

It will be much more satisfactory for the average, busy woman with little garden or window space, to order mostly hyacinths, tulips and crocuses. Narcissus are lovely—the hardy, garden sorts, if they were as sure to bloom as the others, but some sorts just glory in disappointing the planter in the matter of flower. Scilla Siberica, Glory of Snow, and the dainty little tritellias, with their smell of wood violets, are all desirable, even for house culture. A half dozen of these should be planted in a small pot. I do not think crocuses will be as satisfactory indoors as out. They can be planted even in the grass on the lawn, and they are beautiful.

When you have finished planting your bulb bed, sow one or more papers of mixed petunia seeds over them, and there will be one beauty spot in your garden from frost to frost.

Border Land.

We are on the last quarter, while the darkness creeps down upon us each day a few seconds or minutes earlier, at nightfall, or lingers a few moments later at day dawn. We get up in the morning, feeling chilled and uncomfortable, with a vague yearning for the "glowing grate," and a firm resolve to have an extra covering close at hand when we sleep again. We hurry into our clothes, half inclined to hunt out some flannel addition thereto; we hasten our morning ablution, and wonder what makes the water so cold; we gravitate irresistibly toward the kitchen fire, and, with a cautious glance at the cook, suggest the possibility of its making her work lighter if we should eat in the kitchen such cold mornings.

Mother looks at baby's blue lips, and says it would be a good time to set up that little stove in the dining room, and resolves to overhaul last year's woollens at once. The windows are hurriedly closed, the doors inhospitably shut, and annoying draughts stopped. Father comes in, looking for "that old coat" he discarded last spring, rubbing his numbed hands over the blaze every time a lid is lifted, and plans for wood chopping and hauling, the necessity of "making things snug for the stock" begin a sort of triangular dance before his mental vision. The boy wonders if his "last spring's shoes" are too little for his feet, contemplatively regarding his red toes, and thinks perhaps those skates,

TRUE FOOD

Always Cures Dyspepsia

Wrong food brings penalties.

A lady in Lone Tree, Okla., found this out. After suffering for years with dyspepsia, she says:—

"Many times I could not eat anything; sometimes I drank a little hot milk, at other times the lightest food distressed me so that death would have been gladly welcomed as a relief. I was weak and listless and unable to work for want of strength.

Two years ago a dear friend earnestly recommended me to try Grape-Nuts as she had found it a most valuable food. I commenced to use it immediately and the benefit I received in an incredibly short time was almost marvelous.

Words cannot express the joy and thankfulness I felt when I found I was relieved of that dreadful distress from indigestion that I had been experiencing after each meal.

After continued use, health and strength returned; I began to enjoy life and go among my friends again so much improved that remarks were made about my good health. I sleep well now, sit all day with perfect ease and comfort and sew and work as I like. I wish I could induce every sufferer from dyspepsia to use Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

which, last winter, were too large for him, may just fit the year's growth of his "understanding."

He slips surreptitiously around to the barn to see if his sled is all right; he does not remember clearly just where he left it the last time, the "snow went off," but has trusted its care to Providence and Providence, somehow, has not failed him. It has been taken care of, and he finds it all right.

Meanwhile, the hot, steaming breakfast partaken of, we face the world with renewed courage born of a full stomach and accelerated circulation; we look abroad, to miss the tremulous heat wave quivering along the horizon, and find distant objects assuming strangely indistinct outlines as seen through the first faint haze of the year; we think of the brown woods, the scarlet maples, the yellow "shell-barks," and possible nutting parties loom up before us with alluring distinctness. The air is an elixir, and we go at our tasks with a quickened energy, and unusual buoyancy of spirits, and by dinner time—

Oh, well, by dinner time it is summer again; the sun beats down from a cloudless sky, and the cattle seek the shady side of the pasture trees; baby has kicked off her shoes and stockings; the boy has forgotten that he ever needed shoes, or owned a pair of skates. The dining room is so cosy we think we went put up the stove just yet; and we utterly scout the idea of dining in the hot kitchen; we open up the windows and spread wide the doors, and are glad we did not bother about the old flannels.

When the day is done, and evening draws us around the lamp-lighted table, there is a homely sense of fitness in the little blaze that dances among the dry limbs in the open fireplace; while the click and flash of steel needles in the deft hands of the knitters, make a pretty feature in the picture which not one of us will ever forget. We are sure, too, to find the extra blanket beside every bed, and if we neglect to spread it thereon, we are morally sure it will be found doing duty in the morning, when we wake up, for we solemnly believe "mother walks in her sleep."

Nature's Lesson.

It was only a little, stunted Lombardy poplar tree that grew in front of a small log cabin, on the little rocky farm among the Ozark hills. When the farm exchanged owners, and the new family moved in, no notice was taken of the little tree, save by the oldest girl, a child with fair hair and eyes like the purple pansies that grew so plentifully amid the rocks outside the fence. Laughingly, she held up her little hand until it touched the topmost leaf, and said, "See! I am tall as a tree."

The little tree laughed in reply, and said, "I will grow and become as handsome as I can, for you."

The mother, unlike her neighbors, was a cultured, refined woman; but this only made the hard life a little harder to bear, as she seemed shut in from all things save a dull endurance. There was always work, and the mother occupied so much of her time in the kitchen, at last took notice of the little tree, as it formed the central figure in her vision through the open door. To her, it seemed to have moods, too. How it grew and flourished! In the early days of spring its tiny leaves appeared a shining, silvery green, and its tender twig swayed to the slightest breeze. The mother said then: "My little tree has its bridal dress on now."

So they watched it grow, interesting in all seasons, and called it "Mamma's tree."

Drouth did not affect it; but when late rains came, the branches, laden with heavy moisture, drooped, until a

gentle wind would touch it, then the drops were like tears, after which its lightened limbs would wave gracefully and gleefully. Mamma said, "It was grieved; but now my little tree is glad!" And she, too, looking at its merry tossings, would smile and forget her burdens.

Soon it was higher than the little white hands could reach; higher than the mother's eyes—higher than the eaves of the lowly cottage—higher than the topmost stone in the chimney—growing, always stretching upwards; but it always kept its moods, its tender youthful freshness, and it laughed at the pranks of the wandering breeze, sobbed in the storm; and smiled in the sunshine. Always beautiful, always brave, always reaching upward.

One day a dark cloud came out of the west. Lightning flashed and zig-zagged through its inky blackness. Thunders roared, bellowed and died away; a few drops of rain fell; a quick gust, a scattering of leaves, and then the awful cyclone force, the crashing thunder, the flashes of flame, the inky darkness. The little tree lashed, twisted, twirled, bends until its topmost branches almost beat the ground.

The terrified mother said, "My little tree will be torn up."

But the storm passed, and out of the awful trial, the little tree rises, beautiful and unbroken, pluming its ruffled leaflets, shaking out its twisted branches, smiling—always smiling—as it still reaches upward. And the mother said, "My tree has strength with its tenderness; it is undismayed by the tempest. What a grand old monarch of the forest it will make!"

Thus, day by day, season by season, the lessons have been taught. The tree has imparted strength because of its strength; tender moods with its tenderness, a wish and a will to grow as it grew; a courage to resist despair and to overcome obstacles, by its growth, laughing at the rocky soil, looking upward, reaching higher, ready alike for sun or storm, trifling breezes or howling tempests. And the mother said, "The tree has taught me many lessons."

—H. W. McV.

Items of Interest.

The house of lords contains 590 peers, of whom 22 are dukes.

Connecticut has seven ex-governors living. Massachusetts has but three.

The stations built originally along the Siberian railway have already been doubled in number.

Factory girls in Leeds, England, go to work fashionably attired, numbers of them on cycles.

To facilitate the calling up of vehicles telephones are to be erected on or near all the cab ranks in Berlin.

The total of British emigration to all parts of the world for the eight months just ended is 127,596, against 108,984.

About 620,000,000 cross-ties are now laid on American railroads, and 90,000,000 new ties are required annually for renewals.

By selling sand and shingle from the beach at twopence a carload the Yarmouth authorities secure a revenue of \$2,000 a year.

The agricultural and pastoral industry of the Argentine republic is in a critical condition in consequence of long-continued drouth.

The camping grounds for civic and military organizations at the World's fair have been laid out to accommodate 10,000 to 12,000 men.

It takes a steamer a week to go down the Russian river Volga from the point where it begins to be navigable (Rybinsk) to the Caspian.

Among 600,000 laborers in Belgium

I Will Cure You of Rheumatism

Else No Money is Wanted.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month and, if it succeeds, the cost is only \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay your druggist myself.

I have no samples, because any medicine that can affect Rheumatism quickly must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. I will send you my book about Rheumatism, and an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, as it won't harm you anyway. If it fails, it is free, and I leave the decision with you. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 515, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

there are 85,000 men, 25,000 women and 15,000 children under 16 who work more than 11 hours a day.

Sixty-nine cases were treated at the World's fair emergency hospital during August, of which 23 were cases of injury, but only 3 serious.

A German medical journal reports the case of a man who was attacked by hay fever in winter because he had cultivated hyacinths in his room.

Parts of London's old Roman wall have been laid bare by the house-breakers now engaged in the demolition of Christ's hospital, Newgate street.

The Catholic woman's union of France is appealing to capable young women of that country to obtain certificates and take the places of the nuns recently expelled.

All lagoon and watering work for the World's fair is to be completed this fall. Macadam roads are being built throughout the grounds, so that bad weather shall not delay work.

It would cost a man \$30 a day to live on mushrooms. On the other hand, 10 cents would buy sufficient flour to supply him with enough food to enable him to continue at hard work.

The Methodist church of Canada has 291,895 members, a net increase of 2,733 for the year, or 11,358 for the last four years, or 122,092 since 1883, when the various Methodist denominations united.

The United States government life-saving station at the World's fair will stand at the inner angle of Arrowhead lake, in the western part of the grounds. The lake is 1,800 feet long, and at the station is 450 feet wide.—Pittsburg Dispatch.