A Correct Legion Among Pigeons.

A man who was recently asked why pigeons very seldom perched on the branch of a tree, gave the following explanation: "You have heard that story about a gunner going to the woods in search of game, when to his surprise he saw twenty-seven wild pigeons on one branch. He knew full well that he could not kill them all with one load, so he aimed at the branch and succeeded in splitting it, and catching every bird by the foot. After climbing the tree, he took his penknife and cut the pigeon-covered stick off and carried it through a certain town. This story has reached the hearing of nearly every pigeon, hence their dislike for trees.

I Cure Dyspepsia and Constipation. Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit. for 2c stamp. Druggists, 25c. DR. SHOOP, Box W., Racine, Wis.

Queer Facts About Gold.

A cubic inch of gold is worth, in round numbers, $210; a cubic foot, $3,628,480, and a cubic yard, $94,795,762. This is on the basis of $18 per ounce. At the beginning of the Christian era there was $427,000,000 in the world, but at the time of the discovery of America the total of the world's gold supply had been reduced to $57,000,000. The amount of gold now in use is estimated as being worth $16,000,000,000.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"I am ready to testify under oath that if it had not been for August Flower I should have died before this. Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I employed three of our best doctors and received no benefit. They told me that I had heart, kidney, and liver trouble. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. August Flower cured me. There is no medicine equal to it." LORENZO F. SLEEPER, Appleton, Maine. ©

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Laughing Dog, age 100 yrs.

Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., Healy & Bigelow, Agents, New Haven, Ct.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

The bells are ringing merrily, kling ling,
The whip is snapping cheerily, ping, ping!
How sharp and keen the frosty air we find,
How swift the sleigh glides onward like the wind.

What starts up yonder frightened, as we go?
A timid hare, half buried in the snow,
Now running off as quickly as he can,
Afraid it is the dreaded hunter—man.

In forest shade no song of bird we hear
Only the crows are cawing here and there.
But winter makes us lenient, I trow,
And even he melodious seemeth now.

CAR'LYNE'S COURTSHIP.

"I guess you ain't left much in the store," was the remark of 'Manda Jane Perkins, acidly spoken, with a pinched smile.

Car'lyne—otherwise 'Lyne for abbreviation—scrambled nimbly to the buggy seat, where she perched with the poise of a bird on a bough, between the angular form of Miss Perkins and the stalwart, stooping bulk of Josh. She tossed her head and held fast to her parcels.

"I guess I bought what I wanted to. I guess I can do that," was her reply, with a confident look at Josh.

"I guess you kin, 'Lyne," said Josh's slow, mild drawl.

"'Kin' ain't correct, Josh. You oughter say 'can,' observed Lyne severely.

Josh looked gently round upon his monitor. Old Bess, the gray mare, was moving her lank legs swiftly now, knowing herself bound for the outer country roads and home. As the buggy rattled with decrepit wheeze over the last streets of the town, the wind caught the wayward wisps of curling front hair under Lyne's best straw hat and made a ruffled, pretty golden aureole about her face, flushed with the delights of unlimited purchases in "store things."

"Well, Lyne, I ain't no great on grammar. But I guess you're right," was Josh's docile response.

"You better send him to the Female academy down to Bumpville, too!" laughed Miss Perkins shrilly.

"Wouldn't do no harm to send others besides him there," Lyne flashed back, setting her pink lips in a line that Josh had learned to know.

The woman and the girl had no further words for each other after that, and Josh, his blue eyes troubled and deprecating, gave his whole attention to Bess, until the two neighboring farms were reached, and Miss Perkins was deposited, first at her own door.

"I tell you, if harm ain't a-bound to come to Josh Conway for the way he spoils that there Lyne, then the secrets and visitations of Providence ain't what I take 'em to be!" 'Manda Jane stood among her folks in the Perkins kitchen and delivered herself in quick, rageful, oracular sentences of doom, as she tore off her Sunday bonnet, reckless of preserving the strings from creasing. "You oughter seen the things she bought to the store! and Gosh's money a-goin' like water, and her having no claim on him but being the child of his pardner when he first began out here. I guess the pardner knew he had a good thing when he up and died and left Car'lyne to Josh, for him to be her guardeen! First, Josh sends her to the academy, to Bumpsville, to make a fine lady of her, and now there ain't nothin' too good for her nor no one can't speak to her!"

"What I look at is," remarked Mrs. Perkins, with a rigidity, "that it ain't respectable for a man no older than Josh to have a young girl livin' to the farm. He oughter marry some settled woman first."

"Yes, he oughter marry 'Manda Jane!" ironically exclaimed old man Perkins, with a loud guffaw at which the women frowned.

Meantime Lyne, Josh having put up old Bess, was unfolding her store treasures and donning them one by one, before the square of dingy looking glass in the sitting room on Josh's farm.

"How do you like me?" she said. And before Josh's dazzled vision she executed a pirouette of her own invention, all her ribbons fluttering, her color high, her gray eyes flashing with fun and triumph. Then she planted herself suddenly before him, arms akimbo: "What you reckon all this finery's for, anyways, Josh?" she queried. As he made no answer, only looking at her with a silent, absorbed, doglike devotion which he had displayed from the day when, a crying chit in a short, black frock, he had brought her first to the farm, she continued: "Why, to bring some of the boys down to business, of course!"

"Down to business?" Josh repeated the words vaguely, with a startled look.

"Yes, stupid! Ain't it time I was married? Ain't I goin' to be eighteen next month? Well, then!"

"If you want to marry, Lyne," Josh's words came slowly as was their wont, and the puzzled look had deepened in his eyes, "I guess—I guess we kin fix it."

But with a shriek of laughter Lyne had thrown both her arms about his neck.

"Gracious, you're just the biggest goose, Josh. I don't want you to fix anything. Ain't I got beaux enough, I'd like to know? All I got to do is to choose. And that's what I'm going to do, too! I'm going to get married, and you are too, Josh, 'cause you'd be lonely when I went. I'm going to marry—well, no matter who—and you, you're going to marry"—she paused and stood away from him—"'Manda Jane Perkins!"

"No, no, I ain't going to marry her—or any one!" Josh exclaimed precipitately.

But Lyne interrupted imperatively.

"Sh! You don't know what's good for you, Josh, but I do. You need a wife and you oughter know there's lots and lots of girls would take you, if you'd only spruce up, because you'd handsome, and you're young yet; you're young, if you'd only give yourself a chance and not be so quiet and settled and act so like an old man—older than Daddy Perkins! Now, I don't say Manda Jane would be my choice for you exactly, but I suppose you want somebody steady, and she's steady enough; and if she ain't very pretty or very young, and ain't got a good temper, she's a splendid housekeeper. They do say her preserves are better than ice cream, and then, you know, Josh, she's just dying to have you, and all her folks, too, they're thinkin' all the time how nice it would be if you were a married man and Manda Jane your wife!"

And with another ringing laugh, Lyne pirouetted again and flashed out of the room, leaving Josh wordless and motionless, standing in the center of the ingrain carpet.

* * * * * *

It was a full harvest moon that illumined the fields and the rough white line of the road with a light more golden than silvery. The blank plainness of Josh's farm house was transfigured into the mellow semblance of Ionic marble. Even the barn assumed a beauty of mystic whiteness, half hidden behind the branching arches of the dark elms. There were mysterious voices abroad in the night, low murmurings on the soft wind, a something in all nature that thrilled Josh Conway's heart with a mingling of half-trembling rapture and of unbearable pain.

These were new sensations to Josh; so new that he wandered about restlessly from the barn to the front piazza and wondered once or twice whether he were getting the autumn ague. He had escaped it every season for fifteen years, but perhaps this was the way a man felt when the chills of that locality were coming on.

In his aimless pacings Josh arrived too close a vicinity to that farther end of the piazza where a white shimmer in a hammock indicated the presence of Car'lyne. She was not alone. One of the young men who so continually had come to the farm of late was with her. It was one of Lyne's "beaux"—one of those she said that she would choose from. As she had also said she would be 18 next month. Yes, it was right that she should marry.

Eighteen? Could it be? Little Lyne eighteen.

The child he had cared for so tenderly a grown woman, with a woman's heart? Yes, of course she would go and he would be left to the lonely days of his old bachelorhood. He could see her in her new home flitting about with an important mein of good housewifery and with a new look in her laughing eyes.

Again he was near the piazza. But this time Lyne was not swinging in the hammock. She stood revealed in a patch of moonlight. The young man was bidding her farewell. He was a callow youth in store clothes. He leaned over eagerly and seemed to beg for something: whereupon, with a little coquettish laugh, utterly new in the varied gamut of Lyne's usual laughter, she took a flower from her belt and gave it to him.

Josh chose to see no more. He moved away.

A few minutes later, the callow youth having departed, Lyne stepped quickly to the end of the piazza and called: "Josh!" There was no reply, and she waited a little before calling again. As silence once more answered she went slowly up to her own little attic room, where a vine nodded in at the window, white with moonlight.

"It's queer," she said. "I certainly saw you standing near the end of the piazza when I was sayin' good-bye to Jo Finney." She undressed with long, ruminating pauses between.

At breakfast, next morning, when Lyne wore a pink cotton frock and a wide white collar turned away from her round young throat, Josh had already disappeared, seeming to be very busy about the barn.

At noon Lyne herself was busy, standing amid her shining cans in the milk pantry, her sleeves turned up over her smooth white arms, when through the open door she saw the hired man ascending into the hall with a small horsehair trunk, the classic and battered piece of traveling gear with which Josh took his rare jaunts abroad. At the same moment Josh himself entered the milk pantry in his Sunday clothes. Lyne turned to him, suddenly becoming very white.

"Car'lyne, I'm going. I got to go. If I can come back the day you're married, I'll try to. But I don't know. I didn't know anything about this. I didn't know how I felt about you till I saw you give the flower to that there young man and I knew it was him you was thinkin' of—and—and—"

He broke down and pulled his hat over his eyes. Lyne had seated herself on a wooden stool and was looking up at him with parted lips, her breath coming in little gasps.

"Yes! yes! go on!" she cried, impatiently.

He looked at her mournfully.

"There ain't more to say, Car'lyne. But this house is yours, and everything in it, till after. I guess it'll be better for me to go away somewheres else—and—and—and—I want you to be happy—and—God bless you—and—him."

* * * * * *

He was walking to the door. But he was arrested. A triumphant laugh broke out behind him and two smooth, bare arms caught him and held him.

"Josh, you goose! Oh, you blind goose! What do I care for Jo Finney or for anyone but you? I only pretended last night because I wanted you to see. And that's why I talked so about getting married the other day. There ain't nobody in the world for me but you, and never has been from the time when I went to the academy, even. And I knew it was just the same with you, Josh; girls always know. But you're so—so stupid, you know. You'd never have found out yourself or spoken or anything if I hadn't acted it all out and put it in your head. Now, Josh, we're engaged, and you can send that trunk upstairs again. We're engaged, and I'll board at Mrs. Perkins' till we're married, and I can even be married from there, and—" she stood akimbo before him in the old way, mischief brimming from her gray eyes—"and Manda Jane can be my bridesmaid."

But Josh, just then, could say nothing. He stood speechless; but his eyes spoke, and Car'lyne understood their language — Car'lyne knows.—N. Y. Mercury.

Watches in Umbrella Handles.

"Watches fixed in umbrella handles may be pretty to look at, and to some extent useful," said Edward S. Corrigan of Milwaukee, "but they are out of place, and they are going to interfere with man's permanent and most pleasant privilege. Notwithstanding a supreme court decision that umbrellas are property and may not be purloined any more than a purse or a pair of pantaloons without violation of the law, all mankind, except the most scrupulous, of course, hold that umbrellas are common property, and have no hesitation in picking one up in rainy or any other weather, for that matter, whenever one is seen. Now a man who borrows an umbrella may be arrested for stealing a watch, which, of course, is a serious offense. He can, of course, plead that he was only borrowing an umbrella, but the watch is placed so conspicuously in the handle of the parapluie that such an excuse would hold good only for a blind man.

The Staked Plains.

The Llano Estacado is, perhaps, the most arid spot in the United States east of the Rockies. Scarcely any rain falls on it. The steppey owe their name of Staked plains to the posts set up through the wilderness to guide the traveler or the caravan, or, according to another explanation, to the stalks of yucca plants growing on them.

PARADOX OF THE POLE.

All Points of the Compass Except South Vanish There.

At the north pole there is only one direction—south. One could go south in as many ways as there are points on the compass card, but every one of the ways is south; east and west have vanished. The hour of the day at the pole is a paradoxical conception, for that point is the meeting place of every meridian, and the time of all holds good, so that it is always any hour one cares to mention. Unpunctuality is hence impossible—but the question grows complex, and its practical solution concerns few, says McClure's Magazine.

No one needs to go to the pole to discover all that makes that point different from any other point of the surface. But the whole polar regions are full of unknown things, which every arctic explorer of the right stamp looks forward to finding. And the reward he looks forward to most is the approval of the few who understand and love knowledge for its own sake, rather than the noisy applause of the crowd who would cheer him, after all, much as they cheer a winning prize fighter, or race horse, or political candidate.

The difficulties that make the quest of the pole so arduous have been discovered by slow degrees. It is marvelous how soon nearly the full limits of northward attainment were reached. In 1596 Barnets discovered Spitzbergen in about seventy-eight degrees north; in 1770 Hudson reached eighty degrees; in 1827 Parry, by sledging on the ice when his ship became fast, succeeded in touching eighty-two degrees and forty-five minutes. Since then all the enormous resources of modern science—steam, electricity, preserved food, and the experience of centuries—have only enabled forty miles of additional poleward advance to be made.

Behring Strait between America and Asia is the narrowest, Baffin Bay between America and Greenland is wider, branching into a number of ice-blocked sounds to the westward and tapering off into Smith Sound in the northeast. The widest channel of the three lies between Greenland and Europe, and this is bisected just south of eighty degrees.

COOLIE SLAVERY IN CUBA.

Tin Chin's Terrible Experience With a Brutal Taskmaster.

It is said that the unfortunate Chinamen who go to Cuba to labor under contract on the sugar plantations there are held, the most of them, in a state of slavery to which the condition of the negroes before the war was paradise itself. The following is related as a typical case: One of the Chinamen, Tin Chin, presented a frightful aspect. His head was as smooth as a billiard ball, not a vestige of hair remaining. His face was covered with long, deep scars, the sight of one eye was lost, his neck was distorted and his hands were shriveled and bony.

Inquiry resulted in learning that he had been the victim of the wrath of a notorious brutal Spanish planter. One day, three years ago, when Tin Chin and a hundred other coolies were transferring boiling sugar from the vats in pails, the planter or overseer stood at the entrance to the sugar house, whip in hand, snapping it at the bare backs of the coolies as they, bending under the weight of the buckets, hurried past. Tin Chin lagged a moment. The planter cut the Chinaman with the whip, and because the latter wriggled under the pain of the blow the brutal overseer grabbed up a bucket of the boiling sugar and with an oath, deliberately poured the contents down upon the head of the Chinaman. He was scalded from head to foot. He fell insensible at the feet of his tormentor, who savagely kicked the Chinaman's prostrate body aside and again took up his position at the entrance, whip in hand, ready at the slightest provocation to flay alive the next Chinaman who incurred his wrath.

That night, under cover of darkness, some of Tin Chin's countrymen carried him to his den, and there he lay for months, hovering between life and death, without medical treatment other than that which the coolies could afford him. Much rather would the planter have seen him die, for then Tin Chin's contract would die with him, and no money would have to be paid for Chin's long years of service.

Muddle Caused by a Will.

A Paris restaurant keeper, recently deceased, left 250,000 francs to two nephews on condition that instead of melancholy memories, that no one would believe, they should for one year each day affix a copy of one of his culinary recipes to his gravestone, so that even after his death he might benefit his fellow men. No less than 365 prescriptions were found among his papers. Unfortunately the Paris tombstone commission which examines and decides upon the inscriptions to be placed upon cemeterial monuments, refused to admit the fulfillment of the culinary philanthropist's last wishes. What aggravates the nephews' grief is the unpleasant fact that the court has now decided that they cannot now get those 250,000 francs their uncle left them under certain conditions.

Fauna in Ocean's Deepest Depths.

In the profoundest abysms of the sea are strange forms of life that never, save when brought up by the trawl, see the upper light. The work carried on by the United States fish commission vessel, the Albatross, has established the fact that forms of sea life inhabiting the upper waters may descend to about 1,200 feet from the surface, but below this, to a depth of 300 or 360 fathoms, a barren zone intervenes where marine life seems absent. But still deeper, strange to say, has been discovered an abundant and varied fauna, new to science, living under conditions of tremendous pressure and the paucity of the life-sustaining element of oxygen.—Cosmopolitan.

A Pearl Boat.

Not very long ago a London newspaper announced that a jeweler of Turin had made a tug-boat formed of a single pearl. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the pinnacle light at the prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and the stand on which it is mounted is a slab of whitest ivory. The entire weight of this marvelous specimen of the jewelry craft is less than half an ounce, but the maker values it at £1,000.

Enterprise.

Wool—After starving for 20 years, old Potts conceived an idea which resulted in making his fortune.

Van Pelt—What was it?

Wool—Changed the sign over his shop from "Junk" to "Antiques."—Truth.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

ADVOCATING BARLEY AS A FIRST CLASS STOCK FOOD.

Corn Bad for Breeding Stock—A Model Hog House—Quick Ways to Clear Land—Canada Thistles—Dairy Notes and Household Helps.

Barley as Stock Food.

That experience is the best teacher has been considered a fact for ages. If my experience in feeding barley is worth anything, and I surely consider that it is, I want every one not acquainted with its good qualities to have the benefit. It is a lamentable fact that the majority of farmers have fallen into the deplorable habit of raising only corn and oats every year. A simple glance at the assessor's books for 1893 showing acreage of different grains raised in 1892, will attest to this fact. All over the country the cry goes up about loss of brood sows and young pigs. Let it be painted in large red letters on fences and school houses; let every farmer paste it in his hat, or inscribe it on his dinner plate in letters of gold, that the main cause of all this is corn.

On this farm of 3,400 acres we raise all kinds of live stock, from mastiff pups and wild geese to trotting horses; and we raise lots of them, too. Bear with me a moment. Do not think I am trying to advertise the farm; far from it, but I want to prove to you why I think our experience superior to that of a man who only farms on a small scale. We run eleven work teams of good Kentucky mules, cultivating 700 acres, besides putting up "oceans" of hay. Our mules never wintered finer and got through spring work in as good flesh as this past one, and their feed has been barley. I fattened a small bunch of beef cattle on barley for house use, and "quicker" and finer flavored beef I never put over the coals. By quick beef I mean that they fattened quickly, and as a consequence the meat was juicy and tender. We marketed over $3,000 worth of hogs last fall, and wintered all our shoats on an exclusive feed of barley, and in the fifteen years this ranch has been in existence shoats never wintered as finely. Our ewes on same rations sheared a heavier fleece of wool, and had a larger and stronger lot of lambs than ever before. Our entire band of brood mares had their regular feed of barley, and never had a stronger lot of foals with no trouble whatever in foaling. The stallions and colts had the same rations and opened up the spring campaign vigorous and keen.

I deem corn as certain death to breeding stock, writes William Berry in the American Trotter. While its superior cannot be found as a cheap and easier fattener for all butcher stock, its fattening and heat producing qualities are just what have the killing effect on breeding stock.

Now, a word as to brood sows. Every year up to 1889 our bunch of fifty or seventy-five brood sows were allowed to run with the stock hogs behind the steers in feed lots. They were all removed a few days or weeks as occasion called for to the farrowing house, but the deadly corn had gotten in its work, and we annually lost quite a number of sows and scores of pigs. The litters were small and so many either came stillborn or were so small and weakly that it was a sure case of the survival of the fittest. In 1889 we introduced a radical change. Corn was entirely discarded, and sows put on a diet of ground barley and oats. Sometimes barley alone, and occasionally bran was mixed with it, but barley was the main food. Now, mark you, since 1889 we have not lost a single sow in fattening, and all stillborn pigs could be put in a common water pail. The litters averaged from thirty-three to fifty per cent larger in quality and numbers. Instead of four to eight, each sow would have from seven to thirteen in a litter, and all healthy little fellows ready to scrape for their dinner at the drop of a bucket.

California is a great barley raising and barley feeding state, and look at the results. Don't give all their success to climate. The only thing against my argument in favor of barley is that I am a young man, and to some people that is a crime. And while I never was on a farm until seven years ago, yet during that time I have made it a study, as I did my Cæsar and Virgil in school, and have raised more grain and live stock than some old cranks through whose hair the hay seed of sixty summers have sifted, and through whose "gazalas" the winds of sixty winters have whistled. Simply because some of us "kids" don't do as they and their fathers did down on the rocky hillsides of "Vermont," is no reason why "no good thing can come out of Nazareth."

Remember that all this is gratuitous and free as air. It don't cost any man a cent. If any man wants to know of any further particulars all he has to do is to pay the postage and I will do the rest. I will just mention in closing that a ration of ground barley, oats and bran with a dash of oil meal occasionally, makes a nice feed for colts or other young stock.

Quick Ways to Clear Land.

By the existence of skill, much hard labor may be saved in the clearing of land. In this section land is cleared of small timber under three or four inches in diameter by the following method: Take a log a foot in diameter by ten feet in length, with the bark off. Have each end nicely rounded leaving a good size knot in the center, to which a log chain can be attached. Fasten a pair of heavy mules or horses to the smaller end and fasten the other end to the tree to be taken up, about four to six feet from the ground. Now drive around the tree, and as the roots are loosened from the soil cut them with a sharp ax. It is surprising how quickly a tree can be gotten out thus, many of them in less than ten minutes by the watch. The object of the log is to bring the draft down where the team can get at it.

For larger trees, over ten inches in diameter, block and tackle must be employed, which will take somewhat longer. Trees can be gotten out by the roots in about the same time it takes to cut the tree down. March is the best month to clear land, as the ground is soft, and with a steady team and three good active men good progress can be made every day.—Baltimore American.

A Model Hog House.

G. H. C., Cedar Bluffs, Neb., writes Orange Judd Farmer: The building is entirely of pine lumber. The sills are 6x6 inch; floor joist, 2x8 inch; floor, 1½ inch board. The two extra sills are laid nearly under the alley partitions and extend the whole length of the building. They are not mortised into the end sills, but they are laid under them, supporting the floor joist in the center, and the whole rests on blocks of stone.

The sides and ends are boarded upright and battened with 3 inch battens. The roof is made of grooved roofing and 6 inch battens. The walls inside are lined up 2½ feet for warmth. The building is 56 feet long and 26 feet wide. There is a steam generator and barrels for water and cooked feed, with pens 8x10 feet and yards. The five pens on the south side are divided by partly movable partitions and are used for fattening hogs.

The troughs are placed directly under the partition between the pens and the alley, and a door twenty inches high and the same length as the trough, hangs to this partition, the door having a sliding latch with which it may be fastened to either side, excluding hogs until the feed is in place. From X to the right hand end of house, thirty-two feet, the whole floor slopes six inches and this I consider the fine point in my plan, since by using hose or eave sprouting in connection with the water supply the floor can be easily washed, and the manure with the liquid be pushed through the shute, and caught in a tight box placed on a sled or stone boat and removed to the field. The alley is six feet wide, doors four feet wide.

With this house I am ready for my sows to farrow any time after the 15th of February. The cost of building was $225 with lumber at $22 per thousand.

Canada Thistles Not Seeding.

The Canada thistle propagates so readily from its roots that it does not need seed to become an untolerable nuisance in cultivated grounds. There are conditions in which seed does not form usually on very rich, mellow soil where the root growth is unobstructed. In some Western agricultural papers we have seen communications saying that the Canada thistle never seeds. The writers have examined heads of bloom and have found them entirely barren. But this negative evidence proves nothing. We have noticed both the seeding and not-seeding specimens. The latter were always more rank in growth and usually had a red bloom. The thistles that furnish seed have mostly a bloom very much lighter colored.—American Cultivator.

Feeding Shoats.

If the shoats weigh under 100 pounds, feed two-fifths shorts and one-fifth oil-meal, by weight. If they weigh more than this feed more corn and rather less shorts and oil-meal. These three feeds compounded as directed should prove eminently satisfactory. Do not fail to supply hardwood ashes. Such shoats should not be loosely confined, but have exercise and should be on the hard wood floor just as little as possible. Thus fed and managed they should make a gain of from three-quarters to one pound per day on medium feeding and go into grass in condition to take a large amount of corn and make heavy gains.

Dairy Notes.

Good clover hay is one of the best of feeds for the dairy cow.

Good butter depends more on the butter maker than the cow.

It requires no more to milk and feed a good cow than a poor one.

In dairying profits depend less on how much we do than how well we do it.

Peas, oats and barley mixed are highly recommended for cows. The crop can be used for soiling and also in the grain.

What can I do to harden butter that comes too soft? asks a lady. We presume you have no ice. Then use cold water when the butter is in the grain.

Churn in the cool of the morning in very hot weather, to prevent the temperature of the cream from rising too high for the good of the butter.

When the boy or girl begins to milk see that they are taught to do it properly. As they begin they will likely continue. We have known boys to begin by stripping with the thumb and two fingers, wetting the teat with milk, to milk that way ever after.

An exchange says that if a cow gets choked with an apple or potato, holding up its head and breaking an egg in its mouth is a sure cure. The same remedy is recommended for horses under similar circumstances

Household Helps.

A few drops of carbonate of ammonia put into a small quantity of rain water will prove a safe and easy remedy for cleaning spots from carpets.

Is there any way to prevent a pine churn from giving a pine taste to the butter? asks a subscriber. The taste will not be imparted after the churn isused a few times.

Instead of patting food in the oven to keep hot for late comers try covering it closely with a tin and setting it over a basin of hot water. This plan will keep the food hot and at the same time prevent it from drying.

The most judicious foods to serve with pork are fried apples, apple sauce, tomatoes and sweet or white potatoes. If pork is offered in the form of sausage meat, apple sauce or fried apples should never be omitted.

An old and tried cleaning solution for black dresses is a handful of fig leaves boiled in a quart of water till only a pint is left. Dip a brush or bit of sponge in this and rub the spots and stains. Black cloth that is only dusty and generally grimy may be washed in soap bark water, drying without rinsing.

The juice of three lemons and the thin, yellow rind of one, with two ounces powdered sugar to every quart of water, makes a rich and strong lemonade drink. Put juice, sugar and rind, cut into bits, into an earthen jar and pour over the boiling water, covering closely at once. When cold add pounded ice and serve.

To clean gilt frames rub them with a little salvolatile mixed with cold water, or, after dusting the frames well, paint the gilding with a camel's hair brush dipped in the following mixture: One gill of water in which one ounce of common salt, one ounce of alum and two ounces of purified nitre have been dissolved.

To wash silk stockings, use tepid water and white soap, ivory or white castile, and wash only one at a time, as on no account must they be allowed to lie in the water. Rinse carefully in cold water and squeeze, lay them flat on a towel, and roll the towel up tightly, and leave to dry. Afterwards, to renew the gloss, rub them briskly with a piece of dry flannel. They will look like new.

Until 1840 Europe produced eighty per cent of the world's wheat; now fifty per cent.

Tubing the Channel.

Sir Edward Reed's plan for constructing a railroad across the British Channel is to lay two mammoth tubes of steel plate and concrete twenty feet in dismeter. The tubes would be made in lengths, and when two lengths were completed they would be joined together in a parallel fifty feet apart and floated out into the channel to be attached to the completed length. All the work is to be done above water. Thus the end of the completed tube is to be kept afloat until a fresh length is joined on. Then that will be allowed to sink, and the last attached part will form the end of the completed part.

This plan has already been practiced with success in America in carrying the pipe, forty inches in diameter, for a water works a long distance across a body of salt water. In that case the engineer in charge invented a joint which remained tight as the completed tube first hung in a curve, and afterward adjusted itself to the bottom on which it came to lie.—London Times.

Angels and Paint.

They were having a little conjugal argument about the fondness of women for cosmetics, when he thought to clinch the argument by exclaiming "Angels never paint." "Perhaps not," she calmly replied, "but, all the same, you never saw an angel that wasn't painted." And the only way he could get out of it was by declaring she was an angel, which compelled him to admit that he had seen at least one unpainted angel.

Vanished Races.

That the world was inhabited long before authentic history began is now one of the generally accepted facts. There are said to be more than 3,000 prehistoric buildings in Sardinia. They are almost all in the fertile districts and are built in groups which are separated from one another by wide and generally barren places.

From Freedom to Despotism.

There is said to be an oak in the Imperial gardens at St. Petersburg which has grown from an acorn taken from a tree growing near the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. It was planted fifty years ago by George Sumner of Boston, the brother of Charles Sumner.

Made Miserable for Life.

This you may easily be if you fail to remedy the indigestion and non-assimilation of the food, which are the attendants and originators of nervousness, that ever present ailment which no narcotic, mineral sedative or nervine can ever do more than temporarily relieve. Of course these remedies have no effect upon the organs of digestion and assimilation, except to disorder and enfeeble them, thus aggravating the original difficulty. Among the most alarming and dangerous symptoms of chronic nervousness is insomnia, which is the professional term of inability to sleep. Where this exists there is always a tendency to mental overthrow, paresis and eventual insanity. Begin at the fountain head of all this difficulty with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avert evil consequences. No sooner does the stomach resume its tone, and the systems gain in vigor through the aid of this benign tonic, than sleep returns and the nerves grow tranquil. Chills and fever, rheumatism, billiousness and constipation yield to the Bitters.

Quite a Change in the Situation.

Lady—What cute little dogs! What do you charge for them?

Peddler—Those dogs, mum, is the—er—the Alaska spaniel, mum. All the ladies of Alaska has had these dogs for pets for centuries, mum. Such dogs as these is worth $50 apiece, mum."

Lady—Humph! I've read a good deal about Alaska, and had formed the opinion that ladies are rather scarce in that region.

Peddler—Yes, mum, that's what's the matter. Ladies has got so scarce there, that there is more dogs than they want. That's why I can sell you one of these for $2.50, mum.

BEECHAM'S PILLS take the place of an entire medicine chest, and should be kept for use in every family. 25 cents a box.

From Stomach to Stomach.

Not a man in a hundred who uses pepsin as an aid to digestion has any idea where it comes from or how it is obtained. It is really prepared from the gastrajuice found in the stomachs of hogs, and the ability of the hog to digest anything and everything that will pass down its throat is probably what led to the somewhat pecular idea of concentrating the fluid which makes digestion so easy in the porcine race. Hogs that are kept without food or water for twenty-four hours before being slaughtered yield an immense quantity of grastric juice, and correspondingly of pepsin. The fact that this article is so peculiarly procured and prepared should be very comforting to those who find it does not act upon their digestive organs in the manner prescribed.

Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it.

All baking powders except Royal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The food is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted.

It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder. It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder will, until used, and make more wholesome food.

How He Got His Name.

Apropos of queer names, Dr. Henry Cooper writes the New York Sun as follows: "Visiting in Canada some years ago on a farm near Lake Simcoe, I was struck by the peculiarity of the name of one of the sons in the family I was visiting. It was "Happen" this and "Happen" that until I was bewildered. I said to him when we were alone. 'Forgive me for being curious, but I can make nothing of your name. Will you tell me what it is?' He flashed up in a minute: 'You Yankees are too darn inquisitive; if you want to know about my name ask ma.' When the opportunity occurred, I very respectfully sought information from his ma. 'Drat that boy,' she said, 'he sends everybody to me. His name is "Happen-to-be," and that was what he were christened. When he was born I happened to be at a camp meeting, and I didn't want to forget it. Now, I hope you are satisfied.' I was."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.

A Kissing Campaign.

In a recent campaign in Alabama, political kissing was devoted to a high art. One candidate, after making a speech at the Blue Creek mines one evening, led in a dance and kissed the boss miner's wife once. His opponent, hearing of this, went to the same place, also made a speech and led the dance afterward and kissed the boss miner's wife twice. It is said that the boss miner himself got very tired of the proceedings.

Coe's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

There is no deed more heroic than to say no to yourself.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Find a man who has no hobby, and you find one who is not happy.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Everytime a wise man makes a mistake it teaches him something.

Go to Grass! That is what you ought to let your pastures go to. Some pastures haven't enough grass but what a few old hens would pick clean. Now if you want luxuriant pastures or winter wheat fields sow Salzer's seeds. Think of it! Six tons of hay per acre and sixty-five bushels of wheat. Such yields make farming pay. Cut this out and send 4 cents in stamps to-day to John A. Salzer Seed company, LaCrosse