COLUMBUS.

Columbus was, they tell us now, A man of flaw and fleck-A man who steered a pirate prow, And trod a slaver's deck; In narrow, bigot blindness curled, Cruel and vain was he-To such was given to lift a world From out the darkened sea.

Though weak and cruel, vain, untrue, From all earth's high and low, God picked this man, His work to do, Four hundred years ago, There in the distance standeth he. Bound on his mighty quest, This rough old Admiral of the Sea, Still pointing toward the West,

There stands he on his westward prow, A man entirely strong; So great, the bald truth spoken now Can never do him wrong, Though slaver, pirate, he might be, He had that gift of fate-That wise and sane insanity That makes the great man great. -Sam W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

AT SKELETON GRANGE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

HE driver stood at the door of the coach, a leather mem-Porandum book in one hand, a stumpy lead pencil in the other. "Lady for Towlins's Corners," he had checked off my camphor-scented

the Abbey Arms-little boy to be left at Doctor Stokum's school-and you, miss" (with a nod at me), "for Skeleton Grange?"

"Skeleton Grange!" I cried, with a start that knocked the camphor bottle duties will commence." from the hand of my neighbor and seriously incommoded the fat gentleman in the opposite corner.

"Lor', miss," said the man, a slow mile overspreading his countenance, "it ain't the real name of the place. It's what the folks hereabouts calls it. Short, old Squire Skellington, in the year 1800."

"Oh!" said I, sinking back into my seat with a little nervous laugh, while every one else regarded me with frozen stares of disapproval, including the lady who was sopping the split camphor from her lap with a pocket-handkercnief, and the old gentleman whose wig had been knocked on one side by my sudden movement.

For, you see, I was only eighteen, and I was going to my first situation, as reader and companion to Mrs. Pinkney, of The Grange, near Port Kent, on Lake Champlain.

It was necessary for some of us to earn our own bread, as my mother's little both Elaine and Emily were younger and more timid than I was.

The preliminary arrangements had all been transacted through a mutual ac-

the slightest reference to the modern fads of drainage and ventilation. "He was a man of unusually strong

mind," said Mrs. Pinkney, "and to the he sees." show his scorn of popular opinion he built the house on the site of a former graveyard, which partly accounts for the way people have of calling it 'Skeleton Grange,' instead of using the proper appellation. I hope, Miss Carrick," words, "that you are not superstitious?" gether. "Oh, not at all!" said I, with chatter-

ing teeth and ashy-white face. Old Hannah had brought her knitting in, after the tea things were removed, and sat at a respectful distance.

"If ee missus likes to live over deadan'-gone folks, I don't," said Hannah. "I'd ruther have live neighbors than dead uns any time."

"You old goose," said Mrs. Pinkney, with a superior smile. "All the bodies were taken away years before my grandfather built the house, and re-interred beside Saint Sulpicius's Church, three whenever I go up and down stairs. miles down the lake."

said Hannah. "Which room is ee young Grange .- Saturday Night. mees to have?"

"I told you before-the south chamber.'

"Is it near yours?" I whispered to Hannah, as my new mistress leaned forward to replace a vividly-painted fan on the mantle. "Thank Goodness!" as she recently remarked a well-known music answered me with a nod.

The rest of the evening was spent in neighbor in the readings from various authors and in coach. "Gent for various styles to prove to Mrs. Pinkney and gratified.

"To-morrow," she said, "I will show you my books and curios, and your

At eleven o'clock precisely some hot lemonade and crackers were produced, the entire composition must be moderand we went to bed, Hannah guiding me ately bad, viewed from a high-class standwith a candle in an old-fashioned silver sconce.

"Hannah!" I cried, clutching her arm as I look at the dim old chamber with its miss, for Skellington. It was built by carved high-post bedstead, its polished wood floor and the dim sheets of mirror "where is your room?"

"Just ee first one as ee came doon the stair, miss," said Hannah, "with ee little roond door. Don't ee fret, dear; ee'll sleep rare and well, see if ee don't.'

And wishing me good-night, she withdrew.

I sat crouched on a chair in front of the antique toilet table, looking piteously at my own white face and the reflection of the glimmering candle.

aware that a dim, opaque sort of face was peering over my shoulder. I looked mantle; but I sprang on a chair and resolutely turned its simmering face to Commercial Advertiser. the wall.

As I jumped down again my eyes fell commodation bureau in New York. I on something that turned the warm curhad been given to understand by the lady rents of my blood to ice—a pair of big ing case, which is nearly as remarkable cowhide boots, stained with red mud and literally set with nails in the heel, that | Gage: "Robert Campbell, a young man were protruding from under the chintz vaiances of the bed. One glance was enough. I opened the door and fled wildly out into the hall At the foot of the winding stairs looked around for the little round-topped flooding the beautiful surface of Lake door of which Hannah had spoken; but there was no door there, a circumstance which was afterward accounted for by the fact that I had turned the wrong way in my mad flight, and taken the south stairway instead of the north. With a smothered shrick I made for the apartment where we had spent the evening, whose open door revealed the remains of the still smoldering fire on the hearth. To my unspeakable terror, I was confronted on the very threshold by the the vanishing masts of some retreating crouching figure of a huge Bengal tiger, whose green, glassy eyes mirrored the unleaping flames, and starting back, with a wild shriek, I lost all consciousness. ney at home? I am Miss Carrick, the 15 "Take me back home! Take me to mother and Emily!" was my piteous murmur, as I once more regained conterror, induced by the sudden and start- sciousness and became aware that Mrs. ling appearance of a little old woman, in Pinkney was drenching my forehead in a black silk quilted hood and cloak, who lavender water, while old Hannah stood had hobbled out of the house by the aid by with a sheaf of burnt feathers and a pitcher of iced water.

selves warm, while Mrs. Pinkney related to-day. My nephew, Colonel Halkett, to me in sepulchral whispers the history and his man, Giles, are coming this of her grandfather, Squire Skellington, evening to stay six months, and they'll whilhom of Wales, who had built this bring a new gardener, and two St. Bervenerable mansion, apparently without nard puppies. Then you shall see! For Giles makes a crack butler, and my nephew is a great geologist, and can tell you the Latin name of every bug and bee-

And on this encouraging showing I remained at Skeleton Grange after all. Yes, I ought to have married the

colonel. But how could I? He was forty, and wore a wig. Maneover he was a greater old granny than with a sudden pause in the stream of both Mrs. Pinkney and Hannah put to.

> But he was a sanitarian as well as a scientist, and in less than a month he had The Grange properly drained and remodeled so that the sunshine streamed | highly relished. It does not matter how into every room, and summer fires were no longer necessary.

And Mrs. Pinkney, although extremely eccentric, proved the finest and most onsiderate of patronesses, and I found myself able to send money home to mother and the girls every month.

And I'm not alraid of the Bengal tiger any more, although he still glares at me And I only laugh when people ask me

"Maybe ee were, maybe ee weren't," if I'm not afraid to live at Skeleton

Songs and Their Writers.

"The composition of a really popular ong, one that catches the fancy of the classes and masses, is a feat that is governed more by luck than knowledge," publisher.

"From a literary point of view the majority of successes in this line are atrocious, while their sentiment-if they what my qualifications were, and she are of the sentimental order-is generwas pleased to profess herself surprised ally inclined to be both insipid and mawkish.

"A well. written piece of verse, conveying an unconventional sentimental idea, would have about one chance in a thousand to succeed. The quality of point, but exactly how bad only the fates can decide.

"In comic songs that catch on original ideas are absolutely necessary, though any humorons ballad in which the characters are knocked down and dragged that seemed to glisten everywhere, out with great frequency appeals strongly to the popular fancy. "'Down Went McGinty' and 'Throw

Him Down, McCloskey' are beautiful examples of this type.

"Some song writers make a great deal of money from their compositions. The author of 'In the Gioaming' raked in about \$15,000 from it, but the greater number do not realize much from their work.

"But it is like gambling in a way, and All of a sudden 1 became unpleasantly the knowledge that some day they may stumble on a song that will bring them fortune if not fame-for nobody ever around with a spasmodic start. It was remembers the author of a popular song only the reproduction of a feeble old __keeps them at it. And it's almost a school had not proved a success, and family portrait that hung above the certainty that they'll never be able to repeat their first success."-New York

A Ramrod Through the Brain.

An Australian journal gives the follow. as the crowbar accident to Mr. Phineas



DUCKE AS SCAVENGERS. Ducks are great farm scavengers, eating much that cannot be otherwise util-

ized. Vegetable trimmings, potato parings, bread scraps and meat, all, if mixed with a little bran, make a dish much water there is in it. They will fish out all the goodies. They will eat shells and gravel, when put in a pail of water, and if any grain is fed, throw it into the water also and let them hunt for it. A fine flock of thoroughbreds, fishing for grain in a trough of water is a novel and interesting sight. There is a management .- New York Observer.

any benefit may, perhaps, be considered an open question. There are arguments both for and against its use. On some form of the rein may be regarded there seems to be but one way to look upon the overhead check. This kind of a rein is a barbarity and ought to be abolished. at once and forever. It keeps the horse in constant pain while it is on and the discomfort produced by its use remains long after it is removed. In many cases it has caused severe disease. The horse is a noble animal and it is a shame and disgrace that for the sake of show he should be tortured by the wealthy and aristocratic owners who use this form of check rein .- American Dairyman.

CUTTING CLOVER EARLY.

This year of all others in the West the farmers should cut their clover early. Be sure to cut it before the seed has formed. There is a physical law in this that will help the farmer if he is wise enough to observe it. Clover is a biennial-one of those plants that commences to die when once it has produced seed. Here is the point: By cutting before the seed forms you can cut two crops in one season and still keep the root alive. At least it will not die because its purpose has been fulfilled. This year we shall need all the hay we can get. Skillful management of our clover meadows will give us a large additional yield of hay and have the roots right for the next season. That wise farmer, the late Hiram Smith, once showed us a field of medium clover nine years old, from which he had taken that year fully three tons per acre in three cuttings. But there is another great advantage in early cutting. The hay for milk and butter purposes is worth double that of the ordinary grade.

Now is the time, according to Hoard's Dairyman, which gives the foregoing advice, to make a mistake that will oc-

beans can be made a profitable crop .-St. Louis Republic.

CARE OF THE HEIFER CALF. The idea in past years, by the many,

has been that a cow was a cow and, if one was better than another, it was a case of "cow luck." This left fine breeding in the hands of the few. It was called the rich farmer's "sport," which the ordinary farmer could not afford, and bear the extra expense of keeping fine cows. A change is now apparent. Only the rich can afford to keep good deal to learn about ducks and their a poor cow. Good breeding and rational care have much to do with the development of the cow. Let the breed or grade be what it may, the calf, if worth raising at all, deserves good care and treatment. The idea is here expressed that many a worthless cow to-day, if she had been properly treated when a calf and heifer, cared for and suitably fed, would have horses it may be useful. On others it is made a far better cow, of fine productive probably an injury. But, however, this powers. For, while all cows have a born possibility, the owner is responsible if this cow is not developed into that ex-

> treme limit of production. To this end the heifer calf should have a line of good ancestry. A noted authority says that "cows breed from the blood, not their performance," so that a heifer calf from a milking strain is preferable to one that has a promiscuous parentage. The care of a calf and cow is a matter of administering to the office of the cow's motherhood, and all of the directing agencies of stable and field should be to enlarge the powers of the animal to increase her milk production, so that when the heifer, at twentyeight or thirty months old, comes into the dairy, she will be to all intents and

> purposes a developed cow. The calf, if a spring arrival, should be taken from the cow in due time, and put on prepared food. Here the dairyman must face the question whether to take the calf off at once, or allow it to run with the mother for a few weeks. A matter of profit comes in, for butter fats are worth twenty five cents per pound, and the latter practice soon makes the litter heifer a costly one. Skim milk, even when lavishly fed, is not an ideal food. In the stomach of the young calves it does not readily digest, for, while the butter fats are not in them. selves a sustaining food, they are great promoters of digestion and creators of energy. If profit is an object, and growth is insisted upon, a substitute must be found. Linseed meal, cooked to a jelly and added to skim milk, at the rate of about two pounds to one hundred pounds of milk, makes the ration about equal to the whole milk. Later on, oatmeal, with the hulls sifted out and then scalded, makes a capital addition to the linseed. Feed the milk sweet and warm. Do not let it get sour, and then feed cold. Sour milk has lost about all its sugar element. The sugar, next to the casein, is the most important thing in skim milk. Think of feeding a baby calf cold sour milk! What mother would think of feeding it to her own baby, and yet this is, over and over again, a man's judgment of infantile wants.

The Poet and the Sausages.

Poets really do not feed on air. Iudeed, though they may be hungry in a distraught and absent-minded way, they probably eat as much as other men. More, perhaps, sometimes. Heinrich Heine once destroyed the pleasure of a little supper by a mixture of appetite and absent-mindedness, of which he afterwards became conscious with regret and yet with a spice of amusement.

Heine, when a student at Gottingen, was invited with a fellow student to take supper with Protessor Hugo and his hospitable wife. The fare was simple, and not too plentiful, but one dish was viewed with conscious pride by the hostess, who evidently felt that nothing could be better for the occasion. This was a small plate containing four fat sausages, with tempting gravy and garnishings of green. The choice dish was passed first to Heine who was in the full tide of a long and animated discourse, setting forth his opinions and some question which had been started by the professor. Instead of helping himself to one sausage, and allowing the dish to proceed on its way to the others, who were eagerly expecting it, he seized the plate, placed it before him, and proceeded to dispose of one sausage after another. not neglecting the gravy, either, until the garnishings alone remained to show the havoc he had made.

Coming to the end of his speech at about the same time that he had finished the last sausage, he looked at the gloomy faces about him, then at the empty dish, discovered what had been the meaning of certain spasmodic attempts on the part of Professor Hugo and his distracted spouse to interrupt his flow of language, and of course made profuse apoligies. But he was never invited to that house for supper again-the chance of being left supperless themselves was too great for his hosts to risk it a second time!-Yankee Blade.

A town down in Florida has abolished an ancient ordinance forbidding the hallooing of snakes in the streets.

How's This?

How's This ? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cura. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transao-tions, and financially able to carry out any ob-ligations made by their firm. West & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale

Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Caiarth Cure is taken internally, act-ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-faces of the system. Testimonials sent free, Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents an 1 \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Dr. T. J. Williamson, Eustis, Fla., says: "The bottle of Bradycrotine you sent me was given three ladies who were suffering from headache. They said the effect was instantaneous and very satisfactory." All druggists, fifty cents.

B. F. ALLEN & Co., 355 Canal street, New York, are sole agents in the United States for Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr.Isaac Thomp For 'Eve-water, Druggists seil at 25c, per bottle

In the Spring

TWO VIEWS OF CHECK REINS.

Whether the ordinary check rein is of

very desirable, if I could be sufficiently fortunate to suit the fancy of Mrs. Pinkney, who was an elderly lady of excellent means and some eccentricity.

Well, here I was at last, en route for The Grange, my railway novel read to without waiting for my candle. the last page, the contents of my lunch basket all eaten, and a crimson sunset Champlain with the loveliest of glows. and just as I was admiring the red-tiled roots of a long, low house, embowered in elms and beeches, the stage came to a stop, and the driver bawled out :

"Passengers for Skeleton Gra-a-ange!" My insignificant little trunk was lifted

down, a bell in the stone gate-post was violently rung, and I stood knee-deep in tall, flowering grasses, looking forlornly after the disappearing coach, as the eyes of a shipwrecked mariner might follow vessel which bears heart and hope away with it.

"Is this The Grange? Is Mrs. Pinkcompanion, from New York, please!"

I faltered out the words in a sort of of a knotted stick and unlocked the gate with a shining brass key.

She nodded her head to my interrogatories and favored me with a long stare | ce!" in answer to my last statement.

Then, stooping to lift one end of my trunk, she said, briskly:

"Can ee lift t'other end ceself? Ee overly strong meself."

I obeyed with alacrity, being young and vigorous, and the trunk not especially heavy, and thus I made my appearance before a tall, spare woman of sixty, with a dress of lustreless black silk, glittering gold eyeglasses, and a fine Roman profile, who stood on an Eastern rug before a blazing wood fire.

The walls were covered with old ancestral portraits, whose steady stare added to my confusion; every nook and corner was crowded full of Chinese dragons, Chippendale cabinets, old china on brackets, and grotesquely-embroidered screens.

"Ah," said the tall lady, "you are the reader and companion ?"

I made a quaint little courtesy, unfamily portraits.

your service."

Looking back upon the circumstances by the dispassionate light of the past, it nah. seems to me that this was the longest evening I ever spent. Although the trellis outside was covered with June roses, the walls of The Grange were so thick, and the atmosphere so damp, that tea and ate toasted muffins to keep our- and my grandfather's stuffed tiger after characteristic .-- New York Times

the old woman, soothingly. "Now don't taken, and by this means the wound was cultivation can be given earlier and

"Hannah, hold your tongue!" said Mrs. Pinkney. "The trouble is purely nervous, and nerves can, and must, and shall be controlled ! Now, Miss Carain't no menfolk about place an' I ain't rick, brace yourself up and tell us what frightened you."

"A man!" I gasped. "Hiding-with big, nob nailed boots-under my ped!" "O-o-h !" said Mrs. Pinkney. **Is that all? Why, I thought I'd told you about 'em. I keep 'em in every room of the house, to make burglars think there's men on the premises. I told Hannah to remove them from your chamber, though."

"As true as ee lives, ma'am," croaked Hannah, "ee clean forgot all about it!" "And the tiger? He sprung at my throat," I sobbed, hiding my face in the hedclothes.

"No, he didn't!" said Mrs. Pinkney. "How could he, when he's only stuffed, poor creature? I put him there every night since Don, the watch dog, was consciously intected by the proximity of poisoned, to startle any thieves who -is the "spectrum wood" of the draw-the stiff Chippendale furniture and the may make their way in. Goodness me! ing room hearth. This is fireplace we poor, solitary womankind are driven "Miss Carrick, madam," I said-"at to all sorts of contrivances to protect ourselves, in a lonely place like this." I darted a reproachful glance at Han-

"Why didn't you tell me this," I de-

manded. "Bless ee dear heart," said Hannah,

"I niver once thought o't!" "But don't fret," soothed Mrs. Pinkwe sat close to the fire, and drank hot ney. "We won't need the old boots

connected with the Postal Department, was admitted to the Melbourne Hospital with a pistol ramrod through his brain. The story of the accident is that Campbell was out shooting with a muzzleloading pistol. While he was ramming home the charge the weapon exploded. and the ramrod, which was composed of fencing wire, with a lead plug at the end, made by the victim, was sent through his cheek across the eye and came out at the top of his head.

Dr. Harris stated that when the man was admitted to the hospital it was found that the ramrod had passed through his cheek, on the left side of the nose, into the infraorbital, plate of the superior maxilla, right through the eye, going in its course through the superior orbital plate of the frontal bone, the brain, and oming out at the top of the skull, about the middle of the internal portion of the parietal bone. The wire portion of the ramrod was sticking out of the skull about six inches.

"Dr. Charles Ryan, assisted by Dr. Harris, trephined the skull, having first cut off the wire. When the bone was removed the leaden base came with it, and the eye, which had been completely destroyed, was taken out. Antiseptic lotion was then syringed through the eye "Don't ee be scared, my deary," said socket, along the course the ramrod had well washed. Campbell is now convalescent."-Medical Record.

What Millstones Are Made Of.

All the millstones used in the United States formerly came from France, where they were made of a silicious rock found in great blocks near Paris. The stone is mostly quartz, but has a regular cellular structure, is extremely hard and compact, and of all shades of color, from s whitish gray to a dark blue. A number of years ago, however, an excellent substitute was found in America, in the buhr-stone of Northwest Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. Where millstones are employed at all this is now the favorite rock, and it answers the purpose so well that there is no need of any miller going abroad for his millstones.

A Fashionable Fuel.

A fashionable fuel-tor what is there nowadays that has not grades of elegance lengths of the timbers of old whaling vessels which, seasoned by many a voyage and saturated with accumulated drippings of whale oil, offer a beautiful blaze as they burn themselves out on glittering andirons. As the supply is to some extent limited, and as it cannot be] manufactured in a day, but must accrue with the years, it is likely to be kept sufficiently rare to retain its exclusive, and consequently choice and fashionable

cupy us a whole year in mourning about. Cut the clover before it seeds. Cut two crops. Get more hay per acre. Get hay worth twice as much as the ordinary hind. Preserve your clover meadow for next year. One great reason clover meadows kill out in winter is because they become exhausted in summer by being allowed to stand until the seed has formed before cutting .- New York World.

BEANS FOR PROFIT.

In carrying out a system of rotation beans can often be grown with profit. One advantage with them is that they occupy the ground but a short time, and all the work necessary can be done without hiring much extra help.

While beans will grow in almost any sults a good soil, well prepared, is necesall danger of frost is past, as they do better if they can make a steady growth from the time they are planted until they are matured. Many do not plant until late, but when this is done there is always the risk of hot, dry weather blasting the soil properly before planting the planting is done in hills, drop three or ceived by planting in drills four inches plenty. Cultivate often enough to keep the weeds down and the soil in a good hoe once or twice, depending somewhat

upon the condition of the soil. Clean, thorough cultivation is necessary to get the best growth and yield, and the number of workings that may be necessary will depend upon the character and condition of the soil, and in many cases one more working given at the yield and quality.

Especially when planted early it will not always do to wait to harvest the crop until all the plants stop blossoming. When the bulk of the pods are ripe the crop should be harvested, as after that there is risk of loss. The vines can be pulled up or cut off close to the ground and put loosely into small piles to cure out. In a few days as soon as the pods and stalks are dry enough they should be hauled in and stored under shelter in circulation of air. They should be threshed out when the other work will in the field. With an average yield | ters .- American Agriculturist.

When the calf has developed its fourth stomach and begins to chew its cud, solids may be fed along with the fluids, but the milk or mush must not be abandoned for some months. I am inclined to think that the calf should be stabled the first summer; not tied up, but given the freedom of the stable, well bedded,

and not be compelled to underge the life of a "grasser." It costs as kind of soil, yet to secure the best re. much to keep the brood of flies that subsist upon the summer calf as the calf itsary. They should not be planted until self, with the additional disadvantage that the call is compelled to prepare this food for the flies. It the stable will enable the calf to retain the flies' share, the gain in worth will be surprising. There is no reason why the heifer call should be so poorly kept that, when ing the crop, and in many cases a better six months old, it will sell for less than yield could be obtained by earlier plant. a veal calf of four weeks. When the ing. The soil should be well plowed time of stomach development ceases, and thoroughly harrowed. By prepar- clover, whole oats, and similar food, may be fed, but the feeding should not be so lavish as to induce a beef forming more thoroughly. Mark out the rows habit. Feed so as to make good growth three and a half feet apart, running out and thrift. If we so feed as to fatten the furrows reasonably shallow. If the the heifer unduly, the tender y is that, when high feeding for milk 1s accempted, four beans every two feet. A better the beef form again appears, and is hard yield, however, can generally be re- to hold in check. Handle the little calf so that when it develops into a heifer it apart; do not cover deep; two inches is will have cow habits. Make her life as cow like as possible. Do not fool with her, but handle her; go through with tilth. Generally it will be necessary to the milking motions, at least, so that when she takes her place in the dairy she will not have to be subjected to the "breaking" ordeal.

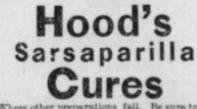
The two-year-old heifers had best run with the dairy herd, come and go with it, take their places in the stables and have their dish of bran. These heifers are now expected to calve in October, right time, while not adding much to and through the summer each one has the cost of the crop, will increase the not only her own life and growth to provide for, but another life must be supported, bone and muscle provided for. Nitrogenous foods, like oats and clover, have had a stimulating effect upon milk production, and at this time it is fair to suppose also a developing effect upon the udder itself.

This, with good stable life in the winter, flesh making foods rather than fattening ones, and those to some extent of a somewhat succulent character, regular feeding and comfortable warmth, aba barn or shed loft where there is a good | sence of the "toughening" process, with plenty of pure air and abundant sunlight to build up constitution and vigor, will permit. If Ce weather is dry they can give us the hardy cow with power to be left to dry out sufficiently to thresh | transmit her good qualities to her daugh-

Nearly everybody needs a good medi impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the cold months must be expelled or when the mild days come, and the effect of bracing air is lost, the body is liable to be overcome by debility or some serious disease. The remarkable success of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the universal praise it has received, make it worthy your confidence. It is the "ideal Spring Medicine."

"It Is Invaluable."

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for the past four years, and for a thorough blood purifier it has no superior. It is invaluable as a spring medicine ; it invigorates the whole system and tones up the stomach, and since I became acquainted with Hood's Sarsaparilla I always take several bottles in the spring, and, as occasion requires, the rest of the year." L. U. GILMAN, Aurelia, Iowa.



Where other preparations fail. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

HOOD'S PILL'S cure liver ills, constipation, billoasness, jaundice, sick headache

