

German Syrup

"I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and distress from constant coughing and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, when my time was close at hand, I was nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Detroit, Ontario."

Tutt's Pills

Small text describing the benefits of the pills, including relief from constipation and general health improvement.

Andrew Lang

Biographical information and a list of his works, including 'The Green Gables' and 'The Little Rascals'.

At the newly discovered metalliferous mines in Texas, the miners struck a "blanket" of silver ore almost at the surface of the mountain into which they had begun tunneling. There is a crowd of laborers, promoters and speculators at hand.

Sudden Changes of the Weather often cause Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles. *Brown's Bronchial Troches* will allay the irritation which induces Coughing, giving immediate relief.

Andrew Lang is tall, thin, dark, and his hair is turning gray. You sometimes hear him speak of as "one of the younger writers." He is 47.

When he talks he draws in the Oxford fashion. When he laughs he sets his teeth on edge. He has not much reverence, but he is a firm believer in the trinity—Andrew Lang, Moliere and Shakespeare. All other persons and things are tolerated by him rather than Shakespeare. He believes that Shakespeare's plays are to be read not acted, and his canon of criticism seems to be, "Whenever you see an author hit him."

Lang is one of the men with no sense of loyalty to the profession of authorship, and yet we know what a delightful author he can be without half trying. He enjoys running amuck at the whole "profession" unless excepted by some one occult reason in the person of Mr. Rider Haggard. Lang loves to jeer and flout at other authors, but no one suspects him of malice—it is only his way. He writes charming editorials, or "leaders" as they call them here, on literary subjects in the daily news, and in them he vents his serene pleasure at will.

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Live Stock Notes.

The Michigan Lincoln Sheep Breeders' association held their annual meeting at Lansing, Dec. 9, 91. J. J. England, chairman of the executive committee, has just returned from Canada with a small flock from improved stock at a cost of \$50 each. One lamb's weight is 210 pounds, with wool ten inches long by measure.

W. A. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, had conducted an experiment with a view to ascertaining whether sheep can utilize their food as well as cattle and hogs, and the relative cost of producing one hundred pounds of mutton and one hundred pounds of pork. The experiment was made with lambs and pigs about the same age, fed on practically the same kind of feed. It cost \$2.61 to produce one hundred pounds of gain with the lambs; and \$3.03 to accomplish the same with pigs. In conclusion, Prof. Henry says it is generally supposed that the pig makes the best use of his food, but our figures lead us to doubt the accuracy of that conclusion.

As a common rule, the horses have good, warm barns; the cows, by reason of the fact that they have to be milked in the cold, wintry storms, are placed in closed barns and the hogs are provided with good, warm sties, yet the sheep is regarded as a commoner, and is left to curl itself in its comfortable woolen blanket for shelter. If from no other standpoint than that the flock would be more profitable by being sheltered, comfortable shelter should be provided for it. Have a good place for the flock, and when the storms come, you will be able to sleep with a clearer conscience, the pillow will be softer, the woolen blanket warmer, and without everything will appear brighter to your eyes.

There is a too common tendency to look upon flock culture as mainly a business of wool growing. In fact the State organization is called the Wool Growers' Association, thus implying ignoring the fact that sheep are good for other purposes than that of producing wool. The effect of this tendency (combined with the reconciliations of the past experience) has been to divert attention from the sheep as a factor in meat production. And this in the face of the fact that a pound of mutton can be produced as cheaply as a pound of beef or pork. It also appears that sheep are not any more subject to disease than cattle, and not nearly so much as hogs.

Rural Horticultural Suggestion.
Less meat and more fruit and vegetables is in interest of health and longevity.

The farmer's family, like every other family, will find great benefit in consuming less meat and more fruit.

Land intended for growing vegetables should always be well prepared. That is especially true of the sugar beet.

If there is a fruit growers' meeting to be held anywhere near you be sure to go, and listen attentively to all that may be said.

A writer declares that a small fruit garden is one of the most profitable things on the farm. It is if it is intelligently managed.

Fruit is both a delicacy and a food. Yes, it is a medicine, too. The more fruit people eat, within bounds, the smaller the doctor bills will be.

The farmer who has provided wind breaks will find himself the more comfortable during the cold winter and his stock will save him grain.

It is believed that there is danger in breeding from blind mares. The laws of heredity are curious in their working. Don't unnecessarily expose the horse to storms and wind. It does a team no good to let it stand tied to a hitching post, with the thermometer ten degrees below zero, and opinion which everybody will endorse.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"Cheated Into Sin." Early in the morning I went out with a fowler to catch wild pigeons. We hastened through the mountain gorge and into the forest. We spread out the net and covered up the edges of it as well as we could. We arranged the call-bird, its feet fast, and its wings flapping in imitation to all fowls of heaven to settle down there. We retired into a booth of branches and leaves and waited. After a while, looking out of the door of the booth we saw a flock of birds in the sky. They came nearer and nearer and after a while were about to swoop into the net, when suddenly they darted away. Again we waited. After a while we saw another flock of birds. They came nearer and nearer until just at the moment when they were about to swoop they darted away. The fowler was very much disappointed as myself. We said to each other, "What is the matter?" and "Why were not these birds caught?" We went out and examined the net and by a flutter of a branch of a tree part of the net had been conspicuously exposed and the birds coming very near had seen their peril and darted away. When I said to the old fowler "That reminds me of a passage of scripture: Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." Now the net in my text stands for temptation.

There are two classes of temptations—the superficial and the subterranean—those above ground those under ground. If a man could see sin as it is, he would no more embrace it than he would a leper. Sin is a daughter of hell yet she is garlanded and robed and tricked. Her voice is a warble. Her cheek is the setting sun. Her forehead is an aurora. She says to men: "Come walk this path with me: it is thymed and primrose, and the air is bewitched with the odors of the hanging gardens of heaven; the rivers are rivers of wine, and all you have to do is to drink them up in chalice; they sparkle with diamond and amethyst and chrysolite. See! It is all bloom and roseate cloud and heaven." Oh! my friends! if for one moment the coloring of all these concerted voices of sin could be hushed we should see the orchestra of the pit with hot breath blowing through fiery flute, and the skeleton arms on drums of thunder and darkness beating the chorus: "The end thereof is death."

The first class of temptations that assaults a young man is led on by the skeptic. He will not admit that he is an infidel or an atheist. Oh, no! he is a "free thinker; he is one of your 'liberal' men; he is free and easy in religion. Oh, how liberal he is! He is so 'liberal' that he will give away his bible; he is so 'liberal' that he will give away the throne of eternal justice; he is so 'liberal' that he would be willing to give God out of the universe; he is so 'liberal' that he would give up his own soul and the souls of all his friends. Now, what more could you ask in the way of liberality? The victim of this skeptic has probably just come from the country. Through the invention of friends he has been placed in a shop. On entering the skeptic says to him: "Well, what are you going to do tomorrow?" He says: "I am going to church." "Is it possible?" says the skeptic. "Well, I used to do those things; I was brought up, I suppose as you were in a religious family, and I believed all the things but I got over it, the fact is, since I came to town I have read and I have found that there are a great many things in the bible that are ridiculous. Now, for instance all that about the serpent being cursed to crawl in the garden of Eden because it had tempted our first parents; why, you see how absurd it is. You can tell from the very organization of the serpent that it had to crawl. It crawled before it was cursed just as well as it crawled afterwards. You can tell from its organization that it crawled. Then all that story about the miraculous conception—why, it is perfectly disgraceful. Oh! sir, I believe in the light of nature. This is the nineteenth century. Progress, sir, progress. I don't blame you but after you have been in town as long as I have you will think as I do."

Young man, hold to your bible. It is the best book you ever owned. It will tell you how to dress how to bargain how to live how to die. Glorious bible! Light on our feet and lamp to our path. Hold on to it!

The second class of insidious that comes upon our young men is led on by the dishonest employer. Every commercial establishment is a school. In nine cases out of ten the principles of the employer become the principles of the employee. I ask the older merchants to bear me out in these statements. If, when you were just starting in life, in commercial life, you were told that honesty was not marketable, that though you might sell all the goods in the shop, you must not sell your conscience, that while you were to exercise all industry and tact you were not to sell conscience—sin where combustible and at the moment of ignition would be blown on by the breath of God until all the splendid estate would vanish into white ashes scattered in the whirlwind—then that instruction has been to you a precaution and a help ever since. There are hundreds of commercial establishments in our great cities which are educating a

A Telegraphic Blunder.

"I was a victim yesterday," said a Wall street man, "of inefficient telegraph operators. Because of their blunders my wife was angry at me for the first time, and I couldn't blame her. I sent her a telegram in the afternoon telling her I was going to dine with a friend. It was 2 o'clock when I got home. My wife met me at the door. I saw at once that something was up. She handed me a telegram and asked in a chilly sort of way, 'What is the meaning of this?'"

"I said, 'Why, my dear, what's wrong? That is probably the message I sent you.'"

"It is?" she answered. "Please explain it."

"I read it. To my astonishment it said, 'Shall dine with Kitty Smith, an old gal of mine, who has just returned from Europe. Will be late. Don't wait for me.'"

"I wouldn't wait for the best man that ever lived," said my wife, and she began to cry.

"I realized at once what had happened, and I laughed, I couldn't help it."

"Why," I said, "this message has been botched. I wrote no such stuff as that."

"What did you write then?" she asked. Then I told her that what I had really written was: "Shall dine with Billy Smith, an old pal of mine, who has just returned from Europe. Will be late. Don't wait for me." Those infernal operators had butchered it. My wife was satisfied; but after this I shall endeavor to write plainer, and I shall certainly avoid the use of slang words. —New York Herald.

Malay Monkeys.

I only once saw a specimen of the siamang in captivity, at the house of a Malay chief at Sirdang. It was about three feet high, but the stretch of its arms was over five feet. A sad looking, depressed creature it seemed as it moved awkwardly about the floor, tripping itself up with its own arms; but once among the rafters of the roof it moved with the agility of a spider. Of its gigantic relative, the orang-utan, I am able to give but few particulars. But I may at least observe that it is rather ludicrous to any one who has a smattering of the Malay tongue to see him so frequently styled orang-utang, which signifies literally "a man in debt," utang being in Malay "debt," while "utan" is "forest" or jungle. But I always found this name incomprehensible to the Deli Malays, whose name for the animal is "mowas." The Sumatran species appears to be totally different in its habits from that of Borneo, which approaches human dwellings, and even plunders gardens. In Deli, at all events it inhabits only the densest rattan swamps, of such a nature that any attempt at observation of its habits would be impossible, and it makes off instantly at the approach of man.—Chambers Journal.

Beecher at Seventeen.

My first meeting with Henry Ward Beecher was in the early part of May, 1830. He was a classmate of a brother of mine, in Amherst college, and very close friends. The two were just out of their freshman year when, together with another college classmate they walked from Amherst to my father's house at West Sutton for their spring vacation, writes Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in the first paper on "Mr. Beecher as I knew him," in the October Ladies Home Journal. At that time young Beecher was not quite 17 years old, but so young and boyish was his appearance that no one would have thought him more than 15—an age when boys are usually awkward and painfully bashful. For that reason my family feared we might not be able to entertain or make the young man comfortable. But awkward he never was, and his roguish mouth his laughing, merry eyes, his quaint humor and his quick repartee soon dispelled all such anxiety.

Before the first evening he spent at our house had passed, none of the family felt him to be a stranger.

My father was absent with some of his patients when the young man arrived but returned in the evening when all were laughing heartily at some story Henry had just told. Father stood in the doorway—tall, dignified and somewhat stern, at such a tumult. When aware of his presence my brother at once introduced his classmate.

Little by little the same subtle influences which had pervaded the whole evening's enjoyment stole over father's face and long before it was time to retire they were telling mirth-provoking stories as cheerfully as if they were boys together.

When at length the "good nights" exchanged left father and mother by the fire I made some preparations for breakfast.

As I returned to the room father was saying: "Well, he is smart! He'll make his mark in the world if he lives."

"Who, father?" I asked.

"Why, that young Beecher."

Such was Henry Ward Beecher when I first saw him; and, truth to tell he was not remarkable for his beauty.

Abner Wilson, a Kansas farmer while seining for minnows in a creek which runs through his place found an old coffee pot in the bed of the creek which contained \$670 in gold. It is supposed the gold was hid in the creek during the war.

Prices of Hairpins.

The cheapest hairpins are thin lacquered wires bent into suitable shape. They are made by the million for little or nothing. Small thin kinky hairpins are modern improvement on the straight old fashioned variety but even they are made for a trifle per gross. The costlier hairpins are not so variously serviceable as the cheap ones.

They are made of gold, silver and tortoise shell sometimes ornamented with precious stones and with rich workmanship. Tortoise shell in the rough is worth from \$5 to \$8 a pound. The finest is from the belly of the tortoise. That yields the amber colored shell from which the costliest pins and combs are made.

Small pins, all of tortoise shell cost from \$1.50 to \$4. Larger ones cost from \$1 to \$2. Fine amber shell pins with gold tops cost from \$8 to \$90. After these comes the jeweled pins. They may be of almost any price. Simple ones cost from \$50 to \$75. More elaborate ones, with pearls and diamonds, may cost from \$100 to \$500.—New York Recorder.

The ignorant "hoss doctor" should be given a wide berth. The educated veterinarian knows little enough about his dumb patients.

"Her worst trait is her habit of snubbing her friends."

"But how can she help it, dear, with that nose?"—New York Journal.

That nose.

Her worst trait is her habit of snubbing her friends.