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Hood's Sarsaparilla Is America's Greatest Spring Medicine.

L'OLONNOIS, THE CRUEL. He Was the Most Ferocions of All the

Frank R. Stockton is writing,"The Bucaneers of Our Coast" in St. Nicholas. In a late number he says: Among the buccancer leaders who distinguished themselves as land pirates was Francis L'Olonnols, a Frenchman. In those days it was the custom to enforce servitude upon people who are not able to take care of themselves; unfortunate debtors and paupers of all classes were sold to people who had need of their services. Boys and girls were sold for a term of years, somewhat as if they had been apprentices; and it so happened that the boy L'Olonhols was sold to a master who took him to the West Indies. There he led the life of a slave until he was of age; and then, being no longer subject to ownership, he became one of the freest and most independent persons who ever

walked this earth. He began his lareer on the Island of Hisporiola, where he took up the business of hunting and butchering cattle, but he soon became a pirate, and enlisted as a comuon sallor on one of their ships. Here he gave signs of being so brave and unscrupulous that one of the leading pirates on the Island of Tortuga gave him a ship and a crew, and set him up in was much like that of other buccaneers of the day except that he was abominably cruel to his Spanish prisoners

All the barbarities attributed to the career of this wretch, who does not appear to be so good an example of the rue pirate as Roc, the Brazilian. He was not so brave, he was not so able, and it would be impossible for any one o look upon him as a hero. After having attained in a short time the reputation of being the wickedest pirate of his day, L'Olonnois was unfortunate enough to be wrecked upon the coast near Campeachy. He and his crew came safely to shore, but it was not long before their presence was discovered by the people of the town, and the Spanish soldiers attacked them. There vas a flerce fight, but the Spaniards vere stronger, and the buccaneers were utterly defeated. Many were killed, vounded, or taken prisoners.

Among the wounded was L'Olonnois, ind when the Spaniards walked over the battlefield, he was looked upon as killed. When the soldiers had retired, he stealthily arose and made his way nto the woods, where he stayed until his wounds were well enough for him o walk about. He divested himself of is great boots, his pistol-belt, and the est of his piratical costume, and addng to his scanty rainment a cloak and at which he had stolen from a poor cotage, he boldly approached the town, ind entered it. He looked like a very rdinary person, and no notice was aken of him by the authorities. Here e found shelter and something to eat id he soon began to make himself ery much at home in the streets of

A True Wind Flower. t is said that a flower has been found South America which is visible only hen the wind is blowing. The shrub clongs to the cactus family, and is out three feet high, with a crook at e top. When the wind blows a numof beautiful flowers protrude from tle lumps on the stalk.

YOUNG AT SIXTY.

Serene comfort and happiness in adanced years are realized by compararely few women

Their hard lives, their liability to seous troubles on account of their pecuir organism and their profound ignonce concerning themselves, all comne to shorten the period of usefulness d fill their later years with suffering. Mrs. Pinkham hasdone much to make omen strong. She has given advice many that has shown them how to guard against disease and retain vigorous health in old age. From every corer of the earth there is constantly comg the most convincing statements om women, showing the efficacy of ydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Comund in overcoming female ills. Here a letter from Mrs. J. C. Orms, of 220 orner St., Johnstown, Pa., which is

rnest and straight to the point: DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I feel it my ty to tell all suffering women that I nk your remedies are wonderful. I d trouble with my head, dizzy spells hot flashes. Feet and hands were d. was very nervous, could not sleep ili, had kidney trouble, pain in aries and congestion of the womb. ce taking your remedies I am better one, have no pain in ovaries, and am red of womb trouble. I can eat and

for female troubles." ie present Mrs. Pinkham's experie in treating female ills is unparaled, for years she worked side by e with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and sometime past has had sole charge the correspondence department of great business, treating by letter many as a hundred thousand ailing nen during a single year.

PISO SECURIE FOR
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
In time. Fold by drugglats. ONSUMPTION

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY

DISCOURSE

of Stephen the Theine For an Able Sermon - Glimpses of Heaven Through the Eyes of the Great Preacher - The Eternal Sleep. TEXT: "Behold I see the heavens pened," etc.-Acts vil., 56-60. Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse and whoop and bellow they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his to the ground, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" that was for his spirit, "Then from soin that was for his assailants. Then from pain and loss of blood he swooned away and fell

asleep.
I want to show you to-day five pictures— Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer and Stephen asleep.

First look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few mements of heav-en, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall and paintings in the sitting room and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well heaven is the gallery there God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellaed floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhibitance. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars reliable to the come and the stars are the stars. and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. The hosts keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angel:s dominion to wel come there is, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there. have many friends there.

There is not a man in this house to-day so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kiesed them goodby, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. And when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dack or on the steem the standard or the dock or on the steam tug and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, stand looking in the same direction, so when our friends go way from us into the future world we keep looking down through the narrows, and gazing and gazing, as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces. now and see Stephen looking

npon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. A writer in the time of Christ says, describing the aviour's personal appearance, that He had blue eyes and light complexion, and a very graceful structure, but I suppose it was all guesswork. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon can vas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing and hearing Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will neversee and hear Him in heaven. Look! There He is Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying, "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation Proclamation of universal amnesty for all rebels! Belshazzar gathered the Babylonish nobles to his table George I. entertained the lords of England at a banquet: Napoleon III. welcomed the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey to his feast; the Emperor of Germany was eroft, sit down with him at his table, but ell me, ye who know most of the world's istory, what other king ever asked the abandoned and the forlorn and the wretched and outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take t to-day and stand at the head of the throne for your eternal reigning." A that and pardons like that-do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I tope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him I pass on now and look at Stephen

darkest alley in any city and say: "Come Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transilxed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. All who will live godly in Jesus Christ must suffer persecution. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me anyone who is doing all his duty to state or church,

and I will show you men who utterly If all men speak well of you, it is because ou are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave schliers of Jesus Christ man with voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some de-nounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my

murderer standing on the rap door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about all kinds of live snakes. He always not all body. There is within you a soul. see it gleam from your eyes, and I see it on hand. irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under their physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The supply. Now and then he publishes a probability is that your body will at last list, giving the current price of rattlered of womb trouble. I can eat and ep well and am gaining in flesh. I sider your medicine the best to be in a specific that your obsequies will be able to the supply and demand and instructions of the cemeteries that surround your town or city. There is that surround your town or city. There is that surround your obsequies will be use of these creatures varies in accordance with the supply and demand and to pillow your head under the maple or the time of year. Norway spruce or the cypress or the bloom-ing fir. But this spirit about which Stephen prayed—what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through and king snakes, from 75 cents to \$2;

the soul leaves the body, it takes fifty, worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it? I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with engle's down. But my soul—before this day passes God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What

though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."
We may be too feeled to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of est, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to diel This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve to be treated, but if on the dying pil-low there should break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when in the last moment he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move into the light." Pass on now, and I will show you one Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen tented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief

work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many baro feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know, but from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead. The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep! I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay, yet the peace of God brooded ever his pil-low, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh, not a tear; not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep! I have not the faculty to tell the weather.

I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the mor-row. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy, what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have annoyance, the next another annoyance, It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread or ask for a scuttle of coal or a pair of shoes, but at the last Christ will come in and darkness will go out, and though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the charlets of the King. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has up, no more struggle with "the -long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore wo stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, thephen

ISAAC B. POTTER.

New President of the League of American Wheelmen. Isane B. Potter, the new president of he League of American Wheelmen, is



ISAAC B. POTTER

enterprising citizens. For nearly a de cade he has been identified with league affairs. He was chief consul of the New York division. Under his able guidance New York's membership in the league was increased from 4.857 to nearly 26,000. He fought the Albany lobbyists and obtained the passage of the Armstrong bleycle baggage bill. That was the first bill of its kind to pass in this country. Other States have emulated New York, and it is Mr. Potter's hope that before long every comnonwealth in the United States will have done likewise. He has done grand work in the cause of good roads. That is his hobby. He once edited a magavine published in the interests of improved highways. It is said the publication was the best of its kind ever undertaken. Mr. Potter is a brilliant orator and is one of the best parliamentarians in this country. Last year the league grew under his direction. That organization passed the 100,000 mark with him as its chief executive, and its treasury is in a most prosperous condition. He may be depended upon to contique the good work.

He Sells Snakes. Taere is a man in Orlando, Fla., who engaged in a very curious business. He supplies dime museums, side-show people and concerns of that sort with has a large supply of all sorts and sizes

He keeps his customers informed of the state of the market, and lets them know periodically when he has a new list, giving the current price of rattleance with the supply and demand

At present a rattler may be had for from 75 cents to \$3.50, according to its size; moccasins, from 50 cents to \$1.50. Adders cost from 35 cents to \$1: gophers, coach whips and tree snakes, all the way from 75 cents to \$2.50; pines long desorts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, that it is the control of the city? It has two wings, the city of the city? It has two wings, the city of the city? It has two wings, the city of the city?

Healso sells live alligators, any length but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to take up with it. When figure; and cormorants at \$5 cach.

WOMAN'S WORLD!

Various Costumes For Women. Cycling costumes for women, made of checked material, are considered by fashionable riders to be passe. ...ll kinds of mixed and fancy cloths as wheat may not do any injury, but it lown. But my soul—before this day passes well as plain are expected to be worn does not enrich the soil even when will find out where it will land. Thank much this year, ribbed velveteen being also a favorite during the spring months. Tailor-made white pique suits, with closed or divided skirts are it just as it needs to be shaded durexpected to be the proper things for fair days in summer.

Now Idea in Furnishing. Those who love the flavor of new mown hay will be glad to learn of a new idea in the furnishing of a country home or summer cottage. The Indians of the North make a clumsy but handsome matting of the Indian meadow grass, which is very aromatic and keeps exhaling its odor for months and even years. It is applied as a wainscoting to a sitting room and also as a carpet to the floor. The color is a cool and handsome sage green and the perfume in damp weather makes the house seem like a' nayfield in midsummer.—New York Mail and Express.

Origin of "Blue Stockings." According to an English magazine appellation "blue stockings" originated in the dress of a Benjamin Stillingfleet, grandson of the bishop. as he used to appear at the parties of Mrs. Montague, in Portman Square. He used to generally wear blue worsted stockings, and he was a very amiable and entertaining gentleman. Whenever he was absent from Mrs. Montague's evening parties, as his conversation was very interesting, the company used to say: "We can do nothing without the blue stockings." By degrees the assemblies were called "blue stocking! clubs" and learned people "blue stockings."

To Stiffen Laces.

The best kind of starch to use for stiffening laces, handkerchiefs, washing silks or any other thin fabric is made with gum arabic. Put an ounce of gum arabic into a bottle and pour over it a cup of cold water and place it over the fire until the gum is dissolved; then strain it through a fine sieve or a piece of cheesecloth into another bottle. When it is cold add to it half a gill of alcohol and it will be ready for use when needed. For dainty laces half a teaspoonful of the starch mixed with a half cupful of water will give ample stiffness. Larger amounts should be added according to the nature of the different fabrics.

Fans and Parasols For Brides. Fans and parasols are as usual favorite gifts this year, either for her friends to bestow upon the bride or the bride to present to the attendants. The fan, like the parasol, can cost very little or a great deal, and in both cases be dainty and pretty. Charming fans for bridesmaid gifts are of silk and gauze, with sticks of painted woods, decorated with gold and silver scroll work, or of feathers with a circle of gauze let in the middle, showing a little Watteau scene painted seguins. Parasols of light silks with net or mousseline overslips and big choux of mousseline on tip and handle, and-for the wedding-a spray of flowers fastened on one side, are not expensive, and charming souvenirs for bridesmaids,

Serving the Hostess First. The custom of serving the hostess irst at luncheons or dinners seems a highly commendable one. There are so many little vagaries and novelties of service nowadays that it is difficult to know them all. A lady who was a guest of honor at a recent dinner found herself embarrassed by having a platter handed her holding, apparently, a whole turkey. She glanced it over with quick apprehension and could see no evidence of its having been carved. Thinking that frankness was the best way out of the situation, she appealed to her hostess for instruction, which, of course, was courteously imparted. It was with both chagrin and relief that she found the turkey was in a condition to yield to the touch of a fork inserted in any part of the fowl of which she wished

to partake. The list of table silver grows every season. Many of the utensils are passing fancies and are not heard of, perhaps, outside of circles who constantly seek such novelties. Obviously, the hostess knows how she wishes her guests served, and her example is often a relief and comfort.— New York Evening Post. Fashion Fancles. Checked moire poplin. Foulards in small scrolls. Ties of heavy repped silk. Scoop-brimmed hats again.

Bordered foulards and pongees. Neckties of plaided black gauze. ts Journal. Madras in plaids for shirt waists. Japanese kimonos or house gowns. Black skirts with bayadere stripes-Black mohair sicilian for odd skirts. Plaid taffeta skirts with ribbon Shepherdess hats loaded with flow-Alsatian bow effects for tiny bon-

Scarlet shirt waists of heavy repped Black taffeta skirts having pinked Covert cloth top coats in black and Cashinere gowns braided with lace, Plain and fancy crepons in black

Poplins having a velvety effect in wax is a part of the mixture. Straw hats trimmed with ruffles of Light cloth blouses having a flat.

itted basauc. Band trimmings in net and cord ike lace work. Light-weight tailor suitings in nonotone plaids. Turbans with a straw brim and soft

shirred.

and colors.

the finish.

affeta silk.

ilk crown. Shoulder capes of lace and mousseline lined with silk Short cloth jackets with tucked sleeve tops and revers.

Negligees of striped and plaided lannel and flannellette. Black grenadine with roman stripes in bayadere effect. Tailored suits of heavy cottons, as

piques, duck and madras. Black double-faced satin sashes from four to eleven inches wide. Large silk and velvet flowers in the burnt orange hues. String ties, stocks and Ascot wes of bright plaid taffeta.

Tailored jacket suits of covert and serge for girls of eight to sixteen. Traverse stripes of every variety in woolen and silk goods,-Drygoods Economist.

AGRICULTURAL

Peas For Orchards.

There is no grain that can be profitably grown in the orchard except the pea. A summer growth of buck plowed under, as does the pea crop. Besides, the pea vines lie close on the ground, and their large leaves shade ing the hot, dry weather of July and August. Large as its leaves are, the pea vine takes very little moisture from the ground. Usually its leaves are wet with dew in the night, which runs off and fertilizes the soil below, and also keeps it moist. If the peas are sown late and not cut, but allowed to lie on the ground and be fed off by hogs, there is a very material gain in soil fertility over leaving the land uncropped through the season.—American Cultivator.

Profitable Poultry. Some interesting data have been brought out in a recent bulletin from the Utah Agricultural Experiment Sta-

Among the conclusions arrived a were these: The profit in feeding young hens was six times greater than in feeding old hens; that with intelligent care and feeding a Leghorn pullet would produce 200 eggs per year; that no advantage was discovered in crossing the Brahma and Leghorn.

In regard to the matter of exercise it was found that hens that had the he had to remain on duty and wait for opportunity to get adequate exercise consumed more food and really pro duced eggs at a less cost. In one trial pen of hens it was found that sixtytwo cents worth of feed produced \$1.88 worth of fowl, while in some other cases the outlay for feed was nearly as great as the results in fowl.

Sunflower Ensilage and Fodder. I have been feeding sunflowers a fodder and ensilage for the past sever years, having found by accident that the street frantic with fear, just 12they were as good for milk or butter cause a few dozen harmless bees were as corn. I cultivate the same as corn, tickling them on the face, neck or arms. except I give much more hen manure. I cut when the seed reaches the dough state, and run all through the ensi- course, a mystery. Some farmer lage cutter. I have fed when newly around Wheatland or Littleton is probcut with good results in helping out ably the loser, and the owner of the short pasturage.

The early frosts of autumn do not hurt sunflowers, hence they are very forced to take home with him because valuable as a second crop, and by they took a fancy to his wagon and planting late in the fall they will come | would not leave it. A young man who on rapidly in spring, giving an early said he knew all about bees attempted summer cutting. I have had plants 11 to shovel the insects into a box with a feet high when corn was just coming paper fan. They offered no resistance, up. They do well on any corn land but would not stay in the box, and in and, like corn, respond to liberal feed- the end the expressman had to drive ing. I have never fed the seed to home with a halo of bees encircling his chickens, but have planted largely head and the wagon bed half full of about the house to fence out malaria. bees .- Denver Republican. An army surgeon once told me that when stationed in Texas his house was | No man can be more than half right. the only one free from malaria because The other half is bound to be left. he filled his grounds with sunflowers. We have not had a case at my home

through the rollers of the cutter than the mammoth single heads. When There is enough salt in the sea to cover filling the silos I put in one load of sunflowers to two of corn .- J. V. Henry Nott, of New York, in New England Homestend.

Profitable Tomato Growing. While the canning industry is some what on the wave there is still a demand for first-class tomatoes for canning, preserving and catsup making, and also for sale in the open market during the season of growth. To grow tomatoes profitably for a wholesale trade the crop must be large, the fruit of fair and uniform size, and this is important-properly and uniformly colored. Tomatoes will thrive on any moderately rich soil, but it must be well prepared. The plowing should be thorough, running the plow both ways and making the soil as fine as possible by the use of the harrow and weeder. The writer, who makes money growing tomatoes for market. has frequently harrowed a piece of ground six times both ways in order that there might not be a handful of sting gas. lumpy soil.

If stable manure is used it should be well rotted and made fine before applying. If commercial fertilizers are used a high grade complete potato manure will be found more satisfactory than any other. Sprinkle handful of this fertilizer about each plant as set, with a handful of wood ashes and a tablespoonful of nitrate of soda, being careful that none of these ingredients touch the stock of the plant or the foliage. After this application run the harrow or weeder through to thoroughly mix the fertilizer with the soil. Repeat the application of fertilizer and the harrowing after the fruit begins to set. This method of culture gives us strong plants, well ripened fruit and plenty of it of good and uniform size .- Atlan

Trees Gnawed by Mice or Rabbits. If the portion of the tree from which the bark has been eaten is at once covered with grafting wax, healing will usually take place and the tree live. Of course, if the exposed wood is allowed to become dry this surface must be bridged over with scions, so that the circulation may be renewed. To make a suitable wax for this purpose, take five or six parts of resin and two parts of beeswax. Melt this and while hot add one part of tallow. Try a coat of this on a green stick, expose five minutes to the cold air or water. If it is too hard and cracks easily, add a little more tallow. It must not be so soft that when warm spring weather comes it will run off the wood. If beeswax cannot be readily obtained, use only resin and tallow, in which case a greater proportion of tallow is required. This, however, is not as good as when bees

To apply this wax, wind about on end of a small stick, a strip of strong muslin two inches wide. Let part o this extend beyond the stick and then tie the whole thing firmly to it with twine. This is used as a swab. Fil an old tin pail three-fourths full of ashes. On the top of the ashes place a layer of live wood coals, and on these coals a dish of wax. You are now ready to go to work. The coals will keep the wax warm.

With the swab put a good coat of wax over all the exposed tissue. Be careful that it is not hot enough to burn the wood and tissues on the bark | lo not contain enough the small trees. If the denude surface is large, after waxing wind a thick strip of old tender muslin about the tree in spiral form. Then use a little wax to fasten the end. This is an additional guard against the cracking of the wax or of its running off during warm weather. The imporapply the wax at once and do not decome dry, for then the sap cannot ascend and death will finally result .-American Agriculturist.

Germany expends \$600,000,000 year on spirituous liquors and nearly \$25,000,000 a year on tobacco.

BEES CAPTURE A NAGON.

on an Express in. A tribe of vagrant bees, illowing the lead of a near-sighted old queen who had lost her bearings, swamed about Haswell's drug store at the corner of 10th and Lawrence streets yesterday afternoon, and for awhile had the corner all to themselves. Th unusual sight of thousands of honey bees buzsing around one of the busicat corners in town soon attracted a big growd o people, who at first stood off at a re spectful distance and looked on. Th queen lit on the tail gate of an express wagon, and it was curlous to see how quickly the bees swarmed around her until they were piled up a foct deep while hundreds of the insects buzzed around overhead or lit on the horse, on the sidewalk and on the clothing of the bystanders. When it was found that the bees were pacifically disposed the pystanders moved closer, and some boys, bolder than the others, even pick-

Vagrant Bwarm Fore Themselve

ed up hundreds of the bees and were not harmed. Some one got a packing box from the drug store, poured molasses in the bottom of it and placed it handy for the bees, but they did not move into the habitation provided. A big policeman, seeing the crowd, sauntered up to find out what was the trouble. It was destrable in the interests of the public safety to get the bees to move on, but he didn't know how to go about it, so developments.

Occasionally a venturesome box would stir up the pile of bees, just to see the crowd scatter. The bees would settle on passengers in the open cars as they stopped just before crossing 16th street, and then there would be a panic. Women on bleycles ran into the cloud of insects before they were aware of their danger, and screeching at every revolution, they scorched down

Where the swarm came from or where they had set out to go was, of express wagon now has a swarm of bees which he has no use for, but was

If It Only Helped a Little we have not had a case at my nome since beginning this practice.

When saving seed it is best to save that which grows on branching plants, as the small heads are much easier run

! would be worth 50 cents. One hour's free-tom from the terrible irritatin; itch of tetter is worth more than a whole box of Tetterine costs. It will cure—sure, and it's the only thing that will cure. 5) cents at drug stores, or by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

> one mile in thickness. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken nternally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

> Astronomers tell us that in our solar sys ems there are at least 17,000,000 comets of

> Don't Tobacco Spit and Smcke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco ensily and forever, be mag Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

Idle men are more burdened with their

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 32 trial bottle and treatise free Du. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 801 Arch St., Phila., Pa. In French trials, a mixture of ten quart of air and one part of acetylene has proven mitable for ordinary gas engines, giving three times the energy of ordinary illumin-

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggistsrefund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The world's useful fibers number 1018, no cording to a catalogue by the department of agriculture, about 30 being used in the Unied States.

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nearer to the light they have received than Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children eething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-ion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c.a bottle

A man who does not know how to learn ter out of his life. To Cure Constinution Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. f C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money. Time is always fooled away, when we try to build towers of our own from which to

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