THE MODEL HUSBAND.

Most wives will end their story with:
"Ah well, men are but human."
I long to tell the secret of
A truly happy woman.

Through all the sunshine-lighted years,
Lived now in retrospection,
My husband's word brought never tears,
Nor caused a sad reflection.

Whate'er the burdens of the day,
Unflinching, calm, and steady,
To bear his part—the larger half—
I always find him ready.

House-cleaning season brings no frown
No sarcasm, pointed keenly;
Through carpets up, and tacks head down
He makes his way serenely.

Our evenings pass in converse sweet
Or quiet contemplation,
We never disagree except
To "keep up conversation."

And dewy morn of radiant June,
Fair moonlight of September,
April with bird and brook astune,
Stern, pitiless December—

Each seems to my adoring eyes
Some new grace to discover,
For he unchanging through the years
Is still my tender lover.

So life no shadows hold, though we
Have reached the side that's shady;
My husband? Oh! a dream is he,
And I'm a maiden lady.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

LORD ANGUS.

The dog show had been a great success. Everybody who came into the great hall said so, and the President of the American Kennel Association watched the great crowd of the last day with tired satisfaction.

All around the hall were ranged the regulation benches divided into compartments, and in these compartments, resting upon fresh straw, were dogs and dogs. They all looked so clean and healthy and happy that the spectators could hardly keep from patting each one.

But the most attention was given to a dozen or so great rough-coated St. Bernards who lay on their straw with well-bred indifference and scarcely noticed the admiration they aroused. The largest crowd of admirers were gathered around a compartment which was marked with a large square board at the back, Ch. Lord Angus, A. K. C. S. B., 14715. On one corner of the board was tacked a narrow blue ribbon.

In this compartment itself was seated a great, dignified St. Bernard, whose eyes sometimes wandered over the group of spectators, but for the most part fixed themselves on the figure of a small boy who sat beside him on the straw, his legs dangling over the bench and one hand resting on the dog's broad back.

The boy stared at the by-standers with complete self-possession. He was a dirty poorly clothed little boy, but he seemed to have the utmost regard of all his surroundings, except the dog. The latter seemed restless, and every now and then tugged a little at his chain; but at a word from the boy he would stop, turn his head quickly and cover the boy's face with his caresses. The latter did not object to the unusually unwelcome moisture.

"I know, Lord Angus," said the boy finally, "it's more'n time now to take our exercise. Probably Peter may be comin' now, though. An' when ye see Peter now, Lord Angus, ye don't want to jerk at your chain the way ye did yesterday morning. 'Cause then Peter'll say to me, 'No, my boy, you ain't big enough to lead Lord Angus this morning. He'll get away from you.' Then we can't go out together. D'ye see?"

Lord Angus at this evidently appreciated better the value of self-control, for when Peter came at last in his shirt sleeves, he was "gentle as any young lamb. An' I guess you could give him his walk, Johnny."

"Yes sir," said Johnny, and added with flattering deference, "jes' the same as you told me yesterday, sir?" Peter nodded his head and the dog and the boy started off, Lord Angus wagging his handsome tail with suppressed impatience.

Johnny had a leading chain, but for that matter he and Lord Angus shared in the directing of their walk; when Lord Angus wished to gratify his curiosity about any dog or thing he would give a premonitory tug at his chain and then go, and Johnny never hindered him—except involuntarily when he found himself almost off his feet, trailing behind, for he never let go the chain. But for these mishaps Lord Angus always apologized as soon as he found what had happened through his ill-judged haste, and for some time he would be very considerate. When Johnny on his part, wished to go somewhere in particular, he would put his arm round Lord Angus's white neck and turn him.

It was not such a pleasing walk as usual for Johnny that afternoon. Peter had told him that Lord Angus's owner was coming out that afternoon and he didn't know just what would become of Lord Angus. At any rate Johnny thought, he wouldn't see Lord Angus any more. And though he was just as careful as ever of Lord Angus's wishes, the latter shared his depression. After the half-hour's exercise was over, however, Johnny had overcome his melancholy and the two returned to Lord Angus's place in good spirits.

There was the usual crowd about Lord Angus's compartment, and Johnny pushed scornfully through. Lord Angus jumped quietly into his place, and Johnny snapped a heavy chain at his collar. Then the boy sat down beside him in the straw, once more dangled his small legs and stared quietly one or two of the weaker-minded spectators out of countenance. But the thought would come, what was to become of Lord Angus when his owner came. He wished the staring people would leave Lord Angus and him alone.

But here one of them, a woman, took the opportunity of asking the very little boy a seemingly harmless question.

The little boy looked up at her fiercely. "Is Lord Angus a pure-blooded St. Bernard?" he asked with withering reiteration. "Is he? A-ah! do you think they'd have given the first prize here to any kiser? Na-a. Do you see them perfect markings?" he added, kicking the bench with his heels and awing the abashed woman with one outstretched arm and rigid, dirty forefinger. Fine markings, all pure white, on his forehead (jes' lift up your head, Lord Angus,) and a white collar round his neck, and on his breast and on every one of his feet and here on the end of his tail. Then all the rest of him is orange. Them's signs of his breedin', and the shape of his head and the hangin' of his ears, and he weighs more'n two fifty. Say, Peter," he called, sharply, "this here lady wants to know is Lord Angus pure blooded?"

But the woman had gone.

"Say, Peter," said the boy deferentially, when there was a cessation in the crowd of spectators as the closing hour drew near, "who is it owns Lord Angus? He must be mighty rich and likes dogs."

Peter looked doubtfully at the boy for a moment; but the man was naturally very talkative. "Well," he said, "I guess he's got plenty of money that was left to him, and then again I guess he won't have much soon. They tell that he's spent more'n half his money since he left college a couple of years ago. But what I say is that he ain't jest a fit owner fer Lord Angus here. Why he never came out to the Kennels when Lord Angus was sick, from the underkeepers letting him eat two dozen raw eggs by mistake. Sent a veterinary. Naw, he ain't no owner for a dog like Lord Angus."

The boy listened eagerly.

"I don't suppose he'd miss Lord Angus much if he was dead or gone, ye know?"

"Naw, indeed," answered Peter, unsuspectingly, "I don't reckon he'd care t'at. He'd ought to be comin' pretty soon. He's a kind of generous young man," he continued reminiscently, "and he's allus done more by me than he's said he would. He's that reckless though. I been told there ain't nothing he won't do if he wants to. He don't care for himself or anybody then. Well, well, here I been talkin' too much already. I got to get ready the rest of them dogs and send 'em to the depot, now the show's over. I guess I better leave Lord Angus till the last."

As soon as Peter had walked to the other side of the hall the boy slipped to the floor and looked quickly around. All was now in confusion. Keepers were hurrying here and there with their charges, the small dogs were being boxed and the larger ones were being led to the car stations by twos and threes. The barking of the dogs, eager to get away from the hall, filled the air. No one had time to pay any attention to the small boy and great dog. And Lord Angus was standing up motionless, watching the face of the boy.

"Oh, Lord Angus," said Johnny all at once, "I jest can't let ye go away. I don't care about nothin' else but I can't let you go." He buried his face in the soft hair of the dog's neck, while Lord Angus gently wagged his tail. In a moment Johnny raised his head. "Lord Agnus," he said, earnestly, "would ye be willin' to come and live with me? I can work sellin' papers again and I can easy buy all ye want. Say, Lord Agnus, will ye do that?" He paused a moment. The dog raised his head and licked away the tears that were in the boy's eyes; then tugged at his chain.

In a moment two figures were stealing softly through the half-lighted hall toward the side entrance.

At the same time a young man, whose name was the same as that engraved on the silver plate of Lord Angus' collar, entered with another man at this door. In the dusky light the face of Lord Angus's owner appeared young, even boyish; but when he passed with his companion under an electric light further on, there could be seen upon his countenance the lines which sometimes come with reckless self-indulgence. Yet there was a defiant look in his eyes which showed, one might say, self-dissatisfaction, and likewise, perhaps, obstinacy. They were wandering, restless eyes just now.

"Here, boy, what are you doing with the dog?" he called, sharply. He had seen a great St. Bernard with a boy beside it whose head just came up over the dog's back. The boy shrunk back and the hair on the great dog's neck began to rise.

"Come, I didn't mean to frighten you, youngster," said the young man, less sharply, "but what dog is this? Easy, old fellow, I only want to look at your collar. Humph—it's my own dog. This is Lord Angus, Johnson. Now may I ask, my young thief, what you were going to do with my dog?"

The boy quickly turned and called shrilly, "Come, Lord"—when he felt a hand on his shoulder and one round his neck. It was Peter, with his red face glowing with indignation.

"Well, now, my boy, perhaps you'll answer my question," continued his interrogator mercilessly.

"The young scoundrel, sir! I only saw him when the show commenced, and——"

"That's plenty from you, Peter," interposed the owner. "I want the boy to answer my question."

"Leggo my throat there, will ye! Leggo, I say," said the young captive fiercely. "There—lucky fer you ye did," he said, for at a sign from his master Peter had released him and stood one side, holding Lord Angus by the collar. "Well," said the boy, with an attempt at indifference, "ye wanted to know what I was doin' with Lord Angus, ye did? Well, I jes guess I was tryin' to steal him. D'ye see?"

"Impudent little rascal," replied Johnson.

"Sandy little cuss, though," replied the owner in a low tone.

"Now, boy," he continued severely, "what is your name and occupation?" His eyes and face showed some amusement and he seemed quite interested. Johnson looked disgusted.

"Johnny Simons. I sell newspapers."

"Why did you try to steal the dog?"

"Cause I like him and Lord Angus likes me."

"And do you suppose he likes you better than any one else, youngster?"

"Well, I guess," said Johnny, some pride showing itself in his tones. "He'd do anything—well, jes' see Peter there. Come, Lord Angus, come, come on." Poor Peter held fast to the collar until there was a sudden growl and a row of white teeth flashed before his eyes. Then he let go and Lord Angus walked with unabated dignity over to Johnny's side.

"So-o," said the owner looking quietly at Johnny's red face and bright eyes as he stood still after giving Lord Angus's shoulders a little pat. "The dog seems fonder of the boy than ever dog or human was fond of me," he said, half aloud.

"Johnny Simons," he said suddenly, turning to the boy, and apparently forgetting that there was any one else to hear them, "should you say that any one,—a person, Johnny, not a dog,—could ever have become truly fond of me, like Lord Angus is of you?" The owner smiled a little after he spoke, but the interest faded from his face in a moment, and he seemed to Johnny to become very sad indeed. "All fer nothin'. Look at them close!" thought Johnny, somewhat contemptuously.

"I dunno," he said finally, after looking at the young man's face with some interest. "Say, what are ye goin' to do with Lord Angus and me? Ye know ye can't put me in jail. I'm too young."

The owner laughed shortly. He took out a pocket-book and wrote on a small slip of paper. This he gave to the dog. "There, boy, go on now with your dog; enjoy him until you get tired or he displeases you, then throw him over, sell him—anyway, go off now, I'm tired of talking."

Johnny clutched the piece of paper and would have gone, but the man who had come with the owner stopped him.

"Good heavens, man," he was saying, "you can't mean to give this dog that I was to buy to this ragamuffin?"

The young owner had a tired look on his pale, boyish face as he replied, with coolness and decision, however: "I'm sorry, Johnson, but the dog belongs to the boy now. Don't look amazed. It's rather interesting to let the boy keep his dog. And I find it hard sometimes to find something interesting. Good-by, Johnny."

"Say, sir, don't you want your dog collar?" cried Johnny, eagerly.

The owner turned back. "I think I will take my name off the dog," he said. "All the better for an honest dog like Lord Agnus not to carry that name around, Johnny," he added, slipping his knife blade under the plate and prying it off the collar.

Johnny watched him hold the bright silver strip in his hand.

"That's a good name, Johnson, for a man to be born with, or rather it was," he said in a low, half-interested tone. "Johnson, when I was left, the only son to carry the family name, this is the way it looked to every one." The electric light above caused the polished metal in his out-stretched hand to glisten and sparkle. Something in his quiet tones made Johnny watch his face curiously. It grew a little harder. "This, Johnson, is what I have done with it," he said slowly. The name-plate fell from his fingers to the unswept floor. Then the heel of his boot pressed it down, crushing and marring the thin metal.

"Never mind, Johnson," Johnny heard an instant later. "Let's go. We'll soon forget this and about the dog, you know. You must go with me this evening. Let's not waste time."

When they were gone Johnny knelt and picked a crushed piece of silver off the dirty floor. He did not notice the silver dollar that Johnson had tossed toward him. But he wiped and rubbed the bruised metal on his sleeve and then put it carefully in his breast pocket.

"Come, Lord Agnus," he said, standing up. "Less go home." — Robert T. French, in the Harvard Advocate.

WEEDS.

An Exemplification of the Law of the Survival of the Fittest.

A question often debated is what constitutes a weed, says the Chautauquan. There is in nature no such thing as a weed. The distinction is purely human and artificial. We may call any plant a weed which obtrudes itself where it is not wanted. Wheat plants in the flower garden and flowering plants in the wheat field are equally weeds. The plants most commonly called weeds are those which, with inveterate persistency, force their presence into our fields and gardens, crowding out the useful plants whose seeds we have sown. The reason why the weeds of cultivated grounds are so obtrusive is because, by the continued "survival of the fittest" in the war waged against them by the husbandman and by other species, these plants have developed at length wonderful powers of seed production, or contrivances for disseminating and protecting their seeds. On the other hand, our cultivated plants, having been petted and protected from free competition for ages, have at length, in a great measure, lost their natural stamina, and when the weather or some other accident restrains human aid and gives the weeds an opportunity, our cultivated plants make a sorry fight. One of our most notorious weeds is chess or cheat grass, which in wet seasons sometimes takes entire possession of wheat and oat fields. Farmers often say that under stress of the weather their wheat has turned to chess. The real fact is that wheat belongs to a particular and well-defined genus called by botanists Triticum. Chess belongs to a different but well-known genus called Bromus. Wheat, having for over 4,000 years been artificially cultivated and protected, has become physically degenerate. Chess, having been allowed to shift for itself or been ruthlessly hunted, has by the continued survival of the strongest individuals increased its native stamina. Wheat is favored by rather dry weather, chess by wet weather; hence, when wheat is sown upon ground already infested by self-sown chess seed, and the season proves very moist, the chess gets the upper hand and smothers the wheat. But there has been no transmutation of genus. The chess came from chess seeds, not from wheat seeds. It is just as impossible for the whether to cause wheat to turn to chess as it is to cause a sheep to turn to a goat or a horse to a cow.

Our Little Queernesses.

You have them and I have them. It may be it is only a way of speaking, a way of looking, or some little mannerisms that offend.

Of course, we don't realize the effect produced by what we call "our way," but that doesn't excuse it. Think out how you look when you tell something disagreeable and which is unnecessary and uncalled for. Think out if you don't try the patience of even your most intimate friends with a continued history of "your ways" and weaknesses, and whether, after awhile, it does not really take the form of nagging. Ah, even from those we love dearly, nagging is something very difficult to bear.

A great sin is sooner forgotten than these little annoyances; and, that it is one of "your ways" does not excuse it. It may not be "your way" to speak the kind word or the tender word, or to do the considerate act. But do you think you are excused because of the reason you give? Don't you think your ways and little queernesses are just as wrong as the greater sins of the people who have greater temptations?

Yours seems as nothing to you, but when everything is put down in black and white, and is to be decided by the great Judge, the advantages that have been yours and those that have been your neighbor's will be thought of, and you will be judged, not according to what you might have done, not according to the sins you did not commit, but according to the ones that you have committed and the virtues which you have omitted.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Loving kindness is greater than laws, and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is coextensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of day.

On with your mission, and never a summing of results in hand, nor thirst for prospects, nor counting upon harvests; for seed sown in faith day by day is the nightly harvest of the soul, and with the soul we work, with the soul we see.

SMILES OF CONTENTMENT

ISSUED FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Jokes that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

Separated.

Kingley—Ah, glad to see you back from the seashore. How is your wife?

Bingo—I don't know, I guess she's all right. Haven't seen her for several days.

Kingley—Why, didn't she come back with you?

Bingo—Yes; but she stopped on her way up-town to do a little shopping.—Cloak Review.

When Marriage Is a Success.

The Widow—Do you think marriage is always a failure?

Bullfinch—Always a failure! Well, I should say not. Why, I know a case where the wife fairly idolizes her husband and he—why he can't keep away from her a minute.

The Widow—Bless me! How long have they been married?

Bullfinch—Nearly a week.—Bulletin.

A Cool Place.

Mr. Citimann—I presume it is hot in the country as well as in the city this weather.

Mr. Suburb—Nonsense! It's cool, delightfully cool where I live. Why, I've got a stove in my sleeping-room.

"Good gracious! Much of a fire in it?"

"N—o; no fire in it."—New York Weekly.

About the Fruit Season.

Teacher—How long did Adam and Eve remain in the garden of Eden?

Boy—I don't know.

Teacher—They remained in the garden of Eden until—until——

Boy (gleefully)—Oh, yes, until the apples were ripe.—Texas Siftings.

Doubtful.

Farmer Tupp (rousing after prolonged nap)—Well, if I've been drunk I've lost a horse; but if I've been sober I've found a cart!—Judge.

She Was a Mind-Reader, Maybe.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Hashly," said the boarder cautiously, but——"

"Ah! what is it, Mr. Spindler?" interrupted the landlady with an encouraging smile.

"Er—ah—um—that's just what I wanted to ask," replied Mr. Spindler, gazing at the stew with an inquiring look in his eyes.—Detroit Tribune.

A Queer Dick.

Mrs. Slimdiet—I don't know how I'm ever to get along with that new boarder. It just worries me sick trying to find something he will like.

Friend—Queer taste, has he?

Mrs. Slimdiet—I should say so. He doesn't like ham or liver or tripe or anything.

Patience Needed.

New Arrival—If you'll show me where it is I'll take a spin on that lake that you advertised.

Landlord (of country hotel)—Can't you wait for a day or two?

New Arrival—What for?

Landlord—Until we have a shower.—Judge.

The Wrong Place.

The Newly Engaged Man—I don't think it's very nice for you to wait until you get into the street-car before putting on your gloves.

The Newly Engaged Girl—You should try me in a carriage.—New York Herald.

Cheap.

Haycut—I see a sign outside, good hose 10 cents, and I'd like to take one if you have it long enough.—Truth.

A Genuine Article.

Dicker—What do you think of that tight-money article in the Wall Street Flurry?

Ticker—I guess there is something in it. I met the editor this morning.

Dicker—What did he say?

Ticker—Nothing; just borrowed a dollar.—Exchange.

True Generosity.

Priscilla—I really think I should like to marry Will Winthrop.

Prunella—Would you? Well, I expect that he will propose to me this evening, and to oblige you I'll refuse him.—Exchange.

For washing *flannels*, Dobbins' Electric Soap is *marvelous*. Blankets and woolens washed with it look like new, and there is absolutely no *shrinking*. No other soap in the world will do such *perfect* work. Give it a trial now.

MACHINES for making tacks were first made by Thomas Blanchard, 1806.

44 808

"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

Children of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Soller
Altoona, Pa.

Both Had Eczema

In Its Worst Form.

After Physicians Failed, Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured.

Great mental agony is endured by parents who see their children suffering from diseases caused by impure blood, and for which there seems no cure. This is turned to joy when Hood's Sarsaparilla is resorted to, for it expels the foul humors from the blood, and restores the diseased skin to fresh, healthy brightness. Read the following from grateful parents:

To C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most valuable medicine on the market for blood and skin diseases. Our two children suffered terribly with the

Worst Form of Eczema

for two years. We had three physicians in that time, but neither of them succeeded in curing them or even in giving them a little relief. At last we tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a month both children were **perfectly cured.** We recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a standard family medicine, and would not be without it." MR. and MRS. M. M. SOLLER, 1412 2nd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

AN HONEST HORSE TRADE.

"I'll have you arrested for making false representations, I bought that horse of you only because you told me he had a record."

"Very true, but the record is a bad one. You didn't ask me what kind of a record he had."

A SNUG FIT.

Rose—How strange, Edith, my engagement ring just fits you.

Edith—Dear old Herbert had it made for me not a month ago.

A Correspondent Answered.

I. N.—The factory town of Griffith lies nine miles southeast of Chicago and has four railroads, one a complete belt line, and two fuel-oil pipe-lines. A full description of this growing town can probably be had by addressing its founders, Jay A. Dwiggins & Co., of Chicago.

Electric welding has now become almost universal in large establishments. The use of the flux is unnecessary.

To Young Wives.

A disappointed bachelor has said that some time after marriage a man's wife ceases to be supremely attractive to him. Never was a greater libel. Beauty preserved and grace retained can never lose their charm or yield their empire. The preservation of our bodies in their original healthy perfection and comeliness is a sacred duty. Every young mother who will faithfully carry out the directions given with each bottle of "Mother's Friend" will never lose figure or complexion. The dainty bud will mature into the blooming rose, and old age will find her blessing the day she first used "Mother's Friend." Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by all druggists.

Electricity is used for making forgings, augers, railroad spikes, ball bearings, and other articles hitherto made by hand.

Three Things to Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most MERIT, has won unequalled SUCCESS, accomplishes greatest CURES. Is it not the medicine for you?

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Iron expands with heat, and the Eiffel Tower is said to be eight inches higher in hot than in cold weather.

DON'T fool with indigestion nor with a disordered liver, but take Beecham's Pills for immediate relief. 25 cents a box.

A Vienna omnibus company employs incandescent electric lamps upon its vehicles.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by all druggists, 75 cents.

A grocery at Three Rivers, Mich., is kept by a firm named "Jake and Jack." Another store in the same city is kept by "Jack and Jill."

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline's 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There is a village on the Northern Pacific Railroad which has fifty-four inhabitants and two churches, both Presbyterian.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

On the icy peaks of the Himalayas, in India, there is a "snow maggot," weighing nearly a pound, and excellent to eat.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

An Oregon murderer, while marching to the gallows, was showered with bouquets thrown by women.

A HEAVY SENTENCE.

So many walls need pretty coverings that

The Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 N. 11th St., Phil'a., have sentenced to be hung this fall, some 50,000 pieces of Wall Paper. Send four two cent stamps for samples of embossed papers for 10 and 12 cents.

Insect Foes.

Leopard moths, which are comparatively new insects in our country, appearing first in Brooklyn some five years ago, threaten to become as destructive as the Gypsy moth, and it is feared that they will be more difficult to eradicate, as they are not leaf eaters, and not easily reached with insecticides. The moth is easily recognized, being white with black dots, and the larva is also marked in the same way. She deposits her eggs usually in or near the crotch of a tree, and the eggs hatch in June, and the young then begin boring into it, usually at the crotch, going either upward or downward, but always at the heart of the tree, so weakening it that the limbs are broken off by a slight wind, or even by their own weight. Thus far the work of the leopard moth has been chiefly upon the maples, but the elms, lindens, white oaks, mountain ash, hawthorns, mulberry, tulip and at least one variety of hickory have shown their presence, as also have apples, pears and currants.

The Belgian government will create a butter station similar to those existing in Switzerland and Denmark, also a seed station after the model of the one in Paris.

S. S. S.

CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain.

INHERITED SCROFULA

MRS. T. L. MATHERS, Matherville, Miss.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

We pay the printer to give you good advice about health and to lead you to careful living.

Our reason is that Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is so often a part of careful living.

If you would go to your doctor whenever you need his advice, we might save our money. He knows what you need.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

37

CURES RISING ∴ BREAST ∴

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest blessing ever offered child-bearing woman. I have been a mid-wife for many years, and in each case where **"Mother's Friend"** had been used it has accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of **the breast** known, and worth the price for that alone. MRS. M. M. BROSTER, Montgomery, Ala.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Sold by all druggists. ATLANTA, GA.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Sick Headache, Improves Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 189 W. 10th St., N.Y.

Cures Constipation

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PATENTS W. T. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C. 40-page book free.

WANTED—Ladies and Young Men to work AT HOME. Pleasant employment at good prices. No canvassing. Address, *WITH STAMP*, Standard Mfg. Co., L. Box 105, So. Framingham, Mass.

Pneumatic WHEELS for $40 Per Pair. Also **BICYCLE SULKY** Wheels Steel Tires. JOHN S. LENG'S SON & CO., New York.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure cure for ASTHMA. Price $2. Sent by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

HOW FAR A CHILD TRAVELS.

Interesting Experiments Made with Two Members of the Coming Generation.

The limit of a man's capacity for speed and endurance in travel under given conditions is a matter of record, says the Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette; but who has not witnessed the almost ceaseless activity of a child and been led to exclaim: "I wonder how far that child has traveled to-day?" A gentleman in Pittsburgh recently attempted to answer this query in an ingenious way. He had the floor of his nursery covered with white muslin. He then strapped to the ankle of an 18 months' child a "marker" consisting of an ink-pad that made a plain mark for every step taken. The child was allowed to roam about and amuse itself as usual, and at night the marks were counted. There were the almost incredible number of 6,483 marks, which, allowing six inches for each step, make the sum of the day's journeyings 3,242 feet, or almost three-fourths of a mile. The child was probably not above the average in point of activity and endurance, and its feat was only that of many another little one whose mother finds it dropping asleep in her arms at night before the night-gown can be coaxed over its head, while the older members of the family wonder "what makes baby so cross and tired to-night." The gentleman next experimented with his boy of 9 years, who was out of school and in a community affording space and attraction for rambling. He purchased a pedometer, an instrument for measuring distances walked, on the principle of the cyclometer, used for measuring the distance traveled in a buggy or on a bicycle. This he managed to get into the bottom of the boy's pocket, among the marbles, nails, twine, knives, and other bric-a-brac there collected. Its additional weight was not noticed for a few days, and in that time it did its work. The first day the instrument registered 9 miles, and the boy was at the table for every meal; the second days' record was 10 3-7 miles; the third, a rainy day, 7½; the fourth, 9 8-17. The family was astonished at the result, and thereafter when any one complained of a walk of a mile or so nobody pooh-poohed louder than Bob. One other noticeable result was that Bob got his monthly pair of shoes without the usual lecture on the sin of wearing them out so fast.

HUMOROUS.

That was a pretty hard story to swallow, said the cellar when the upper part of the house fell into it.

The local thermometers have had but little rest lately, as they have been rising early and staying up late.

You no longer "take the wind out of a man's sail." If you are au fait you take it out of his pneumatic tires.

The man who is always yielding to temptation seldom finds any difficulty in finding temptations to be yielded to.

"Always use small words, my son," said Mr. Wiseman. "Then if you have to swallow them you will be less likely to choke."

Jack—"Many a happy marriage has been spoiled by money."

Tom—"Yes it spoiled mine. She refused me because I didn't have enough."

"Just see how that stake yields to the pile driver."

"No wonder," replied the Western man. "The pile driver has the drop on it."

"Men is mighty skittish critters," observed old Mrs. Thirdwed. "Either they air so cross that there's no a-bearin' 'em around the house, or so goodnatured that you daesant trust 'em out o' your sight."

Rev. M. Prolix—How did you like my discourse last Sunday, Mr. Fogg?

Fogg—To tell you the truth, I was not altogether pleased with your premises but I was delighted beyond measure at your conclusion.

Mr. Que See—Sneaky sort of man? What do you mean, sir?

Witness—Well, sor, he's the sort of man that'll never look ye straight in the face until yer back's turned.

Chappie—I did not catch Mrs. Histrung's remark. I wonder if it was intended for me?

Bess—No, I know it was not, for she said, "A word to the wise is enough."

"I see Miss Sanders and Miss Smiley are together all the time. What dear friends they must be!"

"Not at all. You see, each of them has an unmarried brother."

There's one thing I don't understand," said little Harry; "what's why good-tasting things like pie make me sick, while bad-tasing things like medicine, make me well.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, last Saturday was my birthday and you forgot all about it!"

Mr. Chugwater—Why, Samantha, my dear, the time passes—h'm—so swiftly in your society that your birthdays—er—come round before I know it.

Bald Teacher—Now, little boys, after what I've told you, can any of you define "nothing?"

Little Yorick—Yes, s'r, I can.

Teacher—Well, how would you describe it?

Little Yorick—P'ease, sir; it's what you've got on the top of your head.

NOT GHOSTLY.

Tanks—Old Soak reminds me of a haunted house.

Banks—How so?

Tanks—Almost every night he is full of spirits.

A PREVENTIVE.

Tom—Why did you sit on the piano stool at Miss Charm's when there are plenty of comfortable chairs in the room.

Jack—You never heard her play, did you?

THE GAME OF DRESS.

At the Tennis Tournament:

She—Oh, I do hope Mr. Watkins will win!

He—Why, Watkins can't play a little bit.

She—I don't care; his suit is perfectly lovely.

It Makes a Difference

Whether you dose a patient with a quack nostrum or a legitimate, scientific preparation. One ruins the constitution, the other builds it up. Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Cramp Cure for all acute attacks to throat and lungs is a distinguished scientific preparation, and is a sure cure. Sold by druggists. 50c. Address A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

THEY ARE ALL ALIKE.

Smart Errand Boy—Is Mr. Soughtfor in?

Clerk—No, but I expect him in every minute.

Smart E. B.—That so? Well, he'll have to be awful numerous, won't he, to come in every minute?

NOT BY THE EAR.

Citizens—What do you think of hanging a man up by his thumbs?

Tailor—Some of my customers hang me up by the year.

GOOD CAUSE.

Acquaintance—You are not wearing your watch to-day. Is it broke?

Sledleigh—No, but I am.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES SCIATICA, Back Aches, all Aches, NEURALGIA. IT HAS NO EQUAL.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure

Rheumatism, Lumbago, pain in small of back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, obstruction or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver, Impaired digestion, gout, jaundice, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, SWAMP-ROOT is a specific for all these troubles, also for malaria, La Grippe, urinary troubles, diabetes, and all kidney and bladder diseases.

Impure Blood, Scrofula, eczema, pimples, boils, sores, swellings or tubercles. Guarantee—Contents of one bottle, if not beneficial, druggist will return you the money you paid for three bottles. At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" (consultation free) DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N.Y.

CONSTIPATION.

Constipation is one of the most common and painful diseases. It is the cause of much suffering with men and women who are forced by their profession to follow a sedentary mode of life and who, through inclination or necessity are accustomed to partake of an full food. Although not dangerous in itself, it does give rise to serious disturbances in the general health of the patient, particularly if it is neglected, and in consequence takes deep root in the system. In former times it was customary to cure it with all kinds of drastic purgatives, powders and pills containing some injurious mineral substance. But this was done, not alone because drastic purgatives, although they may afford momentary relief, exercise a deleterious effect on the whole system and particularly on the vital organs and weaken the body if used habitually. If this is sought to be avoided by partaking of particularly wholesome food, the digestive organs will not sufficiently exert to act properly, and then serious complications may arise which will therefore save the life of the patient. But the extraordinary powers of the old drastic purgatives have been secured with their evil aftereffects in the shape of St. Bernard Vegetable Pills. They are nothing but a vegetable compound without the addition of any injurious, inorganic or poisonous substances, being prepared only of the best medicinal herbs. They act as a mild laxative and contribute to promote the secretion of undigested matter without weakening the system. They are therefore the best blood purifiers known. Their merit is generally known. This fact has been really acknowledged by many prominent physicians of all countries as well as by thousands of grateful patients to whom they have proved a blessing under the most aggravated circumstances. The St. Bernard Vegetable Pills can be had of every first-class druggist. If some druggists haven't them—send 25c. to "St. Jacobs Oil," Box 3626, New York City, and you will receive same postpaid by return mail.

PILES

ANACESIN gives immediate relief and is an INFALLIBLE CURE. Prices 50 cts. and $1.00 at druggists, or by mail, Samples free. Address "ANACESIN" Box 3626 New York City.

R. R.