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ESTABLISHED 1827

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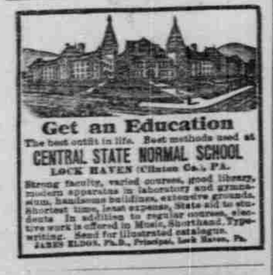
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When He Married.

The postmaster smiled a little when he passed out the mail, but Luther Wilkins did not notice. He was trying to remember whether it was a yeast cake or a pound of cheese he was to get at the store.

He went out of the post-office still pondering, and ended by forgetting both articles, his attention being diverted by the sight of two boys playing marbles on the sidewalk. This was the first sign of spring Luther had seen, so it was no wonder his memory played him false.

After he had gone home and eaten his supper he thought of the mail in his overcoat pocket. He brought it to the table and sat down to examine it. There was the weekly county paper, a poultry journal, an agricultural monthly, and, last of all, a letter.

"Well, now," said Luther, picking it up, "I wonder who's been writing to me. I don't know when I've had a letter."

He looked at it eagerly, held it nearer to his eyes, then farther off. He removed his glasses, and then polished them in nervous haste. After replacing them on his nose he picked up the letter again and scanned it narrowly, then he looked over his glasses as if at some person, and then said:

"I swum!"

He sank into a reverie, out of which he roused himself with a start to study the envelope with renewed interest.

"Mrs. Luther Wilkins," he said. "Mrs. Luther Wilkins. And I an old bachelor who never so much as hardly thought of getting married! Mrs. Luther Wilkins! Why, where is she? And who is she?"

"Well, I guess I'll see what's in it." He inserted the point of his knife under the corner of the envelope flat; then he hesitated.

"What business have I opening her letters?" he asked himself. "I never did open other folks' letters, and I guess I won't begin now." He rose to his feet, and, carrying it to the mantelpiece, leaned it up against the clock.

He settled himself to his papers, but thoughts of Mrs. Luther Wilkins kept intruding on what he was reading about patent nest-boxes, and underdraining, and the news of the village.

Thereafter, during all his waking hours, Mrs. Luther Wilkins was often in his thoughts. He wondered what she was like, and he thought of the kind of a woman he would wish her to be, and enjoyed himself very much in imagining how it would seem to have her meet him at the door when he came in from the fields, and how nice it would be not to have to get his own meals.

At first he was a little cynical and told himself that the imagining was much more satisfactory than the reality would be, but after awhile he changed his mind, and would sigh heavily when he came into his lonesome house.

The letter by the clock, too, began to trouble him. He had a devouring curiosity to see what was in it; and besides it did not seem right to keep it so long before delivering it.

One evening in June Luther put on his best clothes and walked three miles to see an old schoolmate who had an unmarried cousin living with him. It seemed to him that Eliza Elliott fitted in exactly with his idea of Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

He came home quite early, very much disappointed. Eliza wouldn't do at all.

He worked doggedly for a month, trying hard not to think of the disquieting subject. It was no use, and toward the end of July it was observed that Luther was becoming very neighborly. He spent evenings at different neighbors' houses, he accepted invitations to tea, he went to church regularly and to all the Sunday-school picnics. And still he could not find a suitable owner for the letter.

"I must be terribly fussy," he sighed. "I've got acquainted with about all the women in town; they're nice women, every one of them, but somehow they don't suit me. I guess I'll have to give up beat."

It was one cold, raw day in early November that Luther sat at a window making clumsy attempts at mending a pair of very ragged socks. Happening to glance across the street he saw a woman out in Hammond's yard. She was very busy raking up the fallen autumn leaves.

"Letitia Hammond," Luther commented. "Bill Hammond's sister. We don't see much of her lately. She don't even go to church; there's so many of Bill's children to look after, and Bill's wife is so took up with her clubs and things. It's hard on Letitia, but she never finds a word of fault."

The sock he was mending fell to the floor, and the wooden egg inside it struck with such a loud bang that the cat started in his sleep. Luther did not notice. He was standing at the window staring out.

"'That is best which lieth nearest,'" he said, solemnly. "What a fool I have been."

He found his hat and left the house, almost running across the road. He took the iron rake away from Letitia gently. "That's too hard work for a little thing like you," he said.

Letitia's blue eyes were full of wonder, but she yielded the rake meekly.

"You'd better go into the house, too," said Luther. "It's cold out here."

No one had been thoughtful of her before for a long time, and Letitia couldn't understand it. When Luther returned the rake she asked him to let her do something for him.

He carried her his best pair of socks. She was horrified at their condition, and mended them in a very artistic manner.

Luther looked at them in wonder and reverence. "I'll never wear 'em," he said, when he was at home again. "I wouldn't have let her do it, only I knew it would make her feel better, and it gave me a chance to see her, too."

He found that it was an easy matter to invent excuses for seeing her, and finally, some time in the winter, he asked her, in fear and trembling, if she would be Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

At first she thought it would not be right to abandon her brother's children, but her scruples melted away before the warmth of his eloquence. Then she confessed that she was tired.

"It is so long that I have had to take care of other folks, and it will seem like heaven to have some one to take care of me."

So it happened that in a little less than a year the letter to Mrs. Luther Wilkins was given to its rightful owner. "Circumstances over which I had no control have prevented you from getting it before," Luther said.

"Why, it's nothing but an advertisement of some new preparation of cereals," she said, when she opened it.

Luther looked blank.

"I see how it is," she said, after a moment's thought. They sent to the grocers for lists of their customers, and then sent these circulars to their wives."

"Let's keep it," said Luther, softly. "If it hadn't been for that—"

"Yes, we'll keep it," said Letitia, blushing.—Susan Brown Robbins in Boston Globe.

A Lawyer on Great Fortunes.

From the Philadelphia North American.

President Logan, of the State Bar Association of New York, advocates the placing of a limitation upon inheritance. "A great deal," he says, "could be done for the amelioration of social conditions, the betterment of the masses of the people, and the enhancement of civilization with the money which would come into the treasury if the State were the heir of the surplus of every man's fortune above $10,000,000."

There are several objections to this scheme. One is that the learned and communistic Mr. Logan begins at the wrong end. If large fortunes are hurtful to the community, prevention is to be preferred to confiscation, both on the ground of morality and of practicability. Perhaps Mr. Logan regards Mr. Rockefeller's colossal pile with special disfavor. Would it not be better to deprive the Standard Oil company of the monopoly which it maintains, largely through criminal collusion with railroads that grant special privileges, than to take for the State all above $10,000,000 of Mr. Rockefeller's pile when he dies? Wherever a great fortune is the result of monopoly the cure for it is to strike at the root, not at the fruit.

Mr. Logan may be an able lawyer, but he surely is not a gentleman endowed with capacity for thinking. The law which he imagines would fill the treasury and abate great fortunes would merely induce the possessors of the fortunes to evade the confiscating tax by disposing of their wealth to their heirs, or otherwise, before death. The Astors and Vanderbilts would not be stopped by such a statute, any more than they are by the constitutional inhibition of primogeniture and entail, from constituting the eldest son the representative of the family and the custodian of the bulk of the family wealth from generation to generation.

So long as social conditions remain as they are we shall have gigantic fortunes. And since the people have the power at the ballot-box to alter these conditions at will, it is to be presumed that the people prefer them to continue rather than to try the plans of the socialists, the single-taxers, and other reformers who aim at making excessive accumulation by the few impossible. Mr. Logan's plan contemplates robbery, simply.

On the Wrong Tack.

In the town of Adams, Mass., during the recent recruiting for the volunteer regiments for the Philippines, Corporal Conway was sitting in charge of the local recruiting office. From time immemorial the recruiting officer had been notoriously "all things to all men," and Corporal Conway was quite willing to give to promising recruits as favorable an account of the service as he could conscientiously.

The recruits were for the most part volunteers from patriotism or for the love of adventure. Therefore, when a tall, stolid, sturdy-looking young farmer presented himself, the corporal was not surprised to hear him ask:

"Say, mister, are you sure there's going to be lots o' fightin' out there?"

"Lots of it—sure thing," answered the corporal; and he believed it.

"Goin' to have the 'leaden hail' that the newspapers talk about, an' marchin' up to the cannon's mouth, an' that 'ere kind o' thing?"

"Well, something a good deal like it, I fancy," said the corporal.

"Buckets o' blood flowin' on the tented field, I suppose?"

"I guess you'll be able to see all the bloodshed you want," answered the corporal, encouragingly.

"Wal," said the young farmer, "it's just this way. I'd kind o' like to go to war, but I live over here in Savoy—Savoy, you know. Savoy's a fine place. I ain't never seen any bloodshed there, 'ceptin' when you cut your finger, or somethin' like that. Savoy's a nice town, an' I guess, come to think about it, I'll stay right there! Savoy's good enough for me!" He went away, and the recruiting officer was aware that for once he had made a mistake in his estimate of human nature.—Youth's Companion.

A Bluff for a Constable.

Constable Shinkel was nicely bluffed by a South Chester politician, whom he proposed to evict from a house to make room for another tenant. Shinkel met the man at the door, and was about to enter, when the tenant told him that on account of a case of scarlet fever in the house he could not be allowed in.

Shinkel backed off, but later met the doctor supposed to have charge of the case and asked him about it. Then he learned that the tenant had put up a bold bluff. He returned to the house as mad as a hornet and carried out the eviction proceedings.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—D. A. Doggen, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by all druggists.

The English Grunting Habit.

An observant philosopher, who has lately been devoting considerable attention to the study of modern manners, has been much struck with the habit of grunting and pseudo-coughing which is growing among both sexes and threatens to become a public nuisance wherever two or three men or women are gathered together. When nobody has anything to say some one begins an affected cough, which is merely the indication of a mind with nothing in it, or makes a gutteral grunt, to prove that its author is still alive.

The correspondent continues: "If people do not exercise a little self-restraint and check this pernicious habit we shall soon be called a nation of snorters and grunters. On Sunday last I was at church, and immediately behind me sat a woman with her young children, and during the sermon, to which I was listening intently, my thoughts were distracted by the woman behind me constantly grunting—possibly the doctrine hit her too hard. Her children followed suit. When asked on the way home why they grunted, the elder of the youngsters replied, 'Mummy grunts, so do I.' Recently I was traveling in a first-class railway carriage with five other men. The one in the far corner back seat set up his peculiar grunt, the man opposite followed, then the man next to me in the centre, and then the man opposite him, and then the man opposite me, and they all seemed to take it up again in their turn, and to think, much more to read, was out of the question, and I felt inclined to jump out of the carriage, but as we were in a Southwestern, which is famous for the pace it travels, this was quite out of the question, and I had to endure the persecution until the first stoppage, when I left the occupants to grunt at each other to their hearts' content."—London Telegraph.

Red Nose Caused by Veils.

Few things, says the Philadelphia Medical Journal, are more annoying to a sensitive woman than persistent redness of the tip of the nose. This erythrorhina, as we may call it, is particularly frequent among women with a delicate complexion, and is not often seen among the peasantry. A Berlin physician, Dr. Rosenbach, believes that he has fathomed the cause of the condition, and is convinced that the veil is responsible. He found that the redness was most marked where the veil pressed most closely against the nose, and that when the wearing of the veil was abandoned the condition, in a majority of instances, disappeared. Although veils are very soft to the touch, the threads soon become rough with use, and are then capable of exerting a decided irritation upon the sensitive skin of the nose and cheek, against which the veil rubs. The evaporation from the nose is apt to moisten the veil, especially in winter, and then the veil acts almost like a moist compress. The shape of the nose is also slightly altered by the veil. The nose is depressed, flattened, and, in Dr. Rosenbach's opinion, tends to lose its graceful form. With time this alteration becomes permanent.

Knew the Voice.

A dear old lady who lived up on Marshall street died suddenly, the other day. Her death was completely unexpected—in fact, the evening before she died she had been persuaded to speak into the receiver of a phonograph owned by her son-in-law. It turned out to be a remarkably good record, for the old lady had a peculiarly shrill voice, and as she sang her favorite hymn into the phonograph the reproduction was perfect.

"Now, there is a colored girl in the family who possesses all the superstitions of her race. A couple of days after the funeral she was dusting the furniture in the sitting room when she inadvertently turned the switch that started the phonograph. As luck would have it, the cylinder was the one containing the old lady's hymn, and it rang out with startling distinctness. The colored girl stood rooted to the spot, gasping for breath. It was fully a minute before she quite recovered her faculties, and then, with a yell of "Foh de good Lawd's sake! Miss 'Liza's come back!" she ran down stairs. No amount of explaining could convince her that there was nothing supernatural about it, so she took her clothes and went.—Philadelphia Record.

Hugging a Stove.

The young man had taken off his coat and hung his hat carefully on the hall rack. Coming into the parlor, he went to the fire and held his hands out to warm them. The girl waited for him to speak, but it was evident that he was a bashful young man, and knew not how to begin the conversation. Finally he said:

"It was very, very cold last night. I stayed at home and hugged the stove all the evening."

The girl turned her great, brown eyes toward him, and said, with just a tinge of art in her voice:

"I don't see any use in hugging a stove."

It didn't require a house to fall on the young man, even if he was bashful, and he promptly resolved not to hug any more stoves.—Baltimore News.

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of la grippe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale by all druggists.

It would be a sorry world if God had left us out of his plans, the way we leave him out of ours.

Woman's Century.

In 1800 women were not permitted in any country to control their property nor will it away at death; to all intents and purposes they did not own it, says the Pittsburg Post. The legal existence of the wife was so merged in that of her husband that she was said to be "dead in law." Not only did he control her property, collect and use her wages, select the food and clothing for herself and children, but to a very large extent he controlled her "freedom of thought, speech and action." If she disagreed with him, or in any way offended him, he possessed the legal right, upheld by public opinion, to punish her, the courts interfering only when the chastisement exceeded the popular idea of severity. All possessions passed into the hands of the husband at marriage. If a married woman worked for wages she could not legally collect them, as they belonged to her husband. She could not make a will, sue or be sued.

Few occupations beyond domestic service were open to women. No college in the world admitted women, and the belief was universal that she was not capable of the highest branches of learning. Public schools were in many places closed to women. Elementary branches of education—the three R's—were deemed all-sufficient for her. They were forbidden to speak or pray in the churches. The general trend of masculine thought was that it was unwomanly she should hold or advance opinions on serious questions, or seek independence through natural or acquired gifts.

Boy Railroad Magnate.

The election of a boy 12 years of age as vice president of a railroad at a salary of $5000 is the somewhat curious commercial development reported from Atlanta, Ga., says the New York Commercial. The youthful railroad "magnate" is Cornelius J. Simmons, Jr., whose father is president of the Collins Park and Belt Line Railroad, a trolley line. The boy was nominated for the place by his fond father, and his election followed by a unanimous vote. The inference is that the elder Simmons owns the railroad, and, being the whole thing, could elect an infant at the breast as vice president, secretary or treasurer, if he so desired. But inasmuch as almost any old kind of a railroad has certain responsibilities to the public, it would seem that this family business might very well stop somewhere near the cradle. We have the theory of "divine right" applied to beings, but that doesn't exactly mean trolly kings.

Polly Deserved a Cracker.

A Philadelphia daily relates the story of a parrot that protected her owner's home from burglars, who had entered through one of the front parlor windows. They crept through the hall room past the bird and began jimmying open the sideboard in the dining-room where the silver was kept. One of the other men gathered up the costly Turkish rugs on the floors, and another was taking down the curtains when Polly spoke up.

"Is that you, Frank?" she queried.

The burglars stopped as if they had been shot. Polly repeated the question in a louder and more imperative key. The noise of the parrot awakened her master, Mr. Fisher. He grasped a revolver, which he had bought only a few days before, and kept under his pillow, and made for the head of the stairs. He pressed the electric button on the wall and lit the lights in the hall room, when he saw three men struggling to open the front door. He promptly opened fire, but they succeeded in getting away. Mr. Fisher then went down stairs, where he found the parrot in her cage under the piano. The cage was upset, but the bird was uninjured. The owner placed her right side up on the piano, when she lifted her frightened head from under her wing and asked;

"Is that you, Frank?"

Pointed Paragraphs.

The art of making work pay is a work of art.

The self-made man always venerates his creator.

Perfect men belong to an order of things not yet in effect.

Oil and water will not mix. Neither will love and philosophy.

When the landlord raises the rent the tenant must raise it also or get out.

Lexicographers think favorably of changing the word politician to pullitician.

The unexpected happens occasionally, but not so often as the expected fails to happen.

The man who is the architect of his own character often puts up a job no other man will take off his hands.

Even the engagement ring is the outcome of a trust, and the wedding ring is the natural result of a combination.

Time may be money, but the average man would rather give you a lot of his time than lend you a little of his money.

"He Mistakes the Effect for the Cause."

That is what the person does who tries to cure rheumatism or any other disease by relieving the symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla attacks the cause of these diseases. It neutralizes the acid in the blood and thus permanently cures rheumatism. It tones and strengthens the stomach, restores its natural digesting fluids and permanently cures dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. Price 25 cents.

"Have you a fine law practice, Cribley?"

"I should say so. If it were much finer there wouldn't be anything left of it."

"Boston is noted for her crooked streets," said the Chicago man.

"Great Scott!" retorted his Hub cousin, who had been held up three times, "there are more crooked streets in Chicago than Boston ever dreamed of."

The Old Man Had Changed.

A Lancaster county man once came to a Philadelphia portrait painter with a request that he paint a picture of his father.

"Very well," said the artist; "have the old gentleman come in the next time he comes to town, and I will give him a sittiug."

The man replied: "He can't do dot; he is dait."

"Oh, well, then, you have a photograph of him?"

"No; I don't got no fottograf of him elder."

"Well, how do you expect me to paint the portrait of your father when I cannot see him and have nothing to give me an idea of his appearance?"

"Vell," he replied, "I dinked maybe of I dell you about him you can baint him from dot."

"All right," said the artist, "describe him."

"Vell, my fadder was not so dall und not so short; he vas not fat and not so din." And so the honest fellow proceeded to describe his father as he recalled him.

The artist undertook to paint the picture, and in due course it was completed and the Lancaster county man comes in to view the results of the artist's efforts.

As the canvas is disclosed he gazes long and reverently upon the picture of his departed parent. Then he feelingly remarks:

"Yah, dot is mine fadder! Mine fadder vat I loafed so much! But ach himmel fadder, how you haf changed!"—Philadelphia Times.

A Candid Child.

I went to see a woman the day before yesterday who has a small daughter. My soul loves that child. She was in the room when I came in, and her mother endeavored by coax and bribe and covert threat to induce her to speak to me. The child paid not the slightest attention, but went on happily looking at the pictures in her picture book. The mother gave up in despair.

"I'm so sorry she won't speak to people," she said with a sigh, "but, you know, she's so shy."

The child looked up with a candid sweetness that went straight to my heart.

"I ain't shy," said she, cheerfully, "I'm rude."—Washington Post.

A Farmer's Discovery.

Ever since last September Eugene Doolittle, a farmer living at Rockwell's Mills, in this county, has been driving about in a wagon with $2,000 under the seat cushions, says a correspondent at Norwich, N. Y.

The wagon is a two-seated one, and Mr. Doolittle was giving it a thorough cleaning, preparatory to taking his family for a drive. As he took up the cushions on the back seat he saw a long wallet under them. It contained a ten-dollar gold piece and $2,000 in securities.

The name of the owner was on a card in the pocketbook, and the honest farmer returned the property immediately. It had probably been stolen by a pickpocket at the county fair in Norwich in September, and hidden under the cushions.

Golf Dialect.

In the woman's golf championship games in Philadelphia this week we are told that "Mrs. Fox scaffed her brassey second, the ball rolling down the hill to a bad lie." And then we are informed that her opponent "approached dead on the like, but miserable putting by Miss Hoyt resulted in a halved hole 7 to 7. They drove well from the fifteenth tee and were on the edge of the green on their thirds. Miss Hoyt was stymied on her putt and Mrs. Fox won the hole, making the latter dormie 3." And yet there are persons in this country who strenuously object to the dialect story, but who countenance the ever-growing popularity of golf!—Lewiston Journal.

His Capacity Was Limited.

An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a Memphis cafe for dinner. The waiter gave him the menu card and explained to the old gentleman that it was the list of dishes the cafe served for dinner that day. Accordingly he began at the top of the bill of fare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was too overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. He called the waiter and confidentially marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said:

"Look here; I've et from thar to thar. Can I skip from thar to thar and eat on to the bottom?"—Memphis Scimetar.

It has been demonstrated repeatly in every state in the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V. Fisher of Liberty, W. Va., only repeats what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Constitutional.

"Nice lot of citizens we are getting in these new islands," howled the anti-expansionist.

"What's the matter now?" asked the optimist.

"Here I see the Sultan of Sulu has been on a drunk and flogged three of his wives almost to death."

"That just shows he is taking kindly to American institutions."

"Why, how do you make that out?" asked the anti-expansionist.

"Don't you know that it is one of the fundamental principles of this country that a king full always beats three queens."—Indianapolis Journal.

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A hole in the granary, through which the grain would be lost, would not be allowed to exist very long after its discovery. A hole in the stable, through which the cold air enters and chills the animals, causes a loss of grain just as surely as the hole in the granary, as more food will be required to assist the animals in maintaining warmth. It is the things that are unobserved which sometimes cause loss. When the flow of milk is reduced, or the animals do not make gain proportionately to the food allowed, there is always a cause and it should be sought.

It is claimed that mutton at five cents per pound will pay better than wool at 35 cents. Such claim depends upon conditions. A good Merino will pay more in wool than can be derived from common sheep, while a breed of mutton sheep will give a greater profit than can be derived from sheep that are not bred with an object to be attained. Farmers who keep sheep also make a profit in the manure and in the utilization of the waste materials consumed, but sheep require feeding as well as other stock, and should not be expected to seek their food entirely at any season of the year.

Some of the best farms in Pennsylvania have been brought to the highest degree of fertility by the use of clover, lime and manure. The farmers who have accomplished such results have aimed to save every pound of manure, and also to preserve it in the best manner. Lime is used extensively by those who know that lime is an essential ingredient of plants, and clover enriches the soil by promoting the supply of nitrogen.

When draining with tile it is a mistake to place the tiles too near the surface. When they are but eighteen inches or two feet under ground the roots of grass and other crops will soon obstruct them. They should be placed five or six feet under ground, which not only reduces the water level, but permits of greater room for the feeding of plants. Drain tile should be put down in a manner so as to have no difficulty after the work is done, as the cost of repairing or rearranging the tiles is great. It pays to use tiles on all wet land, as the draining of a field reduces the water level and allows of the growing of crops that will not thrive on the field unless it is drained.

The fruit grower who expects to have fair crops of fruit must begin with the use of insecticides early. He must not delay too late into the spring, as the first spraying is sometimes the most important of all. Paris green will not destroy the enemies that live on sap nor will kerosene injure those that feed upon the leaves. In using remedies, therefore, it must be done with an object in view and with a knowledge of the habits of the parasite or insect to be destroyed.

It takes time for manure to show full effect in the soil, and but little benefit may be noticed the first year, but gradually the materials will decompose and return to the soil the original elements derived therefrom. Some farmers are occasionally disappointed with the use of manure, but the benefits from manure the first year depend largely upon its condition when applied to the soil.

Every farmer knows that when a mild spell of weather occurs in winter the hens begin to lay, and then cease when the temperature is low. This fact demonstrates that warmth has much influence on laying, and that warm quarters are essential to egg production. When the hens can go on the fields in the spring and forage they secure a large amount of insect food. During the winter a substitute for such foods may be allowed in the form of cut bone, ground meat, fresh meat, and a change of grains. Corn and wheat make excellent foods during cold weather, but a variety of foods must be given in order to have the hens produce eggs.

Sod land that was plowed last fall will cause considerable trouble this spring if it is not properly turned over—that is, if the sod was not completely inverted. It should be plowed again in the spring and then worked well with a disc harrow. The disc harrow should be used again just before the corn is planted. Unless the grass has been destroyed there will be sufficient growth on some fields to injure the young corn. The mode of reducing sod land is to plow the land in July and seed it to Hungarian grass, which will kill out the natural grass. The field can then be plowed in October, or sooner, if preferred.

Thought He Was at Home.

"I want a marriage license," he said to the clerk, boldly.

His name and her name and both their ages were asked. He gave them to the clerk in a loud, winter-weather voice and looked around the room to see how much attention he had attracted.

"How much?" he asked.

The price of the bit of paper was given to him.

He took it in his hand. He looked it over. Then he asked, "Where's the coupon?"

"What coupon?" queried the clerk, wonderingly.

"The divorce coupon, answered the man.

The clerk gasped. "The idea!" he exclaimed. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Say, Mister, where are you from?"

"Dakota!"

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation. Cream Balm is quickly absorbed by the membrane and does not dry up the secretions but changes them to a natural and healthy character. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Can't be perfect health without pure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood. Tones and invigorates the whole system.

UP HEAD ON A BLUNDER.

Erroneous Answer Wins Commendation From a Latin Teacher.

"The class in Latin will now recite," said the Latin teacher at one of the city high schools the other day.

The members of the class in Latin, consisting of 20 or more bright looking girls, with three or four boys, came forward and took their places. All moved along smoothly until the declination of the noun "donum" was in order, and there was trouble. It was the ablative that caused the trouble. For the benefit of those not acquainted with the mysteries of Latin it may be mentioned right here that the ablative is "dono," and the pronunciation is the same as if one should say "don't know," slurring the two words, as is so frequently done, to "don' know."

"Miss Jones," said the teacher to the head of the class, "what is the ablative of 'donum?'"

Miss Jones gave her version and was told to sit down. The question in turn went down the entire length of the class, all failing, until it reached the last, a boy who had a reputation for baseball and football, but none for scholarship.

"Well, Percy, the ablative of 'donum?'" asked the teacher.

Percy scratched his head and despairingly looked at his grinning classmates.

"Don' know," he finally blurted out.

"Right," said the teacher; "go up head."

And then the class broke out into a laugh that cost each member ten marks, but none peached on Percy, and the teacher to this day cannot understand what there is so comical in the ablative of "donum."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

LIGHTS FOR BIRDS' NESTS.

Some Curious Habits Practiced in the World of Songdom.

Many birds suspend their nests from the branches of trees, one of the most curious nests of that kind being that of the baya bird of India. It is hung from the branch, with its opening at the bottom, and hangs like an inverted bottle, secure from the approach of tree snakes and other reptiles. The most curious thing about the baya bird is that it is said to light up its nest by sticking fireflies on its sides with clay or soft mud. There seems to be little doubt of the fact.

Dr. Buchanan says: "At night each of the habitations is lighted up by a firefly stuck in the top with a piece of clay. The nest consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four fireflies, and their blaze in the little cells dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often destroy the young of these birds."

Perhaps other animals are scared off by the baya bird's electric light, since a writer in Nature records this curious observation: "I have been informed on safe authority that the Indian bottle bird protects his nest at night by sticking several of these glow beetles around the entrance by means of clay, and only a few days back an intimate friend of my own was watching three rats on a roof rafter of his bungalow. When a glow fly lodged very close to them, the rats immediately scampered off."—Our Dumb Animals.

Broken Commandments.

The brilliant young preacher, when he makes his parochial calls, endeavors to cultivate an acquaintance with the development of the younger minds, thus after a fashion keeping tab