

"It is an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good."

That small ache or pain or weakness is the "ill wind" that directs your attention to the necessity of purifying your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then your whole body receives good, for the purified blood goes tingling to every organ. It is the remedy for all ages and both sexes.

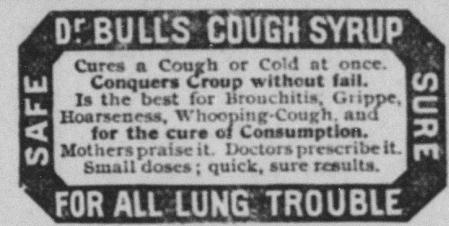
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Old Ruins to Be Sold.

The ruins of Chepstow Castle, in England, in which Henry Marten, one of the judges of Charles I., was confined for upward of twenty years after the restoration, are to be sold at public auction. They cover an extensive area near the mouth of the Wye, and the walls on one side are nearly perpendicular with the cliff, which overhangs that river. The castle itself is said to date from the time of William the Conqueror, and it stood two sieges during the revolution. It has been successively in the hands of the Fitz-Osbornes, the Clares, the Bigods, the Herberts and the Somersets, and it is now placed on the market by order of the new Duke of Beaufort.

Up in a Balloon.

The occupants of a balloon a mile high command a radius of ninety-six miles.



Augustin Daly's Big Bible.

The story of the late Mr. Augustin Daly's big grangerized Bible is an interesting one. Mr. Daly spent many years in collecting the plates, of which there were about 8,000. When they were bound and arranged they made forty-two volumes. Two copies of the Douai version were used for the text. Every page of the work was mounted on special paper. Some of the material for the pages was much soiled, and in order to get it clean Mr. Blackwell, who did the mounting, boiled the sheets. Then he hung them on a clothes line and sat watching them while he smoked his pipe. Mr. Blackwell estimated that Mr. Daly must have spent 5,000 pounds on his Bible.

Teaching Under Difficulties.

Teacher—Who was the man that never told a lie? Scholar—My dad. Teacher—No, no! George Washington. Scholar—Oh, all right, den. I'm going home and tell my dad you said I was a liar.—Judge.

MR. PINKHAM says that irritability indicates disease. Women who are nervous and snappish are to be pitied. Their homes are uncomfortable; their dispositions grow constantly worse. Such women need the counsel and treatment of a woman who understands the peculiar troubles of her sex.

MRS. ANNA E. HALL, of Milldale, Conn., was all run down in health and had completely lost control of her nerves. She wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Now she writes:

"I wish to thank you for what has done for me. It has helped me

I suffered for a long time with ner-

vousness, pains in back and limbs and failing of the womb;

also had neuralgia in my head and could not sleep. I told

my husband that some-

thing must be done, for I was nearly frantic with

pain. Having read of

the wonderful cures

Lydia E. Pinkham's Ve-

getable Compound had

performed, I determined

to try it. I have taken

it and am happy to say I

am cured. I recommend it

to all my friends and never

tire of telling the benefit I

have derived from its use. I

have you alone to thank for

my recovery."

MRS. ELLEN FLA-

GAN, 1810 Mountain St.,

Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:

"Three years ago I was a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, was irritable and cross, and can say that after taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pink-

ham's Vegetable Compound was entirely cured. I take great pleasure in writing this to you and would be pleased to be interviewed by any one who is afflicted with that distressing complaint. I am very grateful to you."

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR ALL.

The first five persons procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book from their grocer, will each obtain one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" Starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" Starch, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book, will obtain from their grocer the above goods for 5c. "Red Cross" Laundry Starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the greatest invention of the Twentieth Century. It has no equal, and surpasses all others. It has won for itself praise from all parts of the United States. It has superseded everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. It is made from wheat, rice and corn, and chemically prepared upon scientific principles by J. C. Hubinger, Keokuk, Iowa, an expert in the laundry profession, who has had twenty-five years practical experience in fancy laundering, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all fine grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocer for this Starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

The Crescent Curculio Mark—Treatment of Ravines—How to Destroy Rats—Care of Calves, &c., &c.

The Crescent Curculio Mark.

Wherever a fruit is stung by the curculio a crescent shaped mark is left that gradually deadens the portion of fruit enclosed, so that the sap will not flow so freely. This deadening of the fruit will extend to the stem and loosen its hold. Inside this crescent mark the curculio egg will be found. It used to be supposed that curculio could not lay eggs without making this mark. It does not at least, but the two operations are entirely separate. Instinct teaches the "little trick" to deaden the skin in order to stop the flow of juices, which might food and destroy the egg she is about to lay. This deadening of the skin causes the fruit to ripen prematurely, so that when the egg hatches the worm has ripened instead of green fruit to feed upon.

Treatment of Ravines.

Some ten years ago I was compelled to build a sidewalk across a dry run, says a writer in the New England Homestead. I finally decided to make it solid and let the floods run around the end past a sandy knoll. In this way I can keep back 2,000 barrels of water, and it runs across the road only during the very highest flood. The extra grass I have on the meadow, due to the extra supply of moisture, pays for the work of building the solid footpath. Of course, the water in the pond soon sinks into the ground, but it comes back by means of capillary attraction. I think it pays to retain this flood water, if possible. In my township we could do away with three-fourths of the small road culverts if the district authorities would accept this idea.

Care of Calves.

Never put corn, Kafir corn meal or any other grain in the milk for calves. The starch of corn has to be changed to grape sugar before it is digestible. This change only takes place in the presence of an alkali and is done chiefly by the saliva of the mouth. The corn is gulped down with the milk, the starch is acted upon by the acids of the stomach, but remains unchanged until it comes in contact with the alkaline secretions of the intestines. With hogs the stomach is small and the intestines long. This allows starchy matter to be digested in the intestines. The opposite is true with the calf, the stomach being large and the intestines short. Unless the starchy matter is largely digested by the saliva of the mouth, complete digestion will not take place in the intestines, and the calf scours. Flax seed meal made into a jelly or gruel is good to mix with skim milk to take the place of butter fat. Oil meal is frequently used for this purpose, but, like skim milk, it has a large amount of fat removed and is not as good as meal with the fat in. Calves like fresh water. Any arrangement that will keep clean, fresh water before them all the time, is the best way to supply it. Our calves drink from seven to eight pounds daily per head.—The Epitomist.

Clover as Food.

Pigs in clover are always happy, and they do so well on this food that it would be a mistake for any breeder not to have a clover field where the pigs could eat their fill of this clean, healthy, strengthening food. But clover is equally good for other farm animals. In particular I have raised and fed it to chickens with the greatest success. The clover is so rich in mineral food that it is one of the best for laying hens. Clover is not fattening at all; it is not fed for that, and one should not make a mistake in that direction. But it does supply mineral elements to the body which are essential to the proper growth of young animals and birds. Clover is so good for laying hens that I always feed them with it green in summer, and then have sufficient cured to keep them supplied in winter. For every ton of clover fed to the hens I believe I get in eggs fully \$12 to \$20, a price which is much higher than can usually be obtained in the open market.

Clover sometimes must be fed in a way that will make it palatable to the hens, and often the method thus adopted will decide the actual value of the test. When the hens are fed on a large and liberal grain diet they grow too fat, and do not lay the eggs that we are entitled to expect from them. We add to the grain diet green bone, meat, shells and other substances to help make up for the deficiency of the grain. But all special foods for laying hens are so concentrated in form that they are hard of digestion. Very often they pass through the hens without having more than half of their substances for egg forming absorbed. In clover, however, we have a food in which mineral elements are not concentrated but distributed over a wide bulk. Consequently clover comes the nearest to being the ideal food for laying hens.

When green the clover can be chopped up and fed to the chickens in connection with grain. Mix the two together, moistening the clover so that the grain will cling to it. There is no danger of the hens eating too much. Let them have each day all they will clean up, but no more. The clover cured for winter feeding must be handled and stored very carefully, as much of the aroma and flavor of the

green plant should be preserved that is possible. It should be cut when in bloom to do this, and it should be cured only just enough to keep it. It should be cut into small pieces in winter and fed to the hens in connection with other food, especially with chopped green things from the table, and with grain mixed up with it the same as when green.—Anne C. Webster, in American Cultivator.

SMITH AND OTHERS.

Big Families Recorded in the Pages of Foreign Directories.

The New Yorker who offers a timid apology whenever anybody makes a caustic remark about the city directory ought to take a peep at the foreign directories. What if New York has fifty-two columns of Smiths, with the various spellings, fourteen columns of Johnsons, eight of Joneses and ten of Whites? Is that anything to be ashamed of? They are nice, honorable names, and European cities are glad to put them on the list.

Take Smith, for instance. There isn't a town in Europe big enough to boast a city directory where Smith has not worked his way to the front. London is fairly overflowing with Smiths, but then London is the home of the Smith family, and the seventeenth columns of the commercial directory, and the twelve of the court directory, not to mention the thirty columns of plain, every-day Smiths do not excite the least surprise or derision. London also has her full quota of Joneses, Greens, and Whites, but that, too, is a matter of course.

When you come to Berlin you might expect to find things a little different, but you don't. The German capital is quite proud of her Smiths—Schmidt they spell it there. The directory shows sixty columns of them, and everybody knows what the column of a Berlin directory is—long and impregnable, with eighty-five names to the column. By a little figuring you will be able to ascertain that that amounts to quite a nice little family of Smiths. But Berlin's banner family is the Schultzes. There are seventy columns of them. This is a creditable showing, but they are closely pushed by the Mullers, who can point with pride to sixty-seven columns. The business directory of Berlin is interesting. Judging by this proper matter-of-fact book, it would seem that the people of Berlin must take pains to kick out their heels and toes, for it takes fifty-two columns of shoemakers—still eighty-five to the column—to repair their boots and shoes. Of Bakers there are fifteen columns, milkmen sixteen, butchers eighteen, and last but not least, come the Barbers, who muster up thirteen columns strong.

A small dog—a great pet—disappeared from the rectory, which was situated not far from a medical college. At once grave apprehensions were entertained lest this dear member of their household had met a cruel fate.

"Through a medical friend search was made, and the dog was found within the laboratory, emaciated, mangled, in a distressing condition. He was taken home and the family physician summoned; but the cruel thrust of scientific inquiry had done its fatal work.

"A bed was placed for him near the fire, and he was intrusted to the kind care of an attendant. But there was another ministering spirit ready with quick sympathy—a cat; she stretched herself so that her soft, warm body should afford rest and comfort to the suffering creature. On one occasion, when the master of the house visited the dog in order to give evidence of the cat's devotion, a dish of milk was placed just near where the two were resting; the suffering creature staggered to his feet, and the cat—well nigh incredible to relate—walked beside him, close enough to serve as a support for the feeble charge to lean against while he lapped the milk, the cat not attempting to drink at the same time."

Analysis of Instinct.

An English traveler in Northern Russia, telling how he made his way through a forest after a fall of snow simply by keeping that side of the tree to which the snow clung always in the same relation to his course, is led to examine how it is that a savage gains the instinct of his race.

We often hear of "the instinct of direction," as we may call it, possessed so marvellously by savage races. People profess to explain it in one or two ways. It is either said that the Indian actually does take note of the sun, the wind, the lay of the land, or the course of the streams—which, as fact, it is often in the dense forests, impossible for him to do—or else it is set down simply as "instinct," and this, although it is nearer the mark, is, in a sense, to beg the question.

Instinct, however it may be in the case of animals, is here, no doubt, hereditary experience. The sun, the wind, the streams, are influences, but only that. The Indian does not consciously observe them. Just as you, using an experience gained in daylight, can follow without hands in the dark a winding staircase between the baluster and the wall, so with the Indian in his forest.

His "observation" is entirely subjective, an unconscious impression, the sum of small influences, to which, by heredity, his senses are alive, as the retina to light pictures. In the same way I had not consciously marked the lay of the snow on the trees, yet the fact kept me from going astray.—*Youths' Companion*.

Burying a Rattlesnake Alive

It would not seem a very easy thing to bury a snake alive, but that is what a traveler through Western Indian Territory saw some prairie dogs doing. The story is told in *Forest and Stream*.

The traveler was resting under a tree when he noticed a commotion among some dogs near him. They would run up to a certain spot, peep at something, and then scamper back. Looking more closely, he saw fifteen or twenty dogs about a rattlesnake, which presently went into one of the dog's holes.

No sooner had it disappeared than the little fellows began to push in dirt, evidently to fill up the hole. By the time they had pretty well covered the entrance the snake stuck his head up through the dirt, and every dog scampered off to a safe distance, all the least expense.

The snake slowly crawled to another hole about a rod distant and went in. Then forward came the dogs again, and all went to work to push up earth to the hole. This time they succeeded, and completely covered the entrance. This done they proceeded to beat the earth down, using their noses to pound

with. When it was quite hard they went away. The traveller examined their work, and was surprised to find that they had packed the earth solid with their noses, and had sealed the snake inside.

Life is Lovely in China.

All of us who know China, the leading and most populous country in Asia, and whose empire, leaving out Siberia, covers two-thirds of that vast continent, know that the life-breath of its prosperity is precisely its independence of autocracy. Though in name a despotism, the emperor is little more than a figurehead; all official appointments are nominally in his hands and his decrees are regarded almost as divine, the "Son of Heaven" like the Pope of Rome, being looked upon as God's vice regent on earth; but he has not, like the czar of Russia, an army of docile Chinamen to see his decrees carried out and to worry and oppress the people. A Chinaman, unless in the rare instances when he is entrapped into a lawsuit or caught as a criminal, may spend his life without ever crossing an official. In the cities, he has neither license tax, nor house tax, nor municipal rate to trouble him. No tax collector calls at his door. He is free to trade and travel where he will; passports are unknown. He settles his disputes by the arbitration of his own voluntarily supported guides. A nominal land tax, a customs entry tax of 5 per cent ad valorem, and a transit tax, or like, of 2½ per cent, together with the produce of the government salt monopoly, are estimated to burden the Chinaman with an annual contribution amounting to less than half a dollar per head.—Archibald Little in *The North American Review*.

A Cat's Lesson of Mercy.

The following story is told by Our Dumb Animals, on the authority of a Protestant clergyman in whose house the incident occurred:

"A small dog—a great pet—disappeared from the rectory, which was situated not far from a medical college. At once grave apprehensions were entertained lest this dear member of their household had met a cruel fate.

"Through a medical friend search was made, and the dog was found within the laboratory, emaciated, mangled, in a distressing condition. He was taken home and the family physician summoned; but the cruel thrust of scientific inquiry had done its fatal work.

"A bed was placed for him near the fire, and he was intrusted to the kind care of an attendant. But there was another ministering spirit ready with quick sympathy—a cat; she stretched herself so that her soft, warm body should afford rest and comfort to the suffering creature. On one occasion, when the master of the house visited the dog in order to give evidence of the cat's devotion, a dish of milk was placed just near where the two were resting; the suffering creature staggered to his feet, and the cat—well nigh incredible to relate—walked beside him, close enough to serve as a support for the feeble charge to lean against while he lapped the milk, the cat not attempting to drink at the same time."

Parisian Affection for the Dog.

It seems that there are at least 5,000 persons in Paris who are determined to make the canine pre-eminent. The dog tailor asserts that for the most part his clients belong to the highest classes of society—people who can afford to pay high prices and who pay ready cash. The business is, therefore, a very profitable one, because the materials used do not cost much, and can be sold at a large profit. A bride recently ordered, for example, gala suits for her dogs to match the liveries of the lackeys of her household. In a dog's wardrobe are found waterproofs for rainy days, dust cloaks for journeys, a mantle for cold weather, a gray-lined suit for seaside wear, and night robes of various weights. And this is not all. His delicate little feet must be kept dry by boots, made to measure, of leather of India rubber, to suit his particular temperament. This together with bracelets and ti-pins, with ivory combs and brushes, and other important accessories. The modern French canine, indeed, leads a "dog's life."

Armor in Cuba.

One of the young officers in a regiment that visited Santiago in the recent skirmish with the Spaniards wore a coat of mail that he borrowed from an actor in New York. It was made of innumerable brass rings. "I felt perfectly safe in it," he said, the other night, "and I do not think it showed cowardice to wear it. In the old days knights wore all sorts of armor to protect themselves against sword cuts and spear stabs, against battle axes and clubs. Now, a bullet is far more dangerous than a sword or spear, and I see no harm in guarding the body against it. I am not the only officer who wears armor—not by long sight. In a few years I think the military regulations will require officers to wear a coat of mail in all battles. Why not?" But the young man was foolish, as he would admit if ever he saw a Mauser or a Krag bullet pierce thick steel plates.—New York Press.

A Tenacious Tenant.

"It was very careless!" exclaimed the Parsian property owner. "What's the matter?" "The agent has rented my property to a man named 'Guerin.'" "What of it?" "I don't like the name. It sounds mighty unpromising in case we should feel called upon to