

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., March 5, 1909.

MARCH.

Who's afraid of your cold and blowing,
Of your wind and hail and snowing,
March
Do the worst that you can do,
Have and blow,
But don't I know,
That the spring is just a spring?
That song sparrow yonder singing?
Told me so.
While you're howling, yowling, squalling,
I can hear the robins calling,
Spring!
Something new comes with each comer—
Bluebird brings a bit of summer
On his wing.
Rave, old wind,—your rant and bluster
Can't scare pussy-willow's cluster.
Drowsy woodpeckers rouse from sleeping,
Wild arbutus vines are creeping,
Snow-foot mountain brooks are leaping
To the lake,
All the world stirs, shyly peeping,
Half awake.
—From March Farm Journal.

WHEN KENT PLAYED ENGINEER.

"Now, Kent, oil her up and have on a fair head of steam and by the time No. 10 shows smoke over the hills we'll get back from dinner and follow on. She's late as usual."

The engineer swung down from the cab, joined the conductor, and together they took the path across the field toward the town.

George Kent, a stalwart, nineteen-year-old fireman employed on a shifting engine at the terminal, was substituting on the locomotive of No. 13, northbound day freight which usually makes Alappa, the home of the engineer and conductor, about noon. Here it had the usual orders to wait for No. 10, a passenger train, also northbound; after which they had a clear track on which to make a distant station.

The freight, too long to take the siding, lay on the main line north of the station. This would allow the passenger to run in and take the switch.

It was a cold winter day. The country was majestic under the heavy robes of snow. The brakemen were gathered over their dinner-pails in the caboose. Kent ate his lunch while oiling and polishing, then poked inquisitively about the train. He was inventive and ingenious by nature, and recent improvements in the rolling stock of this line interested him greatly. The latest of these was the automatic coupler, which, as everybody said, was bound to do away with much bodily injury and loss of life.

Carelessly disregarding the fact that the train lay on a steep grade, Kent tumbled at the coupler till it suddenly unlocked and twenty cars, released, stirred and slouched away. An inch of space awoke Kent to the folly of his act—too late! He sprang to the ladder of the nearest car and set the hand brake. But, unluckily, there was a coupling three cars below that had not yet been joined, and so thirteen cars broke away and quickened their pace. The door of the caboose opened and the startled brakemen tumbled out.

Kent's voice to action. In a flash the consequences of his act stood before him. Southward lay eight miles of down grade to the edge of "Sawyer's Mountain," then a gradual rise of two miles around the foot of the hill, with a sharp curve midway, called the Angle; beyond this rise was down-grade again, then a straight level for miles away. Some here on that level stretch, No. 10 was racing to make up lost time—racing toward danger and not suspecting it at all.

The wild freight might reach the mountain curve, leap the track, and plant its wreckage in the path of the approaching train, or, barely possible, might mount the grade and swoop down upon the passenger; but most probable and most to be dreaded was the chance that the two might meet on the track around the mountain. Locomotives approaching each other might be warned by whistle or smoke. But this was a stealthy foe, silent except for the rattle of its wheels, that was now sweeping away to plant itself, derailed, in the path of No. 10 or to spring upon it without warning.

Kent ran toward the locomotive. Leighton, an old New Hampshire brakeman, caught scent of the situation, followed, and sprang into the cab at Kent's heels. The others held back and stared drowsily.

"Give her draught, Charlie! Stir up the coal," muttered Kent through quivering lips. He reversed the engine, opened the throttle and forced the remaining cars twenty feet down the grade, below the switch. Leighton uncoupled and the engine sprang ahead. The switch changed, Leighton climbed back into the cab, and the locomotive backed over the siding to the main line, south of the cars; but by the time the main track was reached the engine leaped away in pursuit, the wild freight was several minutes away and out of sight behind the first curve.

For a mile there was silence, Leighton busy at the fire and Kent sitting with hand at the throttle, staring eagerly ahead for sight of the runaway, now leaping drunk only over a forest-hidden track. Around a second curve the engine wheeled before they caught sight of the freight.

"There they are!" cried Kent.

"They've got a slightly start of us," observed Leighton dryly. "Callatin' to plant themselves on the Angle, I guess, and slip up into the snow. We'll have to creep around pretty sly."

"We have three miles yet for winning," replied Kent. "I did n't think it possible for them to get such a start. Think of a heavy freight rattling away from a clean-lined engine!"

"Their left is what does it. Faster 'n' faster, every minute. Course, we'd 'ketch up in time, but we hain't got all creation to move in. Better give her a little more rein, George, on this straight track. Pull on the throttle, boy! Let's 'ketch 'em before they make the next curve. Do you know what's in them cars?" said Leighton.

"No. There was a car of sheep forward on the train. Were n't there two horses—somewhere—with a keeper? Noyes of Sankton, I think."

"I wrote you for advice February 4, 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Halstead, of Clearmore, Cherokee Nat., Ind., Ty. "I was racking with pain from the back of head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz.: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day, at hard work."

sick with horror was that by a careless turn of the hand he had sent a man flying toward fearful death. Even the danger of the passengers on No. 10 was more remote, less inevitable. Tired with the long jaunt, Noyes must have laid down in his bunk at the end of the car and failed to notice that the car had started on the wrong course. Kent grasped the whistlecord.

"To-o-o-oo!" Toot! Toot! Toot! Toot!

He strained his eyes toward the freight. From the doorway of the third car a head craned out and looked backward. George caught his cap and waved it from the cab.

"We're coming!" he cried involuntarily. Leighton laughed—a dry, sick laugh—at the helpless cry that was borne backward by the wind.

"He knows it!"

The engine leaped forward. Already the cars were lurching around the mountain. Now they disappeared in the fringing thicket and whirled away between the snowy drifts. Kent glauced at Leighton. He nodded.

"They'll topple off on the Angle. Looky for us if they roll clean off into the snow. Hi, what's that?"

A shout swept past them. Kent craned from the window. Leighton leaned cautiously from the cab. Nothing in sight, before behind. But from the rear, close by, they heard another shout, muffled by the rush of air and scarcely heard above the noise of the engine.

"S'pose he jumped?"

A look of relief flashed to Kent's face in reply.

"We're most on 'em. Better try to save the horse," had Noyes' w??"

Kent nodded. But inwardly it was not so much the death of the horses that concerned him as the fear that, by one of those fearful coincidences that reign on railroads, No. 10 might have made up her lost time and be already tearing around the mountain to her destruction. He blew the whistle and listened. No response. Instead, a grating sound was borne along the rails, then a crash on the wind as a freight car was overturned.

"Shot off steam, George!" cried Leighton.

"They're gone!"

George gripped the lever, reversed, and pulled the sand-boxes open. The huge engine shook and wheezed and the sparks flew from the rails. Still, like a great bird in air, they sailed on, around the curve, between flashing snow-drifts piled above and below.

"Jump, Charlie, jump!"

"No, no, George! Maybe we're wrong. S'pose it's only the rear car trailed off. Then there'll be the horses goin' on to smash—and No. 10—"

He caught the young engine-driver by the shoulder and whirled him from his seat. Kent gripped him savagely. It was bad enough to have loaded himself with disaster, but this man should not stand the risk of death.

"This is my job, and—"

The engine's speed slackened fast. With a mighty swing Kent raised the old man in his arms and launched him, feet foremost, toward the flying drifts.

"I take the consequences!"

Then, with his hand on throttle and lever he vitred his gaze forward. If Leighton's guess was correct—

So, indeed! The rear car only, lumber-laden, had broken away, leaped the curve and shattered against a boulder, and the locomotive, crawling in fear around the mountain, had let its prey escape. The heat of Kent's vexed brain was tempered by the chill at his heart as he realized that now only the rising grade could check the runaway's flight and but a mile of that grade remained—and somewhere, on, on, on, loaded with living men and women. On, on, on! The words throbbed in his brain. Nineteen years may lack the poise, coolness, doggedness of an old engineer; but Kent's determination never wavered. The engine leaped forward and flew after its prey—now in sight, sinking pace, nearly to the height of the grade.

On to the finish! Don't let them go! No. 10 is over there! Hark, her whistle! Blow yours—but it means the west wind. Slower the cars slid,—now they creep. Easy with your engine, boy, you must stop—stop—stop!

"I've got 'em!" cried Kent. He laughed a choked, nervous laugh. He crept cautiously over the cab and linked locomotive and train. Crept back. Around the curve cautiously, now faster, and racing backward for the open stretch on the north of the mountain, whistle shrieking like mad—the freight stretched up the north grade as No. 10 rolled into sight and plied her brakes.

Noyes, the horse-keeper who had escaped from the drifts and taken to the track, boarded the freight as it passed him at slack pace and No. 10 loomed over him, trainmen and went back to pick up Leighton.

"Nice little game you played this noon, George!" said the conductor of the freight at night when the end of the run gave time to talk. "I used to play choco-choco cars myself when I was a baby. 'T was n't quite so excitin', though."

Kent's weathered face flushed darker.

"I did a fool's trick," he retorted, "and I took the consequences."

"H'm! Hear that!" remarked Leighton.

"He sat in the cab, dry and warm, and had a nice ride. Noyes jumped save his neck and sprained his elbow. Then George fired me out into the air and buried me more 'n four feet in the snow. I guess we took the consequences!"—By Charles P. Cleaves, in St. Nicholas.

Be-cha-che.

It looks like Greek. But it is plain English for backache. People who suffer with backache and want to be cured, write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I wrote you for advice February 4, 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Halstead, of Clearmore, Cherokee Nat., Ind., Ty. "I was racking with pain from the back of head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz.: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day, at hard work."

TEASLES—KEEP OUT.

The Junior Partner—four and a half, going on five—is the finest sort of a fellow when he is himself. But he was not himself for a long time before the Senior Partner discovered what was the trouble. And, of course, he felt very sorry when he knew that the Junior Partner had the real, old-fashioned, deep-seated teases. It is such a horrid disease and lasts so long! It is as much worse than measles as you can think.

When you have measles you are put to bed and taken care of; that means ice-cream and kindness. People are kept out for fear of spreading the disease. It is generally over in a few days and that ends it.

Whoever heard of treating a case of teases with kindness? But it would be a good plan, when it first shows itself, to put the patient to bed and hang out a large dark blue flag, for the disease is sure to affect every one that comes near.

The worst of teases is that it always is a long time before they find out what is the matter and it is mistaken for badness just as it was with the Junior Partner. A good many folks think that all sickness is badness. The fact is just the opposite. Badness is mostly sickness. When people understand these things better, they won't be so smart about blaming and punishing. The Junior Partner said to you:

"Good morning! How is your temper this morning?"

And you will say:

"Very sweet at present, thank you. But I am afraid that I am in for an attack of selfishness. You know that it is hard to tell when you are really cured. In fact, the disease is liable to leave a weakness that way for some time. It is something like a habit."

So, of course, the Senior Partner felt very sorry when the Junior Partner told his symptoms and he examined him and said unkind things and—

The hands had taken away Martha's sled and left it on the sidewalk, while the feet carried the Junior Partner swiftly away. The feet had rushed him off when the hands pulled the sled from under James and let him fall to the floor. Not long before that, the hands had thrown all the coats from the porch-rail upon the heads of the children who were digging in the dirt. And they had several times taken away the swing.

The Senior Partner examined the hands, tongue and feet. But he had a "striking" appearance, but bore no signs of meddling nor wall marking.

The tongue looked like a kind tongue and most of the time it was. But there were some "tattles" on it. And the Senior Partner has heard it sailing names, and saying unkind things and—

He was sure about it.

The feet were simply run down. They had a few dawdles, but not more than most young feet.

Although the Junior Partner had suffered in this way for quite a while, the Senior Partner had not been under half as bad as some. And he had a jolly good constitution. But teases is teases and no one wants to have it or to be exposed to it. If you don't get it out of your system when you are young, you will have a hard time with it. Just think of everybody saying unkind things and when you come near, and whispering at recess—(for children have feelings):

"I say! Here comes that John Henry! He has a bad attack of teases! You can't have any fun when he's around. Let's run and hide."

And poor little John Henry would have no one to play with. And when he grew up, no one would want to associate with him because of the teases.

So the Senior Partner thought over the case, and thought and thought, just as the doctor does not show it. Teases is treated in so many different ways. And some of the treatments, such as the use of hard words, while they give the operator relief drive the teases in and make the patient worse. Laminated water is good for many things, as every doctor knows. It is fresh and cool, it is excellent in the treatment of the whites. But you could not carry a lot of laminated water around and have it fresh for use when you felt the teases coming on. The Junior Partner must have a remedy which he could take with him and use himself, so as to be always prepared for an attack.

"Partner!" said the Senior Partner, "do you really and truly wish to be cured?"

"Yes, Daddy." The Junior Partner is a great joker. He called the Senior Partner Daddy, and the General Manager Mother.

"The cure which I will give you is a very old one and comes from the East—from the greatest doctor that the world has ever known. If you use it carefully, it will cure any attack, however severe. Hold your hands in front of you—palm to palm and a little apart. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Bring the tips of the little fingers together."

Say—"Little."

"Little."

"Next finger-tips together. Say—"Children."

"Children."

"Middle fingers. Say—"Love."

"Love."

"Next fingers. Say—"One."

"One."

"Thumbs. Say—"Another."

"Another."

"I will call this cure, 'Naming the Fingers.' When you feel an attack coming on, use it quickly and keep on using it until you feel better. You may name the fingers to yourself if you wish. Now let us practise it."

The Junior Partner repeated it until he had it ready for instant use. And now he says that he is sure of getting better. And everybody is glad, for when he is himself, the Junior Partner—four and a half, going on five—is the finest sort of a fellow.—By Dr. C. S. Schappas in February St. Nicholas.

—Pumpkin seeds are a safe and effective remedy for worms in sheep. It is claimed that even tapeworms can be gotten rid of by them, the seeds containing a special element which is fatal to them.

Forty Years in Iowa.

(Written especially for the WATCHMAN.)

CHAPTER III.

The Iowa State Fair is held annually about the first two weeks of September on its own home grounds near the eastern limits of the Capital city. It has the name, and rightfully obtained of being one of the greatest Agricultural Expositions, and the greatest, Hog exhibit in the world. The tract of ground contains 280 acres, the original cost of which was \$100,000.00 or approximately \$375.00 per acre. The ground alone is today easily worth \$150,000.00 and the improvements are marvelous, being commensurate with the value of the ground, the ability of the State to provide and fill all the requirements of such an exposition. The authorities have not been lavish in the expenditure, so that the dignity of this great agricultural commonwealth is thereby upheld and there has been practically no criticism.

It is enclosed with a seven foot woven wire fence surmounted with three strands of barbs, with convenient turn-tile and vehicle entrances. It is accessible from the city proper by paved streets for driving and a ten minutes train service on one of the railroads, and an almost continuous line of street cars entering the grounds, that arrive and depart as fast as passengers can be discharged and the cars filled up again.

The ground is admirably adapted for its purpose; about one-half being level and open, while the other is covered with native shade, and undulating enough to satisfy the whims of the most exacting landscape artists. Approximately, the land is apportioned to one hundred acres for buildings with an abundance of intervening space forty for the speed track, fifty for camping purposes and the remainder for driveways, walks, lawns, etc. An abundance of water through the city mains is piped and distributed over the entire ground, electric light from its own power plant lights the buildings and grounds, for crowds that are permitted to remain until eleven p. m. No attempt will be made to enumerate or describe all of the many buildings, suffice it to say that all of the live stock is safely housed; all perishable exhibits and those of value that need special care, are in good and secure enclosures; implements and articles of outdoor use only are exhibited in the open, on space assigned; and for those, no restrictions are imposed on the exhibitor, should he elect to provide a large tent that can be thrown open on all sides. To give the reader an idea of the building part of this property, we desire to state that during the last year, a new hog barn and show pavilion was erected at a cost of \$77,000.00. This building is made of brick and steel with cement floor throughout. It is of open construction to give good light and ventilation. It is built in the shape of the letter E, the extreme dimensions of the barn being 356 by 523 feet—the show pavilion, 112x200 feet; making an area of over three acres under one roof. There are 1156 pens, 6x7 feet in size, with a capacity for treating over 3000 hogs, and while not providing with exhibits now, will say in this connection, that at the 1908 fair there were many disappointments, by breeders not being able to secure pens and therefore unable to show their hogs. A horse and cattle show pavilion built of brick and steel, circular in form, 500 feet in diameter with a tank enclosure in the center, surrounded by a glass enclosed amphitheater with a 10,000 seating capacity, was completed a year ago at a cost of \$45,000.

The first section of a series of fire proof horse barns taking the place of wooden structures was completed this year at a cost of \$10,500 and was used for the first time. An administration building to accommodate the officers, a headquarters for the entire business end of the fair was also completed and made ready for this year. In all of its appointments it is a model of utility and convenience, so that all of the heads of departments can be readily found and business speedily transacted. It is constructed of brick 72x128 feet in size, of one story with a wide covered veranda extending entirely around its outside dimensions. It cost \$30,000.00. These recently constructed buildings are some of the best of many others that space forbids further reference, except to mention the many horses, cattle and sheep barns, the agricultural, horticultural, floral, dairy, poultry, amphitheater, dining halls, newspaper and numerous other structures necessary to the convenience and success of this great show. That it may be known that these buildings are of superior workmanship, first class material of a finished character with nothing about their construction displeasing to the eye, we state for verification that during the past summer the national conference of the Dankard church was held in the stock pavilion. Loose boards were laid on the tankark; the pulpit, and camp chairs for the delegates occupied that portion set apart for cattle and horses, while the main audience was accommodated in the surrounding amphitheater seats. There were over 20,000 members of this great religious organization in attendance, and in the neighborhood of one thousand of them from Pennsylvania.

These buildings are all kept unscrupulously clean, no filth or excrement permitted to remain for a moment. Exhibitors take pride in thoroughly washing, particularly the hogs and cattle, and the Fair authorities daily spray the hog pavilion inside thoroughly, hogs, pens and all with a liquid disinfectant, so that the most fastidiously dressed lady or gentleman need have no fear for their apparel or olfactory nerves. Now as to what is to be seen or that attracts the crowds that roll in on the many lines of railroads, the long lines of

loaded vehicles that swarm from every direction, is a matter that is almost impossible to handle. It must be "looked at to be seen" and even under such conditions, the visitor's eyes are by their owner sometimes called a liar. The writer's reputation for truth and veracity has stood the test fairly well up to the present time and he does not desire that doubts thereof be entertained by old-time associates or that a once fairly straight Pennsylvania boy of dutch extraction had gone west forty years ago, and developed into a common liar. So we extend to all who can, an invitation to visit our show next fall, so back home tell what you saw, truthfully, and then take the consequences. However, there must be attractions for the information we get at the State House, in sight of our home, says that there were 250,000 people passed the gates and paid therefor \$138,761.66; that there were over 1400 exhibitors and over 15,000 entries, that the stock entries exceeded those of the international live stock show at Chicago; that 224 exhibitors were on hand with over 3000 head of swine; 88 with over 800 head of horses; 82 with over 900 head of cattle; 26 with over 600 head of sheep; 67 poultry exhibitors and a raft load of other fellows with stuff to show; that over \$40,000 were paid out as premiums; that ten acres more had to be given for machinery and implement space, making 60 acres; that among the 3500 chickens in the poultry building there were roosters enough to make the after part of the night so hideous with their own peculiar kind of noise that the campers in their tents were deprived of their rest and refused to pay further daily admission charge; that this show was classified under 13 different departments: Horses, cattle, swine, sheep, poultry, agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, farm implements and machinery, pantry and apiary, dairy, art and fancy work, and children's work. It would seem that from these few items enumerated, taken from official records, there surely must be attractions. Perhaps, as show animals not intended for breeding purposes, a hog might be seen that weighed 940 pounds, perhaps a horse of 2500; or a fat steer of 3300. Just perhaps.

Iowa is perhaps as clear of the gambling feature of the racing horse as it is possible for law to control. She produces steppers as well as the sturdy draft and farm animal, and can point with pride to her published record on this class of horse flesh. We note one instance. C. W. Williams, of Independence, Iowa, a noted young fancier, who owned a fine horse farm with a good track and other accessories for speed requirements, appeared at some of the fairs with his string. We digress in this particular only to call attention to items of merit and possibilities.

At the last appearance of Mr. Williams at our State Fair perhaps fifteen years ago, two of his best horses were shown in glass enclosures and were continually under a guard, shortly thereafter, Galenburg, Ill., parties became their owners as follows: Axtel at the price of \$107,000.00 and Alerton at \$90,000. Any speed-racing horse man will recognize these names and figures.

In the foregoing we have endeavored as briefly as possible to show in parts what was in store for the fair visitor but the many, many items in detail as passed down from year to year and well known to the Iowa farmer expectancy could not but be on the alert, and we are now ready to suspend operations at home and "go to the fair." Our proximity admitted of nights at home. A pair of good travelers to a farm spring wagon, over a smooth prairie road with an early start placed us within the gates by 8:30 a. m. and with articles peculiar to farmer independence—plenty of wholesome feed for man and beast, eight or nine hours were entirely at our disposal before returning home in the evening. The succeeding days were duplications of the first, though in turn some one remained home each day to "watch things" and do the "chores," which means care for the stock. Where the distance was too great to permit a return the same day, the hogs and canvas wagon cover, that had sheltered the older ones of the family in an overland journey from some portion of the east, was called into service and with provisions and feed for the time allotted loaded up, and with as many as could pile in, and away they go.

This covered wagon crowd, coming from points, up to a hundred miles distant, has grown to great proportions and popularity. With tenting and hitching space free, a nominal rental for a tent, when not brought from home, a veritable young "tent city" of 50 acres in extent, springs up almost like magic, and he who says he can see no pleasure in such is devoid of an attribute that makes a part of life sunshine. From 3 to 10 p. m. of the first three days, it is one of the sights of the fair to see these "prairie schooners," strung along toward the "camp ground." It is conceded to be the best way to attend the fair—on the ground day and night, and in a home of their own. The stay is never less than two days, while many take a week, and still many take in the full time. In addition to the regular trains, specials are operated on all of the many lines. Hence the crowds. We frequently hear the assertion, by old-timers, of whom it may be said have not lost their interest in this annual show, that the greatest attraction is the seething mass of rural humanity that is everywhere present. Hotels and boarding houses are taxed to their limit, and were it not for the private houses that hang out their "lodging" sign, walking the streets or sleeping in the parks would be common. The exhibits are a wonder and it would be useless in this connection to attempt description. Everything of any use whatever, can be found and the improve-

ments and additions from year to year, are marvelous. With the thoughts in mind that this is purely an agricultural State, some idea can be found of the vast amount of show material in evidence, first to attract, and later to capture dollars, when placed on the market as a commodity. Every kind of an implement seems to be on hand that can be conceived of, up to a patent milker extracting the milk from cows as a useful novelty, or a traction engine with fourteen plows in a gang, as a practical, time, labor and horse flesh saving farm tool.

For the general farmer, implement, and stock are the chief attractions, and especially the latter, largely hogs. More than a day, to the interested man, can be consumed in this pavilion alone. Every breed known to man under the sun can be found and in size from the litter of pigs, to the monster, forced to an unnatural size and bulk of fatness to show the possibilities of the breed, or to advertise the producing qualities of some kind of prepared stock food. Breeders take advantage of the opportunity to sell, and the common farmer, the time to buy, and it is a wonder of the fair, as to the vast number of these animals that are there sold, largely singly, for breeding purposes to farmers and distributed all over the State. When it is known that everything on exhibition is pure-bred, recorded stock, it need not be wondered at that Iowa produced last year (1908) 8,413,000 hogs valued at \$54,684,000.00, almost three times a greater amount than any State in the union. The fair has taught the farmer to knock the sorbs in the head, and raise pure-bred as nearly as possible.

The foregoing can be applied to horses, cattle and sheep, and the reader can readily understand why the Iowa farmer is successful.

With the fair over we find ourselves home again, with a little spare time ahead, and with the information of a rate of \$12.00 for the round trip to Columbus, Ohio, the desire to visit old Centre after a lapse of 19 years, looms up, so we close this now too lengthy article, and hope to soon say, "How do you do" to personal friends in Belleville and old Bald Eagle valley in our next.

S. W. BAKER.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb 20th, 1909.

The drains and losses, the pains and torments suffered by so many women are unnatural. They are against Nature and she is their uncompromising foe. Let a woman realize this and she must also realize that Nature is her friend, and stands ready to help her when she will put herself in a position where Nature's help can be given. It is at this place that the supreme worth of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is demonstrated. It is the means by which Nature can work with women for the restoration of health. Begin use "Favorite Prescription" and you begin to be cured of ulceration, inflammation, female weakness and kindred ailments, because you begin to co-operate with Nature on Nature's plan. Of half a million women who have used "Favorite Prescription" ninety-eight per cent. have been perfectly and permanently cured.

Women should not confuse the slashed skirt with the sheath skirt.

The former is open to the knees or the hips and is now filled in with chiffon, not knickerbockers.

The sheath skirt is merely a tight, unlined, graceful affair that falls in clinging folds from a high waistband over the floor.

Each gets its name from its appearance. Yet they are constantly confused.

Pigmy Pills.

As far as their size goes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets may well be called "pigmy pills." They are the smallest of their kind. But when their work is considered they are more wonderful than the giant pills of whatever name. Giants can't be gentle. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are gentle in their action, certain in their results. Giant pills destroy on one hand while they build on the other. "Pierce's Pleasant Pellets" have no reaction. They cure the disease for which they are used, and cure it "for good and all."

A Notecess City in Friesland.

Fancy a city of 35,000 inhabitants, guileless of street cars and omnibuses (the steam train line from Franeker halts discreetly without the town), easily encompassed in an hour for its singel, its old moat which it has not yet greatly overstepped, is not three miles in extent; a city without great noise or confusion, save upon market days, and clean, quiet streets, lined by low houses with shining windows, peopled by rosy checked serving women, capped with gold and lace, and demurely dressed, grave faced citizens. Send red sailed boats to its very heart until masts are jumbled with electric light poles and church towers; plant densely foliaged trees beside its quays and a few iron railed flower beds in its open squares; give it a water girle thronged with hundreds of boats, crossed by a few bridges and many little hand ferries—and you will see Leeuwarden—Serbiner's Magazine.

Society at Caracas.

The ladies of the government were the most gorgeous of tropical butterflies. They wore all the colors at the same time and jewels in profusion, but you seldom looked farther than the paint and powder. I had seen a dark girl in Porto Rico powdered until she looked like a rusk, but she was at rest! These gaudy panish, Spanish-Indian, Spanish-negro creatures were pinked and scarleted and whited on face, throat and neck until the original color appeared only on the upper arms, and after they had danced for an hour one thought of the delta of the Mississippi in the old gene geography! And so we all danced, painted and unpainted alike, and only the unbelievable florescent description in the next morning's paper can give an adequate conception of what the Caraqueñas thought of it.—Atlantic.