

IN THE PAUSES OF HER SONG.

A singer who lived in a sunny land
Poured forth a song so full of cheer,
The murmur, listening, forgot his plaint,
The mourner, to shed his tear.

Oh, what a happy lot is hers,
Said the tolling world as it heard,
To pour forth songs as carelessly
As joy from the throat of a bird.

Alas, I said (for Art is long,
I have trodden its weary way, and know),
Could you but dream of the struggle and
woe

That come in the pauses of her song!
—Orelia Key Bell, in the Century.

"NED"

"Ned! Ned! Where are you, Ned?"
Ellie Colebridge's tone was one of
anxious impatience, as she came into
the sitting room of her pretty country house,
seeking consolation, advice and assistance.
The window curtains parted, revealing
in the deep window-seat a little figure
curled up, pouring over an open book.

"What is the matter?" inquired Ned,
with a sleepy, drawing voice.

"Matter!" said Ellie, dolefully,
"read that letter. No, you will go to
sleep over it. I'll tell you what's in
it. The Claxtons are coming this afternoon."

"I thought they were to come next
month!"

"So they were, and here Charley has
gone for a week to Boston, and Maggie
left this morning. She is only the
eleventh girl I have had in six weeks."

Ned pucker up a pretty rose-bud of
a mouth, drew her brows up over a
pair of large, dreamy, brown eyes, and
—it must be recorded, shocking as it is
—Ned whistled: "There's no luck about
the house," as clearly as a plow-boy.

"Oh, Ned, what can I do?" said Ellie.
"There are four people, and how can I
entertain them and do all the work and
cooking for such a family!"

"Four?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, their son
Harry and daughter Laura."

"H—yes. I've heard Charley talk
of them!"

"Don't you know them," Ellie asked,
amazed. "I thought they were Charley's
most intimate friends."

"Very true; but, though Charley is
my brother, you must remember while he
was at Harvard, forming the acquaintance
of the Claxtons and various other people,
I was with Aunt Jane at Baltimore,
going to school and learning housekeeping
—oh!" cried Ned, as a sudden idea
seemed to strike her. "Oh, Ellie, have
you got some calico dresses and big
aprons?"

"Of course I have!"

"So have I—where the Dutchman had
his anchor—at home! But, Ellie, lend
me some of yours, and I'll be your
Magie!"

"Edmonia Colebridge, are you crazy?"
"I can't bring you any references
from my last place," persisted Ned, her
brown eyes dancing. "but if I don't suit,
you can discharge me!"

"But, Ned, Harry Claxton is coming,
and Charley said—thought— and here
Ellie stopped, confused.

Ned tossed her curly head in magnificent
disdain.

"You need not tell me what Charley
said," she said, scornfully. "I can imagine!
I hate a match-maker! But, Ellie,
I want my own way. Remember you are
not to interfere with me, Mrs. Colebridge.
I don't want no ladies poking
about my kitchen," as your last girl but
two used to say."

Ellie remonstrated once more, but
feebly.

"But, Ned, you are company just as
much as the Claxtons."

"I am your sister now," was the reply.
"Where are the calico dresses?"

"In my room. It is lucky James
boards at home."

"By the way, tell James to hold his
tongue. It is time you were getting
ready, if you are going to the station."

"But, Ned—"

"There, you have no more to say. My
name for the next week, by the way, is
Jane. Ned is rather too remarkable for
a servant-girl. I am morally convinced
there was a streak of insanity in our family
when I was christened 'Edmonia.' Charley
made 'Ned' of it before I was a year old.
There, my dear—go. You will be late."

Very mistrustfully, Mrs. Colebridge
brought her guests from the station.
During her short acquaintance with her
husband's sister, Ned had exactly verified
Charley's description of her. He had told
his wife:

"Ned is the dearest girl in the world,
but dreamy and fond of books; knows
more actually at nineteen than most
women do at thirty of books, music and
drawing. She will be literary, I guess;
but practical, never."

To this dreamy girl, who confessed to
having written poetry, Ellie had, under
the pressure of circumstances, trusted the
household affairs for four unknown
guests. They were to have come nearly
a month later, and Charley was to have
been at home, and a paragon of a
girl secured somewhere. It
must be confessed Ellie carried
a smiling face over an anxious
heart, as she led her guest to their
rooms and descended to the kitchen.

Ned was there, with all her curls twisted
into a demure knot at the back of her
shapely little head; a blue calico, rather
roomy and long (Ellie being the larger
of the two), but half hidden under a
great checked apron and a narrow
linen collar, transforming her into the
nearest of servants. Upon the table
stood a pan of biscuit, light as down,
brown and tempting; broiled chicken
lay upon a great dish near the fire; coffee
sent forth aromatic flavors, and a spice of
tea mingled therewith.

"Be off!" was Ned's solution. "You
are not to come here for a week!"

Laughing, light-hearted, Ellie went
to the dining-room. All the best china,
silver and glass upon a snowy damask
cloth, upon the table, baskets of cake
light as a feather, glass bowls of strawberries,
cream and sugar in silver

pitchers and bowls, radishes upon cool
green leaves, even glasses of flowers were
there. She stood admiring, while Ned
brought in the chicken and biscuit, the
coffee and tea, and demurely rang the
bell.

"You can ring if you want me," she
said, putting the bell upon the tea-tray,
and dropping a saucy curtsy before
vanishing into the kitchen, "and Ellie,
we breakfast late."

Thinking it would be too bad to pre-
sent Ned yet to her guests, Ellie did not
touch the bell, noting that there was an
evident enjoyment of their fare among
her guests. She could not altogether
enjoy the social evening that followed,
though Henry Claxton was as entertaining
as Charlie had promised, Laura gentle
and lovely, and the old people cordially
pleasant. Everything was charming,
but the uneasy certainty that Ned was
washing dishes, setting breakfast
biscuit and cleaning up in the kitchen.

Ellie fully intended to get breakfast on
the following morning, and never opened
her blue eyes till the dressing-bell rang
vigorously at eight o'clock. By the time
she was dressed her guests had assembled
in the sitting-room, and there was
nothing to do but open the door to the
dining-room and usher them in. The
dainty table, sparkling in the morning
light, was spread temptingly. New-laid
eggs, like golden balls, were fried upon
slices of ruby-colored ham; a beefsteak
to tempt an epicure, broiled tender and
juicy, flanked the ham and eggs; water-
cresses, all sparkling with dew-drops;
potatoes, fried to a crisp brown, aromatic
coffee, fragrant tea and muffins of
golden tint waited upon good appetites.

Mrs. Claxton could not restrain her
admiration.

"What a treasure you must have in
the kitchen," she cried, "if you did not
come down until we did."

"I have not seen her this morning,"
was the truthful reply. "She is a treasure."

"Have you had her long?"

"Only since yesterday."

"Ah! I hope she won't drink. These
extra good girls are so apt to develop
some glaring defect like drinking," said
the old lady, and wondered what was so
intensely funny in her innocent remark,
as Ellie broke into a peal of musical
laughter.

Five days went by, and Mrs. Claxton
said to Ellie:

"Do you know, Mrs. Colebridge, I have
never seen your treasure. She does the
rooms while we are at breakfast, and I
never saw such neat rooms; and she sets
a table so perfectly you never have to
ring for anything."

"You will see her to-night," said
Ellie; for Ned had actually made time
to go to town and secure a twelfth
domestic, who was being trained while
Ellie spoke; "and I shall have the
pleasure, also, of introducing Charley's
sister, Edmonia."

"Ah!"

This was from Harry Claxton, who
looked up from the newspaper.

"I want to meet her so much," said
Laura; "we heard of her very often when
Mr. Colebridge was in Cambridge."

"She is very talented, is she not?"
Harry asked.

"We think so," Ellie answered. "She
plays on the piano better than any amateur
I ever heard, and sings remarkably
well. She was the best scholar in the
school where she graduated, and she—
don't tell her I told you—writes poetry,
real poetry, not merely rhyming lines."

"H—m!" thought Harry. "A tall
raw-boned, strong-minded female."

And while the thought was in his
mind, there entered a little brown-eyed
maid, with long auburn curls, a complexion
like a blush-rose, and soft, full
draperies of blue and white muslin. A
little creature, with a low, sweet voice,
and eyes full of dreamy beauty.

There was undeniably a falling off in
the culinary department, though Ned
and Ellie slipped away often to super-
intend the performances of "No. 12,"
as Ned called her; but if the others
found the table less tempting, Henry
Claxton only knew the parlor had gained
a new charm.

In their college days, Charley had told
him often of the brown-eyed sister in
Baltimore, and some of the graceful letters
had been given him for perusal. He
knew that Edmonia was talented and
pretty; he found her beautiful and
modest as a violet. The hours beside
her, in the garden, in the parlor, on the
moonlit porch, sped by like minutes,
and the party lingered on till Charley
came. Then, that he might not be
cheated of his visit, they were coaxed
to remain a week longer, and still Harry
never tired of the soft-brown eyes, the
low, sweet voice and the modest, re-
fined manner of Edmonia Colebridge.

They learned duets together, and they
would talk, never tiring, of books and
the current topics of the day, till the
man found himself wondering at the
rare intellect within the curly head.

Charley looked on, well pleased, but
upon Mrs. Claxton's fair matronly face
rested a shadow of anxiety. When the
visit had extended over three weeks,
Laura having left for a previous engage-
ment, bearing Harry's regrets for break-
ing the same, Harry dared his fate, and
won Ned's confession that she gave love
for love.

And Mrs. Claxton, in Ellie's room,
thus accounted for the shadow upon her
brow.

"You see, dear, I am old-fashioned in
my notions, and I believe in educating
girls for wives and housekeepers as
well as for parlor companions. As soon
as Laura left school, I taught her to
cook so that she can either superintend
her servants, or if necessity requires it,
take their place. Yet, she is not the
less graceful lady, I think."

"You are right. She is as lovely a
girl as I ever met," Ellie said, half-
guessing what was coming.

"And dear, that is what worries me
about Harry's choice. I think Edmonia
is one of the most charming girls I ever
met, pretty as a flower, graceful, modest
and accomplished. But she seems to
me so dreadfully helpless and dreamy. I
don't know how often I have found her

curled up like a kitten in the winter-
seat, her eyes seeming to be looking
miles away, and her hands lying idly
before her. You know dear, she writes,
too, and literary women are so often im-
practicable. To be sure, Harry will
have money enough to give her comfort,
and he has a good start in his profession.
But still, dear, I could wish his wife had
some knowledge of housewifery ways,
and was not so dreamy."

Ellie smiled, and said:
"Do you remember our invisible girl,
Mrs. Claxton—the one who was here
when you first came?"

"Yes, my dear. I have often won-
dered why you sent her away. The one
you have now does not compare to her.
I never ate such biscuit. Why did she
leave? Did she drink, after all?"

"She did not leave. She only changed
her name to Edmonia Colebridge."

"My dear!" cried the astonished old
lady, "you are joking!"

"I was never more serious in my life,"
said Ellie, and gave a detailed account
of her perplexities and Ned's devotion.

"She did everything," Ellie said, "so
as to leave me time to entertain you.
And she is the smartest needlewoman
you ever saw. To be sure, she hates it,
and likes books, music and writing bet-
ter, but her Aunt Jane insisted upon her
learning all the domestic accomplish-
ments; and she said: 'If I had to do it,
I was determined to learn to do it well.'"

"Well, well, who would dream she
hid so much energy under that sleepy
manner. You have lifted the only care
from my mind, my dear. I can con-
gratulate Harry now with my whole
heart."—Anna Shields, in the Ledger.

He Hunts With Cats.

Charles Walcott, a well known busi-
ness gentleman of Indianapolis and a
splendid rifle shot, has two cats which
retrieve small game better than the best
trained dog. One is a tiger striped, half
Maltese cat, and the other is a cat of
black, white and gray. Mr. Walcott also
has a thoroughly trained retriever, and
the cats and dog are inseparable com-
panions.

Whenever Mr. Walcott makes his ap-
pearance with his rifle the cats set up a
series of yowls, and when the rifle is
sighted, for instance at a sparrow, the
cats will crouch in eager expectation,
lashing their sides with their tails and
carefully watching every movement of
the fated bird. If the bird lodges among
the branches in its fall, like a flash the
cats spring up the tree, and they will
take great risks in reaching the limbs to
which it clings.

Mr. Walcott is very fond of household
pets. The first named cat came to him
a stranger, and by that name she is
known. The mother cat was accidentally
taught to retrieve. While Mr. Walcott
was in feeble health and confined to his
premises he amused himself by shooting
sparrows, which were given to Strangers
to eat. In this way she came to follow
him whenever she saw the gun. She
will follow a wounded bird from tree to
tree, and from house to house, for blocks
away, and she seldom fails in retrieving
it.

The other cat is one of her progeny,
and he caught the retrieving contagion
from her. Both are excellent hunters.
Mr. Walcott is firmly of the belief that
if cats are properly trained they will
make better retrievers than the finest
dogs.—New York Journal.

What is a Farm Without a Boy?

"I agree with Charles Dudley Warner
that a farm without a boy would rapidly
come to grief," said Peter J. Millson at
the Lindell. "Just stop and consider
for a moment what a boy on a farm is
required to do. It is understood, in the
first place, that he is to do all the errands,
to go to the store, to the postoffice and
to carry all sorts of messages. If he had
as many legs as the centipede it is my
private opinion that every one of them
would be thoroughly tired out by night.
He is the one who spreads the grass when
the men cut it, he stows it away in the
barn, rides the horse to cultivate the
corn up and down the hot, weedy rows,
he picks up the potatoes when they are
dug, he is the one who totes all the wood
and water and tires his back out split-
ting kindling. No matter where he
is, in the house or out of it, there is
always work for him to do. Before he
goes to school in the winter he shovels
the paths, and in the summer turns the
grindstone. Yet the farm boy has a
happy life in spite of all, and he is the
stuff that great men are made of. If it
were not for the fresh young blood of
the country I am afraid the city would
run to seed."—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Hawaiian Superstitions.

"Superstition takes on some very
peculiar forms in Hawaii," said T. E.
Martins, of Honolulu, at the Palmer
House. "For instance, some of the
natives believe that if they cross the
threshold of the royal palace with the
left foot first a train of bad luck will
follow them in some way—either in
health or business. And a great furor
was raised among the natives when the
United States warship Charleston steamed
into the harbor at Honolulu. The
average Hawaiian would as soon welcome
the sight of an ocean of hot lava pour-
ing over the country from Mauna Loa
as to see a foreign warship anchor in the
great harbor. The natives believe a
warship brings bad luck. To their
minds the arrival of the Charleston
brought some mysterious train of circum-
stances that caused the sudden death of
the prince regent."—Chicago Herald.

A Petrified 'Coon.

S. R. Shelton, while cutting up a tree
lap, which he had cut down for a rail
tree eight years before, cut into a hollow,
exposing what he thought a squirrel's
nest. Upon opening a large orifice he
drew from the hollow a dead 'coon, per-
fectly preserved from decay, which had
lain there for eight years. The tree had
fallen on the hole by which the 'coon
had entered. It had died of starvation,
and the body was preserved from decay,
as is supposed, by the tan ooze of the red
oak tree.—Covington (Tenn.) Record.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

NATURE'S METHODS.

Notwithstanding all that is said about
caring for poultry and feeding them in
yards, they can never be cared for as
nature provides for her wild birds.
Compare chicks that have had only fair
care and their liberty with those under
the best treatment, but yarded, and free
birds will be found more thrifty and
beautiful every time. In the unlimited
range a variety of grasses, insects and
grit are obtainable which man's ingenu-
ity cannot provide; also, that other
essential to all growing and restless ani-
mals, exercise and room for it.—New
Orleans Times-Democrat.

FOOD FOR YOUNG CHICKS.

Fowls have strong digestive organs
and do not need their food ground.
Young chicks are no exception to this
rule. Because they are too little to eat
whole corn grains, the corn is ground,
mixed with water and fed. More than
likely the gizzard, having nothing to
grind, loses its power, just like any
other unused organ does. The moist-
ened, mushy mess stays in the crop
until it ferments, while a feed of small
particles of grain—cracked wheat is
best of all—would be ground up and
keep the chick in thrifty condition.
Cracked wheat is better for chickens
than bran or wheat middlings. It has
more nourishment and it gives the giz-
zard something to do.—Boston Cultiva-
tor.

CULTIVATING PAYS.

Mr. J. K. Reeve, writing in the Farm-
er's Home, says: "Some one has been
asking whether it pays to go to the full
length of extensive cultivation. Won't
it really pay better to give just good,
fair cultivation? Does not the cost of
excessive cultivation and fertilizing eat
up the profits?" We recently put this
question to the head gardener at Mr.
Jay Gould's county seat, where it is
needless to say, there is no question as
expense or profit, but only an effort to
produce the best possible results. The
fruit and vegetable garden was an exam-
ple of thriftiness and productiveness
such as is rarely seen even with the most
advanced of professional market gar-
deners, and the superintendent said that
if he were gardening for profit he should
pursue exactly the same course as he did
then, because in his opinion it was the
maximum production, however obtained,
that gave the profit."

SHEEP AND BEES.

For a fruit-grower to antagonize bee-
culture, declares Dr. J. W. Vance, ar-
gues the most stolid ignorance and
stupidity; but there are numerous cases
on record where much opposition has
come from that source. We have had
one instance in this State, even of a
sheep raiser who went to law with his
bee-keeping neighbor, alleging that his
bees injured the clover in the pasture in
which the sheep grazed.

It is pretty well known to bee-keepers
that bees not only do not injure the
plants or fruit which they visit in gather-
ing honey, but the bees are almost in-
dispensable to the fertility of the flowers.
Many bee-keepers are engaged in fruit
culture also, and regard the presence of
bees as a great benefit to the product of
fruit, rather than a damage to it. One
of our most enlightened and progressive
bee-keepers is a sheep raiser, and has no
fear that the little busy bee, while im-
proving each shining hour (as Dr. Watts
says), visiting the clover blossoms of the
sheep pasture, will withdraw sight of their
nutritive property.—Wisconsin
Farmer.

PRUNING BLACK CURRANTS.

In this operation it must always be
borne in mind that the black currant
fruits best on wood of the previous
summer; it is therefore best to encourage
a free growth by cutting out the old
wood after it has borne for two or three
seasons, and training your branches up
in its place. To secure this end it is not
advisable to grow black currants on short
stems, as is often done with red currants,
as they are all the better if they throw
up strong young shoots from the plants
occasionally. In pruning young plants
raised from cuttings they should be cut
back until five or six good strong shoots
are obtained to form a tree. These
should then be left full length, and any
small shoots cut back to one bud. After
this all shoots that cross others may be
cut out yearly, and the weakest shoots
cut close so as to obtain a nice even-
shaped tree, with an open center like a
tercuper. All branches that drop down
lower than eighteen inches from the
ground should be cut off, as fruit that
gets splashed with dirt is of no use in
the market, and only fit for wine making.
All old wood that is becoming
weak should be cut out, and if a planta-
tion begins to fail from old age it may
be cut down to the ground and given a
heavy dressing of manure. One year's
crop will thus be quite lost and part of
another, but the fruit will be much
larger afterwards on the young shoots
which spring up abundantly from the
old roots. After pruning is over the
ground between black currants should
always be forked over, putting manure
on first if the ground is poor.—Journal
of Horticulture.

SMUT OF GRAIN.

According to German publications,
Dr. Oskar Brefeld, of Berlin, and Profes-
sor of Botany at Munster, has observed
that the minute plants constituting the
fungus disease of smut in grain send
their fugitive filaments into the substance
of the host supporting them. Therefore
the smut fungus, he explains, consists of
two portions, viz: the threads (usually
colorless and consequently not easily
seen) and the bodies known as spores,
which are minute and spherical and in
mass constitute the smut, as seen by the
naked eye. These spores, when free
from the grain or any other plant, are
able to germinate and produce multitudes
of sprout spores, which in time may re-
produce themselves. This discovery was

made by growing smut spores artificially
in nutrient solutions and, it is said, up-
sets the theory that smuts can live and
grow only on plants known to be in-
fested by them.

Dr. Brefeld found that the form of
the fungus so grown corresponded with
the fungi found in fresh dung. This
explains why fields spread with fresh
dung were specially liable to attacks of
smut. The spread of the smut was
greatly increased by spreading the fresh
dung on the earth. This influence of the
dung was not injurious. The inference
drawn is that fresh dung should not be
used on grain fields.

The above, should it be found true on
American fields, would constitute a good
reason why manure should be left in
heaps to rot, instead of being hauled out
and spread as soon as made, as is now
the practice of many farmers. It is, how-
ever, worthy of inquiry, whether danger
does not arise more from smut-infected
providence consumed than from greenness
of the manure.

An American authority quotes Dr.
Brefeld as saying that in nature the vi-
tality of corn smut may be preserved in-
definitely in the dung of animals that
have eaten smutty corn, and it is ready
to form mycelial tubes and enter the corn
when the latter is planted in ground fer-
tilized with such manure. According to
the botanist of the Nebraska Experiment
Station, smut spores may grow in manure
and liquids in the barnyard for an indefi-
nite period.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Look out for bee moths.
Look out for queenless bee colonies.

The Pekin is the best duck for the
farm.
Having the nest dark will help to pre-
vent egg eating.

Mares excessively fat usually give
birth to weak colts.

When turkeys are kept confined they
need heavy feeding.

A good dust bath gives the fowls a
chance to clear themselves of lice.
Sulphur and tobacco burned in the
poultry house will rid it of lice.

Yellow droppings in poultry often
means indigestion rather than cholera.

Are you ready for winter? If not,
why not, and why not commence at once
to fix up!

Too much salt or salty food at one
time often proves injurious; a small quantity
is beneficial.

Hitch your colt by the side of a good
sensible horse, for he that walketh with
the wise shall be wise.

Guineas are kept largely for their
eggs, of which they lay a large num-
ber in the spring and early summer.

If the turkeys were hatched early
and are in a good condition it will
be better to market early than to feed
late.

While geese should be allowed to run
out every day that the weather will per-
mit, they should be well sheltered at
night.

Pounding up old bones fine and giv-
ing them to the hens to eat is a good
way of supplying materials for egg
shells.

Eggs always sell at a good price
from this time on through the win-
ter, and it is an item to keep the hens
laying.

Only a little skill and considerable
patience are required to add to the
beauty and value of almost any saddle
horse you can buy.

One of the principal reasons why
women are more successful poultry raisers
than men is because they are more
patient and patient.

While good windows are necessary for
health and comfort, too much glass in
one place is often injurious. The best
plan is to avoid extremes either way.

One advantage with poultry on the
farm is that it is rarely necessary to con-
fine the fowls except in cold, stormy
weather, and for this reason it will cost
less to raise them.

The man who owns and works a good
team has more confidence in himself, a
better inspiration of life, and efforts to
improve the condition of self and family,
than does the person not thus equipped.

The hog pen should be always liberally
bedded with straw, not only where
the pigs sleep, but the yard outside,
where they run. Unless this yard is well
bedded much of the liquid manure will
be lost.

A horse should always be watered in
the morning before being fed, otherwise
it might wash more or less of the food
just eaten undigested from the stomach.
After a few minutes let the horse eat a
little hay and then give the grain or
meal ration.

A mixture of lard and snuff is the
California remedy for lice on stock.
This ointment does not need to be ap-
plied to the entire animal, but a ring of
it two or three inches wide made com-
pletely around the neck will have the
desired effect.

Galen Wilson says a microscope should
be as much of a creamery implement as
a thermometer, to study the filth from
the seams or corners of milk receptacles
or from filthy floors. The wriggling
animal life brought to view will be an
incentive to cleanliness.

A farmer of Atchison, Kan., wanted
to dig a well, so he plowed a lot of land
and planted it with oats. Every day he
watched the oats, observing the spots
that showed the greatest moisture.
Finally he selected a spot and sank a
well. At twenty-four feet he had a fine
stream of water. It is said to be the
best well in the county.

The mares should be bred in the
fall rather than in the spring, as foaling
late in the season does not prevent the
mare from being used to better advan-
tage in the spring, the colt being weaned
when the dam is likely to be required.
It is also more economical to care for
the colt during the winter and turn it
on the pasture in the spring.

A Great Medicine Institution.

It is not often that THE THINGS indulges
in a puff of any business enterprise, but in
this instance we are induced to say a few
words in reference to the great growth of
the Dr. Kilmer Medicine Company at Bing-
hamton, N. Y. From a small beginning
a dozen years ago the Dr. Kilmer Company
have grown to immense proportions already.
Having only just completed a large five-
story addition to their factory the rapid
growth of their business demands still more
room, until another large addition
is now being contemplated to their
enormous establishment. In addition to the
special practice of Dr. Kilmer himself, ex-
tending into several States, his several
proprietary remedies have large sales and
enjoy great popularity all over the coun-
try. The justly celebrated kidney
remedy, known throughout the land as
SWAMP-ROOT, has already reached the
largest sales of any kidney remedy in the
world. And what is more this remedy has
acquired its popularity and enormous sales,
not by great advertising, but mainly
through the reputation of the cures which
it has wrought. Testimonials as to its
merits and the cures it has made have
been received by hundreds from every State
in the Union. Where a remedy accomplishes
such cures as SWAMP-ROOT has done in cases
where they were even regarded as hopeless
it is a pleasure to refer to such facts in our
columns.—Buffalo Saturday Tidings.

He Bossed a King.

Captain Lee, who died suddenly at the
Hoffman House in Philadelphia the other
day, was