EARLY IN THE SPRING.

Light foot and tight foot
And green grass spread:
Early in the morning—
But hope is on ahead.

Stout foot and proud foot
And gray dust spread:
Early in the evening,
And hope lies dead.

Long life and short life—
The last word said—
Early in the evening,
There lies the bed.

Brief day and bright day
And sunset red,
Early in the evening
The stars are overhead.

—Robert Louis Stevenson, in Scribner's

# THE EASTERNER'S WIFE.

BY FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

SAGE BAR was excited. Six horses were missing from Bill Hine's drove. Fifteen minutes after Bill had reported his loss at the bar a party had found the trail and ridden off toward the southwest. Presently, as they were crossing a wet bit of land in a hollow, Bill, who led the party, looked sharply at the hoofprints sunk deep in the soil and reined up quickly.

"Look at thet shoe mark!" he exclaimed, pointing downward at the trail.

"By guns! it's the Easterner's hoss shoe!" ejaculated Sam Pike after an instant's scrutiny of the hoof prints, among which were several larger than the rest and showing the clear impress of a shoe. The others were those of unshod horses. The party scanned the marks closely. Then the men looked at each other with ugly frowns.

"Well?" said Bill, tentatively, at last.

No one answered for a moment. Then Sam remarked: "It looks bad for ther Easterner, sure! Th' haint any one got hoss shoes like them in the district 'cept him. I'm sorry 'f th' feller's put his head in a rope's end, boys. But we'll have ter foller him up. Who'll go back?"

A couple of the party volunteered. The men separated. The others turned their horses at right angles to the former line of march and loped on toward the Easterner's cabin.

The Easterner, otherwise Jack Craig, of which they had been speaking, had been in Sage Bar only a short time. He was a tenderfoot, out and out. When he came to the Bar he brought his wife with him. She was a bright, pretty little woman, but they hardly knew her in the settlement. Craig had always been reserved, and the two had kept by themselves in the little cabin which stood a mile or more away from town. So Sage Bar had come to consider the pair a "queer lot," and to designate them as "th' Easterner an' his wife," which was intended to be anything but complimentary.

When the trailing party reined up in front of Craig's cabin they found the object of their search sitting on a log before the door, smoking. From his dress, bespattered with mud, it was evident that he had just returned from riding. The party exchanged glances of understanding.

Sam Pike came to the point at once. "Craig," he said, "yer wanted down ter th' bar!"

"What's that?" demanded the Easterner, angrily.

"Yer wanted down ter th' bar!" Sam repeated. "For hoss stealing!" he added.

Craig's face was aflame in the instant. He sprang from his seat, throwing back his hand to his hip. But the others had him covered, and his hand dropped loosely by his side again. "It's a lie," he said, "and you know it!"

Just then a woman's figure appeared in the cabin doorway. It was Craig's wife.

"What's the matter?" she queried anxiously, seeing her husband's attitude.

Craig spoke up quickly: "Go back, Dolly! They've got up a dirty story about me and want me to go to the Bar. But I'll come back all right in a little while."

Sam had a great fear of women's tongues and tears and immediately ordered Craig to mount a horse which another man at a word secured from the stable near by. The woman had looked on dumbly, seeming hardly to comprehend what was taking place, but as she saw her husband walk over toward the horse, she ran to him and threw both arms about him, holding him tight to her. He unclasped her arms gently after an instant and mounted the horse and, turning in the saddle, waved his hand to her. Then they rode away, and after they had gone a piece Sam looked back and saw the woman still standing there, her hands loosely locked before her, watching them with wide open eyes. "She's grit ter th' backbone," muttered that worthy, and lashed his horse into a gallop.

All Sage Bar crowded around the party when they drew rein in town, and there were some who would have strung Craig up upon the spot when Sam had told his story. Sage Bar was in that stage of progress where horse stealing was a capital offense and a short shrift was granted to offenders. But Sam's protest that nothing should be done until the Hines party returned was heeded, and the prisoner was put in an empty cabin, tied hand and foot, several of the men agreeing to stand guard.

The afternoon waned away and evening came and the Hines party did not make its appearance. So Craig was given something to eat and then was fastened tightly once more, and the men rolled themselves up in their blankets in front of the cabin about 11 o'clock, leaving only Jo Stetson on guard.

Stetson sat himself down on a stump and lit a pipe, and with his rifle across his knees fell to thinking about some "mavericks" he'd had branded that day. Presently he imagined he heard a soft step from the prairie. He raised his head and listened. Just then the moon showed a rim beyond a sailing cloud, and its light fell on a figure—a woman's figure—making its way toward the cabin. Stetson rose to his feet, letting his rifle butt drop on the ground, and curiously surveyed the woman, who was close to him now. It was the Easterner's wife.

"Is he in there?" she said, her voice trembling a bit.

"Yes," answered Stetson.

"Can I see him?" she asked. "Only for a moment," she added.

For a moment she was quiet, looking longingly toward the cabin and clasping and unclasping her hands softly. The man hoped she would go. He had hated to say no and he didn't know how long his determination to refuse would last. "But they say they're going to try him to-morrow, and I mayn't get another chance." She looked at him so sadly and yet so bravely withal that Stetson wavered and was lost.

"For five minutes, then, no more!" he said, half repenting of his words the instant they were uttered.

But he unlocked the cabin door for her and locked it behind her again. Then he stood outside the door cursing himself. Presently there was a rap from the inside of the cabin, and, much relieved he undid the door. But he kept his finger on the hammer of his rifle as he stood aside to allow her to pass.

She came out quickly. Stetson turned and bent to fasten to door. As he did so he felt a tiny ring of cold metal against his head, and heard in her voice, now without a tremble:

"Put up your hands and do it quickly!" The order was so distinctly put and so emphatically backed up by the cold metal which Stetson knew only too well was the dangerous end of a revolver that he did not hesitate. As he threw up his hands the door was pulled open from the inside and a man dashed out and melted in the darkness of the prairie. A moment more and the hoof beats of a horse came back, sounding clear and sharp on the still air.

The men who had been asleep till now, awakened by the noise, sleepily raised themselves on their elbows. The woman had not moved the pistol from Stetson's head. But now she dropped the weapon quickly and started to run. In an instant Stetson was after her, and, wild at being outwitted, had run her down and caught her before she had gone fifty yards. As he grasped her by the shoulders the hoof beats were dying on the air and the woman looked into her captor's face with an exultant smile.

Stetson brought her back to the cabin and in a half shamed way told his story. The woman was quiet and did not seem to hear what they said. Despite their chagrin at having been worsted by a woman, the men could not but admire her pluck and skill. Then they argued as to what they should do with her, and finally decided to take her into town as soon as it was light. They locked her in the cabin and then sat up and talked the rest of the night. They felt that it would be useless to attempt to trail Craig in the dark, and, to tell the truth, they were just a bit fearful that the woman would escape them unless they kept a sharp lookout.

When morning came a big party set off in pursuit of Craig. But they had scant hopes of overtaking him with a horse under him and his many hours' start. The Easterner's wife still remained locked in the cabin. Sage Bar for once found itself nonplussed. Law and order had been reversed by a woman, and the town had the offender in custody. But smoke and ponder as it might, Sage Bar was at a loss to know how to proceed. All the laws of the settlement, unwritten though they were, had sprung from an acute sense of frontier needs, and referred to men. There was an undefinable feeling among the Sage Bar solons that these laws could not be applied with propriety to women, and so they talked much, smoked and drank much more, and did—nothing. When the Hines party came in, tired, hungry and empty handed, no solution of the difficulty presented itself, and so with admirable judgment the town decided to free itself of further responsibility by setting the woman at liberty. The Easterner's wife was pale and evidently worn out when they brought her out of the cabin; but she said not a word when they told her she might go, and walked off in the direction of her home with a smile, half of defiance, half of satisfaction. That night the party which had gone in pursuit of Craig returned, having made a fruitless search.

Two days later, just as Sage Bar was preparing its evening meal, two men were seen riding over a swell from the northeast. Five horses were driven loosely before them. When the men got nearer the town one of them was recognized as the Easterner. He was riding bareheaded, and beside him rode another, dark and swarthy, his arms bound to his sides, his horse led by Craig. All Sage Bar assembled about the party while Craig told the story of how he had ridden away that night, had struck the trail of the horses, and following it had brought the Mexican thief to terms with a shot from his rifle, and then came back. And when he had done there were cheers for the Easterner, such as the town hadn't had a chance to relieve itself of for a long while, and to this day there is not a man in Sage Bar but touches his slouch hat to the Easterner's wife, whom Jo Stetson declares is "th' sandiest little woman in th' West!"—New York Press.

### Portuguese Characteristics.

The men of Portugal are as fond of show as are the women. Their fingers are nearly always loaded with rings, and about their bodies, which are often as round as the bowls of their tobacco pipes, hang chains as thick as ropes, from which are suspended bunches of trinkets.

The Portuguese dandy is very fond of anything that will attract public attention to his much-esteemed person. Above his snowy vest he wears a cravat of gleaming colors, whilst in his button-hole is stuck a full-blown rose of inordinate size. I think I am pretty safe in saying that most of the promenaders I have seen strutting about in the chief thoroughfares on Sunday with a riding whip in their hands and handsome spurs on their heels have never set foot in stirrup. The spur is to them a sort of sign of nobility, which they arrogate to themselves, a relic of the privileges of the old chivalry. Where is the Portuguese, be he almocreve or calafate (muleteer or calker), whose ancestors did not wear golden spurs at the battle of Ourique or of Aljubarrota? I have noticed that a good many state officials work in spurs, as if about to go to battle; and when these knights of the quill, these ficados with silk braces, peacefully render up their bureaucratic souls to God, I have no doubt that their spurs will be laid upon their tombs.

But have we any right to dwell so long in a half-mocking spirit on a people of such numerous and trustworthy moral qualities, and who, but for their unfortunate indolence and their exaggerated egotism, might be held up as a model to other Nations? For the Portuguese are naturally good, hospitable, honest in their dealings, generous and brave, and we are very certain that in the event of any threatening of the independence of their country we should once more see this little heroic Nation, amongst whom slumbers a powerful National spirit, rise as one man against the invader, even as in 1388 and 1809.—Harper's Weekly.

Experiments made in France show that the reason the sapwood in timber is worm eaten is because it contains starch.

# FARM NOTES.

### CISTERNS UNDER BARNS.

Every barn should have a cistern under it, and especially if the barn have a basement for wintering stock. With suitable contrivances, a supply of pure water may be provided so that the water is shut off automatically when the vessel is filled to a certain height. This is done by a wooden valve resting on the water, and buoyed up by it so that the water is shut off whenever it is needed. Such cisterns under barns have often furnished the water promptly so as to save serious losses from fire.—Boston Cultivator.

### THE USE OF HEN MANURE.

Hen manure, mixed with dry earth, and shoveled over a few times, to secure its pulverization, makes an excellent dressing for the lawn. It promotes a remarkable growth of grass, making it thick, and giving it a deep, rich color. As a quick starter for crops, it is valuable, but its force is quickly exhausted. While it will help start a crop of corn, assisting in its early maturity, the wise farmer relies upon some other fertilizer. Good stable manure, plowed in, with a little hen manure in the hill, to start the growth, insures a heavy and early-maturing crop.—American Agriculturist.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The smaller breeds, as a rule, are the best layers.

Well-fed early chickens make good fall and winter layers.

To make the best flesh the fowls must be well fed from the start.

Cooked vegetables are best fed to the poultry warm from the kettles.

If the older cockerels cannot be marketed separately, send them to market now.

The poultry keeper who looses interest in his business will soon lose his profit also.

A first cross makes a desirable fowl, but carried farther the results are rarely satisfactory.

A good way of giving castor oil to fowls is to pour it on the surface of the drinking water.

Care should be taken not to use grease or oil about a setting hen, as a greased egg cannot hatch.

Where it is desired to secure as large a number of turkey eggs as possible, it is nearly always best to put the first layings under common hens.

In nearly all cases it is best to set guinea eggs under a common hen. The chickens will be gentler than if the guinea is allowed to hatch them out.

Let all the hen's nests be portable, then if lice appear, as they most likely will in warm weather, remove and burn the infested ones and replace with new.

The reason so many flocks run down and "run out," is that the selection of the breeding stock is neglected. The time to select is while the birds are growing.

When the stock is on dry feed alone a warm wet mash of bran, oil, meat, and either corn meal or ground oats will be found very beneficial if given once a week.

Careful feeders acknowledge that three months is almost the extreme limit that corn can be fed exclusively to hogs with profit, on account of the risks of diseases.

Raise that hen roost in which the fowls do not thrive about four inches, and leave open around at the foundation. Fowls want to be sheltered not housed.

### THE BEST BREED OF COWS.

If the cost of food fed a cow and cost value of her products be, as we believe they are, the chief factors in successful dairying, then the best breed still remains practically unknown to us. This breed is the Kerry. They are the original Irish mountain cow, improved by careful breeding. They are very small, but the English esteem them very highly as milkers. At the recent London dairy show they carried off all the prizes, giving the largest yield of milk and butter fat, in proportion to weight, of any breed tested. They are credited for the past few years with always carrying off first honors in every public contest against the special milk breeds. We remember a cow of this breed in our youth that belonged in Saratoga County and her milk was always reserved for the use of the family that owned her. Our memory recalls her as a great butter maker, her milk being, in the language of the women folks, as "rich as cream."—American Dairyman.

### A TULIP BED.

There are few things more attractive than a mass of glowing, nodding tulips. To have these at their best, they should not be moved every year, but allowed to remain undisturbed, season after season. Treated in this way, they grow strong and thrifty and send up long stalks with large symmetrical blooms. Where one has abundance of space, it is unwise to move hardy bulbs, unless absolutely necessary.

There is great pleasure in a well managed bed of bulbs of any sort, and they require so little care that it is a wonder that more people do not make a specialty of them. It is only necessary to prepare a bed of rich earth in September and plant them out, covering the earth above them with litter, in which is a considerable amount of straw. Light sticks, brush or the trimmings from orchard trees may be laid over the litter to prevent its blowing away. This in the spring should be raked off after danger of frost is over.

Care must be taken in raking that the little tips of the stalks are not broken, as they frequently start very early and push up through the ground often before one suspects them.

Tulips, daffodils, narcissus, the old-fashioned stately white lily, the crown imperial and Japanese lilies of various kinds, with the crocus and snow-drop, make most attractive early spring gardens, and are well worth the trifling expense and care necessary to keep them at their best.—New York Ledger.

### CLOVER BEST FOR HOGS.

Clover is the best crop that a man can raise, and to handle hogs on a farm with profit you should have plenty of clover. The clover pasture should be so arranged with fences so as to be in small pastures, so as not to have too many hogs together and that the hogs can eat down one field; then turn them into a fresh field and let the first field rest. This will pay for all the extra fencing, as hogs will not need a high or strong fence when well cared for.

I would suggest, says J. P. Pressler, of Curran, Ill., a portable fence, such as rails. A pasture of twenty acres or more of clover in one field and hogs enough to eat it will waste and run over a good deal of it, where twenty acres in four fields of five acres each will feed twice as many hogs and do better, and give a man a chance to sort his hogs according to age and size. A bunch of hogs of all ages and size running in the same pasture does not look so well as when graded. I regard clover as the king of all grass for hogs and for money making. I have now one hundred acres on my farm that I sowed last February in wheat, I got a good stand and cut and threshed 2077 bushels of good wheat, and pastured fifty head of horses and cattle three months.

I know of one man here that cut a crop of clover after a crop of wheat, and made two bushels per acre and sold it for $6 per bushel last October. As for fertilizer, clover cannot be equalled. The yield of corn in this country has been increased twenty bushels per acre by its use. If a man can't make clover and hogs pay he has missed his calling, but you must give both your attention; if you eat the clover field too bare and leave no stubble to protect the roots your clover will winter kill, and if you let your sows have their pigs in straw stacks, brush piles and hillsides you will soon be at your road's end.

The poorest land sown to clover, and a few good Chester White sows well cared for, will build up the land, raise your family and buy you a good home. If I should try to raise hogs without clover I would want an interest in a mill, the other fellow to furnish the wheat and I do the grinding, for to buy mill feed out here in Illinois, bran at seventy cents per hundred and shipstuffs at eighty cents per hundred weight, I would not want very many hogs if I could not have clover. And with good Chester White sows and a little corn and clover I can raise hogs with very little trouble.—Colman's Rural World.

### HOW TO PROTECT FLOWERS AGAINST HENS.

Every year I have had unlimited tribulations, trying to make hens and flowers thrive, side by side, amicably, writes Sarah Rodney. But it has been a harrowing occupation, for, like oil and water, they do not mix well. I have tried every device under the sun for protecting the flowers, but hitherto it has been in vain. Even if I succeeded in keeping a majority of the fowls in a yard, one good, motherly hen, with a thrifty brood, would in five minutes, destroy a month's work and careful watching of a precious pansy, phlox or verbena bed.

As I was not equal to banishing the hens I struck a happy inspiration and banished the flowers; banished all the annuals to the vegetable garden. It was not quite so pretty or convenient to have the flowers so far out of sight, but it saved a great deal of hard labor and irritation, and there was an infinite amount of satisfaction in the well-grown specimens. I have never grown flowers with so much genuine satisfaction before, and have resolved to always, in the future, plant them there. For even the loveliest flower bed is not a great attraction to a lawn when it is turned bottom side up, or covered with unsightly sticks and branches.

I did not attempt even a geranium or coleus bed, but procured quantities of large flower pots, painted several old kettles that had seen their best days, and an old butter bowl. A number of hollow logs, with the bark on, made very pretty rustic flower pots. They were all filled with loamy earth, and planted with geraniums, coleuses, nasturtiums, and many kinds of plants, or creeping vines with a tendency to grow downward and cover the primitive pots. This motley assortment of Flora's paraphernalia was distributed around the house and grounds. I never have had geraniums do better or give greater satisfaction all round. If any other flower-loving friends and neighbors are addicted to hens and are suffering from the afflictions thereof they will find relief in following my plan.—American Agriculturist.

## AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

**A Deadly Cobra Makes Things Lively on a Locomotive.**

I had an experience in India about six years ago, says a traveler, which I would not care to repeat. It was in the middle of August, and, having occasion to make a short journey by rail, I was invited by a friend, who was in the employ of the railway company, to ride with him on the engine, as it was the coolest place on the train. We started late in the evening, and nothing unusual occured until the fireman started to fill up the furnace. Logs were used for fuel instead of coal. While he was engaged in throwing logs into the fire, a cobra, which had been secreted somewhere among them, dropped from one of the logs, landing on the footplate where we were standing. There were four of us human beings on that footplate and this new passenger made things somewhat crowded. There was no stick or club handy, or we could have made short work of the intruder. My companions lost no time in getting out of the way, the engineer crawling out on the footboard and the others clambering back on the pile of logs at the rear, calling on me to follow them. I, however, seemed to be rooted to the spot. The reptile appeared to enjoy the heat which came from the furnace, and made no hostile movement until I very foolishly made a kick at it, hoping to frighten it away. The creature was not frightened, but seemed to accept it as a challenge and advanced upon me. My nerves were completely paralyzed. I knew that its bite meant certain death, but I could not move a step to save my life. Just as the cobra raised itself to give me the deadly stroke the fireman sprang from the pile of logs behing, and, grasping the snake by the tail, hurled it into the furnace. The brave fellow, by his quickness and presence of mind, saved me from a horrible death.

THE PYTHON IN POSSESSION.

### Napoleonic Relic.

A German newspaper states that the original sketch of the letter of Napoleon I. which he wrote in 1815 to the Prince Regent, demanding permission to make his home in England, is to-day in the hands of a resident of Strasburg. It is entirely in the Emperor's own hand, full of erasures and alterations, and belongs to a descendant of the courier of General Gourgaud, who made the clean copy of it for transmission.

One can read the history of wet and old seasons by studying the rings off a tree that has been chopped down.

A train which runs at the rate of eighty-five miles requires a mile in which to stop, when going at full speed.

### THE TRAMP'S SURPRISE.

The tramp had a look of determination on his dirty face as he knocked at the kitchen door of a comfortable house on Foundry street.

"Well, what do you want?" queried the cook, snappishly, for she had been bothered much. "Something to eat, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am," replied the tramp, as honestly as he knew how.

"Oh, you don't," she sneered. "Then you want something to drink. Tramps are always ready to drink."

"No, ma'am, I don't want anything to drink."

"Maybe you want an old pair of pants, or a coat, or a pair of shoes, or a hat?" she suggested sarcastically.

"No, ma'am, none of those."

She stared at him hard.

"Well, what in the name of goodness do you want?" she asked.

"I want work," he said, simply.

"Wha—what?" she gasped, and fell into his arms in a faint.

"Confound it," he exclaimed, dropping her and starting for the gate, "I might a' knowed better than to spring that on her."—Detroit Free Press.

### Avoid Unkind Speeches.

Aren't there some times in your life when everything seems to go wrong, no matter how hard you try to have them go right? Those are the trying days when you want to blame all the trouble on the way you got out of bed in the morning or on other people, instead of looking the matter squarely in the face and saying, "It's one of my exasperating days, and if I can only keep my temper until night comes to-morrow will be different."

Words may be forgiven, but they are not so easily forgotten. The unkind speech that is forced from you because you are not feeling quite well, or the pettish, annoying little action that you indulge in simply because you are nervous or worried doesn't do you one bit of good and makes everybody around you uncomfortable, and long after the words have been uttered or the deed done the memory will rankle and burn, and you will wish you had held on to your tongue and your temper before you got into such a scrape. Remember this the next time that you feel put out by the world in general, and when you have conquered the first it will come easier and easier every day afterward.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Six Centuries Old.

One of the oldest seats of learning in Europe, the University of Valladolid, celebrated recently its sixth centennial as an established university. In 1293 King Sancho IV. of Castile and Leon gave charter to this school. But it had been in existence long before the Christian era.

### Humiliating Punishment.

When a prisoner resists the Paris police they take off one of his shoes and compel him to walk like "My son John." He is so hampered usually by this treatment that there is no further trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

A large vein of paint ore along the Potomac river near Cresaptown, seven miles west of Cumberland, Md., was recently discovered.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

In a square inch of the human scalp the hairs number about 1,000, and the whole number on an adult scalp is about 120,000.

**Are You Nervous,**

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which gives nerve and bodily strength.

**Hood's Pills** are easy in action.

It is impossible, it is said, to fly a kite higher than 1,300 feet. At that elevation it looks much further away than it is.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation 25 cts. 50 cts., $1.

The war department is experimenting with aluminum for cups, plates, horseshoes, bayonet fixtures, and other articles.

30 898

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel. Keen as a razor. Good, strong handle. Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine Premiums. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 250 Huron St., TOLEDO, O.

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Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. A. SAYER, 1015 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Has stood no operation or loss from business. Consults free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

# Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hot weather in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause great annoyance. The cure is

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

found in Hood's Sarsaparilla which makes the blood pure and removes all such disfigurations. It also gives strength, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system.

**Hood's Pills** are prompt and efficient.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### WOOLEN APRONS.

Woolen aprons are recommended either to cooks or other women who are constantly about a hot stove. The aprons may be made from a light weight, loosely woven woolen, and are certainly a wise precaution against those accidents from fire that happen every few days. At the large stores there are ready made woolen petticoats, the cheapest of which are fifty cents, that may be cut open and used for aprons. They need only be used for cooking and ironing, and the gingham apron used at other times. Washed in water containing a little ammonia, they are as easily cleansed as aprons of cotton.—New York Post.

### SPRINGTIME GREENS.

Spinach is one of the springtime vegetables that should stand near the top of the list in healthfulness. But it is seldom properly cooked. It should be thoroughly, perfectly freed from sand and dust by many washings, in cold water, and then put in a close saucepan and covered closely, without one drop of water, over a moderate fire. In an hour or more it will be perfectly cooked; then it should be drained and chopped, and butter and salt added. The old fashioned way was to almost drown it in the liquor from corned beef—and thus half its nutriment and medicinal properties were lost, and the other half so disguised that the luscious leaves might just as well have been cabbage, or any other sort of "greens." Young beets and the "foliage thereof," are considered fine by many; but we have been told, and found it true, that if the leaves are held up to the light, looked through and examined, so much life is seen between the outside and the lining of them that no one will care to eat "beet greens" thereafter. Our own eyesight is generally convincing.—New York Independent.

### HOW TO COOK A STEAK.

This is the proper way to cook a beefsteak: The first requisite is to get a steak that has been kept long enough—the proper time is two months. The very sight of this as it comes from the refrigerator would effectually deter any woman from buying it, for it is covered with a repulsive mold and looks as though it were fit only for the garbage wagon. The butcher and the beefsteak expert know better.

The sides and ends trimmed off, meat of a dark, blood-red color is disclosed. This should be sliced about two inches thick, the end known as waste cut off, leaving the solid tenderloin and sirloin. The trimming of a porterhouse takes about one-third its weight. Reduced thus, the steak should then be liberally seasoned with salt and pepper. A test of the condition of the steak is a pressure of the finger. If it is tender the impression remains on the meat.

Prepared thus the steak is placed on a common broiler and put in the gas stove, the flame of which is above and from one and a half to two inches from it. It takes about twenty minutes to cook such a steak—ten for each side. It should be cooked slowly, for the meat has just come off the ice and takes time to get heated through. The dripping-pan beneath catches the juice that used to fall in the coals and burn the steak.

The juice is afterward poured over the steak, and its saving is possible only by the gas stove. This manner of cooking steak is being adopted by all of the best restaurants in New York. Besides the charring of steak by coals and dripping grease, the heat cannot be kept uniform under any other system than gas. Natural gas is considered the best.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### RECIPES.

Strawberry Custard—Make a custard of one pint of milk, the yolks of three eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Set it aside to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, add to them four tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, and beat again until stiff and white. Put about a pint of strawberries into a glass dish, pour over the custard, heap the whites in spoonfuls over the top, dust with sugar, place in the oven a moment to brown. Serve ice-cold.

Strawberry Dumplings—Make a dough as for short cake, roll into a thin sheet and cut with a large round cutter; put three strawberries in the center of each round, fold the dough over so that you have a neat dumpling. Stand these dumplings on a buttered plate, place them in a steamer and steam twenty minutes. Serve with a strawberry sauce.

Meat Turnovers—Stew the dry, tough portions of cold roast beef until tender, letting the water stew nearly all away. Chop fine, and mix with it twice as much hot mashed potato, and to each cup of the mixture add a tablespoonful of green tomato pickle, minced fine. Add salt to taste, and moisten with meat water. Shape into flat, thin cakes, brown in sausage fat, and turn when brown on one side.

Noodles for Soup—Beat three eggs well without separating, add three tablespoonfuls of milk and as much flour as the eggs and milk will mix; roll out as thin as possible, cut into strips and dry half an hour. Boil for twenty minutes in plenty of boiling, salted water, drain dry. Brown delicately in a frying pan with one tablespoonful of butter.

### People Who Survived Scalping.

In San Francisco there lives a man at the present time named Carroll Bronson, a pioneer of the Selkirk Mountains, in British Columbia, who was scalped by the Sioux Indians in 1866, and still enjoys comparatively good health, although more than seventy-five years of age. He was quite an Indian fighter in his time and his face is scarred with arrow wounds received in many a hard fought battle. The marking of the scalping is not visible except when he lifts his long, white hair from the side of his head, then it shows a great circular scar extending from above his right eye around the right side and back of his head almost to the left ear. Mr. Bronson tells of another man who was scalped at the same time he was. The scalp was torn completely off from the whole top of his head, so that it had to be swathed in cotton and olive oil. He lived a year, but, as Mr. Bronson says, "if ever a man knew what suffering meant, that man did."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### How One Man Ran a Railway.

"The twin brother of the railway told of by the Englishman in Brazil was, and, I believe, still is," writes a correspondent, "to be found in little Wales, nearer home. Some few years since I found myself during a holiday journeying on the pretty little very narrow-gauge line which runs between Towyn and Tallylynn, on the hillsides, winding in and out like an elongated snake. There were intermediate stations on the journey, consisting generally of a wooden erection, doing duty for a waiting shed, ticket office and everything else. At these the 'official' on the engine, who, like the old salt in the yarn of the Nancy Bell, appeared to be engine driver, guard, porter and stationmaster general all rolled into one, as soon as his iron horse was pulled up, popped down from his perch, unlocked the ticket emporium, took down any necessary luggage and helped any alighting passenger from his carriage, supplied the waiting 'Welshers' with their tickets, pocketed his takings, again shut up the office, mounted his steed and drove us off, only to repeat the performance at the next halting place. The beauty of the landscape as seen from the mountain side, and the peculiarities of the transit, both in the little carriages, holding, if I remember rightly, only three on a side, and the work of our Jack-of-all-trades conductor or driver, provided us all with not only amusement, but ample food for reflection as to 'what might be done' where there is a will."—Sala's Journal.

### Bad Time For a Boy to Laugh.

As a matter of fact a boy never should laugh at his father until he (the boy) is eighteen years of age at least. Earlier than that, according to the Minneapolis Tribune, it is not safe. A boy over near the university has for several evenings stood up to eat his meals, and all because he neglected the above rule of conduct. His father takes great pride in a Hambletonian colt he is raising. The old man fairly delights in pottering around the stable, and he can hardly wait until that colt is four years old and trots a mile to harness in 2:05¼, as it surely will. The other morning the pater was fussing around in an old silk hat and an equally venerable greatcoat, pitchfork in hand, and while he was working about the colt's heels the boy gave the animal its feed. The colt doesn't allow any familiarities while feeding, and when the old man, in a stooping position, backed up against him, the colt lashed out with both feet. The man stood so near that the kick broke no bones, but he was shot as from a catapult right through the clapboards on the side of the barn. His head was driven through his tile, and when he extricated himself from the splinters the rim of his headgear hung around his neck like a ruff. He regarded the whole business as rough, and delivered an oration through his hat which the boy regarded as amusing. The youngster laughed. First he stood and laughed, then he laid down and laughed, and rolled over and over and hugged himself and still laughed. But when that devoted father got clear from the wreckage he seized the nearest strap, and the boy has not smiled once since. The boy knows now that he is not big enough to laugh at his father.

### The Sensitive Turquoise.

The turquoise breaks on the death of its proprietor and it changes color when he is ill. This last observation is perfectly true and is certified to by all lapidaries. The same thing has been remarked of coral. "Not only do precious stones live," says Jerome Cardan, "but they are liable to get sick, to suffer from the infirmities of old age and at last to die."—Paris Figaro.

William Dunlop a young man not 25 years old, who died a few days ago at Tippecanoe, Ohio, weighed over 500 pounds

The clerk of Queen Victoria's kitchen, who always carves, receives a salary of $3,500 a year. The chef receives the same, and two confectioners receive $1,500 each.

ASSIST NATURE a little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, and toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, biliousness, skin diseases, boils, carbuncles, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention.

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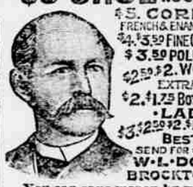

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