Vegetarians Found a Hospital.

Vegetarianism has taken a stand in England which entitles it to respect from people who are not entire believers in the doctrine. The restaurants of the vegetarians are clean and they provide a menu of reasonable variety. One of the latest steps in the line of the work has been the founding of a vegetarian hospital, which a writer in the London Daily Chronicle describes. It was started in 1895, though little was said about it at the time, as the founders did not wish to advertise it until they were sure of its becoming successful. It was to be for nonvegetarians, it being understood that vegetarians are never ill. Consequently there was some prejudice to overcome. It was also thought that there might be difficulty in putting an invalid accustomed to eating meat suddenly upon a vegetable diet. But no trouble was found, patients did as well as could be desired, and the result has been altogether very satisfactory. The hospital authorities believe that the general increase of cancer is due to excess in meat eating. Pine baths and massage treatment, with plenty of fresh air, are included in the hospital regimen.—New York Times.

Fortunes Awaiting Claimants.

By order of Parliament a report has just been made out and published concerning the unclaimed funds in the keeping of the various English government departments at the present moment. The chancery division of the Supreme Court of Judicature has in its possession over $300,000,000, after paying during the last two years $85,000,000 to successful claimants. The Irish Court of Chancery holds some $50,000,000 of unclaimed moneys, while the unclaimed Government stocks and accumulated dividends retained by the treasury department amount to $28,000,000. Unclaimed dividends in bankruptcy are figured at $50,000,000, while unclaimed army and navy prize money and accumulations of pay exceed $3,000,000. All these funds are used by the British Government until claims thereto have been satisfactorily proved. An endeavor will be made to transfer to the state the custody of unclaimed funds in the hands of bankers and others. These funds are known to amount to a colossal sum, far exceeding the total amount of unclaimed money now in the keeping of the Government.—Boston Transcript.

His Broad Principles.

The Farmer—Say, I'd like to hire you jest as you be fer a scarecrow for my cornfield.

Weary Walker—Any work about it?

The Farmer—Not a dern stroke.

Weary Walker—Then o' course there ain't no pay?

The Farmer—Why not?

Weary Walker—You don't pay fellers fer doin' nothin'?

The Farmer—I'll pay you fer doin' nothin'.

Weary Walker—I couldn't bring myself down to takin' pay fer it. Hold on. If it's a cornfield o' course the corn I save means just so much more whisky?

The Farmer—O' course.

Weary Walker—Then I'll do it on th' broad principles of common humanity! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fill Teeth with Glass.

The latest use for glass is instead of gold as a material for stopping decaying teeth. It answers splendidly, and is far less conspicuous than the yellow metal. Of course, it is not ordinary glass, but is prepared by some new patented process which renders it soft and malleable.

Oh, What Splendid Coffee.

Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 15c I grew 300 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb." A. C. 6.

A package of this coffee and big seed and plant catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice.

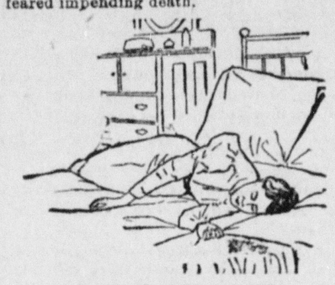
Some people use a jackass to draw a conveyance and others employ a lawyer.

Look out for colds
At this season. Keep
Your blood pure and
Rich and your system
Toned up by taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then
You will be able to
Resist exposure to which
A debilitated system
Would quickly yield.

Bad Digestion, Bad Heart.

Poor digestion often causes irregularity of the heart's action. This irregularity may be mistaken for real, organic heart disease. The symptoms are much the same. There is, however, a vast difference between the two; organic heart disease is often incurable; apparent heart disease is curable if good digestion be restored.

A case in point is quoted from the *New Era*, of Greensburg, Ind. Mrs. Ellen Colsom, Newpoint, Ind., a woman forty-three years old, had suffered for four years with distressing stomach trouble. The gases generated by the indigestion pressed on the heart and caused an irregularity of its action. She had much pain in her stomach and heart, and was subject to frequent and severe choking spells, which were most severe at night. Doctors were tried in vain; the patient became worse, despondent, and feared impending death.



A CASE OF HEART FAILURE.

She was much frightened, but noticed that in intervals in which her stomach did not annoy her, her heart's action became normal. Reasoning correctly that her digestion was alone at fault, she procured the proper medicine to treat that trouble, and with immediate good results. Her appetite came back, the choking spells became less frequent and finally ceased. Her weight, which had been greatly reduced, was restored, and she now weighs more than for years. Her blood soon became pure and her cheeks rosy.

The case is of general interest because the disease is a very common one. That others may know the means of cure we give the name of the medicine used—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A man must toil ere pleasure's thrill
Relieves this life so vexed,
You've got to pedal up one hill
Ere you can coast the next.
—Washington Star.

Medium—The spirit of your wife is here, and says she never dreamed of such happiness since you two parted. The Man—Tell her I feel the same way.

Wheeler—I see they have been trying bicycle ambulances. Walker—I thought these scorchers would make something of the kind necessary.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Suburbs—I am not at all good enough for you, dear. Miss Boston—I'm glad you confess it before we were married. You're not the fellow for me.—Boston Courier.

"I often experience a shock of disappointment when I get up close to some apparently beautiful woman." "Probably they feel the same way about you."—Chicago Record.

Hungry Higgins—As fur eight hours being enough for a day's work—— Weary Watkins—It ain't. Any man who'll do a day's work orter git six months.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Julia had her husband's photograph taken with his head stuck in a newspaper." "Why did she do that?" "She said that was the way he always looked to her when he was at home."

"Sad about the Duzenstickers." "What's the matter?" "They've lived together fifteen years, and they never had a quarrel until lately, when they bought bicycles of different makes."—Chicago Record.

"What in the world is Smithers building on the lot next door?" "A cold storage house." "To keep his meats and groceries from spoiling?" "No; to keep his daily supply of ice from melting away."—Cincinnati Tribune.

"Marriage," said the puffy man, "made me what I am to-day. Marriage is the mighty engine of civilization." "Then," remarked McCorker, "you are not self but machine made, I suppose." —Philadelphia North American.

"Thought you said Frank and George agreed in politics?" "So they do." "Well, they argue over it every time they meet." "That's because they don't know what it is they agree on."—New York Sun.

City Man—This must be a very healthy place, judging from the number of old people I have seen here! Native—Healthy? It's so blamed healthy that I guess a good many of 'em will have to be shot on the judgment day.—Puck.

Many a man who thinks his persuasive powers are sufficient to control the affairs of a nation wouldn't even make a successful book agent.

Ayer's

Is your hair dry, harsh, and brittle? Is it fading or turning gray? Is it falling out? Does dandruff trouble you? For any or all of these conditions there is an infallible remedy in Ayer's

Hair Vigor.

WEEKLY SERMONS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Boyhood of Jesus.

The Sixth of the New York Herald's Competition Sermons is on "The Power of Gentleness"—Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on Christ as a Village Lad.

TEXT: "Thy gentleness hath made me great."—Psalms, xviii., 35.

There is little in the popular idea of gentleness to make it desirable for God or man. We think of it as lacking in vigor and a long way removed from greatness. So suggestive is it of weakness and softness that we want very little to do with it.

Our ideas of gentleness need rectifying. We speak often of a gentle horse. What do we mean by it? That horse is gentle that is nervy and full of mettle, able to pass anything on the road, and yet so easily subdued that the voice of a little child would bring him to a standstill at once. That man is gentle who has the strength of a Hercules and the tenderness of a woman. Gentleness is power withholding itself and spending itself in goodness.

A good illustration of gentleness was that on a Spanish battle field. A gallant French soldier's sword was uplifted to strike his foe to the earth, but he saw as the sword was about to descend that his antagonist had but one farm. Instantly he stayed his sword, brought it to a salute and rode on.

Gentleness in a woman is love's mighty magnet, and will attract its own from the ends of the earth. A woman without it is a monstrosity, a warrior with it is greater far than he who shows his power by burning villages, destroying crops, executing prisoners. The great general at Appomattox, considering the interests of the men in gray, treating them as his countrymen, silencing the salute already under way to celebrate victory lest they should be further humiliated, and sending the defeated ones home well fed and equipped for labor on the farms, declaring himself a gentle man as well as a great soldier, and did more in that hour to make his country great than other great men have done in a lifetime. Grant could have crushed the South in that hour; instead, he caressed it as a mother her weak and wayward child, and melted it to tears.

We speak often of the power of God, but it is the gentleness of God that works the greatest wonders. It is this that makes men great. See the gentleness of God at the beginning. It is not the strong arm, but the tender heart, that concerns itself with fallen man. It is not a king's voice that we hear in Eden, but a father's. Pathetic cry that, "Adam, Adam, where art thou?" When God came down in human flesh to save a lost world He came in the same spirit. A still and quiet night it was when the Saviour was born. The stars looked down peacefully upon the shepherds as they watched their sheep. The world was wrapt in slumber. It was into this stillness and quiet that God's angels came and God's glory shone around. Gentle words those were the angel spoke—"Be not afraid." So sweet and gentle was the music of the angelic host that no one save the shepherds heard it.

The spirit of the Gospel is the same. It is summed up in the words: "A bruised reed will He not break; the smoking flax He will not quench." It is by gentleness that God seeks to win the world to righteousness and truth. "The Lord God is a sun." Sooner or later cold and icy hearts must give way before Him. We need more gentleness before the earth can become like heaven—gentleness on the part of parents. You can shout at your children and bring them into trembling submission; you can thrash them into obedience; you can starve them into submission. The strong can bring the weak to terms for a while by any of the methods. But if you want to show your child the sweet reasonableness of your position and to make him docile, obedient, trustful, sit down and talk gently with him and seek to make his heart your own.

We need more gentleness on the part of preachers. "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle toward all men." The Great Preacher was so gentle that Simon the Pharisee asked him to dine with him; the poor harlot lingered near His feet caressingly; Zaccheus and Matthew, the publicans, became His loyal disciples, and even a thief, in the agony of crucifixion, cried, "Lord, remember me." The world needs nothing more than it needs gentleness and love. Human hearts are hungry for the music of gentle voices and the touch of tenderness. Why should we not all try to show that we are the sons and daughters of the gentle God?

Rough, rude boys have been made great for time and eternity by the sweetness and gentleness of mothers and sisters. Dull, wilful, petulent scholars have been made thoughtful and earnest by the tender patient love of self-denying teachers. Souls small, mean, selfish, sinful, have been made great by the gentle, faithful labors of those not willing that any should perish.

The night of life is coming on apace. It will be sweet to have the gates swing inward at our approach to the city eternal, and to be welcomed by some watching for our home coming, and to hear from joyful lips such words as these: "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

RICHARD G. WOODBRIDGE,
Pastor Central Congregational Church, Middleboro, Mass.

CHRIST AS A VILLAGE LAD.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Boyhood of Jesus.

TEXT: "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the face of God was upon Him."—Luke xi., 40.

Concerning what bounded the boyhood of Christ, the preacher said, we have whole libraries of books and whole galleries of canvas and sculpture, but pen and pencil and chisel have, with few exceptions, passed by Christ, the village lad. "Yet, by three conjointed evidences," he said, "I think we can come to as accurate an idea of what Christ was as a boy as of what Christ was as a man.

"First, we have the Bible account of His boyhood. Then we have the prolonged account of what Christ was at thirty years of age. We have besides an uninspired book that was for the first three or four centuries after Christ's appearance received by many as inspired, and which gives a prolonged account of Christ's boyhood.

"The so-called apocryphal Gospel, in which the boyhood of Christ is dwelt upon, I do not believe to be divinely inspired, and yet it may present facts worthy of consideration. Because it represents the boy Christ as performing miracles, some have overthrown that whole apocryphal book. But what right have you to say that Christ did not perform miracles at ten years of age, as well as at thirty? He was in boyhood as certainly as divine as in manhood. Then while a lad He must have had the power to work miracles, whether He did or not work them. When, having reached manhood, Christ turned water into wine, that was said to be the beginning of miracles. But that may mean that it was the beginning of that series of manhood miracles.

"In a word, I think that the New Testament is only a small transcript of what Jesus said and did. So we are at liberty to believe or reject those parts of the apocryphal Gospel which say that when the boy Christ with His mother passed a band of thieves, He told His mother that two of them, Dumachus and Titus by name, would be the two thieves who afterward would expire on crosses besides Him. Was that more wonderful than some of Christ's manhood prophecies? Or the inspired story that the boy Christ made a fountain spring from the roots of a sycamore tree so that His mother washed His coat in the stream—was that more unbelievable than the manhood miracle that changed common water into a marriage beverage? Or the uninspired story that two sick children were recovered by bathing in the water where Christ had washed. Was that more wonderful than the manhood miracle by which the woman, twelve years a complete invalid, should have been made straight by touching the fringe of Christ's coat? Is that more wonderful than the manhood miracles by which Christ reanimated the dead again and again without going where they were or even seeing them?

"From the naturalness, the simplicity, the freshness of His parables and similies and metaphors in manhood discourse I know that He had been a boy of the fields and had bathed in the streams and heard the nightingale's call, and broken through the flowery hedge and looked out of the embrasures of the fortress, and drank from the wells and chased the butterflies."

Dr. Talmage referred to Christ in the mechanic's shop, having been taught the carpenter's trade by His father, Joseph. "His hammer pounding, His saw vacillating, His axe descending and the perspiration from His work standing on His brow."

Then said the preacher: "I show you a more marvelous scene—Christ, the smooth-browed lad, among the long-bearded, white-haired, high-foreheaded ecclesiastics of the Temple."

Following other events recorded in the apocrypha, the preacher asked if they were more wonderful than events recorded in the New Testament.

"If Christ were divine was He not able at ten or twelve years to describe the human system as well as though He had been fifty years standing at an operating table or in a dissecting room? In other words, while I do not believe that any part of the so-called apocryphal New Testament is inspired, I believe much of it is true, just as I believe a thousand books, none of which is divinely inspired."

"A child twelve years old, surrounded by septuagenarians, He asking His own questions and answering theirs. Let me introduce you to some of these ecclesiastics. This is the great Rabbin Simeon! This is the venerable Hillel! This is the famous Shammai! These are the sons of the distinguished Betirah. The first time in all their lives these religionists have found their match, and more than their match. Though so young, He knew all about that Temple under whose roof they held that most wonderful discussion of all history. He knew the meaning of every altar, of every sacrifice, of every golden candlestick, of every embroidered curtain, of every crumb of shrew bread, of every drop of oil in that sacred epifice. He knew all about God. He knew all about man. He knew all about heaven, for He came from it. He knew all about this world, for He made it. He knew all worlds, for they were only the sparkling morning dewdrops on the lawn in front of His heavenly palace.

"Put these seven Bible words in a wreath of emphasis: 'Both hearing them and asking them questions.' I am not so much interested in the questions they asked Him as in the questions He asked them. He asked the question not to get information from the doctors, for He knew it already, but to humble them by showing them the height and depth and length and breadth of their own ignorance. The radiant boy with any one of a hundred questions about theology, about philosophy, about astronomy, about time, about eternity, may have balked them, disconcerted them. Behold the boy Christ asking questions, and listen when your child asks questions. He has the right to ask them. The more he asks, the better. Alas for the stupidity of the child without inquisitiveness! It is Christ-like to ask questions. Answer them if you can. Do not say: 'I can't be bothered now.' It is your place to be bothered with questions. If you are not able to answer, surrender and confess your incapacity, as I have no doubt did Rabbis Simeon, and Hillel, and Shammai, and the sons of Betirah when that splendid boy, sitting or standing there, with a garment reaching from neck to ankle, and girdled at the waist, put them to their very wits' end. It is no disgrace to say 'I don't know.' The only being in the universe who never needs to say 'I don't know' is the Lord Almighty.

"But while I see the old theologians standing around the boy Christ, I am impressed as never before with the fact that what theology most wants is more of childish simplicity. Why should you and I perplex ourselves about the decrees of God? Mind your own business and God will take care of His. In the conduct of the universe I think He will somehow manage to get along without us. If you want to love and serve God, and be good and useful and get to heaven, I warrant that nothing which occurred eight hundred quintillion of years ago will hinder you a minute. It is not the decrees of God that do us any harm; it is our own decrees of sin and folly.

"You need not go any further back in history than about one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four years. Something occurred on that day under an eclipsed sun that sets us all forever free, if with our whole heart and life we accept the tremendous proffer. Do not let the Presbyterian Church, or the Methodist Church, or the Lutheran Church, or the Baptist Church, or any of the other evangelical churches spend any time in trying to fix up old creeds, all of them imperfect, as everything man does is imperfect. Our own denomination made itself absurd by trying to revise its creed made hundreds of years ago. You might as well try to revise your grandmother's love letters. I move a new creed for all the evangelical churches of Christendom, only three articles in the creed, and no need of any more.

"If I had all the consecrated people of all denominations of the earth on one great plain, and I had voice loud enough to put it to a vote, that creed of three articles would be adopted with a unanimous vote. This is the creed I propose for all Christendom:

"Article first—'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"Article second—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief.'

"Article third—'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end.'

"But you go to tinkering up your old creeds, and patching and splicing and interlining and annexing and subtracting and adding and explaining, and you will lose time and make yourself a target for earth and hell to shoot at. Let us have creeds not fashioned out of human ingenuities, but out of scriptural phraseology, and all the guns of bombardment blazing from all the port holes of infidelity and perdition will not in a thousand years knock off the church of God a splinter as big as a cambric needle. What is most needed now is that we gather all our theologies around the boy in the temple, the elaborations around the simplicities, and the profundities around the clarities, the octogenarian of scholastic research around the unwrinkled cheek of twelve-year juvenescence. 'Except you become as a little child you can in no wise enter the kingdom;' and except you become as a little child you cannot understand the Christian religion. The best thing that Rabbis Simeon and Hillel and Shammai and the sons of Betirah ever did was, in the temple, to bend over the lad who, first made ruddy of cheek by the breath of the Judean hills, and on his way to the mechanic's shop, where he was soon to be the support of his bereaved mother, stopped long enough to grapple with the venerable dialecticians of the Orient, 'both hearing them and asking them questions.' Some, referring to Christ, have exclaimed: Ecce deus! Behold the God. Others have exclaimed: Ecce Homo, Behold the man. But to-day, in conclusion of my subject, I cry: Ecce adolescence! Behold the boy."

Lost the Subject.

A few days ago Rev. Dr. McIntyre delivered a lecture in a new theater at Washington, Iowa, says the Chicago Times-Herald. It was a fine building, and the company which built and operated it also owned a private electric plant which lighted it. A large audience was present, and the lecturer had his subject well in hand, when suddenly every light went out. The theater was pitch dark.

A few words from the speaker prevented a panic, and the lecture was resumed in the dark. Just at the climax of a fine period the lights suddenly flashed up again, throwing the audience into disorder and disconcerting the lecturer. After a few minutes of blinking Dr. McIntyre settled down to work again, and was warming up nicely when another plunge into darkness interrupted him.

He was nearing the peroration and hoped to finish it in the dark without further interference. "Patience," he said, "is absolutely necessary for success in the daily affairs of life. Never lose your temper. It is foolish to display such a weakness——"

Just then the lights flashed up. The speaker walked to the wings, and shaking his fist at a drawny Irishman who was tampering with the wires, cried out in a tone which could have been heard a block away: "Confound you, you idiot! Will you ever have sense enough to leave those wires alone?"

That ended the lecture on "Patience."

Some men can bear the ring of a silver dollar farther than that of a church bell.

The Caretaker.

Caretaker is a word adopted into modern use and means one who takes care of, and is very generally applied to those employed to take care of things committed to their keeping. The way some people have of taking care of themselves is very suggestive of the need of a caretaker. The human body to such is a mansion filled with precious things uncared for, where thieves may break in and rust doth corrupt. Pains and aches are thieves, and the body left uncared for to their spoilage will be robbed of all its comforts and despoiled of its peace of mind and happiness. It is a happy thought to look upon St. Jacobs Oil as a caretaker, to employ it as a watchman against such intruders. There is hardly an ache, from a toothache to a toeache, that it can't take care of and effect a cure, and pains the most violent are conquered by its use. Its office as a caretaker is to prevent the spread of aches and pains into a chronic state. Keep a bottle of it in the handiest place and be assured of good care and comfort.

Bachelors are sometimes troubled with buttonless shirts, but it's the married men who are troubled with shirtless buttons.

Purely a Local Disease.

Eczema is a local disease and needs local treatment. The irritated, diseased skin must be soothed and smoothed and healed. No use to dose yourself and ruin your stomach just because of an itching eruption. Tetterine is the only simple, safe and certain cure for Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm and other skin troubles. At druggists or by mail for 50 cents in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The Governor of Idaho, Frank Stenenburg, never wears a necktie.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, is endeavoring to make a collection of the portraits of those who have preceded him in the Executive office for preservation in the State Capitol.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Prince Bismarck receives begging appeals by the thousand. One day his secretary added up the sums begged for, and found that they amounted to 10,000,000 marks.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Hans Richter, the great orchestral conductor of Vienna, has been invited to give two Wagner concerts in Paris. He has accepted.

Chew Star Tobacco - The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The funny man who falls from a high-grade wheel gets off a good thing.

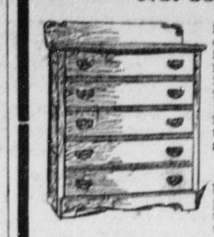
Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

When a telephone girl breaks her engagement it is another case of "ring off."

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1895.

Most people would be content with their lot if it was only a lot of money.

No. 088.



This highly Polished solid oak 5-drawer Chiffonier measures 54 inches high, 32 inches wide, 19 inches deep. Each drawer is furnished with the best locks, and

$3.39

buys this exact piece of furniture which retails for $5.00.

(*Order now and avoid disappointment.*)

Drop a postal for our lithographed Carpet Catalogue which shows all colors with exact distinctness. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 5c. in stamps. Why pay your local dealer 50 per cent. more than our prices when you can buy of the mill? The great household educator—our new 112 page special catalogue of Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages is also yours for the asking. Again we ask, why enrich your local dealer when you can buy of the maker? Both catalogues cost you nothing, and we pay all postage.

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FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain 150,000 new customers, and hence offer

1	Pkg. Early Spring Turnip,	10c
1	" Earliest Red Beet,	10c
1	" Bismarck Cucumber,	10c
1	" Queen Victoria Lettuce,	15c
1	" Klondyke Melon,	15c
1	" Jumbo Giant Onion,	15c
2	" Brilliant Flower Seeds,	15c

Worth $1.60, for 14 cents.

Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.60, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice and 14c. postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never get along without them. **Potatoes at $1.50** a Bbl. Catalog alone 5c. No. 4C 9

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

Chickens EARN Money

IF YOU GIVE THEM HELP.

You cannot do this unless you understand them and know how to cater to their requirements; and you cannot spend years and dollars learning by experience, so you must buy the knowledge acquired by others. We offer this to you for only 25 cents.

YOU WANT THEM TO PAY THEIR OWN WAY

even if you merely keep them as a diversion. In order to handle Fowls judiciously, you must know something about them. To meet this want we are selling a book giving the experience of a *practical* poultry raiser for twenty-five years. It was written by a man who put all his mind, and time, and money to making a success of Chicken raising—not as a pastime, but as a business—and if you will profit by his twenty-five years' work, you can save many Chicks annually, and make your Fowls earn dollars for you. The point is, that you must be able to detect trouble in the Poultry Yard as soon as it appears, and know how to remedy it. This book will teach you.

(Only 25c.

It tells how to detect and cure disease; to feed for eggs and also for fattening; which fowls to save for breeding purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable. Sent postpaid for twenty-five cents in stamps.

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