"Fly to the mountain. Fly!" Terribly rang the cry. The electric soul of the wire Quivered like sentient fire. The soul of the woman who stood Face to face with the flood Answered to the shock Like the eternal rock. For she stayed

With her hand on the wire. Unafraid.

Flashing the wild word down Into the lower town, Is there a lower yet and another? Into the valley she and none other Can hurl the warning cry: "Fly to the mountain! Fly! The water from Conemaugh Has opened its awful jaw. The dam is wide On the mountain side!"

" Fly for your life, oh, fly!" They said. She lifted her noble head:

"I can stay at my post, and die." Face to face with duty and death, Dear is the drawing of human breath. Steady my hand! Hold fast To the trust upon thee cast. Steady, my wire! Go, say That death is on the way. Steady, strong wire! Go, save! Grand is the power, you have!"

Grander the soul that can stand Behind the trembling hand. Grander the woman who dares Glory her high name wears. " This message is my last !" Shot over the wire, and passed To the listening ear of the land. The mountain and the strand Reverberate the cry: ' Fly for your lives, oh, fly!

I stay at my post and die." The torrent took her. God knows all. Fiercely the savage currents fall To muttering calm. Men count their

dead. The June sky smileth overhead. God's will we neither read, nor guess. Poorer by one more hero less We bow the head, and clasp the hand: "Teach us, altho we die, to stand."

#### THE DRESSMAKER.

"Yes, I'm up early," said Mrs. Ford, leaning over the side paling to talk to her next neighbor. "I'm going to have a dressmaker to-day to start my Henrietta it was likely-it was certain to be serious. cloth. She lives in town"-Mrs. Ford's And who was she? Mrs. Ford did not charming home was a little out-"and my brother Jim has gone for her with the dog-cart. Stowe is her name; I haven't even seen her. I sent Bob's nurse girl to engage her."

"Stowe? There, now, I guess you've done it!" said Mrs. Sayles, raising her inquisitive little upturned nose, with brisk enjoyment to Mrs. Ford's tall blonde prettiness. "It isn't best to have her if there's a young man in the house. They all fall in love with her so they say. She's pretty, you know, in that showy sort of way—red hair and pink cheeks Jim hadn't been visiting her. and I guess she knows it. had her a while back, and Paul Ritter was crazy after her; and they say she flirted with him awfully, and then threw him over. I presume she thought she could do better. He isn't so well off as your brother Jim, for instance," said Mrs. Sayles, shrewdly smiling.

"But Jim," said Mrs. Ford, serenely-"Jim never falls in love. He never has once, do you know? I think it's because he's so superior to all girls. Oh, yes, of course, I should feel dreadfully! I feel stairs, that the Dwyers and the Bidwells that Jim is on my responsibility while at least would know the state of affairs he's with me, and I should be brokenhearted. But there isn't the least danger with Jim."

The dog-cart was rolling in the drive, and Mrs. Ford went across the smooth lawn, with six-year-old Kob at her heels.

Jim-tall and blonde, and handsome like his sister-was driving slowly to the horse-block. He was turned squarely toward the dressmaker, and his gailyenthusiastic tones were audible to Mrs. Ford.

He did not appear to know when he had reached the block; he talked abthat Mrs. Sayles was out of hearing. "Jim!" she said.

And Jim jumped out, lifted the dressmaker down, presented her to his sister, and pulled forth a chair. He was brisk holler." "And I guess he's broke his and smiling

Mrs. Ford sighed with relief that the bay window hid them from Mrs. Sayles. arms. We've a nice view from here, don't you think, Miss Stowe?" said Jim, eagerly. where the sky-

tinctly, and took Miss Stowe indoors.

She intended sewing in the diningroom-it was large and cool and light; but it was on that account that Jim was she said it, and she was not astonished would do. There was a window at the her own arms and laid him on a sofa. back.

She took Miss Stowe up stairs. "but it will be cooler later."

It would not be cooler before five o'clock, but Mrs.Ford congratulated herself warmly. For Miss Stowe was pretty, with a lithe form in a blue gown, and you will let me, I can do it." hair not red but darkly auburn, and The color was gone from cheeks not vulgarly pink but softly tinted, and bright eyes.

"It is very comfortable," she said, cheerfully. "I will take your measure.

Shall you like a basque?"

And Mrs. Ford forgot Jim in pleasur-

But at the end of fifteen minutes there was a clatter below and a rush up stairs. "Why, I've been looking for you everywhere!" said Jim, in injured tones, lifting Rob from his shoulder to the top right. The doctor will know."

"I never did it before," she said; "but the mouth of a machine called the crocodile. This contains six rows of revolving curved knives. As the slab passes

He sat down in the window seat. Miss Stowe sat near the window. "Is there anything you want, Jim?" said his sister, with severe eyes upon

Stowe had dropped.

"I want to show you that old coin I Where did you learn it?" told you about, Miss Stowe" he declared. See-1710. Oh, stop that snipping and look at it!"

But Miss Stowe, smiling and faintly flushing, looked at it over her snipping. "Who drove into the yard?" Mrs. Ford demanded, cutting a gore at a wrong angle with nervous hands.

"Oh, Jeff Lowry! I must tell you about Jeff, Miss Stowe. He's been wearing a beard for two years, and he went down town the other day without it, and the fellows didn't know him. He's-" "I thought you were going driving with him?" Mrs. Ford interposed.

"Oh, it's too warm!" Jim responded, as blandly as though rattling down shady roads were indeed warmer than the up-

His sister watched him wofully. Jim, talking to a young lady, with smiling gusto and fascinated gaze, and foregoing a drive and the morning papers and his cigar for this alone!

He had stayed in his room for three hours to escape the Kenny girls, and came nigh to dying the evening Miss week after the accident in his discarded Markham had called. The Kenny girls baby carriage, and pausing to talk to and Miss Markham did not have red lips and shining eyes, to be-sure, and if Jim | and so sweet tempered and bright! And had told them stories, they could never have listened so prettily as did Miss love with her already-dreadfully! He Stowe. But was she the girl for Jim? Mercy, mercy, no!

It did not serve to calm Mrs. Ford that Mrs. Sayles should come over, and, after inquiring of the girl, bustle up stairs. Her sharp gaze fixed itself on Jim, lounging in the window, his handsome

head bent toward the dressmaker and his honest blue eyes unflinchingly upon her. "You dressmaking, too!" cried Mrs. Sayles, with a triumphant glance at Mrs. Ford. "You don't mean that you're staying away from the ball game-you?" "Oh, I don't care for it this weather!" said Jim, unblushingly-Jim, who had breathlessly watched a game last week from the sunny side of the grand-stand,

with the thermometer at ninety-eight. Mrs. Sayles laughed delightedly. "Yes, I will have a point in the back, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, with cold ignoring of Mrs. Sayles and her rejoicings. -Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Independent. But she was in a despairing mental tumult. Mrs. Sayles's small, keen eyes seemed periods which pointed and made complete and certain what she had tried

> not to believe. He was in love with her. And with Jim, who was ardent and single-minded, know-probably nobody did.

She stared at her bastings with unsee-

Jim, with his good looks and cleverness, and family histories for both sides of the family, with a coat-of-arms in each-the lions on their hind legs in their centres seemed to prance before her eyes -and a dressmaker whom they didn't even know!

What should she do? What would her father and mother say to it, and to her? It would never have happened if Mrs. Ritter She was in a whirl of helpless agita-

tion. She could not tell the right from the wrong side of the cloth. And where was Rob? His nurse was setting the dinner table, and his mother had meant to oversee him, but she hadn't.

He might be over playing with those rough little Beldens, for all she knew. "Well, I just ran over," said Mrs. Sayles, airily. "I won't stay, since you're all so busy.

And Mrs. Ford knew, as she ran downwithin half an hour.

"You are basting those darts too high, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, sharply. And Miss Stowe, who was basting the darts exactly right, flushed and raised wondering eyes.

"And I never have my collars so high " Mrs. Ford stopped. "What is that?" she cried, nervously.

It was a sound of feet on the porch; feet and shrill young voices and sobs in a terrified little voice that Mrs. Ford knew. "It's Rob!" she cried, flying down

It was Rob in the arms of the Beldens' sorbedly on. Mrs. Ford was thankful gardener, and the three small Beldens were close behind and all talking together, rather enjoyingly than otherwise. "He fell out of the hammock." "We was swinging him, you know, awful walked with her up to the porch steps hard." "And you ought to heard him

leg; he came down awful hard." Mrs. Ford gathered her boy into her

"Go home, you little wretches!" she sobbed, hysterically. "Oh, my baby! "Those woods over there, with the break And I didn't watch him-I didn't know where he was! Is the leg broken?" she of his discovery and they unite in saying "I have everything ready for you, I demanded, wildly, of Miss Stowe, who think. Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, dis- had come down with Jim and stood bedemanded, wildly, of Miss Stowe, who that there was nothing else of its nature side her.

"I'll see," said Miss Stowe. It did not seem odd to Mrs. Ford that wont to lounge there. The upstairs hall | when the pretty dressmaker took Rob into She watched her dazedly, wringing her

hands. Miss Stowe rolled down the small "It's rather warm," she apologized, black stockings and leaned over them. "There isn't anything broken," she said, tremulously; "but the right leg is It is located at Castleton, Vt., and em-

The color was gone from her cheeks; deal in advance of the primitive means but she held Rob's hands firmly. employed some years back. Not long

"Let you," cried Mrs. Ford. "Oh, if you can !"

"but only a minute." cried on his mother's arm.

right. The doctor will know."

Mrs. Ford went up stairs an hour later.

Jim was already there, watching Miss

"How could you do it?" Mrs. Ford and his sister, with severe eyes upon cried, with eyes yet tearful. "The doctor says you did it right, and he couldn't can cut out and finish about 8000 pencils but it was doubtful whether Jim heard. have done it better, and Rob will only per day.—New York Journal.

He was springing after the spool Miss have to keep still a little to get it well. Oh, I am so thankful, my dear girl!

> "My Grandfather Gorham was a doctor," said Miss Stowe, quietly overcasting; "and I used to drive about with him, and I saw him set dislocated limbs two or three times. It is simple enoughjust a jerk. I was sure I could do it; but it made me faint."

> "Gorham?" said Mrs. Ford, forgetting dislocations. "My grandfather was a Gorham. I wonder if it's the same family? What was his name?"

"Andrew," said the dressmaker. "And my grandfather had a cousin Andrew," cried Mrs. Ford, "in-"

"Fairfield," said Miss Stowe, smiling. "Yes, Fairfield," said Mrs. Ford, exultantly; and the lions in the centres of the coats-of arms, still visible to her mental gaze, assumed a meek and vanquished mien. "Why, we're cousins!"

"We're cousins" said Jim, and shook Miss Stowe's hand with an ardor disproportionate to the degree of kinship.

"Yes, she is a pretty girl," said Mrs. Ford, wheeling Rob about the lawn a Mrs. Sayles over the fence. "She's lovely you were right about Jim, too. He is in told me so. And of course she likes him. How can she help it? And they're to be married. She never encouraged Paul Ritter at all, do you know? She disliked him from the first. I asked her. And do you know that her mother was a Gorham, too, and we're distantly connected? We've the history of the family for two hundred years back, so we know what it is. We were so glad to discover it!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Sayles, in tones embittered by defeat and disappointment .-Emma A. Opper.

#### A Ditch That Cost \$6,000,000.

A party of engineers were discussing the Spring Valley water problem on one of the late boats, says the San Francisco Examiner, and their talk fell upon the engineering feat of bringing the waters of Alameda Creek from Sunol across the bay to the metropolis.

"By the way," said one, "did you ever notice that old stone-walled ditch and flume which ran from a point up the canyon down to the old flouring mill at wood, throw on the weeds a few at a Niles, and the grade of which the time. It is astonishing what an amount Spring Valley's pipes now follow when of green stuff may be burned in this way, first the water is taken from the creek?" The others asserted that they knew

tinued: "Well, that flume and ditch cost \$6, 000,000."

"What!" ejaculated the others, with a suspicious inflection.

"Yes, sir-\$6,000,000," repeated the story-teller. 'You know old Vallejo, a brother of General Vallejo, who is still living, built that mill way back in the early days. He owned all the surrounding country and had docks and herds no end, but no ready money. When he came to build his ditch to bring the water to his mill he wanted some \$25,-000, and mortgaged his estate to get it. You know how the money-lenders used to gouge the old Spanish settlers in those early days? Well, they piled up the interest on Vallejo, compounding it about whenever they pleased. The mill didn't pay, the interest kept accumulating, and finally it ate up all Vallejo's belongings, and he lost his mind. That property is now worth easily enough \$6,000,000. That's the cost of that ditch."

# Connecticut's Extinct Volcano.

Professor Davis, of Harvard University, was telling a couple of friends in the Brunswick Cafe the other evening of an extinct volcano he discovered not long ago near Meriden, Conn. While out with Dr. Chapin, of Meriden, investigating the mountains and valleys of the Nutmeg State he came across what has since been a matter of great scientific interest. The ash bed of an extinct volcano was discovered between Meriden and the little town of Berlin. The ash bed is an overhanging cliff about twenty-five feet high and fifty feet long and of a greenish tingue. In describing it, he said: "On the face of the cliff are occasional pockets of quartz crystals, some of which shade to amethyst and some to rose. Another feature of the cliff is the prevalence of roundish stones, varying from one to four feet in diameter. These were the bombs, in geological parlance, and were portions of the trap rock which were ejected from the active volcano. Another exceedingly interesting object was a small portion of the sandstone bed twisted and contorted by the action of heat and pressure."

Many scientists have visited the scene this side of the Rocky Mountains. The volcano which produced the phenomenou must have been extinct thousands of years ago .- New York Star.

How Slate Pencils are Manufactured. One of the most peculiar branches of

industry in this country is the manufacture of slate pencils. There is only one slate-pencil factory in the United States. dislocated at the knce. The sconer it is ploys twenty-five hands, who turn out set the better, and I think, Mrs. Ford, if 30,000 slate pencils every day.

The method of manufacture is a good employed some years back. Not long since the blocks of soft slate from which they are cut were sawed in lengths and "It will hurt," said the dressmaker; distributed among the neighboring laborers families to be whittled down to pen-And she gave a sudden, quick, strong | cil shape. Those working at them could jerk to Rob's leg; and then sat down earn about fifty cents per thousand. By quite pale and faint, while the little boy the present system the blocks, which are as wide as a pencil is long are put into ing curved knives. As the slab passes between these knives parallel grooves are cut in the alabs, then they are turned and cut through. The square pencils are then rounded and polished by holding

### THE FARM AND GARDEN.

PLANTING CELERY.

great deal of moisture. Consequently choose a piece of low land which is natuappliances for watering, such as tanks, hose, etc., a good location may be found beside an open ditch, or small run from which water may be easily taken by means of a pump. Very good ones, such as are sold for spraying trees, may be had for a few dollars, which, with a hundred feet of inch hose, will do duty over a considerable extent of ground .- American Agri-

FOOD FOR YOUNG CHICKS.

In addressing a society not long ago, Mr. Felch, an expert poultry raiser, spoke of the best food for the youngsters in this style: The best food for young chicks till two weeks old is to make a bread by the use of sour milk, salt, saleratus and molasses, out of a meal composed of twenty pounds of corn, fifteen pounds of oats, ten pounds of barley, ten pounds of wheat bran, grind and mix, bake, and crumble into scalded milk, giving no water (the milk is all the liquid needed). There is seldom a death in the brood if so fed. When older than two weeks the same can be scalded and fed for soft food, giving at night cracked corn, millet, barley and wheat. When twelve months old the chicks so raised will be found to be nearly one pound heavier than chicks raised in the old way.

THE GREAT CROP OF THE SEASON.

Weeds are the great crop of the season. Every farmer should know all the weeds on his farm, and their manner of growth, whether they are annual or last more than one year. He harvests his grain before it is ripe, knowing that the process of maturity will go on, but he often does not think that many weeds, if cut soon after they have flowered, will ripen their seeds as well as if high on the ground, and these weeds if thrown on the manure heap or into the pig-sty, will afford an abundant supply of weeds to continue the trouble. Keep a sharp eye for any new or strange weed that appears on the farm. If need be, extra exertions may be made to prevent it from spreading. The safest way to dispose of weeds is to burn them. Make a small fire of any wood, throw on the weeds a few at a and quite a quantity of ashes will be left which should be spread. They will beneof the ditch, and the speaker con- fit any crop .- American Agriculturist.

COWS LOSING THEIR CUDS.

Cows do not "lose their cud" for the simple reason that they do not have any such thing, and the so-called chewing of the cud is merely the mastication of the ordinary food. Every ruminating animal has more than one stomach and the cow has four; the first is much larger than the other three. The first stomach or paunch lies on the left side, and receives the coarse and bulky food as gathered and swallowed by the cow. When this food able, a dozen other kinds have exactly has become somewhat macerated it is what they require. forced up into the mouth where it is thoroughly masticated or rechewed, and this should have a few acres of root crops on operation is termed "chewing the cud." Cattle usually chew the cud when at rest. Hence the necessity of allowing oxen a ter. longer period of rest than horses when engaged in steady heavy work. When- the islands of Jersey and Guernsey are ever an ox or cow has a fever or other ailment they cease to ruminate or chew the cud, and those who are not familiar with the internal structure of these animals are inclined to think they have swallowed or lost something which should be restored, hence the very common idea among farmers that an artificial cud should be made and given to the cow. Sometimes a piece of fat pork is forced down the throat, a wad of grass, lumps of bread, and other useless things are given to enable the cow to regain what she has never lost. In case of fever or indigestion a dose of Epsom salts, a half pound to a pound, dissolved to a quart of water will usually prove beneficial and restore the animal to health .- New York Sun.

The value of hay depends to a large extent upon the time when the grass or clover is cut, as well as upon the manner of the curing. The following table gives the feeding value of hay cut and cured at the different stages of the plants, and it is well worth the careful study of all concerned:

Red clover before head . 24.50
" head formed . 23.10
" full bloom . . . 17.50
" after bloom . . 16.58 46.06 7.08 42.30 5.25 47.42 4.38 Timothy, spike unformed. 11.55

spike visible... 10.85

before bloom... 9.63

early bloom... 9.63

full bloom... 9.28

early seed... 11.38 59.22 3.10 50.51 3.38

These plants bear a close relation to others of which hay is made, or which are used for feeding either by soiling or by pasturing. The figures show very clearly that upon rich soil pasturage yields the largest proportion of nutriment which the crops afford, and when the pasture is kept in good condition and is eaten closely so as to produce a continuous succession of young and tender herbage, the most nutriment is procured from the crop.

But when hay is made it is necessary to choose a time when the largest general average of value can be secured—that is, when the most actual nutriment can be obtained. As the crops progress towards maturity the quantity increases, while the quality depreciates. But quantity increases faster than the value decreases, so that a time must be chosen when the whole crop is worth the most.

left uncut adjoining in two plots; one cut two weeks later when the heads were brown, weighed 981 pounds; the When planting celery, have in mind other, when the heads were ripe, weighed the fact that it is a plant that needs a 84 pounds only. This test showed that while the quality deteriorated the quantity lessened very considerably. It needs rally somewhat damp. If there is no no proof to show that the partly grown appliances for watering, such as tanks, crop would have been much less in quantity than that fully grown. So that the full bloom of the crop is the time when it should be cut, not only for clover but all the grasses and fodder crops as well. Many years' experience in soiling and pasturing cows from early spring to late summer has proved that the richest milk and the finest butter is produced from young herbage of all kinds, and that when the feeding grows late considerable help from corn meal and cotton seed meal is required to mantain the product in both quantity and quality. In soiling a close succession of fresh crops produced by weekly planting is therefore indispensable for the most satisfactory results .--American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It is highly extravagant to use lowpriced mower oil.

The Wyandotte fowls are highly prized as winter layers. Now weed your strawberry bed and ap-

ply a dressing of decomposed manure. Better feed the inferior fruit and vegetables to the hogs than send them to

Cut the timothy and clover when the clover is prime. Do not wait for the timothy.

Use the cultivator as often and as long as you can. Every time you do it you kill weeds.

Provide a place of shelter for fowls where they can be kept dry during hard The care that will raise a good crop of

cabbages will raise a crop of delicious cauliflowers. Many practical fruit growers favor pruning in mid-summer, as the wounds

then heal most rapidly. Little pigs thrive wonderfully on oats fed whole. Let them have a separate run

where they can eat them. With the present standard of popular taste, the very highest price may be obtained for ensilage butter.

The character of the milk is largely in

the pasture field. If the cow eats badly flavored weeds, she will give badly fla-The weeds can be kept down much easier if a crop is kept growing than if the land is left unoccupied. Put in the

second crop. Ensilage in connection with grain feed will make the cheapest butter, and butter which may obtain more than the highest market price.

Pigs can be reared so as to have seventy-five per cent. of lean meat in them by feeding bran and middlings. Skim milk may also be fed.

None too much rain for weeds, because if one kind find the condition unfavor-

Peter Henderson thinks every farmer his farm and he will find them invaluable for feeding stock during the win-

Parsnips are very nutritious, and in considered excellent roots for dairy cows and are extensively grown for that

P. H. Jacobs affirms in Rural New Yorker, that poultry droppings applied to the soil are not nearly so valuable as they are estimated. He also disapproves of the common advice to keep them dry, and says they are rendered more available as plant food by keeping them wet.

According to A. W. Cheever the best time for cutting grass with a machine is after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Any single-team farmer can cut all the grass after 4 o'clock that he can handle the next day before that hour, and all hav should go into the barn by that time every afternoon.

A Florida orange-grower claims that if the tap root of the tree is cut off and a rock is laid immediately under the centre of the tree in planting, there will be no real tap root again, and that the lime water which kills the tap root in limestone hammock will not affect the lateral roots nearly so severely.

Not half enough is attempted in the way of ornamental gardening with fruit, says a Country Gentleman correspondent. With the strictest utilitarian management few things in the country landscape are prettier than the blossoming or fruiting orchards, and a little taste and skill in arrangement will make the fruits a decided adjunct of the pleasure grounds

# An Ancient Society of Pall-Bearers.

While President Carnot was visiting Bethune during his recent tour through the north of France, he observed that a certain society, formed of the leading people of the city, had a prominent place at all the ceremonials and in the processions. The society is called "Les Charitables," and its members wear, on public occasions, a uniform composed as follows: Black knee breeches, court coat, with short mantle and cocked hat. Their principal function is to act as pall-bearers at funerals and to bury the dead. The society was founded in the eleventh century, and is always recruited among deputies, lawyers, notaries and ournalists .- Times-Democrat.

# The Bites of Insects.

Just now, when warm summer weather This is when the clover is in full bloom; entails a small plague of flies and insects, when a fertile field presents a view as of it is well to remember that the prompt when a fertile field presents a view as of a carpet of rich purple and green over the whole surface. At this time the weight of the crop is the greatest. Last season a square rod of clover at this stage was cut and weighed immediately; the weight of the green clover was 132 pounds—equal to ten and one-half tons per acre, or about two and one-half tons of hay well cured. The same area was A Prison Keeper's Nerve.

A shipmaster of my acquaintance, who has been very successful as warden in more than one penal institution, told me that he once heard that a criminal confined under his control had said that he would kill the warden on the first opportunity. Captain E. said nothing, but the next afternoon, when he had an hour's leisure, sent for the man. "Bill," let us call him, found the captain strapping his razor. "Oh, 'Bill,' is that you?" exclaimed the warden. "Well, never mind, can you shave?" The man replied that he had often shaved his companions. "All right, suppose I see what kind of a barber you are?" With that he took a seat in his chair, handed the criminal the razor, and was shaved. "Bill" went faithfully through his duty, and when he had finished the captain said: "They told me that you were watching for a chance to kill me, so I thought I would give you as good a one as you could ask for; that was all." "Bill" slunk sheepishly way, and from thence the captain had no firmer friend than the desperate criminal .- Boston Traveler.

#### Electricity Does Not Hurt.

The experience of an electric light employe in Virginia City, Nev., cannot fail to be interesting. Henry Faull received a shock from which he remained unconscious for fifteen minutes, during which time his heart showed no signs of pulsation. The palm was burned where he had held the wire. The current passed down through the right side of his body, leaving no mark save where it left the foot, the toes of which were scorched black. Faull gives the following account

of his sensations: After grasping the wire he was immediately drawn upward with irresistible force and endeavored to shout for aid, but, although another workman was but three feet distant, his voice was not audible. Although suspended by his hands, with his toes resting on the boilerplate floor for scarcely a second, Faull says it appeared to him that he was in that position several minutes. He felt no pain whatever. This is the last he remembers until restored to consciousness .- Detroit Free Press.

#### An Old Showman's Sleeping Van.

Old Adam Forepaugh has been in the show business for forty years, and has never missed a season's personal attendance upon his circus. While on the road he has never been known to sleep in a hotel. The show carries with it a van that looks like one of the animal dens. It has an open top and sides, and is equipped with a cot bed and toilet necessaries. The old man sleeps in this every night. He is given to a habit of arising at all hours of the night, and making excursions through the tents. There is no telling at what hour the old man is likely to drop in, and the result is that eternal vigilance is the price of continued employment with 4-Paw .-St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Of 5000 horses that started in trotting races last year, only forty of the list won seven or more races.

The Wisest Gift.

The Wisest Gift.

"I bought my wife a ve vet sack."
Thus proudly boasted Mr. Brown.

"She'll be, with that upon her back,
The best dressed dame in town."
But velvet sack or diamond ring
Can bring no balm to suffering wife.
Favorite Prescription is the thing
To save her precious life.
The great and rovereign remedy, know the
world over, for all female troubles, inflammation, cruel backaches and internal displacements is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It
is the only guaranteed cure. See guarantee on
every bottle-wrapper.

Dr. Pierce's Pel'ets—gently laxative or actively cathartic according to dose. 25 cents.

THE Amazon River system contains 30,000 miles of navigable waterways.

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in , the Rocky untains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constitution and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large-size package, 10 cents. At all druggists.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has been put up for sale by lottery.

Is it probable that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake? They say they know by test that Dobbins's Electric is most connomical, purest and best. They have had 24 years to try it. You give it one trial. THERE are 96.0 0,000 acres in the two Dakotas. Only 7,000,000 are under cultivation.

Why Don't You Go to Florence, Ala.? " Why Don't You Go to Flerence, Ala. The foremost city of manufacturing facilities in the Souta. Is located in Lauderdale County on the basal line of the great iron and cal belt. Plenty of water and steam power navigation and rail outlets. In the valley of Lauderdale industry is rewarded by abundant crops of cotton, tobacco, sugar, wheat, corn, etc. Enterprising settlers will meet hearty receptions. For excursion rates and pannihlets address E. O. McCormick, G. P. A., Monon. Route, Chicago, III.

"Stick to your business," is very good advice, but still there are a great many people in the world who have no regular and profitable business to stick to; and there are others who are following a line of business a hich is manifestly unsuited to them. Now, when such is the case, you had better write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Rictmond. Va., and see if they cannot give you a pointer. They have belped a great many men and women along the way to fortune, and now stand ready to assist you, i.s.

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