

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Time as a Fertilizer. The quantity of lime to be applied as a fertilizer should be in a great measure determined by the character of the soil...

A New Swindle on Farmers. The latest dodge to obtain money from farmers is by the sale of a patent process, which is described as follows: The agent calls, wishes to introduce his superior butter-making churn into the neighborhood...

Indians' Love for Their Children. A year or two ago the daughter of an Indian chief, who had been educated in New York, returned to the reservation as teacher...

Feeding Horses New Hay and Oats. The question whether horses are injured by being fed on new hay and fresh oats has been made a subject of investigation by a French military commission...

Points on Pins. A lover of statistics has just made an interesting calculation of the number of pins made daily. Birmingham holds the first rank, turning out 37,000,000 every day...

Mules. Previous to 1783 there were very few mules in the United States, and those of such an inferior order as to prejudice farmers against them as unfit to compete with the old and heavy bred horses...

Household Hints. A transparent mullage of great tenacity may be made by mixing rice flour with cold water and letting it gently simmer over the fire.

To make macaroni tender, put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put into hot water or stewed in milk.

Colonel Little of Davenport, Iowa, estimates the amount of butter now made in creameries in that State at 50,000,000 pounds per annum.

Kansas, bound not to be behind Kentucky, has managed to find within her borders a second mammoth cave.

The Story of a Rat.

A colored man whom I shall call Elias, who serves as a cookman for my friend Mr. M., says "the Philosopher of the Syracuse Herald, was once employed in a boarding-house which was infested with rats. He devised an apparatus, consisting of an empty barrel with an inverted, but untrustworthy top, which he put to effective use as a trap for the sleek rascals. The landlady was delighted, and paid him a cent for every rat he caught—and the name of his rat was region. Each morning, after he had counted the spoils of the night and received his pay, he would take his rats in a bag to the proprietor of a sporting establishment down town, who paid him two cents apiece for them...

Weeks passed, and as she did not appear again, she was given up for lost. One evening Elias was smoking a quiet pipe in the laundry, when he saw a rat at his head out of the sink in the wash-room. By way of experiment, he scarcely hoping for success, he called softly the name of his old pet, "Jenny! Jenny!" To his surprise the animal appeared from his hiding-place, approached him, and offered to be taken up his trousers-leg into his lap and composed itself for his caresses. It was indeed his missing Jenny. She allowed him to carry her back to her cage, and when she was there, he took the saucer from which she had been eating, and ate her food and drink. For a long time after that master and rat were inseparable; but by-and-by the former changed his quarters, and in his new home had no convenient place for his rat-companion, so he sold her for two dollars to a retail liquor dealer, who put her behind his bar for the entertainment of his customers and grew very much attached to her.

One day Elias was passing the shop, and his owner called him in. "I have lost Jenny," said he, "and none of us can recover her. If you get her for me, I will give you fifty cents." The challenge was accepted on the spot, and the colored man tried the mug of his voice as he was efficient as before. Out of a hole near by trotted Jenny, apparently overjoyed to see her friend once more, and surrendered herself to his hands with a contented contentment from that day to this, if I recall his story right, he has never seen her.

He was a little old man, covered with successive layers of dust, and full of pepper. He had a witch-hazel cane in one hand and a battered plug hat in the other, and he trotted both on high as he trotted around in front of the bar and called out: "I want to know if this is what you call law! Here 'tis after eight o'clock and I haven't had a bite to eat yet!" "I won't tell! I protest! I demand damages!" shouted the old man, as he danced around.

"Be calm—be calm." "I won't be calm! Here I am, a hundred miles from home and Sunday is only twenty hours away!" "Just so, uncle, but you drank too much and got into a row." "No! I didn't! I didn't drink nothing but a glass of milk. I stopped on the fair the night before last, and I got to the depot just seven seconds after the train had gone. Some of the fellows around there began to poke fun at me, and I slapped 'em pairs of jaws in about three minutes!" "Yes, but we can't put up with such conduct."

"Nor I can't, either! I'm old, and I look rusty, but when anybody hops on to me, I'll make it by my fat legs, and I got to the depot just seven seconds after the train had gone. Some of the fellows around there began to poke fun at me, and I slapped 'em pairs of jaws in about three minutes!" "Yes, but we can't put up with such conduct."

"How to Say It. Say "I would rather walk," and not "I had rather walk." Say "I don't doubt but I shall," and not "I don't doubt but I shall."

When you are traveling always take some stranger into your confidence, tell him how much money you have with you, where you keep it, and what you are going to do with it. If he doesn't relieve you of your money, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you have at least met an honest man.

The Story of a Fish Market.

The fish market of Havana is said to be the finest structure of the kind in the world. It also incites the traveler by its romantic location with the story of Marti, a reformed pirate and smuggler, who built it and the "Tacon theater."

During the administration of Tacón, from 1834 to 1838, smuggling and piracy had grown so bold in regard to Cuba as to defy the Spanish navy sent to suppress the outlaws. Their leader was a man named Marti, and for his person, dress or alive, the governor-general offered a reward of \$100,000.

One dark night a man was watching the sentinels pacing in front of the governor-general's palace, Havana. As they turned their backs and separated for a moment, the man sprang unobserved through the entrance. He passed up the broad stairs, saluted in an imperious style the guard there stationed, and passed into the governor-general's room. The governor, engaged in writing, looked up as the man coolly cast aside his cloak, exclaiming: "Who enters unannounced?" "One who has information of the pirates," said the man.

"What of them?" said Tacón, earnestly. "One moment—I must not sacrifice myself." "You have naught to fear. Even if you are one of them, you will be pardoned, if you are not, you will be rewarded."

"Will you pardon and reward me if I reveal the lurking-places of the pirates, and put Marti into your hand?" "I pledge you my word and honor," said Tacón. "Your excellency, I am Marti." The cool sounder then entered into an arrangement with the governor for the betrayal of all the smugglers and pirates. Under his guidance, the Spanish vessels sailed to the coast, and captured those who were not slain.

When Marti returned to Havana, he was offered the pardon, which he accepted, and was given a safe passage. In lieu of the reward, which he declined, he was given a monopoly of selling fish in Havana. It was granted, and he erected a magnificent stone market. When he became master of enormous wealth, he built a theater, and was elected governor-general, who had pardoned the sounder.

Just His Case. He was a little old man, covered with successive layers of dust, and full of pepper. He had a witch-hazel cane in one hand and a battered plug hat in the other, and he trotted both on high as he trotted around in front of the bar and called out: "I want to know if this is what you call law! Here 'tis after eight o'clock and I haven't had a bite to eat yet!"

"I won't tell! I protest! I demand damages!" shouted the old man, as he danced around. "Be calm—be calm." "I won't be calm! Here I am, a hundred miles from home and Sunday is only twenty hours away!"

"Just so, uncle, but you drank too much and got into a row." "No! I didn't! I didn't drink nothing but a glass of milk. I stopped on the fair the night before last, and I got to the depot just seven seconds after the train had gone. Some of the fellows around there began to poke fun at me, and I slapped 'em pairs of jaws in about three minutes!"

A Petrified Human Ear.

I was in a lapidary's shop, looking at some curious specimens of rock and crystal. "If you wish to see something that you will never see again," said the proprietor of the place, "look at this."

As he spoke, he tossed me something that lay upon the counter with a loud, sharp sound, much like that which an ordinary stone would have made. I picked the object up, turned it over and over in my hand, and examined it with close attention. It was very hard, of a greenish color, containing here and there particles that sparked brilliantly in the light, and were very likely iron. It was the size and shape of an ordinary human ear. Every part was preserved with marvelous accuracy.

"Well," said the proprietor, by-and-by, "what do you think of it?" "I scarcely know what I think of it," answered I, "except that it bears a wonderful likeness to a human ear, and whether so formed by an accident of nature, or carved by man, it is remarkable for its fidelity to life." He laughed and said: "Why, the thing actually is a human ear."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Not at all," he replied. "It is a human ear, petrified." And so it proved to be. And further, the gentleman informed me that he quite frequently received, among the rocks and stones, and crystals in which he dealt, parts of the human body in a state of petrification.

I had often heard of the transformation of flesh into stone—and of wood also, especially in the case of the petrified tree, but never before I had seen an example of a petrified human ear. A lucid explanation of the change, upon a scientific basis, would certainly be of interest.

At the recent meeting of the Social Science association at Saratoga a report was made by Joseph D. Weeks, editor of the Iron Age, on behalf of the committee on casualities in coal mining, a subject which attracted attention has just been called by the recent strike in Pennsylvania. The report states that in Pennsylvania one man was lost for each 84,000 tons of coal raised in the month of January, 1899, and in 1879 one man for 100,000 tons of coal raised. In Ohio the figures, confessedly imperfect, show a death in 144,253 tons of coal raised in 1874, and in 1878 one death to 255,000 tons raised. While some doubts are unavoidable, there is no doubt that a great majority of the explosions come from the carelessness of miners, who neglect the safety of their own degree which seems incredible.

The largest library in the United States is the library of Congress, at Washington, which contained 231,000 volumes in '87, and in that year the British museum and the Imperial library at St. Petersburg contained 1,100,000 volumes each. The largest library in the world is the National library at Paris, which, in 1874, contained 2,100,000 printed books and 150,000 manuscripts.

Mr. Ira Brown, the enterprising real estate man, states that he could not find a good word for the St. Jacobs Oil, which had cured him of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism that all other treatments had failed even to allay.

California contains a greater proportion of foreigners than any other State in the Union—336,393 natives and 309,889 foreign born. Dr. C. E. Shoemaker, the well-known surgeon of Reading, Pa., offers to send mail, who will give you a bottle of his medicine for free, and a valuable little book on deafness and diseases of the ear—especially on hearing and catarrh, and their proper treatment—giving references and testimonials that will satisfy the most skeptical. Address as above.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

The world-renowned swimmer, Capt. Paul Boyton, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent at the seashore, related the following incidents in his experience: "Captain Boyton, you must have seen a large part of the world?"

"Yes, sir, by the aid of my Rubber Life-Saving Dress, I have traveled over 10,000 miles on the rivers and coasts of Europe, and I have also been presented to the crowned heads of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and Portugal, and have my possession of forty-two medals and decorations; I have three times received the order of knighthood, and been elected honorary member of committees, clubs, orders and societies."

"Were your various trips accompanied with much danger?" "Captain Boyton—"That depends upon what you may call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus in Spain, I had to 'shoot' 102 waterfalls, the highest being about thirty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somme, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and unencumbered, I can stand any weather. I am all right. Of late I carry stock of St. Jacobs Oil in my little boat (the captain calls it "Baby Mine"), and has stored there signal rockets, thermometers, compass, provisions, etc., and I have had little trouble before starting out. I rub myself thoroughly with the ointment, and its action on the muscle is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and when these occur, I rub myself with the ointment until I get hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who have been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and were cured. I would sooner do without food for days than without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it."

The captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of the St. Jacobs Oil, and we left him citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

THE MARKETS. NEW YORK. Dec Cattle—Med. Native, live wt. 85.00 104.00. Sheep—Common to fine, 4.00 7.00. Lard—No. 1, 10.00 11.00. Flour—No. 2, 1.50 1.75. Wheat—No. 2, 1.00 1.10. Corn—No. 2, 0.50 0.60. Pork—No. 2, 10.00 11.00. Sugar—No. 1, 12.00 13.00. Coffee—No. 1, 15.00 16.00. Tea—No. 1, 20.00 21.00. Rice—No. 1, 10.00 11.00. Beans—No. 1, 8.00 9.00. Peas—No. 1, 7.00 8.00. Potatoes—No. 1, 5.00 6.00. Apples—No. 1, 4.00 5.00. Oranges—No. 1, 3.00 4.00. Lemons—No. 1, 2.00 3.00. Pineapples—No. 1, 1.00 2.00. Melons—No. 1, 0.50 1.00. Cucumbers—No. 1, 0.25 0.50. Tomatoes—No. 1, 0.10 0.20. Onions—No. 1, 0.05 0.10. Carrots—No. 1, 0.02 0.05. Parsnips—No. 1, 0.03 0.06. Turnips—No. 1, 0.02 0.04. Potatoes—No. 1, 0.05 0.10. Apples—No. 1, 0.02 0.05. Oranges—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Lemons—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Pineapples—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Melons—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Cucumbers—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Tomatoes—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Onions—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Carrots—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Parsnips—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Turnips—No. 1, 0.01 0.02. Potatoes—No. 1, 0.01 0.02.

Vegetine. More to Me than Cold. J. BENTLEY, M. D., says: It has done more good than all Medical Treatment. California contains a greater proportion of foreigners than any other State in the Union—336,393 natives and 309,889 foreign born.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists. MOODY MEETINGS AT NORTFIELD. The first of the ten days' meetings at Northfield, N. H., will be held on Monday, March 27th, at 7 o'clock, P. M., for ten days, or 100 copies of each, sent free to the subscribers. The meetings will be held at Northfield, N. H., at 7 o'clock, P. M., for ten days, or 100 copies of each, sent free to the subscribers.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists. MOODY MEETINGS AT NORTFIELD. The first of the ten days' meetings at Northfield, N. H., will be held on Monday, March 27th, at 7 o'clock, P. M., for ten days, or 100 copies of each, sent free to the subscribers.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists. MOODY MEETINGS AT NORTFIELD. The first of the ten days' meetings at Northfield, N. H., will be held on Monday, March 27th, at 7 o'clock, P. M., for ten days, or 100 copies of each, sent free to the subscribers.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM. Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

For Catarrh, For Deafness, An Invaluable Article. The CREAM BALM. For Catarrh, For Deafness, An Invaluable Article. The CREAM BALM. For Catarrh, For Deafness, An Invaluable Article. The CREAM BALM.

WALTON'S BITTERS. A Blood Producer and Life Sustaining Principle. The principal ingredients in WALTON'S BITTERS are MALT, HOPS, and CALSAYA. As combined, without the addition of any other ingredients, they form the greatest Restorative and Nutrient Agents, the greatest Blood Purifier, the best Tonic, the best Food for the Weak, the best Stimulant, the best Soporific, the best Sleep-inducer, the best Nervine, the best Laxative, and the best Cathartic.

WALTON'S BITTERS. A Blood Producer and Life Sustaining Principle. The principal ingredients in WALTON'S BITTERS are MALT, HOPS, and CALSAYA. As combined, without the addition of any other ingredients, they form the greatest Restorative and Nutrient Agents, the greatest Blood Purifier, the best Tonic, the best Food for the Weak, the best Stimulant, the best Soporific, the best Sleep-inducer, the best Nervine, the best Laxative, and the best Cathartic.

WALTON'S BITTERS. A Blood Producer and Life Sustaining Principle. The principal ingredients in WALTON'S BITTERS are MALT, HOPS, and CALSAYA. As combined, without the addition of any other ingredients, they form the greatest Restorative and Nutrient Agents, the greatest Blood Purifier, the best Tonic, the best Food for the Weak, the best Stimulant, the best Soporific, the best Sleep-inducer, the best Nervine, the best Laxative, and the best Cathartic.

WALTON'S BITTERS. A Blood Producer and Life Sustaining Principle. The principal ingredients in WALTON'S BITTERS are MALT, HOPS, and CALSAYA. As combined, without the addition of any other ingredients, they form the greatest Restorative and Nutrient Agents, the greatest Blood Purifier, the best Tonic, the best Food for the Weak, the best Stimulant, the best Soporific, the best Sleep-inducer, the best Nervine, the best Laxative, and the best Cathartic.

WALTON'S BITTERS. A Blood Producer and Life Sustaining Principle. The principal ingredients in WALTON'S BITTERS are MALT, HOPS, and CALSAYA. As combined, without the addition of any other ingredients, they form the greatest Restorative and Nutrient Agents, the greatest Blood Purifier, the best Tonic, the best Food for the Weak, the best Stimulant, the best Soporific, the best Sleep-inducer, the best Nervine, the best Laxative, and the best Cathartic.

WALTON'S BITTERS. A Blood Producer and Life Sustaining Principle. The principal ingredients in WALTON'S BITTERS are MALT, HOPS, and CALSAYA. As combined, without the addition of any other ingredients, they form the greatest Restorative and Nutrient Agents, the greatest Blood Purifier, the best Tonic, the best Food for the Weak, the best Stimulant, the best Soporific, the best Sleep-inducer, the best Nervine, the best Laxative, and the best Cathartic.

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles. IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

REMEDY FOR CURING Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, CONSUMPTION, All all Throat and Lung Affections, Induced by the Press, Pleurisy, Gout, and Afflicted People. TRY IT. YOUR REMEDY IS ALLEN'S LUNG BALM.

WARD'S 6 Fine Shirts for \$9.00. 381 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WARD'S 6 Fine Shirts for \$9.00. 381 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WARD'S 6 Fine Shirts for \$9.00. 381 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WARD'S 6 Fine Shirts for \$9.00. 381 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WARD'S 6 Fine Shirts for \$9.00. 381 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WARD'S 6 Fine Shirts for \$9.00. 381 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WARD'S 6 Fine Shirts for \$9.00. 381 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.