

Munyon's
Which Hazel
Soap

Is more soothing than Cold Cream, more healing than any lotion, liniment or salve; more beautifying than any cosmetic.

Cures dandruff and stops hair from falling out.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weary, Watery Eyes and
GRANULATED EYE AIDS

Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain
Keeps Eye Selves in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

THE GREAT DAIN HAY TOOLS
ARE THE BEST. ASK YOUR DEALER OR
JOHN DEERE PLOW COMPANY, OMAHA, NEB.

FISHING TIME IN THE PASIG
Swimming in Myriads Near Surface
They Are Snared and Spearred
by Filipinos.

Friday morning Filipinos snaring
reels and other fish in the Pasig near
the captain of the port building by
largest eel ever seen on the water
front. It was fully ten feet in length,
front. It was fully ten feet in length.
Both banks of the Pasig and all the
ships and lighters moored in the
stream were thronged with hundreds
of Filipinos with spears and spears
trying to catch the fish that in myriads
were swimming near the surface of
the stream.

Natives when asked in regard to the
phenomenon were almost unanimous
in their statement to the effect that
at this time of the year the bottom of
the river gets hot and that the fish
have to leave the depths of the stream
and flash back and forth on near
the surface.

Another theory that seemed to have
a great many adherents was to the effect
that at this time every year there
was a change in the character of the
water. This change acting on the fish
as a stimulant.

This theory was advanced by an old
pilot who has witnessed the phenom-
enon for many years.—Manila Times.

When the Fish Exploded.
Somebody discovered that fish are
fond of gasoline, and this led to the
idea of soaking worms in gasoline in
order to make them more alluring
when used for bait.

Two of those gasoline-tempted fish
exploded in the frying pan, and broke
the kitchen window, and blew the
cook's face full of mashed potato, and
hurled the kettle into the flour bar-
rel, and pelted the kitchen ceiling
with stewed tomatoes.

Call it a lying word and let it go
at that.

A Liking for "Hamlet."
"Do you like Hamlet?" asked the
hostess of her unlettered, if gushing,
guest.

"Indeed I do," was the reply. "I am
excessively fond of it, but I always pre-
fer a savory to a sweet one."

There was a momentary confusion,
and then the hostess realized that the
admiration of the guest was of a culi-
nary, not literary, character.

"I gave her ham with an omelette
for breakfast next morning," said the
hostess, when telling the story.—
Scraps.

Even the Children.
Ex-Governor Pennypacker, condemn-
ing in his witty way the American di-
vorce evil, told, at a Philadelphia
luncheon, an appropriate story.

"Even our children," he said, "are
becoming infected. A Kensington
school teacher, examining a little girl
in grammar, said:

"What is the future of 'I love'?"
"A divorce," the child answered
promptly.

A Summer Resort.
"A combination of the mountains
and seashore!" he cried.
Herewith he resolved to advertise
the tour.

And the only way to impress some
people is to suppress them.

"NO FRILLS"
Just Sensible Food Cured Him.

Sometimes a good, healthy commer-
cial traveler suffers from poorly se-
lected food and is lucky if he learns
that Grape-Nuts food will put him
right.

A Chalmers traveler says: "About
a year ago my stomach got in a bad
way. I had a headache most of the
time and suffered misery. For several
months I ran down until I lost about
40 pounds in weight and finally had to
give up a good position and go home.
Any food that I might use seemed to
nauseate me."

THE QUICKENING

FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright, 1906, by Francis Lynde

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued).

Later in the day Tom crossed the
plike to the oak-shingled office of the
Chicawassee Consolidated. His father
was deep in the new wage scale sub-
mitted by the miners' union, but he
sat up and pushed the papers away
when his son entered.

"Have you seen this morning Trib-
une?" asked Tom, taking the paper
from his pocket.
"No; I don't make out to find much
time for it before I get home at night,"
said Caleb. "Anything doing?"
"Yes, they are having a hot time in
Chicago and Pullman. The strike is
spreading all over the country on sym-
pathy lines."

"Reckon I'll get down to us in any
way," queried the iron-master.
"You can't tell I'd be a little easy
with Ludlow and his outfit on that
wage scale, if I were you. We don't
want a row on our hands just now.
If you might make capital out of it,"
Tom took an electric car for the foot
of Lebanon on the line connecting with
the trolley running up the
mountain to Crestcliffe Inn. He had
not seen Ardea since the midwinter
night of soul-awakening; and Alecto's
finger was still pressing on the wound
inflicted by the closed doors of Moun-
tain View avenue and his father's dis-
directed sympathy.

He found Major Dabney on the hotel
veranda, and his welcome was not
scanted him at least. The moment
being auspicious, Tom sounded the
master of the Deer Trace coal lands on
the reorganization scheme, and found
nothing but complaisance. Whatever
rearrangement he commended itself to
Tom and his father, and to Colonel
Duxbury Farley, would be acceptable
to the Major.

"I reckon I can trust you, Tom, and
my 'xy good friend, your father, to
watch out for Ardea's little fortunes,"
was the way he put it. "I had planned
to give her a little surprise on her
wedding-day; suppose you have the
lawyba make out that block of new
stock to Mrs. Vincent Farley in-
stead of to me."

"Of course, Major Dabney, if you say
so. But wouldn't it be more prudent
to make it over in trust for her and
her children before she becomes Mrs.
Farley?"
"Tell me, Tom, have you had your
suspicions in that 'quah, too? I'm
speaking in confidence to a family
friend, sub."

"I have it as well to be on the safe
side," said Tom, evasively. There was
enough of the uplift left to make him
reluctant to strike his enemy in the
dark.

"No, sub, that isn't what I mean.
You've got your suspicions aroused.
Tell me, sub, what they are."
"Suppose you tell me yours, Major,"
smiled the younger man.

Major Dabney became reflectively
remorseful. "I don't know, Tom, and
that's the plain fact. Looking back
over our acquaintance, that's nothing
in that young man for me to put a fin-
gish on; but, Tom, I tell you in confi-
dence, sub, I'd give five years of my
old life, if the good Lord has that many
mo' in His book for me, if the blood
of the Dabneys didn't have to be un-
mingled with that of these heah Yan-
kees. I would, for a fact, sub."

"Then you'll let me place your third
of the new stock in trust for her and
her children?" he said. "That will be
best, on all accounts. By the way,
where shall I find Miss Ardea?"
"She's about the place, somewhahs,"
was the reply; and Tom passed on to
the electric lighted lobby to send his
card in search of her.

Chance saved him the trouble. Some
one was playing in the music-room and
he recognized her touch and turned
aside to stand under the looped por-
terches. She was alone, and again, as
many times before, came on him with
the sense of discovery that she was
radiantly beautiful—that for him she
had no peer among women. There was
no greeting, no welcoming light in
the slate-blue eyes, and she did not
seem to see when he came nearer and
offered to shake hands.

"I've been talking to your grandfath-
er for an hour or more," he began, "and
I was just going to send my card after
you. Haven't you a word of welcome
for me, Ardea?"
"Do you think you deserve a welcome
from any self-respecting woman?" she
asked, in low tones.

"Why shouldn't I?" he demanded.
"What have I done to make every
woman I meet look at me as if I were
a leper?"
"You know very well what you have
done," she said evenly. "If you had a
spark of manhood left in you, you
would know what a dastardly thing you
are doing now in coming here to see
me."

"Well, I don't," he returned, dogged-
ly, "and another thing; I'm not to be
put off with high words. I ask you
again what has happened? Who has
been lying about me this time?"
"You were intending to walk down to
the valley," she asked.

"I will walk with you to the cliff
edge."
It was a short hundred yards, and
there were many abroad in the grave-
ditch walk; lovers in pairs, and groups
of young people pensive or chatting.
So it was not until they stood on the
very battlements of the western cliff
that they were measurably alone.

"Has no one told you what happen-
ed last March—on the day of the ice
storm?" she asked, coldly.
"No."
"I used to think I knew you," she
said, frowning, "but I don't. Why don't
you despise hyperly and double-deal-
ing as you used to?"
"I do; more heartily than ever."
"Tom, it is a terrible thing to say—
and your punishment will be terrible.
But you must marry Nancy!"

He was standing on the brink of the
cliff, looking down on Paradise Valley,
spread like a silver-etched map far
below in the moonlight. The flare and
sough of the furnace at the iron-works
came and went with regular intermit-
tency; and just beyond the group of
Chicawassee stacks a tiny orange spot
appeared and disappeared like a will-
ow. "He was staring down at the
curious spot when he said:

"If I say that I have no duty toward
Nan, you will believe it is a lie—as
you did once before. Have you ever
reflected that it is possible to trample
on love until it dies—even such love as
I bear you?"

meeting going on over at the furnace
office, and Mr. Norman is there with
your father," she said. "The stenog-
rapher wants me to ask you about
some papers Mr. Norman thinks you
ought to see."

She stopped in deference to the yellow
pallor that was creeping like a cau-
tious mask over the face of the man
in the bed. Through all the strain of
the last twenty hours she had held her
self well in hand, doing for him only
what she might have done for a sick
and suffering stranger. But there were
limits beyond which love refused to be
driven.

"Tom!" she gasped, rising quickly to
go to him.
"Wait," he muttered; "let me pull
myself together. I—I'm weaker than a
girl," he whispered. "Vince—I mean
the thug, hit me a lot harder than he
needed to. What was I saying?—oh,
yes; the papers. Will you—will you
go over there in the corner by the door
and look behind the mopboard? You
will find a piece of it saved so it will
come out. In the wall behind it there
ought to be a package."

She found it readily—a thick packet
securely tied with heavy twine and a
little chattered at the corners.
"That's it," he said, weakly. "Now
one more last favor; please send Aunt
Phrony up as you go down. Tell her
I want my clothes."

"You are not going to get up?" she
said.
"Yes, I must; I'm due this minute at
that meeting down yonder."

"Indeed, you shall do no such insane
thing!" she cried. "What are you
thinking of?"
"Listen!" he commanded. "My father
has worked hard all his life, and he's
right old now. Ardea, if I should fail
him—but I'm not going to. Please send
Aunt Phrony."

She consented finally, and as she was
leaving him, she said:
"I hope your mother is still asleep.
She was here with you all night, and
Mr. Norman and I thought her going to
bed at daybreak. If you must go, get
out of the house as quietly as you can, and
I'll have Pete and the buggy waiting
for you at the gate."
(To be continued.)

COST OF OCEAN GREYHOUNDS.

Will Bring About New Tendency
in Trans-Atlantic Service.

One of the most striking features in
connection with the North Atlantic
shipping trade during the last ten or
twelve years has been the great in-
crease in the cost of fast steamships.

The Deutschland of the Hamburg-
American Company cost \$50,000 and
the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria nearly
\$700,000. The Mauretania and Lusitania
cannot have cost much less than
\$1,400,000 each, and the two new
giant vessels which are being built
for the White Star Line service betw-
een Southampton and New York
will probably cost nearly as much.
It is somewhat curious in connection
with this point that the Hamburg-
American company should be able to
obtain consistently better results than
the Norddeutscher Lloyd, and perhaps
one explanation of this is to be found
in the fact that the fleet of the Ham-
burg-American company consists main-
ly of the intermediate type, whereas
the fleet of the North German Lloyd,
like that of the Cunard company, con-
tains a high percentage of vessels of
the express type. The theory used to
be held that the larger the steamer
the greater the profit, but there ap-
pears to be a limitation to the applica-
tion of this theory in the case of
the large fast vessels which have been
recently introduced. It is not incon-
ceivable that the general tendency of
the trade will in future lie in the di-
rection of improving the accomoda-
tion offered the steerage passengers,
who, after all, are the backbone of the
business.

James Juice.

The chemist who will extract the
bleaching principle from the common
jimson weed and place it within reach
of family and laundry use has a for-
tune in store. It is a well known fact
that there is no better way of bleach-
ing than by putting a few leaves of jim-
son in the boiler; but there is an ob-
jection to this practice, as a very un-
pleasant odor is the result. This can
be removed, however, by placing the
clothes in cold water and boiling them,
or by repeated rinsings, but all this
is troublesome, and therefore many
who know the value of the leaves do
not use them.—Eternal Progress.

Declinals and Duodeclimals.

Herbert Spencer offered a character-
istically original system of reckoning.
He clung to the duodeclinal system,
mainly because twelve can be divided
by three and four as ten cannot. But
he suggested that all the advantages
of both systems might be combined by
making twelve the basis of calculation.
Inventing two new digits to take the
places of ten and eleven and making
twelve times twelve the hundred.

Spencer successfully remarked that
the declinal system rests solely on the
fact that man has ten fingers and ten
toes. If he had had twelve "there never
would have been any difficulty."

A Quaint Epitaph.

Here is an epitaph which may be
read at a Lexington church:
"Here lies the body of Lady Oleson,
grandniece of Burke, comely
called the sublime. She was blind,
Passionate and Deeply Religious; she
was painted in water colors and gen-
erally pictures to the exhibition. She
was the intimate friend of Lady Jones
and of such is the Kingdom of
Heaven."

Good Filling.

"Strange how some fellows look at
things."
"How now?"
"Well, there's young Gately, waiting
for dead men's shoes; he never can
fill them in the world!"
"But he expects they will be stuffed
out with gill-edged bonds!"—Boston
Herald.

Unusual.

Bacon—What in the world is the
rooster crowing so about?
Egbert—Why, he's just discovered
an egg that's never been in cold stor-
age.—Yonkers Statesman.

Nature's Own Process.

He—Do you use pasteurized milk?
She—I suppose so. It comes from a
pasteurized cow, anyway.—Boston
Evening Transcript.

NOTES
FROM
**MEADOWBROOK
FARM**
By William Pitt



Destroy the weeds.

The sire is half of the flock.

No butcher should tease you into
selling your best lambs.

Gill-edged butter will line your
pocket-book with gill-edged coins.

The best method of weed destruc-
tion comes through rotation of crops.

Slow, steady churning will get more
fat out of the milk than rapid churning.

Fowls in confinement have a ten-
dency when moulting to pick feathers
off each other.

After pigs are six weeks old there
is no better feed for them than skim-
milk and shorts.

Why not screens on every door and
window of the cow stables and par-
ticularly where the young calves are
kept?

Diseased wood on a tree can never
be made good again. Cut it off and
allow another shoot to grow in its
place.

The best remedy for pear and apple
blight is to cut out and burn
every affected twig as soon as they
are seen.

Undoubtedly one cause of much
trouble with milk in summer is al-
lowing cows to have access to foul,
stagnant water.

No farmer should use a wagon with-
out good springs, and especially are
they valuable in hauling live stock
and perishable vegetables and fruits.

Many small pigs are stunted in
their early growth because they can
not hold their own against their
larger and more quarrelsome broth-
ers.

The best skim milk is that which is
fresh from the separator and still
warm. Experiments show that it is
only one-fourth as expensive to raise a
calf on skim milk as whole milk.

Bran, oats and oil meal fed in equal
parts by weight make a better ration
and is more satisfactory to supply the
needs of growth and development for
breeding purposes, than most anything
else.

At the present time the world's
championship for the production of
butterfat for 12 consecutive months
is held by the Holstein-Friesian cow,
Colantha fourth's Johanna with a to-
tal of 958.25 pounds of fat.

All wounds on trees are the better
for being painted, tarred or covered
with some substance to keep out the
water. Then the bark covers over the
wound little by little, and no rot-
ting of the inner wood takes place.

The condition of the ewes at breed-
ing time has a marked influence upon
the succeeding crop of lambs. If the
ewes are improving in flesh and in
a vigorous condition, the chances are
bright for a choice lot of strong
lambs.

The cockerels which are to be
marketed should, of course, be fed
a more fattening ration than the pul-
lets, and those which are to be used
as breeders should be kept from the
pullets until about six weeks before
the eggs are wanted for hatching.

A good hand separator takes most
of the valuable butter fat out of the
milk; indeed, a perfect machine should
take practically all of the butter fat
from the milk; but it leaves most of
the protein, which is the most valu-
able food element in the skimmed
milk.

The best time to water plants is
late in the evening. Stir the soil
thoroughly and draw away from
around the stem of the plants, pour
on the water needed, let settle and
then draw the earth back again; in
this way the moisture will be re-
tained better.

In selecting breeding stock it is
highly important that the reputation
of the breeder from whom the pur-
chases are made, is well and favor-
ably known, a man who is noted for
square and honest dealing; and this
is especially true if the selection is to
be made by the breeder himself.

Forest Henry, one of the farmers'
institute workers in Minnesota, and a
successful farmer, says that his ex-
periences teach that the time to
wean the colt, even if not more than
three months old, is before going into
the harvest field with the mare. He
teaches his colts to drink skim-milk
and to eat oats with the mare before
weaning.

If there ever were a time when oat
straw is worth saving it will be this
year. Hay is scarce and the price
will be in accordance with the light-
ness of the crop. The farm that has
grown the young plants which will be
needed each year with which to set
out his new ground. Those who grow
up penny by penny a substitute for hay
that can be spared. The city
trade will want it all, at a good, stiff
price, before the winter season is
over.

Use common sense with calf.

Wean the colt at three months.

The time of feeding should be regu-
lar.

Skim milk is a cheap feed for
calves.

Pure water is of the greatest im-
portance for ducklings.

There is nothing like milk for get-
ting the calf up in condition.

Midsummer pruning heeds quickly,
and is coming more into favor.

The record of the individual cow
is the only road that leads to success.

Everything that decreases the cost
of production is so much self-help for
the wool-grower.

The profit of wool growing depends
as much on the cost of production as
the selling price.

Poorly drained soils always suffer
more under adverse climatic condi-
tions than those that are well drained.

Some gardeners pack cauliflower
by drawing a few of the outer leaves
over them and tying the ends at the
tops.

Teach the calf to drink and feed
whole milk for at least three weeks,
changing to a skim milk diet grad-
ually.

Italian bees will quite often, espe-
cially when crowded for room, swarm
before they have any sealed queen
cells.

The baron hens, like other hogs,
need to be well fed, but the feed and
habits differ considerably from the
lard type of hogs.

Commence in good season to make
the heifer's first milking period a
long one and so cultivate in her the
habit of keeping up her flow.

The roughage for calves should first
be fed at two or three weeks of age,
when the calf begins to eat grain. Good
clean hay, either timothy, blue grass,
clover or alfalfa may be used.

Sheep should be provided with shade
during the hot days. If there are no
shade trees on the place build a shed
open on all sides on an elevation
where the wind will have full access
to it.

Dead vines at digging time are not
a reliable index to the vitality of a
hill of potatoes, so the only safe, sure
way of obtaining the choicest seed is
to mark the vigorous plants while they
are in their prime.

If the conditions are favorable it is
not too late yet to sow a crop of cow
peas in the orchard. They will serve
as a mulch during hot, dry weather,
and can be plowed under to a good
advantage as a green manure.

If you get a lot of old hens on your
hands you are sure to be discouraged
before you know it, and say: "There
is no money in poultry. It is all a
hoax." You cannot do wonders with
poor hens, and old hens are always
poor hens.

Upon the horse-collar depends
most more than appears at first
glance, the day-in-and-out efficiency
of the team, its labor service, its
thriftiness depend very largely upon
the proper kind and fitting of the
collars used.

The farmer or fruit grower cannot
possibly reach the highest success in
his business without the aid of the
birds (except, perhaps, the English
sparrow) and yet they are often very
annoying during the ripening season
of the early fruits.

The man with a silo will be in a
position to congratulate himself this
winter and urge every farmer to
consider the erection of a silo this
fall. No other means will provide
so much palatable and nutritious
feed from an acre of land.

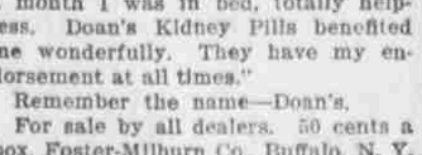
Cabbage plants are gross feeders
and can make use of all kinds of
manures. Those rich in potash and
nitrogen are especially desirable.
Moisture in plenty is also needed for
anything with such a large surface
foliage. Weeds and grass prevent
large heads from forming.

Do not plant flower plants too close
together. Verbena should be at least
18 inches apart; petunias the same;
phlox a foot; balloons a foot; pansies,
10 inches; zinnias 18 inches; marigold
two feet; poppies 18 inches. If flowers
are too close in the bed they will not
make as thrifty a growth nor will the
flowers be so large and plentiful.

The best way to destroy faults in
an animal is to begin with his grand-
parents. So the best way to destroy
weeds in next year's crops is to de-
stroy their ancestors this year. In
doing this remember two things: If
your own fields are clean you do not
spread weeds to your neighbor's
fields, and the best time to kill weeds
is just before they appear above
ground.

A TIMELY WARNING.
Backache, headache, dizzy spells
and distressing urinary troubles warn
you of drizzly, diabetes and fatal
Bright's disease. Act in time by curing
Doan's Kidney Pills.
The kidneys with
they have cured
thousands and will
cure you.
Mrs. L. B. Burke,
219 So. Lilly St., Mos-
cow, Idaho, says: "I
was almost crazy
with excruciating pain
through my kidneys.
The kidney secretions
were highly colored,
scanty and looked like blood. For over
a month I was in bed, totally help-
less. Doan's Kidney Pills benefited
me wonderfully. They have my en-
dorsement at all times."
Remember the name—Doan's.
For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a
box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LIKE CURES LIKE.



Smudge—He calls his new invention
"noiseless automobiles."
Grudge—Noiseless? It makes an in-
fernal clatter.

Smudge—He claims that the loud-
ness of the small drosses out the loud-
ness of the noise, and vice versa.

HOW A DOCTOR CURED SCALP
DISEASE

"When I was ten or twelve years
old I had a scalp disease, something
like scald head, though it wasn't that.
I suffered for several months, and
most of my hair came out. Finally
they had a doctor to see me and he
recommended the Cuticura Remedies.
They cured me in a few weeks. I
have used the Cuticura Remedies, also,
for a breaking out on my hands and
was benefited a great deal. I haven't
had any more trouble with the scalp
disease. Miss Jessie F. Buchanan,
R. F. D. 3, Hamilton, Ga., Jan. 7, 1905."

Keep with Barnum's Circus.

P. T. Barnum, the famous circus
man, once wrote: "I have had the
Cuticura Remedies among the con-
tents of my medicine chest with my
shows for the last three seasons, and I
can cheerfully certify that they were
very effective in every case which
called for their use."

A Busy Life.

Sub-Editor—A dispatch from the
penitentiary says the convicts have
struck and refuse to work unless they
can have pie twice a day.

Great Editor (busily)—Counsel moder-
ation and arbitration.—New York
Weekly.

His Bad Break.