

AN UNCERTAIN HORSE.

Betting on Sorrel Dan Was Not a "Sure Thing."

"Have I had much hard luck?" answered a follower of the turf to a question I put to him, writes Dick Dasher in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. "Well, that is hardly the way to express it. A bookmaker usually knows what he is doing, but sometimes he gets caught. The worst luck I ever had was at a meeting at Kishville, Ind. One of the races on the day to which I have reference was between four horses. There was one horse named Sorrel Dan, whose record and characteristics I knew as well as I knew myself. He was one of those animals that we call a 'one heat horse'; that is, he was able to run one heat well, but that was the end of him. He seemed to exert all his power in the first heat, and when called for a second would be in a collapsed condition. A muddy track was a sure sign that he would run a winning heat, but he was never known to win a race. Knowing this, I made up my mind to bet 100 to 2 against his winning. The great odds attracted a great many people who took me up. My first bad luck of that day occurred when, just before the heat was called, a heavy shower came up and made the track quite muddy. I knew the first heat was a goner, but did not despair, as it was an impossibility for Dan to regain strength for the next heat. But as luck would have it a heavy rain-storm came up and poured down buckets, causing a postponement of the heat until the next day.

"I began to fear, but knew that it would be impossible for the horse to win more than one heat on the morning. The next day it rained all the morning, making the track just suitable for Dan to win, and I was not disappointed, for he came in first easily. But bad luck seemed to follow me, for no sooner had the heat been finished than the rain came down again. The next heat was postponed for the next day. I felt shaky, but knew if the sun came out and dried the track I would still have a chance. But fortune frowned on me; for the next day it was raining, clearing in time to allow the final heat to be run. Sorrel Dan again had things all his own way and thus won the race. I paid out my money like a man, but I left the town with \$3,200 less than when I came in. This was one of the worst experiences I ever had on betting on a sure thing."

By Chance.

They were talking on the rear platform of the car, when one suddenly turned to the other with: "Were you ever in California?" "Oh, yes." "Great country, isn't it?" "Grandest in the world." "Let me sell you some property there." "I was about to propose the same thing to you. Where is your property?" "About fourteen miles from Blankville." "Mine is just fourteen. What did you pay?" "About \$800 per acre." "So did I. Did you buy for an orange grove?" "Yes." "So did I. Any hill on your land?" "Yes—all hills." "So is mine. You paid \$800 per acre, and you'll take about \$25?" "Yes—\$20." "So will I. Beautiful climate, isn't it?" "Perfectly lovely." "Then I can't sell you?" "Not today. Never told any one you got left, did you?" "Never." "Nor I, either. Always claim to have made \$20,000 on my deal. Good-day."

An Unsatisfactory Substitute.

The Eastern guest at the Wild West Hotel wasn't satisfied, quite, with his dinner. "Can you bring me a Roman punch?" "A what?" exclaimed the startled waiter, dropping a plate. "A Roman punch—don't you know what a punch is?" "Oh, yes, sir; yes, sir," stammered the waiter, "I'll go and see, sir." In a moment he returned. "Well?" asked the guest impatiently. "Hain't got no Roman punch, sir," he said, with pride; "but the cook says as how would a monkey-wrench do?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Mistaken Award.



Husband (just home from the city)—My angel!—Crying!—Whatever's the matter? Wife—They've awarded me—prize medal—(sobbing)—I'm spongy cake! Husband (soothingly)—And I'm quite sure it deservs. Wife (hysterically)—Oh—but—'t said—twas—for the best specimen of concrete.—London Punch.

Politeness at Fankville. City Niece—Uncle, uncle, don't! It's very impolite to eat with your knife. Uncle—Eh—Hain't politeness! I let you eat with your fork when you came out to Fankville this summer, didn't I, and never let on how funny it looked to us.

Needed the Five. Lord Forgivuz—in England a man has to work five years before he becomes master of his trade. Americanus Summers—I should regard that about right—for an Englishman.—Truth.

A Long Pull. Mrs. Eighly—I am sorry to hear your husband is ill. What is the trouble? Mrs. Bings—Pure weakness. It took her two hours last night to get up one slight—Life.

THE ENEMIES OF CORN.

Some Suggestions for Protecting the Great American Crop. Its enemies in the field, the bin and the mill are numerous. Among its bird foes the crow is most dreaded by the farmer. He is a bold, saucy fellow, well endowed with bird sense, and soon sees a scare-crow in a humbug. The common devices used for this purpose—an open newspaper, bright tin, a clapping wind-mill, an effigy, etc., are effective only for a short time, when something new must be found. A practical farmer suggests that early planting will circumvent him, since he is not particularly an early bird. Another claims that the use of a planter which covers the seed and presses down the earth upon it has been a perfect defense for him. He has seen twenty crows pulling away after the corn had got above the ground and found they had upped the tops off, yet could not get the kernel up. Great damage is often done to the corn crop by a corn-worm (Heliothis Armigra), identical with the boll-worm, so injurious to the cotton crop. The parent of the worm is a moth of brownish yellow color, with dark brown or black markings. The caterpillar is green with black stripes and dark spots, and is covered with hairs. When full grown it measures about one and one-half inches. It is extremely voracious, though not particularly dainty, since it eats whatever comes in its way. Peas, stringed beans, tomatoes, pumpkins, cotton or corn are all one to his greedy appetite. The moth deposits its eggs upon the corn silk, and the young caterpillars soon work their way down to the tender kernel. When the caterpillar attains its full size it descends into the soil a few inches and there weaves its cocoon. Two or more broods are produced each year. Birds and parasites destroy this insect, but as worm and moth. Men destroy it by means of torches, lamps and lanterns, sometimes arranged over dishes of oil or water, into which it falls and drowns. Plates of vinegar and molasses put among the corn will entrap many of them.

Aphis Maidis, a little plant louse, infests corn and lives upon its juices. The eggs, which are laid in the ground, hatch in May, when the lice gather upon the roots, and here remain until the roots harden so that they are driven to the stem and tassels, where they are found in great numbers about July. Their presence can be easily detected by an army of red ants dancing attendance upon them, since they wear two black honey-tubes standing up like horns on the upper and hinder part of the abdomen, which secrete a saccharine fluid of which the ants are very fond. They have a curious history of reproduction. The female deposits her eggs in the ground and dies. The brood are wingless females, and without the intervention of the male bring forth alive another female brood. These do likewise, and so continue for five or six or more generations. The last brood are both males and females. These pair again, and deposit their eggs, which remain over winter in the ground, and the next spring begin the same round over again. It is claimed that nothing but cropping against them is of any avail.

The corn-stalk borer is a comparatively new enemy, or, at any rate, has been only lately described. The moth is of an ashy-gray color, and probably lays her eggs near the base of the leaf where the leaf is sheathed around the stalk. The worm is orange yellow, with rows of reddish warts, and a flat, black head, with which it bores its way into the stalk. It sheds its skin four times before it attains full growth. The cocoon is woven within the stalk, and the moth makes its exit through the holes bored by the worm. Three or more broods are produced each year. It hibernates in stalks and stubble. The stalks not eaten by stock should be burned early in February, and the stubble should be plowed up and burned, or plowed under very deeply.

DAIRY NOTES.

If you have the right kind of cows, and the cows have the right kind of owner, not less than three hundred pounds of butter a year should be the average yield.

Stock is never profitable except when it is making a steady gain. Do not keep a single head more through the winter than you can house and feed in such manner as to accomplish this.

As a matter of fact, cheese should not be made from two-days-old milk, either in the spring or fall, and when not enough milk can be furnished to pay the factory to run every day, it should close its doors for the season.—G. E. Newell.

Working butter too much, or when too cold, breaks the grain and gives it a salty appearance that lessens its market value. Such butter loses flavor and becomes rancid sooner than butter worked or washed only enough to rid it of buttermilk and at a temperature that will preserve its waxy appearance and good flavor.

A bright New York dairyman is out with the idea that quick churning is a result of breeding in the cow that produces the milk, quite as much as the mechanical part of the operation. It is argued that family characteristics are imparted from dam to heifer, and that easy separation of the fats from the milk is not out of reasonable supposition at least.

About thirty pounds of ensilage are needed a day for each cow through the winter, and two or three pounds of bran and the same quantity of clover hay twice a day. With this ration the cows will yield good milk and cream and be very productive. One should sit down and figure out how much extra expense and labor this would all cause, and then decide if he wants to begin winter dairying.

Raising Good Corn in a Dry Season. "Some Yankee," says a practical farmer, "will ask, 'How do you raise good corn in a drouth?' I'll tell. I plowed and rolled my ground, spread my manure on, and harrowed it in; put a handful of hen manure and fine bone composed in the hill; cultivated it flat; did not hill any. When the drouth came, cultivated, but very shallow; the result was a good crop. On another plot the manure was spread on the sod and turned under without any fertilizer in the hill, and was almost a failure. My neighbors report that they have very fat corn on land that the manure was spread on after plowing and fertilizing in the hill."

Five Children at a Birth.

MRS. DAVID ROSENBERGER ASTONISHES HER LITTLE-HUSBAND.

All previous records in Pennsylvania, if not in the country, were smashed to smithereens when Mrs. David Rosenberger, of Kittanning, Pa., a diminutive farmer's wife, gave birth to five bouncing babies, at her home near that borough last week. The children, all of whom are well developed and full of animation, are three girls and two boys. They appear to be strong, and the attending physician says that all of them are likely to live and grow up. But the astonished father, who is 40 years old and only five feet tall, has by no means recovered from his surprise, though Mrs. Rosenberger is quite as well as could be expected. "I thought," said Farmer Rosenberger with a sigh to a neighbor today, "that we were coming to a time of astonishing pluralities when they began to count up the vote for Grow a week ago. But oh, my! I didn't look for anything like this—hard times, and five babies at once!"

The average age of undergraduates at Harvard is 22.7 years; at Columbia 21.5 years.

Tennyson on Spring.

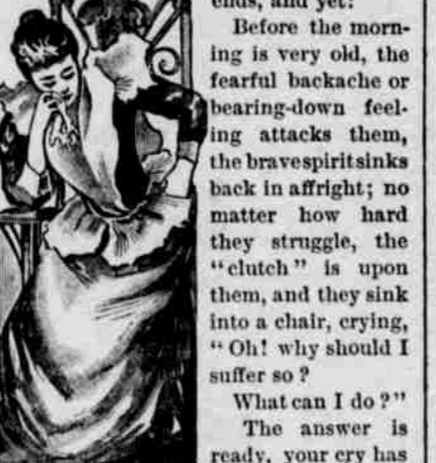
We have the word of Alfred Tennyson for it that in the spring the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. It is singular that the great laureate omitted to mention the fact that it is in the spring that a considerable portion of the human race turn to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Probably nothing but the difficulty of finding a good rhyme for that invaluable remedy deterred him. Certain it is that the old-time domestic remedies are generally discarded in favor of the standard blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It purifies the blood and gives nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

A son of Mrs. Burnett, who is said to have been the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is to enter Harvard University next fall.

WOMAN'S TRIALS.

SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT. So Many Suffer Without Knowing Why. Much Can Be Avoided.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.) So many feel the very life crushed out of them, wake up cheerful and happy, determined to do so much before the day ends, and yet:



Before the morning is very old, the fearful backache or bearing-down feeling attacks them, the bravespirits sink back in affliction; no matter how hard they struggle, the "clutch" is upon them, and they sink into a chair, crying, "Oh! why should I suffer so?"

What can I do?" The answer is ready, your cry has been heard, and a woman is able to restore you to health and happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will stop your torture and restore your courage. All your pains come from a deranged uterus or womb.

It is the greatest of all rewards to receive such letters as the following from Miss Louise Muller, who lives at 44 Michigan Ave., in Evanston, Ill. She says: "As I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and have thereby become entirely well, I am recommending it to all my lady friends to use it. I am sure it will help them in all cases of womb trouble, leucorrhoea, irregular or painful 'monthly periods.' I am sure it is our best friend. I am so thankful to Mrs. Pinkham for the good she has done me, that I wish every sick woman in America would write to her at Lynn, Mass., and get her advice."



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