WHEN DREAMS ARE BEST.

From heaven's high top, from earth's green breast,
In softest influence stealing.
A voice that rocks the heart to rest
Sounds at the gates of feeling.

"Thy feverish hopes, thy hurrying cares,
Vain passion, doubt unseeing,
Look, what a little part is their's
On the wide sea of being!

"Time," says the voice, "how brief a thing,
Lost in the wave that bore it!"
My soul thrills like a trembling string
And heavenly airs breathe o'er it.

With many a fern the bank is set,
Pale sweet-briar studs the hedges,
The lake, with many a silver fret,
Laughs through its darkening sedges.

Still, like a dream when dreams are best,
Like perfume heavenward stealing,
The voice of nature's infinite rest
Sounds at the gates of feeling.

—*Dora R. Goodale, New England Magazine.*

A NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

During a visit to the West, happening to be in St. Cloud, Minnesota, I remembered a very pressing invitation I had not long before received from an old friend, a Mr. Westerveldt, who lived only fifteen miles from St. Cloud, in one of the infant settlements of the Pepin Valley, and I determined upon paying him a visit.

I accordingly hired a carriage, and drove out to his residence, where I received a most cordial welcome from my old friend and his family, consisting of two daughters, whom I had last seen when only six or eight years old respectively, but now developed into full-grown, beautiful women.

The days flew by with extreme pleasantness amid a round of amusements.

Although it was unusually cold even for January, no snow had yet fallen—or, at least, not any worth mentioning—and we are anxiously awaiting the first fall which might prove sufficiently abundant to awaken the inspiring jingle of the sleigh-bells.

Helen and Mabel had contemplated a visit to some friends in St. Clould on the occasion of the first fall of snow which might yield them sleighing, and I promised to serve them in the enviable capacity of escort.

I shall never forget the sparkling eyes and looks of pleasure that animated the countenances of the two young ladies when their father entered just before sunset one evening, and declared that there would be snow—and he reckoned a pretty good quantity of it before morning; and his long residence in the Territory had ably qualified him to judge with correctness.

Helen expressed the satisfaction she felt in her usual quiet way, while Mabel, more sanguine and demonstrative than her elder sister, fairly shouted and danced about the room in delightful anticipation of the long wished-for event. And, to our united gratification, the next morning showed us that the statement of Mr. Westerveldt had been prophetic, for six inches of snow had fallen during the night.

All were now joyous, and after breakfast the cutter was gotten out and filled with buffalo robes, for the thermometer was below zero, with a fair prospect of its being ever colder.

A span of beautiful grays—the especial pride of Mr. Westerveldt—were attached to the pole; and cloaked, hooded, muffled, and mittened for the occasion, we—Helen, Mabel, and myself—took our places in the double-seated cutter. With a taut rein, and an encouraging chirrup to the horses, we were off like the wind, cleaving through the frosty air like an arrow winged from a bow.

In twenty minutes we had passed the only house on the road, and one of the young ladies mentioned the name of the owner—Mr. Jaggers. His ranch, or farm, was extensive, and his attention, I afterward learned, was chiefly directed to cattle growing. He had but one child—a daughter—and she, the girls informed me, had but recently been married to Gilbert Lyon, one of her father's hired men. He was a smart young fellow, they said, and it was considered a good match.

After passing the house of Mr. Jaggers we saw, at a considerable distance ahead of us, an ox-sled loaded with hay, and the oxen, a large and well-kept pair, driven by a young man in a farmer's frock. As we passed the load, which was evidently on its way to St. Cloud, Helen Westerveldt informed me that the driver was the Gilbert Lyon who had married Sophia Jaggers.

He was a stout, good-looking fellow, with ruddy cheeks, and dark hazel eyes. He walked with a quick, elastic step, which, added to his otherwise prepossessing appearance, gave him a look of conscious power and independence.

We reached St. Cloud about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and remained at the Kamptons', whom we were visiting, until after tea. They tried to persuade us to remain over night, assuring us we should freeze before we could get half way across the prairie. But with the abundance of furs and buffalo robes at our command we were confident that no such disaster could happen to us.

We accordingly started on our return just as the round, full moon came palely blushing into view. It was intensely cold—I never knew it to be colder during my sojourn there. Our breath froze as it left our nostrils, and hung in pendant icicles from our chilled noses.

I was beginning to regret that we had not accepted the advice of our friends, and remained over night in St. Cloud, when our ears were startled by a dismal howl at no great distance, which was quickly answered by similar sounds farther off.

I turned to the girls for an explanation, for the sounds were new to me, when I noticed with alarm that they were trembling violently, and what could be seen of their faces was deadly pale. It was evident from their scared and startled appearance that they were terribly frightened.

"For Heaven's sake, Helen—Mabel—what is the matter? Was there anything in what we just heard to alarm you thus?" I anxiously inquired.

"God help us!" answered Helen, with a shudder; "the wolves are on our track!"

I had never before heard the howl of those prairie demons, which are cowardly enough, except when driven by hunger, or raiding together in large packs.

On this occasion it was evident, from the repeated howls in all directions, that we were literally surrounded. What was to be done more than we were already doing? The horses, already frightened by the dismal sounds, were leaping over the crisp snow in flying bounds, with nostrils distended, and manes and tails coursing through the frosty air like streamers. The howls grew nearer, more numerous, more distinct and threatening every moment.

Fortunately I had a revolver in my pocket, though I seldom carried one on an occasion like this. Every chamber I knew was loaded, and I thanked my lucky stars that it was so. If they overtook us some of them would suffer.

The horses required no urging. Terror was a sufficient spur. They sped on like the rushing wind, snorting in fear as they heard our pursuers. The circle was momentarily narrowing. Already a hundred gleaming eyes shot lurid fire out of the darkness. They were all around, and their long baying howls rang out on the frosty air like the peal of doom.

Some were pursuing—some heading us off, and more pressing in upon our sides. We were literally surrounded—hemmed in—cut off from all outward succor, with nothing but our own hands, and a single revolver for defense. They approached us with flying leaps, their dismal howls terminating in sharp, short, angry snarls, as though they had bitten them off in the impotency of their rage.

I felt the full measure of our peril, and was determined not to waste a shot. As near as I could judge we had made a little less than one half of the distance we were to go, and were pephaps within two or three miles of Mr. Jaggers' residence. If we could only reach here we would be safe, but that was impossible, unless we could fight or cut our way through the hungry, ravenous pack.

I waited with all the coolness and deliberation I could muster, until the foremost of the pack—a long, gaunt monter—was within three feet of the cutter. Then I fired, taking accurate aim between the two flaring green orbs.

The bullet went crashing through the skull of the maddened brute, dropping him as though he never meditated mischief. Another leaped over his prostrate carcass, and received a similar gratuity. Two shots were expended, and but four left. They were pressing in upon all sides. How could I husband them longer?

I fired as fast as they came, and quicker than I can tell it, the four remaining shots were expended, and four more of the savage brutes were left behind, kicking and writhing in the snow. When my last shot was fired, I turned a despairing look upon my to trembling companions.

They were locked in each other's arms, and their faces were as white as ashes. One of the fiercest of the pack had fastened to the side of the cutter, and was tearing away at the shawls and wrappers that covered the shrinking form of Helen. I turned, shoving my left foot under the seat as I did so, to add to the force and momentum of the movement, and struck a terrific blow at the head of the ravenous brute.

He loosened his hold upon the cutter, and dropped behind; but his place was filled in a twinkling by others of the hungry pack. My foot, in striking at the brute, had come in contact with something underneath the seat, and with the desperation of a drowning person I reached under and clutched it.

I drew it out quickly, with some weak, faint thrill akin to hope. It was a handle to something I had grasped. There was a steel-like glimmer in the dim, white light of the wintry moon. Great Heaven! how my heart leaped. I held in my grasp a sharp, strong hatchet. I dealt my blows right and left—sometimes with precision, oftener at random; and in five minutes more I had hewed my way clear of the ravenous pack.

On rushed the noble grays at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Helen and Mabel saw that we had escaped danger, and in the sudden reaction from despair to hope, both sank fainting in the bottom of the cutter. There was no help for it. I could not stop to look after them in the midst of the freezing cold, and the danger of our surroundings; but resolving to stop when we reached the house of Jaggers, I drew the buffalo robes more closely around them, and held firmly to the straining ribbons.

A few minutes after this we passed Gilbert Lyon, seated on his ox-sled. We soon left him far behind, and five minutes after we drew rein in front of Mr. Jaggers' house.

The family came out and assisted me in getting the young ladies into the warm and comfortable kitchen, where at least a quarter of a cord of wood was blazing in the ample fire-place.

The horses were driven into an adjoining shed, and warmly blanketed. Helen and Mabel were soon restored to a consciousness of warmth and safety, after the terrible cold and fright they had experienced.

When we were all seated around the fire I related, to their amazement, our perilous encounter with the wolves.

The young wife shuddered as I concluded, and wondered if Gilbert would be thoughtless enough to start that night from St. Cloud? I told her that we had passed him a mile or two back, seated on his sled, but did not speak to him.

About twenty minutes later we heard the oxen stepping briskly over the crisp snow, and all rose and went to the window. When the team came opposite the door it stopped, but the driver, sitting bolt upright on the cross beams of the sled, did not offer to rise.

Mr. Jaggers went out with a lantern, and we heard him utter an exclamation of surprise. We all rushed out and gazed upon the man. There he sat, immovable as a stone. He was frozen to death.

We will not attempt to describe the grief and agony of the young wife when she fully realized the situation, but we will draw a vail over that great sorrow which so suddenly blighted her young life. Our house of refuge was now converted into one of mourning. At 9 next morning we reached home in safety.—*New York Weekly.*

A Horse That Sulks.

In a fashionable boarding stable in New York is a horse called Tatters, about which the Brooklyn *Standard-Union* tells a story. Tatters belongs to a lady, who makes a great pet of him, and never visits the stable without taking him some apples, carrots or sugar, of which he is extremely fond. In a neighboring stall is the horse of her friend, an animal rejoicing in the name Phil. Tatters and Phil are on good terms, but the former sometimes throws his ears back and manifests jealously when his mistress, after giving him an apple or a carrot, gives one to Phil. One day she went into the stable while Tatters was in the hands of the groom. He began begging for an apple, and she deferred the gift until the groom had finished his work and the horse had returned to his stall. Meantime she gave an apple to Phil. When Tatters had gone to his stall she offered him an apple, but he refused to take it, and turned his head from her in disgust. For half an hour she coaxed him, but to no purpose. Then the groom tried to induce him to take it, and then another groom made the same effort, but all in vain. Take the apple he would not, nor would he recognize his mistress in any way. His ears drooped and he had the appearance of a child in the sulks just as much as a horse can possibly have it. His heart was broken, not so much because an apple had been given to the other horse, but because it had been given before he himself had received one. But by the next day he seemed to have forgotten his grievance, and you may be sure that his owner has been careful not to offend him since in the same way.

Curious Legal Nuisances.

The following are some of the alleged nuisances for which injunctions and damages have been asked from sympathetic courts and juries. In a recent English case an enthusiastic amateur played daily eight hours on a violoncello, and on Sundays a little longer sometimes. To add to the misery caused, the player lived in a flat. The Judge before whom the case came decided that three hours was long enough for any human being to play on a violoncello, and the injunction issued.

In a case before the Court of Common Pleas some time ago in New York a person was brought up for trundling in a carriage overhead his teething baby, both by night and day. The Judge, who must have been a married man, held that the noise was not unreasonable, and refused to interfere.

In another English case a chime of bells at Deptford was not allowed to ring because the noise was offensive to the majority of the property owners in the vicinity.

The newspapers recently mentioned the sad case of a discharged chorister, who took a horrible revenge on the congregation by sitting in a pew and purposely singing out of tune. Whether he was indicted or not for disturbing public worship does not appear.

There are few annoying sounds which have not, sooner or later, been alleged as nuisances, but the courts hold that many of them must be endured.—*Medical Record.*

A Snake Swallows a Cat.

When Barney Conaghan, of Dunlavy & Conaghan, the Albany (Ga.) butchers, came down town to open up shop the other morning, he missed his cat, which usually greeted him when the shop was opened every morning. Mr. Conaghan thought that the cat was out on an early morning prowl, and busied himself around the shop for a few minutes putting things to rights, when suddenly his attention was attracted by an object near a meat block, which, at a glance, looked like a section of a cable rope in a coil. Earnestly did Mr. Conaghan gaze on the object for a minute, and then, as he realized what it was, his heart stood still with fear, and he gave utterance to an alarm that startled the early morning echoes, and brought Officers Raley and Barron double quick to his assistance.

The object was nothing more or less than a monster rat snake, which, in the absence of rats and better employment, had brought Mr. Conaghan's cat under the charm of its magnetic eyes, and had then commenced the task of swallowing him, and was in a fair way of succeeding when the officers reached the scene and killed the helpless reptile, much to Mr. Conaghan's relief.

The snake was an immense reptile, measuring not less than eight feet in length, and if left alone for a short while longer would have succeeded in getting on the outside of the cat with but little trouble.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Good and Bad Tea.

"Not one man in a thousand knows good tea from bad," said an old-time drummer. "Good tea is always bitter, and folks who don't like bitter tea should drink something else. The impression prevails in some sources that it is the coloring matter that causes the bitter flavor, but it is nothing of the kind. Coloring is very seldom resorted to nowadays, and the idea of Prussian blue being used to make the green more striking is absurd. Black tea is the most dangerous in this respect, but green is generally the natural tint. That green tea is more bitter than black is because the former is plucked when as its prime, while the latter is damaged in preparing for the market. St. Louis is a good tea city, and the grade of tea sold here is above the average."—*St. Louis Star-Sayings.*

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

JUDGMENT REQUIRED IN CHEESE-MAKING.

Curd should contain about seventy-five per cent. moisture when pressed, and dry out down to thirty-three per cent. when cured. To determine and retain this proper proportion of moisture in cheese is one point which requires good judgment in the operator, and cannot be determined by means now known of a practical nature. Observation and practice are the only guides at present known, and a cheese-maker must rely on his own experience and good common sense.—*American Dairyman.*

HENS LAYING SOFT-SHELLED EGGS.

The shell of a fowl's egg consists mainly of carbonate of lime with a small amount of phosphate of lime, and if either is wanting in their food the shells will be either very thin or entirly wanting. Usually fowls find sufficient lime about the grounds where they run, but it is always well to keep a supply of half-burned oyster or clam shells where the fowls can find them when wanted. Sometimes, however, soft-shelled eggs are due to overfeeding and consequent indigestion, and in such cases oyster shells are an excellent corrective. Get a bushel or more of oyster shells, and burn them until they can be readily crushed with the hand, and place them in a convenient spot, and see if they do not correct the fault of which you complain.—*New York Sun.*

FOODS FOR A SUCKING COLT.

A young colt should be taught to eat food when a month old. The mare should, of course, receive extra food to enable her to nurse the colt well, and bran and linseed mash once a day will largely increase the milk. The best place for a mare with a colt is in a loose box stall, and as soon as the confidence of the colt is gained and it may be handled, a little bran and crushed oats, with a pinch of salt added, may be given to it in the hand. After two or three days it will look for it and follow its owner for it. Then a small shallow box is nailed to the side of the stall and the food is placed in it for the colt. A few ounces a day is sufficient at first, but at three months old the colt should be eating two pounds a day. After this it will eat whole oats, but some bran should still be given, as it contains all the elements of growth for a young animal.—*New York Times.*

CLOSE MOWING.

There is nothing gained by cutting upland grass too close. Some farmers mow their meadows as close as possible, and make the turf look as if it had been shaved with a razor. Of all grasses timothy probably suffers the most from too close moving. It should not be cut below the first joint, and better still above the second. When cut through the bulb, or too near it, the plant is often killed. The meadow will start much quicker if the grass is cut about two or three inches high than when below that height, and the pasturage which will be gained will much more than balance for the extra amount of hay of doubtful quality that is obtained by close mowing. Finer grass can be cut lower than coarse ones, and lowland meadows suffer but very little from being cut close, and possibly benefited, as the sun can thereby reach the ground and dry out the excess of moisture. Our object in this note is to speak against the close cutting of upland meadows, especially timothy, when thereby the roots are unduly exposed and often killed—*American Agriculturist.*

POSTHOLE PUNCH.

A very useful, cheap, durable, almost indispensable tool on every farm in all parts of the country, writes J. E. Blodgett in regard to a posthole punch. The body of it should be of cast-iron, seventeen inches long, round, four and one-half inches diameter at upper end and tapering to a point at the other. A hole for the handle should be in the large end, two and one-half inches at its opening, two inches at its lower end and six inches deep. Any man can make a pattern and get the casting at any foundry. The handle can be made of any hard wood, driven in and made of size to be easy to handle. Such a tool can be used with success in all kinds of soil, even in quite stony land. With an outfit consisting of a punch, a heavy maul, and a short-legged stool to stand on to drive the posts, two men can set more fence-posts in a day than in ten days' hard work in the old way of digging the holes, and equally well for all practical purposes. The posts need be only half sharpened, just the corners shaped off a little with the axe—a rainy-day job at making kindlingwood. Knowing the above facts by experience, and seeing some men breaking their backs digging postholes I was led to write to you.—*New York Tribune.*

BEEKEEPING.

In a bulletin on beekeeping, issued from the station of the Rhode Island Agricultural School, at Kingston, Mr. Cushman says "Bees are poor property in crude and impractical hives, but in those well adapted to their purpose give a good return for the time and money invested. Beekeepers who have taken the time and trouble to study the business have succeeded with practical hives, easily opened, in which the combs are straight and even, allowing of quick examination with little disturbance of the bees.

They unite weak colonies in the fall, feed them if in want of winter stores, and in winter give protection from wind and prevent loss of heat from an outer case, with packing, or by comfortable quarters in the cellar. Extra stores are supplied in spring, and, if needed, a more prolific queen, and by various means extensive breeding induced to get a large army of gatherers and comb builders before the honey harvest.

If no more swarms are wanted breeding is discouraged during the honey flow and swarming is prevented by one of several methods; and the large army of workers use up their short lives in storing honey instead of raising bees. The crop is removed, a young queen given in place of one whose best powers are used, the remaining bees are allowed honey enough for winter and raise enough young to keep up their strength until spring. This is followed year after year, whether the season be good or poor, so when the harvests come a good crop is insured.

Improvement in yield in some sections is due to the planting of basswood trees in private grounds and along roadsides for shade. Nothing in this country equals basswood bloom for honey production. Alsike clover, now more generally planted on heavy soil, in connection with or in place of red clover, is also gradually increasing our bee pasturage, as well as the farmer's crop of cattle fodder. Bees may obtain the nectar from alsike bloom, while they are unable to reach that in the blossoms of the first crop of red clover. Buckwheat, usually a profitable crop aside from honey, may be planted to still increase the supply of bee food, though it does not always yield honey.

Mr. Cushman emphasizes the importance of starting with a good hive and sticking to it, so as to have one kind only in an apiary, thus making possible doubling, dividing, changing combs of brood or honey, tiering up, etc.—*New York World.*

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Wage war on weeds now.

Clean out the fence corners now.

Crowd corn cultivation continually.

Reduce the number of fences on your farm.

Fences on a farm like corners in a house are what cost.

Raise your own dairy stock; there are many advantages in it.

The fertilizer applied to any crop is never all taken up by it.

Better have grass than weeds along the roads through your farm.

Always cut away all dead wood. It may be done at any time.

When you feed, do you know the weight of a forkful of hay?

Drag the potatoes before high enough to cultivate with cultivator.

Planting on poverty-stricken soil is like fishing in barren waters.

No cow that is kept all the while indoors can be perfectly happy.

The farmer can grow vegetables cheaper than he can buy them.

Clover, corn and skimmed milk will grow pigs and make nice pork.

The clematis provides a handsome climber for arbors and verandas.

Try on your own farm to make home production overbalance home consumption.

The surest way to improvement of stock is by the introduction of improved blood.

Remember that in ordinary good soil, the best crop of potatoes is gained with flat culture.

If you do not get all the manure out, pile it up where it will not leech or fire-fang any this summer.

To save radishes from the attacks of the fly sprinkle the leaves with soot or wood ashes just as soon as they are above ground.

To know what to feed saves the pocketbook; how to feed saves the man; when to feed saves the pig; the combination makes a feeder.

American Garden calls attention to the Merkel, a new red raspberry, wholly distinct from all other varieties and possessing several valuable qualities.

Farmers do not use the harrow enough. Keep it in the corn field from the time the corn is planted till you can use the cultivator to advantage.

Ducks need looking after frequently during the day as they are apt to get on their backs, and in this position they are entirely helpless and will die unless turned on their feet.

The crab apples are both ornamental and useful, and may justly claim a place in ornamental gardening. The single and double flowering varieties from China and Japan are splendid in flower.

In many cases it will be a good plan to let the turkey hens hatch out the second laying of eggs. The weather being warmer and more settled there is less danger of loss than with the earlier brood.

In sending poultry to market remember that size and condition count for more than color or shade in skin. Live and dressed poultry sell by weight, and the price per pound is often determined by the condition.

As soon as harvest begins is the time to commence saving feed for the poultry during the winter. With a little care a good supply of feed can be obtained at a low cost and a good variety be secured.

Mr. W. C. Barry tells that Mme. Georges Bruant is one of the hardiest roses in his collection. It came through the past winter without being injured in the least. So said the *Rural New Yorker* a month ago. So said Mr. Falconer.

At this time many chicks die in the shell because of too rapid evaporation during incubation. Putting a sod under the eggs at the beginning or sprinkling the eggs with water the day before they are to hatch will help to give better results.

Cholera is always to be dreaded during the summer. It is easier to prevent than to cure, and all necessary pains should be taken to keep the fowls in good health. A sick fowl generally costs more to cure than it is worth.

On the farm a general purpose fowl will be the most satisfactory one—that will lay well. The hens make good mothers and the matured fowls are good for the table. Special breeds are best for those who make a specialty of the business.

Growing Lettuce by Electric Light.

It is now believed that where it is profitable to grow lettuce under glass for market, the electric light can be profitably used. Wm. Rawson, of Arlington, Mass., has experimented for one season and feels encouraged to go on with it. The Worcester Co. (Mass.) Horticultural Society has published an account of what Mr. Rawson did. One house for forcing lettuce, 200 feet by twenty-four, was given in charge of one arc light, active till midnight, at a cost of $15 per month. The crop was advanced in time twenty per cent. One week's advance in five, is a great gain to the market man. When the electric light was brought to some perfection, much was hoped for it as an aid in the artificial culture of plants. Dr. Sieman's experiments indicated some good results, but no attempts have been made to apply the principle to profitable uses. It seems to be conceded that plants can proceed with those changes necessary to healthy plant growth to a great degree under electric light, though not nearly to the extent they can under sunlight; but the open question is, will they do this to an extent to make its use profitable to the cultivator.—*New York Independent.*

How Birds Learn to Sing.

A wren built her nest in a box on a New Jersey farm. The occupants of the farmhouse saw the mother teaching her young to sing. She sat in front of them and sung her whole song very distinctly. One of her young attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes its voice broke and it lost the tune. The mother recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able, and when the notes were again lost, the mother began again where it had stopped and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes the second time with great precision, and again a young one attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this one as with the first, and so with the third and fourth, until each of the birds became a perfect songster.—*Musical Messenger.*

About 35,000,000 pounds of dynamite are manufactured per year in this country, having an aggregate market value of about $4,500,000. The five hundred workmen employed in this industry receive a total of about $340,000.

Brazil has increased imposts five per cent.

Deafness Can't be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE longest bridge in the world is the Lion bridge, Sangang, China.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

N Y N U—26

ALL ABOUT East Tennessee's FINE CLIMATE and GREAT RESOURCES is KNOXVILLE SENTINEL; daily 1 mo. 50c.; weekly 1 year, $1; samples 5c.

WATCH. Do you want a Watch? Do you like Story Papers? Send 10c. (silver) to the CLIMAX, Alliance, O., for 4 mos. Trial Subscription. The best Semi-monthly Story Paper published. It will also tell how to earn the WATCH easily.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

MONEY IN CHICKENS. For 20c. a 100-page book, experience of a practical poultry raiser during 25 years. It teaches how to detect and cure diseases; to feed for eggs and for fattening; which fowls to save for breeding, &c., &c. Address BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.