

# Stomach Troubles In Spring

Are THAT BILIOUS FEELING, bad taste in the month, dull headache, sleeplessness, poor appetite.

No matter how careful you are about eating, everything you take into your stomach turns sour, causes distress, pains and unpleasant gases.

Don't you understand what those symptoms—signals of distress—mean? They are the cries of the stomach for help! It is being overworked. It needs the peculiar tonic qualities and digestive strength to be found in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The best stomach and blood remedies known to the medical profession are combined in the medicine, and thousands of grateful letters telling its cures prove it to be the greatest medicine for all stomach troubles ever yet discovered.

**Joe Jefferson's Criticism.**

The impression is current in theatrical circles that Mr. Jefferson never guys. He is a stickler for professional etiquette, it is true, and tries to mould his company into one harmonious picture, into a perfect machine. But there was one night upon which he yielded to the temptation to guy. It was during a performance of "The Rivals," in which his matchless portrayal of Bob Acres preceded smoothly until the scene is reached in which Falkland, Captain Absolute and Bob Acres have a wordy altercation. At this point the actor playing Falkland ranted violently, raised his voice to an unnecessary pitch, and finally, in a burst of anger, slammed a door as he made his exit. It is part of the "business" for Captain Absolute to say at this juncture, "Poor Falkland!" He did so, and Mr. Jefferson promptly replied, "The poorest I ever saw!"—Success.

## HAVE IT READY

Minor accidents are so frequent and such hurts so troublesome no household should be without a bottle of

## St. Jacobs Oil

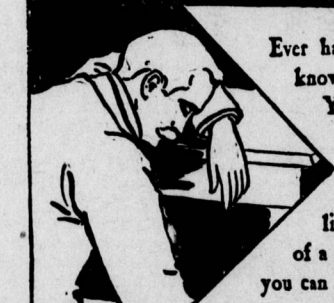


for instant use, as the world knows it is a

### PERFECT CURE for PAINS and ACHES

**PILES** If you have got the PILES, you have not used DANIELS' SURE PILE CURE, or you would not have them now. The only Guaranteed Cure. No operation, no pain, no expense. 12 Suppositories 50c. or 24 and box of ointment \$1.50, postpaid by mail. Send for book of valuable information on Piles, FREE, whether you use our remedy or not. THE DANIELS' SURE PILE CURE CO., 324 A. 7th St., Hartford, Conn.

# BLUES



Ever have "the blues"? Then you know how dark everything looks. You are completely discouraged and cannot throw off that terrible depression. A little work looks like a big mountain; a little noise sounds like the roar of a cannon; and a little sleep is all you can secure, night after night.

## That's Nerve Exhaustion

The truth of the matter is, your nerves have been poisoned and weakened with the impurities in your blood. The thing for you to do is to get rid of these impurities just as soon as you can.

You want a blood-purifying medicine,—a perfect Sarsaparilla,—that's what you want. You want a Sarsaparilla that is the strongest and best nerve tonic you can buy, too.

## That's AYER'S

"The only Sarsaparilla made under the personal supervision of three graduates: a graduate in pharmacy, a graduate in chemistry, and a graduate in medicine."

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"During last year I was suffering from nervous prostration. For weeks I grew worse, became thin, could not sleep, had no appetite, and was in a wretched condition. After taking several kinds of medicines without result, I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla with more than pleasing results. My appetite returned, I slept soundly, my strength and weight increased, and now I am well and strong without the slightest trace of my old trouble. Indeed, I would hardly believe it possible for medicine to bring about such a change in any person."—CLARA MEELEY, Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., Dec. 21, 1899

**Profit in Destroying Money.**

Probably the greatest profit ever enjoyed by the Government as a result of the destruction of money was in connection with the fractional currency of shipplasters issued during the civil war. The total amount issued was \$368,724,079, of which \$6,880,558 has never been presented for redemption. A large amount has been preserved as curios by collectors and occasionally even now it is offered for redemption. This was especially the case during the recent hard times. People who had the old "shipplasters" of war times in their cabinets and scrapbooks got hard up and sent them in for redemption.

In 1801 \$60,000,000 of what were called "demand notes" were issued by the Government to pay the emergency expenses of the war. Of this amount, \$53,847 has never been offered for redemption. The same year, \$266,595,440 in compound interest notes were issued, of which \$168,110 are still outstanding; \$59,055 of the one and two year notes and \$132,850 of the famous seven-thirty notes are still outstanding. But almost every year small amounts of these old issues turn up for redemption. Only a few weeks ago a man brought in one of the \$100 thirty-seven notes, and last year \$710 were presented at the sub-treasury in New York of the compound interest notes upon which interest ceased more than a quarter of a century ago. As a rule, the paper money and the bonds that remain outstanding are of small denomination, which shows that people are more careless in handling small than large sums of money.—Chicago Record.

**A Story From Gibraltar.**

During the war stories in plenty have been current of the strategems and treachery which have imposed upon British officers charged with very serious responsibilities. Changing the venue, we have the following story from Gibraltar. Some time ago a consumptive German gentleman arrived there with introductions from influential people in England. The Governor and other officials received him hospitably and every consideration possible was shown him on account of his health, but, of course, he could not be granted permission, as he requested, to go to the top of the rock for the sake of the purer air, as there is a regulation that "Foreigners are on no account to be permitted to walk about the top of the rock." Further acquaintance, however, with the German gentleman, through the medium of dinners and other social functions, resulted in a relaxation of the strict rule, and he was granted a pass. The result of the visit is now to be seen at the German War Office, which is in possession of the most perfect plans from photos of all the works and defenses of Gibraltar.—Saturday Review.

**No Use For a Throne.**

Napoleon Bonaparte is quoted in the Century as saying to Dr. O'Meara at St. Helena:

"If I was in England now, and the French nation was to offer me the throne again, I would not accept of it, because if I was to do so I would be obliged to turn bourreau (executioner) I would be obliged to cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it, which would not be pleasing to me. Oceans of blood must be shed to keep me there. No, no; I have made enough of noise already in the world, perhaps more than any other man will make; perhaps too much. I am getting old, and only want retirement. What could I do in France? Alone, to set myself against all the powers of Europe. Madness!"

**OVERAMIABLE.**

He never makes no kick at all, No matter how things are. Life's boisterous, great and small, He banishes afar.

The slight injustices of life Don't move him to distress, Says he, "I won't have any strife, It ain't worth while, I guess."

His patience some reward should bring, I wish that I could say That all his earthly cares took wing, But things don't work that way.

His hopes grow weak by week, more slim, His goods more light in left, The man who never kicks is him That's allus gettin' left.

## Mr. Carter's Calories.

"John," said Mrs. Carter, "I want to have a talk with you."

"All right, my dear," responded Mr. Carter.

"I want to begin our housekeeping right," continued the lady. "From a hygienic standpoint, I mean. Of course, at the hotels we could not help ourselves, but in our own house we can live as we please."

"Well, we will," answered Mr. Carter. "The plumbing is exposed, the ventilation is all right, and everything in the house is according to the most hygienic standard. There is no reason why we should not live right."

"Yes, I know; but I was not thinking of the house. I was thinking of the diet."

"Oh, you'll arrange that all right, I'm sure," said Mr. Carter, cheerfully.

"I am going to try to, but you must help, too. You see, John, that most people waste a large part of what they spend by injudicious purchases."

"I believe that," agreed Mr. Carter, heartily.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Carter, waxing eloquent, for this was her particular hobby. "Not only by injudicious purchases, but by almost an entire absent knowledge of the relative nutritive qualities of various food products, and by processes of cooking and serving which very much reduce the value of the food. I want us to live well, enjoy some luxuries, and save money on the same amount that most people practically throw away."

"You're a sensible little woman," and Mr. Carter kissed her. "But how is all this to be done?"

"Well, you see, John," said Mrs. Carter, "after we became engaged I took a regular course at the cooking school, so now, in making out my dietary for the week, I know that a man's rations are scientifically enough when they contain 3500 calories a day. Therefore, it is a simple arithmetical calculation to compute how many calories are necessary for the week."

"But what in the world is a calorie?"

"A calorie is the unit of heat estimated necessary to raise the temperature of a pound of water four degrees Fahrenheit, and the unit of energy adopted in estimating the full value of food."

Mr. Carter drew a long breath and looked bewildered.

"All right, my dear, you go ahead and attend to the calories. I'll eat them if they are good."

"And you won't go to any of these horrid places down town for lunch, will you? I don't want you digestion ruined, so promise me that you will eat only my home cooking."

And the misguided man promised. So the Carters began their housekeeping.

"Nellie," said Mr. Carter some few weeks after this, "do you know we have not had fried potatoes since we have been keeping house? I am very fond of fried potatoes for breakfast."

"Fried potatoes!" ejaculated Mrs. Carter. "Well, I should say not. They are one of the most indigestible things that one can take into the stomach."

Mr. Carter felt an inward protest rising, but stifled it.

"You are not taking any of that olive oil, John," continued the wife. "It is necessary to the system to eat half a pound of butter and an equal quantity of olive oil a week. You don't do either."

"I don't like olive oil at all, and I never did eat much butter," returned Mr. Carter, patiently.

"I am afraid that you are a little inclined to self-indulgence, John."

Mr. Carter laid down his knife and fork and opened his lips to reply. One look at the pretty face of his wife, however, made him change the sarcastic remark to the good-humored one of:

"Well, perhaps I am. I will be a different man, I expect, after I have you to guide me for awhile."

"Mrs. Carter nodded acquiescently.

"John," she cried, some hours later, "what are you doing?"

"Getting a drink, my love," returned John mildly.

"But you must not drink that water. Don't you know that it is full of bacteria?"

"Then, what am I to drink, Nellie? I can't go without water?"

"Of course not. Here is some that I have boiled."

"Phew!" he exclaimed in disgust. "How flat it tastes! I'll just take a good drink fresh from the well."

"Oh, John, dear!" cried Mrs. Carter, tearfully, "you mustn't. It is all full of bacteria."

"I guess they won't hurt me," laughed John. "I've always drunk it so."

"Don't do it! Please don't, John. For my sake," pleaded the wife. "It is so dangerous."

"Well, put some ice in this, then, and I won't."

"Feel why what would be the use

of boiling it if we're to put ice in it? Ice is full of microbes."

Mr. Carter drank the boiled water in silence, and read the paper until dinner was ready.

"What out of beef is this?" he asked as he prepared to carve the meat. "It doesn't look like a roast."

"It isn't. It's the neck. I find I can get more food value for less money from the neck than from the rib. For instance 10 cents' worth of the neck of the beef will give me .36 of a pound of protein and 1.825 calories."

Mr. Carter groaned.

"Then," went on Mrs. Carter, not noticing the groan, "I add potatoes, bread and fruit for the carbohydrates, and we have a meal perfect in food value, containing protein, fat, starch and sugar. All for the same money that a roast would have cost us," she wound up triumphantly.

"Well, for tomorrow," said Carter, "let's have a roast pork with potatoes and cherry pie."

Mrs. Carter stared at him a moment, and then said pityingly: "John, you are as ignorant as most people concerning food values. It won't do, my dear. This is as much for your good as mine. Roast pork and potatoes contain five times as much carbon as you need. As for cherry pie"—she made an expressive gesture as if it were not worth mentioning, and continued—"you will soon get over these yearnings of a falsely educated appetite, and then you will be all right. I am afraid that you have been very improperly brought up, John."

Mr. Carter glared at her angrily, and threw down his knife and fork with a bang.

"If you mean in regard to calories, proteins and all the rest of it, yes; I was."

"Oh, John!" Mrs. Carter rose from the table with her handkerchief to her eyes. "You are a cur! when you know I'm doing the best I can."

What could he do? He had not been married long, and was not proof against her tears. He arose from the table, took her in his arms, begged forgiveness and promised to eat anything and everything she would give him, if only she would smile. They made up, of course, and Carter bore himself heroically for six months through a dietary that tabooed pie, and was arranged according to food values.

III.

"See here, Carter," said a friend, meeting him one day on the street, "what's the matter? You look like a shadow. Come in and have something."

"I don't care if I do," said Carter, suddenly feeling the need of something stimulating. "I'm afraid I don't feel up to much lately."

He lifted the glass to his lips and then set it down suddenly.

"What is it? Isn't it all right?" asked his friend.

"It isn't boiled," answered Carter, faintly, who thought he saw microbes bubbling up through the effervescent.

"Boiled!" ejaculated the other in disgust. "Well, I should say not! You'd better take a stimulant, Carter."

"No, thank you, I don't believe that I will take anything. You will excuse me, old fellow, won't you? I—I don't feel well."

"It's all right," answered his friend. "What made you think of the drink being boiled?"

"I don't know. Just a fancy," returned Carter, too loyal to his wife to tell the cause.

Carter went home feverish. Much to his wife's alarm he did not eat a mouthful of supper. Finally he went to bed and fell asleep. While he slept he dreamed.

He was in an immense dining room. Great roasts of beef and pork, flanked by steaming vegetables, loaded the tables. Pies of mince and cherry were on the buffets; fruits, salads, water with huge chunks of ice floating in it, milk cooled also by ice.

Carter's mouth watered; but alas! when he approached the meats, protein and calories appeared to raise from them. Carbo-hydrates reared great heads from fruits and vegetables; bacilli peered at him in the ice water; microbes looked out from the milk.

A feeling of fierce anger seized hold of him. Was he to starve because of these creatures? Well, let them do their worst! A drink he would have in spite of them. Catching up a cup, he started to the water. Instantly bacilli, microbes and bacteria of all kinds surrounded him.

Suddenly an enormous bacillus that he had not seen before darted toward him and was upon him before he could take a step. Carter gave a shriek and sprang wildly from his bed.

"Why John! What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Carter, sitting up.

"Matter," growled Carter, picking himself up from the floor, where he had landed. "Matter enough, I tell you. Tomorrow begins a new state of things at this house. I'm going to live decently if I eat all the bacteria in the world. Calories and all the rest of them have to go. They have had their innings. Now comes mine. Do you here, Nellie?"

"Yes, John," replied Mrs. Carter, meekly. She had been married long enough to know that when Carter used that tone things must go his way.

The next day at dinner the following was the bill of fare:

Soup.

Rost pork with potatoes. Apple sauce.

Onions, beans, tomatoes, peas, corn.

Cherry, mince, apple pie.

Ice water.

And Carter was happy.

—From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

**Their Passion is Constraint.**

"Those new people next door are great borrowers, aren't they?"

"Well, they haven't borrowed our money yet."

## FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

**Preventive for Potato Scab.**

Before cutting the seed potatoes soak them for 30 minutes in water, to which add one ounce formaldehyde to two gallons water. The water can be used for more than one lot if one lot immediately follows another. This formula has been used by many farmers for several years with complete success.

**Grafting Wax and How to Make It.**

Here is a recipe for an excellent grafting wax: One pound tallow, two pounds beeswax, four pounds rosin. Slowly melt all together, stir well and when partially cooled pour into pans which have been moistened or oiled to keep the wax from clinging too tightly to them. When thoroughly cold break into convenient pieces.

Raw (not boiled) linseed oil is often preferred to the tallow, and in very warm regions a much larger proportion of rosin will make the wax less apt to run, reducing its cost also, as the beeswax is the most expensive though an indispensable article in its composition.

For use it should be melted and applied carefully over all exposed cuts and often cracks around the grafts. A small paint brush is the most convenient for this purpose. It can be applied safely much warmer than can be borne by the hand.

**Essentials in Sugar Making.**

The secret of making a fine quality of maple sugar consists in three things: First, begin early. One pail of sap in March is worth more than one and a half pails in April. The sap run in the fore part of March is as a rule much sweeter than in April. The colder the weather in which sap runs, the better the quality of sugar. A man must have everything all ready if he wants to begin early. If the snow is deep, the roads should be broken in February if necessary. All things must be clean, arch or arches in repair, wood cut and all kinds of tools and utensils where you can find them at a moment's warning. Next, rapid boiling. To secure this, the wood should be cut two or three years in advance and kept under cover if possible. If not piled under cover, it should be piled where the sun can shine on it. The wood should be split fine to make the hottest fire. The fire should not be allowed to go down from the time it is started until the syrup is ready to take off. An arch should be built smoke-tight, and with a chimney tall enough to furnish a good draft. As for what the sap is boiled in, whether an evaporator or a heater and a pan or a pan alone, it may not matter so much if a man tends to his business. But as a rule, the simpler the boiling apparatus the better the result, but the oftener the syrup is taken off the better. Third, neatness is indispensable. Unless you keep things sweet, all will be a failure, as far as making the "real thing" goes.—C. C. Bicknell in New England Homestead.

**The Profit in Poultry.**

There is profit in poultry if it is given half a chance. Even when the returns in fowls and eggs are small a flock may be of great value as foragers. The quantities of insects and weed seeds that are devoured are seldom taken into consideration, but they are not to be passed by without notice. So we can well afford to keep the hen, even though the mischief done were twice as great. But with poultry, as with other farm stock, the day for the scrub is past.

So much has been written regarding the immense profit to be obtained from poultry that one might almost suppose that the millennium would surely be at hand as soon as every one could be induced to raise chickens. It would be as well to advise everybody to raise cucumbers. Why not recommend the gardener to grow wheat or the dairyman to raise sheep? If a farmer has a taste for poultry he is likely to make it an important part of his business, for he can discover what is profitable without being told. If he has not an aptitude for fowls it is the part of wisdom to limit himself to a small flock, as many do. There are many farms on which small flocks are kept merely to supply the family with table fowls and eggs. Few or none of the products are sold. Other interests are found more congenial than poultry raising, consequently more profitable.—Frank D. Wells, before the Michigan Poultry Breeders' Association.

**The Apple Scab Fungus.**

This disease is the most troublesome enemy of the apple grower, though it is not so recognized, except by scientists. Most apple producers would name the codling moth as the worst enemy, but that is because the apple scab fungus does a great deal of damage that is not generally attributed to it. Generally, it is recognized only as a defacement on an apple and the picker pays little attention to it. As a matter of fact, the chief work of the apple scab is on the foliage, with the result of weakening the entire tree and of cutting short the crop year after year.

The uninformed orchardist does not dream that his early falling fruit is due to the fungus named. He wonders why his apples reach a small size and fall off. Those that hang on are reduced in size because they have not had the nourishment the tree should have given them. Finally, in the fall, the leaves of the tree begin to fall off earlier than usual, and the tree is bare long before the other trees have begun to shed their foliage. The scab has been the cause of it all. The tree has been unable to store up food

for the next year's crop, nor has it been able to harden up the wood it has made. So next year, no matter how propitious the season or how free this tree may be from scab, the crop of fruit on it will be small.

The only remedy is persistent spraying, and that, too, for more than one year. It takes two years to produce a crop of fruit—from the formation of the fruit bud to the perfecting of the fruit—and spraying for one year only will not undo all the damage. The spraying this year must be begun before the leaves open, to destroy as much as possible the fungus on the twigs. Spraying calendars are so common that we need not repeat them, and formulas for the making of effective sprays are quite as common. Whenever the apple scab fungus exists it should be attacked vigorously and in time.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

**Increasing Fertility on a Farm.**

A North Lawrence (Ohio) farmer grows corn, oats, wheat and clover in a regular four year rotation. Everything is fed on the farm except the wheat. He asks whether it would pay to let the rye stand instead of wheat and feed it out, thus selling no crop off the farm. No, I wouldn't do this where you live. Better grow wheat and sell it and buy wheat bran with the money to feed with your corn and stover and clover. Wheat will bring you, say, 1 1/4 cents a pound or near it. You can buy wheat bran in the summer usually for a half to three-quarters of a cent a pound. The pound of wheat contains .102 of a pound of digestive protein; one pound of bran, .122. A pound of wheat bran, you see, will cost considerably less than you sell your pound of wheat for; in fact, you can nearly buy two pounds of bran for one of wheat, and the bran is worth more than your wheat to feed with your corn to all growing animals, and cows giving milk or carrying a calf.

Rye is not quite as good as wheat to feed, so you would gain nothing by growing rye to feed unless you can grow 10 to 15 per cent. more per acre. You might as well feed your wheat. But the best way is to raise large crops of good, clean wheat, and sell and buy bran when it is lowest and store it for winter. The rotation you are following, my friend, and the feeding out of practically all your raise, and your careful saving of manure under cover should enable you to grow large paying crops of wheat. Your land must increase in fertility under such good management, and particularly if you buy bran with the wheat money for a time.

But this isn't all by any means. You cows and growing animals will do much better for having plenty of bran along with corn and cornstalks. This, with nice clover hay, ought to make them do well, indeed. Full grown beef cattle will do pretty well on clover hay and corn and stover. However, good farmers as you are, fatten steers before they get their growth, and in this case wheat bran with corn and clover will pay. It will keep the animal growing as well as fattening. The protein in the grain furnishes growing material, that is, the material to make blood and muscle and bone. Bran is more than one-eighth protein; corn only about one-twelfth. It is true that a pound of wheat would give more heat and energy producing food (carbohydrates) than a pound of bran, but it would be lost, as corn and stalks and hay furnish more of this than is needed.—T. B. Terry in Practical Farmer.

**Short and Useful Paragraphs.**

Dry axes add just about double to the labor of the team. Wagon grease is cheap and a few minutes does the work.

There is an over-production of weeds. As soon as the farmers reduce their acreages devoted to this crop they will be a great deal better off.

Ducks are ready for the market when eleven weeks old. Show me anything else raised on the farm that can be turned into money so soon and sure.

There is such a thing as over-manning, for when a soil is already well supplied with plant food there will be no perceptible gain by using fertilizers.

There are a great many who are beginning to think that with a well-planned rotation manure is practically unnecessary, and there is no doubt something in it.

Where a grass for close cropping is sought after, there is nothing that can beat the Kentucky blue grass, as it stands a large amount of tramping and close pasturing.

There is large money in small things. One dewberry grower in Maryland during the past season sold 42,000 quarts of that delicious fruit, on which he cleared \$1600.

It is almost impossible to apply too much soap-suds or well-rotted manure to asparagus, and as this is one of the earliest of vegetables, it will soon be time to get about the work.

If we had a specimen of some good variety of carrot in place of every wild carrot plant that we see on the farms, wouldn't the stock have a fine thing of it and the horses' coats shine.

Some farmers believe straw to be a nuisance. Nothing of the sort. Use it around the stable and barnyard, and whatever you do, don't burn it, as its usefulness as a fertilizer is too great.

Every farmer who wants to keep up the fertility of his farm should make it a point to put back on the land in some shape or form some of the material that he takes from it.

Some farmers believe straw to be a nuisance. Nothing of the sort. Use it around the stable and barnyard, and whatever you do, don't burn it, as its usefulness as a fertilizer is too great.

Every farmer who wants to keep up the fertility of his farm should make it a point to put back on the land in some shape or form some of the material that he takes from it.

Some farmers believe straw to be a nuisance. Nothing of the sort. Use it around the stable and barnyard, and whatever you do, don't burn it, as its usefulness as a fertilizer is too great.

Every farmer who wants to keep up the fertility of his farm should make it a point to put back on the land in some shape or form some of the material that he takes from it.

Some farmers believe straw to be a nuisance. Nothing of the sort. Use it around the stable and barnyard, and whatever you do, don't burn it, as its usefulness as a fertilizer is too great.

Every farmer who wants to keep up the fertility of his farm should make it a point to put back on the land in some shape or form some of the material that he takes from it.