SMALLPOX DISTRIBUTORS.

How the Germs Are Nurtured and the Disease Is Spread.

It would seem that people will never learn to be careful. The recent alarming spread of that dire epidemic, smallpox, throughout different sections of the country has been traced by physicians and sanitarians in many instances directly to the moldy and rotting layers of paper and paste which cover the walls of many houses. The practice of laying layer after layer of paper on a wall, using common flour paste, is especially calculated to create homes for disease germs. People could not do more to effect such a result if they tried. The rotting vegetable matter affords caves from which are ready to dart forth the infection at every opportunity. There is no excuse for this practice, as walls and ceilings can be coated with a pure, cleanly and sanitary material like Alabastine, for instance, at no greater expense. Alabastine is a rock-base cement, which incorporates itself with the wall or ceiling. It is easily applied, comes ready to mix with cold water, requires no washing or scraping before renewing or retinting, is beautiful, long-lasting and safe.

For walls that have been infected, nothing is equal to Alabastine as a disinfectant to render them pure and clean and the rooms once more habitable.

Truly Remarkable.

"Most remarkable man I ever knew," said the satirical citizen.

"I never noted any extraordinary indications."

"You don't know him as well as I do. I have told him frequently of race horses that won at long odds, and I never once heard him say that he felt sure that horse was going to win, and would have bet on him of something happened to distract his attention."—Washington Star.

Righting a Wrong.

Smith (angrily). I understand you say my face would stop an automobile.

Jones. I certainly never said any thing of the kind.

Smith. Then I must have been misinformed.

Jones. That's what you have. Instead of stopping at sight of your face any reputable automobile would increase its speed.—Chicago News.

Dead Easy for Her.

"Can that prima donna reach a high note?" asked the man who didn't know much about music.

"A high note!" exclaimed the enthusiastic manager. "I should say so. A hundred-dollar bill is easy for her."—Washington Star.

How Foolish of Him.

"Dear," said Mrs. Youngwife, "those table castors squeak terribly. I wish when you come home to-night you would bring me some oil for them."

"What kind?"

"Why, castor oil, of course!"—N. Y. Press.

Spring Medicine

There's no season when good medicine is so much needed as in Spring, and there's no medicine which does so much good in Spring as Hood's Sarsaparilla. In fact, Spring Medicine is another name for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not delay taking it. Don't put it off till your health tone gets too low to be lifted.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will give you a good appetite, purify and enrich your blood, overcome that tired feeling, give you mental and digestive strength and steady nerves. Be sure to ask for HOOD'S, and be sure that you get Hood's, the best medicine money can buy. Get a bottle TO-DAY. All druggists. Price $1.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. GENUINE must bear signature. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."

GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

POTATOES $1.20 a Bbl. Largest Seed PotATO Growers in America. Prices $1.20 a bu. Representatives of Grass, Clover and Farm Seeds. Send this notice and 10c for catalog and 11 RARE FARM SEED SAMPLES. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS. [N]

CLOVER

DRESSED IN WHITE.

'Twas quite clearly I remember,
On a Sunday in September,
Sunday night;
And in church we were together,
She—a night of summer weather—
Dressed in white.

I'd no book, by some omission,
And the space of our division
Lesser grew;
Lesser grew since she perceiving
Plight, half hers would be relieving
Nearer drew.

Then if fingers strayed together
Round the soft morocco leather
In that song;
If in singing I leant nearer
To her cheek, to read the clearer,
Was it wrong?

Was it wrong? The cheek was blushing
Next to mine, and mine was flushing
Next her sighs.
If I thrilled was it amazing
At the unexpected raising
Of her eyes?

And I always shall remember
'Twas a morning in December,
Frosty, bright;
That, in church again together,
She was rightly—'spite the weather
Dressed in white!

—Leonard Merrick, in Harlem Life.

By CHAUNCY C. HOTCHKISS

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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Ames pushed me toward the opening, and I squeezed through, feeling solid boards under my feet, and being greeted by such a strong smell of old hay that I might have been in the heart of an ancient rick. And this proved to be the case, for I soon heard the story of this hole of refuge. It had been made inside the barn and beneath the mow, and was now scantily covered with the little hay the British had a habit of leaving farmers to take the curse from their wholesale robbery. There was no entrance to this concealed den save the loosened board, and all cracks and openings being stuffed with wisps from the outside this part of the building seemed bursting from fullness.

'Twas the finest making of a retreat that could be imagined, and here one might lie and escape hanging (if he ventured not abroad), though there would be starvation to grapple with, and no small danger of smothering, for the heat was vile, the air heavy, and there was no means of ventilation.

My companion followed me into this inclosure, quickly readjusting the board, and, as though familiar with the place, struck his steel and got a light in a pierced tin lantern, which he set on the end of an upturned log serving as a table, on the top of which lay a scrap of paper.

This he seized, and, bending low to the glimmer, read the contents while I took in the details of the queer apartment. The rough boards of the room were barren of everything save a rifle hanging on a nail, and the wisps of hay that penetrated each crevice from the mow without. A heap of small arms lay in one corner; in another was a sleeping bunk with straw at the foot of which was a closely strapped bundle filled, as I afterward found, with provisions to be used in the extremity of being driven to this retreat for a protracted stay. It was a lodging place pure and simple, and not one to be depended upon by secrecy, for a brand touched to any part of the structure would reduce it to ashes in less than an hour.

"'Tis all right!" said Ames, raising his head as I finished my brief survey. "We are not housed to this hole yet. We may go to the house and sleep like modern Christians for once more at least. Come!"

Extinguishing the light, he loosened the board, and we passed out, the night air coming to the lungs like a cooling balm after the heat and closeness of the contracted den.

"There is little danger for the next few hours," he whispered as we made a straight line for the house. "The redcoats were here this noon and searched the place, but my—the boy was then in the barn. They will hardly try here again until they have beaten up other quarters. 'Tis a sorry outlook, Thorndyke! Have you not in your head a way off this island? Think hard, man! We must both think hard, and then take chances, however desperate. You are willing that we pull together?" he concluded interrogatively.

In his earnestness he dropped his assumed manner of speech, and there was an appeal in his voice that made me think it was not for himself he was most anxious. However, I could give him no comfort, only saying that I had small head for thought until I could clear my brains with sleep, but that if taken, though it were barren of gain, I would send some of the enemy ahead of us to announce our coming. Then I laid my hand in his and swore I would stand by him, and his brother, too, if need be (though such swearing seemed useless in the face of matters), telling him I would be but an ungrateful brute to desert him after he had lost his chance for help at the tavern by giving his hand in my behalf.

We had halted on our way, and in the darkness we came to the agreement each to stand by the other so long as a chance to help remained. 'Twas a compact hurriedly thought of and hurriedly made, but there, under the stars dimly showing overhead, was completed a bond that failed not. 'Twas made through necessity and became strengthened by love. Not conceived in an excess of happiness nor backed by the exuberance or fictitious generosity of strong drink, not even expected to extend beyond the present period of danger, it held through life like an invisible chain.

There was no delay in getting into the house. Though every window I could see was closed by solid wooden shutters, the back door stood wide for entry, and I soon found myself in what was probably the kitchen. It was pitch black within, but Ames knew his whereabouts, and I, with my hand on his shoulder, followed him through this room into a hall and up a flight of stairs. At the top a man's voice broke out with:

"Who's there?"

"Seven!" spoke Ames in return.

"Five!" was the answer.

"Well enough! And I have a friend," said my companion. And without more parley he went ahead and up more stairs, opening a trap or hatch, and landing in the garret at last, where he struck a light.

The room was undivided, and took in the entire ground plan of the house. So large was it that the single candle failed to clear the gloom from the corners, and made the great rafters spanning the space overhead deeply mysterious. Two immense chimneys pierced the floor and went out at the roof, but beyond these the sweep of level was unbroken save by a large bed with curtains, a table, and several chairs. A half-moon window at either gable end was let high into the wall. A long ladder leading to one of them showed it had been used as a post of observation, but now both were carefully covered to prevent any interior light reaching abroad.

Here, then, were comfortable quarters at last. It was none too cool, but there was plenty of air, and could I but get a bite and a few hours' sleep I felt something might come of it, especially as there was a safe hiding place near at hand which could be used at a pinch, and such a possible refuge would prove a mighty factor in preventing demoralization.

I was looking at the trapped hole in the floor through which we had come when I heard a footstep on the stairs and a man appeared from below. He rose into sight as though there was no end to him, so tall and gaunt was he, and as he came to the light I saw that he possessed but one eye, and that I set in a face which had the length and expression of that of a horse. With barely a glance at me, he took my companion aside, where they held a whispered conference. Suddenly turning, he held out to me an arm like a flail and grasped my hand. Then with a smile which disclosed a magnificent set of teeth, and like magic transfigured the expression of his face, he said in the purest English and with a voice of wonderful modulation:

"Donald Thorndyke, you are heartily welcome to the poor house of Peter Burt. I trust it will hold you in safety until a way of escape is made clear. Your deed is known to me. I honor you for your generosity, bravery, and patriotism. Pardon me," he interrupted as I was about to speak, "I know your present needs, and will supply them at once; then we will talk." And with this he abruptly turned and went below.

He had barely disappeared when a strange thing happened. I was facing the bed when I heard an exclamation come from behind the curtains, which were drawn close, and at the same time they parted, discovering a youth clad in a long Quaker cloak which descended halfway down his shapely calves. For the moment I was startled, but at once surmised that he was the dumb brother of my companion. Ames sprang forward to meet him, the boy greeting him with a smile and a hand clasp, but, pushing past my guide, he advanced to where I stood by the table, and with a rippling laugh which there was no mistaking astonished me by saying!

"Donald Thorndyke here! Has he, too, escaped? Heaven is indeed good! I have no need of counterfeiting dumbness with him. Beverly, by what fortune—"

The flow of words was cut short here, for Ames let out a cry just as I cleared my muddled brain and recognized the girl, Gertrude King, disguised as a Quaker. With the cloak gathered about her as though to conceal her altered apparel, and slightly bent as in shrinking modesty, she stood with eyes and lips apart, while my late guide grasped my hand and said:

"By the Lord! but I struck better than I knew. Why, man, 'twas you who gave me the first hand in help, and that at the fire, but I have never seen your face closely till now. I knew you as the savior of my sister, but had no guess I was in your debt for myself."

"We're quits, as you said, but 'tis a small debt. She is your sister, then!" I exclaimed, in my bewilderment referring to the matter which had been bothering me. "How is it I am thus hoodwinked? Have we not just sworn—"

"Nay, friend," he broke in entreatingly, "I but guessed at you at first. This dumbness has been a mask from the start. 'Twas that and your pass which got Gertrude through the lower lines. I but continued it with you, fearing you would shirk the risk of having a girl share what adventure we might have in store. You gave me to understand that much. Be not offended."

"Nay, Beverly, I could have told you better!" said the girl. "Capt. Thorndyke, you must pardon my appearance, nor think I am unsexed inwardly as outwardly when I say that I know you will not refuse your help to me; for, as you once risked your life for mine, you will not leave us and put it beyond my power to do my share in making good the debt. The same feeling which bade you defy Clinton will surely not allow you to leave me while I am still unfortunate! And I can help. I will not faint nor lose my head and cry out if danger comes. I can shoot; ay, and will, if need be!"

She was a striking object as she stood there in the light of the single candle. As she spoke she stepped forward, the cloak slipping from her hands and falling about her in graceful folds. Not a whit less of a beauty was she for all that her hair was shorn for more than hait its length and stained almost black, for in her male attire there was no mistaking the grace of her sex, which in her accentuated. In her present rig she seemed less tall than in her proper costume, but it gave freedom to her movements, and there were ease and suppleness in even the small gesture of extending her arms toward me as if to add weight to her words. From top to toe there was witchery about her, and I little wondered at Scammell's infatuation. How on earth she had passed the lines without having been suspected was a puzzle, unless, indeed, she too, like her brother, was skilled in acting a part.

"Mistress Gertrude," I replied, bending my head, whereat she attempted a courtesy,

Mistress Gertrude King.

which, to say the least, was graceful despite the lack of sweeping drapery, "you need not think me generous when I tell you that the oath which binds me to help your brother binds me to help you also, and to the last extremity. These may be but empty words; danger lies in every quarter, nor can I probe a way through. Madam, do not count on the success of my best efforts, but for the sake of all know them to be my best. And now for your story; but, first, how is it that brother and sister bear different names?"

"We are but half brother and sister," said Ames. "Ne'er mind genealogy; let's get below and eat, then for sleep, then for what God wills. It can bode no evil to us that we three are thus met, but what a find for Clinton could he but clutch us!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS.

Whether our meeting would prove for good or evil fortune the future alone would tell, but certain it was there was nothing remarkable in the fact of our coming together. 'Twas but natural that the girl had flown straight from Clinton to where she might expect to find her brother, and, as the report of his escape had been true, she there found him. Her freedom from arrest had been due to the same cause or causes that had allowed me to retain my own liberty on that memorable Sabbath; namely, the lack of military precaution at headquarters on that day and the suddenness and unlooked-for nature of the episode. Once under the roof of a Quaker relative, she and her brother had been quickly disguised and passed through the lines as father and son, finding refuge in the house on the shores of Turtle bay, and they had thus far eluded capture by retreating by day to the concealed quarters before described.

From there Ames had proceeded to Stryker (another link in the chain of secret patriots), hoping through him to find the means of getting to the Jersey shore or above the lines at Kingsbridge; but partly through the fact that all points of possible escape were doubly guarded, and partly through the adventure caused by my going to the Dove, he could obtain no help from the innkeeper. However, as he had further protected his sister by starting Lowney's companion, the trooper, on a false scent to the northward, and had ended the days of the tory blackleg himself, his errand could hardly be considered fruitless.

The only remarkable point in the sequence of events that had brought us all together was that I should have met "Rex" in the nick of time and had him made known to me.

There was nothing in his present appearance by which I could have connected him with the scorched youth I had encountered at the fire. He was now clean shaved, and, with the grime of smoke washed from his face, his singed hair replaced by a white wig, and his entire change of costume, he was an aged Quaker if one peered not too closely at the lines which had been laid upon his features.

The details of their escape and a recital of my own adventures were given as we regaled ourselves with a hasty meal in a room beneath the attic. Though solid shutters were over the windows, they were further protected from any gleam of light straying outward by a hanging of sheets nailed to the casing. This closeness made the heat stifling, but physical discomfort was a small matter, and was almost forgotten as I listened in turn to the news from the city as it was given by our host.

Like a band of plotting freebooters in masquerade we must have appeared as we sat at the small table with its single candle, talking in whispers, the girl and her brother in their incongruous characters making the strong points of the picture, while the tall, long-featured man, whose melancholy cast was instantly corrected by a smile, sat opposite me, a more than sufficient foil to my proportions.

My host never laughed, but his smile was a passport to favor, making his natural expression sour by contrast or as though he was acting a part when his face was in repose. Of the little band of those who remained in New York, and were underhanded though active in their devotion to the cause, I saw not one but who was an adept in his ability to mimic or portray a character totally at variance with the one God had given him. Peter Burt was not the least of these, for, though he looked like a graveyard, he was the reverse by nature. This worthy was a typesetter in the office of the notorious Rivington, the official printer to the king, and was the right-hand man to that blatant tory. His position and his undoubted education made his real sentiments unsuspected, and, while by day he damned the rebels and seemed to lack common compassion for those who by chance fell prisoners or were even suspected of treason, by night he was doing all in his power to get information to Washington or giving a helping hand to refugees or those in distress. Late in life I heard that Rivington himself was in full accord with Burt, and used his post to the confusion of the king's interest, but I know naught of the truth of it.

The matter that roused my greatest interest was the news (or lack of it) of Scammell. As a garner of information Burt was in the thick of it, and I was mightily mystified when told that Scammell had recovered sufficiently to move from his quarters at the King's Arms and had disappeared, leaving no trace behind, though the search made for him was but a trifle less keen than that made for us.

"Has he started his lure for me?" I asked myself, but dropped the subject as I listened to the explanation of his move.

"It comes about through a remark made by Mistress Gertrude," said Burt, indicating the young lady, who laughed lightly at the story she had undoubtedly already heard. "It is possible you may recollect her twitting Clinton with a reference to some officer who had informed her about her brother. Well, Clinton took this to mean Scammell, and Scammell hearing of it, possibly in a garbled recital, and fearing arrest, has given color to the matter by putting himself beyond the reach of investigation. He is a sharp fellow, sir, and knows his broken head will excuse him when the trouble blows over. Sir Henry is not fond of making enemies among the line and file of his army, though he cares little for the staff. As for you, Capt. Thorndyke, it were well if you quickly devised some means of putting yourself into a position of greater security than I can offer you. There is a large reward for you, and if you were taken your trial would be a mockery. Our friend Ames has but little better chance should he be caught, and as for his sister, though her life might not be sacrificed, she would be undone. Mrs. Badely would see to that. Failure to find you thus far means redoubled efforts in the future. They know you must be still on Manhattan. What can be done?"

"Nothing to-night," I replied, the blackness of our prospects opening like an abyss before me. "Let me sleep; in my present condition I am useless."

"Right!" he exclaimed. "You are safe for to-night. I will not leave here till past daylight, and will return at dusk. Now, Miss King, up to your quarters. Gentlemen, you will rest here. If I give the alarm, get to the barn. Look to yourselves by day, and be wary, for were you discovered here I say, as did Stryker, my days of usefulness to the cause would be over."

So saying, he blew out the light and opened the windows, while I threw myself, dressed as I was, onto the bed, and, drawing in great breaths of the damp night air, soon slept as only sleep the tired and healthy

I lay like one dead until well into the morning, waking as blithesomely as a child, only to be shocked as I came to a realizing sense of the toils that beset me. Physically I was a new man, and the feeling of antagonism and defiance with which I met the outlook proved that my spirit was yet unbroken.

But not a hole could I discover through the network of circumstances that had made me a victim. Testing the matter from all sides, the result was the same. It was fight and die, though I was careful not to betray this conclusion to either Ames or his sister. I knew that the youth was equally at sea, but the girl was cheerful and acted as though her troubles would be of short duration, feeling doubtless, as her sex is prone to do, that with two protectors things would go not far wrong.

And, indeed, we needed the fillip of good spirits from some source, and hers aided my philosophy to the extent of causing me to think it were as well to smile at approaching death as to sit and quake over its certainty.

All that day we fed well, this once maiden of fashion preparing our food, while by the aid of the ladder in the attic Ames and my self kept watch by turns through one of the half-moon windows which commanded the high road a mile or so away. But we were undisturbed, though we saw numerous troops going north, and once feared a squad was about to turn toward us, but they went on, only halting a moment where the roads joined.

At sunset Burns returned, bringing the news that a double cordon of the enemy had been drawn across the island near the Dove, which body was to divide and beat up the country both north and south, scouring every house, tree, and nook and cranny from one end of Manhattan to the other. This accounted for the unusual number of troops we had seen that day, and to this extent had my act stirred to its center the British army. It almost enabled one to count the hours of remaining freedom, and I figured that by noon on the day following the forces would have drawn their line close to the purlieus of the city and caught us as a fish is caught in a narrowing net.

The thought fairly drove me wild, and in my very despair I rose from the table at which we had been sitting and went to the window for air, that I might be rid of the oppression which like a weight lay upon my chest. Was this fear? Hardly; for, had the house been assaulted at that moment, the load would have fallen away as fell the burden from the back of Christian. Nay, it was uncertainty and inaction still playing on the harp strings of my nerves, but it was an unbearable feeling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Scientific Horse.

"A friend of mine," says Canon MacColl, "once shared the box seat with the driver of a stage coach in Yorkshire, and being a lover of horses he talked with the coachman about his team, admiring one horse in particular. 'Ah,' said the coachman, 'but that 'oss ain't as good as he looks; he's a scientific 'oss.' 'A scientific horse,' exclaimed my friend, 'what on earth do you mean by that?' 'I mean,' replied Jehu, 'a 'oss as thinks he knows a great deal more nor he does.'"—London Spectator.

In Proof Thereof.

Customer—Are these eggs strictly fresh?

Grocer's Clerk—Yes, sir. You haven't found anything wrong with the eggs you've been getting here for the last month, have you?

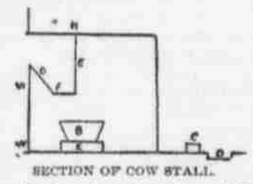
Customer—No.

Grocer's Clerk—Well, these are a part of the same lot.—Chicago Tribune.

IMPROVED COW STALL.

It Keeps the Animals Clean, Saves Feed and Can Be Built by Any Intelligent Man.

I had found some difficulty in making a cow stall that would give satisfaction in keeping the cow clean and save the feed. I had four kinds and I did not like any of them. I saw a description of the Board cow stall. I concluded that I would change all my cow stalls and make them after that plan. At first I made two for trial, but I found they did not give satisfaction. The rack, if made large enough, is too high for putting in feed. The cow would step forward about two feet from her position at the rack to eat out of the feed box, which in case of one milking at the time



SECTION OF COW STALL.

would not work well, and it would be difficult to place a scantling so that part of the droppings would not be in the bedding.

I have now made all my stalls by a different model, not altogether unlike the Board stall, but which I consider quite an improvement on it, described as follows: First divide the entire space for stalls into spaces of two stalls each. Put up studding for partitions 6 feet long. Partly board up each partition. Across these unfinished partitions place a 2x8 piece (F) not nearer the floor than 21 inches, with edge on stall side 2 feet from feed way. (W). Finish the partitions to a height of about 4 feet 6 inches. Across the top place a 2x4 piece (H), so that the slats (E) nailed to it and the 2x8 piece will be perpendicular. The front side of the rack (O) is boarded up at an angle; making it lower than the other side, so that the bottom can be reached in cleaning out.

Next make a box with partition for two cows; each side should be flared—at the side where feed is put about six inches, the other side two or three inches. Place the box in position under the rack, which is made for two cows; raise four inches from the floor by putting short pieces of two by four (K) underneath. The rack is much better for feeding whole cornfodder if the space for two cows is made in one rack. The two stall pieces may now be divided by short partitions not running through the feed rack. The scantling to prevent the cow from stepping back to lie down, is placed six feet from the rack, or same as in the Board stall just in rear of the cow's hind feet as she stands at the rack. In the diagram, A is the rack; B is the feed box, and C is the scantling to prevent the cow from stepping back to lie down. D, ditch; W, feedway.—Wm. F. Overman in Ohio Farmer.

WASHING THE UDDERS.

It Is the First Step Toward Securing an Absolutely Uncontaminated Milk Supply.

To secure the milk without contamination is a problem which is practically solved by washing the cows' udders before milking them. If clean, pure, sweet dairy products are desired one of the first and most essential considerations in the process is to get the milk without contamination.

Of course many will question the sanity of a farmer-dairyman who is seen with buckets of water and necessary cloths cleaning the udders of his cows. This is to be expected. But let it be reported, if anyone finds pleasure in circulating the rumor, that the udder-washing farmer is slightly "off" and has "cranky ideas." Just keep an eye on him and it will be learned that his butter and cream are bringing fancy prices and go into the kitchens of the well-to-do town and city people. Moreover, if investigation is made it will be discovered that the excellence of his dairy products is due largely to cleanliness.

If cleanliness is practical while milking, the udders of the cows washed beforehand, it is very probable that it will be observed in the subsequent handling of the milk. It is right always to begin at the beginning, and to wash the udders is the first step toward securing uncontaminated milk. This is done with milk-warm water, and the udders are dried with absorption towels or cloths. The milk drawn first should be rejected as it contains bacteria which have developed in the milk at the orifice of the teat since the last milking. This is "extra work," but it pays.—Farmers' Voice.

You can have your milk and butter like Caesar's wife—"above suspicion."

Why Not!

Mr. Doe—Do you give that count who married your daughter a regular allowance?

Mr. Boxe—Oh, yes. You see we bought him on the installment plan.—N. Y. Journal.

One on St. Louis.

Pearl—That St. Louis girl writes that she is in the upper ten. Wonder what she means?

Ruby—She probably means that she is in her No. 10 uppers.—Chicago Daily News.

Previously Damaged.

"Ann, you have broken the nose of this beautiful Venus."

"Yeasum—but you needn't think I'm goin' t' pay fer her; her arms wus chopped off when I come."—Detroit Free Press.

Something After Death.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Do you believe that death ends all, John?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, no; there's the fight over the will, you know.—Yonkers Statesman.

Era of Universal Peace.

Customer—Have you a copy of "Fifteen Decisive Battles?"

Bookseller—No; but I can give you a copy of "How to Be Happy Though Married."—Chicago Daily News.

That Wasn't Much.

"You—you were in the late war?" he queried of the man who had been telling about the battle of Santiago.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"And you marched and suffered and fought and was a hero?"

"No, sir; nothing of the kind. I simply landed at Santiago; decimated the ranks of the enemy, forced him to surrender, and then brought about the end of the war."

"Oh, that was all, eh? Beg your pardon for the interruption."—Washington Post.

Not All Taffy.

"Can you tell me who Ananias was?" asked the old man of the proprietor of the book store.

"Of course I can," was the reply. "He was champion liar of the world at one time. Did anyone call you Ananias?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, called me Ananias, and, durn my buttons, if I didn't think he was givin' me a bushel of praise! Next man who calls me Ananias won't never know what house fell on him!"—Chicago Evening News.

Sort of "Short Deck."

The boss dynamiters of Japan are Pak Ki Yank, Pak Chung Yung and Pak Yung Hyo, and they are a very bad pack.—Baltimore Herald.

THE MARKETS.

	New York, March 12.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 35	@$5 50
COTTON—Middling	5½	@ 5¾
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 60	@ 3 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	56½	@ 56¾
CORN—No. 2	....	@ 37¾
OATS—No. 2	....	@ 25½
PORK—Mess New	10 75	@ 11 25
	ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling	....	@ 5¾
BEEVES—Steers	4 00	@ 5 75
Cows and Heifers	2 50	@ 4 25
CALVES—per 100	5 75	@ 7 50
HOGS—Fair to Choice	4 30	@ 4 65
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	4 75	@ 5 75
FLOUR—Patents (new)	3 40	@ 3 55
Other Grades	2 75	@ 3 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	72½	@ 73
CORN—No. 2	....	@ 34¾
OATS—No. 2	24	@ 24¾
RYE—No. 2	....	@ 56
TOBACCO—Lugs	2 50	@ 4 50
Leaf Burley	4 50	@ 12 00
HAY—Clear Timothy (new)	10 00	@ 12 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	16	@ 20
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@ 7¾
EGGS—Fresh	....	@ 11
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	....	@ 11 25
LARD—Prime Steam	....	@ 7½
	CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 25	@ 6 60
HOGS—Fair to Choice	4 60	@ 4 95
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	4 75	@ 5 75
FLOUR—Winter Patents	3 40	@ 3 55
Spring Patents	3 15	@ 3 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	....	@ 64½
No. 2 Red	66½	@ 66¾
CORN—No. 2	34½	@ 34¾
OATS—No. 2	23½	@ 23¾
PORK—Mess	9 80	@ 10 50
	KANSAS CITY.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	3 75	@ 5 30
HOGS—Fair to Choice	4 45	@ 4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@ 70
OATS—No. 2	24½	@ 25½
CORN—No. 2	....	@ 32¾
	NEW ORLEANS.	
FLOUR—High Grade	3 90	@ 4 00
CORN—No. 2	....	@ 43
OATS—Western	....	@ 31½
HAY—Choice	17 50	@ 18 00
PORK—Standard Mess	11 00	@ 11 25
BACON—Short Rib Sides	7¼	@ 7⅝
COTTON—Middling	....	@ 5¾
	LOUISVILLE.	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68½	@ 68¾
CORN—No. 2	36½	@ 37¾
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	27½	@ 27
PORK—New Mess	10 25	@ 11 75
BACON—Short Ribs	6½	@ 7
COTTON—Middling	....	@ 5¾

The above illustration shows one of the mammoth buildings occupied by the great Mail Order House of the John M. Smyth Company of Chicago.

For one-third of a century this Company has been in business. Beginning in a small way they supplied their neighbors in the near by towns, each year widening their field. They are now selling merchandise direct to the consumer at wholesale prices throughout the United States.

Some years ago they began supplying their customers with an illustrated catalogue. As the business expanded they were obliged to increase the size of this catalogue, until to-day it exceeds 1,000 illustrated pages, quoting the lowest wholesale prices on everything to Eat, Wear and Use. By a superior process of color photography they illustrate many of their goods in natural colors, bringing out the rich color value of curtains, carpets, draperies, and the latest designs in wall papers, etc., thus enabling the customer hundreds of miles distant to select goods at his own fireside, knowing by the description, illustration and price the class of goods he may expect.

This feature of their business is becoming more and more popular each year, for it not only saves long and tiresome railroad journeys but is a great time saver. It leaves out the profit of the jobbing house, the retailer, the expensive commercial traveler, the general agent, the sub-agent, and thus eliminates from one to four profits, saving this amount for the consumer. In short, it is a great wholesale store brought to the home. The mammoth catalogue referred to is a 20th century dictionary of economy.

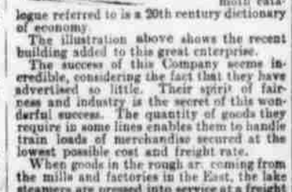
The illustration above shows the recent building added to this great enterprise.

The success of this Company seems incredible, considering the fact that they have advertised so little. Their spirit of fairness and industry is the secret of this wonderful success. The quantity of goods they require in some lines enables them to handle train loads of merchandise secured at the lowest possible cost and freight rate.

When goods in the rough or, coming from the mills and factories in the East, the lake steamers are pressed into service at a freight expense which is but little in advance of the iron ore rates.

Their references are: Any bank or express company, or any man, woman or child in Chicago.

From Loom Factory to USER.



ONE Profit. Our HIGH ARM MELBA Sewing Machine has all the Up-to-Date Improvements, necessary Attachments and Accessories, with choice of oak or walnut cabinet. Informished with the most approved AUTOMATIC BITE-PREVENTING SHUTTLE. By our system the shuttle is threaded ready for service. The MELBA has the patent TAKE-UP, Automatic DOUBLE WINDER, and a DOWELED set of best steel attachments, carefully packed in a handsome VELVET lined case. Weight of the machine, weather wrapped and crated, is about 100 lbs. It is offered at factory-close rate. The freight will average about $1.00 within 200 miles of Chicago. The cabinet work is warranted, the seven drawers and cover being HAND CARVED and fully decorated. Instead of the heavy NICKEL-PLATED Ring Drawer Pulls, etc., each machine is carefully tested before leaving our factory. A MELBA sells in competition with $40 goods and is for our money. Has of EVERYTHING you want, Well and Fine. Therefore we can afford to sell it on a PLAN of TRIAL and fully GUARANTEE it for TWENTY YEARS. We will ship this machine C. O. D. subject to examination, to any point in the U. S., on receipt of $15.00 with order. Price of Drawer-attachment, $2.50.

OUR SPRING CATALOGUE of 1,000 illustrated pages will be sent prepaid on receipt of 10 cents, which pays part of expense thereof, and will be refunded on receipt of first order. This catalogue is a mine of information on EVERYTHING you EAT, WEAR and USE. Established 1887. JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 100-106 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL. Order by this No. 11 B.

NOT THAT KIND OF A CAKE.

It Looked Suggestive of a Wedding But Was Intended for a Different Purpose.

An East end car was loaded down with shoppers, mostly women, for it was in the middle of the afternoon. Conversation was proceeding at a great rate. It was like a pink tea or a session of the sewing circle. But all at once a hush fell over the fair chatterers. A negro lad entered, bearing in his arms an immense cake, three or four decks high, and frosted over from pit to dome, as they say of a theater. There was a profusion of flowers by way of decoration, and delicate traceries of gauzy lace completed the embellishments. The cake was so large that the negro could scarcely carry it.

The cake told the whole story of the wedding, the bridesmaids, the orange flowers, the flower girls and the banquet afterward. Every feminine heart in that street car was a-flutter as its owner gazed speechlessly upon the evidence of a wedding to be.

Finally, when the car stopped to let on another passenger and everything was very still, one lady took courage to ask the negro where the wedding was going to be.

"What weddin'?" asked the negro, his eyes protruding.

"The wedding that cake is for."

"Dis ain't no weddin' cake."

"No?"

"No'm. Dis yeres er cake walk cake."

There was a smile that reached from one end of the car to the other, and very soon conversation was resumed as before.—Memphis Scimitar.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

New Translation of R. S. V. P.

A clergyman entering upon the charge of a new living not far from London resolved to invite all his parishioners to an "at home" in order to make their acquaintance, and accordingly sent out cards to that effect. A district visitor calling at one of the houses was at once accosted in this way: "Oh, miss, I have been wanting so much to see you, for my neighbor and I have got an invitation card, but we are so puzzled about the four big letters in the corner. She says they mean: 'Reply soon, victuals provided,' but now you will be able to tell us."—Chicago Chronicle.

MARCH AND APRIL.

Are the Most Disagreeable Months of the Year in the North.

In the South, they are the pleasantest and most agreeable. The trees and shrubs put forth their buds and flowers; early vegetables and fruits are ready for eating, and in fact all nature seems to have awakened from its winter sleep. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company reaches the Garden Spots of the South, and will on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April sell round-trip tickets to all principal towns in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and West Florida at almost half rates. Write for particulars of excursions to P. Sid Jones, D. P. A., in charge of Immigration, Birmingham, Ala., or Geo. P. Horner, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

He Knew.

"Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher, "our lesson to-day teaches us that if we are good while here on earth, when we die we will go to a place of everlasting bliss. But, suppose we are bad, then what bec