

**Choose the Best Lands.**  
Southwestern Missouri lands are the most fertile in the country. The soil is productive and a good crop always assured. An abundance of the best of good, pure water. Special inducements are being offered just now for those desiring to secure lands in this part of the west. For particulars, regarding the rich mineral, fruit and agricultural lands of southwest Missouri write to J. M. Purdy, manager of Missouri Land and Live Stock Co., Neosho, Missouri. See advertisement in another column of this paper.

**To Strain Jelly.**  
An ingenious woman says a good strainer for jelly may be made by using a wooden chair without rails on the inside. Turn it upside down on the table, take a perfectly clean cloth, tie the four corners on the legs of the chair, setting a crock or pan underneath to receive the jelly. The cloth should be dipped in boiling water before using. Jellies may be strained a third time if necessary.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

**Language.**  
"No," she warmly rejoined, "I will not admit that the spheres of man and woman are essentially distinct. Certainly not. It is true that woman cannot at present nail down a carpet, but you don't imagine, therefore, that she could not, were she properly educated, attain to a sufficient command of language."—Detroit Tribune.

We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. The Piso Co., Warren, Pa.

When E. J. Glave died on the Congo last year, after having crossed Africa in the interest of The Century, it was announced that his notes, journals and photographs had been saved. From these a group of separate papers has been made up, and the first one will appear in the August Century. This tells of the adventures of Mr. Glave for nearly a year while he was with the British troops, who were chasing the Arab slave traders.

**How to Grow 40c Wheat.**  
Salzer's Fall Seed Catalogue tells you. It's worth thousands to the wide-awake farmer. Send 4-cent stamp for catalogue and free samples of grains and grasses for fall sowing. John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

McClure's Magazine for August is to be a mid-summer fiction number, with stories by Octave Thanet, Stephen Crane, Clinton Ross, E. W. Thomson and Annie Elliot. Stephen Crane's story will exhibit the hero of his successful novel, "The Red Badge of Courage," grown and old man, but still capable of a fine act of bravery; Clinton Ross will deal with Perry's historical fight and victory on Lake Erie; and Annie Elliot will depict a sprightly love episode in a Yale and Harvard boat race.

**A GREAT INDUSTRY.**—The Stark Bro's Nurseries, this city and Rockport, Ill., is a veritable beehive. The propagating plants of the "Two Pinks," enlarged. "Old Pike's" salesmen work from New York Westward. The office force is hurrying out 500 new style canvassing outfits, photos of fruits, trees, orchards, packing, fruit painted in nature, etc. Several departments give all their time to securing salesmen. Stark Bro's have room for energetic solicitors. With such progress, and millions of fruit trees, dull times unknown.—Louisiana, Missouri, Press.

Fifteen years ago the Atlantic Monthly gave Mrs. Stowe a breakfast on her seventieth birthday at which a notable company was gathered. At her death it pays a tribute to her in some ways quite as significant. The leading article in the number for August is "Reminiscences of Mrs. Stowe" by Mrs. James T. Fields, who was her intimate friend during the whole period of her fame.

**Personal.**  
ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, will receive information of much value and interest by writing to "Pink Pills," P. O. Box 1592, Philadelphia, Pa.

**His Location.**  
"I live in a town," said the bewhiskered man, who was tilted back in the hotel chair smoking a rank cigar, "where a father, two sons and an uncle, all members of the same family, ran for office at the last election."  
"Pardon me," ventured a bystander, "but what part of Ohio are you from?"  
—New York Sunday World.



**Gladness Comes**  
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.  
If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

**AUNT'S ADVENTURE.**



**F**VENING had closed darkly round the little brown farm-house in the hollow; gray November nightfall and the wild Niagara of crimson sunset fire had poured its flaming tides long since into the great unseen chalice of splendor that lies hidden somewhere beyond the western horizon—the monumental urn where rest entombed alike the days crowned with roses, and those baptized in tears. There was no sound without, save the branches of the huge sycamore tree chafing uneasily against the moss-enameled roof, and the plaintive wind among the brown and scarlet drifts of leaves that carpeted every dingle of the woods.

Nobody would have suspected Peter of such romantic meditation, as he sat there sorting out seed corn and packages of blue beans on his round table, and labeling them with portentous deliberation.

There was a third person, sitting in the red hearth glow, however; a young man of about twenty-four years of age, with dark brown hair and eyes to correspond, who amused himself by tantalizing Aunt Miriam's kitten with the good lady's ball of yarn—the animal, like all the rest of her sex, becoming more and more anxious for the woolly sphere the higher it was held!

"So you've really made up your mind to get married, James—do stop teasing that kitten!" said the old lady, with a constrained voice.

"Yes, Aunt Miriam; it isn't good for man to be alone, you know."  
There was a silence again. James Arnett wound and unwound his yarn very unnecessarily; Uncle Peter eyed his seed peas thoughtfully, and Mrs. Fenner knit energetically on, with pursed-up lips and a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Aunt Miriam, I wish you would see Millicent," said the young man at length.

"I can't say I have any desire to see your city young ladies, James," said Aunt Miriam, coldly; "they're too fine spun for an old woman like me. White hands and piano-playin' may be very grand—I dare say it is—but it don't suit my taste."

"But, aunty, I am sure you would like her. Come, now, do be reasonable, and go over to Squire Brownell's with me tonight. She is spending a week at her grandfather's and she would be so much gratified to see you!"

"Thank you, I ain't curious on the subject," responded Aunt Miriam, primly. "Only I heard that Miss Brownell had a bad stroke of the rheumatiz and I don't see how she gets along to wait on her new-fangled granddarter!"

"I can't understand why you are so prejudiced against poor Millicent, Aunt Miriam," said the young man, uneasily. "I won't disguise from you that it makes me unhappy to think of marrying without the approval of one who has been a mother to me and yet—"

"And yet you are determined to go your own gait; that's the plain English of it, James," said Aunt Miriam. "Well, I s'pose you can do without my consent; you'll never get it, anyhow!" And she poked the fire vigorously, as the old clock began to strike.



**"ARE YOU CRAZY?"**  
"Seven o'clock!" ejaculated James, starting up, "and I promised to be at the postoffice by this time. There's to be a meeting about the minister's Thanksgiving donation party, you know, Uncle Peter! Bless me, I didn't imagine how late it was."  
And, with a gay, parting nod to his Aunt, he disappeared.

"There he goes—as good a boy as ever lived," said Uncle Peter; "but I guess afore the evenin' comes to an end, he'll contrive to get round to Squire Brownell's. Miriam, you may as well say yes."

Before Uncle Peter had finished his task and announced his determination of going to bed, Aunt Miriam had decided on a plan to gratify her desire to see Millicent, and yet not accompany James on a formal call. She impatiently waited for her husband to retire, and then as impatiently for the nasal signal of his sleep. At last it came, and she hurriedly laid aside her knitting.

She pondered a second or two longer, then rose hurriedly, extinguishing the little candle that stood in a shining brass candle-stick on the mantel, listened a moment to the unbroken monotony of Uncle Peter's snores, and muffled a shawl round her head, withdrew the bolt of the kitchen door, and crept out into the starless gloom of the November night!

It was but a short distance, under the leafless branches of the gnarled old apple tree and into the turpentine road. Aunt Miriam felt a little conscience-stricken as she lifted the wicket of Squire Brownell's gate, and

stole noiselessly up the chrysanthemum bordered walk; she couldn't help wondering what Elder Oliver would say if he were to become aware that she, the sagest old lady in his congregation, were prowling about like a thief in the night.

"It's all for James' sake," said the venerable dame, under her breath, as she pushed aside the great sweetbriar that hung over the panes, and peeped slyly into the window.

Mrs. Brownell sat in a big arm-chair by the fire, her feet swathed in flannel; the squirrel was smoking his pipe over a three-days-old newspaper, and before a pine table, at the end of the room, stood a rosy-cheeked girl, of perhaps seventeen, the sleeves of her crimson merino dress rolled up above a pair of exquisitely-dimpled elbows, and her hands buried in a wooden tray of flour—engaged, in fact, in the operation which housekeepers call "setting a sponge." So much at home did she seem in the culinary art that Aunt Miriam said to herself, very decidedly: "This can't be the city visitor; I wonder where she is?" when her doubts were all dispelled by Mrs. Brownell's voice:

"Millicent, I wish you'd write out the recipe for that cake you made for tea—I don't see where you learned to be so handy about the house?"

"Why, grandmamma!" said the young lady, gaily, "you seem to forget that my mother was educated under your eye. She does not believe that French and music are everything that a girl needs to learn. Now do put those stockings down—I'll see that they are duly mended by and by."

Aunt Miriam turned away from the window more bewildered than ever, but with a very satisfied feeling stirring under the heap of prejudices that had filled her kind old heart. If, this were the much-talked-of Millicent, things might not be so very bad after all. And Milly worked at her sponge, the merry smiles dimpling over her face, like sunshine on a bed of roses, utterly unconscious of the audience of "one" who was now contemplating a retreat.

But the adventures of the night were not yet at a close. As Aunt Miriam groped her way toward the path, lamenting the pitchy darkness of the night, and the crackling of the crisp leaves as her not very elastic foot shuffled through them, every pulse in her frame came to a sudden pause of terror, as a pair of muscular arms were thrown around her, and a moustache came in contact with her cheek! Such a kiss—Aunt Miriam couldn't remember its like since the days when Peter Fenner courted the beauty of the village. In vain she struggled breathlessly to escape—whoever the individual might be, he didn't do things by halves, and evidently had no disposition to relinquish his prize.

"My darling little Milly! how did you know I was coming to-night?"

Then came another kiss, before Aunt Miriam could exclaim, in stifled accents:

"James Arnett, are you crazy? Do let go of me, and behave like a sensible creature!"

The arms unclasped with electric speed.

"Aunt Miriam! how on earth—"

"Hush! don't speak above your breath! There now—if you're going to laugh like that, you'll raise the town!"  
"I—I can't help it, Aunt Miriam," gasped James, climbing to the gate post and vainly trying to check the gusts of laughter that would come.

"What will Uncle Peter say? Who would have expected to find Mrs. Fenner, Vice-President of the Dorcas Society?"

"James, hold your tongue, if you don't want me to box your ears. And if you breathe a word of this to any living soul—"

"Well, I won't. Aunty—I won't upon my word; only the whole affair is so supremely ridiculous."

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Miriam, slipping through the gate. "There, you needn't turn back with me, you silly boy. Go in and see Milly—I know that's what you prefer. And Jamie—"

"Well, Aunt Miriam?"

"I've changed my mind about that little Milly of yours. I don't believe you can find a prettier wife, or a better, so settle matters as soon as you please, and we'll see whether your Aunt Miriam has forgotten how to make a wedding cake."

"But are you in earnest, Aunty?"

"Never was more so in my life."

"What has altered your convictions? Surely I may ask that one question?"

"That isn't at all to the purpose, young man. But remember, not a word of this ridiculous adventure!"

"You know how to administer bribes, Aunt Miriam," said the youth, gaily, as he entwined the old lady in his arms and gave her a third kiss.

Through the starless darkness she hurried—under the wind-tossed apple tree, and beneath the friendly shadow of her own porch, where Uncle Peter's snores yet resounded like muffled trumpets.

"What makes you so late, wife?" demanded a drowsy voice from the inner apartment, as she glided around, replacing shawls and wrappers. "I've been as fast asleep as a dormouse, I an believe—but I did think I heard the click of the bolt."

"It must have been the kitten among the tin pans," quoted Aunt Miriam—the nearest approach to a 3b she ever indulged in, before or after.

And in subsequent life, when the firm conviction seized her, that James Arnett had impaired her secret-intrinsic confidence of course—to his pretty wife, she consoled herself by saying, mentally:

"Well, I don't care if he has—for my part, I shall always be glad that that peep into Squire Brownell's window."

A pound of phosphorus heads 1,000,000 matches.

**INQUISITIVE WOMAN IN WHITE.**  
Entertained a Car Full and Worried a Polite Conductor.

The power on the 2d avenue trolley line that runs to Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, suddenly failed late Sunday afternoon and cars were stalled along the dusty road about a mile from Ulmer park, says the New York Times.

Lightning had begun to dance across the angry-looking clouds and the thunder kept up a continuous growl. About five minutes after the cars had stopped a middle-aged woman, dressed in white, came out of one of the little houses along the road. She got into a 2d avenue car and took a seat.

"Can you transfer me to 3d avenue?" she asked the conductor.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, ma'am."

The woman seemed satisfied. Presently she asked:

"How long before the car starts?"

"That depends, ma'am," said the conductor.

"Ten minutes?"

"Anything up to half an hour—maybe only five minutes, though," replied the conductor.

"Well, anyway, you can transfer me to 3d avenue?" repeated the woman.

The conductor showed her his transfer ticketpad, with the words, "2d avenue to 3d avenue," on each ticket. The woman nodded her head, as if satisfied. In less than a minute, however, she began again:

"Are you quite sure, now? Because I don't want to get caught in the rain, you know," glancing at the threatening clouds. The conductor reassured the woman, politely. "Because my mother," she went on, "took a 3d avenue car and couldn't get a transfer to a 2d avenue car—no, I mean she took a 2d avenue car and couldn't get a transfer to a 3d avenue car. So I hope you are right."

Everybody in the car was listening with a suppressed smile by this time, but the conductor's face was quite grave when he again informed the woman that she could get the transfer all right.

She sat silent for a few minutes after that. Then, suddenly jumping up, she said:

"You haven't rung me up yet, have you?"

"No, ma'am, you haven't paid your fare yet," said the conductor.

"Well, I guess I'll try another car, then," and she picked up her skirts and started down the road.

The conductor mopped his forehead while he drew a deep sigh.

"My," he said to the man in the rear seat; "but them women don't ask questions, do they?"

Meanwhile, the woman in white walked down the line of stalled cars, attacking every conductor in turn. Just as she reached the last one, which was so crowded that she could not get a seat, the storm burst in all its fury, and in less than a minute her white dress looked like a fishing net.

**No Good.**

"How do you like your new music teacher?"

"He's no good."

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Yesterday I played a common tune clear through and he didn't say it would take a week's practice to offset the harm done."—Cleveland Leader.

**A Cabbage Head.**

That was a ready retort of the Bath amateur who, when a cabbage was thrown upon the stage, announced that the party who had lost his head could have the same by coming forward.—Lewiston Journal.

**NOTES OF THE DAY.**

The city of Jerusalem is becoming modernized. There are now eight printing offices in the city.

There is a lime tree at Nuestadt, Wurtemberg, which is said to be the largest in Europe. It is over 1,000 years old.

In an Eastbourne, England, paper "A Baronet's Grandson" offers to give lessons in bicycle riding at 5 shillings a lesson.

The night watchman in Albany, Mo., rings the big bell when he thinks the clouds indicate the approach of a heavy storm.

According to Leuwenhoek there are animalcules so small that 10,000 of them could be hidden under the finest grain of sand.

The number of horses killed for consumption as food in Paris last year was 23,186, this being exclusive of 43 mules and 383 donkeys.

According to the method which is now adopted for reckoning leap years in England, December, January and February will be the summer months about 720,000 years hence.

Wyoming is to have a new national park. A treaty has been concluded with the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes for the cession to the government of a section of land ten miles square in one corner of the reservation.

A graphic idea of the immense size of Siberia may be gleaned from the following comparison: All of the states, kingdoms, principalities, empires, etc., of Europe (except Russia), and all of the United States, including Alaska, could be placed side by side in Siberia, and yet but little more than cover that immense territory.

The largest gray wolf killed by dogs, so far as yet heard from, was taken at the Cave hills, Wyoming. The animal measured 5 feet 8 inches from the point of his nose to the root of his tail and stood 34 inches high. From the point of his nose to the top of his head was 12 inches, and his hide alone weighed twenty pounds.

**Her Majesty Approves.**  
Queen Victoria has bestowed her gracious countenance on women's clubs, and they are increasing in numbers. The Green Park Club is one of the best of these organizations in London, and is at the same time one of the most aristocratic. To this club the queen has sent her portrait, with her autograph. The Ladies' International Club is one of the newest clubs in the English metropolis. Its home is in Bond street. Its avowed desire is to entertain friends from all parts of England and from foreign countries as well, particularly the United States. New York club women have, therefore, a warm personal interest in the new London International.

**A Veil of Mist**  
Rising at morning or evening from some lowlands, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevails no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhales, or sojourns in a miasmatic region of country, should fail to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

If the hens are well cared for while molting they will lay before winter.

The dust bath is absolutely necessary for fowls.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.**  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, **Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP** for Children Teething.

A diet of fruit and milk, it is said, will reduce flesh at the rate of five pounds a week.

**In Future Warfare.**  
"Fire low!"  
The general was experienced in warfare, and his troops trusted him.  
"It will be a hard fight," but we will win if you do as I say. Fire low and puncture their tires."—New York Sunday World.

**Hogman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.**  
Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chubbins, Piles, Etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Conn.

We all have our understudies, and we all hate them.

**Poor Pilgrarlic,**  
there is no need for you to contemplate a wig when you can enjoy the pleasure of sitting again under your own "thatch." You can begin to get your hair back as soon as you begin to use  
**Ayer's Hair Vigor.**



**"Judgment!"**  
**Battle Ax PLUG**  
The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

**"The Quality of Experience"**  
**Cycle Prices**  
Pay \$100—you have a Columbia—the result of 19 years' experience.  
Pay less—you have experiment, at your expense—the result of competing doubtfulness.  
More Columbias each successive year.  
Catalogue of Truth, free at Columbia agencies—by mail for two 2-cent stamps.  
**Pope Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.**