Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your groeer to-day to show you a package of Gnain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. Children may drink it without injury as well as tho adult. All who try it like it. Gaain-O has that rich seal brown of Mooha or Java, but is made from pure grains: the most delicate stomach receives it without distret. A the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all groeers.

The Japanese government in the island it Formosa has a monopoly of the camphor rade.

trade. BTATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, { s. LUCAS COUNTY, FRANK J. CHKNEY makes oath that he is the genior partner of the firm of F. J. CHFNEY & Codoing businessin the Chet of the form of the the sum of one HYDREP DOLLAIS for each and every case of CATAREN that cannot be ured by the use of HALL'S CATAREN CURE. FWOR to before meand subscribed in ung ( szal A. D. 1386. A. W. GLEASON, the J. CHENEY. Gut of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY. C., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 756. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Germany manufactures seventy per cent of the world's production of coal tar col

### No Cure, No Pay,

Is the way Findley's Eye Salve is sold. Chronic and granulated lids cured in 30 days; common sore eyes in 3 days, or money back for the asking. Sold by all druggists, or by mail, 253. box. J. P. HATTER, Decatur, Texas.

Ten denominations have established and maintain missions in Alaska.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, \$2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Phila., Ps.

Outdoor musical performances are not permitted in St. Petersburg.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy,-M.P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1894. New York City has twelve times as many churches as Berlin.

"The Best is

## Cheapest." We learn this from experience in every

department of life. Good clothes are mos serviceable and wear the longest. Good food gives the best nutriment. Good medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla, is the best and cheapest. because it cures. absolutely CURES, when all others fail.



A Bath man, noticing that a paper would be read before the Historical Boctety giving an account of the loss society giving an account of the hosts of the ship Hanover at the mouth of the Kennebec River November 9, 1849, recalls the strange case of what might almost be called hereditary drowning. Charles Weld was a seaman on board the Henry and mer dward when the Hanover, and was drowned when she was wrecked. His father was drowned by the loss of a steamer bound from New York to Charleston, S. C., and his grandfather, the Hon. Benjamin Weld, once Secretary of Legation to France during the Administration of President John Adams. when very aged, fell from a factory into the Androscoggin River and was drowned. They were all residents of Brunswick, Me. - Lewiston (Me.) Tournal.

The young Maori men who have been to college apparently become as white men in all their ways, but after a couple of years at home drift back nto their gypsy customs.

### Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine Made a New Woman of Mrs. Kuhn.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 64.402] "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-I think it is

my duty to write to you expressing my sincere gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound. I tried different doctors, also ful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound. I tried different doctors, also different kinds of medicine. I would feel better at times, then would be as bad as ever.

"For eight years I was a great suf-I had falling of the womb and ferer. was in such misery at my monthly periods I could not work but a little before I would have to lie down. Your medicine has made a new woman of me. I can now work all day and not get I thank you for what you have How to Get Through the Winter Without a Cold. Without a Cold. "This idea that many people have, that winter is an unhealthful season, is all wrong. Winter is just as healthful as summer, if people will take care of themselves. If you want to go through the winter without a cold, observe these few simple rules:

observe these few simple rules: "Don't overheat your house, and don't stop all ventilation. Sleep in a

cool room, but keep warmly covered. Always take off your outdoor wraps when you come in the house, and alwhen you come in the house, and al-ways put them on when you go out. And, lastly, just as long as there is snow on the ground, don't go with-out your rubbers. This last rule is the most important of all. for two colds out of three come from wet feet."—The Independent.

### Why Men Are Bald.

Men grow bald, women do not. Why not? Because women do not patron-ize barber shops where there is no such article as an individual comb and brush. It is the joint stock business in comb and brush that scalps a man before his time. The communism of participation leads to universal depi-lation.

Why does a man's hair fall out before his whiskers? Because it is at least twenty years older.—New York Press.

### Like Finding Money.

The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 5e you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c pack-age of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, print-ed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twen-tleth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free

Instinct of Animals Their Salvation. The instinct of animals sometimes

leads them out of the depths of caves from which a man not knowing the route would hardly escape alive. An illustration of this fact is the story Dr. Hovey tells of a frisky young puppy that knew no fear and would boldly follow the explorer to the remotest bounds. One day the dog lost him self in a gallery he undertook to explore on his own account. A lamp was set for him at Echo River, and the party returned to the hotel. The next morning the dog was found sitting the lamp patiently waiting for aid. sooner, however, had he been carried over the river than he ran away again, and was missing for two days, and then appeared on top of earth once more. In the darkness of perpetual midnight he had floundered through mud banks, swam rivers and threaded intricate passages. He was guided by his mysterious gift of orientation to the exit miles away from the place in the bowels of the earth whence he started. The scent that took him to the only outlet is probably similar to that which pilots homing pigeons on their voyages through the air.

### Kruger's Missing Thumb

An amusing Kruger story is going the rounds. The president is minus the thumb of his left hand. In his youth it was badly wounded, and rather than nurse the troublesome member he laid the thumb on a block and chopped it off, a heroic cure! Some time ago, in discussing the present situation, and wishing to illustrate how he would do Sir Alfred Milner, as he had his predecessors, he began with the little finger of his left hand: "I was too much for Sir George Gray." Then, annotating with his third finger: "I was too much for Sir Howard Berkeley." Passing to the middle finger: "I was too much for Sir Bartle Frere." Next with the index finger: "I was too much for Sir Hercules Robinson, and I shall be too much for Sir—alle maagte!" he exclaimed, for he had come to the place of the missing

superstitious.

### Kind of Stove He Wante

A gentleman from one of the town ships north of Somerset came to town one day last week to buy a stove. one of the stores he found what he wanted. It was standing on a low truck on which sample stores are moved about the store. The man bought the stove and ordered it shipped to his home. On Monday the stovedealer received a letter from the customer in which the latter said: "The stove you sold me was on wheels; eived is not. I will shir the one I rei it back." it back." The buyer probably had heard of and wanted a stove like that invented by the man who had to up and make the fire"—one that a rope could be drawn up to the bed and be lighted.—Somerset (Penn.) Standard.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

My little sweetheart of long ago! I see her eyes and her wind-tossed hair, And the long, long way that we used to go On foot to school when the day was fair, The morning sun on our faces shone, And the world before us was all our own.

We crossed the bridge at the end of the

town. Beyond the hedges the meadow lay; We could look across where the sky cam

down To the ends of the earth, and far away And we thought, for the distance seemed is fair. fair, That surely the gate of Heaven was there!

We passed through the quiet woodland dell, Where the great trees met in an arching screen, And the glutering, waving sunbeams fell, Like golden harrows, the bough hs between, Lighting the moss where the win d-flowers shock

shook. And the violet slept in her velvet nook.

# Always new was that morning walk; So much to think, and so much to say. How full of wisdom our grave, sweet talk, What treasures we found along the way! Mid all the wealth in the haunts of men, Nothing so rare have we found since then!

A tiny nest, where the eggs were five-An empty nest, by the pathway's edge The myriad creatures that toil and thriv. In mossy crevice and nook and ledge Ant, and spider, and wood-mouse shy, Butterfly, moth, and dragon-fly!

My little sweetheart of long ago! Though school was ended, and life's sail

page Has taught us more than we care to know, Have we wiser grown? Are we quite as

sage As we were in that far, sweet dreamland, where We walked to school when the days were

-Youth's Companion.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* CUPID . . . -IN A-. CYCLONE.

Vlasta looked wistfully out of her small-paned window, deep-set in the heavy sod wall, and sighed. The piles of unwashed dinner dishes

over which she was at work hardly acview counted for that sigh and the without was pleasant, rather than otherwise.

It was a Sunday afternoon in the It was a Sunday atternoon in the late June, hot and unusually still for that windy country, but the rolling stretches of prairie grass and the green fields of young wheat and corn still held the freshness of early spring.

But the cloud "no larger than a man's hand, "is always present in some form or other. One was at that moment rising

lazily on the western horizon, over the low, green hills, just a faint sum-mer cloud, unseen by the girl, whose eyes were fixed on a nearer and, to her, much more attractive object. This, as is apt to be the case when maidens sigh, was a young man, who, on the other side of a barbed-wire fence, some little distance away, was busily engaged in washing his buggy, which was rolled in front of his own

little sod house. He was of middle size, dark-haired and featured, like herself, and clad in the careless costume of overalls and jacket of blue denim, and dingy from exposure to sun and weather, and the battered sombrero of light felt, which were usual in his everyday occupation of farming. As any one familiar with that part

of the country could tell at a glance, they were young Bohemians, members of that great army of hardy settlers who have made homes for themselves in the previously untilled west. But hearts will be hearts in every

place and Juliet may pine for Romeo in ancient castle no more than in humble sod house, as did this com-monplace little heroine, with her plain but kindly face.

Now, by custom immemorial Sunday is the rural holiday everywhere and it is especially so among our foreign-born citizens, who on that day sally forth, clad in their best, ready for visiting and merry-making and seeing no incongruity between church and mass in the morning and a dance in

the afternoon and evening. So, considering this, it seemed that the young settler, Albrecht Hollub, should be on pleasure bent, and the signs indicated to that so he was, or soon should be. Herein lay the sting which changed for her the sunshine of that glowing lung day to slow

like hers. And all this time the cloud in the west was rising. It looked much like a puff of black smoke now,

much like a puff of black smoke now, and there were others, not so dark, climbing up teside it. The dishes were finished and put away in the kitchen "safe," or cup-board, and the girl sat down by het window—she was very fond of that window in those days—and gazed ab-sently out. The landscape was left desolate to her, for Albre ht had dis-appeared, probably to attire himself for his onting. Her father nodded in the shady doorway over his long, curved pipe. In the inner room her mother dis-coursed volubly to her second daugh-ter in her native tongue, which is

ter in her native tongue, which is never forgotten by the 'old people,' at least. The shouts of the numerous younger children came from without, younger children came from without, where they romped among the farm wagons and machinery, and the horses and cattle grazed contentedly on the fenced-in prairie that formed the pas-ture. It was all homely, but pea eful, and presently the girl's eyes, heavy with unaccustomed vigils, closed. She did not see the cloud rapidly swelling and taking on the ominous shape dreaded by the prairie dwellers, the so-called funnel form, which in this case was a much flattened one. It seemed but a few minutes later

when Vlasta roused abruptly in dazed bewilderment. A distant shout, one of slarm and warning, seemed echo-ing in her ear. How dark it had grown. And there were Albrecht and his little old mother, who kept his house, stand ing before their door, exclaiming and gesticulating wildly. At the same moment there came a rush of furious wind, bringing the sound of a low, menacing roar, while the mass of dusky green cloud seemed to quit the and start swiftly on an earthward path.

Vlasta guessed instantly the peril that threatened, and sprang up with a terrified cry.

"My father, mother, quick! The cyclone! The cyclone!" Then followed wild confusion,

screaming children running to their parents, francic exclamations, bustle

and hurry. Whither should t hey fly for refuge

whither should they my for reag-in that hour of terr or? It was the good mother that solved the problem with prompt presence of mind. "The henhouse, children! Let us run to the henhouse!" she cried, and her could hav start calf and her she crowded her stout self and her best feather bed, brought from the fatherland, valiantly through the nar-row doorway, followed by her husband carrying his pipe and armchair, and by the others with whatever they chanced to catch up, all racing through the thick whirling dust to the designated place of refuge.

In fact, it was the most suitable one within their reach, being really a low "dug-out" in the side of a small hill, "dug-out" in the side of a small hill, the front or open side facing south and filled in with a sod wall, contain-ing only a small, rough door and a tiny window, whose four small panes were thickly coated with dust. In they rushed pell mell, causing wild discomfort to the usual occupants of this had a which dow furthering

of this abode, which flew fluttering and cackling wildly from their rude nests and perches. The father was in the act of closing the door after the The father was in last one was in, when it was pushed violently open from without, and Albrecht and his mother, lacking such a shelter of their own, flung them-

selves among them. Then the door, like that of the ark, was shut and braced by the father's stout shoulder. And none to soon, for the air was thick with flying del ris. There were twelve of them-more souls than the ark carried, and crowd-ed into a such smaller space, but that

mattered little at such a time. The fowl screamed, the children wailed, the big mother and little mother rocked and prayed in each other's arms, and the father bemoa<sup>\*</sup>ed his farm a d stock; but as for Vlasta, the farm a d stock; but as for Vlasta, the cycloue had given her what the fates had otherwise denied, and the uproar and danger were all dominated by the joy that Albrecht was again heside her, so c'ose that, she could almost feel his deep, hurried breathing. It was 'nt a moment, and then, with a deafening roar, a rush of darkness, a choking breath of sulphur, the s'orm centre was upon them. Vlasta remembered not how it hap-pened, but when she was able to real-

# ----FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Soil Texture Important.

The most important business of the tarm is to control the soil texture. If If this is looked after carefully the sup-ply of water can be regulated. This texture is modified by the addition of growing clover and the like. Of course every farmer must work ac-cording to a system adapted to his particular soil.

### Lime Liberates Potash

Line Liberates Poinsh. It is quite probable that in the ex-periment spoken of above, no small part of the good effects of the lime was due to its liberating the potash which was locked up in an insoluble form. This seems evident in part from the fact that the form of phosphoric acid, the basic slag, which was used when lime showed the poorest results, was that which itself con tained the most lime. Lime produced better results when used with disbetter results when used with dis-solved phosphate rock than it did with any form of bone, raw or dis-solved. The rock after treatment has less lime than the bone.

### Beef Cattle.

The wide range of prices at every market on what are called good to choice beef cattle, which often show the choice to range from \$1 to \$2 a hundredweight above those that are are simply classed as good, indicates that there are many farmers yet who feed poor grades of cattle, or fail to prop-erly fit them for market before they send them out. We do not refer to the low grades of bulls or old cows, or to the stockars and farders, but to to the stockers and feeders, but to those supposed to be beef cattle. There is no sufficient reason for this as there are enough of pure bred males of the beef breeds to give an admixture of beef blood to all the stock in the West, or so it would seem to read of the numbers imported or bred there, and there is no lack of corn to feed them on.

## The Mating of Queens

Probably the most uncertain feature about queen rearing is to get them mated and safely back to their respective hives, says a writer in the New England Homestead. I generally ex-pect 25 per cent. of the young queens will get lost. When a queen is from six to ten days old she goes on her wedding flight, and after meeting a drone, returns to her hive. If she is successful in finding it there is rejoicing among the bees, but should she enter another hive she is immedi-ately killed. It is, therefore, well for the apiarist to help in some ways o the gracen way mark her location. queen may mark her location. Where the hives are far apart or where there are trees or other ob ects in the apiary there is not so much risk, but where the hives are all the same kind and in straight rows and an equal distance apart, it is more puzzling for the young queens to find their respective hives. The ap arist can help by putting boards or an old coat on some of the hives, or by painting them different colors. I have just had some forty queens mated with a loss of only four. My hives are painted various colors, and are placed alternately in the rows.

### Protection From Lightning.

Barns are frequently struck by lightning soon after the new crop has been put in, and large barns in which been put in, and large barns, in which a large quantity of new hay has been stored within a short time, are most liable to be struck, especially when there is a ventilator upon the top of the barn. It is said that the heating of the hay causes a column of warm air to arise, which acts as a conductor for the electric current as naturally as would a column of water, if one could be forced up to the same height. If is, then, a good idea to ventilate such barns by windows in the gables, so that the heated air will be spread abroad by the wind instead of going directly runned. The ventilateur directly upward. The ventilators on the top of the barn should be so ar-ranged that they can be closed, and they should be kept closed during the time when the new hay is throwing off this heat. It throws off much more since farmers have begun to cut grass early, and to put it in a little green in the heat of the day, than it did when it was usual for much of it to get over-ripe, over cured, and it was not hauled in until after dark. until after dark. ay al-The machinery of the present day lows much more to go in in a day than did in the days of the hand scythe and hand rakes.

depend upon the quantity of vegeta-bles so be stored in it. Lay the cab-bages in this tren h, side by side, and packing snugly in two layers, one on top of the other. Shovel the dirt over them carefully, letting it filter in the spaces between the heads and stalks. Fack the dirt firmly until all parts of the cabbages are concealed from view. Then on top of this put four of five inches of dirt which will place the vegetables almost below the front line, certainly below the line where the thaw extends. A good hard freeze will do the vegetables packed away good, and if they do not thaw out until dug up for use, they will keep well all winter. During the ex-ceedingly cold weather, stalks or lit-ter should be placed on top of the trench and removed when warm weather comes again. By using a top mulch in this way, one can regulate the temperature of the vegetables very well. When dug up in the spring, the cabbages will be in scellent con-dition, and they will sell for good prices. When spring opens the ground should be shaded over the trench, and a top mulch put on top to keep the frost in the ground. In this way the vegetables can be kept very late. But as soon as the ground be-gins to thaw the cabbages should be will set in very soon after they have they dout, and it is useless to at-tempt to keep them much longer then. In digging up the cabbages in the

tempt to keep them much longer then. In digging up the cabbages in the in the middle of winter care should be exercised to disturb the others as little as possible.—W. E. Farmer in American Cultivator.

### Full Weight Wheat.

Shriveled wheat will not "weigh up" and is useless as seed, and also of slow sale even at cut rate prices. Such wheat is immature, and tells a story of bad farming methods. Immature wheat is rarely due to

any form of disease, unless starvation may be called a disease, for it is caused by plain, simple starvation. Farmers must not expect to grow good wheat on impoverished soil. It is certainly true that over-lining will cause shriteled wheat, but it does so because the effect of lime is to quickly make available the fertilizer ingredients existing naturally in the soil, particularly potash. Now, it happens that potash is a

most important factor in making plump full-weight grain. It must be clearly underst od, though, that potash alone will not make good wheat; it must always be accompanied by the proper amounts of nitrogen and phosphoric acid. Over-liming with the use of clover and hone products common practice with even good farmers, but it results in making a poor grain soil.

The clover and bone products ply nitrogen and phosphoric acid only and the lime draws heavily on the soil for potash. In a few years, of course, there weuld no longer be any available soil potash to draw from, and the crops would suffer in two ways: the nitrogen would make a rank g.owth of straw, while the phosphor-ic acid in the absence of potash, will cause early maturity. The heads are light and the grain cells lossely packed and few in number. In well fertil-ized wheat the grain cells are packed closely together, and the grains block out both ends squarely. The use of fertilizers not well bal-

The use of fertilizers not well bal-nuced, in a measure, cause the same result. Most fertilizers are usually rich in phosphoric acid, and nitrogen, but low in potash. Now, taking into consideration the fact that the whole wheat plant, grain, straw and chaff, contains more potash than phosphoric acid, the results of feeding year after year more phosphoric acid than pot-ash becomes evident. The soil be-comes comparatively rich in phosphor-ic acid, which forces an early maturity ic acid, which forces an early maturity and consequently more or less shriveled grain.

The action is precisely the same as with over liming. At first with an excess of nitrogen and phosphoric acid present, such supplies of potash as may exist in the soil naturally are quickly taken up. Sooner or later this source of potash is exhausted, and a starved crop is the result. The remedy is very simple; a grain fertil-izer should have as much potash as phosphoric acid, and if such is not the case, make up the shortage by supa starved crop plementing the complete fertilizer with some potash salt Any farmer who may not be posted as to the use of fertilizers should write to his experiment station; that is, the experiment station of his state. These stations are maintained for the purpose of giving farmers just such information.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

done for me. I shall always praise your medicine to all suffering women -MRS. E. E. KUHN, GERMANO, OHIO. nen.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of your Sana-tive Wash, also some of the Liver Pills, and I can say that your remedies will do all that you claim for them. Before taking your remedies I was very bad with womb trouble, was nervous, had no ambition, could not sleep, and my food seemed to do me no good. Now I am well, and your medicine has cured me. I will gladly recommend your med-

Leavenworth, Kan., claims the dis-tinction of being the first American city in the shipment of apples.



The first five persons procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book from their grocer will each obtain one large 10c package of "Red Cross" Starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Beat" starch, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Giri Calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book, will obtain from their grocer the above goods for 5c. Cross' Laundry Starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the great-est invention of the Twentieth Century. It has no equal, and surpasses all others. It has won for itself praise from all parts of the United States. It has superseded every-thing heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. It is made from wheat, thing heretologe used of known to science in the hautury at. It is much for whom, rice and corn, and chemisally prepared upon scientific principles by J. C. Hubinger, Kcokuk, fowm, an expert in the laundry profession, who has had twenty-five years' practical experience in fancy laundering, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all fine grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocers for this Starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

For Albrecht was "going riding" in his new buggy-going without her, and, no doubt, with some other girlwhen it really was her place on that seat beside him. And had she not proully occupied

it until that unlucky night not yet two weeks ago, but seeming half a lifetime, as a girl's short lifetime goes?

Such a little thing, too, as is gener Ally the case, to have caused all this trouble. She was not sure how Albrecht felt. Perhaps he was glad Atorecut left. Fernaps ne was grad to get rid of her—here two great tears dropped into the dishpan at the thought. Just a dance at a young friend's wedding—it being their cus-tom for a bridal party to go to a justice or country judge to have the cere mony performed, and then to return to the performed, and then to return to the bride's home for a grand ce ebration, which usually lasted all night. Then a foolish quarrel, when Albrecht, heated up by excitement and beer, had insisted that she danced too often with the bride's elder brother. She had refused to listen to him, of course, with the result that he had walked out into the darkness and had never seen her since.

Perhaps she had sought covertly, and, no doubt, awkwardly, to find an opportunity of making amends, but he had ignored or avoided her, though they lived on adjacent claims; hence, for her, at least, bitter days and nights. She felt vaguely, in her sim-ple fashion, the hardness of the woman's code which bids her "wait and weep" in silence, a rule that has broken many besides country hearts

when s ize anything her arms were around Albrecht's neck and he was holding Albrecht's neek and ne was nothing her to him and murmuring words of endearment, which she felt rather than heard. "My love, my little one"—though she was as tall as he— "do not fear. I will keep thee safe— "do not fear. I will keep thee safe-I, thine own beloved."

I, thine own beloved." Vlasta's pet white pullet fluttered on their shoulders like the white-winged dove of peace. The storm went swiftly on its resistless way, leaving desolation behind. Their houses were in ruins; their little presentions from the piace of

little possessions torn to pieces or scattered far and wide, even a large

part of the growing crops rooted up or ground into the soil. But their lives were spared, and they are hardy and courageous. Sod houses can soon rise again, and other crops grow green on sunlit plains, and before long in the new home there will be "sounds of revelry by night" and another merry wedding dance.

The old Henry house, one of the famous revolutionary mansions of Germantown, standing at Germantown avenue and Fisher's lane, has been sold. The house was erected in 1735 by John Gottfried Waschsmud, and was sold to John Snowden Henry. Diwas sold to John Showaen Henry. Di-rectly opposite on ground formerly belonging to the Henry homestead is the Hood cemetery, where were laid the bodies of General Agnew and Colonel Bird, both of whom died from wounds received at the battle of Ger-mantown.-Philadelphia Record.

### Keeping Cabbages and Turnips.

Burying cabbages and turnips in the ground for winter keeping seems to be the simplest plan yet devised, and if the work is done properly very small percentage will be los There is always the question of u lost un certain winters to consider, and this makes the work sometimes more dif-ficult. In fact, if we could gauge beforehand the kind of winter we were to have there would be no trouble in deciding what to do. A cold, dry winter would be welcomed by farmers who make a specialty of these crops, for the turnips and cabbages would keep all right piled up and covered with a little dirt. It is the alternate freezing and thawing, the rain aud the snow, that provoke trouble. Cab-bages not buried deep in the ground bages not buried deep in the ground would soon rot in a warm, wet season.

The best way is the surest way, and as is generally the case the most la-borious. Select some high and dry ground where the drainage is good, either naturally or through artificial cultivation, and dig a deep and broad trench. The size of this trench must

### Poultry Notes.

If hens are overfat do not attempt to carry them over.

Study poultry from a practical standpoint, just as other stock upon the farm is studied.

There is no fear of losing anything by sending clean eggs and nice look ing poultry to market.

Moulting is a strain on the system and the bird should have good feed and protection from cold winds.

The farmer's family should consume more poultry and eggs and less pork. They are among the most valuable foods.

The fact that so much poultry is. sold is prima facie evidence that pou try raising is profitable. Poultry, to that po brings quick returns.

There is nothing in its relation to the henbouse that is more important than whitewash and a whitewash brush, if they are used.

Feeding corn night and morning is the sum total of poultry management on thousands of farms; and there is no money in that sort of management.