road had proved a cheery home during these ten years to two busy and therefore happy women. Josie had tended the invalid to the close of her pilgrimage, and now aided her young daughter in the superintendence of the household; Anna had stepped into the place that Georgie left vacant, and had become famous through the neighborhood as a teacher of elocution. Her romantic story, instead of covering her with contempt as she expected, had brought her hosts of sympathizers and admirers. Life had prospered with the sisters, and they could now afford to work leisurely if they chose.

On a day in August, Anna Edgar was taking decided holiday. Georgie and her babes had just left after one of their frequent gleeful visits, and she was resting in preparation for the next event. Her music was open on the piano, and her blotting book on the writing table; but her attention was wholly taken up with certain patterns of laces and silks and velvets that were spread before her. She was evidently choosing a dress or dresses for some important occasion, and she fingered one pattern after another with lingering care. Anna had always been handsome, but she was handsomer now than ten years back, and to-day, with an expression of gentle contentment upon her face, she looked particularly well. She was so entirely engrossed in the train of thought with which the silks and laces were associated that she did not notice the sound of footsteps coming through the garden, and started when Mary ushered into the room "a gentleman to speak to you, Miss Anna." With a flush of surprise on her beautiful face, she turned to encounter her old lover James Barrington.

"There is some mistake, I think," she said, drawing herself back haughtily after the first shock of astonishment had passed. "You can scarcely have wished to see me."

"There is no mistake," answered James. "I have come across the world for that purpose. They tell me you are still Miss Edgar."

"That is perfectly correct, but I fail to see what concern it is of yours—now," she cried, with emphasis.

"I have come across the world, as I said, to seek you out, and ask if you have forgiven me for what happened ten years ago, Anna. This is my only child," he said, pointing to a little girl in a mourning frock, who hung shyly behind him.

Anna looked curiously at the child of the woman who had supplanted her. She bore a softened resemblance to her mother, but in her face was a strange expression indicative of Anna knew not what.

"Indeed," said Anna, and paused inquiringly.

"I have brought her with me," resumed James; "she is all I have. It is almost two years since she lost her mother."

"And you probably wish her to be educated in England. I am sorry to hear of your loss; it is a great charge to be left with so young a child to train."

Anna was aware that she spoke stiffly and indifferently, but she was still in the dark as to the meaning of the present interview, and she resented what she looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion.

"I brought her with me because I could not do without the only creature I have belonging to me, and, besides, I want to show her to an English doctor. Anna, you do not know what my loneliness is, and how ill I can bear to be alone. I never could bear to be by myself. It was that that brought about what you must look on as my treachery toward you. You know how I urged you to come out to me, and how you would still wait till I could come to fetch you. It was too lonely, and then I met with Jessie. She told you all about it; she was good to me and I married her. Then you came out, two months too late, and it broke my heart, Anna, for it was you always that I loved."

"Hush!" exclaimed Anna, aghast, as he ended with an appeal in his voice. "This is scarcely fit talk before your wife's daughter."

"Do you not know," he said, bitterly, "the child is stone deaf? The same calamity that deprived me of her mother took away her hearing. We may say what we choose before her; she only knows what we say on our fingers."

"Poor little soul!" said Anna, suddenly relenting toward the mute little figure, and taking her into her friendly arms. She understood now the strange expression that she had noticed on the child's face.

"It is a heavy trial to her and to me, and she has no mother. Anna, I have come to see if you can be won to forgive me the past and take the place now that you have always had in my heart. I am a rich man now in everything but happiness; I can give you all the luxuries you were born to, and if you do not choose to go to Australia I will sell my property there and purchase an estate where you please in England."

Anna had released the child, and now stood proudly confronting its father.

"I am exceedingly glad to hear of your prosperity; it must surpass even your expectations, and I trust that you may long enjoy it. But, as I said at the beginning, you have made a mistake; your presence here is uncalled for."

"I know," said James, earnestly, "that you must even yet feel sore and angry when you think of my treatment of you; but you do not realize how much I too have undergone. Jessie was a good woman, a good wife, but she was not the woman that I loved."

"More shame for you," interrupted Anna.

James put up his hand imploringly.

"You speak truly; but it was you—you always that I carried in my heart, and it is you that I have come back to seek. Anna, if you are still angry with me, will you not have compassion on the child? Think of her helplessness, for what am I as a guardian to that little thing? Women are always tender-hearted, and the child has never offended you. Think of her need and my need, and of how I have loved you always."

"And betrayed me," said Anna; but he went on unheeding her.

"And how I love you still. Will you not yield? You are still Anna Edgar."

"I am," said she, blushing in spite of herself; "but here is Dr. Wilberforce. I had better refer you to him, for this day month I shall be Mrs. Wilberforce."

"Anna, Anna! am I too late? Have I come across the world in search of you in vain?"

"You forget, perhaps," she answered coldly, "that there was a time when you led me across the world in search of you in vain. I loved you once, but I am only a woman, and if I were weak enough to love you still I should scarcely have courage to risk a second betrayal."

She stood before him, proud and prosperous and happy, and if she had desired revenge for her past wrongs she had it in that hour.—N. Y. Ledger.

Good Blood

Is essential to health. Every nook and corner of the system is reached by the blood, and on its quality the condition of every organ depends. Good blood means strong nerves, good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

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

Money in Medicinal Plants.

Many medicinal plants can be grown with profit, as the demand for some kinds is increasing. Absinthe (wormwood) can be raised as far north as New England, and this country imports it from Europe. Saffron, which sells for eight dollars per pound, may be grown in nearly all sections. Peppermint and spearmint find ready sale, and sage, which is well known to every farmer, is imported, frequently selling at $150 per ton. Then there are hearhound, boneset, mandrake, blood root, pennyroyal, etc., which are regarded as weeds in some localities, all of which are largely used and have a value in market.

Protection for Berries.

Currants, gooseberries and other berries can easily be kept free from weeds during the late summer and fall, when the rush of farm work calls for all the help in the fields, by covering the ground around the plants with a thick coat of straw. This will settle down by winter and protect the plants and furnish plant food for next season. Currant worms very rarely do much damage to bushes that have been cultivated. They have no chance to hide in the grass.

A Hint to Young Authors.

The letter left by the postman was thinner than the bulky ones he usually brought, and the struggling young author tore it open eagerly.

"Your recent favor"—thus ran the editor's letter—"stating that you inclose manuscript story with stamps for return if not acceptable, has been received. Your contribution is accepted."

"At last!" exclaimed the young author, joyfully, but his heart sank as his eye caught the following:

"P. S.—You neglected to inclose the manuscript."—Detroit Free Press.

Fine Weather at Palermo.

Palermo, Sicily, has an average of 167 cloudless days a year, and 62 days of partial cloud and partial sunshine, which elsewhere would be classed as fine days.

Dry Bedding for Hogs.

Many of our farmers, in fact the majority of them, do not give sufficient attention to the matter of furnishing dry and comfortable sleeping places for their hogs, and it is no uncommon sight to see a hog pen a foot deep in mud after a rain, and no shed or other place for the animals to retire to. Hogs love a warm, dry place to sleep, and in their natural state will find it. It is poor policy to neglect providing them likewise when in confinement.—Rural World.

If you have hog cholera on your farm, be just enough to yourself and neighbors' interests to bury or burn the carcasses of the dead.

A Peculiar State of Affairs.

Young Popington (excitedly)—Am I a father or a mother?

Nurse (equally excited)—Both, sir! Mrs. Popington has just presented you with two boys and two girls.

(Still more excitedly)—"Great Scott! Quadrupeds!"—N. Y. Journal.

Why Not?

"Harry," said Mrs. McBride, "what word should I use to describe a person who resorts to subterfuge?"

"I'd call him a subterfuge," replied Mr. McBride.—Judge.

"JIM."

"Mordaunt" she called him. In a novel book
His fond mother found the name she gave to him;
I don't like it, fer I'd kinder took
A sort of notion favor'ble to "Jim."
But when she looked up at me from the bed,
Half-dead, but happy, an' she said: "I want
That you shall name him, after all," I said:
"Why, blame it all, of course it is Mordaunt."

She knew the way I felt about such names,
An' this was a sacrifice, fer she
Had often heard me say that honest "James"
Had just about the proper ring fer me;
But though 'twas disapp'intment, still I thought
She was the one that had the right to choose,
An' I—there wasn't any question—ought
To reconcile my wishes to her views.

He was so delicate—so teeny small,
But smarter than the cracker of a whip;
I don't believe he ever cried at all—
Somehow he'd pucker up his little lip
An' look at you until you was ashamed
Of all the sins you knew he knew you'd done.
I often thought he grieved because we'd named
By such a name a helpless little one.

An' thinkin' that, when we two was alone
I called him by the name I liked so well;
His mother would 'a grieved if she'd a-known,
But neither Jim ner me would ever tell.
We never told. He'd laugh an' crow to hear
Me whisperin' so happily to him:
"Yer name's Mordaunt, old boy, when mother's near;
But when there's only me about it's Jim."

We never told our little secret, and
We never will. We never, never will;
Somewhere off yonder in a flow'ry land
A little baby's toddlin', toddlin' still,
A-seekin' in the sunshine all alone
The God that gave an' then that sent fer him.
Mordaunt's the name carved on the little stone,
But in my heart the name is always Jim.

—Chicago Record.

NO NEED OF MONEY.

Utah Mormon Community That Does Without Cash.

All Business Is Carried On by Barter—Work Is Paid For in Necessaries of Every Description.

In the extreme southwestern corner of Utah is a cotton and woolen mill more than a hundred miles from the nearest railroad, run with practically no cash capital and doing business almost entirely through trade and barter. The story of the factory is closely associated with the early colonizing efforts of the Mormon church directed by Brigham Young. It was his policy to establish colonies wherever the land and water rights seemed to offer a prospect of permanent homes for his people.

He selected a number of families to establish a mission among the Indians in what is now Washington county. The mission was begun in 1861, and had among its objects the cultivation of cotton with which to supply the people with cotton goods. The soil proved well adapted to the purpose, and the first crop gathered in 1862 was about 100,000 pounds. To save freight on the raw material and at the same time afford work for skilled labor a plant was shipped by wagons to Washington, where there was water power adapted to manufacturing purposes. The plant had originally been brought across the plains by ox team, and was set up at first in Salt Lake City, but had not been used much for lack of cotton.

Since it was first established the mill has been run regularly, supporting a number of families and forming the center of a very interesting industrial community. The resources of the country are necessarily limited, and communication with the outer world is difficult. The present manager is Thomas Judd. He has been a Mormon missionary in England, he was for a long time bishop of one of the wards in St. George, his home town, and he is a partner in a large mercantile firm, manager of a silver mine and mill at Silver Reef, and owner of a big ranch on the Rio Virgen.

To dispose of the cotton and woolen goods made at Washington, Mr. Judd has found it necessary to take anything in payment that is offered. The man who wants overalls or towels or meeting or cotton bagging may come from away down on the Muddy in hottest Nevada, a hundred miles away. He may bring rock salt to trade, or butter and eggs or dried fruit. He may come from across the Arizona line and bring lumber from the forests that fringe the grand canyon of the Colorado. Wherever the customer comes from and whatever he brings he is accommodated. Possibly $1,000 in cash passes the door of the mill in a year, but Mr. Judd declares that the total is not more than that. The cotton batting manufactured is sent to the big cooperative store belonging to the church in Salt Lake and brings cash or its equivalent in merchandise credits. Outside of that the expenses are met without the passing of a dollar.

Pay day furnishes one of the novelties of a lifetime to the visitor. The cashier, who is also bookkeeper, timekeeper and paymaster, takes his place in a warehouse adjoining the mill. When the time comes for closing on Saturday evening the men, women and girls file into the warehouse. Each operative checks up the time credited for the week's work and makes his wants known. The groceries, meat, butter, eggs and sundries are weighed and measured out and charged as an offset against the credit for work. Generally the balance is in favor of the workman, and generally the balance is allowed to accumulate until the employe needs it. Then if it happens the mill cannot supply the creditor employe with the things he wants most, an order on the big store in St. George is given and the account is squared. If the employe is about to be married and needs furniture for a house and lumber for the construction of his home, he gets an order for his furniture and lumber. If he wants to buy a piece of ground, he can always find somebody who will trade ground for mill orders. His doctor will accept the orders in payment for services, but that is an exceptional thing, for the primitive Mormons, those who have not been affected by Gentile associations, rarely call in a physician for anything except surgical cases. They still believe in the laying on of hands and anointing with consecrated oil as a cure for all the ills flesh is heir to.—N. Y. Sun.

Breeding Up Poultry Stock.

The best way to get a flock of standard bred fowls is to begin in a small way and breed them up yourself. A sitting of eggs, or, better, two or three hens and a cock of the desired breed, may be bought for a small amount, and the beginning is made. Thereafter it is only a matter of two years if eggs are bought or of one if fowls are bought, before the foundation of a good flock may be laid, and after that it depends wholly on judicious selection as to whether the flock be kept up to its best or not. Where home breeding is begun the experience acquired leads to following the best methods and the greatest success.—Farmers' Voice.

Lice Kill Many Chicks.

It is known that a brood of chicks that are apparently well will suddenly begin to droop and die, especially when the weather is very warm. In such cases the cause is usually lice. There may be no lice on the chicks when examined on one day, yet in two or three days more they may have the large lice on their heads. In the first symptoms of droopiness rub a drop of lard on the head of each chick and dust it well with insect powder. Then treat the hen in the same manner, as lice go from the hen to the chicks.—Farm and Fireside.

Cure for Scaly Legs.

Scaly legs can be cured readily. Put a little soda into warm water; with this wash the legs thoroughly by the aid of a stiff brush and some good soap. Do this daily, and after each washing dry the legs thoroughly and rub on a mixture of vaseline and zinc ointment or use a mixture, viz.: Three ounces of sweet oil and one ounce of sulphur. Follow this up until the legs are cured. —Rural World.

MOST FAMOUS OF REMEDIES

Dr. Greene's Nervura Cures the Manager of a Great Newspaper.

Harry Hunt, Manager of the Bridgeport Morning Union, and Composer of "Soldier Boy in Blue," Made Well by Nervura.

HARRY I. HUNT, THE FAMOUS COMPOSER.

When people are sick, ailing or out of order, they desire to take a remedy highly recommended, one which is sure to do them good; hence the magnificent testimonials and recommendations of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy by our most prominent and well known people in public and private life, influence everybody to use this acknowledged greatest and grandest of medicines. We now add to the list of well-known people cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura, the famous composer of that most popular national song, "The Soldier Boy in Blue," Harry I. Hunt, who has appropriately dedicated his song of the American soldier to Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Commander of the U. S. Army. Mr. Hunt is manager of the newspaper "Bridgeport Morning Union." He says:

"Regarding the good effects of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I cannot say enough. I had been working a good many hours a day and I was so run down that I felt something should be done at once. I had read so much of Nervura that I tried a bottle, to find its effect so wondrously beneficial and strengthening that I tried a second bottle, with the result that I am fully restored to health, my nervousness has disappeared and I feel a hundred per cent better in every way. I can recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura without hesitation."

If you need a spring medicine, if you are run down, weak, nervous, dispirited, tire easily, wake mornings fatigued, have rheumatism, neuralgia or headache, in fact, if you are out of order and lack your old time vim, energy and power, take this sure restorative, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It is just what your system requires, at this season, for it makes strong and vigorous nerves, pure, rich blood, gives sound sleep, good digestion and perfect action of liver and kidneys. In this way it thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities, purifies the blood and makes you strong and well. Use Dr. Greene's Nervura now. It is not a patent medicine, but a physician's prescription, the discovery of the most successful physician in curing diseases, Dr. Greene of 35 West 14th St., New York City, and hence must of necessity be perfectly adapted to cure. Dr. Greene can be consulted free, personally or by letter, in regard to any case. Nothing to pay for consultation, examination or advice, and the low price of his wonderful health-giving medicines places a sure cure in reach of everybody. Call upon or write Dr. Greene if you are sick. Dr. Greene's Cathartic Pills are the sure cure for biliousness and constipation, the perfected result of Dr. Greene's long years of practical experience, small, sugar coated, easy to take, certain and pleasant to act.

Road Improvement.

FARMER JONES' EXAMPLE.

"I was only jist a-thinkin'," said Farmer Jones, one day,
"A-goin' 'long a-ridin' to the city on my hay,
A-turnin' out fer mud-holes an' a-sinkin' in the road,
Always geein' an' a-hawin', fer fear to spill the load,
Why can't we farmers have a road, like city folks you see,
Where all fine rigs, an' things like that, can be kept as clean's can be?
An' no turnin' out fer mud-holes, nor worr'in' your horse to death,
Nor hangin' 'round about some place 'til the critter's found its breath.
'By gosh!' sez I, 'I'll fix my road along my farm an' see
If all the neighbors take the hint an' do the same as me.'
Well, then, I begin a-workin', an' first it seems like play,
But I had my men a-helpin' till the closin' of the day.
An' every day that I could spare was gradin' that 'ere road,
An' fixin' things so that a horse could easy pull a load.
At last the job was finished, but it didn't seem to pay,
As the neighbors wuz only thinkin' an' a-wonderin' what to say.
But they kinder got ashamed of theirs and seemed to take the hint;
So they begun a-workin', too, to make their road like flint.
At last the roads wuz all alike so you couldn't tell their linkin',
An' I am powerful glad," said Jones, "that I begun a-thinkin'."

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

DWARF PEAR-HEDGE.

It Is a Source of Profit as Well as a Thing of Beauty.

There are numerous shrubs that are suitable for making hedges about one's lawn, whether one prefers evergreens or deciduous shrubs, but the number is limited that can be used in hedgerows that are of both use and beauty. The barberry is one of the latter, these bushes making a very graceful but not densely leaved, growth; but the barberry's fruit is not desired in large quantities, nor is it a desirable plant to have near wheat fields, as it harbors one stage of the "rust" fungus of the wheat.

On my place I am planting hedgerows of dwarf pear trees, using winter varieties of the fruit almost exclusively. Such a hedgerow is, of course, hardly suitable for the front of one's lawn, but for side rows, and for use in the rear of one's house, the dwarf pear is quite unobjectionable. As for beauty—well, anyone who has seen a long row of these little trees in full blossom will not soon forget the sight. They are very attractive little trees, also, when in full leaf, without the bloom, as they should be kept well trimmed back to secure good fruiting, as well as a good hedge. It is surprising, too, what an amount of fruit one can thus raise upon even a small place. In my own case, I am running a pear hedge around a two-acre lot, and am now using also some cross hedges in the rear of the buildings. It will take at least 300 trees to

DWARF PEAR HEDGE.

complete the outside row. As this will interfere very little with the planting of fruit trees over the whole interior surface of the two acres, it will be seen that on a given amount of ground one can raise much more fruit by using this outside hedgerow method. It is possible to crowd the little trees in a hedgerow, because they will be on the outside, and can thus have plenty of air and sunshine, though very close in the row; and though the row of dwarf pear trees may be quite close to the inside, larger fruit trees, the latter are not crowded by the former, since they stand up above them. This sort of work is not advisable on large commercial orchards, but on the home acre in the village lot, one wishes to make the most of every foot of ground.

Planting so many of these little pear trees, I selected winter sorts, and chose that king among pears, the Anjou, and the scarcely less inferior Lawrence. Both these pears do finely on the quince stock, and both are winter varieties. With such fruit one can store in a cool cellar and unload upon the market when the market is most in need of winter pears. With fall fruit one is very nearly at the mercy of the market, for he cannot hold the fruit for any length of time.

My own trees are set about four feet apart. In future plantings I shall increase the distance somewhat. In setting the trees be careful to get the point where the pear stock and quince root join several inches below the surface, and for the first winter, at least, give the roots a mulch for protection.—American Gardening.

Neglect Always Is Costly.

Never forget this in poultry culture: The pullet that commences to lay early in life is the one to lay the largest number of eggs through life, as cattle that have the milk-producing organs active make the best cows. Select the fast-growing, early-maturing specimens that present in full the type and size found in the breed, and use only these as breeders, and the egg-producing merits will be increased. We have reported the wonderful product in single specimens, which can be made true of a flock. But it is care and attention to the flock that finds and secures these merits in the progeny. Neglect and haphazard breeding never pay.—I. K. Felch, in Rural World.

REFORMS ARE NEEDED.

Antiquated Road Building Methods Should Be Discarded.

The organization of a good roads association in any city is a movement toward reformation. The people who live beyond the city limits have more interest in this matter than the town people, but nearly all do more or less driving or wheeling, while every family is interested in the cheap transportation of farm produce.

The farmers have more to gain by the improvement of highways than any other large class of people. Preachers, doctors, mail drivers and traveling agents are all small classes who individually have a large concern in the state of the roads, but collectively do not suffer privations at all comparable to that which the farmers endure by reason of bad roads. The produce which the farmer sends to market is hauled to town or taken to the railroad station over the country highway. The goods he purchases for his own use must be conveyed part of the distance to his home over this route. He drives his family to church, or to town, or visits the neighbors over such roads as are provided in his district. If the road is a bad one he can only take half a load when he is carting produce, and can only travel at a slow pace when he drives. His toil is increased when he works; his pleasure diminished when he takes his pleasure; his horses suffer; his wagons and carriages have a shorter lifetime than if his district were provided with a firm and smooth highway.

A ROAD THAT IS NEVER TOO LONG.

It might be possible to compute the aggregate loss to the country in time and property through the bad condition of the roads of the country. It would not be easy to estimate the loss of comfort and pleasure, or to appraise the consequences of loss of temper and of health.

The townsman is interested in everything that concerns the dweller in the country. If the country suffers, the city shares the trouble. When it is hard for the farmer to get to market himself, or to send his produce there, the effect is seen in the counting-room of the merchant and on the table of the artisan. Moreover, we are all countrymen. The citizens are always abroad in the land. Every summer sends thousands of the town people into the country. Every day sees the city and village bicyclist, or excursionist by carriage, in the most remote places he can find a roadbed good enough for him.

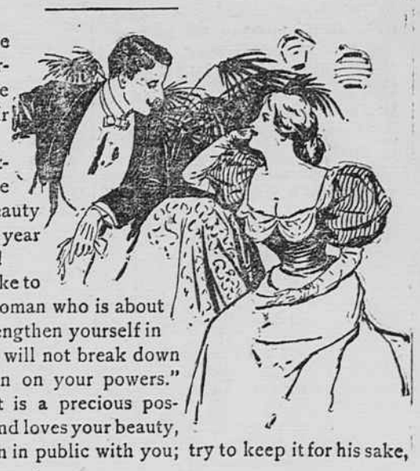
It is easier to begin a movement or organize a society in the city than in the country, but the good roads organizations which may begin in town may be expected to spread everywhere. The people who use the roads most, and who have the most to gain by their improvement, may be expected to welcome every movement which will do them good. Thoughtful people must, on reflection, conclude that something is wrong, since in all the advances made in the transportation methods there has been little or no reform in road transportation, which is at the beginning of all movement of commodities and of persons. Railway travel to-day is greatly improved over what it was a quarter of a century ago. Steamship transportation has been made more luxurious and cheaper. Yet the average country road of to-day is no better, and in many places worse, than it was in the days of our fathers. We have faster horses; we have vastly more elegant and comfortable carriages; but we are content to work our horses and rack our vehicles over the same sort of highway that served for the old two-wheeled cart.

Moreover, there is reason to believe that the amount of time and money spent in keeping up the roads would, if properly expended, produce better results than are now obtained. Railways are built by engineers and experts, according to well-understood systems. Every improvement that can be devised is applied to all the railways as soon as it satisfies the test of experience. The builders of steamships do not adhere to the old methods a day longer than they are known to be the best. But in making of the highway there is as yet in this country very little attempt to apply the latest and best methods, or to utilize the skill of experts.

Road reform is one of the needs of the day. The mission has nothing sensational or thrilling about it, but it contains the promise of large saving in horses and money, and in the tissues of men and women. It promises cheaper transportation, increased travel by road, more life and stir in the country places and a new attraction to rural life.—St. John (N. B.) Sun.

ALL MEN LOVE BEAUTY.

Mrs. Pinkham Counsels Young Wives to Keep Their Attractiveness—A Letter From a Young Wife.



Seven-eighths of the men in this world marry a woman because she is beautiful in their eyes.

What a disappointment then to see the fair young wife's beauty fading away before a year passes over her head!

I feel as if I would like to say to every young woman who is about to be married—"Strengthen yourself in advance, so that you will not break down under the new strain on your powers." Keep your beauty, it is a precious possession! Your husband loves your beauty, he is proud to be seen in public with you; try to keep it for his sake, and your own.

The pale cheeks, the dark shadows under the eyes, the general drooping of the young wife's form, what do they mean? They mean that her nerves are failing, that her strength is going and that something must be done to help her through the coming trials of maternity.

Build her up at once by a course of some tonic with specific powers. Such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You can get it at any druggist's.

Following we publish by request a letter from a young wife—of her own accord she addresses it to her "suffering sisters," and while from modesty she asks to withhold her name, she gives her initials and street number in Chambersburg, Pa., so she can easily be found personally or by letter:

To my Suffering Sisters:—Let me write this for your benefit, telling you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I am but nineteen and suffered with painful menstruation, leucorrhœa, dizziness, burning sensation back of ears and on top of my head, nervousness, pain and soreness of muscles, bearing-down pains, could not sleep well, was unable to stand without pain, and oh! how I longed to be well!

One day I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham telling her all, knowing I could do so in perfect confidence.

She wrote me a lovely letter in reply, telling me exactly what to do. After taking nine bottles of the Compound, one box of Liver Pills, and using one-half package of Sanative Wash, I can say I am cured. I am so happy, and owe my happiness to none other than Mrs. Pinkham.

Why will women suffer when help is near? Let me, as one who has had experience, urge all suffering women, especially young wives, to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice.—Mrs. R. S. R., 113 E. Catherine St., Chambersburg, Pa.

POULTRY ON THE FARM.

Prof. Gilbert Explains Why It Is a Source of Profit.

Prof. Gilbert, of Ottawa, Canada, in answer to the question: Why is poultry valuable to the farmer? gives the following reasons:

1. Because he ought by their means to convert a great deal of the waste of his farm into money in the shape of eggs and chickens for market.

2. Because with intelligent management they ought to be all-year revenue producers with the exception of perhaps two months during the moulting period.

3. Because poultry will yield him a quicker return for his capital invested than any of the other departments of agriculture.

4. Because the manure from the poultry house will make a valuable compost for use in either vegetable garden or orchard. The birds themselves, if allowed to run in plum or apple orchards, will destroy all injurious insect life.

5. Because while cereals and fruits can only be successfully grown in certain sections, poultry can be raised for table use or layers of eggs in all parts of the country.

6. Because poultry raising is an employment in which the farmer's wife and daughters can engage and leave him free to attend to other departments.

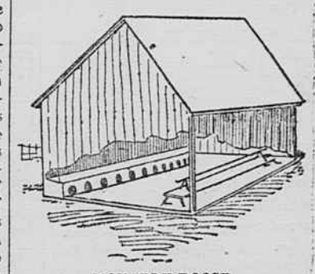
7. Because it will bring the best returns in the shape of new laid eggs—during the winter season—when the farmer has most time on his hands.

8. Because to start poultry raising on the farm requires little or no capital. nder any circumstances, with proper management, poultry can be made with little cost a valuable adjunct to the farm.—Farm News.

COMFORT FOR POULTRY.

How to Build a Movable Roost and Droppings Board.

When the nests are under the droppings-board there is a greater liability of lice multiplying, as the heat accumulated in the nests from the bodies of the



MOVABLE ROOST.

hens is conducive to their propagation. They go up to the roost and annoy the hens. The nests cannot be easily made movable when covered by the droppings-board if the roost is also over the board. The illustration is a design of a movable roost placed over a droppings-board, the board having legs of any height desired to keep it off the floor. This arrangement permits of placing the roost and board at any desired location in the house, and it and the nests (which should also be movable) can be taken outside and cleaned at any time. —Farm and Fireside.

If you do not feed too much corn and keep the quarters clean and the hogs fre from worms, you will not have much sickness.

Invented by a Woman.

A California woman has patented a cover for milk cans which is perforated around its sides near the bottom, so it can be closed tight to prevent spilling of the milk and can be pulled up a short distance in the can to allow ventilation without insects getting inside.

Enterprise in Indiana.

The citizens of Orleans, Ind., have just voted $46,000 for the construction of 30 miles of gravel roads.

Progress in Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania has commenced the construction of its first roads built under the new Flinn law.