

MABEL ON THE FOURTH.

"You light two crackers thus," she said.
 "That's yours, and I'll take this.
 And now, if yours should go off first,
 Why, you can claim a kiss.
 We watch the powder quickly burn,
 Fitz, bang! Oh, happy sight!
 I fold the maiden in my arms
 And take what's mine by right.
 Alas! It seems so easy thus
 To win what many men
 Will envy later on in life,
 For Mabel's only ten."
 —Tom Masson.

A FRESH AIR FOURTH.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

It was during the hottest hour of the hottest day thus far of the season that a small boy presented himself at the office of the Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund Society. He seemed weak, as if ill from the intense heat.
 "Got a chance for me, sir?" he asked, timidly.
 "No, my boy," answered the Secretary. "No one wants boys yet."
 The lad made no answer. His weak, dragging footsteps carried him out of the building and down the hot street for a few blocks. Then he staggered a few steps, threw up his hands weakly, wavered blindly and fell in a heap on the pavement.
 "Another sunstroke," said the policeman who picked him up.
 Next day another boy came to the Secretary's office with the question, "Any chance for me, sir?" And again



"A REGULAR PICNIC."

the Secretary answered that nobody wanted boys yet. This boy limped in and out on a crutch, for one of his legs hung withered and useless, and his limb was bristled despite the heat and his evident weariness. But he stopped when out of hearing, and one hand slipped furtively up and dashed a tear or two away.

Upon the following afternoon a tall, angular man came striding briskly into the office. The Secretary looked up from his writing, then greeted him politely.

"Paul Hallett, I reckon?" inquired the new-comer.

"That is my name, sir. What can I do for you? I—why, of course I remember you, John Joplin," said Mr. Hallett, with a hearty ring in his voice. "And I am truly glad to see you again, old friend."

Mr. Joplin in his well known pepper-and-salt suit, did not look particularly prosperous, and the Secretary was afraid that he had been obliged to save and board in order to make this journey back East from Colorado, to visit old scenes. But he was very glad to see him, and he was talking over old times when he was interrupted by the entrance of the lame boy who had come the day before and gone away disappointed with a whistle on his lips and tears in his eyes. To-day his face seemed to look a little older and thinner. But he hopped in briskly on his crutch.

"Got a chance for me yet, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, my lad," the Secretary answered. "I have just one chance for a boy. You can spend your Fourth of July week in the country. What is your name?" As he spoke he held out a card.

"Hi!" The boy fairly snatched the card and hopped out of the room with a smothered whoop.

"That boy has a happy week before him," said the Secretary. "I wish it were in my power to make many more such little fellows happy in the same way."

"What's this business, anyhow?" asked Mr. Joplin. "I don't exactly see through it."

Mr. Hallett briefly explained the society. Its beneficiaries were among the children of the very poor, who could never hope to escape for even a day from the exhausting heat of the stifling city unless helped. Kind people living out in the cool country sent in their names signifying their

willingness to entertain a girl or boy for a week. The society paid for the transportation of the children to and from the country.

"It's a good notion," commented Mr. Joplin.

"But very few of these kind people want boys nowadays," continued Mr. Hallett. "The little chaps are inclined to be riotous. Nearly every one has asked for girls of late. The boys do a good deal of mischief, and behave, I presume, like wild Indians."

"Or, jest simply like boys?" suggested Mr. Joplin.

"And then little Knucks, the lame boy, returned. He hopped in and laid the card on the desk."

"Here is the ticket back again, sir," he said. "Let some other boy use it; I don't need it. I'm not going." He was outside of the door by this time.

Mr. Joplin's tall form arose suddenly from his chair. He took a few long steps and placed his big hand on the lad's shoulder.

"Here!" he said, fairly propelling the little chap back into the room. "Come back here!"

"I'm not goin' to the country to-morrow," the lad persisted. "Lemme go! I'm busy!"

"Sit down there!" commanded Mr. Joplin.

"Now, when Knucks had received the precious ticket entitling him to the country week he had down homeward as fast as his crutch would carry him. Little Jimmy Patton, the sun-stricken lad, lay on the brisk little cripple's bed. He looked up weakly as his friend hopped into the room.

"I've got it, Jim!" Knucks cried, eagerly. "I've got a ticket for one, an' you can go to the country to-morrow!"

The sick boy's face lighted up and he took the ticket and looked at it.

facred, skippy little fellows—but every fake ashine with eagerness.

While Mr. Hallett had been issuing the invitations the giver of the potlatch had been equally busy. He had strode hither and thither, made purchases and sent telegrams.

Presently all was ready. Across the ferry they were bundled into the cars, and a variety of boxes of all sizes were thrust into the express car and away they went.

It was still early in the forenoon when they reached their destination—a pretty green bowered country village that Mr. Hallett had recommended—and there was a brass band at the depot to meet them.

"We're here, fellers!" cried Mr. Joplin to his boys. "This is the place. It's out in the open air, an' to-day's the Fourth of July. Yell all you want to. The band will now play!"

The musicians headed the procession of whooping lads to a pleasant grove just outside the town. The boys who couldn't run, walked, and those who couldn't walk rode in a long wagon on top of the boxes that had come from the city.

In the coolest, shadiest spot in the grove a long, long table was set, almost staggering under its load of delicious eatables.

"The first thing," said Mr. Joplin's big voice, "is to eat. Some of us didn't have as much breakfast as we wanted, an' mebbe some of us didn't have any at all. So, eat now, fellers, an' talk later on."

All those urchins fell upon that long table almost like as many ravenous wolves. And then in a moment Jimmy whispered something to Knucks, and Knucks hopped over to where Mr. Hallett was and whispered to him:

"Mebby we oughtn't to eat too much, sir. It costs lots of money an' perhaps Mr. Joplin—"

"Mr. Joplin is the owner of a great cattle ranch out in Colorado," answered Mr. Hallett. "He can afford this."

"We didn't know," said Knucks. "His pepper an' salt suit looks kinder—well, we—didn't know."

And, when Mr. Hallett told the man from Colorado what Knucks had said, Mr. Joplin laughed a big, hearty "Haw-haw!" and then he looked himself over, and then he colored, and then he laughed again.

When they had all eaten and were filled, Mr. Joplin stood up at the head of the mighty breakfast table in his seedy pepper and salt and said rather awkwardly:

"I asked Mr. Hallett to make you a speech, but he says I've got to do it. I haven't much to say. This is the Fourth of July. It's the proper thing to read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, but the only Declaration of Independence we're going to have here is that we're going to do just exactly as we please all day long. We're goin' to yell as much an' as loud as we please. There are two big boxes of fireworks, over there, an' we're goin' to help ourselves to all we want an' shoot till they're all gone. We're goin' to eat again at 1 o'clock, an' again at 6 o'clock, an' we've got to keep busy in the meantime or we won't have good appetites. After dinner the ice cream freezers will be opened, an' every feller will grab a spoon. There are four or five barrels of red apples—the heads will be knocked in pretty soon, an' we'll fill our pockets an' hats. This is my potlatch, understand, an' everybody takes all he wants an' does what he pleases with it. Fall into the brook if you want to, or eat yourself sick, or break your arms; it's all right. A doctor goes with the rest of the potlatch if we need him. We—"

"Oh, John, that is not the way to talk to them," interrupted Mr. Hallett.

"I'd like to know why it ain't?" answered Mr. Joplin. "A potlatch that ain't a free pitch-in ain't no potlatch at all. Well, then, I'll make this condition: No boy shall take advantage of any smaller boy—if he does I'll thrash him."

"So will we," yelled the boys.

"I think I ought to add something to what Mr. Joplin has said," spoke Mr. Hallett. "In the first place, I presume you are puzzled to know what a potlatch really is. I was myself till Mr. Joplin explained. Away out West, among certain tribes of Indians, when a savage aspires to stand high among his fellows he saves up blankets and all sorts of desirable articles till he has a great store of them as possible. Then he invites his tribe to a feast and gives away all the accumulation. It makes him a beggar for a long time, but he has won the esteem of his tribe as long as he lives. Mr. Joplin has given you a potlatch of happiness, and I think he has won more than the giver of any Indian potlatch ever won."

"Hurrah! Yes, sir-ee!" whooped the boys.

The day was one long day of unalloyed happiness. They ate, shot fireworks and swung and raced and chased, and the band played every time it was requested.

During the afternoon Mr. Joplin arranged with various families in the village to take care of such boys as needed more than a day of the country air as long as they might require it; and the next week Knucks and Jimmy found that it was all settled that they should live in the country for a year at Mr. Joplin's expense.

At night, after the fireworks had been shot off and it was time to begin the march for the train, the boys cheered for Mr. Joplin till they could have been heard nearly a mile, and when they stopped Mr. Joplin said:

"Thank you, fellers!"—New York Press.

In time of war France puts 370 out of every 1000 of her population in the field; Germany, 310; Russia, 210.



PRIZE STEERS TOO FAT.

The chief fault with the prize steers at the fat stock shows is that they are wastefully fat, and often seriously lacking in lean meat. This is particularly true of the special beef breeds. —New York World.

INSECTS INJURING WOOL.

There are several insects that will damage wool. One is the common wool-eating moth, another the hair and wool-eating beetle. If the wool is dirty there are flies that will deposit eggs in it, and these will injure it. It is to be considered that flesh and wool are of almost the same composition and character, and as wool has much oil and grease in it the brown beetles that infest the meat houses will damage stored wool. The remedy is very easy. Put the wool in a close apartment or bin, and pour a pint of sulphate of carbon on the bottom, closing the receptacle as tight as possible. No light must be used where the wool is stored in this way, as this fluid is explosive. —New York Times.

TO PREVENT HORNS.

A cattle-raiser who has had large experience uses caustic potash to prevent horns growing, and in speaking of remedies says:

"I consider it useless and cruel to raise horns. I prefer the caustic potash remedy, as being easier applied and much cheaper. Five cents' worth being enough for about twenty calves. It must be kept in an airtight bottle, taking out just as much as you use at one time and not returning to the bottle any that is the least bit moist, as it dissolves very easily. If you have but one or two calves, your drugist will give you a piece about one and a half inches long for a penny. Tie the calf's legs; let one person hold the head; clip the hair from around the horns; rub the caustic on the horn; clip something around the caustic to keep from coming in contact with your hand; moisten one end of caustic, rub on horn and as far around as clipped, changing from one to the other until the skin is thoroughly burned. Then your work is done, and you have a 'natural muley.' Do the work before ten days old—sooner the better."—Colman's Rural World.

A PLACE FOR FOWLS TO BOLL.

The trouble that many farmers have in keeping fowls out of the garden is because they do not provide a substitute. It is natural for hens to seek a dusting place where they can clear off any vermin that may be on them, or without regard to this to take a dust bath, which is their way of keeping skin and feathers in healthy condition. A small place near the hen house should be plowed and sown with grain. It need be only a few feet square, and may be dug with a spade in a few minutes. Then scatter and lightly cover enough grain to keep the fowls busy. It is astonishing how much of the time this rolling place will be occupied and the garden will wholly escape. When the hen goes to the garden she makes directly for the beds where the choicest seeds have been sown, for here the ground has been most thoroughly pulverized. Give the hens as good a place outside the garden, and there will be no trouble in growing garden truck, no matter how many fowls are kept. But the strawberry patch must be enclosed. The fowls go there for a different purpose, and when they get a taste of the fruit it is hard to keep them out, however high the enclosure. —Boston Cultivator.

THE WONDERFUL PEAS.

To grow for feeding fowls and other cattle, we can hardly overestimate the value of the Wonderful peas. Here is a crop that can be grown with ease in four months' time, that will yield a hundred-fold or more of feeding and fattening food superior to corn. The bacon made from hog feed on peas is much sweeter and more solid, and the fat will not run out in cooking nearly so much as corned. They grow so much quicker and larger than other varieties, that poor land can be brought up very quickly by their use; in fact, in less than four months their great value is obvious to all. The Rural New Yorker, speaking of this class of peas, says: "These belong to the class called renovating crops; instead of making the soil poorer they make it richer, and not only so, but they also furnish protein for cattle food. The signs of the times indicate that this class of crops is to play a leading part in the farming of the future."

To grow for hay they are most valuable, as they yield an immense quantity of feed of the best quality, and produce the crop in so short a time.

For ensilage Wonderful peas are unsurpassed, being much more nutritious than green corn and other crops used for that purpose.

They are desirable to grow for cooking for food, as they will yield a supply of shelled peas for the table for several weeks. —Colman's Rural World.

HOW TO KEEP BUTTER.

Most farmers do not make dairying a specialty. It is only one of the various industries from which they derive their incomes. The profits from three or four cows do not warrant the outlay for a complete equipment of modern implements. The average farmer and his wife must make the most of pantries, pans and other dairy appliances at hand. Consumers have learned that butter rapidly deteriorates if exposed to the air, hence small packages are called for. Butter is never so good as when used within one week from the time it leaves the churn. It possesses then a delicate aroma and a peculiar, indescribable flavor, which soon passes away and is never present thereafter; but butter properly made can be kept sweet and in good order for months. The surplus butter may be kept and marketed in winter, when prices are more remunerative. Get the butter in good condition as soon as possible after churning, and pack it firmly in gallon or half gallon jars. Those containing four or five pounds are preferable. When the jars are bought ask the seller, as he marks the weight of each, to number them, so that a record of the amount of butter in each jar can readily be kept. Pack the jars level full, tie a round piece of strong, thick cloth over the top, and place it bottom side up, in a new large crock.

Do not pack butter made at different times in the same jar, but store only those jars that can be filled at one churning. Make a strong brine, using all the salt the water will absorb, adding to each gallon a teaspoonful of saltpetre and a teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Scald the brine and strain through a wet, thick cloth into the crock. Add more brine from time to time to keep the jars covered two inches in depth. Tie a thick cloth over the crock to protect from dust, and over this place a wooden cover, to exclude the light. Do not keep the crock on the cellar floor, even if it is a cement one, but on a platform, if possible, with slats underneath the crock to insure free circulation of air. This will prevent mold forming on the bottom of the crock. It must be sold as packed butter, but will bring a good price. October is the best month in which to pack butter for winter home use. Several smaller crocks may be used in which to store the jars rather than use the large crock. To cleanse jars and crocks use a bath of hot limewater, or strong hot soda water. A simple method is given by salt manufacturers for testing the purity of salt. Take as many clear glass tumblers or goblets as there are samples of salt. Put into each the same quantity of clear cold water. Drop into each tumbler a teaspoonful of salt from one of the several samples and note the immediate results. There will be a scum, sediment, or milky color, varying with the inferiority of the sample. The water showing the least change will contain the purest salt. —American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It is undoubtedly true that food of all kinds flavors milk to a greater or less degree.

More butter is injured in the ripening of the cream than at any other point.

Milk in any form, sweet or sour, is good for fowls. Sour milk will surely make them lay.

A little salt every day, with the soft food, is good for grown hens, but don't give any to the chicks. It may kill them.

For applying insecticides to a limited number of vines or bushes a short broom will be found a fair substitute for a sprayer.

The size of the cow and the amount of food eaten are no indications of what she will do at the pail or what the milk will churn out.

The lady-bird beetles are unusually numerous this season. They are one of the fruit growers' best friends and should never be destroyed.

A little linned meal mixed with the morning mash occasionally will give a gloss to the feathers and help keep the fowls in good condition.

Swamp muck is not generally as valuable as it appears and requires to be heavily dosed with lime the first season to produce much effect.

Fowls must have a variety of food if they are to do well. Breakfast is good, but you couldn't live on it. Neither can a hen live on any one kind of food and do well.

When you mow your lawn leave a corner uncut so that you can clip a little fresh grass for the hens every day. They will amply repay any little attention of this sort.

Ground green bone is just as good for fowls now as when the weather was cold. They need animal food of some kind to keep them in condition, and this is the very best form in which to administer it.

Mulching hoed crops with straw, leaves or other litter is a simple and cheap safeguard against drouth. Potatoes so mulched last year yielded twice as heavily as those not mulched, in quite a number of instances.

Now beware of lice, keep lots of insect powder handy. Take out the roosts occasionally, pour kerosene over them and set them on fire. Sprinkle kerosene all around in the crevices. If you make nests of tobacco stems you will not be troubled with vermin there. The time to fight this enemy is before he takes possession of the place.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Hutchinson, N. Y.

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