

## Nursing Mothers and

### Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken-down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers too will find it a priceless aid to prepare the system for baby's coming and making the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, back-ache, dragging-down distress low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable pelvic catarrhal drain, prolapsus, anteversion or retroversion or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famed specific for woman's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy of known composition a secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.

### Protected.

Miss Wellon—The impudent thing told me to my face that I was getting old and wrinkled!

Miss Tartun—I wouldn't mind it. She didn't say it to your real face, you know. She couldn't see that.

### DISFIGURING SKIN HUMOR.

Impossible to Get Employment, as Face and Body Were Covered with Sores—Cured by Cuticura.

"Since the year 1894 I have been troubled with a very bad case of eczema which I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to cure, and I went to the hospital, but they failed to cure me, and it was getting worse all the time. Five weeks ago my wife bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and I am pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well. It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head and body were covered with it. The eczema first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my body and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw. I am now all well, and I will be pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all persons who wish a speedy and permanent cure of skin diseases. Thomas M. Rossiter, 290 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J. Mar. 30, 1905."

### Like a Gun.

"I want to get an alarm clock," said the customer.  
"Here's one of silver plate for \$10," said the clerk.  
"Too high."  
"Well, here's one made of nickel for \$5."  
"Too high yet."  
"Here's one made of gun metal for \$2."  
"Gun metal? That sounds all right. I want it for my 12-year-old boy, and if it sounds anything like a gun when it goes off in the morning I guess it's what I want."—Yonkers Statesman.

### GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anæmia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anæmia. I had spells of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to, I had such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for several weeks. About this time I had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deadly sensations would come over me."  
"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am perfectly well now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anæmia because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

# Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

### CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

The old lady and the young one lived together in great apparent comfort; for they probably got through more money than any one in the town, and there always seemed to be plenty more where that came from. The Signorina was now about 25 years of age, and of remarkably prepossessing appearance. She became almost at once a leading figure in society; her parlor was the leading meeting place of all parties had most sets; she received many gracious attentions from the Golden House. She was also frequently the hostess of members of the opposition, and of no one more often than her leader, Colonel George McGregor, a gentleman of Scotch extraction, but not pronouncedly national characteristics, who had attained a high position in the land of his adoption; for not only did he lead the opposition in politics, but he was also second in command of the army. He entered the chamber as one of the President's nominees (for the latter had resorted to himself power to nominate five members), but at the time of which I write the Colonel had deserted his former chief, and, secure in his popularity with the forces, defied the man by whose help he had risen. Naturally the President disliked him, a feeling I cordially shared. But his excellency's disapproval did not prevent the Signorina receiving McGregor with great cordiality, though here again with no more than his position seemed to demand.

I have as much curiosity as my neighbors, and I was proportionately gratified when the doors of "Mon Repos," as the Signorina called her residence, were opened to me. My curiosity, I must confess, was not unmixed with other feelings; for I was a young man of heart, though events had thrown sobering responsibilities upon me, and the sight of the Signorina in her daily drives was enough to inspire a thrill even in the soul of a bank manager. She was certainly very beautiful—a tall, fair girl, with straight features and laughing eyes. I shall not attempt more description, because all such descriptions sound commonplace, and the Signorina was, even by the admission of her enemies, at least very far from commonplace. It must suffice to say that, like Father O'Flynn, she "had such a way with her" that all of us men in Aureataland, old and young, rich and poor, were at her feet, or ready to be there on the least encouragement. She was, to my thinking, the very genius of health, beauty and gaiety; and she put the crowning touch to her charms by very openly and frankly soliciting and valuing the admiration she received.

It may be supposed, then, that I thought my money very well invested when it procured me an invitation to "Mon Repos," where the lady of the house was in the habit of allowing a genteel amount of card playing among her male friends. She never played herself, but stood and looked on with much interest. On occasion she would tempt fortune by the hand of a chosen deputy, and nothing could be prettier or more artistic than her behavior. She was just eager enough for a girl unused to the excitement and fond of triumph, just indifferent enough to show that her play was merely a pastime, and the gain of the money or its loss, a matter of no moment. Ah, Signorina, you were a great artist!  
At "Mon Repos" I soon became an habitual, and, I was fain to think, a welcome guest. Mrs. Carrington, who entertained a deep distrust of the manners of Aureataland, was good enough to consider me eminently respectable, while the Signorina was graciousness itself. It was even admitted to the select circle at the dinner party, which, as a rule, preceded her Wednesday evening reception. The Colonel was, not to my pleasure, an equally invariable guest, and the President himself would often honor the party with his presence, an honor we found rather expensive, for his luck at all games of skill or chance was extraordinary.

"I have always trusted fortune," he would say, "and to me she is not fickle."  
"Who would be fickle if your excellency were pleased to trust her?" the Signorina would respond, with a glance of almost fond admiration.  
This sort of thing did not please McGregor. He made no concealment of the fact that he claimed the foremost place among the Signorina's admirers, utterly declining to make way even for the President. The latter took his boorishness very quietly and I could not avoid the conclusion that the President held, or thought he held, the trumps. I was, naturally, intensely jealous of both these great men, and, although I had no cause to complain of my treatment, I could not stifle some resentment at the idea that I was, after all, an outsider and not allowed a part in the real drama that was going on. My happiness was further damped by the fact that luck ran steadily against me, and I saw my bonus dwindling very rapidly. I suppose I may as well be frank, and confess that my bonus, to speak strictly, vanished within six months after I first set foot in "Mon Repos," and I found it necessary to make that temporary use of the "interest fund" which the President had indicated. My uneasiness was heightened when the next installment of interest was punctually paid, and, with youthful confidence, I made little doubt that luck would turn before long.

### CHAPTER V.

Time passed on, all leading an apparently merry and untroubled life. In public affairs the temper was very different. The scarcity of money was intense, and serious murmuring had arisen when the President "squandered" his ready money in paying interest, leaving his civil servants and soldiers unpaid. This was the topic of much discussion in the press at the time when I went up one March evening to the Signorina's. I had been detained at the bank, and found the gaiety in full swing when I came in. The Signorina sat by herself on a low lounge by the veranda window. I went up to her and made my bow.  
"You spare us but little of your time, Mr. Martin," she said.

"Ah, but you have all my thoughts," I replied, for she was looking charming.  
"I don't care so much about your thoughts," she said. Then, after a pause, she went on, "It's very hot here, come into the conservatory."

It almost looked as though she had been waiting for me, and I followed in high delight into the long, narrow glass house. High green plants hid us from the view of those inside, and we only heard distinctly his excellency's voice, saying with much gentleness to the Colonel, "Well, you must be lucky in love, Colonel," from which I concluded that the Colonel was not in the vein at cards.  
The Signorina smiled slightly as she heard; then she plucked a white rose, turned round, and stood facing me, slightly flushed as though with some inner excitement.

"I am afraid those two gentlemen do not love one another," she said.  
"Hardly," I assented.  
"And you, do you love them—or either of them?"

"I love only one person in Aureataland," I replied, as ardently as I dared.  
The Signorina bit her rose, glancing up at me with unfeigned amusement and pleasure. I think I have mentioned that she didn't object to honest admiration.  
"Is it possible you mean me?" she said, making me a little courteous. "I only think so because most of the Whittingham ladies would not satisfy your fastidious taste."

"No lady in the world could satisfy me except one," I answered, thinking she took it a little too lightly.

"Ah, so you say," she said. "And yet I don't suppose you would do anything for me, Mr. Martin."

"It would be my greatest happiness," I cried.

She said nothing, but stood there, biting the rose.

"Give it to me," I said; "it shall be my badge of service."

"You will serve me, then?" she said.  
"For what reward?"  
"Why, the rose?"

"I should like the owner, too," I ventured to remark.

"The rose is prettier than the owner," she said; "and, at any rate, one thing at a time, Mr. Martin! Do you pay your servants all their wages in advance?"

My practice was so much to the contrary that I really couldn't deny the force of her reasoning. She held out the rose. I seized it and held it close to my lips, thereby squashing it considerably. Then she said abruptly:  
"Are you a Constitutionalist or a Liberal, Mr. Martin?"

I must explain that, in the usual race for the former title, the President's party had been first at the post, and the Colonel's gang (as I privately termed it) had to put up with the alternative designation. Neither name bore any relation to facts.

"Are we going to talk politics?" said I, reproachfully.

"Yes, a little. Tell me."

"Which are you, Signorina?" I asked.

I really wanted to know; so did a great many people. She thought for a moment, and then said:  
"I have a great regard for the President. He has been most kind to me. On the other hand, I cannot disguise from myself that some of his measures are not wise."

I said I had never been able to disguise it from myself.

"The Colonel, of course, is of the same opinion," she continued, "about the debt, for instance. I believe your bank is interested in it?"

"Oh, yes," she asked, softly.  
"Oh, I am not a capitalist; no money of mine has gone into the debt."

"No money of yours, no. But aren't you interested in it?" she persisted.

This was rather odd. Could she know anything? She drew nearer to me, and, laying a hand lightly on my arm, said reproachfully:  
"Do you love people, and yet not trust them, Mr. Martin?"

This was exactly my state of feeling toward the Signorina, but I could not say so. I was wondering how far I should be wise to trust her, and that depended largely on how far his excellency had seen fit to trust her with my secrets. I said finally:  
"Without disclosing other people's secrets, Signorina, I may admit that if anything went wrong with the debt, my employer's opinion of my discretion would be severely shaken."

"Of your discretion," she said laughing.  
"Thank you, Mr. Martin. And you would wish that not to happen?"

"I would take a good deal of pains to prevent its happening."

"Not less willingly if your interest and mine coincided?"

I was about to make a passionate reply when we heard the President's voice saying:  
"And where is our hostess? I should like to thank her before I go."

"Hush," whispered the Signorina. "We must go back. You will be true to me, Mr. Martin?"

"Call me Jack," said I, idiotically.  
"Then you will be true, O Jack," she said, stifling a laugh.

"Till death," said I, hoping it would not be necessary.

She gave me her hand, which I kissed with fervor, and we returned to the parlor, to find all standing about in groups, waiting to make their bows till the President had gone through that ceremony. I was curious to hear if anything passed between him and the Signorina, but I was pounced upon by Donna Antonia, the daughter of the minister of finance, who happened to be present as a guest of the Signorina's for the night. She was a handsome young lady, a Spanish brunette of the approved pattern, but with manners formed at a New York boarding school, where she had undergone a training that had tempered without destroying her native gentility. She had distinguished me very favorably, and I was vain enough to suppose she honored me

by some jealousy of my penchant for the Signorina.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself in the conservatory," she said, maliciously.

"We were talking business, Donna Antonia," I replied.

"Ah, business! I hear nothing but business. There is papa gone down to the country and burying himself alive to work out some great scheme of business!"

"Ah, what scheme is that?" I asked.  
"Oh! I don't know. Something about that horrid debt. But I was told not to say anything about it!"

The debt was becoming a bore. The whole air was full of it. I hastily paid Donna Antonia a few incoherent compliments, and took my leave. As I was putting on my coat Colonel McGregor joined me and, with more friendliness than he usually showed me, accompanied me down the avenue toward the Piazza. After some indifferent remarks, he began:  
"Martin, you and I have separate interests in some matters, but I think we have the same in others."

I knew at once what he meant; it was that debt over again! I remained silent, and he continued:  
"About the debt, for instance. You are interested in the debt?"

"Somewhat," said I. "A banker generally is interested in a debt."

"I thought so," said the Colonel. "A time may come when we can act together. Meanwhile, keep your eye on the debt. Good night."

We parted at the door of his chambers in the Piazza, and I went on to my lodgings. I got into bed, rather puzzled and very uneasy.

### CHAPTER VI.

The flight of time brought no alleviation to the troubles of Aureataland. If an individual hard-up is a pathetic sight, a nation hard-up is an alarming spectacle; and Aureataland was very hard-up. I suppose somebody had some money. But the government had none; in consequence the government employes had none, the officials had none, the President had none, and finally, I had none. The bank had a little—of other people's, of course—but I was quite prepared for a "run" on us any day, and had cabled to the directors to implore a remittance in cash, for our notes were at a discount humiliating to contemplate. Political strife ran high. I dropped into the House of Assembly one afternoon toward the end of May, and, looking down from the gallery, saw the Colonel in the full tide of wrathful declamation. He was demanding of the miserable Don Antonio when the army was to be paid. The latter sat cowering under his scorn, and would, I verily believe, have bolted out of the House had he not been nailed to his seat by the cold eye of the President, who was looking on from his box. The minister on rising had nothing to urge but vague promises of speedy payment; but he utterly lacked the confident front of his chief, and nobody was deceived by his weak protestations.

I left the House in a considerable uproar, and strolled on to the house of a friend of mine, one Madame Deverges, the widow of a French gentleman, who had found his way to Whittingham from New Caledonia. Politeness demanded the assumption that he had found his way to New Caledonia owing to political troubles, but the usual cloud hung over the precise date and circumstances of his patriotic sacrifice. Madame sometimes considered it necessary to bore herself and others with denunciations of the various tyrants or would-be tyrants of France; but, apart from this pious offering on the shrine of her husband's reputation, she was a bright and pleasant little woman. I found assembled round her tea table a merry party, including Donna Antonia, unmindful of her father's agonies, and one Johnny Carr, who deserves mention as being the only honest man in Aureataland. I speak, of course, of the place as I found it. He was a young Englishman, what they call a "cadet," of a good family, shipped off with a couple of thousand pounds to make his fortune. Land was cheap among us, and Johnny had bought an estate and settled down as a land owner. Recently he had blossomed forth as a keen Constitutionalist and a devoted admirer of the President's, and held a seat in the Assembly in that interest. Johnny was not a clever man nor a wise one, but he was merry, and, as I have thought it necessary to mention, honest.

(To be continued.)

### In After Years.

Her Husband—I met a man to-day who envies me, and I envy him.

His Wife—Who is he?

Her Husband—Smawwert—the chap who used to be sweet on you before we were married.

His Wife—I suppose he envies you because you married me.

Her Husband—Yes; and I envy him because he didn't marry you.

### Those Girls.

"So you have really broken your engagement with Jack?"

"I have, indeed."

"And do you hate him, dear?"

"Every bone in his body. I shall never speak to him again if I live to be a thousand years old."

"You mean that?"

"I do, and I shall tell him so the next time I see him."

### His Cue.

Gunner—They say this book entitled "A Step Backward" was inspired. I wonder where the author ever got his inspiration?

Guyer—Oh, I guess he watched a woman stepping off a street car.

### Characteristic.

Mifkins—What did he say when you called him a hog for taking up two seats in the car?

Bifkins—Oh, he grunted something in reply, but I could see that he was bristling with indignation.

### Do You Blame Him?

He—They used to sing of a bicycle built for two, but—

She—But what?

He—Give me a sofa built apparently for one—every time.

### Do They?

"Why do people bite lead pencils?" inquired the seeker after truth.

"To get a literary taste, of course," replied Mr. Conn.



Some men are both hoggish and mulish; they squeal and kick at everything.

As the hog pastures began to fail, the farmer is fortunate who has a patch of sowed corn to cut up and feed to the hogs.

Smut on corn increases from spores and the way to prevent spreading of this trouble is to get the smut before the spores ripen and blow away.

Skunks, minks and disreputable bipeds are the chief enemies of the poultry raiser, and experience is likely to convince him that a well loaded shotgun is the best weapon to use in all three cases.

Mate up your fowls early, for occasionally one of the hens will want to sit during the latter part of winter, and it is a nice thing to have some eggs ready in order to hatch some chicks early in the spring.

The census report shows that there are in the United States this year 3,404,061 mules, valued at \$34,680,529. This is an increase during the past three years in the number of mules of 675,973, with an increase in valuation of \$36,827,193.

Cutting up corn is hard work, but when "the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock" there is a feeling that the country is safe. There is so much good feed in fodder that the stock breeder can scarcely afford to let it go to waste.

It is a most difficult thing to interest a man in the alfalfa business by showing him illustrations of plans and in writing articles about its production. The best way is to show him the plants growing. He should see the whole process—seeing is believing.

Dressed fowls and fresh eggs are constantly in demand, at fair prices, and farmers who are naturally good salesmen will find it advantageous to run retail routes, weekly. People in the cities are willing to pay good prices for something they know is fresh.

A new disease among goats has been discovered and described by the United States Bureau of Animal Industry. It is contagious and is called "takosis." Thus far it has been found only in the northern and eastern states, where the climate is quite humid. The natural range for Angoras is a dry region.

Do not let the high price of pork induce you to sacrifice the tried and trusty brood sow. She will come handy when next year's crop of pigs is wanted. On the other hand, this is a good year to realize on those dames that fool away their time and your money in raising a pair of ordinary twigs.

Look at the peaches that ripen in the bright sunshine and see the perfect coloring and freedom from rot; then look at those hanging in dense shade and notice that they ripen later, are more subject to rot, and are partially covered with little black fungus spots. Great is sunshine as a fruit perfecter and fungicide.

South of latitude 38, turnips may be left in the patch to make early "greens" for the first spring weather. Where pine grows, a common usage is to cover the turnips before freezing with a thick cover of pine branches. These do not prevent freezing, but seem to insure an earlier crop of greens than can be had from those left uncovered.

A farmer had married a neighborhood school teacher, who was a town girl. She undertook to cook some rice after marriage, and filled the pot with rice. When it began to swell she had to place it in two pots. Soon the swelling proceeded until all the cooking vessels she had were full of rice. She went out and flagged her husband to come to the house before the swelling rice would push out the kitchen windows.

Never in the history of improved agriculture did there exist such a necessity for choice clover seed as at this very time. More farms are seeded to food weeds by the introduction of really poor seed than in almost any other way. It will pay every man to buy a small magnifying glass and look at the seed he buys. He should buy the best and insist on getting it. Buy only a seed test. Buy seed like buying gold dust.

The Goose Plant.

Temala, and its name is truly descriptive. Its bud has the perfect shape of a goose, with head and neck proudly arched as if floating in the water. The average length of a bud is 16 inches. As it bursts into bloom the breast opens, showing a delicate, cone-shaped orifice,

lined with a rich purple, velvety surface, exquisite in coloring and tracing. In bloom it resembles an enormous leaf about 50 inches in circumference. It has a long, string-like tail 2 feet 6 inches in length. In some respects it resembles the night-blooming cereus.

### What Causes Smut in Corn?

Last year my corn was about 5 per cent smut, says J. N. Francis, of Nebraska. This year one-half of 1 per cent will cover the loss from that source. Why it is different I have been unable to figure out. Last year I wrote to the Nebraska experiment station for information on the subject. Professor Lyon replied that no investigation on the subject had been made. He believed smut remained in the ground, from year to year, and could be prevented by rotation of crops. I have never followed corn with corn, so that could not make the difference in my case.

I examined two of my neighbors' cornfields, both on ground that was in corn last year. They have no more smut than I have. Last spring I treated part of my seed corn with a solution of one pound of formaldehyde to forty gallons of water, the formula for wheat smut. I see no difference between the corn from the treated and that from the untreated seed.

Some time ago I read an article written by a farmer who says he cleaned his corn of smut by being careful to pick no seed corn from near where a smutted ear had grown. He believed smut to be carried from year to year on the grain. Perhaps the weather has something to do with it. Last year was a wet corn season; this year the season has been a dry one. Smut has been increasing in my corn for several years until this year, which is the first year I have noticed a decrease.

### Cruelty in Shipping Fowls.

It is almost revolting to those who dislike cruelty to dumb animals to witness the conditions existing at a place where fowls are sold in coops on commission. Load after load of coops arrive on the hottest days, with the poor birds packed in them almost as closely as sardines in a box. There may be a cup of water at some point in the coop, but the majority of the birds don't know of its existence and couldn't reach it if they endeavored to do so on account of the congested condition of the coop. Not one in a dozen coops arriving in market indicates for the shipper one spark of mercy or sympathy for the birds. Many of them will be dead on arrival and what with the excessive heat of the atmosphere, the animal heat of their own bodies and the fatigue and fright attending the journey, there is quite naturally a loss of weight in those that are so fortunate as to survive. These same farmers hurl maledictions upon the head of the commission merchant because he deducts for "shrinkage" in weight in his remittance. They apparently ignore the fact that they alone are responsible for the deduction, because they have allowed to exist, the conditions which led up to the shrinkage. By crowding the fowls, the shipper really is extravagant, even though he does lessen his shipping expenses somewhat; for, nine times out of ten, it will not only result in the loss of some of his birds, but also causes the dealer to sacrifice the remainder at a low price in order to avoid further loss.—Agricultural Epitome.

### Alfalfa.

Experts have said that alfalfa would only grow in certain soils and in certain climates, but it has proven adaptability to nearly all climates and almost all soils. There are but two soil conditions that seem reliably against the growth of alfalfa. The one is a soil constantly wet; the other is where there is too much acidity. The latter may be remedied by an application of lime and the other will require drainage. There are thousands of farms, however, where there is no acidity and the drainage is perfect that will not produce alfalfa without first having supplied to their soil the alfalfa bacteria, without which the crop will fail. This is so well proven that it is regarded as an established fact, and farmers are admonished to look well to it before undertaking to produce alfalfa. Where the land is barren of these bacteria, alfalfa seed will indeed germinate and grow rapidly for awhile, but the plants will soon become weak and turn yellow and eventually die, having perished for the want of the life-giving element supplied by the bacteria. This element is the nitrogen always universally present in the atmosphere, but not always present in the soil. Indeed, nitrogen may be present in the soil and if the alfalfa bacteria be lacking the alfalfa plants will not thrive. The reason for this is that the roots of alfalfa are themselves without power to gather and store nitrogen from the air, but the bacteria, working in connection with the roots, will gather, secrete and store up nitrogen from the air in quantities so great as to provide not only for the alfalfa growing, but abundant supplies for succeeding crops. This interesting truth about alfalfa bacteria is known and appreciated by scientists, but no man can tell with certainty without scientific process where such bacteria exist or where they are absent.—Agricultural Epitome.