

For Liver, Bladder, Kidney and Stomach Troubles

TAKE

Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules

"Odorless and Tasteless."

You will find that relief follows the use of the first capsule. This time-honored and effective "home remedy" has a reputation of over 100 years back of it. GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL is the ONLY genuine.

Holland Medicine Co., Scranton, Pa.
Dear Sirs: I must say that your Gold Medal Haarlem Oil is the greatest medicine in the world. My back was in a bad fix for six weeks, and I have been taking your Haarlem Oil two nights, and the pain is all gone. I will do all I can for you. Wishing you good luck, I remain,
Your friend,
ANTHONY C. MORAN,
Hastings-on-Hudson
P. O. Box 209, Feb. 19, 1909. New York

Capsules 25 and 50 cents. Bottles 15c and 25c, at all druggists.
HOLLAND MEDICINE CO.,
Sole Importers Scranton, Pa.
If your Druggist cannot supply you, write us direct.

In Perfect Innocence.
The Beauty (turning from long gaze in mirror)—I do envy you!
The Friend (pleased but incredulous)—You envy me, my dear! I wonder why?
The Beauty—Because you can see the real me. I can never see anything but the mere reflection.—Punch.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FASHION HINTS



There is a revival of yoke effects for the simpler dresses, and skirts are growing further and further away from sheath lines. The model illustrated here is a light-weight novelty cloth, in one of the new blue grays.

Youngest Great-Grandmother.
Mme. Edna Bertonelle, a seamstress in the Quartier Montmartre, Paris, is held to be the youngest great-grandmother in the world. She was married at the age of 14, and her first child, a girl, married at the same early age. When Edna was 21 she was a grandmother. Her grandson married at 17 a young woman a few days his junior. On her forty-eighth birthday Mme. Bertonelle was a great-grandmother.

A BANKER'S NERVE

Broken by Coffee and Restored by Postum.
A banker needs perfect control of the nerves and a clear, quick, accurate brain. A prominent banker of Chattanooga tells how he keeps himself in condition:
"Up to 17 years of age I was not allowed to drink coffee, but as soon as I got out into the world I began to use it and grew very fond of it. For some years I noticed no bad effects from its use, but in time it began to affect me unfavorably. My hands trembled, the muscles of my face twitched, my mental processes seemed slow and in other ways my system got out of order. These conditions grew so bad at last that I had to give up coffee altogether.
"My attention having been drawn to Postum, I began its use on leaving off the coffee, and it gives me pleasure to testify to its value. I find it a delicious beverage; like it just as well as I did coffee, and during the years that I have used Postum I have been free from the distressing symptoms that accompanied the use of coffee. The nervousness has entirely disappeared, and I am as steady of hand as a boy of 25, though I am more than 52 years old. I owe all this to Postum." "There's a Reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Grocers sell.
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS
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CHAPTER VIII.

A little before dusk the three companions started upon their evening's business. The horses and carriage were waiting at the door and they mounted to their seats. David was embarrassed by the novelty of the situation, and Pepeeta by his presence; but the quack was in his highest spirits. He saluted the bystanders with easy familiarity, ostentatiously flung the hostler a coin, flourished his whip and excited universal admiration for his driving. During the turn which they took around the city for an advertisement, he indoctrinated his pupil with the principles of his art.
"People to-day are just what they were centuries ago. G-g-gull 'em just as easy. Make 'em think the moon is made of g-g-green cheese—way to catch larks is to p-p-pull the heavens down—extract sunbeams from c-c-cucumbers and all the rest! There's one master-weakness, Davy. They all think they are sick, or if they d-d-don't, you can make 'em!"
"What! Make a well man think he is sick?" the Quaker asked in astonishment.
"Sure! That's the secret of success. I can pick out the strongest man in the c-c-crowd and in five minutes have pains shooting through him like g-g-green lightning. They are all like jumping-packs to the man that knows them. You watch me pull the string and you'll see them wig-wig-wiggle."
"It seems a pity to take advantage of such weakness in our fellow men," said David, whose heart began to suffer qualms as he contemplated this rascality in his own connection with it.
"Fellow men! They are no fellows of mind. They are nuts for me to c-c-crack. They are oysters for me to open!" responded the quack, as he drove gaily into the public square and checked the horses, who stood with their proud necks arched, championing their bits and looking around at the crowd as if they shared their master's contempt.
Pepeeta descended from the carriage and made her way hastily into the tent which had already been pitched for her. The doctor lighted his torch and set his stock of goods before David, obeying his directions, began to move among the people to study their habits. Elbowing his way here and there, he contemplated the crowd in the light of the quack's philosophy, and as he did so received a series of painful mental shocks.
"The first principle in the art of painting a picture is to know where to sit down;" in other words, everything depends upon the point of view. Now that David began to look for evidences of the weaknesses and follies of his fellow men, he saw them everywhere. For the first time in his life he observed that startling prevalence of animal types which always communicates such a shock to the mind of him who has never discovered it before. Every countenance suddenly seemed to be the face of a beast, but thinly and imperfectly veiled. There were foxes and tigers and wolves, there were bulldogs and monkeys and swine. He had always seen, or thought he saw, upon the forehead of his fellow men some evidence of that divinity which had been communicated to them when God breathed into the great first father the breath of life; but now he shuddered at the sight of those thick lips and drooping jaws, those dull or crafty eyes, those swollen, sodden, gargoyle features, as men do at beholding monstrosities.
A few weeks ago he would have felt a profound pity at this discovery, but so rapid and radical had been the alteration in his feelings that he was now seized by a sudden revulsion and contempt. "Are these creatures really men?" he asked himself. He stood there among them taller, straighter, keener, handsomer than them all, and the old feelings that have made men aristocrats and tyrants in every age of the world surged in his heart and hardened it against them.
By this time the quack had finished his few simple preparations, and, standing erect before his audience, began the business of the evening. Having observed the habits of the game, David now chose a favorable position to study those of the hunter. He watched with an almost breathless interest every expression upon that sinister face and listened with a boundless interest to every word that fell from those treacherous lips.
He was not long in justifying the quack's honest criticism of his own oratory. His voice lacked the vibrant tones of a musical instrument and his rhetoric that fluency, without which the highest efforts of eloquence can never be attained. By speaking very slowly and deliberately he avoided stammering, but this always acted like a dragging anchor upon the movement of his thought. These were radical defects, but in every other respect he was a consummate artist. He arrested the attention of his hearers with an inimitable skill and held it with an irresistible power.
His piercing eye noted every expression on the faces of his hearers, and seemed to read the inmost secrets of their hearts. He perceived the slightest inclination to purchase, and was as keen to see a hand steal towards a pocket-book as a cat to see a mouse steal out of its hole.
He coaxed, he wheedled, he bantered, he abused—he even threatened. He fulfilled his promise to the letter, "to make the well men think that they were sick," and many a stalwart frontiersman whose body was as sound as

an ox, began to be conscious of racking pains. Nor were those legitimate arts of oratory the only ones which this arch-knave practiced.
"I gave you two dollars, and you only gave me change for one," cried a thin-faced, stoop-shouldered, helpless-looking fellow, who had just purchased a bottle of the "Balm of the Blessed Islands."
With lightning-like legerdemain the quack had shuffled this bill to the bottom of his pile, and lifting up the one that lay on top, exposed it to the view of his audience.
"That's a lie!" he said, in his slow, impressive manner. "There is always such a man as this in every crowd. Some one is always trying to take advantage of those who, like myself, are living for the public good. Gentlemen, you saw me lay the b-b-bill he gave me down upon the top! Here it is; judge for yourselves. That is a bad man! Beware of him!"
The bold effrontery of the quack silenced the timid customer, who could only blush and look confused. His blushes and confusion condemned him and the crowd hustled him away from the wagon. They believed him guilty and he had believed it of himself.
David, who had seen the bill and knew the victim's innocence but not the doctor's fraud, pressed forward to defend him. The quack stopped and silenced him with an inimitable wink, and then instantly and with consummate art diverted his audience with a series of droll stories which he always reserved for emergencies like this. They were old and thread-bare, but this was the reason he chose them. He had one for every circumstance and occasion.
There was a man standing in an outer circle of the crowd around whose forehead was a bandage. "Come here, my friend," said the quack. "How did you get this wound? Don't want to tell? Oh! well, that is natural. A horse kicked him, no doubt; never got in a row! No! No! Couldn't any one hit him! Reminds me of the man who saw a big black-and-blue spot on his boy's forehead. 'My son,' said he, 'I thought I told you not to fight! How did you get this wound?' I bit it, father," replied the boy.
"Bit it!" exclaimed the old man in astonishment, "how could you bite yourself upon the forehead?"
"I climbed onto a chair," says he.
"And you have been climbing on a chair to bite your forehead, too, my friend?" he asked with humorous gravity, while a loud guffaw went up from the crowd.
"Well," he continued, soothingly, "whether you did it or not, just let me rub a little of this b-b-balm upon it, and by to-morrow morning it will be well. There! That's right. One dollar is all it costs. You don't want it? What the d-d-deuce did you let me open the bottle for? I'll leave it to the crowd if that is fair? There, that is right. Pay for it like a man. It's worth double its price. Thank you. By to-morrow noon you will b-b-be sending me a testimonial to its value."
The novelty of the scene, the rapid growth of the piles of coin and bills, the frantic desire of the people to be gulled, all served to obscure those elements which were calculated to appeal to the Quaker's conscience. He felt like one awakened from a dream. While he was still in the half dozed condition of such an awakening, the quack gave him a sign that this part of his lesson was ended, and following the direction of the thumb which he threw over his shoulder towards Pepeeta's tent, he eagerly took his way thither.
Before the door stood several groups of young men and maidens, talking under their breath. Now and then a couple disentangled itself from the crowd, and with visible trepidation entered. As they reappeared, their friends gathered about them and besought them to disclose the secrets they had discovered.
Some of them giggled and simpered, others laughed boisterously and skeptically, while others still, looked scared and anxious. It was evident that even those who tried to make light of what they had seen and heard were moved by something awe-inspiring.
David listened to their silly talk, observed their bold demeanor and their vulgar manners, while the impression of weakness, of stupidity, of the lowliness and bestiality of humanity made upon his mind by the aged and the mature, was intensified by his observation of the young and the callow.
From the outside of the gypsy's tent he could make but few discoveries of her method; and he waited impatiently until the last curious couple had departed. When they had disappeared, he entered.
At the opposite side of the tent and reclining upon a low divan was the gypsy. Above her head a tallow candle was burning dimly. Before her was a rough table covered with a shawl, upon which were scattered cups of tea with floating grounds, ivory dice, cards, coins and other implements of the "Black Art."
Pepeeta sprang to her feet when she saw who her visitor was, and exhibited the clearest signs of agitation. David's own emotions were not less violent, for although the gypsy's surroundings were poor and mean, they served rather to enhance than to diminish her exquisite beauty. Her shoulders and arms were bare, and on her wrists were gold bracelets of writing serpents in whose eyes gleamed diamonds. On her fingers and in her ears were other costly stones. Her dress was silk, and rustled when

she moved, with soft and sibilant sounds.
"The doctor has sent me here to study the methods by which you do your work," said David, approaching the table and gazing at her with undisguised admiration.
"You should have come before. How can you study my methods when I am not practicing them? And any way, you have no faith in them. Have you? I always had until I heard your sermon in the little meeting house."
"And have you lost it now?"
"It has been sadly shaken."
"You can at least show me how you practice the art, even if you have lost your faith in it. I too have lost a faith; but we must live. What are these cards for?"
"If you wish me to show you, you may shuffle and cut them, but I would rather tell your fortune by your hand, for I have more faith in palmistry than in cards."
He extended his hand; she took it, and with her right forefinger began to trace the lines. Her gaze had that intensity with which a little child peers into the mechanism of a watch or an astronomer into the depths of space. A thrill of emotion shot through the frame of the Quaker at the touch of those delicate and beautiful fingers.
Neither of them spoke. The delicate finger of the gypsy moved over the lines of the palm like that of a little school-girl over the pages of a primer. They did not realize how dangerous was that proximity, nor how fatal that touch. Through those two poles of Nature's most powerful battery, the magnetic and mysterious current of love was passing.
"Let me now examine the lines," she said. "Here is the line of the heart. It passes clear across the palm. It is well marked at every point and is most pronounced upon the upper side. But look! It is joined to the head below the finger of Saturn. It is the sign of a violent death!"
As she uttered this exclamation, she pressed the hand convulsively between her own, and looked up into his face. The involuntary and sudden action recalled him to his consciousness. "What did you say?" he asked.
"Have you not been listening?" she replied, repressing both her anxiety and her annoyance.
"No; was it a good story or a bad one which you were reading?"
"It was both."
"Well—it is no matter, those accidental marks can have no significance."
"Why should not the character and destiny of the man disclose itself in signs and marks upon his hands?"
As they stood confronting each other, they would have presented a study of equal interest to the artist or to the philosopher. There was both a poem and a picture in their attitude. Grace and beauty revealed themselves on every feature and in every movement. They had arrived at one of those dramatic points in their life-journey, where all the tragic elements of existence seem to converge. Agitated by incomprehensible and delicious emotions, confronting insoluble problems, longing, hoping, fearing, they hovered over the ocean of life like two tiny sparrows swept out to sea by a tempest.
They were awakened from their reveries by the footsteps of the quack, and by his raucous voice summoning them back into the world of realities from which they had withdrawn so completely.
"Well, little wife," he said, "how is b-b-business?"
"Fair," she said, gathering up a double hand-full of change and passing it over to him indifferently.
The question fell upon the ears of the Quaker like a thunder bolt. It was to him the first intimation that Pepeeta was not the daughter of the quack. "His wife!" The heart of the youth sank in his bosom. Here was a new and unexpected complication. What should he do? It was too late to turn back now. The die had been cast, and he must go forward.
(To be continued.)



Fighting the Rat Plague.
One way of combating the rat plague is the devising of some economical and convenient way of disposing of domestic garbage to prevent its accumulation in or about the house.

The She Goat as a Milker.
The milk goat, like all goats, can make a living on brushy and hilly land, where most other animals would starve. They are very beneficial to land in cleaning it of weeds, sprouts and brush. They cannot endure low, wet land, but thrive perfectly on rough, hilly land. Those giving milk should be fed on good grass, hay, fodder, and wheat bran, but no grain of any kind. The cost of maintaining a goat in milk is about 5 cents a day, and she will give from one to two quarts of milk a day.

Scaly Leg in Poultry.
The first thing to do for scaly leg is to get every bird troubled that way out of the flock by itself. Then the roosts and all the woodwork of the houses should be thoroughly washed with kerosene. Boiling water or white-wash with a few drops of carbolic acid will also do the work. Do anything to kill the parasites, which make their home in every crack and crevice. When the houses are clean, keep them so. This is your only salvation.

Bacon Hogs.
The bacon type of hog has been developed under different conditions—and in sections where corn is not the main farm crop. These breeds of hogs come from parts where clover, peas, barley, oats, wheat products and milk—all of which contain a relatively lower per cent of fat forming elements than corn. According to the view generally accepted by physiologists, the fat which is stored in the body may have its origin in the digestion of all three classes of nutrients—proteids, carbohydrates and fats—of the food. The two latter, however, form the main source of heat and fat storage in all ordinary rations.
Continued feeding through many generations on highly carbonaceous food naturally might be expected to beget a greater aptitude for the digestion of such food, and, consequently, a greater tendency to fat storage in the body. It is reasonable to believe that any of the bacon breed of hogs would lose their present characteristics if for a sufficient number of generations they were confined in the corn belt. Eventually they would develop the fat-producing tendencies of the lard type. That is a conclusion that one would naturally come to.

When to Set Grapes.
Spring setting of grapes is usually advised for the amateur. While this may be true in north central latitudes, good results may be obtained by setting any time when the soil is in proper condition and the vines are dormant. Fall planting has the advantage that it can be done at a time when there is not a rush of work on the farm, and the job will be more carefully done. It also gives the soil time to settle, so that the plants will not suffer from a lack of moisture, as they are liable to do if planted in the spring.
The mistake of setting the plants too early in the fall should not be made. We know of several growers who do not set them till the leaves have been killed by frost. At least it is certain that they should not be set till all danger of excessively hot weather is past. One of the best methods is to dig a hole 2 or 3 feet square and from a foot to 18 inches deep. In the bottom of this hole throw a quart of beef bones which have been pounded into a powder, and about twice as much hardwood ashes. Then fill in with good mellow, rich soil for 4 or 5 inches, plant and spread out its roots the way they would naturally lie and fill in on these with mellow dirt till level with the ground. If the setting is done in the fall the ground around the plant should be covered with a mulch of some kind of straw to prevent heaving of the ground by freezing and thawing.—Inver Ocean.

To Keep Eggs Fresh.
Fresh eggs in cold storage at 34 degrees Fahrenheit undergo little if any change, for this temperature is sufficient to limit the activities and prevent the growth of the more common bacteria. The problem of preserving eggs by excluding air has brought forth numerous methods. A series of tests was recently made keeping the eggs for about eight months in some twenty different ways. Immersed in brine all were unfit for use. Wrapped in paper 80 per cent were bad. Packed in bran or coated with paraffin 70 per cent spoiled. Immersed in a solution of salicylic acid 50 per cent only were fit to use. Coated with shellac or collodion, 40 per cent were bad. Packed in wood ashes 20 per cent spoiled. Coated with vaseline or immersed in a solution of water glass or lime water all were good. From these experiments, as well as many others, it has been found that a solution of water glass offers about the best method of preserving eggs aside from cold storage. Water glass is the common name for potassium or sodium silicate and is obtained in the shops in the form of thick liquid something like glycerin. One part of this to nine of sterile water makes a preserving fluid of the proper strength. The eggs should be packed in a clean, sweet vessel and the solution poured over them until they are well covered. Preserved in this way in a cool place, they will keep for months and often cannot be distinguished in appearance from the fresh article. It is generally conceded that they lack the flavor of newly-laid eggs, but are in no way inferior in nutritive value.—Field and Farm.

Corn Cobs as Fertilizer.
Corn cobs are rated by farmers about like sawdust and broom corn seed, in point of fertility; and all three are thrown away or burned as worthless matter. In fact, at some elevators, where corn is shelled by hundreds of wagon loads, a furnace is provided and the cobs are dumped into from the sheller, to go up in smoke. This is a great waste, fully as great as burning the strawstack, as a contributor to the Indiana Farmers says. The cob is especially rich in soil food. The large residue in the way of ashes indicates potash. The fierce heat of the cob fire indicates much carbon, and a chemical analysis will show the presence of phosphorus and lime in no mean quantity. In fact, there is no waste material in the cob. It is only a little difficult to make available, because slow to rot.
But there are two ways in which this may be overcome. First, a farmer who had a corn crusher can run a load of cobs through it in a few minutes, and thus render them available to oxygen. Second, they may be plowed under, more easily than any other form of raw unrotted material except sawdust; and here their slow process of disintegration will be the very thing desired. Nothing can be better under the surface of meadow land or more useful as a feeder for the roots of the trees in an orchard.
I know this by experience. I plowed and tilled my present little orchard for eight years. Before the last breaking I covered the surface all over with half-decayed cobs from our elevator (which fortunately has no incinerator) and, with a one-horse bar-shovel plow, I turned them under 4 to 6 inches deep. It is now the third summer since this was done, and anyone can notice the effect on the trees. They are thrifty and their fruit is large and well shaped. The slow decay is just what proves best for the supply of potash and phosphorus and lime for the trees.
Incidentally, I noticed there has not been a mole in the orchard since the cobs were plowed under; and as they are quite active outside, I suppose my cobs act as a hindrance. The crushed cobs, when partially rotted, can be used anywhere, as they will thus not be in the way of the plow or the hoe. And after one year underground the uncrushed cob will be sufficiently rotted to be free from that objection. As the meadow is allowed to run two to five years, they will be entirely unobjectionable as an under feed there. I notice in my orchard now that when I put the spade down for any purpose it brings up a splendid soil well mixed with humus.

Toad and the Snake.
The following snake story was told some years ago by a reputable citizen of Anson County, the Charlottesville Observer says. Driving along a public road one day he saw a toad frog crossing the road at top speed—biting only the high places and few of them. As the frog disappeared in the bosky underbrush on one side a black snake in hot pursuit made its appearance on the other. The story teller followed the two into the bushes to see what the result would be. He had proceeded only a short distance when he found the frog at bay, facing the snake and with the latter circling about in the effort to make an attack from the rear. His frogship kept turning all the time, always facing the enemy.
The reason of this maneuver on the snake's part was that the frog had in its mouth, held crosswise and about the middle, a stick about the size and length of a lead pencil. The frog knew the snake could not swallow him so long as he presented such a front. The man watched the performance for some time and when he felt the snake was still circling the frog and the latter facing its enemy on every turn.
The system of building embankments by running trains of loaded cars on rails hung from a suspension cable above the line of embankment is being used with great success.