

**Beauty Is Blood Deep.**  
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Female bootblacks are becoming numerous in Paris and other French cities.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 35c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Living is nearly forty per cent. cheaper in London than in New York.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. Cure guaranteed. Booklets and samples free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Boston has thirty public out-door bathing places.

**Lost Sight**  
Restored and the eyes cured by using Findley's Eye Salve. No pain, sure cure or money back. 25c. box. All druggists, or by mail. J. P. HAYDEN, Deatur, Texas.

Czar Nicholas's usual tip for servants when on a visit is \$5.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 50c. bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 881 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

In Manitoba there are 2,500,000 acres under crops, of which 1,000,000 is wheat.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed to cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. box. All druggists.

The second city of the British empire in size is Calcutta.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

The grade system has been introduced in the Iowa prisons.

**"Necessity is the Mother of Invention."**

It was the necessity for a reliable blood purifier and tonic that brought into existence Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a highly concentrated extract prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla unequalled curative power.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

The sign of love. The woman was going away. She was going abroad, and in her stateroom were baskets upon baskets of flowers of all kinds and descriptions, representing a large amount of money and with a strong, combined fragrance that made it certain that they would be consigned at an early date to a watery grave. Then the man came who had a warm feeling for the woman, but not \$100 to throw away in a basket of flowers. His offering did not come in a florist's wagon. He brought it himself. It was the freshest and most delicious bunch of violets to be found in the market. "Of course," he said, as he glanced around the stateroom massed with bloom, "I could not compete with these, but I wished to show you my thought." "They are beautiful," said the woman as she buried her face in the fragrant blossoms, and then pinned them on her dress. "I like them better than all the rest. Those will be thrown away; these I shall keep."—New York Times.

**CAPABLE mother must be a healthy mother.**

The experience of maternity should not be approached without careful physical preparation. Correct and practical counsel is what the expectant and would-be mother needs and this counsel she can secure without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. Mrs. CORA GILSON, Yates, Manistee Co., Mich., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Two years ago I began having such dull, heavy, dragging pains in my back, menses were profuse and painful and was troubled with leucorrhoea. I took patent medicines and consulted a physician, but received no benefit and could not become pregnant.

"Seeing one of your books, I wrote to you telling you my troubles and asking for advice. You answered my letter promptly and I followed the directions faithfully, and derived so much benefit that I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. I now find pregnant and have begun its use again. I cannot praise it enough."

Mrs. PERLEY MOULTON, Thetford, Vt., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine. I took several bottles of it before the birth of my baby and got along nicely. I had no after-pains and am now strong and enjoying good health. Baby is also fat and healthy."

Mrs. CHAS. GERRIG, 304 South Monroe St., Baltimore, Md., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was unable to become pregnant; but since I have used it my health is much improved, and I have a big baby boy, the joy and pride of our home."

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**  
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 50c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The newest fashionable fad in London is the Kitchener mustache.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—F. M. AUSTIN, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

Land in England is 800 times as valuable now as it was 200 years ago.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.**  
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

**Jaw Power of Animals.**

The power which carnivorous animals have in their jaws is astonishing. Archibald T. Montgomery, an English traveler and scientist, has noticed that the tiger usually seizes an Indian native by the shoulder, and with one jaw on one side and the other jaw on the opposite side, bites clear through the chest and back, penetrating the lungs. This kind of a wound is characteristic of the attacks of many of the cat family. For the same reason, scarcely any bird recovers from a cat's bite. The teeth are almost instantly driven through the lung, under the wing. The leopard when seizing smaller animals, such as dogs, crushes the head; when attacking men it aims at biting through the lungs. The teeth, even of the largest carnivora, are merely the "spreadheads," but it seems as if for the moment the animal threw all its bodily energy into the combination of muscular action which we call a "bite." In most cases the mere shock of impact as the animal hurls itself on its enemy is entirely demoralizing or inflicts physical injury. A muzzled mastiff will hurl a man to the ground in the effort to fasten his teeth in his throat or shoulder. The snapping power of an alligator's jaws is more or less intelligible. They are long and furnished with a row of pointed teeth from end to end. But the jaws of a lion, leopard, tiger, otter, dog, cat, ferret or baboon are short, and the long and pointed teeth are few. Yet each of their species has a biting power which, in proportion to its size, is almost incredible.

**Docking Horses.**

Docking horses took its rise in the dark days when bull and bear baiting were honored by a place in the category of sport, rightly now relegated by law to the catalogue of outrages. This custom of docking was once generally applied to English roadsters, hunters and harness horses. The only useful purpose it ever served was in the Peninsular war, when British dragoons could be most easily distinguished from French by their cock-tails. It fell into disuse with the decline of road coaches, and we owe its unwelcome revival to their partial restoration. It is senseless, barbarous and disgusting; it inflicts needless suffering upon brood mares and horses turned out to grass, depriving them of their natural defense against flies, besides the severe pain and shock caused by the operation itself. It should be discouraged in every possible way by influential persons, by those who lead the fashion in such things, and agricultural societies should be moved to refuse prizes to exhibits which have undergone this mutilation.—Blackwood.

**Her Misfortune.**

An Atchison woman had a husband and house to care for, and her duties kept her mind occupied, and she was always well. Her husband died, left her some money, and it has had the effect of cutting a boat loose and letting it drift. She wanders around from point to point, is dissatisfied, and, having a great deal of time to think about herself, is sick half the time as a result. This has happened in so many cases in Atchison as to create the belief that a woman is happiest when she has some one to grumble about his three meals a day.—Atchison Globe.

**KILLED IN BATTLE.**  
And some are sleeping 'mid the cane,  
And some beneath the palm,  
Where tropic wind and tropic rain  
Sing their eternal psalm.  
But one (my boy, I loved him so!  
(In vain the seas would part)  
Is with me whereso'er I go,  
At rest within my heart.  
—By Edwin L. Sabin, in New York Independent.

**Netting a Wild Engine.**  
By James Buckham.

It was lonely enough at the little Pineville railroad station, set down as it was like a box-trap in the heart of the woods. "Pineville was a good name for it," thought Arthur Severson, the young station master and telegraph operator. Great pine-trees towered all about, their thick tops and spreading branches casting a solemn shade all day long over the two or three small buildings that represented the "railroad centre" of this back-wood settlement. Yet considerable traffic came to the railroad company at that out-of-the-way station. During the fishing and hunting seasons it was a favorite point of departure for city sportsmen coming into the Maine woods. During the winter large quantities of hemlock bark, for tanning purposes, were shipped from Pineville; and there were always piles of furs and pelts on the platform, awaiting the "next train out." Nevertheless, for the greater part of the day, Pineville was silent and deserted save for the young telegraph operator, Arthur Severson, who had recently been sent there from Portland. It was the loneliness of the place that distressed him most. His work was light, as there were only four trains, freight and passenger, each day; and, aside from the train-despatcher's messages, he had very few telegrams to handle. But Arthur had been used to plenty of company, active employment, and a wholesome excitement; and the utter quiet and lack of companionship at Pineville made him feel blue and homesick. He had not been at Pineville long, however, before an event occurred that gave him more excitement in half an hour than he had known in all his previous experience in "railroading."

It was a hot summer afternoon; and Arthur was sitting in his shirt-sleeves on the station platform, about as lonesome and depressed a boy as could be found anywhere in the State of Maine, when suddenly he was brought to his feet by the sharp, distinct call of the train-despatcher over the wire. He sprang to his instrument in the little office, and promptly answered the call. Then came this startling message:

Wild engine on line between Raquette and Pineville. Side-track No. 40 if possible, before collision. Repeat.

D. J. COLLINGS, Despatcher.

Trembling with excitement, Arthur repeated the despatcher's message, and added—he could scarcely tell why, for there was no distinct plan of action in his mind—"Will try to stop wild engine."

Then he sprang out on the platform and gazed up and down the long, straight stretch of track that cut the forests in two like the blade of a knife. No. 40 was the down passenger train, and she was due at Pineville in 15 minutes; but as yet there was no sign of her approach, not even the sound of her powerful chime-whistle in the distance. Neither was there any sign, in the other direction, of the coming of the dreaded wild engine—that terror of every railroad man's life. The woods were as still as death, save for the breaking of a few locusts about the buildings and the "a-runk" of a big bullfrog in a ditch back of the station.

Yet, peaceful and reassuring as the silence was, Arthur Severson knew that, somewhere down the track between Pineville and Raquette—a distance of 15 miles—that engine was rushing toward him with the speed of the wind.

His first impulse was to run and throw over the switch at the lower end of the siding, and derail the wild engine, if possible. Then he remembered his orders—to sidetrack the passenger train, and let the wild engine go by. There could be no excuse for him if he disobeyed these instructions upon his own responsibility, and the collision should take place after all, as it might if the passenger train should fail to pass the upper end of the siding in time. "Obey orders first!" thought Arthur, as he ran at the top of his speed to the upper end of the siding, and threw the switch over for the passenger train.

The side-track now belonged to No. 40, and was out of the problem as a factor in stopping the wild engine. Whatever the young telegraph operator might do to redeem his promise to the train-despatcher must be done without its aid. This he thoroughly realized, as he dashed back to the station.

In circumstances of extreme exigency and peril the mind sometimes works as if inspired, suggestions coming to it with lightning rapidity from every object that catches the attention of the senses. As young Severson rushed back to his post of duty, his eyes fell upon a great heap of two-inch rope, coil upon coil, piled on the station platform—a consignment just received by the Moses Valley Lumber company. Instantly a plan for stopping the wild engine formed itself in Arthur's mind, if he could only accomplish it in time. He would string those coils of tough rope across the track, from tree to tree, making a web of network of them, one behind another, and thus, perhaps, snare the plunging monster as a spider snare and binds a great green bottle-fly.

Oh for just ten minutes of precious time! Could he hope for them? Eagerly he sprang to the coils of rope, slashing off their fastenings with his knife, till every separate coil was loose. Then he ran breathlessly down the track, dragging the end of the top-most coil, as a fireman drags his hose. When the two-hundred-foot rope lay free behind him, he whipped the end in his hand about a n. onster pine, tied it firmly with a halter-hitch, and then began weaving the rope from pine to pine across the track, encircling each tree with a double loop, so that the strands of his web would not draw. Back and forth he toiled with feverish haste, hope springing higher in his heart with every new mesh added to his net.

The first coil of rope was stretched and tied about the pines; and Arthur tottered with weariness and heat, was dragging the second coil from the platform, when he heard the distant thunder of the approaching wild engine. Must his plan fail, after all! Would he be too late in weaving his web of ropes? If he could only stretch a few more strands across the track! Even if the first should snap like strings, they might check the locomotive's momentum, so that the last strands would hold it. Fiercely and determinedly the paunting boy worked on. The mad clangor of the wild engine drew nearer and nearer, till the wood about him rang with the sound. But not one glance did he spare from his task to see how close the monster might be.

Just as he had looped and knotted the last foot of rope, with a hissing, roaring rush the wild engine plunged into the hempen net!

Snap! snap! snap! like rapid pistol-shots, went the first strands of rope, as they burst asunder before the mighty shoulders of the iron horse. Then the stubborn net work began to tell on the strength of its captive, huge and powerful though the latter was. The sixth tough cable strained and creaked ere it broke, the seventh snapped, but not until it had almost thrown the iron horse back upon his haunches, and at the eighth the shining monster stopped, its driving-wheels spinning madly round upon the rails, and the steam hissing shrilly from its valves, as if in conscious spite.

Even before the wild engine had come to a standstill, Arthur Severson sprang for the step and clambered up into the cab. Then he threw over the great lever and soothed the throbbing monster, till it lay quietly p. nting in the midst of its tangled net of ropes.

At that moment the passenger train came in sight far up the track. In a few moments it drew in upon the siding; and train-men and passengers came crowding around the engine, where the pale and exhausted young telegraph operator sat, with his hand still on the lever. The story of the wonderful rescue of No. 40 was not long in reaching official ears; and in less than two weeks Arthur Severson found himself established in the train-despatcher's office, filling an important position and drawing a liberal salary. He was not at all inclined to pose as a hero, however, but would modestly reply, when complimented upon his remarkable feat at Pineville—

"Why, it was as easy as stringing mother's clothes-line!"—Christian Register.

**THE IMPORTATION OF MONKEYS.**

Organ-Grinders Do Not Carry Them Here Nowadays.

A man who had missed the monkeys formerly carried about by organ-grinders in the city streets, and who had attributed their disappearance to the changed conditions of the organ-grinding business, to the substitution of the big piano-organ on wheels, managed by two persons, for the old-fashioned smaller hand-organ, that was carried about by the player, found, upon inquiry, that whatever influence the changed conditions might have had, the carrying of monkeys by organ-grinders is now prohibited here by a city ordinance. There are, however, places in which the monkey still forms a valuable part of the organ-grinder's outfit, and where the nimble little animal clad in an embroidered jacket, and wearing a fancy hat, which it doffs for the pennies, still climbs fences and rainwater conductors, and hops up on porches quite in the old familiar way, in search of contributions. While monkeys are not permitted here, there are men who buy monkeys and train them to sell to organ-grinders, who can use them elsewhere, and a well-trained monkey sometimes brings as much as \$10.

It had seemed, with fewer monkeys in sight, as though there must be fewer monkeys now imported, but the fact appears to be that, if anything, the importation is just now rather greater than usual, due to the increased demand from the show people, who, after all, the greatest purchasers of monkeys in this country. The organ-grinders use a considerable number; a few comparatively are sold for zoological collections, and in recent years a few have been sold for pets; but the largest buyers of monkeys are the traveling shows, of which there are, besides the great, modern, consolidated shows, many smaller ones, showing in smaller towns throughout the country. Take them all together and these shows use up a good many monkeys. The life of a monkey on the road is usually but a single season. The show renews its stock of monkeys every year.—New York Sun.

**Odd Dog Law.**

The law of Paris forbids the possession of more than one dog, and a Mme. de Pomy has been condemned to five days' imprisonment and a fine of \$1 for having violated the commandment. The madame was fond of four pretty pups, which she neglected or refused to drown, and hence her condemnation.

**FOR FARM AND GARDEN.**

**Do Not Overfeed Hens.**  
Overfed hens often have sour stomachs and a condition similar to dyspepsia. Char a little corn on the cob and give them carbon in this agreeable form as a sweetener, or take a little dry corn and bake it in an oven until it is somewhat blackened. Feed while warm.

**To Make a Cheap Sterilizer.**

Dr. McClanahan states that a cheap and efficient sterilizer can be made in the following manner: Take an ordinary one gallon tin bucket twelve inches high, having a movable, closely fitting lid. Have a handle soldered to one side for convenience in handling. Have a false, perforated bottom, to which are attached three legs, each one inch long. This is to be slightly smaller in circumference than the bucket, so that it will go inside and rest upon the bottom of the bucket. In the lid a small opening is to be made for the escape of steam. This sterilizer can be made by any tinsmith at a nominal cost.—Popular Science.

**Unused Portions of Manure.**

Value does not always depend on bulk. It is this fact which farmers are learning that gives them more faith in the concentrated mineral fertilizers as compared with stable manure. But in both there is much bulk that goes to waste. It is a good mineral fertilizer that has four or five per cent. of available phosphate or seven to ten per cent. of potash. So when 200 pounds of mineral fertilizer are distributed per acre, it means that the benefit is all concentrated in ten to fifteen pounds if we could distribute it evenly in concentrated form. With stable manure there is always much less proportion of mineral fertility, but this is offset by the available nitrogen which the stable manure gives off while it is decomposing. The stable manure has also another effect. It is bulky in proportion to its weight, and therefore makes the soil much lighter than it should be, because it separates the soil particles and admits air. This imprisoned air warms the soil, which is an advantage in early spring for most crops. Hence it is that coarse manures are so generally drawn in winter and plowed under early in spring for hood crops. It is then probably the best use to which the manure could be put.

**Items on Plowing.**

To do good plowing one needs a good plow, and to know how to select a good plow one should thoroughly understand the object of plowing. Too many think it is simply to turn the soil over, upside down, and yet leave it as smooth as it was before. Others consider that plow the best which will move the largest amount of earth with the least possible exertion of man or beast.

Both are erroneous ideas. Of course, in plowing sod land it is desirable that the soil should be left underneath and friable soil brought to the surface, says Massachusetts Ploughman. For this a wedge-shaped plow is necessary, or wedge-shaped so far as it goes down into the earth, but when the plow begins to lift the furrow slice it should also impart to it a turning motion, a twist which will not lay it nearly upside down, but press against it in such a manner as to break up the earth into minute cracks, which will let the air into it so that it will be partially pulverized before the harrow is put into the field.

To work with such a plow, lifting, turning and breaking up the furrow slice all at one operation may add something to its draught and require more horse power, but it will save something in the labor required at harrowing, or give great value to it by more thoroughly fitting the soil to admit the action of air and moisture and heat to make available the element of plant food in it, as well as to allow the plant roots to penetrate it more readily in all directions.

But for plowing old ground the plow which turns it over is not the best plow, neither is the one which will go over the largest area in a day. Our ideal plow for this work would be one which would take a narrow furrow slice, and instead of inverting it rather set it up on edge, in which position it would crumble more, because more of the air and water and sunshine would go down into it between the furrows, which being of warm and dry earth on one side and the moist and cooler soil from below upon the other side, would be pulverized by chemical action in a short time, instead of baking in the sun's rays, as does the under soil when the earth is turned over perfectly smooth. The action of the harrow then is to still more stir it up and lighten it, instead of packing it solidly below the depth to which the harrow goes.

**Raise Good Hogs.**

If a person who knows anything at all about hog feeding was given a chance between a hog that would gain twenty-three pounds in six weeks and one that would gain ninety pounds in the same time on the same feed, he would not be long in choosing. During the past ten months the Kansas experiment station has fed 190 hogs that were bought of the farmers in the vicinity of Manhattan without regard to breed or breeding, just as they were thriving and weighing in the neighborhood of 100 or 125 pounds. This class of hogs is used because these experiments are for the highest benefit of the farmers, and by taking the stock they raise we stay within their conditions. A few conclusions may be drawn from the following facts taken from observations of feeding

eighty head of hogs which were just finished. These hogs were nearer of the same age and size, and ranged from the long, big-boned bacon hog to the short, rib-boned chunk, according to the care or carelessness of the farmer who raised them.

First, as to point of gain: The comparisons are between hogs fed the same in every respect. The best and poorest five out of twenty have the following showing:

Best five, weight at beginning of test 596 pounds, gain 416 pounds—70 per cent.

Poorest five, weight at beginning of test 579 pounds, gain 235 pounds—40 per cent.

This was for a period of forty-two days, and from observations made from week to week, this difference of gain from a little over one pound to practically two pounds a day was largely due to the breeding. A short small-boned chunk will make good gains for a few weeks and then stop. It will be fat and ready for market, while a well bred, rangy hog will fatten and continue to grow and make gains for a much longer period. Then as to the demand of the market: The three-rib-shoulder is now one of the most profitable cuts that is made for export trade. Hogs from which these cuts are made must be large and muscular, long and rangy. The short, small-boned chunk will not answer the purpose. The bacon hog is also of the latter description and brings the best price on the markets. Well-bred, rangy hogs make the most profitable gains, are the most ready sale and bring the best price on the market.

**Management of Bees at Swarming Season.**

One of the most important steps toward securing a good crop of bees and honey, is that of getting the brood combs well filled at the beginning of the harvest. Some varieties of bees, particularly the yellow Italians, are inclined to crowd the brood nest with honey. That is, they are disinclined to put any honey in the supers, so long as empty cells can be found in the brood nest—even to put honey into cells from which young bees have hatched. If supers containing drawn combs can be put in at the beginning of the flow, the bees will readily store honey in the drawn combs when they would hesitate to begin work in sections filled only with starters or comb foundations. This relieves the pressure upon the brood nest, and induces the bees to begin storing their honey in the sections, and where they begin they are likely to continue. The removal of the pressure upon the brood nest allows of the rearing of more brood, and is likely to delay swarming until a good start is made in the supers, and enough young bees are hatched to make a good swarm.

Shading the hives, giving a good, generous entrance and plenty of room in the supers, all tend to retard swarming. As soon as the first super given is one-half or two-thirds full, it is raised up, and another placed under it, next the hive. When the super last added is half full, another is placed between it and the hive. By the time it is necessary to add another super, it is likely that the upper super of honey will be filled and ready to come off. Sometimes supers are tiered up three high.

When a colony swarms the swarm is hived upon the old stand in a hive having its brood chamber contracted to only five frames, the frames being furnished with starters of comb foundation. The supers are transferred from the old to the new hive and the old hive set down near the new one. By this method all of the field bees that may be out when the swarm issued, return to the old stand and join the newly hived swarm that has the sections. The small brood nest crowds the bees into the sections, and the lack of combs in the brood nest compels the bees to store their honey in the supers until combs can be built in the brood nest, and as fast as the combs are built, the queen fills them with eggs, and the result is that all of the white honey goes into the sections, while the brood nest becomes a brood nest indeed. With this management a queen-excluding honey board is needed, or the queen will go into the sections where the swarm is first hived, and make trouble by laying in the sections.

The old hive is allowed to stand by the side of the new one until the eighth day after swarming, when it is picked up and moved away to a new location. All of the bees that have flown from the old hive in the eight days mentioned, have marked that location as their home and will return to it, and join the new swarm. This accomplishes two things: It throws a lot of bees into the hive where the sections are, and robs the old hive at just the time when the young queens are hatching, so weakening its forces that all thoughts of further swarming are given up—the young queens being allowed to fight it out on the line of "the survival of the fittest." By this method the working force and the sections are all kept together, and there are no small after-swarms to bother with. After the harvest is over, there are two courses to pursue with the swarms that were hived upon only five frames: One is that of giving them more frames, or combs, and allowing them to build up for winter, which they will do if there is a full flow. The only objection to this arrangement is that swarms with old queens sometimes build drone comb. When colonies are united it is easy to reject undesirable combs.—American Agriculturist.

**Indisputable Proof.**

As Brown jumped out of reach of one of the big aces at the circus, that showed an inordinate desire to sample his flesh, said Fogg: "I've always heard that man sprang from the monkey, and now I know it."