THE STATURE OF THE MAN.

Does any one know of a reason, I pray—
Of a good solid reason, I mean—
Why one who must labor may not, when at play,
In the fair fields of poesy glean?
And who need complain if his hoe one shall fling
From a hand that is horny with toil,
And try, from his brain, with a steel pen, to wring
What he never can dig from the soil?

It may be, indeed, that when muscle and bone
With fatigue are all aching and sore,
The brain, though with knowledge it thickly be sown,
With reluctance will yield up its store,
And yet it will yield—if the treasure be there—
As of old at a touch of the rod
The rock in old Horeb poured forth, free and fair,
Its cool stream for the people of God.

But, if from one's youth brain all fallow has lain,
And if only with bone and with brawn
One toils as the ox, then 'tis greatly in vain,
For his intellect still waits its dawn.
And what of the man if his intellect sleep—
Who but works, eats and slumbers away
The days of his years? He in darkness must creep,
Who should walk in the white light of day.

"The mind," one has writ, "is the stature of man,"
Little worth are one's lands and one's gold
If soul must be stunted—if brain must be ban—
If the man may not ever unfold.
The wealth of the Indies can not make amend
If we miss all the treasures that hide
In books, which the hands of the masters have penned
To console, to instruct us and guide.

That man surely labors with skill none the less
Who, in leisure, the wide realm surveys,
Where thought seeks forever all minds to impress—
Where the lightning of genius plays.
Then shun the drear lowlands, with fogs overlain;
Climb the bright, sunny highlands of life,
Where vast, pleasant prospects the fancy enchain,
And forget, in the pleasure, the strife.

—J. B. Walter, M. D., in N. Y. Tribune.

CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

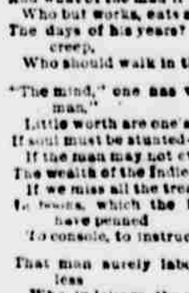
By H. Rider Haggard,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Allan Quatermain," Etc., Etc., Etc.

Illustrated by NEWOLL, after CATON WOODVILLE and JERIFFENHAGEN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PLAN OF CHARMION; CONFESSION OF CHARMION, AND ANSWER OF HARMACHIS.



FOR some while I sat with bowed head, and the last bitterness of shame sank into my soul. This, then, was the end! For this I had betrayed my oaths; for this I had told the secret of the Pyramid; for this I had lost my Crown, my honor, and, perchance, my hope of Heaven! Could there be another man in the wide world so steeped in sorrow as I was that night? Surely not one! Where should I turn? What could I do? And even through the tempest of my torn heart the bitter voice of jealousy called aloud. For I loved this woman, to whom I had given all; and she at this moment—she was—Ah! I could not bear to think of it; and in my utter agony my heart burst forth in a river of tears such as are terrible to weep!

Then Charmion drew near to me, and I saw that she, too, was weeping.

"Weep not, Harmachis!" she sobbed, kneeling at my side. "I can not endure to see thee weep. Oh! why wouldst thou not be warned? Then hast thou been great and happy, and not so now. Listen, Harmachis! Thou didst hear what that false and tigerish woman said—to-morrow she hands thee over to the murderers!"

"It is well," I gasped.

"Nay, it is not well, Harmachis, give her not this last triumph over thee. Thou hast lost all save life; but while life remains hope remains also, and with hope the chance of vengeance!"

"Ah!" I said, starting from my seat. "I had not thought of that. Ay, the chance of vengeance! It would be sweet to be avenged!"

"It would be sweet, Harmachis, and yet this—Vengeance is an arrow that in falling oft pierces him who shot it. Myself—I know it," and she sighed. "But a truce to talk and grief. Time will there be for us twain to grieve, if not to talk, in all the heavy coming years. Thou must fly—before the dawning of the light must thou fly. Here is a plan. To-morrow, ere the dawn, a galley that but yesterday came from Alexandria bearing fruit and stores sails thither once again, whereof the Captain is known to me, but to thee he is not known. Now, I will find thee the garb of a Syrian merchant, and cloak thee as I know how, and furnish thee with a letter to the Captain of the galley. He shall give thee passage to Alexandria, for to him thou wilt seem but as a merchant going on the business of thy trade. 'Tis Brennus who is Captain of the Guard to-night, and Brennus is a friend to me and thee. Perchance he will guess somewhat; or, perchance, he will not guess; at the least, the Syrian merchant shall safely pass the lines. What sayest thou?"

"It is well," I answered wearily; "little do I reck the issue."

"Rest thou then here, Harmachis, while I make these matters ready; and, Harmachis, grieve not overmuch; there are others who should grieve more heavily than thou." And she went, leaving me alone with mine agony that rent me like a torture-bed. Methinks, had it not been for that fierce desire of vengeance which from time to time flashed across my tormented mind as the quick lightning o'er a midnight sea, my reason had left me in that dark hour. At length I heard her footstep at the door, and she entered, breathing heavily, for in her arms she bore a sack of clothing.

"All is well," she said; "here is the garb with spare linen, and writing tablets, and all things needful. I have seen Brennus also, and told him that a Syrian merchant would pass the guard an hour before the dawn. And, though he made pretence of sleep, methinks he understood, for he answered, yawning, that if they but had the pass word, 'Antony,' fifty Syrian merchants might go through about their lawful business. And here is the letter to the Captain—thou canst not mistake the galley, for she is moored along the right—a small galley, painted black, as thou dost enter on the great quay, and, moreover, the sailors make ready for sailing. Now will I wait here without while thou dost put off the livery of thy service and array thyself."

When she was gone I tore off my gorgeous garments and spat upon them and trod them on the ground. Then I put on the modest robe of a merchant, and bound round me the tablets, on my feet the sandals of untanned hide, and at my waist the knife. When it was done, Charmion entered once again and looked on me.

"Too much art thou still the Royal Harmachis," she said. "See, it must be changed."

Then she took scissors from her tiring table, and bidding me to be seated, she cut off my locks, clipping the hair close to the head. Next she found stains of such sort as women use to make dark the eyes and mixed them cunningly, rubbing the stuff on my face and hands and on the white mark in my hair where the sword of Brennus had bitten to the bone.

"Now art thou changed—somewhat for the worse, Harmachis," she said, with a dreary laugh; "scarce myself should I know thee. Stay, there is one more thing," and going to a chest of garments, she drew thence a heavy bag of gold.

"Take thou this," she said; "thou wilt have need of money."

"I can not take thy gold, Charmion."

"Yes, take it. It was Bepa who gave it to me for the furtherance of our cause, and therefore 'tis fitting that thou shouldst spend it. Moreover, if I want it, doubtless Antony, who is henceforth my master, will give me more; he is much beholden to me, and this well he knows. There, waste not the precious time in haggling o'er the pelf—not yet art thou all a merchant, Harmachis;" and, without more words, she thrust the pieces into the leather bag that hung across my shoulders. Then she made fast the sack containing the spare garments, and so womanly thoughtful was she, hid therein an alabaster jar of pigment, wherewith I might stain my countenance afresh, and, taking the broidered robes of mine office that I had cast off, hid them in the secret passage. And so at last all was made ready.

"Is it time that I should go?" I asked.

"Not yet awhile. Be patient, Harmachis; for but one little hour more must thou endure my presence, and then, perchance, farewell forever."

I made a gesture signifying that this was no hour for sharp words.

"Forgive me my quick tongue," she said; "but from a salt spring do bitter waters well. Be seated, Harmachis; I have heavier words to speak to thee before thou goest."

"Say on," I answered; "words, however heavy, can move me no more."

She stood before me with folded hands, and the lamp light shone upon her beauteous face. Idly I noticed how great was its pallor and how wide and dark were the rings about the deep black eyes. Twice she lifted her white face and strove to speak, twice her voice failed her; and when at last it came 'twas in a hoarse whisper.

"I can not let thee go," she said—"I can not let thee go unwitting of the truth. *Harmachis, 'twas I who did betray thee!*"

I sprang to my feet, an oath upon my lips; but she caught me by the hand.

"Oh, be seated," she said—"be seated and hear me; then, when thou hast heard, lo unto me as thou wilt. Listen! from that evil moment when, in the presence of thy uncle Sepa, for the second time I set eyes upon thy face, I loved thee—how much, little canst thou guess! Think upon thine own love for Cleopatra, and double it, and double it again, and, perchance, thou mayst come near to my love's mighty sum. I loved thee, day by day I loved thee more, till in thee and for thee alone I seemed to live. But thou wast cold—thou wast worse than cold; thou didst deal with me not as a breathing woman, but rather as the instrument to an end—as a tool wherewith to grave thy fortunes. And then I saw—yes, long before thyself thou knewest it—thy heart's tide was setting strong towards that ruinous shore where on to-day thy life is broken. And at last came that night, that dreadful night, when, hid within the chamber, I saw thee cast my kerchief to the winds, and with sweet words cherish my Royal rival's gift. Then—oh! thou knewest in my pain I betrayed the secret that thou wouldst not see—and thou didst make a mock of me, Harmachis! Of the shame of it!—thou, in thy foolishness, didst make a mock of me! I went thence, and within me were rising all the torments which can tear a woman's heart, for now I was sure that thou didst love Cleopatra. Ay, and so mad was I, even that night was I minded to betray thee; but I thought—not yet; not yet; to-morrow he may soften. Then came the morrow, and all was ready for the bursting of the great plot that should make thee Pharaoh. And I, too, came—thou dost remember—and again thou didst put me away when I spake to thee in parables, as something of little worth, as a thing too small to claim a moment's weighty thought. And, knowing that this was because—though knewest it not—thou didst love Cleopatra, whom now thou must straightway slay, I grew mad, and a wicked spirit entered into me, possessing me utterly, so that no longer was I myself. And because thou hadst scorned me, this, to my everlasting shame and sorrow I did!—I passed into Cleopatra's presence and betrayed thee and those with thee, and all our holy cause, saying that I had found a writing which thou hadst let fall and read all this therein."

I gasped and sat silent; and gazing sadly at me she went on:

"When she understood how great was the plot, and how deep its roots, Cleopatra was much troubled; and, at first, she would have fled to Hais or taken ship and run for Cyprus, but I showed her that the ways were barred. Then she said that she would cause thee to be slain, there, in the chamber, and I left her so believing; for, at that hour, fain was I that thou shouldst be slain—ay, even if I wept out my heart upon thy grave. But what said I anon?—vengeance is an arrow that oft falls on him who looses it! So was it with me; for between my going and thy coming she hatched a deeper plan. She feared that to slay thee would but be to light a fiercer fire of revolt; but she saw that to bind thee to her, and having left men awhile in doubt, to show thee faithless would strike the imminent danger at its roots and wither it. This plot once formed, being great, she dared its doubtful issue, and—need I go on? Thou knowest, Harmachis, how she won; and thus did the shaft of vengeance that I loosed fall upon my own head. For on the morrow I knew that I had sinned for naught, that on the wretched Paulus had been laid the burden of my betrayal, and that I had but ruined the cause whereto I was sworn and given the man I loved to the arms of wanton Egypt."

She bowed her head awhile, and then, as I spake not, once more went on:

"Let all my sin be told, Harmachis, and then let justice come. See how this thing happened. Half did Cleopatra learn to love thee, and deep in her heart she bethought her of taking thee to wedded husband. For the sake of this half love of here she spared the lives of those in the plot whom she had touched, betokening her that if she wedded thee she might use them and thee to draw the heart of Egypt, which loves not her but any Ptolemy. And then, once again she overtopped thee, and in thy folly thou didst betray to her the secret of the hidden wealth of Egypt, that to-day she squanders to delight the luxurious Antony; and, of a truth, at that time she purposed to make good her oath and marry thee. But on the very morn when Dellius came for answer she sent for me, and, telling me all—for my wit, above any, she holds at price—demanded of me my judgment whether she should defy Antony and wed thee, or whether she should put the thought away and come to Antony. And I—now mark thou all my sin!—I, in my bitter jealousy, rather than I would see her thy wedded wife and thou her loving lord, counseled her most strictly that she should come to Antony, well knowing, for I had had speech with Dellius—that if she came, this weak Antony would fall like a ripe fruit at her feet, as indeed he has fallen. And to-night have I shown thee the issue of the scheme. Antony loves Cleopatra and Cleopatra loves Antony, and thou art robbed, and matters have gone well for me, who of all women on the earth to-night am the wretchedest by far. For when I saw how thy heart broke, but now my heart seemed to break with thine, and no longer could I bear the burden of my evil deeds, but knew that I must tell them and take my punishment.

"And no more have I to say, save that I thank thee for thy courtesy in hearkening, and this one thing I add: Driven by my great love, I have sinned against thee unto death! I have ruined thee, I have ruined Khem, and myself also have I ruined! Let death reward me! Slay thou me, Harmachis! Gladly will I die upon thy sword—ay, and kiss its blade! Slay thou me, and go! for if thou slayest me not, myself will I surely slay!" And she threw herself upon her knees, lifting her fair breast toward me, that I might smite her with my dagger. And, in my bitter fury, minded was I to strike, for above all I thought how, when I was fallen, this woman, who herself was my cause of shame, had scourged me with her scorn. But hard it is to slay a fair woman; and even as I lifted my hand to strike I remembered that now twice had she saved my life.

"Woman! thou shameless woman!" I said, "arise! I slay thee not! Who am I, that I should judge thy crime, that with mine own do overtop all earthly judgment!"

"Slay me, Harmachis!" she moaned; "slay me or I slay myself! My burden is too great for me to bear! Be not so deadly calm! Curse me and slay!"

"What was it that thou didst say to me anon, Charmion—that as I had sown so must I reap? It is not lawful that thou shouldst slay thyself; it is not lawful that I, thine equal in sin, should slay thee, because through thee I sinned. As thou hast sown, Charmion, so must *thou* also reap. Base woman! whose cruel jealousy hath brought all these woes on me and Egypt, live—live on, and from year to year pluck the bitter fruit of crime! Haunted be thy sleep by visions of thy outraged Gods, whose vengeance awaits thee and me in their dim Amenti! Haunted be thy days by memories of that man whom thy fierce love did bring to ruin, and by the sight of Khem a prey to the insatiate Cleopatra and a slave to Roman Antony."

"Oh, speak not thus, Harmachis! More sharp are thy words than any sword, and more surely, if more slowly, shall they slay! Listen, Harmachis," and she grasped my robe; "when thou wast great and all power lay within thy grasp, thou didst reject me. Wilt reject me now that Cleopatra hath cast thee from her—now that thou art poor and shamed, and with no pillow to thy head? Still am I fair, and still I worship thee! Let me fly with thee, and make atonement by my life-long love. Or, if this be too great a thing to ask, let me be but as thy sister and thy servant—thy very slave, so that I may still look upon thy face and share thy trouble and minister to thee. O Harmachis, let me but come and I will brave all things and endure all things, and naught but Death himself shall spear me from thy side. For I do believe that the love that sank me to so low a depth, dragging thee, can yet lift me to an equal height, and thee with me."

"Wouldst tempt me to fresh sin, woman! And dost thou think, Charmion, that in some hovel where I must hide, I could bear, day by day, to look upon thy fair face, and seeing, remember, that those lips betrayed me? Not thus easily shalt thou atone! This even now I know: Many and heavy shall be thy lonely days of penance! Perchance that hour of vengeance may yet come, and perchance thou shalt live to play thy part in it. In the Court of Cleopatra must thou still abide, and while thou art there, if yet I live, I will from time to time find means to give thee tidings. Perchance a day may dawn when once more I shall need thy service. Now, swear that, in this event, thou wilt not fail me a second time."

"I swear, Harmachis! I swear! May everlasting torments, too hideous to be dreamed—more hideous even, by far, than those that wring me now—be my portion if I fail thee in one jot or tittle; ay, even though I wait a lifetime for thy word!"

"'Tis well; see that thou keep the oath—not twice may we betray; I go to work out my fate; abide thou to work out thine. Perchance our divers threads will once more mingle ere the web be spun. Charmion, who masked didst love me—and who prompted by that gentle love of thine, didst betray and rule me—fare thee well!"

Wildly she gazed upon me—she stretched out her arms as though to clasp me; and then, in the agony of her despair, cast herself at length and groveled upon the ground.

I took up the sack of clothing and the staff and gained the door, and, as I passed through, one last glance I cast upon her.

AND THUS I LEFT HER.

There she lay, with arms outstretched—more white than her white robes—her dark hair streaming down her and her fair brows hidden in the dust.

And thus I left her; nor did I again set my eyes upon her till nine long years had come and gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEARLY all so-called dog-skin gloves are made of sheep and lamb skin. A few gloves are made of horse skin, and these cost more than kid gloves.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

CATTLE VS. HOGS.

An Iowa Swine-Breeder Criticizes Premium Lists.

I have known for a long time, says a writer in the Breeder's Gazette, that agricultural societies in general, if not invariably, offer far more money for cattle than for hog premiums, and I have sometimes wondered why the difference was so great, and the more I think about it the more I wonder what good reason they have for offering any more for cattle than for hog premiums. I have just consulted several leading State fair premium lists and I find that four of them offer nearly four times as much for cattle as for hogs, on the average. Is this right? Is it justice to the swine-breeders? If it is some one will be able to show in a logical way why it is that cattle deserve larger premiums than hogs; but until we see some better reason advanced than merely the fact that all agricultural societies do offer far more for cattle than for hog premiums I will take the ground that hogs are not being recognized in proportion to their worth as compared with cattle in premium lists of our agricultural fairs.

But perhaps cattle are more deserving. I imagine there are some people who think so, for I once heard a remark that indicated as much. It was at a meeting of the Iowa State Board of Agriculture. I was there as one of a committee appointed by the State Swine-Breeders' Association to present to the board our needs at the annual State fair, and among other things we were instructed to insist on the board retaining (or rather re-electing) the same man as superintendent of the swine department for another year. But we were told by one of the members of the board (not one of the members of the present board, however) that we could not have the same man again as our superintendent. "For," said he, "he is too good a man not to be promoted, and we will have to give him the cattle this year." I had never looked at it in the light of "promotion" to go from our "hog house" to the "cattle barn," but from the above statement, and from the fact that much larger amounts are offered for cattle than for hog premiums, it does look as though most fair managers do consider it promotion and do believe cattle more aristocratic.

Are there any more people interested in cattle-raising than in hog-raising? Certainly not, and furthermore the cattle-feeding industry (even in the "corn-belt" States) could not long survive without the hog, for in the last five years there is scarcely a cattle-feeder in the United States whose balance-sheet would not show a loss except for the pork produced by hogs gleaning after the cattle. Therefore the cattlemen themselves are directly interested in the keeping up and still further improving the quality of our swine that converts so much of the produce of our rich soil into "meat for the millions" and at the same time puts back upon the soil the richest of fertilizers.

Do you think it less trouble or expense to exhibit swine than cattle? If so you are mistaken. The railroad transportation is the same, but when you arrive at your railroad destination you can at once unload your cattle and walk them right off to their stalls in the fair ground, while the swine exhibitor has to pay wagon transportation to and from the fair ground and perhaps wait for hours before he can secure teams, and there is more hard work loading and unloading one car of hogs in crates than there is in handling five cars of cattle. So we claim that in the line of trouble and expense the swine should be entitled to the larger premium.

If it took more brains to breed fine cattle than it does to breed fine, symmetrical hogs, there might be reason for giving cattle the preference. But no man who has had extensive experience in breeding both will deny that it takes as much brains to breed good hogs as it does to breed good cattle; and certainly no one will deny that their place on the farm is as important to the farmer as his cattle, for I will venture the assertion that there are ten men that have lifted the mortgage from the farm with hogs to one that paid it with cattle. Ask any banker, money-lender or business man what is the most frequent expression from farmers as to when they can pay a note or an account; they will almost universally tell you it is "When I sell my hogs." Very seldom, indeed, will they say, "When I sell my cattle."

A GOOD DEVICE.

How to Make Trellises and Frames for Bush Fruits.

Where raspberries and blackberries are grown on a large scale for market, says Popular Gardening, the expense and labor involved by the use of even the simplest form of trellis or frame must prevent the grower from attempting to do more than keep the plants within bounds by heroic pruning. And this usually answers the purpose very well. In the home garden, however, we always pay somewhat greater attention to convenience and neat appearance than in the field.

If our garden patch is large, we may content ourselves with setting a simple stake to each bush, and tie the latter to it somewhat loosely. Or we may confine each row of bushes within two lines of wire or lathe, fastened to stakes set along each side of the row. All these are simple means of keeping the bushes upright and the paths between the rows unobstructed by straggling canes which are apt to hook into the clothes and perhaps into the flesh of the good wife and the daughters of the house.

FRUIT FRAME.

Our illustration shows a way of training single bushes, suitable for a few plants in a small garden. It needs no further description, except to say that the frame may be made about fifteen inches square and the stakes about two feet high from the ground.

HEDGE AND WIRE FENCES.

A Combination That Makes a Safe and Permanent Fence.

The Osage orange is extensively used for division and yard-fences, and, when properly set out and cared for, it makes a cheap and good hedge. In some parts of Illinois there are miles of Osage hedge to rods of any other kind of fence, and, where kept well trimmed, they give satisfaction. The chief objection to Osage hedge as a yard-fence is that hogs will work under it to find a cool place. They rub and break off the lower branches, and eventually make gaps, through which they escape into the fields or neighbors' lots. To prevent this, the sharp, spiny shoots, cut from the top, are piled against the base of the hedge. But this soon becomes dry and brittle, and is quickly rooted out and pushed aside, so that almost constant watchfulness on the part of the owner is necessary to prevent the hogs from working through.

Eight years ago, says a contributor to the American Agriculturist, a friend called my attention to the hedges around his hog lot, which were rubbed off smooth, and so full of gaps that he had

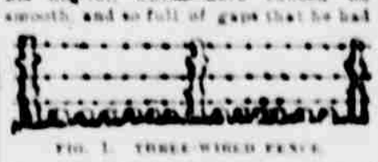


FIG. 1. THREE-WIRED FENCE.

been obliged to take his hogs out, and asked me to give him a hint or suggestion toward remedying the matter. I advised him to cut the entire hedge off close to the ground, leaving stumps thirty inches high, about six or eight feet apart, then fasten to these stumps three galvanized barbed wires, the lowest six inches from the ground, the second eight inches above that, and the third twelve inches above the second, as shown in Fig. 1. This was to be done in February or March and the hogs kept out until autumn. This was done, and the hedge-roots sent up a perfect thicket of shoots on both sides of the wires, completely locking them in. In June these shoots, then four to six feet high, were cut off to three and a half feet in height and the sides trimmed up until the hedge was eighteen inches wide. The latter part of August the hogs were turned in, and the yard has been occupied by them ever since. In places the hedge is rubbed smooth off to the wires, but no farther.

In all of these eight years not a pig, large or small, has escaped from that lot, and the fence will apparently remain "pig-tight" for a life-time. It is

FIG. 2—TWO-WIRED FENCE.

trimmed regularly twice a year, the first time in June and the second any time between November and March.

The hedge around a pasture had given the same farmer some trouble. He cut it off evenly to a height of two feet, leaving strong stumps four feet high, six to ten feet apart. To these he stapled two barbed wires, eighteen inches apart, as shown in Fig. 2. Within a year thereafter the fence was bull-proof, and it is likely to remain so for an indefinite period.

There is nothing that surpasses Osage and barbed wire for making a perfectly safe and permanent fence—one that is absolutely stock-proof, and will continue so as long as it is properly attended to. Where the Osage orange does not succeed, barberry, willow or Siberian crab will serve the purpose. The wires may be fastened to small posts, if necessary, which will hold them until the trees or bushes lock them firmly in.

MARKETING HOGS.

A Kansas Farmer's Views on an Important Subject.

At what size is the most profitable time to dispose of hogs? Farmers of some localities may make the selling of light hogs more profitable than the feeding of large and heavy ones. In Kansas, says a correspondent of the Ohio Farmer, we have plenty of feed for large hogs and scarcely any of the necessary feed for successful pig raising, as pigs can not be raised without especially prepared food, such as slops consisting of milk, bran or shorts. I have tried raising them on corn and grass alone, but it can not be profitably done, as so many of the pigs raised in this way become stunted, and if there is any thing that does not pay the farmer it is stunted stock of any kind. The way Kansas farmers make hog raising pay is by making the hog reach 300 pounds or over as soon as possible, the most of the profit coming after the pig reaches 150 pounds.

This may seem strange to some of my Eastern friends but nevertheless it is the fact. We have plenty of corn, and not enough shoats. Can not raise as many as needed to eat up our corn. If W. S. Tomlinson was located in this part of the country he would have no trouble in disposing of his pigs at a price above that paid for fat pork, as stock hogs, or hogs in good condition for feeding are always in demand. I claim there is no profit to the Kansas farmer in disposing of pigs under 150 pounds. My object is to raise as many as I can and have them reach 150 pounds without becoming stunted under that size. I never feed all the corn they will eat as I think too much corn is not good for young stock of any kind. After the pig reaches 150 pounds or over then I full feed, or in other words I give them all the corn they will eat. I have found it is difficult to stunt a hog but no trouble to stunt a pig.

I know by experience that corn and water will keep him growing after that, and pay me for all my bother besides a large price for my corn. This year with corn at fifteen cents per bushel I have realized twenty-five cents for what corn I have fed to my hogs. I live six miles from the nearest shipping point and if there was no other way but to raise corn, haul it to market six miles, and sell my light shoats, I would quit the farming business. The farmers of Kansas that are depending on grain raising and selling are financially far behind those that are feeding out their grain.

Contagious Blood Diseases.

The horror of blood diseases is the fact that they are contagious. Eczema, Salt-rheum, Itch, and other skin diseases may be contracted by using the same towel, and thus it frequently happens a whole family becomes affected with the disease some member has contracted elsewhere. It is obviously the sacred duty of any one who suffers from a blood disease to rid their system of the impurity. This can easily and quickly be done by using Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla, the only perfectly safe and complete blood purifier in the world. Its virtue is exclusively its own, and no other medicine can compare with it in strength or efficacy. Any druggist will get it for you. Take no other. Otherwise its aim and test its virtue.—Washington Observer.

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The strained relations between milkmen and milk inspectors have never been entirely bridged over.—N. O. Picayune.

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Hear Ye!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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Man is often founder of his dogs than he is of his nag; but then, a dog can never contest a will.—Puck.

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Rocked on the Crest of the Wave.

The landsman, tourist or commercial traveler, speedily begins, and not only begins, but continues, to feel the extreme of human misery during his transit across the tempestuous Atlantic. But if, with wise precaution, he has provided himself with a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, his pangs are promptly mitigated, and then cease ere the good ship again drops her anchor. This is worth knowing, and thousands of our rackbrained summer voyagers, tourists and business men do know it.

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Just about the time the legislature stops putting in their bills the pesky mosquito begins.—Vincennes Sentinel.

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The Ladies Delighted.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which the ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

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Honesty is the best policy, but there are very few policy shops where it can be found.—Elmira Gazette.

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Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria; tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that all men are liars? Send one dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Pa., and get a bottle of his Antidote for Malaria. If not cured in a week, say so, and the money will be immediately returned to you.

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The saloon keeper, like the pawnbroker, thrives on unredeemed pledges.—Boston Courier.

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Dr. James Bull of Louisville, Ky., showed his love for little children when he invented those dainty little candies he named Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. It's fun for the children, but it's death to the worms.

•

It is possible for the saleswomen to have shopworn teeth that are perfectly natural.—Terre Haute Express.

•

Six Scenic Pins, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap Wrappers. See list of scenes on circulars around each bar.

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The washerwoman has better luck than the farmer nowadays in getting a living out of the soil.

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My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her. Now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

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A newspaper is not necessarily a good base Ball player because he knows how to score a score.—Rome Sentinel.

•

I consistently recommend Bull's Sarsaparilla as a cure for syphilitic blood poison, scrofula and all diseases of the skin and glands.—Dr. Knapp, Lewisport, Ky.

•

Man wants but little here below; the earth is one of the smallest planets.—Light.

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Nervous fail to score sixty headballs, often the very first door. This is what is said by all who try Carter's Little Liver Pills.

•

A nervous man is unlike a clock—he is almost certain to go when he is "run down."

•

Lazies can permanently beautify their complexion with Simon's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

•

A nursery pin-cushion free to members of "Tonsilé's Punch" in Cigars.

•

Barrenness is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

ST. JACOBS OIL
REMEDY PAIN
Cures Promptly and Permanently
LUMBAGO,
Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache,
PAINS,
Backache, Swellings, Frost-Bites,
BODILY PAINS.
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