

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Neglect and lice always mean failure in the poultry business.

Good time to weed out the unprofitable hens from the flock.

If hessian fly is present in the wheat cut the grain high and burn the stubble.

The land that is drained is always ready earlier in the spring for putting in the crops.

The scales and the Babcock tester are the only infallible proof of the good cow. Are you testing out your cows?

Run-down farms reflect the lack of intelligence of those who have by their methods brought them into that condition.

The well-fertilized field will stand a drought better than one not so treated because the plants strike their roots deeper.

Calves raised on skim milk should have some feed to provide the fat content taken out of the milk. Linseed meal has been found to give the best results.

The plow wheel will often become loose and wobble a good deal. To overcome this put in a leather bushing. It will last well and will not squeak.

The day of the educated farmer is upon us. Another generation and the fellow who believes that all the knowledge of farming needed can be gained upon the farm itself will be hard to find.

Don't forget the green stuff for the poultry. If they cannot get it for themselves see that it is provided for them. You cannot have a healthy flock where such green food is denied them.

The small horse has little place on the average farm. It is the heavy crafter that is able to do the hard stunts that the farmer needs. Why will he worry along with a horse that is unequal to the tasks required of him?

Temperature is one of the main points in churning. Cream should have developed about 30 c. acidity, and have been standing at about 50 degrees for four or five hours to be in prime condition for bringing the butter.

It used to be thought that the dairyman was the only one who could profitably use the silo but it has come to be recognized after thorough testing that silage is valuable in the feeding of all kinds of stock, and obtains better results from the grain feed than is otherwise possible.

Bob White is surely the friend of the farmer. Investigation has shown that he has been known to destroy 60 different kinds of weed seeds, and it is safe to say that five per cent. of his food is made up of seeds harmful to the farmer. This in addition to the injurious bugs which he eats places him high in the ranks of the farmer's friend.

That the high check rein is a species of cruelty which the humane horseman will not permit is generally conceded. Prof. Minkler characterizes the horseman who drives his horse with his head mounted upward and held in place by a severe check rein as heartless, and declares that he should be compelled during warm weather to wear a cuff around his neck in the place of a low collar.

The silo is the dairyman's savings bank into which he can pour the savings of the summer time and make heavy drafts upon it in the winter and collect a handsome interest on his investment. Almost the entire value of the corn can be saved by canning in the silo, and it provides a succulent food for the winter which will keep up the milk flow almost to the point where it is when the cows are on pasture.

Tests made by various state experiment stations of commercial feed stuffs have shown that many of them contain a very large number of weed seeds of dangerous character. Germination tests made of such weed seeds showed that a large per cent. of them would grow. One feed stuff tested by the Maine experiment station showed that from 20 to 50 per cent. of viable weed seeds were present, from which would be produced about 2,000,000 noxious plants for each 100-pound bag of feed.

The blood circulation of the cow is intimately associated with the milk-producing organs. That is the reason that the generous milker always has enormous veins running to the udder. It stands to reason, therefore, that anything that interferes with a healthy condition of the blood will equally affect the quality and quantity of the milk. This is the reason why the running of cows causes shrinkage of the milk and injures its quality. See that the cows are handled in such a way as not to excite them, for any disturbance of the circulation has its reactionary effect upon the milk production.

One hoe in hand is better than a dozen hanging in the tool shed.

Mix the varieties of plum trees so that they will pollinize each other.

A two-fold point in favor of alisk clover is that it is fine for bees and makes good hay.

Keep the ant hills away from the orchard trees, as the ants will fill the trees with plant lice.

Try the happy cure for your troubles. Don't see the latter and be cheerful though you don't feel that way on the inside.

Small seeds when planted during warm weather should be shaded, as the ground is apt to crust over them and prevent the tender shoot from growing.

The alfalfa raiser should be provided with canvas caps to put over the stacks to protect against rain, for a wetting is apt to prove disastrous to the crop.

Ditch construction is a business in itself, the same as carpentry and masonry work. Keep this in mind when letting work of this character and be sure and get a man who is onto his job.

The heavy hen is a poor one to put on eggs, as she is more apt to break many of them, and will make a clumsy mother and kill many of the chickens she may be fortunate enough to hatch.

The poor cow is apt to remain poor under the best of care, but the good cow can be easily ruined under careless treatment. Good animals need good feed and care if they are to prove profitable.

A butter tub painted green and set upon a post in the front yard makes a fine receptacle for such flowers as petunias, vincas, coleus, etc., with nasturtiums and other climbers around the other edge to trail downwards over the sides.

One of the most fruitful causes of tuberculosis in cows is the lack of proper ventilation of the stables. It has been found that very few animals that run loose outdoors have the disease. The matter of stable ventilation must be considered by every dairyman.

Oats make a valuable feed for growing chicks as they provide the bone-making ingredients. The best form in which to feed them is in the ground state. The oat has a hard covering, and the young chicks find it hard to grind them up. Do their grinding for them.

The infertile spots on the farm should be so treated that they will average up with the rest of the farm and pay their share of profit. If it is tile drainage which is needed, put the tiles in. If it is fertilizing which is needed, study to learn just what is necessary and then apply it.

Six pounds of timothy seed, five pounds of white clover, three pounds of Kentucky blue grass and one pound of red top per acre has been found to be an excellent mixture for sowing in northern sections. If the ground is inclined to be wet, the red top will soon take the place of the timothy.

You are raising boys and girls as well as crops. See that you are as careful to provide for the wholesome growth of the former as you are of the latter. Many a successful farmer who keeps his farm free from weeds lets the weeds grow up in the lives of his children which prove a curse to them all their lives.

Chickens suffer from crooked breast-bones sometimes. This defect is generally caused by the heavy birds roosting on poles or fences. The bones of the young birds are soft and are turned to one side by pressing on the roost. If you have heavy fowls, let them roost on the floor covered thickly with straw, and you will have no crooked breast-bones.

The trouble with a good many orchards is that the farmer labors under the impression that as the fruit trees are a sort of side issue they need no special attention. What a mistake. There might just as well be a good profit turned from the orchard as from the field, if the same cultivation and care were given which are to the ordinary grain or corn crop.

The first principle in the breaking of a balky horse is in bringing the animal to understand that you will not knowingly ask an unreasonable thing of him. Of course the old and chronic balker may be amenable to treatment, for probably abuse and fool handling have conditioned him in the habit, beyond the hope of curing, but with the young horse of intelligence that has manifested a disposition to balk it is possible to overcome the bad habit. By careful handling bring the animal to understand that you are his friend, and not his enemy. Physical suffering never yet cured, but rather confirmed, balkiness.

George Atkin, successful manager of a big dairy farm in Vermont, outlines the system he has practiced as follows: When he began on the farm 22 years ago he laid down the rule that no cow should be kept unless she could produce two pounds of butter per day after dropping her second calf. During the first few years he disposed of several cows which did not come up to the mark, but during recent years, as a result of careful breeding, he has not been obliged to sell a cow. His calves are taken from the cow at birth, fed on whole milk for two weeks, then gradually given skim milk. A little meal which has been thoroughly cooked is stirred into the skim milk, together with a small amount of faxseed meal. A little later dry bran and choice hay are given them. In early spring they are turned to grass and in winter they run in open yards every day. When weaned they are given all the coarse fodder they will eat, with plenty of turnips and some grain, to keep them growing.



A great French designer has sent over a new coat. It is being rapidly copied by the tailors here. The idea will soon be popular.

This coat has a pocket in each sleeve. The model came out in a rough brown checked coat for traveling, but the idea involved can be copied in any kind of coat.

The sleeve is small, and just below the elbow is a deep V-shaped pocket, with a pointed flap fastened with a brown leather button.

Into this can go the purse, the handkerchief, car tickets and all manner of tiny things that a woman wishes to stow away.

The idea is an excellent one for traveling coats, as a woman has everything where she can get at it in the quickest time.

Think of the comfort of these pockets on a rainy day, when a woman must hold an umbrella, catch up her skirt and hold to a strap on trolley cars! She has need of her hands in a hundred ways, and even the neatest pocketbook or handbag is a nuisance.

Now she can carry everything in her coat sleeves. She feels perfectly secure in carrying even money there, because the flap fastens over and looks too much like a piece of trimming to invite thieving.

Pockets Everywhere. It is interesting that the wide popularity of pockets has not called forth more talk than it has. Woman and her pockets and the way she carries her purse have been a jest among men.

Handbags have always been the lure of thieves. They were easy to snatch and run.

True, there were the purses carried in the hand part of the time—and left on counter or seat or table the rest of the time for anyone to lift.

The last two years, however, have done much for pockets. They have been put in skirts, in shirtwaists and in coats. The woman who keeps up with the styles very often has from four to six pockets about her, all of which she uses for various things.

If anyone took statistics of so unimportant a thing, it is probable that the number of women who go around with their hands full of trifles have decreased by half.

Handbags Carried by Many. The majority of them do carry a handbag, but the convenience and the comfort of putting your things in pockets are being understood by even the women who catches on last.

A woman traveling for short distances, such as going to another city for the day, has her hands entirely free. Flat purses and all such things are stowed away in her coat pockets.

The absurd old-fashioned pocket put in the pocket of a woman's skirt is obsolete. We have learned too much to go back to anything so inconvenient. It ruined the woman's figure, kept her from sitting comfortably and could never be found when wanted.

Now she puts two pockets on the front of her skirt, smartly cut, heavily stitched and buttoned up with a flap. She can run her hands in them as easily as a man slips his fingers in his vest pocket.

The new duck and linen skirts, worn without coats, have two of these patched pockets on each side, above the knees, fastened over with carved pearl buttons.

LACE AT THE THROAT. The tailor costumes of the present season are all built on more or less

severe lines, and to relieve this simplicity of effect unusually full and long ties and jabots are worn at the throat.

In exceptionally warm weather, which necessitates leaving a jacket unfastened in front, and when no vest is worn, the jabot may fall the entire length of the bodice, but with the coat closed the tie is very full and long enough to reach from a third to half way to the belt, according to the line which is most becoming.

The jabot or frill is generally of finest batiste, and bordered either with scalloped edge in white or a light color or with a narrow baby Irish and valenciennes lace.

The majority of the frills are fluted, so as to stand out stiffly.

While many of the jabots have a small bow knot or rosette of lace or hand embroidery at the top, this finish is not considered necessary, and the end of the material may simply be tucked under the stiff collar, where it is held in place by a pretty brooch or jewel bar pin.

Brussels Net for Ties. Brussels net is used a great deal for all ties for both boys and men, and as being somewhat newer than the other materials, is steadily increasing in favor for this purpose.

For the long fluted frills this net bordered only with a narrow lace edging is most attractive, while one exceedingly pretty accessory for the collar was composed only of a huge bow knot of net, the ends finished with a narrow Cluny edging.

High stocks of unlined net, tucked or embroidered batiste, and chiffon finished with stiff bow knots of lingerie or ribbon or with long full jabots, are now worn quite as much as the stiff lacy collared collars of embroidered linen.

New Style a Boon. The introduction of this style of neckwear before the arrival of the hot months is a boon which can only be fully appreciated by those who suffered through last summer in collars as high and stiff as the fashion laws then demanded.

If the very stiff bows are more becoming than those of softer net, it is an excellent plan to purchase a yard of bride illusion, which, while expensive, is so very wide that from one yard can be made innumerable bows and ties.

The illusion loses its stiffness when cleaned, but when reckoned by the amount for each bow is not extraordinarily high priced, and one bow can be worn surprisingly often.



Galloon in faded tints, worked with gold, is used for crown bands.

Entire hats are trimmed with rose petals in a succession of sizes and tones.

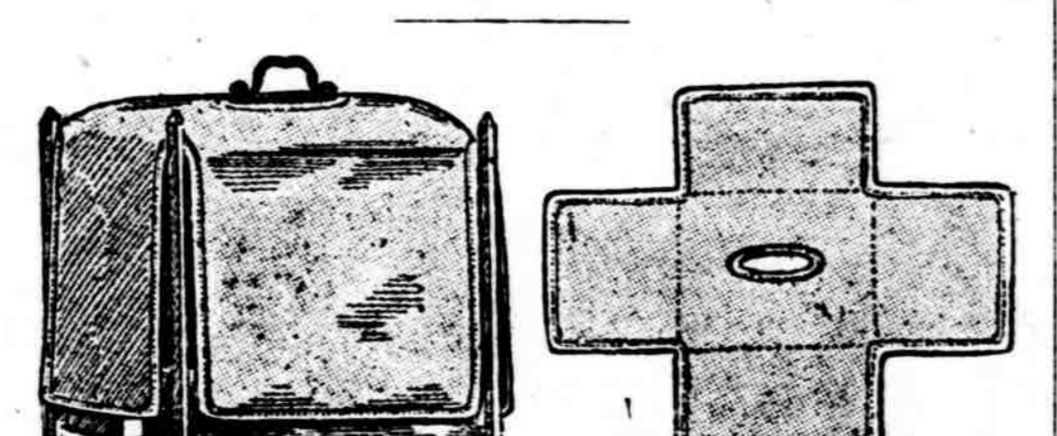
Broad, satiny gauze quilts of iridescent colors are smart on Sumatra hats.

Jet pins, cabochons and agraftes register the present millinery craze for jet.

Small tomatoes on late millinery models encourage almost a hope for mayonnaise dressing.

Sashes are everywhere on a frock and arranged in every conceivable fashion.

BIRD-CAGE COVER



Our sketch illustrates a simple and useful form of a cover for a bird-cage that can be made to fit almost any kind of cage. It is cut out in the shape shown on the right-hand side, and the four flaps fall over each side of the cage. There is a slit cut in the center for the handle, and it also serves the purpose of ventilation. The square indicated by the dotted lines in the diagram should be the size of the top of the cage, and the flaps of cloth bend over each side from the dotted lines. It can be made from any odd remnant of material that we happen to have by us, and should be bound at the edges with ribbon. For those people who have the time to spare, it is a pretty idea to work the name of the bird in colored silks in ornamental letters on one side of the cover.

Adieu to the Black Shoe Button.

There are unmistakable assurances that the lowly black shoe button is going to be exalted in rank until it rivals the splendor of the modern button. Along with the newly inaugurated practice of mingling light leather with black has come a yearning for something more decorative than the former dingy fastener, and already boots clasped with large pearl buttons are deemed decidedly orthodox.

Next year we shall probably witness sartorial schemes in which the shoe buttons match the buttons on the coat and the coat buttons consult the stone adorning the hatpins.

And when this time comes the languid great lady of the stage, instead of drawing the conventional "Felicie," get my hat with the blue feathers," will substitute, "Felicie, won't you get my shoes with the turquoise buttons?"

different shades of colored silk. Blue, for instance, in three or four shades, with possibly a touch of black or white, will make a charming trimming for either a blue or black frock. The net is completely filled in with the China, columbino from Italy, rare-colored pebbles from Africa, lapis-lazuli from Russia and Persia, turquoise from Thibet, jasper from Northern India, garnet, a lovely green and red stone, from Florence, cornelian from Persia and Arabia, topaz and amethysts from the Alps, coral from Cey-

A Novelty Belt.

A novelty in accessories is the "pay-as-you-enter" belt.

It is made of leather in all colors, is quite narrow and has a small, square pocket a little to the right of the buckle just sufficiently large to contain a small metal case that holds four nickels. These can be abstracted with the greatest ease and very quickly, too, so that the required fare is always ready without the inconvenience of opening one's bag.

The Taj Mahal

EXQUISITE SHRINE AT AGRA, DEEP IN HEART OF INDIA.



FROM THE FOUNTAIN

SCREEN IN THE CHAMBER OF THE TOMBS.

It is well that Agra is deep in the heart of India, and that the traveler from either East or West, bent on really seeing something of the land, must perforce tarry at many places ere he reaches the old Mogul capital. The country's wonders are thus seen in their proper order—the lesser ones first. The architectural glories of the city are many, but it is the Taj Mahal that makes of Agra an Indian Mecca.

One enters among the charming formalities of its old Persian garden in mood, for it seems of another world than ours—the garden of a land of dreams. Here all sounds are silenced; the air is heavy with the fragrance of the shrubs, the flower-beds and the cypress trees. Even the gentle splash of the fountains does not often disturb the soft peace encompassing this shrine—sanctuary of the fairest romance of Hindustan. Perfect in its proportions, almost unearthly in its beauty, it is no monument raised for arrogant self-aggrandizement, but is the mirror of a king's heart.

It is the reflection of a husband's devotion to a dead wife's memory; it is the enduring record, enriching both art and romance, of the love story of one who held the best of the world to offer as scarcely good enough to consecrate the lifeless clay of her who bore him seven children, and had been his wife for fourteen happy years. The Taj enclosure is therefore hallowed ground, and the story of the shrine runs as follows: The Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, stricken with grief at the death of his beautiful Persian queen, Mumtaz-Mahal, the Chosen of the Palace, vowed he would erect over her body a mausoleum which should be pure and beautiful as his dead queen's heart; the fairest building that ever adorned the earth, just as she had been the fairest woman that ever trod it. This exquisite creation in marble is witness to the sacredness of his word.

It was Bishop Heber who said "the Moguls designed like Titian and finished like Raphael." They were the greatest of all Mahomedan builders, and in this respect at least Shah Jehan was the greatest of the Moguls. The Emperor Akbar was a Titan indeed. Had he built nothing but the town of Fatehpur-Sikri, that long-deserted pile of temples, palaces and towers, his name would live for ever; but many other are the marvels that bear tribute to his fearlessness and vigor.

When this Mogul jeweller conceived the idea of the Taj Mahal, the whole world was searched for materials and the finest talent of Europe was enlisted to beautify the work. In 1639, the year following the death of his queen, the foundation stones were laid. Many thousands of laborers and artisans were employed, and seventeen years later this love story in marble and precious stones received the final touches from the artists who had created it. We met at Delhi a Florentine artist who, with a staff of lapidaries, was engaged in the restoration of the mosaics of the Diwan-i-Khas in the palace. He it was who told us of the stones to be found in the Jeyapore marble of the Taj Mahal.

There are azates of every conceivable hue from many lands of Europe, chalcidion from as many more, green and white and variegated jade from China, columbino from Italy, rare-colored pebbles from Africa, lapis-lazuli from Russia and Persia, turquoise from Thibet, jasper from Northern India, garnet, a lovely green and red stone, from Florence, cornelian from Persia and Arabia, topaz and amethysts from the Alps, coral from Cey-

How a Blind Student Works.

Columbia university has some blind men students in which the public has taken great interest, but it is not generally known that Bernard has a blind student, too. Her name is Margaret Hogan, and she attends lectures regularly in the company of her reader, Miss Ruth Carroll, a fellow student. Miss Carroll takes the notes, and afterwards reads them to Miss Hogan, who transcribes them on the typewriter in the embossed type used by the

lon, abaster of various hues, mother-of-pearl, malachite, gold stones and tiger stones. Rubies, sapphires and emeralds, if ever they were really used, have long since disappeared, for the Taj has been ransacked more than once, the Jats denuding it of most of its riches, including the massive silver doors which originally barred the entrance.

Shah Jehan was deposed by his son, Aurungzeb—that mischievous vandal who wantonly destroyed so many of India's architectural beauties, and left but one indifferent building, the mosque at Benares, to bear his name to succeeding generations—in the year 1658, and imprisoned in Agra Fort until his death eight years later. It is said that it was Shah Jehan's intention to have erected a companion monument of black marble, but of less magnificence, on the opposite shore of the Jumna river to receive his own remains. If this be true, by the usurpation of the throne a great work of art was lost to India; thus, also, was Aurungzeb's evil influence felt, not only in the destruction of works his father had actually accomplished, but of those he might have accomplished. As we drew nearer to the shrine, the riches that lay embedded in its walls, arches and spandrels revealed themselves to view. They embellished its facade with floral designs and scrolls and with precepts from the Koran, and each opening admitting light and air was of delicate fretted marble. We went through a gateway pierced in a tracered marble screen, thence through another beyond into the inner recesses of the Taj—the Chamber of the Tombs. It was long before the eyes, blinded by the reflected glare of the setting sun, became accustomed to the gloom; but as vision slowly penetrated it, there emerged from the shades an octagonal filigreed screen of exquisite workmanship, a filmy floral web of marble, which, as the darkness melted, became opalescent with inlaid stones of the richest and liveliest of colors. Silently we passed through the clasps of this embroidered grille—most precious of such forms of ornament in India—and stood before the cenotaphs, embedded with inlays in floral wreaths and clusters, of Queen Mumtaz and the faithful consort for whom she had waited here so long. These, however, were but the show tombs, for there are somewhat similar, but plainer, caskets in a vault below, level with the ground, where these royal lovers, united in death, rest side by side in the deep sleep of All Eternity. And now the chamber was flooded with a soft and mellow light, in which every detail of its embellishment was distinctly to be seen.

What skill and art! that could temper the fierce glare of the Indian sun, by filtering it through double screens of delicately pierced marble, placed far apart, to this dim, religious twilight. There are four such openings, one on each side of the building, facing the cardinal points; and there are four smaller ones above them. This central chamber, 39 ft. or so in height, is thus illumined with an indescribable softness and beauty. Its repose and tranquillity are overwhelming. One scarcely dares to move; to speak would seem a sacrilege. Every movement made, every sound breathed, echoes the quivering echoes—the awakes of the Taj Mahal, most wonderful in all the world. Even as one whispers the slightest sound one's lips can frame, that whisper is repeated a myriad times, ascending higher and higher from wall to wall until it trembles away through the trellised openings of the marble grilles above. And when the watchman, who had been standing motionless as a statue in the shadows, chanted a few notes in a rich tenor, what countless other voices sprang to life. It was as if the very walls were singing. For long the voices quavered in the vault, till at length, like the last trembling diminuendo of a beautiful song, they followed the whispers through the marble traceries to the heavens above. Again that awful silence, the silence of the tomb. But who shall tell with justice of the Taj Mahal?

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Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.

Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervousness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since taking it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

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For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulcers, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



Of course, it may be all right—still, you don't feel inclined to eat sausages when you find your butcher has removed to a shop next door to the Home for Lost Dogs, do you?

The Tangled Hair. Charley is the white-haired negro man employed by a southern family on Charlotte street. And Charley is cautious about lending anything. The other day a man new to the neighborhood appeared at the door and asked if he could borrow a spade. "No, sir," said Charley. "Ain't got no spade." "Haven't you any sort of a shovel I could use to dig fishworms with?" "No, sir, ain't got no shovel." The stranger hesitated a moment and then asked: "Do you suppose the folks next door have a spade they'd lend me?" "No, sir," replied Charley, promptly. "they's all the time a-borrowin' our'n." —Kansas City Times.

Hurt a Convict's Pride. A church missionary had a letter recently from a convict begging him to reform the writer's wife, who was also in prison. The convict—who is serving a long term—was very anxious about the matter, because, as he said: "It was no credit to him to receive letters from such a convict as prison." Another convict, in the course of a letter to his brother, a pauper, remarked: "Well, Jack, thank goodness I have never sunk so low as the work-house yet." —London Daily News.

WIFE WON

Husband Finally Convinced. Some men are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience. A very "conservative" Hls. man, however, let his good wife find out for herself what a blessing Postum is to those who are distressed in many ways, by drinking coffee. The wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me.

"Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.' "He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum, but disliked it, because, as we learned later, it was not made right. "Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich snappy flavor similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added, it was not only good but delicious. "Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.