

A "Rooster" Hatcher.
The National Military Home at Marion, Ind., has a genuine curiosity in the shape of a common Siamese rooster that it has taken it upon itself to hatch out a brood of chicks, and act as mother and protector to them. He "set" on a nest of eggs the requisite three weeks and hatched out the fluffy chicks in regular fashion, and now he seems to be very proud of it. He fondles and protects them after the fashion of a loving and jealous mother. The story of this queer rooster's peculiar act has brought many people to the home to observe the barnyard phenomenon.

Signs of a Good Cow.
One or two signs will denote a good cow. Prof. Haack says, as well as twenty; in a poor cow the thigh runs down straight, so there is no space between the thigh and the udder on one side and the tail on the other. One of the best ways to tell what kind of a cow you have is her temperament. A good dairy type has a sharp spine, strongly developed nervous system and sharp hip bones. A good cow has a large, well-shaped stomach, or she must have a large and powerful digestive system to use up her food quick to make returns.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.
Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.
The Veteran's Dream.
Sittin' down by Kennesaw,
Got to thinkin' on the days
Of the formin' and the stormin'
Of the ranks along the ways,
June in all the land was farmin',
But I seen the war fires blaze
Sittin' down by Kennesaw,
Seen the boys in battle fall;
Skies—they thundered an' I wondered,
Sence they had no clouds at all;
In some spirit land I'd blundered,
Heard the ghostly captain's call.
Seen the boys that wore the gray,
Chargin' on the ranks of blue;
Dashin'—dashin'—an' the flashin'
Of the bright swords dripping dew,
Heard the cannon balls a-crashin'—
Makin' deadly pathways through.
Then the scene was changed; the blue
With the gray stood—side by side;
An' one flag came into view—
(Thar wuz bullet holes to hide,
An' a missin' star or two;
But—the boys marched side by side)
Side by side they marched away
At the sudden bugle call;
No more blue and no more gray!—
Just one flag to wave for all!
Marched into a brighter day,
Answerin' to that bugle call!

Which was right, an' which was wrong—
Didn't matter, ranks looked thin.
But they marched—true hearts an'
—Atlanta Constitution.
Other fights for them to win. . . .
I'd been dreamin' purty long,
But I'm in the light ag'in.
—Atlanta Constitution.
How Quantrell Was Killed.
A woman, 80 years old, was recently sent under escort from a little town in Ohio to the Confederate Veteran Association Home in Lexington, Ky. Her name is Caroline Clark Quantrell. She is the mother of Charles William Quantrell, guerrilla.
Following the account of the removal of this woman to a home where she is to be cared for as long as she lives, was a story purporting to be a new account of the killing of the most remarkable man of his type that the war produced.
As the writer of the new account spells the name incorrectly throughout, one need not expect to find all the statements in accordance with the facts.
There is only one true account of the killing of Quantrell. It was written by one who had Quantrell's confidence; who was Quantrell's adviser up to the time that Quantrell left Missouri for Kentucky; this man was the custodian of the data of the guerrilla warfare of the west. He wrote the history of the guerrilla organization—the only history that organization ever written and printed. Not a statement in the history has been questioned.
The story of the last fight and the shooting of Quantrell, and his death later, was told to Major John N. Edwards by Quantrell's lieutenants who were there. They knew Edwards as their friend, and confided to him the message of Quantrell and his report of the night at Wakefield's house in Kentucky in June, 1865. The story, as Edwards wrote it, is too long to be reproduced here, nor is it necessary that it should be. But as a "new account" is out, it is well enough to summarize the old account, which is the correct one.
The men with Quantrell at the time were John Ross, William Hulse, Payne Jones, Clark Hockensmith, Isaac Hall, Richard Glasscock, Robert Hall, Bud Pence, Allen Parmer, Dave Hetton and Lee McMurry. A rainstorm of unusual severity drove Quantrell and these men to a barn. They dismounted and hitched their horses to a fence. While the horses were feeding the men amused themselves with a sham battle, using coals for ammunition. They were unusually hilarious. Glasscock was the first to give the alarm. He saw coming toward the barn a column of Federal cavalry, 120 strong. "Here they are!" was his shout. Every man rushed for his horse. The attacking party was led by Captain Edward Terrell, who had a special and roving commission to hunt down Quantrell once, and knew the man. He did not, however, know that he was within a hundred miles of Quantrell until one of his company accidentally discovered the horses of the band.
The attack was quick. Before the guerrillas could bridle their horses the men were in a hall of carbine bullets. The fight was close. When it was hottest Quantrell called out, "Cut through boys; cut through somehow. Don't surrender while there's a chance to get out."
Five of them did cut through; they were Ross, Hulse, Parmer, McMurry and Pence. Quantrell's horse was a spirited animal. It had broken from its hitching and was running excitedly about the lot. Quantrell was trying to get it by coaxing. The horse was frightened and no longer under control of his master. The "new account" says this horse was lent to Quantrell by a woman. The animal was a favorite of its rider, and had been in his service in the west.
Hockensmith was mounted and could have escaped, but when he saw that his leader was not in the saddle he galloped toward him, dismounted quickly and offered his saddle to Quantrell. This act of devotion touched Quantrell, and he said, "The bullets were thick in the air. Quantrell gave his hand to Hockensmith who jumped behind his chief. It was a brave act and deserved success, but just then a volley from Terrell's men struck the horse and killed it. Glasscock, who was on his way out, and who could have escaped,

Have You Been Sick?

Perhaps you have had the gripe or a hard cold. You may be recovering from malaria or a slow fever; or possibly some of the children are just getting over the measles or whooping cough.
Are you recovering as fast as you should? Has not your old trouble left your blood full of impurities? And isn't this the reason you keep so poorly? Don't delay recovery longer but
Take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
It will remove all impurities from your blood. It is also a tonic of immense value. Give nature a little help at this time. Aid her by removing all the products of disease from your blood.
If your bowels are not just right, Ayer's Pills will make them so. Send for our book on Diet in Consumption.
Write to our Doctors.
We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Write freely and receive a prompt reply, without cost.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

PRACTICAL KINDNESS.
One Hundred Thousand Grateful Soldiers.
These war times have tried men's souls in many unexpected ways, but like a shaft of sun-shine and good cheer out of the cloud of privation and endurance has been the work that The American Tobacco Co. has done among the U. S. Soldiers and Sailors ever since the war began—for when they discovered that the camps and hospitals were not supplied with tobacco they decided to provide them, free of cost, with enough for every man, and have already given out right to our soldiers and sailors over one hundred thousand pounds of "Battle Ax Plug" and "Duke's Mixture" Smoking Tobacco, and have bought and distributed fifty thousand briar wood pipes at a total cost of well over fifty and sixty thousand dollars.
This work has been done quietly and thoroughly, by establishing headquarters in each camp so that every camp and hospital of the United States Army has been supplied with enough tobacco for every man and the sailors on thirty United States ships in Cuban waters have shared with the soldiers this most welcome of all "rations."
Perhaps it will be only fair to remember when we hear the remark again that "corporations have no souls," that here is one American corporation whose soul has been tried and has not been found wanting in "practical kindness."

FELL FROM A SCAFFOLD.
From the Herald, Watertown, N. Y.
John Young, of Le Roy, N. Y., is 72 years old, and is well known in that and neighboring towns. While putting some new boards on a barn, standing on a scaffold twenty-two feet from the ground, he felt dizzy, lost his balance and fell to the ground. The side of his face, arm and one entire side of his body, on which he struck, were badly bruised. Picked up and carried to the house, he was under a doctor's care for several weeks. The doctor finally came to the conclusion that his patient had received a stroke of paralysis and was beyond medical aid. He could not use one arm, or turn over in bed.
One day, while lying on the bed, he read of a medicine called "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." He bought a box of the pills. After that box had been used he secured another. In three weeks he began to feel a little life in his arm; at the end of four he could move his fingers; at the end of two months he could walk, and in three months he could shave himself with the injured hand.
As he told his story in the Herald office, he looked the perfect picture of health. He carries a box of the pills in his pocket, and whenever he does not feel just right he takes them. They cured him after doctors had given him up, and his death was daily expected.
All the elements necessary to get new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Something New in Toe Clips.
Bicyclists will appreciate a new toe clip, which is hinged to the side of the pedal and has extensions on the front and rear, which spring the clip into place as soon as touched by the foot, the pedal being always balanced for use either side up.

Harmonious Bicycles.
The latest thing "made in Germany" is a "harmonious bicycle." This terrible invention is constructed to grind out 500 tunes. The contrivance is affixed to the handlebar, and worked by the front wheel, and will play for an hour while the cyclist is pedaling at a speed of ten miles.

TAPE WORMS
"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Casarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
Geo. W. Bowler, Baird, Mass.
CANDY CATHARTIC
Casarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE BOWELS
Pleasant, Palatable, Pure, Taste Good, No Food, Never Stains, Weakens, or Gripe. 25c. 50c.
... OURE CONSTIPATION.
Solely Candy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.
NO-TO-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists and grocers to C. E. M. Tobacco Hall.

Burlington Route
A Map of the United States.
Send me 15 cents in stamps and I will mail you a map of the United States, three feet four inches wide by five feet long. Printed in six colors. Mounted on rollers. Shows every state, county, important town, and railroad in the United States. Useful, Ornamental.
J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.
P. S.—If you go west via Omaha and the Burlington Route, you can stop off and see the World's Fair Exposition.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER
The Best Saddle Coat.
It's the best both rider and saddle put on. It's the best both rider and saddle put on. It's the best both rider and saddle put on. It's the best both rider and saddle put on.
MONEY MADE RAISING FRUIT—FOR SALE.
Antoniello's Fruit & Produce Co. (Incorporated). Buyer can have management. No salary—good terms. J. W. McCooce, San Rafael, N. H.

looked back and saw the horse on which Quantrell and Hockensmith were mounted fall. He turned, galloped his horse back and offered it to Quantrell. Hockensmith was dead and Quantrell was trying to get himself from under the horse. There was another volley as Glasscock rode up to his chief. It wounded Quantrell and killed Glasscock's horse.
Glasscock, unhorsed, fought by the side of his leader—one man against one hundred. But as soon as the cavalry saw that Quantrell was hit they rushed in upon him, and Glasscock refused to surrender until his gun was wrenched from his grasp.
Two balls struck Quantrell. The first entered to the right of the collar bone and ranged down the spine, injuring it severely. The second cut away the third finger of the left hand. The lower portion of the body was paralyzed. He was carried to the farmhouse of Wakefield. His mind remained clear and his voice was as usual. The Federal captain, brave soldier that he was, went to the house, removed his cap as he stood by his fallen foe and asked if there was any service he might do that would be accepted?
Quantrell's reply was characteristic. "Yes," he said, "have Clark Hockensmith buried like a soldier."
A few moments later he looked at Terrell again and said without a tremor: "While I live let me stay here. It is useless to haul a dying man about in a wagon, jolting out what life is left in him." Terrell promised him, saluted him, and rode away. If Quantrell paid him \$500 in gold or promised to pay him, the man who saw the scene and who remained with Quantrell did not see or hear of it. If he had, Edwards would have recorded it. Three days after this Terrell informed his commander, General Palmer, at Louisville, of the whereabouts of Quantrell, and Palmer sent a detachment of soldiers for the wounded guerrilla and he was taken to a hospital in Louisville. He slept from fatigue after he had been left in one of the wards. When he opened his eyes he asked for water. A sister of charity put a glass to his lips, but he did not drink. For the first time in his life his mind was clouded. He murmured, "Boys, get ready." Then there was a long pause, and he said, "Steady."
When she drew back from bending over the murmuring man she fell upon her knees and prayed. Quantrell was dead.
Before his death he had become a Catholic. He confessed to a priest. He told the story of his life. He was buried in a Catholic cemetery in Louisville, and the priest had his grave made level with the earth, and in sight of the window of the sexton's house. And for ten years after there were many who doubted his death, and whenever there was an unusual act of bravery in the woods or in the mountains there were those who said, "Quantrell did it."
—New York Sun.

His Men Hounded.
In the summer of 1877 the late General Jubal A. Early spent, as had long been his custom, a few weeks at Hot Springs, Ark., registering at the Arlington hotel. While he was there ex-Governor Stearns also registered at the Arlington, he having been appointed a commissioner to adjust certain disputed land titles in the city of Hot Springs, where there is a government reservation.
"General Early," said Stearns one day as he approached the grizzled veteran on the veranda of the hotel, at the same time giving him a military salute, "you ought to be willing to shake hands with me."
"I surely am, governor," replied Early, returning the salute and extending his hand. "But why do you put the matter as though it was obligatory upon me?"
"Because you owe me an arm."
Stearns smiled and touched the empty broadcloth sleeve pinned to his massive shoulder.
"I don't think that I understand you. I do not remember to have ever had the honor of meeting you before."
"I lost that arm at the battle of Winchester where you commanded the Confederate forces."
General Early straightened his tall, bent figure, stroked his long, white beard, bowed politely and replied:
"I always trained my men to do their duty, but sometimes the rascals would blunder."
Canby's Wooden Cannon.
A Confederate veteran who fought at Fort Blakely read the other day of the dummy guns used by the Spaniards around Santiago de Cuba to humbug the American troops.
"Ah," said he, "that reminds me of old times. It also reminds me that wooden guns have been known to serve better purposes than making believe. "Wooden guns did deadly work before Fort Blakely. The Yankees fixed them up and they shot just as well as if they had been manufactured of iron. The opposing lines were 500 yards apart. The Confederates were behind the walls of the fort and the Federals were strongly entrenched.
"Gen. Canby, the Yankee commander, was without artillery. What did he do but manufacture 100 mortars from black gun trees. Black gun trees grew everywhere in the vicinity. He bored them out, put iron bands round them and fired 8-inch shells furnished by Ferragut's fleet. The lines were so close that light charges sufficed, and the extemporaneous weapons did all that was asked of them."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Probably ninety-nine persons in a hundred, if asked to what country Mont Blanc belongs, would answer Switzerland. As a matter of fact, it belongs chiefly in France and Italy, the boundary line passing across its summit. The northern part of the Mount Blanc chain however, belongs to the Swiss.

MRS. PINKHAM TALKS TO THE FUTURE WOMAN.

Will the New Generation of Women be More Beautiful or Less So? Miss Jessie Ebner's Experience.
A pleasing face and graceful figure! These are equipments that widen the sphere of woman's usefulness. How can a woman have grace of movement when she is suffering from some disorder that gives her those awful bearing-down sensations? How can she retain her beautiful face when she is nervous and racked with pain?
Young women, think of your future and provide against ill health. Mothers, think of your growing daughter, and prevent in her as well as in yourself irregularity or suspension of nature's duties.
If puzzled, don't trust your own judgment. Mrs. Pinkham will charge you nothing for her advice; write to her at Lynn, Mass., and she will tell you how to make yourself healthy and strong.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the female organs and regulates the menses at nothing else will. Following is a letter from Miss JESSIE EBNER, 1712 West Jefferson St., Sandusky, Ohio.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to let you know of the great benefit your remedies have been to me. I suffered for over a year with inflammation of the ovaries. I had doctored, but no medicine did me any good. Was at a sanatorium for two weeks. The doctor thought an operation necessary, but I made up my mind to give your medicine a trial before submitting to that. I was also troubled with leucorrhoea, painful menstruation, dizziness, nervousness, and was so weak that I was unable to stand or walk. I have taken in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and am now in good health. I will always give your medicine the highest praise."
Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman best Understands a Woman's Ills

Baby Superstitions.
It is very unlucky to give away the baby's first shoes.
The Jews used to put a fish in the mouth of a child who was backward in learning to talk.
If a boy has an extra large mouth, it is a sign he will make a fine speaker or conversationalist.
If a baby mistakes you for its father or mother it is a sign you will never have a baby of your own.
The inarticulate baby talk of "goo" and "coo" is said to be the language used by Adam and Eve in paradise.
Why?
Why are not two bootblacks a pair of rubbers?
Why does the desire to make a fool of one's self spring eternal in the human breast?
Why does a man boot a dog, shoe a hen, foot a bill, cap a climax and steal a case?
Why do people go into society to get bored when it can be done just as well at home?
Why does a woman always make an excuse for her bread when she knows it is the best she ever made?

Battle-Ax PLUG
Columbus discovered America—but I have discovered BATTLE AX!
There is a satisfied—glad I've got it—expression on the faces of all who discover the rich quality of
Battle-Ax PLUG
It is an admirable chew fit for an Admiral.
In no other way can you get as large a piece of as good tobacco—for 10 cents.
Remember the name when you buy again.

"A Good Tale Will Bear Telling Twice." Use Sapolio ... Use ...
SAPOLIO
CURE YOURSELF!
The Big 4 for natural diarrhoea, indigestion, irritations or ulcerations of the bowels, flatulence, biliousness, and all ailments of the bowels.
Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, 10¢ per bottle, 25¢ per dozen, or 2 bottles, 45¢.
Circular sent on request.
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FITS Permanently. Guaranteed. No pain or discomfort after use. First day's use of Dr. King's Great Peppery Cure. Send for it. It is a new and improved tooth and gum powder. Dr. H. H. KLEIN, 121 1/2 South Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
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