Why Women Should Woo.

From Boston Home Journal.

The Chaperone Magazine tells "Why Women Should Woo." I haven't read the article, but I have no doubt at all but that hosts of good reasons could be found why women should woo. In fact, I can think of a good many myself. They have more time, to begin with, and they seem to know how to go about it better. No woman is half so awkward as the most graceful man. Sweet speeches come instinctively to her lips, and the art of tucking a flower neatly into the buttonhole of a coat is hers, though she had never a brother or a male cousin, while all the sisters at home ever possed by a youth never taught him to place a rose above a lady's brow without tickling her ear and allowing the thorn to prick her neck. By all means let women woo. Let them pay the installments on the diamond ring, too, and hire the boats at the picnic and pay the car fare as well. Let them buy the bouquets as well when there is a ball on the tapis, and when all is done let them hustle out after a long happy evening of love-making and try what fun it is to go on a stormy night all the way from Chestnut hill to Grove hall in the last car.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Autumn Coats.

Although it is a little early, perhaps, to speak of autumn modes, still it may be a relief to learn that the short, full basqued coat has departed. A more trying and untecoming mode never came into vogue; the slight, lissom American figure never seemed capable of adapting itself to the perky little extension, and we shall all welcome with joy the longer and more gracefully defined shaping, although the increased length will not be apparent for some time, probably, except in so far as the decreased width will tend toward the effect. It is rumored from reliable quarters that tight-fitting coats are to be pressed into service again. There is something so eminently neat, trim and stylish about these shapely garments, virtues entirely lacking in the loose-fronted, short coats of the past year. The small sleeve, too, will help considerably toward the compact, well set-up appearance beloved of the American woman, and in which she has no rival.

A Household Necessity.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and billiousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Dr. Pardhurst on the Theatre.

"The theatre I believe in profoundly," writer the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "As a means of intellectual stimulus and of moral uplift there is nothing, with the possible exception of the pulpit, that could stand along side of it as an enginery of personal effect, provided only it would maintain itself in its proper character as the dramatized incarnation of strength. Personally, I would like at least once a week to get out from under the incumbus of ordinary obligation and to yield myself up intellectually and emotionally to the domination of dramatic power. I could live with a fresher life and could write and speak with a more recuperated vigor, I am sure."

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From New York Press.

After a girl gets married she isn't near so careful about eating onions.

Even if marriage is likely to be a failure, a wedding is always a success.

Women would scream when they saw a mouse even if they wore trousers.

The woman who says, "Oh, never mind me; I'm married," wouldn't be fazed anyhow.

Some men refrain from telling women they are married for fear of hurting their feelings.

Some women can never be happy because their husbands are forever tracking dirt over their floor.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Dainty Toilet Article for Baby.

A tortoise-shell puff box and brush are newer for the baby's basket than are tose of either silver or ivory. Very elaborate ones have an initial or the monogram in gold. A soap box may be added to match them, and sometimes a tiny comb is put with the brush, though few young babies have hair long enough to require one.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Now

is the time when you should look out for the condition of your health. Avoid sickness by purifying and enriching your blood with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c

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E. S. MURRAY & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
122, 123 and 124 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.
Members of the Chicago Board of Trade in good standing, who will furnish you with their Latest book on statistics and reliable information regarding the markets. Write for it and their Daily Market Letter, both FREE. References: Am. Ex. National Bank, Chicago.

DON'T KICK! THERE'S A REASON

This button with a ten cent box of **CASCARETS, CANDY CATHARTIC,** the ideal laxative and guaranteed constipation cure, sent FREE on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Address STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, Sidmont Boulevard, Chicago or New York.

ROBT PURVIS Commission Merchant, Omaha. Having been in the produce business 25 years, am well acquainted with the wants of the trade; consequently can obtain the highest prices. Am prompt in making returns, and responsible. References: Any bank in the state. WANTED! Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Veal, Hides Etc.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES. 2 million to choose from. Guaranteed, proven absolutely best. "Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, Louisiana, Mo., Rochport, Ills.

OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS

Stove Repairs for any kind of stove made.
220T DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.

OPIUM Morphine Cured. Est. in 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. Free Trial. State case. Dr. Harris, Quincy, Mich.

W. N. U., OMAHA—41—1896

When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

THIS subject was discussed at a meeting of Canadian farmers, as follows:

"Celery growing, is it profitable to the market gardener? What is the best method of growing and blanching? Which are the best varieties for the amateur; for marketing; and what is the best way to pack and keep for winter use?"

Mr. Bucke—I believe it has been generally said that the proper soil to grow celery in is black swamp muck. I have seen it grow repeatedly in such soil, and have never seen a bad crop. It grows fine and strong, and the muck does not appear to rust the celery.

Mr. Rose—Any one who wishes to grow celery should not attempt it in dry soil. I have for many years planted more or less celery. Our soil is high and dry, and I have never yet with perhaps one exception had a good crop. It is not as good as what is grown on mucky soil. It does not blanch quite as well, and it is inclined to be tough. I in fact abandoned the cultivation of it last year, but by mistake of one of the men we had a piece planted with it, and the season being a wet one the celery was the best we have had for years. We have a gentleman who lives in the eastern part of the town here, who has a piece of mucky land—it is muck down a foot and a half to two feet in some places—and he grows on that year after year the most magnificent and succulent celery it was ever anybody's pleasure to eat. He grows it in large quantities, and I presume there is no town that has enjoyed better celery than the Woodstock people have for the last few years from that place. In keeping celery for the winter I find very great difficulty. If I put it outside—which the most of those who grow it largely do—put it in trenches—I find great difficulty in getting at it. About five minutes of severe frosty weather damages celery so that it is not fit to eat.

Mr. Wellington—I do not think the growing of celery is so difficult as is the keeping of it. After trying a number of plans—placing it in sand, and stacking it up very compactly together without anything about it, but merely allowing the roots to rest on soil—I found the best way and only way I could keep it perfect was to pack it in damp moss, the same as nurserymen use for their trees and shrubs. I have tried that now three years with success, and the celery seems to keep growing and blanching as it grows, and I cannot buy celery in Toronto equal to what I have on my table every day. We pack it in the damp moss in cases and then put it in the cellar. I have never to damp the moss after I put the celery away, and I have to-day as fine celery as I can find in the country. You can get the moss from any ordinary marsh.

Mr. Gilchrist—Was that celery that Mr. Wellington put in the cellar blanched?

Mr. Wellington—It was only about half blanched when it was dug and put in the moss.

Mr. Gilchrist—I think a great many make a mistake in blanching their celery before putting it away.

Mr. Rose—What temperature do you keep your cellar at?

Mr. Wellington—I have an ordinary cellar such as we have in cities; a good sized cellar. I keep it as cool as possible without letting frost in.

Mr. Gray—Mr. Rose spoke of a person who is a very successful grower of celery in the town of Woodstock: Mr. Trickey is his name. I asked him the other day how he kept it. He says he does not make much out of it through the summer, but in the winter. He takes up his celery and a great deal of it is quite unblanched. He raises it with as much dirt on the roots as will remain on it, takes it into the root-house, and packs it close together standing perpendicular. He says that celery keeps without any difficulty whatever, and continues to blanch and grow. I do not think he puts any soil or moss around it; only packs it close together, and uses it as he wants it.

Mr. Wellington—I just pack the moss at the bottom, for an inch or two up.

Mr. Goldie—That plan would hardly suit the large growers. The way they commonly do in New Jersey, and I think about New York, too, is to dig a trench and stick it in as closely as they can without putting any earth in at all, and then cover it over with hay that is taken off the salt meadows. They can then pick it out at any time during the winter. I think the way Mr. Wellington mentions would be the best for small families.

Mr. Woodward—I have a different way of keeping celery from any I have heard mentioned. I used to pack it in sand in boxes. Then I got to packing it with moss. For the last few years I have taken shoe-boxes and made the bottom of them water-tight for about two or three inches up. I have then bored holes in the boxes so as to be sure never to have water come above that. I lift the celery with a moderate amount of soil sticking to it, set it in the boxes on end, put a little water in so as to puddle the earth. I then set the boxes on top of each other, and take the celery out for use as I require it. I had some of it for my breakfast yesterday morning, and nobody could have asked for better. The secret for growing celery is to have the ground rich and keep it damp.

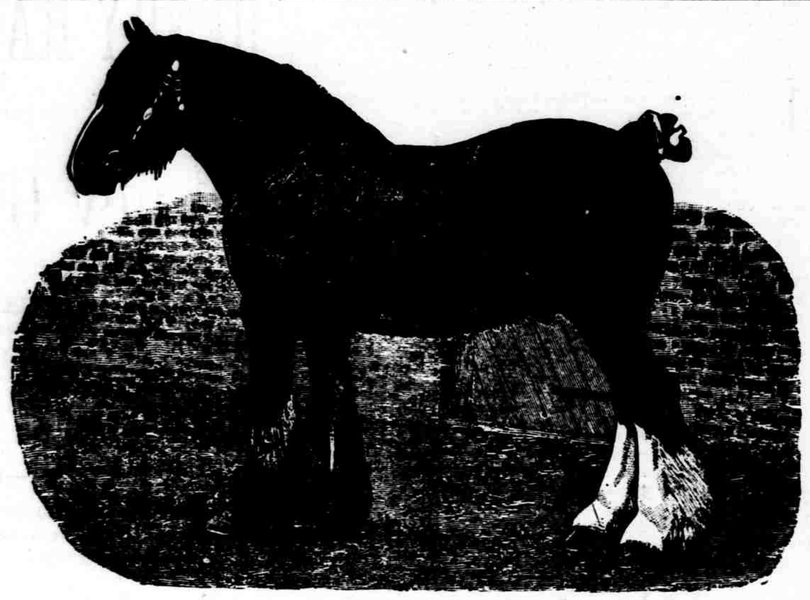
Mr. Beadle—I like best the variety of celery that is sometimes called the Prince of Wales—sometimes called the Sandringham dwarf. I think that is the sweetest and nuttiest celery I have tried.

A Fortune from Mules.

The biggest mule deal that ever took place in this country occurred at Salt Lake City in 1860, when at public auction Ben Holliday bought from Uncle Sam 4,500 head of big stout Iowa and Missouri mules, says an exchange. These fine hybrids had been taken to Utah in the famous expedition against the Mormons, which crossed the plains in 1857 under command of Albert Sidney Johnson. When the expedition proved a fizzle and had been recalled, the government found it had no use for so many mules and they were consequently condemned and ordered sold. They were put on in blocks of 50 and sold at prices ranging from $50 to $100 a head. Ben Holliday had the stuff to pay for the stubtails and seeing a speculation in them he took the whole cavallard at his own price. On the first day of June the mules were started on a drive to California. They were driven in bands of 500, a week apart, and only 500 were kept in Utah for sale there. The mules were readily sold in California in lots to suit purchasers at the average price of $500 apiece and Holliday cleaned up more than $1,000,000 on the dicker, which goes down in history as the biggest mule deal on record.

Hogs Beat Dogs.

About February, 1892, my wife said to me, I want a pig, says a correspondent of Stock Journal. I am feeding three or four worthless dogs for you and the boys, and I would much rather feed a pig for myself. I tried to impress upon her the idea that the pig would be the source of more annoyance than profit. I thought, as she made no reply, that she had abandoned the idea of keeping a pig. I knew, however, that she had the peculiar knack of carryinfg her point, and was not surprised a few days later on discovering in the back yard a diminutive pig in a chicken's coop. I said nothing, but kept an eye on the pig. It soon outgrew its narrow limits, and I built it a comfortable sty. Though my wife never called on me for more than one bushel of corn, that pig by December turned the scales at 400 pounds. The worthless dogs are no longer on the farm, but there are three pigs in the sty that will pan out from 800 to 1,000 pounds of pork, besides lard and sausage galore.



THE NOTED SHIRE STALLION HENDRE HAROLD (15,630), PROPERTY OF LLANGATTOCK, MONMOUTH, ENGLAND.

The Ram.

The ram is half the flock, is a common expression. Do not let it be the wrong half says Wool Markets and Sheep. With the large number of high class breeders of all breeds of sheep there is no reason why a useful ram cannot be bought for comparatively little more than mutton price, and such a ram is more likely to effect good than one which is rather better in appearance, but carelessly bred. A ram from a good flock carries with it the features of the flock, although in itself it may not be one of the best representatives, and it will impart no worse features than it shows outwardly. On the other hand, a ram bred crooked, although in itself showing good size and type, is more or less an accident, and cannot be relied upon to breed straight; any of the features of its mongrel ancestors may be reproduced, and when there is no fixity of type in the sheep itself it cannot be expected to impart definite character to its offspring. It is for this reason that it is recognized that the first cross between two pure breeds is always good, combining the better features of both breeds, while second crosses produce stock of very varying type. When this goes on for three or four crosses there is no definite type, and the offspring is a mongrel—it may be a good mongrel, but it can only be relied upon to beget mongrels, and they probably may not partake of his good features."

Cultivation Preserves the Moisture.

That cultivation of the upper crust of the soil tends to prevent evaporation of the moisture below, is a fact that every practical farmer is well aware of, writes F. C. Barker in Irrigation Age. It is daily being proved in actual practice, but the scientific theory upon which this phenomenon is based is little understood. Men will tell you it is so, but why, they do not understand. Now, it is well known that the soil is composed of innumerable and infinitely small particles. When the soil is dry each little particle is surrounded by a vacuum or air space. Whenever the particles come in contact with moisture, they have the power of attracting that moisture and of surrounding themselves with a thin film of water. The particles next to the water first draw the water around themselves, then the dry particles next to them in turn attract it, and so a continuous stream is set up, much in the same way that a wick of a lamp draws up the oil. This goes on until the whole body of soil is saturated, but as soon as the water reaches the particles on the surface of the soil, this water is evaporated, and the supply below is again drawn upon, until the water stored below is so exhausted or left at such a depth that the distance overcomes the power of attraction, and the soil becomes completely dry. This is the process which goes on in uncultivated soil. The object of cultivation is to break up this attraction, usually called capillary attraction, in the upper crust and so prevent the moisture from being brought to the surface and evaporated. To understand how this is done, one must take into account another scientific fact, and that is, that if these little particles in the soil be widely separated from each other they lose their power of attraction. Now, when the top crust of the soil is loosened and reduced to a fine tilth, these particles lie less closely together and do not attract moisture from below. The moisture now rises as high as the upper tilth, and there remains to a much longer extent than in the case of untilled soil, for, owing to the blanket or mulch of loose soil on the top, the soil below the surface is much less exposed to the action of evaporation. Some of our farmers here are unwilling to accept the above theory, alleging that adobe or clay soil, that has never been cultivated for years, will have more moisture below than cultivated soil. If this be so, the fact does not clash with the theory of particle attraction. On such soil the top surface has been packed down so closely that the surface is practically puddled, in which case the attractive power of the particles is destroyed. It is the same as though the surface were covered with a large rock or a board, whereby the evaporation were suspended. Every one knows that moisture may almost always be found under a large rock. The idea is to cover the soil with something that will suspend the attractive power of the soil particles and retard evaporation. Herein lies the whole secret of why land should be cultivated after each irrigation or heavy rainfall if the farmer wishes to conserve the moisture in the soil. There is also another and very important reason why crops should be cultivated after each irrigation. The roots of plants require air quite as much as they do water, and when the soil becomes packed or plastered down by irrigation the roots do not get a full supply of air unless this surface crust is broken up.

Feeding Cattle on Grass.

A writer in the American Cultivator says on this subject: "One of the largest feeders in our country prefers to have them on short pasture—not too short, but medium—as they will eat more corn and make better gains and a better quality of beef. A better plan than either summer or winter fattening, and one that is fast gaining friends with us, is as follows: Winter your yearlings or two-year-olds well, feed them corn in the spring until the grass is good and put them out on pasture in good condition, and in the fall—August or September—commence feeding them corn and finish up in dry lot until they are fully ripe. By this plan you get two or three hundred pounds of grass weight, which is much cheaper than grain, and you have the advantage of the best season of the year for lot feeding. The gain that a steer will make on full feed and pasture is from 90 to 110 pounds per month on an average, while the same animal on good pasture will make a gain of from 60 to 90 pounds per month. There is not enough difference between grain-fed cattle on grass and those on grass alone to justify feeding grain in summer, unless in finishing or commencing a bunch of steers. If a person would take half the grain and feed in the spring before the grass came and then take the other half and feed in the fall when pastures become short, that he would in feeding in winter or in summer on grass, there would be more profit. There is no better way to convert our luxurious grasses and crops of grain into profitable beef than to take the best of care of our cattle from calfhood up, never allowing them to go back or stand still, but keep them moving right along until ready to fatten. Feed twenty-five bushels of grain in the spring and turn out on good pasture, and finish in the fall with grain well ripened, and you should have from 1,300 to 1,600-pound cattle that will command top prices. The cattle business has been on the "ragged edge" for the last two or three years, just as the great depression in the hog market was for some time back, but a few months ago the tide turned and now that animal is looked upon with favor. It is estimated by some of our practical feeders that in this country alone there was not less than $20,000 lost in feeding cattle last winter, while the breeder only received a fair profit for raising them. We think the dawn of a brighter day is at hand: the tide has already turned in favor of the cattle owner and especially for the one that has good stuff. Although many have gone out of the business and disposed of their stock at a sacrifice, keeping the price low for so long, it will be the stayers that will win in the end."

Butter for Britain.—Last year the United Kingdom imported butter to the value of over $5,000,000 per month. For the first eight months of the year her exact expenditures for butter were $46,043,572.12. Of this amount the United States received the magnificent total of less than 1 per cent, exactly $365,970.53. When it is remembered that we are within seven days of the English market and have low rates and refrigerator facilities in the steamers, this is a poor showing.

A MODEST HERO.

He Boldly Disclaims Credit for a Brave Deed.

Recently in Gloucester, Mass., a member of the Free Press staff became acquainted with Capt. Bickford, whose experiences as first gunner on he Kearsarge in the celebrated engagement with the Alabama are of considerable interest. The captain is now residing in the old fishing town. He wears a medal, one of the few presented by Uncle Sam to his brave sailors in the war, upon which appears words showing that it is a testimonial for valor performed in the noteworthy engagement. This batle royal took place on Sunday, June 19, 1864. The armament of the Kearsarge was seven guns and that of the Alabama eight guns, including a 100-pound Blakely rifle. The Kearsarge had 163 men and the Alabama 149. This was the most important sea fight of the war between two ships, the Alabama being sunk after an engagement lasting an hour and twenty minutes. But three men were wounded on the Kearsarge. It is tradition at Gloucester that Capt. Bickford received his medal for throwing overboard one of the enemy's shells which lighted upon the deck of the Kearsarge. The captain was asked about this and laughed heartily.

"Throw a shell overboard?" he repeated. "Now that is good. Yet I have read about such things in books written about sea-fights and histories of heroic deeds furnished to children in schools, but I think such a thing is impossible. In the first place, a shell is timed to explode in a certain brief interval, a fraction of a second after striking. In the next place a shell is a very heavy article to handle. Did you ever try to lift one? If you have you won't believe all that is said about people throwing an enemy's shell overboard.

"Suppose a shell rested on the deck, how long do you think it would wait for a man to come and pick it up, stagger to the side beneath its weight, and then heave it out into the ocean? By the time he took three steps toward it, off it would go. He had better jump overboard himself and let the shell take care of itself."

"What did you get the medal for, Captain?"

"Dunno; never found out. It wasn't for heaving shells overboard, though. That would make a nice story to tell landsmen, but a sailor aboard a man-of-war would have his own opinion about the yarn."

THE LOST FOUND.

Number Was Right, but the Transom Was Turned.

If any one had told him he was drunk he would not have resented it, but would have made an effort to retain his equilibrium and dignity long enough to explain that he was only a little oozy woozy. He realized that he lived at 206 Irvington street, and that his residence was on the right hand side as he wobbled along homeward. The uncertain light of early dawn, combined with the blear in his eyes, rendered it necessary for him to stop in front of every house and gravely brace himself against the railings until he could focus his eyesight on the number. Finally he identified his house, but after arguing with himself for a couple of minutes he came to the conclusion that he was just woozy enough to make mistakes possible, so as to be absolutely certain he balanced himself against the front fence and studied the number on the transom. Instead of 206 he saw 509. Then he wondered how it happened that he had got on the wrong side of the street and three blocks too far out, made a zigzag across the street and started back, and before he had walked three blocks he came to the end of the street. The weary pilgrim was bewildered. He couldn't understand it, but getting his directions, shaped his course in the street on the right side and kept on until he came to 509 again. He studied it from every possible point of view, even trying to stand on his head to read it, but it perversely remained 509.

Utterly bewildered he sat down on the steps and waited till a policeman came along.

"I'm losht," he explained. "I wanter go ter 206 Irvington street."

"This is the place right here," declared the policeman.

"Can't be. This is 509."

"No, it ain't it's 206, but the transom is turned over."

The lost was found.—San Francisco Post.

From Poverty to Wealth.

Thomas B. Watts, Jr., a young farmer living in the suburbs of Galveston, Texas, was notified by the attorneys of his uncle, Thomas B. Watts, Sr., of New York, now deceased for three years, that after a careful search they find him the nearest living heir to his uncle, and that he would as a consequence come in possession of the Watts estate, aggregating $18,000,000. The lawyers also sent him transportation to New York. Young Watts was placed in an orphan asylum at the age of 8, ran away, and has since hustled for himself. He has a mother and brother in Virginia, both of whom are deaf and dumb, and are teachers in an asylum there. Watts left for New York.—New York Sun.

Why Johnnie Balked.

"Well, Johnnie," said Mrs. Chaffie, "did you have a pleasant time at the Sunday-school picnic?"

"Naw," growled Johnnie, "I didn't git nothin' to eat but a sandwich and a couple of dry cakes with red sand sprinkled over 'em."

"Why, what became of the beautiful chocolate cake and chicken salad that I sent?"

"The superintendent and teachers gobbled 'em up."

Quite Likely.

"Conductor! Porter!" shrieked Miss Fortysmith, from the upper berth of the Pullman. "Help! Help!"

"Wha-wha-whad's de mattah, ma'am?" cried the porter, hurrying thither.

"Oh, porter, there is a man under my bed!"

Kept It Coming.

The cabin in Columbia, Mo., where a Mrs. Cain was murdered some months ago was recently struck by lightning and burned.

Fine Place to Live.

The town of Baltimore, Vt., is an idyllic place. There are six voters, and each one can hold four or five offices.

A Unique Business.

One Maine man has gone into the unique business of raising doves for weddings parties etc.

Very Likely.

When we stick a sleeping boy with a pin, would we call it "puncturing his time?"

College Friendships.

One of the enduring benefits conferred by a college on its graduates is not paid for in money, nor taken into account by most parents when selecting an educational institution for their sons and daughters. The friendships formed at college are not merely pleasant while college days last; they are influential upon character, and often modify circumstances and mold purposes during mature years. A college draws its students from many states, east, west, north and south, and the culture of this community, the breadth of that, the angularities of another, and the provincialism or the peculiarities of a fourth, meet, are fused, are stamped, as in a new combination, with the die of the alma mater. A college course does far more for a man or for a girl than to give intellectual alertness and knowledge of books. It opens to some doors of opportunity which, but for its aid, had been always locked, and it marks the beginning of friendships which only end with itself. —Harper's Bazar.

Peace on Earth.

This is once more enjoyed by the rheumatic wise enough to counteract their progressive malady with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. No testimony is stronger than that which indicates it as a source of relief in this complaint. It is also eminently effective as a treatment for kidney trouble, dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint and constipation. Use it with persistence for the above

Tantalizing.

A Northern man traveling through Missouri on horseback arrived at the bank of the river. There was no way to cross the river except by swimming; so, dismounting, he tied his clothes to the horse, and drove the horse into the river, swimming after him. Reaching the other side he dressed and continued on his way. Before going twenty feet, however, he came to the forks of the road, and looked around for a sign. There was none; but just across the river, near the spot where he entered to swim across the river, he saw a board nailed on a tree. There was nothing to do but recross again and read that sign. He swam across, and after climbing up the bank, read the following notice: "Five dollars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Refurbishing Hats.

The popularity of tulle this summer had many good results, among which is that it was possible to appear to have a constant variety of fresh and dainty hats at the minimum of outlay. Ruchings are not difficult to make and they form the favorite style of trimming just now. Tulle strings are being worn with all sorts of headgear, and instead of tying with a bow, form a large chou under the chin, quite the size of a peony. Tulle looks so soft and pretty to the face that old women and young as well as those that are neither, are fascinated by its possibilities; moreover, it is very cheap. Tulle and a few roses will garnish a dainty chapeau this week, that with a change of colors and of flowers next week will prove quite unrecognizable.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

An English Corn Salad.

An adaptation of an English corn salad made by a celebrated English cook consists of the sweet corn cut from the cob and boiled until tender in a little water, milk, salt, pepper and butter. Drain the corn and set on ice until very cold and serve with a sauce made in the following manner: Mix the yolks of three eggs with one-fourth of a pint of olive oil, and add to it one-half teaspoonful of English mustard, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, a dozen raw oysters cut fine and rubbed through a puree seive, a dash of paprika, a slice of onion chopped very fine and a gill of cream whipped until stiff. —New York Post.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Her Preference.

The judgment of men is not apt to be warped by sentiment and feeling. In Scotland the people abominated hymns simply because the Episcopalians used stained glass in their windows and for that reason the Scotch looked upon stained glass as something of unholy origin.

A Presbyterian minister had been bold enough to introduce this hated innovation. He was showing it in triumph to one of his female parishioners, and asked her how she liked it.

"Ay!" she said; "ou ay! it is bonny. Eh! but I prefer the gless jist as God made it."

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

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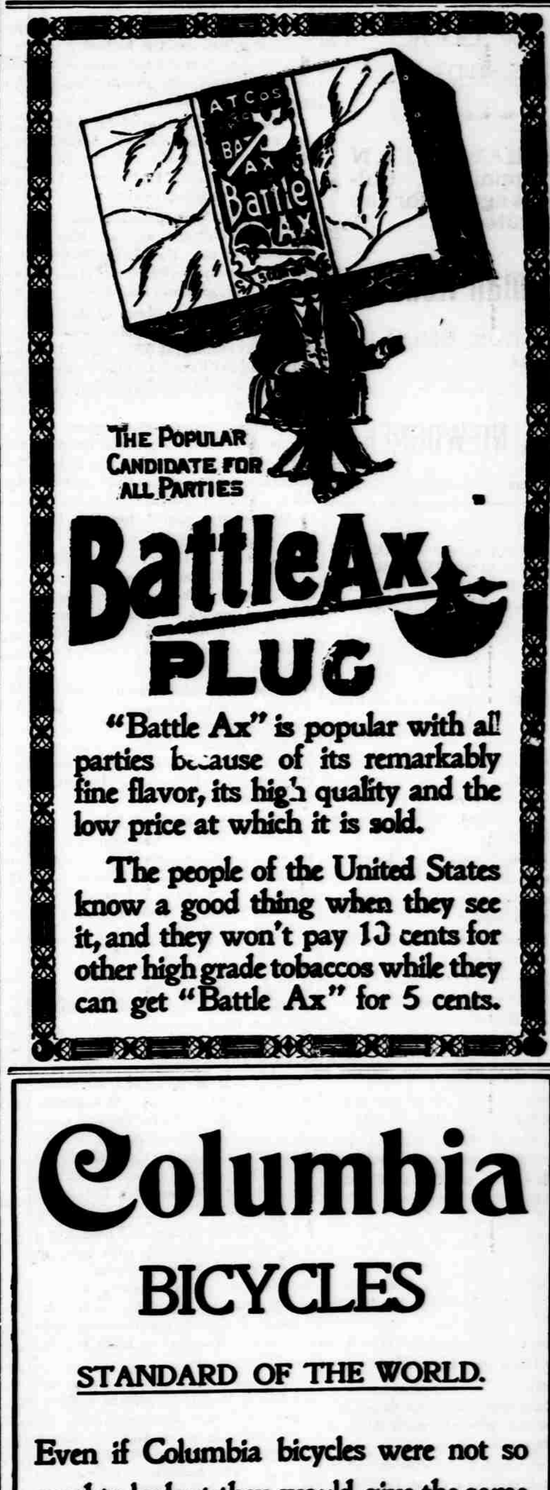

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