IN THE CLOVER

Butterfly. Flutter by, Over the clover, Under the sky. Sail and falter and fail. And cling to the fragrant spray: Shift and shirk, No weather for work

Falls on a summer day. Bumblebee, Tumble free Into the bloom of the tulip tree;

Cease your bustle and boom. Swing on a stamen and sing. Or clutch a flagon frail and fine. And drowsily drink the wine, And rest your rumbling wing.

Meadowlark, Glow like a spark

That will set the fields afire; Tenderly whistle On top of a thistle A "turilee" to your mate up higher In a dusky locust tree. There! There! Away goes care,

And a dream comes over me. A boy tired out with play, On a summer holiday, In the grass so cool and deep While the butterfly goes fluttering over,

Between blue sky and purple clover, And the bumblebee bumbles And whirls and tumbles, Where the meadowlark's nest And her golden breast Have clover

All over

For cover.

-Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.

A SUMMER IDYL

BY AGNES GIFFORD.

Gwendoline met her aunt, Mrs. Newcombe, at the little station and drove her up in her own phaeton.

"Is any one here?" asked Mrs. Newcombe as they rolled along the hard white road between low green fields on either hand.

"I mean any one nice," specified Mrs. Newcombe with her soft little laugh.

Warfield is here-Edgar Warfield," said Gwendoline, flecking a fly off Jerry's shinning coat with her whip.

"Ah! That is pleasant for you."

"Pleasant!" cried the younger lady, with a note of petulance in her voice. "I don't think so. It's a bore."

Miss Ventnor's dark, handsome face settled in moody lines. She looked like her mother. She had not taken after her father, who was a blonde. But her father's youngest sister, the little widow. was very like him. Mrs. Newcombe had a charming fairness and liquid eyes. She never looked worldly.

"Isn't he thought a good parti?" she inquired.

Gwendoline made another brusque movement with her whip.

"Oh, I suppose so. He's rich, if that's what you mean. And he has no incumberance. No mother or sisters." Miss Ventnor laughed. "That ought to be a recommendation. A fellow's family is dreadfully tiresome-an awful bore.

A dog.c with a powerful horse came abreast of the phaeton he raised his hat.

"She's a dear little thing-my aunt," said Miss Gwendoline abruptly, follow-ing the little gray figure with her brill-iant eyes. "Don't you think she's pretkeep her."

"Idon't know. You can't expect one to know," said Mr. Warfield with intention. "I wish," Miss Ventnor explained,

knitting her fine brows, "that you would not say such ridiculous things!" "Do you call them ridiculous?" asked

the young man with a shade of pallor on his cheek. "Yes," curtly.

ty?"

traced a pattern on the gravel with the end of his stick. "You are awfully hard on a fellow,"

he said in a moment without looking up. "Well, there is one thing," cried the

young lady, "you can stand it. All men can.

Her father's voice was calling her from the house. Mr. Ventnor wanted some music. Gwendoline must sing for him. "Come, Miss, I'll tolerate no shirk-

ing," he threatened jocosely. "I'm not likely to shirk," announced the young lady below her breath as she

bent over the piano near which Mrs. Newcombe sat. "I'm too much relieved to be freed from our visitor for a while." "Ah, my dear, you're a cruel girl.

You're breaking that poor fellow's heart," murmured that little widow.

"Not at all likely," responded Miss Ventnor preluding brilliantly. Mrs. Newcombe had retreated to the

embrasure of a window. Mr. Ventnor had ensconced himself in an arm-chair, and Mrs. Ventnor sat, murmuring in undertones to one or two neighborly neighbors of her own age. Mrs. Newcombe made a little kindly sign to Edgar Warfield, who stood vaguely near her, and he dropped, with instant gratitude, into a chair by the window. There was in this pretty woman's soft eyes a look of understanding the situation and an intimation of friendliness toward him which

moved the young man dceply. Gwendoline sang song after song, in her full, rich voice, and Mrs. Newcombe sat gently agitating her fan and listening with smiling attention.

"I know no one's voice that charms ness stumbled and grew lame. me as does Gwendoline's," she said, in a little pause, turning to Edgar Warfield.

He felt his heart warming to Miss Ventnor's young aunt. "Miss Ventnor's voice is wonderfully

brilliant," he said, with a lover's formality.

"Yes, but it is not the brilliancy alone. That is a secondary matter, though it is the most obvious, perhaps. flaunted on the surface.'

gray dress with the line of dazzling neck package, then? Yours, showing above draperies of foamy lace, "Mr DEAR GWENDOLINE-I am afraid that made her look so? Miss Ventnor there has been some great mistake. That

harnessed to it, appeared ahead of them. little person, somehow. In this light about the ring. The truth is dearest she scarcely looked older than Gwendo- Gwendoline, we are engaged !"-New line. But, of course, she must be. When the singing was over Mr. Ventnor proposed cards. Mrs. Ventnor rapidly assorted couples, but Gwendoline, with a rapid counter-manœuvre. headed her off.

"And she is going, my dear?" cried poor Mrs. Ventnor, in dismay, to Phœbe Newcombe. "Nothing I can say will

"Dear Gwen, what of Mr. Warfield?" asked the little widow of her niece.

"I imagine Mr. Warfield is able to take care of himself, is he not?" exclaimed the young lady.

She left on the morrow and she was gone three weeks. On her return she learned that her young aunt's visit was soon to draw to a close.

"Mr. Warfield has been here a great deal," the girl's mother told her, "and if The young man looked down and he has not decided long ago to discontinue his attentions to you you may thank Phæbe for it. I think she tried to make him see that you would listen to reason some day. He was here again this morning. Wesdid not expect you, quite on this train , you know, so they started for a little walk-Phoebe and Mr. Warfield.

Aren't they coming up now?" Mrs. Ventnor was near sighted, but her daughter was not. The latter glanced out of the window and saw, very slowly moving up the path, her aunt, with her pretty head drooped, and Edgar War-field, with his head drooped, too. As they came in view of the house both heads straightened suddenly.

"Is it they?" repeated Mrs. Ventnor. But Gwendoline had, apparently, not heard either question,

"And so you are going away-to leave us?" inquired the young lady of her aunt later in the day.

"Yes, unfortunately, dearest-to-morrow," and Mrs. Newcombe passed her soft hand about her niece's arm.

Gwendoline disengaged herself. "We shall miss you.

"How shall we get on without my lit tle aunt, Mr. Warfield?" said Miss Ventnor to the young man within a few days. "I begin to think she was the sole attraction for you in our house. You have deserted us since she left."

A color came into the young man's

"Why, not at all, not at all! I-I assure you. I have had certain things on my mind of late. In fact, I think of going up to town to-morrow." His eager-

"Do you?" Two weeks later.

"MY DEAR AUST PHEBE-When Mr. Warfield left for town he said, upon me questioniong him, that he thought he might see you. What I am going to ask you-to tell you-to do is very, very delicate. I wonder if ever a girl was placed in such a predicament beforef But you know that I am nothing if not fearless Gwendoline's voice is full of feeling, too. and independent. And I think that in But it is like herself. The feeling is not this case the fearlessness will not be construed as boldness. It used to be ad-Edgar Warfield felt as though his mired. Briefly, the accompanying ring wound was being touched by the gentlest, was given me-pressed upon me-weeks most healing of sympathetic fingers. ago by a person whom I need not men-His heart beat quickly. What a charm- tion. He begged that whenever I could ing, speaking voice this young aunt of think well of what he urged upon me Gwendoline's had, too. And how the day I tried his ring on my finger (in quaintly, delicately pretty she was. Her jest) I would send that ring to him. Nothcolor had the charming daintiness, her ing more. He will understand. I do smile the fascinating demureness of a not know his address just now. Perhaps young Quakeress. Or was it the soft, you do. Will you re-address the little GWEN.

called her "Auut Phoebe." The funny, is, I fear-I don't know how to say it-old-tashioned name suited this exquisite but, perhaps he-I mean Edgar-forgot York Mercury.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

A CURE FOR EGG-EATING.

The following is said to be a positive preventive of egg-cating: "Make a box fourteen inches square by two feet ten inches long. Cover one end entirely, leaving front end open of lower half. Nail boards over the upper half. Build nest in the back end with board six inches wide in front of the nest. Gather up the eggs from the little door made directly over them. This makes an entirely dark nest, and no hen will eat eggs in the dark."- Fancier's Monthly.

STACKING RAILS.

A good many farmers who have taken up needless fences have piled their surplus rails in stacks to save them from wasting. In most cases they think that after a year or two these surplus rails will be wanted again. We can advise them differently. Even where fences can be had merely by the labor of making them with fence rails the advantage of summer soiling is so great that stock once soiled will not be turned out again. Enough of the best rails to enclose a small lot may be put up in a portable fence; but the remainder can be better sold or used as fuel, as the longer they

are kept the less they will be worth .--Boston Cultivator. A WIRE FOOTBRIDGE FOR A FARM.

A bridge of common fence wire may be made very cheaply, as follows: The anchorage on each side of the stream may be made of a frame of logs filled with stones and buried in the ground. If the banks are not high enough to afford safe passage for floods under the bridge, a bent of timber on each side should be put up to give sufficient rise for the floor of the bridge. Four No. 8 wires are enough for the floor of a three-foot-wide bridge. These should be fixed by cross wires at distances of three feet apart to hold up the floor if placed lengthwise, or to stiffen it if the floor is laid crosswise. The supporting wires should be four No. 8 wires on each side, bound together by small wire wrapping every three fect. These should fall in a gentle curve, two feet in the 100 is enough, and should pass over a post framed in the anchorage. These wires are connected with the floor wires by others

three feet apart on each side to support rest of the poultry. the floor .- New York Times.

MILE AND BUTTERMILK IN SUMMER. While milk and buttermilk are excellent for fowls and chickens, it will not be beneficial to give either unless fresh sour) may be the cause of bowel disease. milk to poultry, but we have known it failure of the best results. to kill chicks when given too liberally, Skimmed milk is a very cheap article in some sections, and there is no necessity for giving it in any condition except fresh, especially in the summer season. The hens will not drink sour milk if

they can get milk that is fresh. For chicks, the best method is to mix the food with milk, let the chicks cat all

hill sheep, because he will best endure

extremes of heat and cold and drought, and because he is the only improved sheep that will bear herding and keeping in flocks of any size. Americans, by years of faithful selection and breeding, have developed him from the thin, flatribbed, long-necked, iliy-covered sheep of an early day into the low, broad, heavy-built sheep of the present models of form and beauty, covered everywhere with the highest quality of wool. If more farmers could be brought to realize how rapidly they can build a choice flock from common ewes and a pure bred ram of the right sort, more of them would try it and the scrub would have to go .---New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. The best onions are generally grown from seed.

Always cut cucumbers from the vines with a piece of the stem attached.

A good farmer will not let his chickens roost on trees, under open sheds or on the fence.

The best way to water hanging basket is to plunge it into a tub of water until it is thoroughly soaked.

The Rural New Yorker commends Michel's Early as the best of the notably carly strawberries in cultivation.

Bed the callas out during the summer in good soil, thus checking their growth and giving them a season of rest.

July is a good month to prune the azalea, as this gives the plants time to make new wood and set their buds.

Ducks lay at night or early in the morning. Don't let them out until after 9 o'clock. They seldom use a nest.

It is a mistake not to mate your breeding hens early. In this way you get the brood out early and they thrive better. Mix a little charcoal with the soft chicken feed and it will aid digestion and prevent disease. It is a good puri-

It will be an advantage in many cases to scald the chicken feed at night and let it stand until morning, not keeping so long, however, as to allow it to sour. Guineas are light sleepers and if disturbed at night make considerable racket. Hence it is a good plan to induce them to roost in the house with the

Ducks should not be fed too much grain. They will thrive better and keep in better health if given plenty of coarse, bulky foods, such as potatoes, turnips, cloves and materials of that kind.

Many failures in keeping new breeds and unchanged. To place milk where it of poultry have resulted from having too is liable to be fermented (or become many. The breeder not being proficient enough to know that different breeds It is true that some persons feed sour require different management causes a

Wait until the fowls are well matured before determining the make-up of the breeding pens. By studying the characteristics of the different fowls intended for breeding and mating accordingly better results will be obtained.

A mulch will help all trees, roses and shrubs as well as peas and vegetables. they desire at one time, and elean away droppings, leaf mould, old manure. Materials: Lawn clippings, straw, horse that which is left. For fowls that have a range, a pan of fresh milk at night a half thick. Three inches would be a half thick. Three inches would be better.

\$1000 in Prizes.

The publishers of the Rambler Magazine will give \$1000 in prizes for the largest lists of words formed from Rambler Magazine. The first prize is \$200 cash: the second, \$100 cash 51 other cash prizes and special weekly prizes will be given. Send lkc. for copy Rambler con-taining full information, or 30c. for 3 mos. sub-scription to Rambler Pub. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Mothers should watch carefully those signs of ill health in their daughters, and at once use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will prove a lasting blessing.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

How a Tourist Makes Money.

How a Tourist Makes Money. DEAR READERS-While visiting places of in-terest, i spend my leisure time plating table-ware and jewelry and selling platers. I make from \$5 to \$15 per day. The work is done so incely that every person wants it. I paid \$5 for my plater to H. K. Delno & Co., Columbus, O. Why not have a good time and money in your pocket, when for \$5 you can start a busi-ness of your own? Write the above firm for circulars. <u>A TOURIST</u>.

The Convenience of Bolid Trains. The Eric is the only railway running solid trains over its own tracks between New York and Chicago. No change of cars for any class of passengers. Rates lower than via. any other first-class line.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORES. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Pinkham's letters from ladies in al. parts of the world average One Hundred per day. She has never failed them, and her fame is world wide.



A prompt return of your money, if you get neither benefit nor cure. Risky terms for the doctor, but safe and sure for the patient. Everything to gain, noth-ing to lose. There's just one medicine of its class that's sold on these conditions-just one that could be-Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a peculiar way to sell it-but it's a peculiar medicine. It's the guaranteed remedy for all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula. It cleanses, purifies and enriches the blood, and cures Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas; and all manner of bloodtaints, from whatever cause. It costs you nothing if it doesn't help you. The only question is, whether you want to be helped.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the cheapest blood - purifier sold, through druggists, because you only pay for the good you get.

Can you ask more? The "Discovery" acts equally

"That's Edgar Warfield," said Gwendoline a moment later.

"He is good looking. You are hard to please, Gwen."

'Oh, I don't know. I might like him well enough as a friend if he would stop annoying me."

"Annoying you?"

"Oh, hanging around."

Mrs. Ventnor was on the piazza of the cottage as they drove up. She followed her sister-in-law to her room.

"I'm awfully glad you have come, Phœbe. It will be a boon to Gwendoline to have you. I wish you would talk sensibly to her, by the way. She is trifling with an excellent chance of settling in life."

"Do you mean Mr. Warfield?" asked Mrs. Newcombe, removing her dainty close traveling hat and long gauze veil before the teilet table. "Gwendoline has been telling me about him."

"What did she say?"

"She said he bored her."

"Nonsense! He's only too fond of her. He's a very affectionate fellow, and he's been desperately blue since the death of his mother, to whom he was devoted. He looks for sympathy from Gwendoline, and he does not get it. Silly girl that she is! You're looking very well, Phoebe. Gray is so becoming to you. Now, Gwendoline can't wear gray at all. Vivid, rich colors suit her style. Well, I will leave you to dress. We dine at 6:30. Probably Mr. Warfield will drop in this evening. I asked him. At dinner Mrs. Newcombe was in gray again, the most delicate, pearly gray, against which her throat and face looked fair as a sea shell. Gwendoline, who was dressed in transparent black, had a bunch of red geraniums at her breast.

"You make a pretty contrast," smiled Mr. Ventnor, glancing from his young sister to his daughter.

When they rose from table, where they had lingered, Gwendoline passed her hand through her aunt's arm.

"There! I knew he would appear be-fore the day was over," Miss Ventnor murmured, impatiently.

"Who!" "Edgar Warfield."

And Mrs. Newcombe saw the young man's slight, well-built figure, in its quiet mourning clothes, approach by the

carriage-way that spapned the lawn. she said softly. "It isn't decent. Be civil to the poor fellow, at least."

She disengaged herself gently from her niece's clasp. And after the formality of introduction had been followed by a few words between herself and the young man she wandered away with one of her sweet, indulgent amiles and reentered the house.

"I can only play with papa," she asserted with decision. "No one else understands my play."

"Then will Mr. Warfield play with me?" said Mrs. Newcomb. And in her charming glance and smile the grateful young man again read a full appreciation of the bearings of his case and an intention to befriend him, to help him on. Gwendoline, even with her father's vaunted understanding of her play, made a number of blunders in her characteristically reckless fashion and talked a good deal in brusque, crisp phrases, throwing down her cards with her large, shapely hand, undisguisedly brown by

exposure to the sun and air. But Mrs. Newcomb's little white paw, which crept out, with a glisten of rings upon it, as gently as a kitten's, only played its cards to make tricks, and Ed. little mill gave him \$30,000, and ever

conscientious young man, was vaguely grieved and gratified; the former that vada at the present time .- Central Nethe charming Gwendoline should be so carelessly indifferent to a good game of whist, and the latter that he, with his partner's help, should be making so good a showing.

On his way home that evening he said to himself that he hoped Gwendoline's ago), planted a vineyard; and so heavily aunt would remain with her some little did he oppress his slaves, that one of time. She might have an influence. He them, it is said, prophesied to him that had fallen in love with Mr. Ventnor's he would never live to taste the wine beautiful daughter because of that Di. thereof. When the wine was made, he ana-like independence which seemed to sent for his slave and said: "What do having bowed her stately young head to sacrifice or to sentiment, which sat upon her with so bright a radiance. But now he asked himself, with a sigh, whether broken into his vineyard, and was laying the more conventional feminine charms and virtues did not make a girl more untasted, hastened to attack and drive convenient and comfortable to get on out the boar; but he was killed in the with. Perhaps if Gwendoline could be encounter .- Detroit Free Press. softened a little-just a little-by the contagion of her young aunt's delightful manner, it might be an added attraction to the proud young beauty. How very womanly Mrs. Newcomb's manner was.

And she looked so girlish, too. He re-membered now that he had heard the Ventnors say that she had married very young, and that her husband had been floer, men or train. They seem to have arriage-way that spanned the lawn. "You can't run away now, Gwen," are said softly. "It isn't decent. Be hard, Edgar Warfield's manly and chivalrous heart felt, with a glow, that so kindly, so dear and sweet a little woman should have had to bear anything sad in her life.

The next day Gwendoline had a letter from a friend bidding her come to make her a visit of some weeks.

What One Blast Did.

The papers have lately mentioned how many prominent mines of the country were discovered by chance. There is a scrap to be added in the history of the Cortez mines. Simeon Wenban had run the Garrison tunnel at great expense and was left a poor man, owing his creditors \$150,000. There was not a pound of ore in sight whereby the debt might be paid. As a last resort, with a forlors

hope, after the mine had been closed, Simeon Wenben drilled a hole in the hanging wall and blasted out a huge piece of rock, which he found to be almost a solid block of metal, and part of an immense vein which had been paralleled hundreds of feet. This fortunate last effort marked a sudden change that seldom falls to the lot of man. It was Wenban, the poor man, the laborer, before that blast was fired; it was Simeon Wenban, the millionaire, but a second thereafter. The first month's run of his gar Warfield, who was a methodical and since he has grown more wealthy. The mine is the best paying property in Ne-

"There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip."

vadan.

Anczeus, King of the Leleges in Samos (an island in the Grecian Archipeland the independence which seemed to ask nothing of man, that brilliant, vir-gininal unconsciousness, that air of never slave made answer: "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The words were scarcely uttered when Ancaus was informed that a wild boar had it waste. Ancœus, setting down the cup

The Lost Gold Train.

In 1890 Captain Alexandre M. Ozersky, in command of a military guard, left Irkoutsk, Siberia, with a train heavily laden with gold ore from the Siberian mines, to convey it to Russia. Since then absolutely nothing has been heard of ofcouriers leave St. Petersburg they invariably carry with them copies of a ukase published in the Official Monitor which reminds Russian subjects of the facts in this strange case, and calls upon them to exercise themselves in assisting the Government to solve the mystery .-- Proz-

will be all that they will need in the shape of food, as they will find all that they wish on the range. Milk is highly nitrogenous and answers a purpose as a part of the ration, but, like all other substances allowed, it gives the best results when in a fresh and wholesome condition .- Farm and Fireside.

HIGH FEEDING.

The statement that "all the overfed cows in America could be accommodated in a moderate sized stable," is going the rounds, but is not likely to be universally accepted as a true presentation of the case. That overfeeding is not very general we admit, and we believe that there are farmers and dairymen who think that they run perilously close to the danger line in this direction, who really have no practical knowledge of what is involved in genuine high feeding. But there are a good many men who crowd their cows too hard, either for their own profit or for the good of the animals. They do not intend to keep their cows very long, but they mean to make the most of them while they last. There is another evils of overfeeding, yet without obtaining anything like the increased returns more harm than good. which they hope to secure. When but-

ness of keeping them rapidly becomes ways be covered with a blanket. upprofitable.-American Dairyman. The personnial pers in some sit

POINTS IN FAVOR OF THE SHEEP.

proved Stockbreeders' Association by Mr. E. D. King, of Burlington, the sheep industry was considered by the essayist corner in the garden it needs supports to from the practical standpoint of profitable returns. He said that no individual farmer can prosper for a series of years by growing grain alone and selling it. We must diversify our produts. Of the great staples, flax and linen, sorghum and beet-sugar, wool and mutton, we cannot have a surplus for years to come. much quicker returns, paying their way tality in either or both of the parents as they go. If he dies at birth he has and the age of the eggs. consumed nothing. If he dies the first winter his wool will pay his way. If he lives to be sheared he brings his owner

most a total one. The sheep is the stock

In planting new strawberries do not overlook the fact that there should be a staminate and pistilate together, unless the variety used is both staminate and pistilate. Deginners may make mistakes in such matters, and it is well to call their attention to it.

Chop the manure well into the soil of the garden. Use only the fine and well rotted material. Coarse manure, containing cornstalks, straw, or other litter not decomposed, will only be in the way of the young and tender plants. The finer the manure the better.

According to the Fruit Manual, prepared by the Kansas Horticultural society, the cherry thrives quite well on either high or low lands and on sandy or loamy soil. An eastern or northern slope is preferable, as trees do not suffer so such from droughts or heat of sun on such locations.

This is the Farm Journal's way of watering a tree, shrub or vine: Punch holes with a crowbar all around the tree in a circle as wide as the branches spread class, and a large one, which feeds so and pour the said holes full of water. irregularly as to receive nearly all the To simply pour a few bucketfuls of water around the stem of the tree is to do

It is not necessary to blanket a horse ter is high they feed liberally, but when in the stable unless the animal is wet or the price falls the quantity of grain is should not be cooled suddenly. A diminished, if its use is not entirely dis- sheet may be used to keep the skin clear continued. Under this uncertain method of dust. When standing on the road or the health and productive capacity of in any exposed position, especially durthe cows become impaired and the busi- ing windy weather, the horse should al-

The perennial pea in some situations is one of the most useful of hardy climbers, according to Vick, for rambling over In a paper read before the Kansas Im- hedges and giving them a touch of rose color or for covering a strip of old fence, if planted in an out-of-the-way prevent it from straggling over too much surface.

It is a mistake to expect that your eggs will hatch precisely in twenty-one days. While this is the rule it is not an invariable one. Some will hatch in nineteen days, others in twenty-one days, and others still will require twenty-The sheep is the poor man's best stock, four days for incubation. The causes because one can get a start more cheaply are varied, such as getting too cold, too than with any other stock and they make much heat, lack of moisture, want of vi-

Queen of Beasts.

The lion is not the "king of beasts." in debt to him. If the horse or steer The Bengal tiger beats him every time dies at three or four years, the loss is al- in a fight. One such combat occurred recently at the Calcutta (India) Zoo befor the poor man because he can be win-tered without grain (when that fails), on They were exhibited in adjoining comcorn fodder and sorghum and straw, and partments of the same cage, and the door the sheep's fleece, if he is a good one, with Merino blood in his veins, will pay his way and a profit until the grain to fatten him does grow. The Merino is the true upland and

the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

well all the year round. Made by



half a tumbler of water with in a rew management CHOLERA MORBUS, CRAMPS, Spasme, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMIT, ING, REARTBURN, DIARRHEA, Dys-entery, Summer Complaint, Colic, Flatu-lercy, Faiuting Spells, Nervousness, Sicep-lessness, Sick Hendache, and all internal pains leasness, Sick Headache, and all interna Malaria in its various forms cured and pre-There is not a remedial agent in the wo will cure Pever and Arue and all other anded by RADWAY'S PILLES, so qui RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. quickty

ACHES AND PAINS.

headache (whether sick or nervous), foo Agia, nervousness and sleeplessness, r iumbago, pains and weakness in the or könnys, pains around the liver, p ing of the joints and pains of all kinds, iton of Radway's Beady Beijef will afford 50c. Per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.



vegetable. The safest and best medicine in the world for the cure of all disorders of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels

Taken according to directions they will restor bealth and renew vitality. Price, Ec. a box. Sold by all druggists, or maile by RADWAT & Co., 23 Warren Street, New York on receipt of price.

German Syrup

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine flotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled

Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at

ever he has taken a

cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung trou-bles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion ? Listen ! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different per-sons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Consumptionhis stomach. When-

with colds, and he