Baron-How am I to get my living? That is quite simple, Herr Graf. As over the fields in fair days, but sit unon are aware, I have many acquaint- der trees or bushes, making no effort to inces among the elite of the capital, exercise or seek food, it indicates that and I intend to enter into an engage- they are overfed and too fat and will neat with a large firm of dressmakers not produce eggs. The best treatment and milliners. It will be my duty to is to give no food for a week, so as to sttend during the busiest hours of the compel them to exercise and reduce lay, and in my presence the fair purtheir flesh. It is useless to attempt seers will feel quite ashamed to to secure many eggs from very fat hens, taggle about the prices, d'ye see?- as they are then out of condition for lay-

ing -Rochester Post Express.

The Paens of Howdylam.

I have just been wading through

several printed collections of music-

convey, without pages of quotation.

son why verses for music should not

be written in metre; but the rhymers

total absence of healthy passion or in-

dignation and even of genuine, un-

forced gayety or sentiment. The hu

mor is that of the mock valentine, their

They pass from praises of debauch

ery and paeans of rowdyism to grimy

caricatures of the sordidness of lower

middle-class life, inept jocosities on

ism is cheap and empty bluster. The

worship of the ugly, which leads the

most popular "comedians" to assume

a red nose when they have it not, and

trick themselves out, with neither

rhyme nor reason, in garments many

Their Turn to Hun.

manner at once disappointing and sur-

prising, is described by the Portland

Oregonian. It occurred in the moun-

thins of Oregon, whither two gentle-

men had betaken themselves for a

Several days were spent in trout-

fishing. Then one of the men expressed

for large game. They set out the next

morning bright and early, and after

hours of fruitless tramping were about

returning to camp, when suddenly they

saw straight before them a brown bear

sitting on his haunches under a blue-

berry-bush and gorging himself with

Both hunters fired, and the bear, with

hastened after him, but were unable

were still more surprised when they

she Waiken meyen Miles.

County is Lottle May Pratt, the 10-year-

old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Danie

Webster Pratt, of West Bethel, who

drives her pet cow with either a goad

a pair of big gray work horses. She.

with papa, mamma and baby, have

been living in a logging camp on the

side of a mountain in Shelburne, N. H.

"Brown Beauty," that was the cow's

name, had shared quarters with oxen

but when papa drove off with them

one day, some horses took their place

in the improvised stalls and scared the

mooley cow. Thereupon little Lottle told mamma she was going to lead her

pet home to Maine. Mamma laughed

and told her to go ahead, little dream

she started on the 19th of March and

escorted her cow amid the wintry

blasts, over the mountains, through the

woods, across swaying bridges, along

the edge of dangerous precipices, to

West Bethel, a distance of eleven miles.

A particular epidemic which attacks

in four hours.-Lewiston Journal.

The heroine of Northern Oxford

strong desire for a day's shooting.

vacation trip.

the berries.

A bear-hunt which terminated in a

pathos that of the pavement artist.

their daughters. So many are cut off any adequate idea of the rank imbecilby consumption in early years that Ity that charcterizes them, almost withthere is real cause for anxiety. In the out exception. It would perhaps be unearly stages, when not beyond the fair to dwell on their metrical dereach of medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla Sciencies. There seems to be no reawill restore the quality and quantity of the blood and thus give good health. Read the following letter:

may retort that there is no reason why they should. What is most striking is "It is but just to write about my saughter Cora, aged 19. She was comthe utter poverty and monotony of their run down, declining, had that topics, the sordidness of their view of life, the baseness of their ideals, the not live over three months. She had a bad | Insincerity of their enthusiasms, the

Cough

and nothing seemed to do her any good. I happened to read about Hood's Sarraparilla and had her give it a trial. From the very first dose she began to get bet-ber. After taking a few bottles she was love and marriage, birth and death, and completely cured and her health has patently insincere criticism on public been the best ever since." Mrs. Addie events. Their philosophy is a mean PECK, 12 Railroad Place, Amsterdam, and shallow knowingness, their patriot

"I will say that my mother has no stated my case in as strong words as I would have done. Hood's Earsaparilla has truly cured me and I am now well." CORA PECK, Amsterdam, N. Y. Be sure to get Hood's, because

sizes too large for them, inspires the literature of the music hall no less than Hoods its physical presentations.-The Con-

Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are purely venetable, to



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts— rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs. promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its bene ficial effects, to note when you pur chase, that you have the genuine arti-cle, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by

all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, nd the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful but if in need of a laxative. one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

law in your own hands, ladies, ing that the child was in carnet. But when you ask for



Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding and don't get it. Sentence such a store to the loss of your trade and ashermen in the sardine industry is give it to merchants who are will-ing to sell what you demand. said to take the form of whitlows on the fingers. They are due, it seems, to

Look for .. S. H. & M.," on the Label, and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we

Send for samples, showing labels and materials. Inneterin n.s. necessary.

"I am sixty years of age and from

by certain species of bacteris. An interesting feature in the observation is. we are told, that for the production of these whitiows two distinct species of

girlhood have been familiar with the name of Ayer Five years ago. I become nervous, sleepless, and The season is Spring,lost flesh. I took a variety of medicines without benefit. At last I be-Spring when you call on gan a course of Ayer's Sarasparilla, I your body for all its enerbecame stronger, gained flesh, and gy, and tax it to the limit

of effort. Does it answer you when you call? Does it creep unwillingly to work? It's the natural effect of the waste of winter. So much for the season. Now for the word. If you would eat heartily, sleep soundly, work easily, and feel like a new being, take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

. This teetimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

MUSKRATS ARE SCARCE

When a flock of hens will not range So "Mink Fur" Is Not Chesp This Winter. "Muskrats ain't particularly plenty this year," said an old trapper out on

the Hackensack meadows the other "They've been ketched off too cluss, I guess. There ain't so many here now, anyway, as there used to be; but this year is a leetle wuss'n common. I've seen the time when I was a boy that you couldn't look at that river on such a morning as this without seeing a rat, and all along the ditches and in the cedar swamps you would find their but-like mounds. Now you find very hall songs, and find it impossible to

"Rats come and go," said another hunter. "They are not as numerous as they used to be, and though they rather like to be near the haunts of people, yet the increase of population drives them away. They may be abundant enough next year. For several years men calling themselves trappers have been taking everything they could get at all seasons of the year. There are a dozen such people between the Paterson plank road and Little Ferry. Some people want to exterminate them for the damage they do when they are

hungry. "They will make havoc in a garden will burrow into the river banks and through dams, but the damage done is generally slight. They are not at war with other animals, for their food is usually vegetable-it may be fish now and then-but they are the victims of boys and dogs, and choice morsels for weasels, skunks and minks."

"How do you catch them?" I asked,

and which is the best season?" "This open winter weather is excellent," he replied; "any time during the late fall, in the winter and early spring. Skins are best in cold weather. We use steel traps, planted at the mouth of the hole, so that the animal walks into it, No balt is required. The worst feature about this is that if enught by a paw the animal will gnaw it off, so that we often find it when he is gone. The traps are set at evening, when we see by the tracks that the animal is 'at home.' I have caught them alive; then I used a wire cage trap.

"Here two or three a night is a good catch, but down on the Shrewsbury River years ago thirty or forty was an average for each night two and three months together. Skins are worth little ten and twelve cents apiece for the best-and a last spring rat's is only five

"Sometimes they have two holes, one below the level of the water and the other away out in the dry land. You don't find them in clay banks-they want dry knolls, gravel. But in most places they build round-topped houses of sticks and reeds, often four or five feet in diameter and height. I have seen them in swamps, along ditches, in an ugly growl, disappeared. The men dry fields and even in the rifts of rivers like the Delaware.

"There are always two openings to to overtake him. For half an hour or their houses, the one under the water more they followed the trail. Then all at once they came to a clearing, and the other out on the dry ground. There is a popular weather sign con-In the clearing was a cabin, and on the porch of the cabin sat the brown nected with these houses. If they are eref- bear with one of his forelegs in a sling! built high up above the water, there The hunters were greatly taken wil be a great deal of snow and rain aback, as may well be supposed, but during the following winter; if low and close down to the grou weather and little snow; moderately saw a man hastening toward them with a gun. They turned and ran, the man high and not very thick, a warm winafter them. They got away in safety, ter. Inside these burrows or houses is and learned afterward that the bear a large nest, lined with grasses and was a family pet, the owner of which leaves, which is the family living room. was naturally angry at finding it iii. Many hunters declare their houses are occupied only one season; others say

they are used every winter." It sems that Delaware, and New Jersey, too, produce black rats, which are seldom seen outside of these States. The ordinary house rats are common everywhere. "They are numerous," said a friend, "down on Long Island, stick or reins and bit, and last spring I was out on the shore of the South harrowed ten acres of plowed land with Bay after birds a few months ago, and saw an old fellow and his lame dog hunting them. The dog would poke around and utter sharp barks if he found the animals in the houses. Then the old man would stop up the land hole of the nest and put across the water exit a hoop net. Then the dog would get on top of the house and paw and yelp. This scared the rats so they ran into the net. I stood by and saw him take out of one house twenty-two rats, and was told by people around that he had often caught fifty and sixty a day.

"And did you know the rats are good them, though I don't banker after them. They are cleanly and are a good deal better than going hungry in the woods. them 'musquash.' "

A few years ago there was quite a demand for the skins, and in 1889 the London market took over 4,000,000 of them. Now, although Russia buys a of the fox's track, which simply crossthe handling of fish which are infected is as a substitute for better skins, and when skillfully dyed it is hard to tell grossest contributory negligence and them from higher-priced skins.-New York Press.

> A Newsboy's Gratitude. A writer in the New York Recorder

tells the story of a newsboy who, months after he had eaten a Christmas supper, insisted upon paying the kind journalist who provided it. On Christnas night an old-time newspaper writer stepped into a cheap restaurant in Park Row for a cup of hot coffee. As he took his seat at one of the small tables, a ragged little boy planted himself on the stool opposite. There was a wolfish glare in the boy's eyes as he fumbled a nickel and said, "A plate of beans." I sipped my coffee and watched the oy ravenously devour the beans. Whispering to the waiter, I told him to bring a plate of corned beef, some bread and butter and a bowl of coffee for the boy. The little fellow stared for a moment, and then began his meal. In a few minutes the beef, beans, bread and coffee had disappeared, yet the boy's appetite was not satisfied.
"What kind of pie do you like?" I

"Most any kind; they's all good," replied the boy.

pic," said I to the waiter. The boy gazed at the two pieces of shyly and pushed his nickel toward

"What's that for?" asked the man. "To pay for the spread; it's all I've

Taking a quarter from my pocket, I laid it on the boy's coin, and pushed them across the table.

"Is them for me?" said the boy, with him mouth full of pie. "Am I to have all that?" "Yes: this is Christmas night, you know.

"Yes, I remember; but I had no money for my lodging, so I didn't git any of the dinner down at the Newsboys Lodging-House. Thank you, mister. You is good ter me.'

Months passed. One day a boy stop ped me, near the Brooklyn Bridge "Say, mister," said he, "I owe you quarter. Here it is."

Recognizing my Christmas guest, gently refused, telling him he had bet ter keep it.

"No, you take it," he persisted. "That supper and the quarter you give me brought luck, and I've not been so hungry since. You was so good that night, and I want you to take the quarter now. so as you can give some other boy a Christmas supper."

I took the coin, and many a poor newsboy has had a good dinner with it

The Library Corner

Not only is Frederick Tennyson brother of Alfred, now living in England (at the age of almost 90), but two other venerable poets, Aubrey de Vere and Philip James Bailey, the latter famous sixty years ago as the auther of "Festus."

James Whitcomb Riley is the only remaining American poet who wears a smooth face. Edmund Clarence Stedman indulges in a full beard, Thomas Bailey Aldrich sports a mustache, Rich ard Henry Stoddard wears a long white beard and Richard Watson Gilder has a drooping mustache.

Mrs. Braddon, the novelist, has very decided tastes and opinions. mocks at the critic who says that the modern novel reader has no time to read detailed descriptions of a heroine's dress or a house's furniture. She declares herself uncompromisingly for the descriptive, especially in the matter of portraying the interior of a house.

According to the London Literary World, "one of the many interesting points in the biography of Lord Tennyson will be the laureate's relations with the Queen. These will be best indicated by some letters which he addressed to her Majesty, and which, despite their very flattering terms, the Queen has not felt she ought to withhold from pub liention."

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is still In existence. It is called Lisboy, though its real name is Auburn. The ruins of the village preacher's house shows that it was rather spacious for a man of his circumstances. Only a few of the sights familiar to Goldsmith remain "The busy mill" is idle and roofless, the church is still there and, of course, "the glassy brook."

A Court Decision.

In an action for the value of hounds killed by a train, the opinion of the court says: "The plaintiff's version is that the train was going west, toward Chattanooga, and the dogs were going east, toward Knoxville. They were all on the same track and going in opposite directions and under these facts a head end collision was unavoidable." And again: "It is insisted by the plaintiff that while the whistle was sounded it was intended for the whole pack and not for the three dogs that were run over. This, however, seems to be a mere opinion of the witness, as he was a quarter of a mile away from the place when the whistle was sounded. In addition it would, we think, be requiring too great diligence for the engineer to whistle for each particular dog, and more especially as he had no means of eating?" he went on. "I have eaten informing each dog that any special whistle was sounded for him. Upon these facts it appears that the receivers were running their train upon their The Indians used to eat them and called own track, on regular schedule time, and had no other track at that place upon which they could run. On the other hand, the plaintiff's dogs were running on the railroad's track 'nstead good many, the greatest use for them | ed the railroad." On these facts it is held that "the dogs were guilty of the were only entitled to such consideration as trespassers have under the law." -Case and Comment.

The Difference.

"Can you tell, me, Colonel, what is the difference between capital and labor?" was asked of a retired officer of the engineer corps, United States army, "I flatter myself that I can, sir." said the Colonel. "One day before William H. Vanderbilt died he was run down by an unruly team at Fleetwood Park. His injuries did not amount to a scratch, sir, but they caused a panic in a mere tonic. Such a Took, Basico, Ballon, Land Brown, Walder, Con Brown His injuries did not amount to Wall street, and the newspapers published two to four columns about it. At the same instant a brick mason fell from the top of a wall he was build of Cod-liver Oil with JORELY D. IJAACHOMEON FYEWAT and broke his neck. One-twentieth of a column answered for him. That, sir, is the difference between capital

a few people by joining a church, and

woman marries a man not because she loves him, but because she is poor.

Charcoal is one of the most essential Not only what we do, but also what "Bring him some mines and pumpkin articles of food to successful poultry we most want to do, shapes character farming. The best way to secure this and conduct. Many a man who deis to place an ear of corn in the fire ceives himself into the belief that he ple in wonderment, then looked up until it is entirely charred and then wante to do just right, goes wrong, shell off to your fowls. You see an because in reality that which he most eagerness developed and a healthy con- wants to do is utterly wrong. On the dition brought about. All pale combs other hand, no man keeps right who will become bright red, and the busy does not overwhelmingly desire to do song which precedes laying will be right. An honest, death-defying longheard, and the average yield of eggs ing to do right is the root of real stabilgreatly increased.

ity in right being and right doing.



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"A very smooth article."

Don't compare "Battle Ax" with low grade tobaccos-compare "Battle Ax" with the best on the market, and you will find you get for 5 cents almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade brands for 10 cents.

STANDAMAANIKANIANIAN CIDANTIKI DARAHAANIA HARAANIA HARAANIA HARAANIA HARAANIA HARAANIA HARAANIA HARAANIA HARAA

The long Winter Shoe salesmen declare that the femidays are nearly over. three is now considered very small. A succession of Colds, Coughs or Pneumonia has weakened the system and strength doesn't seem to come back again. You remain pale and weak. You have a slight cough in the morning and perhaps a little and perhaps a little fever in the afternoon. You need A Food as a Spring medicine, not Bicycles food is Scott's Emulsion will heal inflamed mem-We are thinking of getting even with branes, make good offering their names for public prayers. blood and supply food for sound flesh.

nine American foot is growing. Size A trimmed shirt waist is an abomina-

FARMS, MERCHANDISE

PATENTS. TRADE-MARKS: