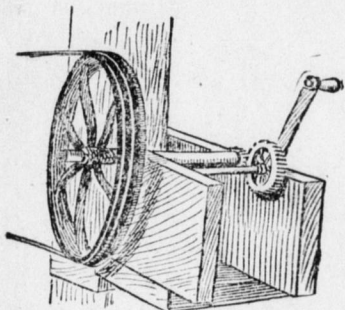




TRAVELING MAIL BOX.

Simple Device by Which an Ohio Farmer Has His Letters Carried Across a River.

We recently received from the rural delivery bureau at Washington a photograph of a traveling mail box designed and used by Mr. James Taggart, Delaware county, O., to convey his mail from his box on the rural carrier's route to his house across a river.



MOTOR GEAR OF TRAVELING MAIL BOX.

larly situated or at a distance from the road, we wrote to Mr. Taggart for particulars and he has replied as follows:

"This mail carrier is designed to transport the mail across the Olen-tangy river, which at this point is 228 feet wide. It is supported by a No. 8 galvanized wire (A) which is maintained at the proper tension by means of a fence ratchet shown at B. The box is supported on the wires by two grooved sash pulleys, (D D). The strap iron connecting with the box and pulleys, (D D), extends on both sides of the wire, making it impossible to get off in transit. The post (E) on opposite side of river has an iron at the top end bent into the form shown at F. This iron is 5/8 x 2 1/4 inches and extends down the center of the post and is held in place by bolts (H H). A sash pulley (I) is fastened to the post, around which the cord (K) passes. This belt of cord, known in the market as No. 60 medium laid seine twine, is made fast to the mail box at the point L. It then passes around the pulley (I) thence around the groove drive wheel (m) and fastens again at the point L.

"By revolving the wheel (m) the box is pulled along the wire; then by reversing the wheel the box is moved in the opposite direction. In order to in-

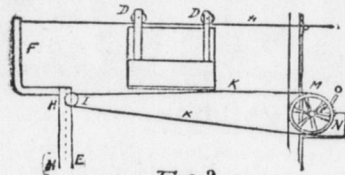


Fig. 2

DIAGRAM OF TRAVELING MAIL BOX.

crease the speed the cogged gear-wheel (n) is added, to the shaft of which the crank (O) is attached. One turn of the crank moves the box ten feet. The iron (F) is used to enable the mail carrier to drive his vehicle wheel under the box for convenience in delivering mail. The cord (K) varies in length considerably in wet and dry weather, but not so much as to interfere with its working.

"The matter of cost is a little hard to get at accurately, because much of the material, including all the wheels in the driving mechanism, were drawn from the farm junk heap at no cost whatever, yet would have a considerable value were they required to be especially made. The cash outlay for this outfit was not over \$2, but it must be noted that all the work, both wood and iron, was done on the farm and would perhaps amount to three times the above figure."—James E. Taggart, in Ohio Farmer.

**Creameries Do Good Work.** New creameries are constantly starting up, and some of these are co-operative. Every new creamery, if started on a good basis, is of direct interest to the general public. With the immense increase in our population the problem of supplying a good quality of butter at existing prices is a hard one to solve. Certainly the market of the future will take all of this product it is possible to sell. It is to be hoped that the increase of butter supply will keep pace with the demand, as too high prices turn the buyers to butter substitutes. — Farmers' Review.

**Bacon Curing in England.** Take the whole side, after the ham and shoulder have been removed, and rub it with the following mixture: For each 100 pounds of meat, seven pounds of salt, one pound of brown sugar and four ounces of saltpeter, finely powdered and mixed together. Spread this compound on the flesh side of the meat only and rub it in well. Lay another piece on the first one, treat it in the same manner, and so proceed until all the meat is salted. Let it remain in this compound for three weeks; it will then be ready to hang up to dry or to smoke, when it should be wiped off.

GOOD AND BAD MILKERS.

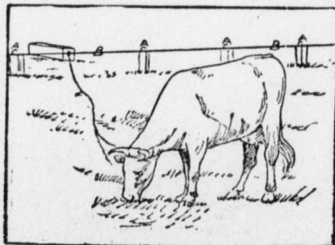
Why Dairymen Should Make Occasional Tests of the Milk from All Their Cows.

At a milking trial held in connection with one of the recent summer shows in England the cow which was awarded the first prize produced over six gallons of milk in the day, and her milk was so rich in quality that it produced over four pounds of butter. At the same show there were on exhibition other cows of the same breed and practically the same size and weight which produced only two to three gallons of milk and barely one pound of butter. It would be a mistake to suppose that the feeding of one of the last-named would cost as much as the six-gallon cow, because, as a rule, the better milker a cow is the more food will she consume. It is only natural that a cow yielding six gallons of milk should require a much more liberal food ration than one producing less than half that quantity. The difference in the cost of feeding the cows in question would not, however, be anything like so marked as their relative milk yields would suggest. In practice it is found that cows producing only 1 1/2 gallons to two gallons—that is, six to eight quarts—per day cost as much to keep as those yielding double that quantity. It is only when calculations of this kind are gone into that the difference between good and bad milkers can be properly estimated. At least occasional tests should be made of the milk which all the cows in the herd are producing, and a similar test should be made of the food which they are consuming, and if it is found, as it is to be feared will be only too frequently the case, that the animals are not giving a sufficient return for the cost of the food which they are disposing of, they should be got rid of at the first opportunity and their places filled by others capable of giving a better return for the food.—Farmers' Gazette.

GOOD PASTURE FENCE.

Its Inventor, a North Dakota Man, Has Used One for Three Years with Satisfaction.

A cheap fence for cows and calves at pasture can be made as sketched. Take two-foot posts (a a), sharpen, drive in the ground a rod apart, leaving eight inches above ground. Fasten a



EXCELLENT PASTURE FENCE.

smooth wire (b b) on top of posts with staple (c c c). A cow is tied to a rope about 15 feet long. Fasten a block six by six inches 2 1/2 or three feet long to rope. Attach rope in center (d) of end of stick with staple. I have used this sort of a fence with satisfaction three years. I used four-foot cordwood sawed in half for posts. The longer the rope used the further the cow can graze.—J. Peterson, in Farm and Home.

WATER AFFECTS MILK.

Therefore the Farmer Who Lets His Cows Drink from a Stagnant Pool Commits a Crime.

We hear some things that we find hard to believe in the way of the treatment of dairy cows. One of these things is that there are here and there pastures in which the only watering place is a stagnant pond full of insects and slimy grasses. It is a wonder that cows can drink such stuff and still remain healthy, but it is certain that they take chances on acquiring some one of the water-borne diseases common to stock. No human being should be asked to drink milk made out of such water, even after it has been strained through the cow. It is claimed that other owners are known to water their cows out of rain water barrels. Well, that is only a slight improvement over the stagnant pond method. The water in the rain water barrel soon takes on a smell that is disagreeable to man and beast. Why can't our cows have at least pure water to drink? Water, pure and sparkling, enters very largely into the life of every being. Let us be sure that the milk we drink is made from water and food absolutely pure.—Farmers' Review.

**Importing German Potatoes.** It may seem strange that Germany should be able to establish an export trade with America in potatoes, yet such is the case. So far the shipments made have been small, but the indications are that the volume will increase. Orders for next season are heavy. The German potatoes are smaller than ours. Those exported are known to the trade as "old potatoes" and are to be used almost entirely by the large hotels making potato salad. Americans should supply this demand by purchasing seed potatoes in Germany and raising them at home. They could be sold at a greater profit than is made on the potatoes now grown, as the Germans can afford to raise them, pay freightage and our import duty of 25 cents a bushel and still find the business remunerative.—Toronto Mail.

The bumblebee, with his fuzzy legs and body, is the best carrying medium for the distribution of pollen from blossom to blossom. Without this insect the clover field would be seedless.

GIANT GOLD NUGGET FOUND.

Lump Valued at \$264 Discovered in Washing on American Hill in the Klondike.

A giant nugget, worth \$264, was found in the recent wash-up on American hill, Klondike. The reports from the north indicate exceptionally lively times on all the creeks. The clean-up of 1901 is in full swing. From all parts of the camp came reports of water running freely and claim-owners taking prompt advantage of the opportunity to wash up their dirt. Summer work is also beginning. Double shifts are being put in at many places. Sulphur Creek reports a good flow of water all along the stream, and activity at all points on the Eldorado. Hunker and Gold bottom are alive with men engaged in sluicing, and Hunker is already sending gold to Dawson. Bonanza has also sent in some new-crop gold, and is working at nearly all points. No reports are heard of scarcity of men, and some predict that there are more men in camp now than will be needed at the busiest season.

'Twas Her First Love.

On a corner stood a little barefoot girl in her rags. Her soiled, pudgy little hands hugged another bundle of rags carelessly to her stained, dimpled cheek, while she enjoyed all the joys of young motherhood. The bundle was her "baby." Tied with a string near one end, the rags formed into a head. Another string about the middle produced the effect of a waist line. A young man saw the happy little mother. "What's that?" he asked, resting a hand on the unkempt hair of the child. "My dolly," she said, hugging the rags closer. "Your dolly, eh? What a pretty dolly. And what do you call your baby?" "I calls it—I calls it—I calls it Bum Annie."—N. Y. Times.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Smarting, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists, and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Not a Joke.

In a dispute one cuffed the other on the ear. "Was that meant for a joke or in earnest?" asked the victim, hotly. "In earnest." "That's lucky for you. I don't take things of that kind for a joke."—Philadelphia Times.

Society Men.

"Mr. Woodby is very particular," said Mrs. Woodby, who was engaging a new servant; he's quite a prominent society man and entertains. "Is he so?" interrupted the applicant. "Faith, then, he ought to know me Uncle Mike. Divil the society ye ever heard tell of that he don't belong to."—Philadelphia Press.

Nailed Down.

Crawford—Why do you think he's the most heaped man that ever lived? Crabshaw—Because when his wife went away to the country for the summer she made him keep a diary of how he spent his time in town.—Puck.

Spotted!

First Shirt-Waist Man—There goes Mr. Schermerhorn in his new shirt waist. Second Shirt-Waist Man—That is no new shirt waist! That's one of last summer's shirt waists—see how large the sleeves are! —Brooklyn Eagle.

False Doctrine.

School Examiner—What is the meaning of false doctrine. Scenoboy—Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to people who are sick.—Tit-Bits.

Didn't Want Knowledge.—A gentleman one day saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the farmer changed his tactics. "Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flattery voice, with contrived friendliness, "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something." "Not yet," replied the recipient. "Little boys like me don't need to know everything."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Logic—Maud—"When are they to be married?" Ethel—"Never." Maud—"Never? And why so?" Ethel—"She will not marry until he has paid his debts, and he cannot pay his debts until she marries him."—Fun.

ADVENTURES OF A QUEER BOY.

His Strange Visit to Buckingham Palace Early in Queen Victoria's Reign.

Amid the flood of anecdotes connected with the late queen and royal family that has been pouring through the columns of the press, I do not think anyone has called attention to the adventure of the "boy Jones," at Buckingham palace, a few years after the queen's marriage, says Edward Vizetelly, in London Free Lance. This young fellow was twice caught within the royal residence, without anyone being able to explain how he got there. On the first occasion he was surprised by a porter early in the morning leisurely surveying one of the apartments. On being searched, nothing of importance was found upon him, but he had made up a bundle containing a sword, a pot of bear's grease, and some old letters.

He was covered with soot, from head to foot, and looked like a sweep, but denied that such was his calling, pointing out that his sooty appearance was due to his having concealed himself in chimneys in the daytime. For awhile he had occupied the vacant bedroom of one of the equestrians, and had left the sooty imprints of his frame on the sheets. He stoutly declared that his intrusion was not for the purpose of theft, but to find out how royalty and the "great swells" like royal footmen lived. His examination before the magis, rate created great amusement. He admitted that he had been in the palace on previous occasions, and for days together. In fact, he had "put up there," he said. He had found it a very comfortable place. The apartment he liked best was the drawing-room. During the day he hid behind the furniture, when he was not up a chimney, but late at night, when everyone had gone to bed, he walked about, went into the kitchen, and got his food. Then he related that he had seen the queen and her ministers in council, and had listened to all they had to say. When asked if he had worn the same shirt all the time, he calmly replied: "Yes, when it was dirty I washed it in the kitchen." And then he volunteered the information that he knew his way all over the palace, and had been right through it—in the queen's apartments and all. He had found out that her majesty was very fond of politics, he said.

This lad revealed himself such a pleasant vagabond, with his amusing ways and astounding impudence, that no very serious punishment was inflicted on him. He was merely put away for a short term. Nor did he fare very badly when caught a second time. On this occasion he was caught crouching in a recess, and, being dragged out of it, was taken to the police station. He then told the magistrate that he had concealed himself under a safe in one of the queen's private apartments, and had overheard a long conversation between her majesty and Prince Albert. He was sent to the house of correction for a few months, in the hope of breaking him of the mania for intruding on the sovereign's privacy, as the offense was mildly termed. But soon after his release he was found prowling in the vicinity of the palace. Finally the authorities induced him to emigrate to Australia, where he evidently blossomed into a well-to-do colonist. It was soon after these events that Baron Stockmar was brought over here to introduce order and discipline into the royal residence.

The Summer Hotel.

Young Guest—It seems to me that you don't object to the mosquitoes singing in your room. Old Guest—You bet I don't! Why, when the mosquitoes are singing I can't hear the university glee club practicing on the piazza.—Chicago Daily News.

Bitter-Sweet.

Ted—That girl of mine has the germ fad and won't even eat ice cream. Ned—You're in luck. "But she doesn't stop there. She won't kiss me for fear of microbes!"

Misapplied Industry.

"Have I not been an earnest and conscientious worker?" asked the young man who was about to be "let out." "Possibly, possibly," replied the practical politician. "Indeed, I may say that I have no fault to find with your industry, except that it is misapplied."

"In what way?" "It has been devoted to the interests of the taxpayers instead of us. You are a good man in some ways, but you seem to lack judgment."—Chicago Post.

Terribly Burned.

"An ounce of prevention" may bethought a luxury, but it often turns out to be a necessity, as is proved by the following statement from Mr. J. H. Malkmus, of New York City, N. Y.: "On the 20th of June, I terribly burned one of my hands by grasping a dull red hot iron about three inches long and three-fourths of an inch thick, and now on this 26th day of June I am cured, nothing having been used but Palmer's Lotion." Everybody should have it. If you cannot get it, send to Solon Palmer, 347 Pearl St., New York, for samples of Palmer's Lotion and Lotion Soap.

Fairy Stories.

"I tell you your country is painfully new. Why, you haven't even any fairy tales." "Haven't, eh? Well, you just come with me and look at the tablets on our best monuments."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Some girls kill themselves jumping rope, some grow up and write problem stories, and some have fame thrust upon them.—Detroit Journal.

Check Coughs, Colds and Croup With Hoxsie's Croup Cure. No opium. 50c.

Bibbs—"No man knows himself." Gibbs—"That's so. He would lose his best friend if he did."—Smart Set.

Women Must Sleep.

**Avoid Nervous Prostration.** If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician? He quiets the nervous system, he deadens the pain, and you sleep well. You ought to know that when you ceased to be regular in your courses, grow irritable without cause, and pass sleepless nights, there is serious



MRS. HARTLEY.

trouble somewhere, and nervous prostration is sure to follow. You ought to know that indigestion, exhaustion, womb displacements, fainting, dizziness, headache, and backache send the nerves wild with affliction, and you cannot sleep. Mrs. Hartley, of 221 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill., whose portrait we publish, suffered all these agonies, and was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; her case should be a warning to others, and her cure carry conviction to the minds of every suffering woman of the un-failing efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**RHEUMATISM** Van Buren's Rheumatic Compound is the only positive cure. Past experience speaks for itself. Depot 825 S. California Ave., Chicago.

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