

### A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Yesterday's sunshine  
Was so bright!  
Yesterday's burdens  
Were so light!  
Yesterday's hand-clasps  
Were so sweet!  
Yesterday's hours  
Were so fleet!

Well-a-day! Yesterday drops her rose  
Fetal by petal, and softly goes  
Back to the bosom of God's repose.  
—Israel Jordan, in Youth's Companion.

### BRIER ROSE.



HE Weeping Willow telegraph office faced the level prairie. Up and down before it, like shining ribbons, lay the railroad tracks, converging mysteriously until distance blended them into one.

Back of it flared the wide main street, with stores and cottages indiscriminately mingled, which marks the disconsolate prairie town. Beyond, inclosed by a white picket fence, straggled the desolate graveyard.

The only thing in plenty which nature supplied was room. There was an abundance of space. It was quite a walk to cross the street. Neighbors' houses stood aloof. Nobody was crowded, even in the graveyard.

The telegraph operator, satiated with landscape, leaned back, stretched himself prodigiously, yawned audibly and collapsed in his chair, which creaked in vexed remonstrance. He tossed a remark over his shoulder, "So this is what you are yearnin' for, Dave!"

Dave took his cane, and limping to the door, viewed the inertness in silence. Then he roused himself and said cheerfully:

"A telegraph operator is all I'm good for since I got hurt."

"Seems like the com'ny might have done more for you when you got smashed up in their own accident. 'Twouldn't have hurt 'em none to keep you as a conductor," grumbled his friend.

Suddenly the afternoon stillness was broken by excited voices and the sharp barking and yapping of dogs. Joe brought his feet to the floor in a hurry.

"I can't leave the machine, Dave, Go and see what the rumpus is about. I bet Brier Rose is up to something." It takes that there girl to stir up the boys. No, Foxy," he said to his terrier, who was whirling round in an ecstasy of anticipation, "you stay here. If Brier Rose is at the bottom of it, a little feller like you might get lost in the shuffle."

Dave obediently limped up the street, where, in the midst of a crowd of rough men, stood a girl basking some little animal high above her head, while the dogs leaped and snarled around her.

The girl, with scarlet cheeks, begged and scolded and threatened them all to their infinite amusement.

"Cell of your dawg, Jim," she said fiercely to the owner of the largest, whose leaps sometimes almost reached the quivering little object in her hands. "Throw down the beast an' I will," he answered.

"If that there dawg gives another jump, I'll pizen him before sunup," she said, slowly.

Jim made a lunge for the dog, and sat on him to keep him down, while the crowd hooted in derision of his obedience.

"What's all this," cried Dave, coming up and pushing his way through their midst.

"Brier Rose is being held up!" cried a voice.

The crowd yelled with delight. The girl's whole face became white with rage as she stepped out the speaker.

"You'll pay for that, Ben Miles, as you've paid before," she said.

"Call of those brutes," cried Dave, tapping the nearest dog with his cane. "For shame, to tease a woman!"

"Look a hyer, stranger," said a young giant, menacingly. He towered above Dave, who stood his ground.

"I'm lame and no account in a fight," said Dave; "but half a man ain't going to see a woman tormented."

"Who in thunder—" began his threatener; but Ben Miles laid a hand on his arm.

"Hold on, Jim," he said; "that there's Dave Comstock, conductor of the smashed up No. 7."

"Not the feller that got hurt savin' the baby!"

"The same."

"Sbo, stranger!" said the mollified Jim.

"You're welcome to interere. Give us yer hand. We wouldn't hurt her fer nothin'. Bless my stars! Brier Rose can take care of herself better'n most men."

The dogs were all held now, and the girl put her tired arms down. She looked curiously at the man, whose brave story she knew by heart, as she heard him defend her.

To be sure, she had been defended before; there was hardly a man who would not have risked his life to save hers, but they teased her unmercifully when they got the chance. Dave's interference was on a new line. She did not quite understand it, but it appealed to her at once.

When Dave went back to the station to tell Joe, the latter roared with delight.

"Just like her! Exzactly like her!" he cried, slapping his leg so inhumanly that his lame friend winced for him.

"Who is Brier Rose?" he repeated, in answer to Dave's question. "You don't know much if you don't know old Bryan's daughter. She's the best known girl from Horseshoe Gap to Powder Creek. Old Bryan's been engineer on the road ever since the track was laid. All eyes she was, when she is now. What wasn't eyes was temper. Same now, savin' that now she bosses the boys in addition to old Bryan. She can run

an engine with the best of 'em. Bryan's taught her all the tricks, and he thinks the sun rises and sets for just her."

"Strange she would defend a gopher, when she's so hard on the boys," observed Dave.

"That's just it. That's Brier Rose! She's got more tame pets; she's friendlier with every beast in Weepin' Willow than with any of the boys. She ain't even got a head fur anybody but old Bryan; you notice I make no mention of heart concernin' Brier Rose; I don't keer to talk of what she ain't got—and just now she's specially bewitched about him. After keepin' straight for forty years he's taken to drink. The girl knows he'll lose his job if the company gets wind of it, and she watches him like a hawk."

"What's Bryan's Run?"

"Horseshoe to Powder Creek. She knows every inch of track and siding. And I wish you could see her handle the critter. She knows all Bryan does, and she's a heap sight quicker calc'latin' than the old man. It's wuth while to see her oil and clean the machine. She goes over it spry as a kithen."

"She's handsome," said Dave, simply.

"Humph! Handsome is as handsome does," observed Joe, grumpily. "She is cold as ice and hard as a rock. It's my belief that she ain't got no heart same as the other wimmin. And sassy! Lor!"

In spite of what he had heard, or perhaps, because of what he has heard, all things, even the melancholy town itself, grew rose colored to Dave's sunny eyes. With his unflinching cheerfulness he waited hopefully for news of his appointment at Red Valley, and hovered, as if fascinated, around engine No. 44.

Neither the boys nor old Bryan were slow to notice this, the latter having accepted such attentions periodically from all the young men. It was so inevitable a proceeding that up to the time of the Middleton's dance they paid no attention to it.

But that night something extraordinary occurred.

The next day, as Brier Rose rode down the street on her hardy little pony, the boys gathered around her eagerly, notwithstanding the fact that she had a stout little whip in her hand. They had something new and strange to tease her about.

"Brier Rose," called out Jim, as she drew rein, "you don't care nothin' about dancin', do you?"

"You'd ruther set all the evenin', wouldn't you, now?"

"D'you like the name o' Dave, or do you reckon you'd rather have Comstock?"

Rose looked from one to the other as the bottled-up taunts fell rapidly upon her ears, her cheeks and lips growing scarlet. For once her ready tongue failed her. Small need to ask them what they meant. Too well she knew. But was her subjugation apparent in such a trifle? And so soon! And Dave as yet had said nothing. Emboldened by her silence they went further.

"What does he say about it?"

The shamed crimson leaped to her very temples and receded, leaving her face pitifully white. Her wounded pride now panted for but one thing—a way out. Probably he knew it, too. She saw him coming down the street.

"Do you love him? Say, Brier Rose, do you love Dave?" cried the one furthest from her whip.

Her courage came back at Dave's approach, and the spell of her unwonted silence was broken.

"Do I love him?" she cried, looking him fairly in the face. "I come nearer to hatin' him!"

She turned her horse sharply, and the blows the boys had expected fell on her fiery little pony. He craned his neck and went up the street on a dead run, but fast as Rose flew the grieved look in Dave Comstock's blue eyes kept pace with her.

That night Joe fidgeted around, unable to decide whether or not he should speak to Dave about the occurrence of the afternoon. Dave's genial smile and cheery hopefulness were gone. He sat with his face buried in his folded arms.

Joe coughed noisily and said nothing. Dave looked down at his poor maimed foot.

"Joe, do you know that little baby I saved from the wreck had brown eyes like Brier Rose? I remember the baby smiled when I held it out to the men. You know my foot was caught and I couldn't move. I've never seen Brier Rose smile at me that way. If I had saved her perhaps she would. Do you think so, Joe?"

At home, Rose was thinking of the story of Dave's bravery in the wrecked train, of the lives he had saved, of his defense of her.

And to-day in return she had mocked him. Aye, if the look he gave her spoke truly, she had cut him to the heart. Tears—tears in the eyes of Brier Rose!

The position of telegraph operator at Red Valley was given to Dave Comstock. The afternoon freight, heavily loaded, had just pulled clumsily out of the Weeping Willow station, with Dave on the rear platform of the way car.

The 44, having come down on the rear of the freight as second engine, now stood on the siding, waiting to go back to Horseshoe for the midnight express.

Old Bryan was up in a crowd of men in front of the postoffice. Brier Rose watched him anxiously. As long as he kept away from the Owl she felt easy.

He knew she was watching him. He also knew that she would not hesitate to come after him if the Owl proved too strong an attraction. Therefore he kept away.

She trod fearlessly along the side of the boiler, rubbing the hand rail with a black oil soddish cloth. She touched the engine as if she loved it. Every part of it shone like the sun. Every valve worked with precision. Every screw was secure. Joe laughed to see her fling a shovelful of coal into the furnace like a born fireman.

His own machine called his attention from the 44. Then Rose heard him cry out, and, springing down, she rushed into the station.

"A runaway engine coming this way!" he said hoarsely. "Spite work of a discharged engineer. No one on her—going twenty-five miles an hour—a single track—Dave's train only going fifteen—the 44 and that ore car on the only siding between here and Red Valley. My God!"

"Where is it?" cried Brier Rose.

"It broke away from Horseshoe Gap. Message is from Prairie City. It's already passed Prairie City, headed straight for here. It's bound to catch Dave before his train gets to Red Valley."

Rose turned white to her very lips. She covered her face with her brown hands. Only for a moment, though. Then she flung back her head and looked Joe full in the face.

"I can save him!" she cried. She sprang for her engine and climbed into the cab.

"Rose! Rose!" roared Joe in dismay.

Rose turned her white face towards him imploringly. "Be at the switch, Joe, and listen for my signals, as you value Dave's life!" she cried. Then she pulled the throttle valve out to its full extent. The engine shivered all over, and at fifty-two miles an hour the 44, driven by Brier Rose, leaped down the track to meet the runaway.

There was not a moment to lose. A certain number of miles lessening every moment, lay between the lumbering freight, with Dave on board, and the cruel, senseless runaway engine. Between them was Brier Rose, with just a chance of safety.

She knew that a loosened rail or any obstruction would hurl her to her doom, and still not avert disaster from Dave. The whistle of the 44 shrieked out a unearthly screech continually to warn even the birds from fluttering too near the messenger of life.

The engine rocked from side to side at the dizzy rate of speed. For the first time the odor of hot oil made Rose faint. She hung half out of the cab window panting for breath and her hands clinging crazily to the window for support.

Suddenly she saw smoke in the distance. Larger and larger grew the black speck on the track. Faster and faster flew the 44 to meet it. Nearer and nearer came the runaway. When she could plainly see the shape of the approaching engine she closed the throttle with a rush that made the 44 tremble. She reversed her engine, and at little less than twenty-five miles an hour began running away from the runaway.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it gained on her brave engine. A horrible fear took possession of her that it was coming too slowly, and that they both would reach Dave's train before she stopped the runaway. She changed the speed and let the engine gain on her faster.

"I can signal for the siding if I fail," thought Brier Rose. "Joe will obey my signal." But she shuddered.

In sight of Weeping Willow at last. The 44 whistled frantically. Rose signaled for a clear track, and only a train length apart the 44 and the runaway flew past the little station platform, crowded with every man, woman and child in town.

Joe understood her plan now. He bounded into the station, frenzied with excitement, telegraphed to Red Valley what Brier Rose was doing; then, from sheer nervousness, he squeezed Foxy until he yelped wildly.

Out of sight of Weeping Willow and Dave's train in the distance, nearer and nearer came the runaway. The 44 snorted in defiance of being caught. Rose braced herself for the shock. Crash! came the cowcatcher of the runaway into the unprotected rear of the gallant 44. Rose had loosened her hold, and the concussion flung her to the floor, with her soft cheek against the cab seat.

Faint with her fall she gathered herself together and shut off the steam. The with the nose of the runaway viciously pushing the 44, Brier Rose crept like a cat over the tender, down over the trembling engine, and on her hands and knees she crawled over to the runaway, up along the boiler side into the cab, and crashed the throttle shut when the 44 was within a car's length of Dave's train.

When she came to herself she was in the Red Valley station. Dave was bending over her, and calling her name with trembling lips. She opened her eyes and smiled into his face.

"Oh, Brier Rose, how could you do it!" he whispered with a shudder.

"I did it for you, David—for you."—New York Press.

### An Unshorn Sheep.

David L. Hadley, a well-to-do farmer living near Clarksville, Clinton County, Ohio, is the possessor of a seven-year-old wether that is attracting wide-spread attention in that and adjoining counties.

For years Mr. Hadley has exercised the greatest care in the raising of sheep, and as an experiment thought to permit the wool to grow upon one of his flock until it was absolutely necessary to remove it.

The sheep selected was a three-quarter blooded Saxony and one-fourth Spanish merino, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. For more than seventy-three months this sheep lugged his increasing fleece and now herewards his owner with an eighteen-inch growth. He cannot lie down on his side and get up again, owing to the heaviness of the wool, but manages to rest in a squatting posture.

In speaking of his prize, Mr. Hadley says: "My opinion is that a fine-wooled sheep will never lose its wool, if kept in good living condition. I have let them run two or three years, and never had one to lose any of its wool. I have watched this one very closely, and he has not seemed to suffer from the heat any more than those that were sheared, and has never been housed one night in his life."



### SHEEP LICKING EACH OTHER.

Usually when sheep bite and tear their own wool it indicates some disturbing irritation of the skin, but this is hardly likely to cause sheep to tear each other's wool, and yet it may be, for animals have a way of knowing what others want. It is possible that this habit may be due to a want of salt, as the perspiration of the skin of an animal is always more or less salt. It might stop the habit to give the sheep a liberal quantity of salt if they have not been supplied heretofore. If they have, give a dose of one ounce of epsom salts to each of the flock.—New York Times.

### LIQUID MANURE FOR FLOWERING PLANTS.

Flowers will be produced more freely if the plants are regularly watered with some liquid manure. This may be done safely as follows: Some good manure mixed with poultry droppings, or some artificial fertilizer (nitrate of soda is the best), is put in a barrel and steeped in water. The barrel should be kept full, and not more than two pounds of the fertilizer or half a bushel of the manure should go to a barrel of water. A pint of this liquid is poured on the soil around the plant every evening during the season. If the weather is dry the proportion of water should be doubled and a quart of the diluted liquid given.—American Farmer.

### SCALY LEG IN POULTRY.

The scaly leg is caused by the presence of a small insect that gets beneath the scales, and it is therefore contagious, but it spreads, as do all vermin, more rapidly where proper care is not taken to keep the roosts and nests clean, and where the manure is allowed to lie and ferment under the roosts. To exterminate it, begin by bathing the legs well twice a day in olive oil, or still better in a mixture of one quart of skimmed milk and a teacupful of kerosene oil, wiping dry after the bath. As good a way is to put the mixture in a dish and then force the fowl to stand in it a few minutes. While this treatment is going on they should have dry quarters, and be kept from running out in the wet grass, and should be well fed. The nests and roosts should be brushed with kerosene, and all filth taken out of the henhouse. In a few days those scales will come off, but care should be taken for a while to prevent taking cold, lest it develop leg-weakness or rheumatism. A little of the Douglass mixture in the water will be good for them at this time.—Boston Cultivator.

### GOOD WALKS FOR THE FARM.

Most farm premises are not adequately provided with properly made walks. The footpath from the front gate to the house, and from the house to the barn should be covered with some better material than dirt. In a section where flat stones can be easily obtained they will make the most economical and durable walk. They need not be wide enough to reach across the walk, but may be laid side by side until the desired width is obtained. Cobble stone may be used. In making a stone walk bank the earth at least two inches above the level, and press the stones firmly into this bank. Round stones should be two inches or less in diameter, and pounded down with a sledge. It will be difficult to keep the grass out of this walk unless salt, or very strong brine, is frequently scattered over it. Gravel, when easily obtainable, makes a durable and cheap walk, and one that is always dry. The foundation should be excavated to the depth of at least one foot, and filled with small or broken stone to within six inches of the top, then fill the remainder with gravel, making the top a little rounding. The gravel should have been previously freed from all earth by sifting or washing. Next to flat stone, plank walks are the cheapest and best. If planks are laid lengthwise of the walk, they should be firmly spiked at the ends to pieces of some durable wood sunk in the soil, and if such pieces and the lower sides of the planks are coated with several applications of crude petroleum, they will last much longer. Inch boards may be used instead of plank. The walk from the barn to the house is the most important, as it is from this source that the most mud is tracked into the house. If dry walks are provided the housewife will each year be saved many hours of hard, disagreeable work in cleaning the kitchen floor.—American Agriculturist.

### PREPARING FOR THE FALL SEEDING.

After the harvest is over and men and teams have rested a few days, the oat stubble and the second crop clover ground, intended for seeding early this fall, should be turned over, writes F. Sanderson of Baltimore, Md.

The land must be plowed in time so that the stubble may rot, and also that the soil may become settled and firm before seeding. All practical farmers have long since come to the conclusion that the early plowed land kept mellow by the free use of the harrow and roller, but firm underneath, yields the most grain and the best quality.

In our limestone districts, notably in the Cumberland Valley, the corn land is mostly drilled to wheat. The corn ripens early, some years as early as September 5th. It is cut off by contract at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per acre, and placed in shock, sixteen corn rows making one row of shocks, and these shocks are securely tied. The corn ground is thoroughly harrowed and then rolled. The wheat drill follows the roller, putting in 14 bushels of wheat and 250 pounds of lime

standard fertilizer per acre. This corn ground wheat will produce from twenty to thirty bushels per acre, and in some exceptional cases as much as forty bushels per acre has been produced upon fields ranging from thirty to fifty acres in extent.

But few of us have limestone land, nor can we obtain such enormous yields. Those of us having land of good quality should commence right by having what ground may be needed for either wheat or rye plowed now, and have the furrows of uniform depth and well turned over, so the soil may rot quickly. In our section, which is of a clay loam—level, or gently undulating—most all the plowing is done by the sulky plow, using three stout mules or horses to each plow. The advantages these plows have over the old hand plow is much more and better work; the land is evenly turned over at a uniform depth and no skips or missed places left. The plow being supported on wheels is not so hard on the team, nor on the plowman, who rides instead of walking, and having the free use of his hands, can manage his team much better. Two such plows will turn over with ease three acres per day.

After the plowing is thoroughly done the next point is to have the soil made mellow and free of lumps—not only on the surface, but some three or more inches below the surface. This fining of the soil can only be done by first harrowing with the three horse spring tooth harrow, followed by the roller. This firms the ground. In two weeks' time harrow again, crossing the field the second time, and just before seeding harrow once more, then roll, and follow with the drill, using one and a half bushels of wheat and from 250 to 300 lbs. of dissolved bone per acre. We always aim to put in about twenty acres of wheat each season after the above manner, and aim to get it in by the 20th of September, and rarely fail of having an extra good crop. We think the early plowing and thorough preparation of the soil have much to do with this abundant yield. I write this so my brother farmers may try this plan.—New York Independent.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The effect of warm weather is found in the egg basket.

Do not frighten the hens, as it diminishes the egg supply.

The largest kind of matured corn is the best to convert into ensilage.

In arranging the poultry house have both the nests and the roosts low.

One of the worst mistakes that poultry beginners can make is too close in-breeding.

In nearly all cases the fowls can be fattened on soft food faster than on hard grain.

When the poultry are confined a portion of the run should be spaded up daily.

With all kinds of poultry it is the morning meal that is the most important; give it early.

One of the best ways of fattening geese rapidly is to feed them boiled oats with plenty of milk.

A good way to break a hen of wanting to set is to put her in a strange yard with a young cockerel.

A cow should be fed all the clover she can eat, which will be in the neighborhood of five pounds per day.

Select the turkey hens wanted for breeding. The hens should not be kept after they are three years old.

Now is the time when the fowls relish green food. Give them plenty of it and less grain rations—especially corn.

Care should be taken that the fowls do not lay on too much fat. Be careful in feeding, and there will be no danger.

When the feeding is done at regular hours the fowls soon get accustomed to it, and will know when the time comes.

Many consider that boiling the milk before feeding it to the poultry increases its value and lessens the risk of disease.

The fowls losing their feathers is often caused by want of green food or of a dust bath. See that both are supplied.

One reason why there is such a large amount of poor butter is that the cream is allowed to stand too long before it is churned.

In feeding a considerable saving might be made if the keeper would remember that what makes fat does not make eggs.

Old stock of any kind is unprofitable. Every season enough young poultry should be selected from what is raised to take the place of the old.

The farm fowl should be of a good size, a good table fowl, good layer, constitutionally strong and well adapted to stand the rough usage of the farm.

No cow was ever a good dairy cow that was not born so, but thousands of cows that were born so have been spoiled by poor and unwise handling.

A thrifty tree that fails to bear should be root-pruned. A trench dug about it, and filled partly with rubbish, will effect important and profitable changes for the better. Root-pruning checks growth and develops fruit buds. It is an old remedy, but not as often resorted to as it should be.

As the wheat and other small grain ripens, their sap dries, cutting off the food supply of the chinch bugs, which thereupon often migrate to the juicy stalks of the cornfield. This migration can be prevented by plowing a strip some rods wide between the small grain and the corn, as the chinch bugs are loth to cross land devoid of vegetation.

### Rabbit-Killing "Industry."

In New South Wales the Government expended over \$4,000,000 from 1883 to 1890 endeavoring to exterminate them. Besides that a greater sum has been expended in private moneys. In one year 25,230,000 skins had royalty paid upon them. Now, there is another side to this question of extermination, and that is the rabbit killer's and the rabbit skin dealer's interests. The rabbit killer gets two cents a head royalty from the Government for destroying the animal. He then sells the skin at from four to six cents. On the meat at the canning factories, he averages from two to four cents. It is a nice easy way of making money. The skins are baled—pressed and exported to London. In that city there is a general auction sale of skins every six weeks. The sales average from fifteen hundred to two thousand bales, and the average to a bale is two hundred skins. Pasture endeavor to exterminate the rabbits by inoculation with chicken cholera. It is well known to those behind the scenes that he did not get a fair trial, and, in fact, was so hindered and hampered that he withdrew his agents from further experiment. The question has come up before the Government again, and a bill is now before the Sydney Legislature asking for a vote to build a brick wall entirely around the agricultural boundary of the colony of New South Wales. Rabbits will not burrow lower than two and a half feet, and it is proposed to sink the wall to that depth. The wall being once built, a general extermination of the rabbits within the inclosure will be commenced and carried through. The other colonies will watch the experiment with great interest, and if it succeeds will probably all follow suit. Such a course would confine the rabbits to the great Australian bush, in whose sandy deserts they would soon die out. What use is made of all these rabbit skins? Why, the hat on your head is made of them. The hair is plucked off the pelt by hand. A fortune awaits the man who can invent a machine to do it. A fine blue fur is then left on the pelt. The skin is then pared away from the fur by delicate machinery so fine that when the last paring is cut off the fur sometimes hangs in one filmy section. This is worked up into felt. Ordinary hats are made from rabbit skin. A better class is made from a kind of water rat trapped in Buenos Ayres, and then come beaver and musquash, obtained in the United States and Canada.—Boston Transcript.

### JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment.

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### "German Syrup"

Mr. Albert Hartley of Hudson, N. C., was taken with Pneumonia. His brother had just died from it. When he found his doctor could not rally him he took one bottle of German Syrup and came out sound and well. Mr. S. B. Gardner, Clerk with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas, prevented a bad attack of pneumonia by taking German Syrup in time. He was in the business and knew the danger. He used the great remedy—Boschee's German Syrup—for lung diseases.

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