THEEND

The play is done-the curtain falls-Hero and villain trade their parts; The rich scenes change to smoky walls: The lovers e'en forget their hearts.

And so it is with life-a play Make tragedy or farce at will; Who knows but as the mourners pray The dead finds changes greater still? -Winthrop Church, in Munsey's Magazina.

A SADDUCEE.

BY EVA WILDER M'GLASSON.

The people who had rented the little red cottage to the right of the Shakers' toll-gate had moved out, leaving things, as usual, much the worse of their brief occupancy

"I shall take it on myself to cut the grass and mend the front shutter," said Brother Boone Hinson, as he drove past, and saw golden-rod shamelessly flaunting itself among the knee-high weeds in the scrap of a yard.

It was Shaker land clear to the Kentucky River, two miles away, and an inch of unkempt sward was a grievous offence not to be tolerated.

"It is always this way with tenants." sighed Brother Boone. "I wish we didn't have to rent out our unused houses to world's people." He sighed again, casting an austere eye on the toll-gate house, a low-browed dwelling which sat scowling by the green way-side.

The girl who had come a few months ago to live with her aunt, Mrs. Meeks, the toll-gate keeper, looked apathetically at Brother Boone as she swung the pole over his mule's head.

"A worlding," considered the young man, returning her glance with disapproval, and getting a new idea of wickedness from the curling fluff of red hair over her big eyes. The mule went a little sideways as his driver turned emphatically from the Jezebel in the doorway, her black gown edged at the neck with a wisp of crape.

"Always Shakers!" she thought, following him with weary eyes. "I wish some one else would pass by just now and then."

She kept on looking at Brother Boone. He was a part of it all, a portion of the deadly tranquility which pervaded the whole secluded settlement, even to this outskirt nook where Mrs. Meeks lived.

The stone walls of the severe Shaker houses just to the southward seemed to Mrs. Meeks's niece like tombs. Centre House, gray and ponderous, weighed her heart down every time her glance struck through the intervening stretch of meadow. There was nothing to hear, nothing to see, except now and then of fine evenings, when some of the Harrodsburg young people dashed by in light buggies-mere fleeting glimpses of gayety, which only stung Nora to a remembrance of the city. She was new to country ways, and in the midst of the wild freshness of the unbuilded earth she pined for the fret of the town, the rush of traffic, the smoke, the clamor of humanity.

"It wasn't clean, of course, in Cincinmati, but I loved it," said Nora.

"Shows how little sense you got, commented her aunt, feeling ill repaid for giving her brother's child a home. "You'd of been in a fine fix if I hadn't taken you in when your paw died-not "Good-by." a cent in the world except what the furniture out of three rooms brought. to himself, slashing the weeds down. "I I don't know what you'd of done, so I don't.

a share in the emptiness over yonder where Centre House was.

She began to wonder if Brother Boone really enjoyed his life, if he never yearned to live in town, where you had base fabric of the world when I saw you neighbors handy and everything was first, because-I reckon it was because cheerful.

A week after, as Brother Boone was the heart with a great warmth; but now laying the grass low in the yard of the you seem to me better and sweeter than unlet cottage, he was taken aback to any one else on earth. I can't let you hear himself addressed in an unusual walk into this gin that the devil has way, after the hollow formula of the evil set to catch your heel, Nora." He drew world.

"Oh, Mr. Hinson!" The toll-gate girl stood at the fence, a blue apron over her head, her sleeves rolled up.

Brother Boone turned in an attitude of rigorous attention. Certainly red hair, though held by many as a mean infliction of nature, is not altogether ugly when the sun smiles through it. And Mrs. Meeks's niece, though one of Adam's evil brood, had a kind of gentleness in her eyes-a look so warm and compelling that Brother Boone caught himself short in wondering if perhaps Mother Ann Lee

might not have appeared thus when she-truth! That meant the abjuration of anything like a kindly feeling for blue eyes ringed darkly.

"What do you want?" demanded Brother Boone, coldly, feeling that attack is often the best mode of defence. The girl looked scared. "Oh-why -I was going to ask you if you'd always lived here, seeing you pass every day. kind of wondered if you'd ever lived in town. I'm from Cincinnati myself. and then all at once it came over me that Have you ever been there? We lived I had seen you cutting grass in the yard on the side of Mount Adams. It was of that very house, and-and-somehow real gay there. You could hear the band play in the Highland House up on ever!" top." She rushed on: "Crowds go there on summer nights. They drink beer and ginger ale, and sit around listening to the music. But maybe you've been?"

"Nay," confuted brother Boone, in a terrible voice. "To a junketing-place where wine-bibbers congregate? Nay." "Nice people go there," faltered Nora; folk at a mere stone's-throw; he might "not Shakers, of course, but-you take the woman he loved to their wide

know." He might; but Nora loathed the austere life of the community. She was "I know little of the world," Brother

Boone condescended to explain. have been to several Kentucky towns, and nowhere else."

"Don't you get lonesome sometimes over there, where it's so quiet?" ventured the girl.

"Lonesome!" frowned he, dropping the scythe, "among so many holy people-the world's elect? I esteem it a blessed privilege to be one cf them. I should be indeed wretched to live in the utter darkness.' "Should you?" said Nora. "Now I

would rather work my fingers to the bone than be one of them, a Shaker woman, and wear capes and scuttle-bonzets.

She stopped short. Mrs. Meeks was calling her.

"Aw, Nora, look at you a-dawdlin' there while the dish-water cools off, and me with as lame a back as I ever had in

my life. You need a good talking too, that's what. I'm too easy with you. Nothing mellers an apple so quick as freezing it."

"Good-by, Mr. Hinson," said the girl, "good-by."

"Brother Hinson," he corrected he "She is a frail little thing," he said

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Nora"-he seized her bony little fingers

these examples of holiness so close at

hand? Nora, I thought you were of the

your face is so fair, and your eyes take

her forward, folding her brow in his

one," said the girl, looking up at him.

"But you, Brother Hinson, you-"

with a curious pallor about his lips.

"I thought Shakers never loved any

"I?" said he, starting away from her,

Was this indeed he-this man with a

tumult in his breast like the swell of a

flood? Was it he, a Shaker, or merely

one who had been a Shaker till the bub-

ble of his faith burst at the first point-

said Nora. "I don't like him, you know.

The blood spoke so eloquently in her

cheek that Brother Boone's heart leaped

with a comprehension of its meaning.

brick house next- to the toll-gate; the

one the Shakers own; and just for a

minute it seemed to me as if it would be

sweet to have a home where I belonged

-I can't stay with my aunt any more;

-I knew I couldn't marry him ever-

The young Shaker's hand trembled on

"I am going to take care of you," he

said, almost sternly, as if he were claim-

Was it so wrong, then? Was it not a man's part to shield the helpless? Reason

took him down. There were the Shaker

made for tenderness, for little household

offices. In the swiftness of a lightning

flash he saw her sitting by an evening

fire, the lamplight on her pretty unshorn,

uncovered hair, her attitude that of a

woman who needs only to look up to

catch a gentle glance from Mother Ann?

Was it not his own face she seemed to

seek! The whole world appeared to

fade out. The sun was quite gone down

now, and it was very still. And then

suddenly a clear sound swung through

Centre House raised its gray old walls

just to the sonthward, its tiny window

lights as black as if eternal night held

sway within. On its square belfry the iron bell careened slowly, giving out the

The man in the corn field held his

soul fast in his teeth. The woman study-

ing his face read the significance of its

strained lines, of the drops of sweat on

its temples; and her own face, on which a certain tranquility had shone, grew

something paler. She drew his hand

the hollow twilight.

evening hour.

ing a right another had infringed.

doors, and give her to their charge.

"He said he would live in the little

Nora looked across the yellow field.

"I never thought of marrying him,"

ing of love's finger?

her hair.

palm as with an instinct of protection.

-"would you take such a step, with

AN ITEM ON CABBAGE CULTURE.

A French gardener tells that be, had two fields of cabbage that were covered with caterpillars. He sprinkled over them some mineral superphosphites and a few days afterwards all the caterpillars were found to be destroyed upon the leaves which they were cating. He has not had the same result with the means ordinarily used .- New York World.

CORNMEAL FOR COWS.

There is no danger of drying up a cow by giving commeal to her for the improvement of the milk. But it is quite possible that the cow may be given. to make fat rather than milk, as is the habit with some cows, and in such a case there might be danger of the anin al fattening instead of milking. In such a case any kind of good feeding would have the same effect. The writer has been feeding cows for making butter for over thirty years, and has never found any difficulty in this way, the cows being fed from eight to twelve pounds of the meal daily, as they could digest it profitably. If the cow fattens instead of milking, it might be a good thing to let her get fat and sell her and get a milking one instead. Shorts is not a good food for milk-it would be better to give ground oats with the meal. Apples in any way are beneficial to cows that are milking .- New York Times.

THUNDER STORMS AFFECTING MILK.

It is a very old belief of our farmers, and at one time quite general, that during a thunder storm sweet milk was likely to turn sour very rapidly, and that this change was due to the thunder or some unexplained electrical force. There is, however, just this much truth in the idea or belief, and no more. During the season of thunder storms the weather is usually warm, and as is well known high temperature very soon develops acidity in milk and hastens the separation of the cheesy matter from the whey. That either thunder or lightning has any direct effect in souring milk is no longer believed by our practical dairymen, for if it was a fact that thunder storms had any such effect they would work most disastrous results to the milk supply of our great cities, as well as to the butter factories and creameries all over the country. If you will store your milk in a cool room and see that the temperature does not rise during a thunder storm, we are inclined to think your belief in its direful effect will fade away before the end of the first summer .- New York Sun.

STORING ROOTS IN PITS.

A farmer in Ontario, Canada, says he stores his turnips and other roots in the

meal to growing chicks until it is desired to fatten them. Corn is essentially a heat-producing and fat-producing food. There is one other essential to rapid. growth and that is exercise. Chickens will get this if allowed to run with a hen, but if reared in brooders they must be made to scratch, or good food will avail them but httle .- American Agriculturist.

EFFECT OF WATER UPON HORSES. A horse can live twenty-five days with-

out solid food, merely drinking water; seventeen days without either eating or drinking; and only five days when eating solid food without drinking.

An idea prevails among horsemen that a horse should never be watered oftener than three times a day, or in twenty-four hours. This is not only a mistaken idea but a very brutal practice. A horse's stomach is extremely sensitive, and will suffer under the least interference, causing a feverish condition.

Feeding a horse principally on grain and driving it five hours without water is like giving a man salt mackerel for dinner and not allowing him to drink until supper time-very unsatisfactory for the man.

If you know anything about the care of horses, and have any sympathy for them, water them as often as they want to drink-once an hour, if possible. By doing this, you will not only be merciful to your animals, but you will be a benefactor to yourself, as they will do more work; they will be healthier; they will look better; and will be less hable to coughs and colds, and will live longer. If you are a skeptic and know more about horses than any one else, you are positive that the foregoing is wrong, because you have had horses die with

watering them too much, and boldly say that the agitators of frequent watering are fools in your estimation, and you would not do such a thing. Just reason for a moment, and figure out whether the animal would have over-drank and over-chilled its stomach if it had not been allowed to become over-thirsty. A horse is a great deal like a man. Let him get overworked, overstarved, or abused, and particularly for the want of sufficient drink in warm weather, and the consequences will always be injurious. Sensible hostlers in large citics are awakening to the advantages of frequent watering. Street car horses are watered every hour, and sometimes oftener, while they are at work. It is plenty of water that supplies evaporation or perspiration

and keeps down the temperature. What old fogy methods amount to may be seen by the change in medical practice to man. Twenty years ago a person having a fever of any kind or pneumonia was allowed but a little water to drink. and then it had to be tepid. To-day practitioners prescribe all the iced water following manner: He first digs trenches the patient can possibly drink; and in five or six feet wide and six or eight addition, cold bandages are applied to inches deep. From the bottom of these reduce and control the temperature of trenches he puts in ventilators made of the blood. What is applicable to man three six inch boards nailed together, as will never injure a horse. Use common often as once in eight feet. In these sense and human feeling. Don't think trenches he piles the turnips as high as it is a horse and capable of enduring any they will stay without rolling down, and all things. A driver who sits in making the sides of the pile straight his wagon and lashes his worn-out, halfand even, and the top to as sharp a curried, half-fed and half-watered team peak as possible. He covers this heap should never complain of any abuse he

Jerked Beef.

Jerked beef was formerly much used by herders and travelers in the Southwest. It is preserved by drying in the sun. The cattle are slaughtered when in good condition, and the fleshy parts dexterously pared off in such a manner as to resemble a succession of skins taken from the same animal. These sheets of flesh, when exposed to the hot sun and dry air of the plains, are dried or sun-cured before decomposition sets in, and in that state can be kept almost any length of time. The beef is sometimes dipped into brine or rubbed with salt before being dried. Jerked beef is of Chilian orgin, and is now made in large quantities in other pasts of South America. It is much used to feed the colored people who work the case and cotton plantation of Cuba .- St. Louis Republic

Prevention

tism, can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. This suggests the use of Hood's Saraaparilla, unquestionably the best blood purifier, and which has been used with great success for this very purpose by many people.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has also cured innumerable cases of rheumatism of the severest sort, by its powerful effect in neutralizing acidity of the blood, and enabling the kidneys and liver to properly remove the waste of the system. Try it. "Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me more good

than anything else that I have ever taken, and I take pleasure in recommending it in the highest terms." FREDERICK MILLER, Limerick Centre, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Bold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$3. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Sheridan's Condition Powders MAKE Ely's Cream Balm



" All she lacks of beauty is a little plumpness."

This is a frequent thought, and a wholesome one.

All of a baby's beauty is due to fat, and nearly all of a woman's-we know it as curves and dimples. What plumpness has to do with health is told in a little book on CAREFUL LIVING; sent free.

"I could have stood in a store," said Nora.

"Yes, you could !" satirically agreed stood in a store. You wouldn't have lasted a month. You ain't none too robust, noway. I hope you're grateful to me for bringing you to a good home. where you don't have to do a living thing except tend the toll-gate, and look after the children a little, and do the washing, and such."

"Yes, Aunt Molly."

"They ain't a many widow women it; a trifling scamp." would 'a' done it," complacently added Mrs. Meeks. "And me with four of my own to raise." She sighed heavily. She was a large, limp woman, lavishly endowed save in the single item of teeth. Her thin blond hair was always slipping down.

"It would be pretty if you pinned it closer," advised Nora.

"Don't matter none," reasoned Mrs. Meeks. "Sharp plows is mighty little use when you got no land to turn. I don't look to marry again, noway. A man 'd think twice with all these young cnes. And there's nothing around here anyhow but Shakers, and they ain't the marrying kind."

"Why?" asked Nora.

"Against the laws. Don't waste no Boone, bluntly, stepping the way. ords on um, Nora, when you turn the "No," she said. And then he saw words on um, Nora, when you turn the pole for um. The women are right softspoken, but the men wouldn't take off their hats to a lady to save their lives. That there Brother Boone is the worst of all um. He's too straitlaced to live."

"I liked his looks best of all," reflected Nora.

He was so unlike the young men in town, who wore narrow shoes and had watch chains draped across their vests. Thomas pointed out to her the evil of and were collared and cravatted within an inch of their lives. Brother Boone had broad shoulders squarely outlined under his blue cotton coat, and his dustcolored hair curled up under the widerimmed hat he wore.

He looked strong and wholesome and lived always in these quiet uplands where nothing ever happened. "Shakers!" wondered Nora; "people

who don't love or marry or have any.

She vaguely conjectured what these strange beings thought of when spring "There's a man named Hutton has been came about, and fields were fringed with coming to our house a good deal, and wild flowers. Did the moonlight arouse my aunt liked it; and I used to fix her no strange imagery in them? Could hair every day. And then yesterday he they look unmoved on the sky when told her it was me-you know-me he stars stole dimly out one by one, spatter- wanted to marry. She hasn't spoken to ing the night with silver dust? She me since, my.aunt hasn't. Oh, Brother shuddered. Better this weary life, with Hinson!" the four little cousins forever tugging at Brother Boone made a hourse excia-

reckon Jane Meeks makes her work too hard. They are all idle, these world's women, this Norah, no doubt, as idle as

the rest if she dared be." One day when he went by he saw her Mrs. Meeks. "I know how you'd of hanging clothes in the yard. Mrs. Meeks raised the pole for him, her cold nod at variance with the tone in which she bantered a dark-browed man hanging over her porch rail.

"The evil of the human heart is past competing," declared Brother Boone. "I shouldn't wonder if Jane Meeks thinks of marrying again. If she takes up with that Joe Hutton, she will regret

It chanced, on a certain evening in September, that he met the red-haired girl face to face as he took a short-cut through a corn field west of Shakertown. It was well on for sunset. A languid yellow melted about the earth, golden, like a ring in which a great topaz blazed. Cow bells tinkled faint an I far in the distant roadway. Two bare-legged Shaker boys were walking a stone fence hard by, shouting as they pitched at out for balance.

Mrs. Meeks's niece looked whiter than ever, and her threadbare gown hung loose. Her hair was disordered and made a misty bronze glow behind her head.

"Are you sick ?" demanded Brother

that she had been crying, that her eyes were wet even now, as he looked into their blue depths.

Brother Boone had never seen any woman cry, save old Sister Ellen Graybill upon getting word of her son's death. The old woman had sat for days Masterpiece of the Confectioner's Art. with swollen eyelids, refusing comfort, refusing even to listen when Elder sorrowing when earthly ties waxed slack and broke.

Brother Boone had been furtively aware of .pitying Eilen Graybill, but it had been with no such wild lifting of the heart as shook him now.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with happy, and yet he was a Shaker, and had the urgent sharpness of strong feeling. "What is the matter?"

"Do you care?" She seemed surprised. "And yet I knew you were kind-hearted, for all that way you have, thing in their lives but work and prayer. Brother Hinson. It's only that I don't Oh. I couldn't!" She crept a little nearer, a hunted expression in her eye.

"I know, dear," she breathed; "you would give it all up for me, wouldn't you-that life you love?" She went on gently, "If I would let you."

from her head and kissed the palm.

She paused, listening. Was thas a sound of footsteps crushing through the stubble? She turned in time to catch the swaggering advance of a man's figure, its throat bound in a scarlet handkerchief, its dark face gaping with surprise.

"Hello! 'S thet you?" accosted Mr. Hutton's voice. "And this-why, blame 'I'tain't Bro' Boone Hinsen! Heh! heh! Ain't this a little out of your line, Bro' Boone, 'a talking to the gyrls, hunh? Bein's I'm going your way, Nory, I'll see you home. Say, Bro' Boone, theard the news, hev you? Me and Nory's got it fixed up. I saw parson to-day. Come on, sis,'

He winked at her cheerfully, but Nora shrank away.

"Not with you," she said-"not with you," And then she made a little gesture toward the Shaker village. "I am going there."

Mr. Hutton's face expressed blank incredulity. "Going whar? Over to Shakertown? What for ?" "To live," said the girl. "To live?" exclaimed her suitor, in

the sinuous accents of amazement. "You 'ain't got your right mind, hez she, Bro' Boonel The Shakers ain't takin' in any new members no more. You'd better come home with me. You 'ain't got your right mind, I keep tellin' you. Come on." He laid hold of her arm, and then rather suddenly he loosed his grasp, for Brother Boone Hinson set him with a forceful hand. aside

"The Shakers will take her in," said Brother Boone, composedly, "and take care of her for me till I can make a home for her in the world."-Harper's Weekly.

One of the most remarkable masternieces of the confectioner's art ever seen is now on exhibition in Paris. It is the work of one M. Baroneret, and is a miniature reproduction of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It cost its maker and his assistants no less than seventeen months of labor, and is made entirely of sugar, the white of eggs and other ma-terials used by confectioners. The venerable building is reproduced with mar-velous fidelity. The spire, the towers, the pillars, the arches, the windows, the delicate sculptures, even the heads of the monsters which form the gargoyles, are exactly copied. The same scrupulous care has been taken with the interior. If you look through the great west door you see the high altar, the chapels, the statues and the mosaics. The church is lighted by gelatine, as Notre Dame is by its windows, in the daytime, and at night by tiny gas chandeliers. - New York Tribune.

The natives of the Friendly Islands one's skirts and all the work to do, than Brother Boone made a hourse excla- spend most of their time in the water. They are great swimmers and divers.

of dry straw and covers this with four or | for he is lower in character, harder in five inches of earth, which he smooths off with the shovel. Mangolds and carrots should be covered a little thicker.

For potatoes he made the pits shorter and wider, and covers with two coats of straw and earth in alternate layers, also uses bunches of straw for ventilators. The roots come out fresher than those from the cellar. In putting roots in the cellar he runs them over a slatted spout, so that much dirt rattles off them, but he finds that much collects near the bottom of the spout, and he is careful to move the roots back so as to get them out of this. A system which preserves roots in a climate as cold as that of Ontario would surely prevent freezing in New England .- Boston Cultivator.

HOW TO MAKE CHICKENS GROW RAPIDLY.

There is no reason and very little profit in allowing chickens to be slow in coming to maturity. The small biped starts into life all ready to grow rapidly, and only lack of proper food will keep it from foraging ahead. Whether chicks are reared in brooders, or by hens, they must have plenty of warmth, pure water and cleanliness, and when these are secured we come to the important matter of tood, which is one of the chief factors in rapid growth. This should contain just the elements that a growing chick requires, in such shape as to be readily digested. Raw eggs beaten into bread crumbs are excellent for the first few days. For this purpose the sterile eggs that have been removed from the incubator, or from under the hens at about the tenth day, will serve very well. The chicks will also delight to pick at rolled oats (which are steam-cooked), and this is excellent for growth. Very soon they may have boiled wheat, and one can glmost see his chickens grow while they are eating it. A little cooked potato, or cooked vegetable will not come amisa occasionally as they grow older. Whatever is given them should be thorougly cocked until the chickens are eight or ten weeks old, if the most rapid growth is to be secured. When they can run at large upon the ground they will obtain an abundance of tender grass and other green stuff, but if confined, there is nothing better than bruised clover leaves, scalded or cooked into a little bran or middlings. Some bulky food is necessary, or indigestion will ensue. Clover provides both bulk and growth material, and where milk cannot be obtained the liquid in which clover hay has been steeped will be a most excellent substitute. Lean meat is good to feed occasionally, but it is best cooked until it will readily fall apart, while fresh ground bone is one of the cheapest, and prob-ably one of the best foods for growing chickens and for laying hens that can be found. Any one who keeps a consider-able number of hens or raises chickens in large quantities will find a bone-cutter nost invaluable. Feed very little corn

as evenly as he can with about ten inches may receive from his master or employer, sympathy and less noble than the brutes he is driving, and deserves, in the name of all that is human, the punishment of a criminal. - Chicago Clay Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A cock to twenty hens will do good mating.

A poultry farm need not exceed two or three acres.

Feed your stock so well that hunger will not be an incentive to unruliness. If animals, like men, had salt in their

food they would require little to lick. This should not be a bad fall for poultry. There is plenty of dust surely.

Raise as many chickens as possible and as early as possible. They represent so much money.

Trials at the Vermont station indicate that there is nothing to be gained by milking cows three times a day.

The quality of the wool you sell dominates the price received, and good wool will not grow on starvation rations any more than good meat.

Sell off the surplus hens now before the turkey season fairly opens to depress prices. Select the young ones for next year's breeding pens.

Don't allow your dogs to run down your flock of hens. Hunting dogs, especially, if not hunted will sometimes worry poultry by chasing them.

Farmers and villagers who handle special breeds usually find it profitable if they are so situated as to keep the blood pure and free from contact with badly kept fowls.

In buying breeding fowls be careful that the flock from which selected is free from roup or cholera. If buying from a distance obtain a guarantee of these conditions.

Calves need the best attention, especially in winter. The growth they have attained during the summer must not be allowed to stop, nor must they be permitted to become poor now.

Do not expect any breed of hens to lay equally well in summer and in winter. If you insist on a good supply of eggs from November till February, then select a breed noted for the ability to lay in the winter. Do not expect everything of one breed.

Fruit men say that when fruit is barrelled, and is to be hauled several miles by team before being shipped, the bar-rels should be laid down on their sides so that they will not be shaken closer together and thus be left looser in the barrei than when packed.

When tomato vines are nipped by the first frost, it is said to be of great advantage in ripening the remaining green fruit to cut off all frosted portions of leaves and stalks, as this prevents the de-preciated sap from the frozen parts from reaching and depreciating the fruit.

Would you rather be healthy or beautiful? "Both" is the proper answer.

Scorr & Bowne, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver of-all druggists everywhere do. \$1.



Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations,

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Frost/sites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this ad-vertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN. Radway's Ready Rellef is a sure Cure for Every Pain. Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back. Chest or Limbs. It was the Back. Chest or Limbs. It was the Back Chest or Limbs. It was

PAIN REMEDY That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, aliays inflammation, and curve Congressions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application. A balf to a tonspoonful in balf a turnhier of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasmes, Sour Stomach, Heartburg, Nervourness, Siespissmess, Mck Neadache, Diarthers, Dyschtery, Collo, Flatu-lency and all internal pains. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will and other fevere, added by RADWAY'S FILLS, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Filty cents per bartle. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Draggists. "" BE SURE TO GET RADWAY'S.

wred with Yegetable housan da of cases. Ours on by best physicians. Fr fly disappear; in 10 days to treatment freet DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, At

SICK WEAK, NERVORA WRATCHED morth

CANSAS FARMS CHAS, R. WOOLLEY, Osbor

TOME STUDY, BOOK-REAFTER, Hasiansi Forma, Franciship, Arilamata, Short-hand, etc., TROBOUGHLY TAUGHTEY MAIL. Circulars from Frant's College, 437 Main et., Santass 5, 1

WANTED, A MAN for permanent position with s reliable home; good wages from the start am rapid promotion to right man. Inclose 6 cont for full particulars. SHREVEPORT, LA. Box 130

ake 100 per 15, and win \$148 ca88 PRIA 1 my converse tools, for unders and modified Territory, Br. Bridgenas, 30 Burnet, N. GENTS TRAPPERS SEND your Priss and Saiss to 6