

Pay in Rings.

It is interesting to note that the early Egyptian custom of paying gold in the form of rings has not entirely died out in Africa at the present day, and that English merchants trading with the Congo are quite accustomed to receiving gold in the form of rings, frequently ornamented with the signs of the zodiac in relief.

Acceptable?

I should say so; they all say the same too, when they get them. Who is there that would refuse such works of art when they can get them for almost nothing? Ask your grocer for a coupon book, which will enable you to get one large 10c. pack of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed all for 5c.

Beyond His Reach.

"What has become of the big man who used to beat the bass drum?" asked the private of the drum-major. "He left us about three months ago."

"Good drummer, too, wasn't he?" "Yes; very good. But he got so fat that when he marched he couldn't hit the drum in the middle."—Tit-Bits.

"Nature Abhors a Vacuum."

"Nothing in the world stands still. If you are well and strong day by day the blood supplies its tide of vigor. If you are ill, the blood is wrong and carries increasing quantities of diseased germs. You cannot change Nature, but you can aid her by keeping the blood pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this as nothing else can. Be sure to get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Why Her Letters Were Not Delivered.

The Postoffice Department has been bothered a great deal lately by a certain woman who has been complaining about the mails to Manila and the apparent neglect to deliver the letters she has been sending to her sweetheart, who is a soldier in the army. So persistent were her complaints that the department determined to pay cable tolls on an inquiry to Manila to find out why the twenty-two letters the woman claimed she had mailed had not reached the soldier. The inquiry has just been answered by the postal officials in the Philippines. The report states that the soldier was traced to the firing lines and acknowledged receiving his letters. He said he had not only received his mail promptly and regularly, but that he had received twenty-two letters from a woman who insisted upon writing to him, although he did not intend to answer her.—Washington Correspondence New York Mail and Express.

Maryland's tomato pack last year was nearly 3,000,000 cases, one-third of the entire pack of the United States.

Nervous Women

are ailing women. When a woman has some female trouble she is certain to be nervous and wretched.

With many women the monthly suffering is so great that they are for days positively insane, and the most diligent efforts of ordinary treatment are unavailing.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

comes promptly to the relief of these women. The letters from women cured by it prove this. This paper is constantly printing them.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham should also be secured by every nervous woman. This costs nothing. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

POTATOES \$1.20 a Bbl.
Largest Seed POTATO Growers in America. Prices \$1.50 a Bbl. up. Enormous stocks of all kinds of Clover and Farm Needs. Send this notice and 5c for Catalog and 25c for SAMPLE. FARMER'S SEED COMPANY, 108 Michigan St., Chicago.

CARTER'S INK
Buy it of your storekeeper.

YOU CAN GROW your own Coffee easily and cheaply. Sure crop. Superior quality. Write to V. K. Davis, Mt. Summit, N. Y., and receive \$8.00. Live agents everywhere to sell our new **WANTED** GAS LA 10 P. A. Gas Plant. Brighter than electricity and safe. No gas bills. Cheap. Write for prospectus and sample. Free. Money maker. Standard Gas Lamp Co., 108 Michigan St., Chicago.

\$1000 CLEARED YEARLY.
LADY OR GENTLEMAN
Wanted to sell Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea. One agent cleared a thousand dollars last year. We will send, prepaid, two 25c packages and an elegant silver pickle fork and Free samples and special agents' terms on receipt of twenty-five cents. Any lady can clear twelve dollars a week and not interfere with her household duties. Write us for particulars.
THE BROWN MEDICINE CO., Erie, Pa.

AFTERGLOW.

After the clangor of battle.
There comes a moment of rest,
And the simple joys and the simple joys
And the simple thoughts are best.

After the victor's pean.
After the thunder of gun.
There comes the still that must come to all
Before the set of sun.

Then what is the happiest memory?
Is it the foe's defeat?
Is it the splendid praise of a world
That thunders by at your feet?

Nay, nay, to the life-worn spirit
The happiest thoughts are those
That carry us back to the simple joys
And the sweetness of life's repose.

A simple love and a simpler trust
And a simple duty done
Are truer torches to light to death
Than a whole world's victories won.

A Temporary Exchange.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

IT WAS 8 o'clock of a Saturday morning in February when Mr. and Mrs. Stone drove out of their farmyard and took the road northward. The crisp snow of the highway, packed and polished by weeks of good sleighing, creaked under the runners of their "outter," and the sun was shining gloriously over the wooded hills to the eastward.

The Stones were going to spend Sunday with "Cousin Maria," Stone's second cousin, and the object of Mrs. Stone's admiration and envy. She declared that there was no house like Cousin Maria's, and no domestic conveniences and advantages like those she enjoyed; that nobody wore such beautiful clothes, or had such good things to eat, or commanded such resources to "do with" as Cousin Maria. In short, Mrs. Amasa Stone, who had not been a great while married, and who had one of the nicest little farmhouses in the country, as well as one of the best and most devoted husbands in the world, was somehow a victim of that most disagreeable and distressing malady, envious discontent; and the immediate occasion of it was—Cousin Maria. If she could only exchange places (perhaps not husbands, but everything else) with Cousin Maria, how happy she would be!

Curiously enough—by that strange irony of fate which we often see cropping out in human life—Cousin Maria felt the same way toward Mrs. Stone. She secretly, but sincerely, envied the little woman with the big devoted, over-keen husband and the model farm-house overlooking one of the most beautiful and productive valley farms in New England. "If I could only keep house like Cousin Maria!" she would sometimes say to her husband; and then she would add to herself, "Perhaps I might if I had as nice a house and the things to do with that she has."

Sincere and cordial envy does not make people dislike each other, by any means; and it was natural enough that Mrs. Stone and her cousin, Mrs. Holmes, should enjoy visiting each other and thereby adding fresh fuel to their mutual admiration. They traveled back and forth on these social exchanges a good deal, and their husbands, who liked each other (and each others fare, by the way), were never averse to "driving over" for a day's outing. The two farms lay some 20 miles apart, in different townships, and about midway between them was a village, where the Stones and the Holmeses each had a special friend, with whom it was convenient and pleasant to stop for dinner while going a-visiting.

The sleigh bells rang cheerily and the miles rapidly fell away behind the Stones' cutter this February morning, as they drove along toward Hydeville, the half way village. "I hope nothing will happen to the stock or the hens, over Sunday," said Mr. Stone.

"Oh, don't worry about that!" exclaimed his wife. "You spoke to Leonard, as usual, didn't you?" "Yes, I asked him to fodder once a day and attend to the milking. But he lives quite a little piece away, and if it should come on to storm"— "Storm! Look at the sky!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, with a scornful laugh. "I declare, if you aren't the greatest man to worry over nothing."

It was still gloriously pleasant when they reached Hydeville, at 11 o'clock, and they stopped there two full hours. As they again took the road, at 1 o'clock, they noticed that the sky had become slightly filmy, but as it frequently does cloud over thus toward the close of a fine winter day they were neither surprised nor disturbed. At 3 o'clock, however, the wind began to rise, the sky grew more overcast, and before long was spitting sharply out of the northeast.

"What do you think about a storm now?" asked Mr. Stone. "Drive along and get there as quick as you can," was his wife's only reply, as she gathered the buffalo robe more tightly about her.

When they reached the Holmes farm, at about 4 o'clock, the wind was howling and the snow driving across the landscape in sheets. Mrs. Stone got out at the side entrance and plunged shivering against the door, but turned at once to her husband with a look of surprise and consternation. The door was locked! So were the front door and the kitchen door, as they speedily discovered.

"They're away from home," announced Mr. Stone.

"They've gone visiting," groaned his wife. "Oh dear! do you suppose it's possible they've gone to visit us?" "Shouldn't wonder a bit," replied Mr. Stone. "Come to think of it, I heard a man's laugh when I went over to the store in Hydeville that sounded like John Holmes's. But I couldn't

tell where it came from, and couldn't see anybody that looked like him, so gave it up."

"Goose!" cried Mrs. Stone. "He was probably over at Jason Soper's, where they always stop out in the barn, like as not. If you'd only mentioned it! Well, we must just make the best of a bad job. I know where Maria puts the kitchen key when she's away, and we might as well go in and take possession—as they will have to do at our house, I reckon."

The key was found on a nail under the stoop, and Mrs. Stone proceeded to take possession, while her husband stabled his horse. When Mr. Stone came in he found the lamps all lighted and his wife in a high state of excitement and delight at the prospect of "using Cousin Maria's nice things for a while! I guess it's all for the best," she announced, with unexpected cheerfulness. "For once in our lives we will have a taste of keeping house with modern conveniences!"

It was a tremendous snowstorm that swept New England during February 25 and 26. Mr. and Mrs. Stone were snowbound for a week in the Holmes house, and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, as it happened, were similarly imprisoned in theirs. Roads were not broken through for five days, and no one knew how his neighbor was faring.

In the meantime Mr. Stone took care of Holmes's stock, and Mr. Holmes took care of his, while their wives revelled to their hearts' content in the supposed domestic advantages and improvements for which they had envied each other so long. At last the two families were able to get word to one another, and a day was set for the mutual evacuation of each other's premises and a meeting at Hydeville on the way. Both parties were invited to dine at Jason Soper's that memorable day, and the reader may be sure it was not one of those dinner parties that languish for lack of conversation.

Late in the afternoon, as the Stones came in sight of their own pleasant farmhouse, Mr. Stone said, hesitatingly, "John and I had some talk of exchanging farms while we were harnessing up. We thought, if"—

"Stop right there, Amasa Stone!" cried his wife, with a sudden uncalled burst of tears. "If you ever mention such a thing again!"

"Why?" exclaimed Mr. Stone, in glad astonishment. "I thought you were crazy for Cousin Maria's modern conveniences, and John said that Maria made life a burden to him by hankering after yours. So we thought we'd please both of you by swapping farms."

"Well, you'll neither of you ever hear anything more on the subject from Maria or me," sobbed Mrs. Stone. "We were both of us so homesick and so ashamed that we burst out crying when we were up in the front chamber at Mrs. Soper's, and confessed what fools we had been. I guess neither of us will ever quarrel with her own things again—least of all, with her own husband."—American Agriculturist.

THE NEW WOMAN'S BABY.

She Brings Him Up According to the Rules Laid Down in the Books.

"But haven't you any more books on the subject?" asked the woman, appealingly, much as if the person she was consulting had large installments of books hidden away, only forthcoming when his heart should soften.

"Not in, now," and the young man at the circulating library turned to a newer comer.

"Why don't you take something else?" advised her companion.

"Because I do not come here to get any books. I just want books that will give me information about caring for baby. Ever since he was a wee little thing I have been reading everything I could get on the subject. I think," she said, crushingly, turning to the young man in charge, "I will not take any book today."

Then as she started away her tone changed to one of pity.

"How was it," she said to the other woman, "that babies used to struggle up, when there were no magazines or books about how they should be trained? Every one of my friends who has a baby does just as I do and gets every article she can upon their physical or mental or moral well being. And one does get such help. Just the other day I was reading somewhere: 'No mother should be without a baby's diary. Jot down all the sayings of the little one,' and so I've started with such a pretty book, leather bound, you know, and I mean to keep it up."

"That must be awfully interesting," said the other woman, "isn't it?"

"This last book, the one I had given back when I met you, gave me fine directions for caring for baby's teeth, especially the second teeth. I shall do exactly as it says, and take him to the dentist in time. In that way, you know, you avoid all trouble about teeth coming in crooked and all that. Kindergarten methods are fine, too, and I've been reading up about them, for I want him to have the advantage of the latest ideas."

"How old is he now?" asked the listener suddenly.

"Three months old," said the proud mother, fondly.—New York Sun.

Phillips' Devotion to His Wife.

A beautiful story is told of Wendell Phillips, the famous American orator, illustrating his lover-like devotion to his invalid wife. At the close of a lecture engagement in a neighboring town his friends entreated him not to return to Boston.

It was a fearful cold night, and the last train had gone, so he would have to return in a carriage. "You will have 12 miles of rough riding before you get home," they said.

"But at the other end," he replied, "I shall find Anne Phillips!"

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Eating Nests.

In cold winter when forage is scarce hens are liable to eat the hay of which the nest is made. To prevent this you can make the nest of shavings or excelsior. Hens will eat very coarse fodder like long grass, pea vines, etc., if chopped up a little in the feed cutter.

Mulching the Garden.

There is work that may be done in the garden after the ground is frozen. The rhubarb or pie plant should be mulched as soon as the ground is frozen an inch or two, with coarse, strawy manure from the stables or poultry yards. If this is not at hand, any variety of mulch, as straw, leaves or evergreen branches will be better than nothing, but the plant is a rank feeder and cares little whether its fertilizer is green or well rotted, or a chemical fertilizer, but the latter is best if put on in the spring. The mulch is, of course, to prevent alternate freezing and thawing. This will enable it to throw up stalks earlier in the spring, and if manure is used liberally and the plants are not frost bound, the stalks in the spring will make the marketmen or the housekeeper who gets them, think it is the mammoth sort.

Of course almost every strawberry grower understands the benefit of mulching the strawberry bed for winter protection, but few know how much good it will do the currants and gooseberry bushes, the blackberry and raspberry to have a heavy mulch put along the row at the same time. Try it once, and the crop will pay for it and leave a balance to pay for doing so another year.

Beware of the Earthworm.

Who could suspect the earthworm of being a possible enemy to the chick? Have we not, from our earliest infancy dug earthworms to feed to the young chicks, and have we not encouraged others to do likewise? This many times has been the cause of the little ones dying from attacks of gapes, but we did not suspect it. Not till science took the matter up and demonstrated conclusively that the earthworm is the host by means of which the gape worm eggs are conveyed to the trachea of the fowl, did we recognize the earthworm as an enemy. The microscope has revealed the process in enough of its stages to prove the rest. The government experiments have shown that to keep the chicks free from gape worms they need only be kept from all possibility of picking up worms. Not that all worms have in them the eggs of the gape worm, but we never know when the danger is present. After the chick is a little more than half grown this precaution may be set aside, as the gape worms are unable to destroy good sized birds.

The writer has fed chicks earthworms and, as an apparent result, has lost chicks. It is the best plan to keep on a board floor. The grass plot is preferable, unless the sod is very thin. There is little or no danger of the earthworms coming within reach of the chicks, even in wet weather, as would be the case on bare ground. A little caution in this matter, especially where gapes have prevailed, will save many chicks.

Chaff Packing.

I believe that exclusive chaff packing directly over bees will admit of too much ventilation, and more especially so if a limited amount is used, which is usually the case. Twelve inches of very fine chaff thoroughly placed and weighted down, with the entrance of hive left open, will still admit of too much draft through the hives with the usual covering on them.

I have come to the conclusion that so much top dressing in the way of chaff cushions, etc., and leaving a large entrance open to its full capacity, is about on the same principle as that of trying to keep a sitting room comfortable with the outside door open. We know that bees keep in good condition in a hive or anywhere else. A two-story hive that contains a half bushel of bees, and is full of honey in the hottest part of the season, can get along and do business with a very small entrance, perhaps no larger than will admit of a half dozen bees at once. If this be the case, and I think no one will say it is not, then how much of an entrance does a hive require in winter, with one-fourth the amount of bees, and a set of combs containing only twenty-five or thirty pounds of honey, to give them all necessary ventilation required? In answer to this I will say that no entrance whatever is required when the bees are not flying, and in addition, the top of the hive should be air tight as the bees make it by plugging up all the cracks, and also coating the cloth covered surface entirely as they do.

I do not say that bees do not require a large entrance in summer, for I am a believer in a very large entrance in summer, and especially so during the honey season when colonies are strong. But in winter I have thoroughly experimented with all the different plans, and the last one referred to suits me best, and my bees have invariably come through the winter in a more healthful condition and stronger in number.—A. H. Duff in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Preserving Root Crops in Pits.

Many in their desire to have roots safely stored for winter overdo the matter. They like to make as short a job of it as possible, and as soon as the crop can be dug, the roots are

placed in a heap, covered with straw and then enough earth is put on them to prevent freezing in the severest winter weather. This is a great mistake, and many pits are lost because of this over-protection. It is very desirable to avoid storing large quantities of roots in the cellars of dwelling houses. Consequently where no separate storage place is available, pitting outside is the best plan.

Gather the roots after they have been dug and sufficient time has elapsed to allow them to dry off. Place in oblong heaps in a high spot in the field so that good drainage is possible, cover with straw and a few inches of earth so that moderate frost and the slight freeze of early winter will not injure the roots, dig a trench around the base of the pit so that water will not stand. Where the water rises near the surface during the wet period, it is best to place the roots on the top of the ground, as suggested above. However, if there is good drainage there is no reason why an excavation cannot be made six feet wide and about a foot deep and as long as necessary. Begin by carefully stacking the roots, filling the first two feet of the trench. This will form the first section, leave a space of about six inches, then put in another section, and so on. Round up the top, fill the six inches of space between the heaps with straw and cover the whole with straw and 18 or more inches of soil.

This plan requires much less work in covering and is in reality a series of small pits each distinct. The tubers keep better in this way, and as only one section at a time need be opened there is less liability to waste than if the pit were a large one containing the entire crop. In some sections of the country the covering or soil must be two or three feet deep to prevent freezing.—New England Homestead.

Dairy Equipment.

While it is to be freely admitted that the methods of some successful dairymen are crude and not include the equipment which other successful dairymen deem essential, such cases are exceptions. The best success depends upon complete equipment, as a rule. A dairyman may make a success that is entirely satisfactory to him, by feeding whole corn stalks and unhusked corn together. Some have claimed to have done so. They may have been satisfied with feeding in racks outdoors in winter weather, but these methods are not in conformity with science and common sense; and in 99 cases out of 100 they will result in at least partial failure. We make no attempt to explain the successes that, as claimed, resulted from such a system. We only know that we could never achieve success by such practices. Feeding unhusked corn and stalks together, of course, saves labor and the expense of grinding. But the only grain that we ever found it profitable, or rather, the most profitable, to feed in a similar way, are oats. Oat hay is the best shape for feeding oats, and, if it can be afforded, it makes a grand, good feed for the cow, as it does for any other animal.

Every dairy farm ought to be equipped with feed grinders, feed cookers, water heaters, dehoning implements—unless the horns are already off—feed cutters, a shredder and a cream separator. Each of these machines is important and will prove profitable on the farm. All of them, it is true, will not be required for steady use in the dairy, but there is not one of them that will not be of occasional use, and most of them are a practical necessity. The feed cooker, while capable of increasing the value of feed for the hog many per cent, and often exceedingly useful in feeding steers, may not be considered a necessity in dairy feeding, but an occasional ration of cooked feed in cold weather is of decided benefit to the cow, increasing the milk yield and greatly aiding her digestive functions. The cow, in our judgment, never should be fed whole grain, except oats, as before stated, and after a time corn becomes so hard that it is utterly unfit to be fed unless it is ground, soaked or cooked. If it is ground, it should be ground on the farm, and corn meal loses its aroma so quickly that much of it should not be ground at one time. Corn stalks are in the best condition for feeding when they are shredded. Occasionally the cow will greatly enjoy cut feed, hay, clover, or even good straw, mixed with meal, wet down and permitted to stand 24 to 36 hours before feeding.

We have said nothing about the silo and the necessary machinery for preparing green crops—preferably corn—for ensilage, but they are all important features of feeding and will greatly simplify the problem. In manufacturing enterprises the plants are equipped with everything that is necessary and a convenience. The farm is a factory. Dairying is manufacturing, and yet in many farms and in many dairies the policy seems to be not to provide everything that will aid in achieving the largest measure of success, but to get along with the very least equipment that will possibly answer; and it is a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Small Diamonds More Perfect.

There are more perfect small diamonds than there are perfect large ones; and where a man gets together a collection of perfect diamonds he is most likely to have a collection of perfect diamonds he is most likely to have a collection of small ones. Thus, the diamonds owned by Americans are not, as a rule, so large as are the ones owned in Europe. Artificial light enables the European diamond wearer to wear big stones that are not altogether perfect.

Bestowing the Victoria Cross.

I asked the officer in charge of the medal branch of the British War Office how a Victoria Cross was obtained after it had been won.

"Why, there isn't so much red tape about it as you would fancy," he said. "The action as a reward for which the cross is given must be performed in the presence of the enemy," and it is desirable that the superior officer of the man who distinguished himself should have witnessed it. It happens sometimes, however, that no officer is present, and is a case like that the candidate must prove by his companions that he really did do what he asserts that he did. When his immediate superior is satisfied that he ought to be rewarded he writes an account of the business and hands it to the officer in command of the forces and he indorses the papers and sends them on to the War Office. Here they are laid before Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, who passes upon them and decides to which applicants the Cross should be given.

"Of course the Cross goes most often to a soldier, sailor or marine, and when it happens that the fortunate man is in England he receives his medal from the hand of the Queen herself. If he is in the field, however, or on shipboard, he receives his decoration from the General or Admiral in chief command on the semi-annual inspection day and in the presence of the men who were at the scene of his exploit."—Correspondence New York Press.

Tool Making.

If the human race continues to exist and to advance in morals, comfort and elegance of living, tool making must begin and must be carried to what now appears to be a high development. What is the limit of the tool maker's art, and when and where should or must tool making stop?

Commercially speaking, it must stop in any particular case when more tool making cannot cheapen the total time cost of production; if the demand for the product is unlimited, then the only limitation to tool making is the limit of human understanding and mechanical resources.

Broadly speaking, it is conceivable that in some special production tool making may be carried to a point where no further profitable advantage can be made, and it is also conceivable that there may be things useful and desirable to the few, which can not by improvement of quality and lowering of cost be made useful and desirable to the many. Speaking narrowly from existing facts and conditions, it seems probable that the limit of tool making has never been reached in any particular case.—Engineering Magazine.

Proud of His Profession.

Speaking of the elder Bennett of the New York Herald never having held office puts a bright contributor to the Journalist in mind of a story told about him. Having been told of an editor who had "risen to be a Member of Congress," he snappishly replied, "risen! good God mon, what do you mean? I once knew a man who, although he had been a Member of Congress, yet rapidly rose until he became respectable as an editor; a noble example of perseverance under terribly depressing circumstances. Risen, mon, risen! why the Presidency is not so high a position as the editorship of the greatest paper in the country. Hoot awa, mon, and talk sense."

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