

What Shall We Have For Dessert?
This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Buy Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! No baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

It seems odd that love is blind, and yet can find a way.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of **GRAND'S TASTELSS CHILL TONIC**. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Sweden has \$175,540,000 invested in railroads.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure. J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Y., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Home-made bread is responsible for many a married man's crusty temper.

Frey's Vermifuge saves the lives of the little ones. Druggists and country stores, 25c or by mail from E. & S. Frey, Baltimore, Md.

In China, the members of a man's family are held responsible for his debts.

Cures Talk

Great Fame of a Great Medicine Won by Actual Merit.

The fame of Hood's Sarsaparilla has been won by the good it has done to those who were suffering from disease. Its cures have excited wonder and admiration. It has caused thousands to rejoice in the enjoyment of good health, and it will do you the same good it has done others. It will expel from your blood all impurities; will give you a good appetite and make you strong and vigorous. It is just the medicine to help you now, when your system is in need of a tonic and invigorator.

Eruptions—An eruption all over my body caused a burning sensation so I could not sleep nights. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was completely cured. JENNIE THOMPSON, P. O. Box 38, Oaksville, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine.

Save the Labels
and write for list of premiums we offer free for them.

HIRES
Rootbeer

The favorite summer drink

Chas. Hires & Co. Mpls. Minn.

Bird Died of a Broken Heart.

Last summer a woman who lives in Harlem went to the country for a month's holiday. Before leaving she gave her pet canary, Dick, into the hands of the woman in the next flat to care for until her return. Dick missed his mistress the next day and, after a tender little song, hushed his voice and would sing no more. He ate very little and began to droop visibly. As the days went by he became simply a miserable little bunch of bones and yellow feathers. One morning the woman who had charge of him found him on his back, dead, in the bottom of his gilded cage. He had died of grief at the loss of his mistress.—New York Herald.

Miles of Streets in New York City.

Greater New York contains 1726 miles of paved streets. Macadamized streets have an aggregate length in the five boroughs of 746 miles; granite blocks, 389 miles; cobblestones, 238 1/2 miles; asphalt, 234 miles; trap rock, 84 1/2 miles; Belgian blocks, 45 1/2 miles; brick, 19 miles; gravel, 13 miles, and wood only eight-tenths of a mile.

Serious Ills of Women

The derangements of the female organism that brood all kinds of trouble and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very things that give way promptly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Uterine and ovarian troubles, kidney troubles, ulcerations, tumors, unusual discharges, backaches and painful periods—these are the ills that hang on and wreck health and happiness and disposition.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

has a wonderful record of absolute cures of these troubles—a constant series of successes for thirty years. Thousands of women vouch for this. Their letters constantly appear in this paper.

PILES If you have got the PILES, you have not used DANIEL'S SURE PILE CURE, or you would not have them now. The only Guaranteed Cure. No detention from business, no operation, no opium or morphia. 10c. Sent by mail. Send for book of valuable information on Piles, FREE, whether you use our remedy or not.

ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER Afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

A CRY FOR WORK.

God! give me work! To thee I cry. The busy millions pass me by; They have no need for such as I.

O God of life, hast thou no need for me? Worthless to them, have I no worth to thee? Not of thy children, and yet doomed to be!

I cry to thee! Dear eyes upon me gaze, Dear loving eyes that slow with hunger graze.

O Father God! a father to thee pray! To work! only to work! with hand or brain. In sweat of brow, with labor's toil and strain.

The worker has his joy for every pain. See, Lord—the useless hands are raised on high.

From out despairing hearts is wrung the cry: Oh, listen ye—forever passing by! —Charlotte Elizabeth Wells, in The Outlook

EVE and an APPLE.

Eve and an apple overcame an ancestor of mine. He would not have wanted the apple, he said, but for Eve. That was exactly my case.

Eve lived at No. 52, and I at No. 54. I am not sure where the apple lived, but it was at one of the two. It hung on a high branch over No. 52's garden, but it fattened on the soil of No. 54, for which I paid rent.

It was Eve, of course, who called my attention to it. I heard her voice through the open window. She has an attractive voice.

"Oh, look, mother!" she cried. "There is my apple."

"Hush, dear! It isn't your apple at all. It belongs to the people next door."

"He isn't people," objected Eve. I am a bachelor.

"Anyhow, the apple is his."

"Is it?" She tossed her head. She has a graceful way of tossing her head. "Then he shan't have it. Mr. Layton gave it to me every year."

Mr. Layton was my predecessor. "You know he always lent me his ladder to get it." I felt inclined to offer my ladder there and then, but the time, like the apple, was not ripe.

As the summer went on the apple grew in size and beauty. Eve watched the apple, and I watched Eve. She was so nice to watch that I did not offer her the forbidden fruit. I regarded it as a hostage for her regular appearance.

"Look at its rosy cheeks, mother!" she used to say, teasingly. "If it gets much bigger it must drop." She made motions expressing rapture.

"Eve, dear," her mother protested, "you know it isn't yours."

"It would be if I had a ladder." Then she would give a merry little laugh. She has a charming way of laughing.

The apple still hung on, however, and grew and grew. In the dusk of evening Eve tried to reach it with a clothes prop—at least it looked like Eve. I knew it was a clothes prop, because she let it drop over my wall, and it smashed three panes of a cucumber frame. Next morning she happened to be in the garden, so I returned it with grave ceremony.

"I—I'm afraid it broke something," she apologized.

"Not in the least," I assured her. "I'll tell Mary Jane not to stand it up against your wall again," she promised mendaciously.

After that the apple blushed more furiously than ever. It was so ripe that it was marvelous how it held on. I heard her say. She was probably unaware that I had climbed up one night and secured it with fine wire.

Next she tried knocking tennis balls at it. Of course, she never went within a couple of yards. I picked up nine balls next morning and restored them to her.

"I thought they were windfalls from my apple tree," I said, and she fled indoors.

"I believe he was laughing at me," I heard her tell her mother. "Now, I will have it."

"No, no, dear! I forbid you to touch it. It's no use looking like that. Eve. I shall be really cross if you do."

When I came home that evening the apple was still there, in all its glory, but when it grew dusk I noticed maneuvers with the prop going on once more. Finally I heard a cry of triumph, and the rustle of her skirts as she ran indoors. Then I went out.

I climbed the tree, gathered about a gallon of apples and sent them in with a note.

"Dear Madam—I trust you will accept a few apples from my tree overhanging your garden, as I notice that there is only one upon your side. I have, however, a special reason for desiring that one. May I enter your garden to gather it? Yours very truly, FRANK NEWTON.

I went through the French window and ascended the tree. No one was looking, so I gathered another fine apple from my own side. When I returned Miss Eve had disappeared.

"It doesn't look quite so large of the tree," I suggested, placing the apple upon the table.

"No," said her mother, examining it critically. "I scarcely think it does, but it is a very fine one."

"Perhaps your daughter would like to see it?"

"Ye—es." She laughed. "I am afraid it will make her feel rather envious." She rang the bell, and the servant came. "Ask Miss Eve to come for a moment, please."

After a few minutes' waiting during which Mrs. Parker discovered that we had some mutual friends, and asked me to call in there sometimes, pretty Eve reappeared, looking guiltily defiant.

"Mr. Newton wants you to see his apple, Eve, dear. Isn't it a beauty?" Eve flushed and gave me a swift glance.

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly. She seemed to be studying the floor rather than the fruit.

"It might be a fellow to the one that tempted Eve!" I observed, with a smile. She traced a pattern with her foot.

"Adam was also tempted."

"By Eve, I believe? I don't fancy he wanted the apple much, did he?" She blushed again.

"You could not have a nicer apple than this, anyhow." She looked right at me at last. Her eyes said quite plainly, "You needn't tell mother."

As if I had any such intention!

"I am glad you like it," I said, "because I want to give it to you, if I may. I could not help noticing that you admired it."

"There, Eve!" said her mother. "I told you that everyone would see that you coveted it."

"I—I am sorry," she said, in a subdued little voice.

"Please don't say that, or you will spoil my pleasure in giving it."

"Then—I am not sorry." She took it with a laugh.

Soon afterward I went, assuring Mrs. Parker that I should soon avail myself of her kind invitation to call again. I hope they did not hear me laughing when I got indoors.

The next day was Sunday. In the afternoon Eve sat under the shade of my apple tree reading a book. So I strolled out and looked over the wall.

"Eve," I remarked, "was turned out of paradise for stealing an apple." She looked up and smiled. Then she looked down.

"The annual apple on this side has always belonged to Eve," she asserted, pretending to cut the pages of her book. They were cut already.

"She might spare a tiny piece for Adam," I suggested. She glanced at me out of the corner of her eyes.

"Adam was better without the apple, you know," she assured me.

"Adam," I declared, "needed no pity at all."

She rested her chin on one hand and looked at me inquiringly with her big eyes. I would put down how she looked, if it were possible. It isn't. Mere ordinary charms of feature or coloring is common enough to have names. Real prettiness is unique, unnameable; little wilful curves of the features, little waves of the hair—and "ways." She is pretty like that.

"Adam," she remarked, "lost Paradise and the apples."

"But he had Eve."

She studied her shoes, and I seated myself on top of the wall.

"You have plenty of apples," she said; "and you are not shut out of Paradise."

"Then," I replied, promptly, "I will come in." I did.

"How do you know this is Paradise?" she asked, demurely.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Holding San Jose Scale in Check.

The San Jose scale is widely distributed and can never be exterminated. For many years it will remain a constant menace to fruit growing.

We believe that the weight of evidence shows that it can be held in check as thoroughly as is the plum curculio or the codling moth. Those who set fruit of any kind in the future should insist upon all the stock being fumigated, thus greatly checking the spread of this dreaded pest on nursery stock.

Grasshoppers Refuse Clover.

A Kansas farmer makes the statement that last year he sowed his rye field about the middle of March, using equal parts of clover and timothy seed. He obtained a fair stand, but during the month of June the grasshoppers came along and cleaned out the timothy but did not touch the clover.

If this is the case throughout the West, that grasshoppers don't care for clover, it will be a big thing for those located in the sections where grasshoppers are abundant. It is earnestly hoped that it is so, though no doubt the grasshoppers would take the clover upon being deprived of other food.

Fall Calves the Best.

Fall calves subsist largely upon milk, and take but little room in the shed; and there is more time in the winter to give them attention. They will be ready for the spring pastures, and make good progress from the start, and enter the barn in the fall again to get full benefit of solid rations there provided for them.

Spring calves are incapable of receiving much benefit from grass the first season, because for some time after birth the ruminating stomach is undeveloped, and between summer heat and the pestiferous flies, the thin-skinned creature has a sorry time of it; but under natural conditions most of them come in the spring.

Starting a Strawberry Patch.

When starting a strawberry patch select only young, red-rooted plants for setting. For a family garden two first earlys, two medium and two late varieties are sufficient, and one of each season would probably be better.

It is best to set strawberries in the spring. Early setting is not important, but they should be planted when the ground can be put in good condition and given clean culture until late in autumn. Care should be taken to remove all blossoms the first season. Place the plants in rows four feet wide and 20 to 24 inches apart in the row. Turn the runners along the line of the rows so as to fill up a matted row about one foot wide. It is well to prevent the plants from setting in a tight mat. This can be accomplished by pulling off runners after the plants have set sufficiently heavy.

Control of Asparagus Rust.

Asparagus rust first came into notice in August, 1896, and at that time was confined to New England, New York, New Jersey and Delaware. In 1897 it spread into the southern states.

By 1898 it had spread westward as far as Michigan, and included Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and recently it has been reported found in North Dakota. This example shows the extremely rapid growth and advance of the disease, and also that it can be carried long distances by the wind.

Fields inclosed by forests and hills are not so exposed to rust as those in the open. Rust of this form cannot be treated like superficial fungi such as mildew. Spraying has not been found satisfactory as a cure for asparagus rust, as has been shown by experiment on six kinds of asparagus with 10 applications. As a result, asparagus growers are cultivating a shorter and stronger growth. In some cases insects are found to feed upon the spores and are quite a substantial check upon rust. No treatment of soil can be relied upon, and, in fact, little can be done when plants are once infected. The last resort is to furnish the very best conditions for the growth of the plant.

Advantage of Farmers' Institutes.

Farmers' institutes are gradually growing in favor with the people. Their usefulness is no longer doubted by the progressive farmer. It brings men and women from different parts of the county and state together with their experience and store of information upon the various branches of agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, dairying, etc. This information is freely given for the benefit of all.

The information received at these institutes furnishes a short cut to many useful reforms on the farm. Some of the most progressive farmers of the state are there as instructors. They teach us many things of value that might take us years to find out by experience. We can hardly estimate the advantages derived at these institutes by those who attend and then put in practice what they learn. We get valuable information along the line of breeding and raising stocks of all kind—how to rotate our crops so as to keep up the fertility of the soil and to secure best results, how to dispose of or utilize the crops grown to realize the most money.

In addition to all valuable information brought out by discussion and an interchange of thought at these farmers' institutes, they have a tendency to broaden the views of the farmer. It makes him more intelligent, more social, a better farmer in every sense of the word. It teaches him that brains, intelligence and refinement are as necessary upon the farm,

in the kitchen, the parlor, as in the merchant's counting room, the lawyer's office, or at the banker's till; that the farmer has brains to feed, a mind to cultivate, as well as stock and fields. They are calculated to give a man confidence in himself which enable him to get on his feet and express himself freely and intelligently upon the various questions brought before the institute for discussion.—Farmers' Guide.

High Platforms for Cleanliness.

The first and most essential item in order to produce milk that will be clean and free from stable odors is the stable and platform on which the cows stand. When I built my new barn last year, I put the platform eight inches above the gutter, and the planks were sawed just four feet four inches from the stanchions to the gutter, with only one inch slant. The gutter is 20 inches wide and slants back the thickness of a shingle under it on the sleepers. The scuttles are back of it in the main floor between every other sleeper.

My stable is on the south side of the barn and has a six-pane 9x13 glass window every five feet. For several hours in the middle of the day, the sun shines directly on the cows' hind quarters. The droppings are hoed down three times a day, and the cows are carded and cleaned off once a week. There is no manure on the platform or cows, and I hear no complaint of "cowy" milk among my customers. A two-inch plank platform is no good at all, a four-inch one is not enough, a six-inch one is better, but one eight inches high is just right, and it should not be over four feet six inches long for a large cow. At this height, keep it nearly level and I have seen no trouble in cows slipping off.—S. A. T., in New England Home-Stead.

How Is the Horse Shod?

Every farmer should try to learn something about horseshoeing, enough at least to enable him to determine whether or not his horses have been correctly shod. In the trade of horseshoeing there are many incompetents, as is true of every other business. The farmer that knows nothing about this important trade, really lacks the power of protecting his teams against injury, and that, too, of a very serious nature. Many of the bad cases of lameness among horses are due to bad shoeing, and it is no uncommon thing for the veterinarian called to look after a lame horse to order the shoe on the lame foot removed. The writer knows of one veterinarian that had the shoe from a lame horse removed, as it was the sole cause of the lameness, being more than a third of an inch too high on one side. The result was that the horse at every step had lamed his cords till they were reduced to such a condition that every step or ever movement of the leg meant intense pain. How long do some of our horses suffer before we find it out?

The owner should see to it that the shoes are made to fit the feet of the horses and that the feet be not trimmed down to fit the shoe. It often happens that the blacksmith puts a red-hot shoe onto the foot, burning away the horn of the foot and in using the quality of the foot beyond the part burned. If the shoe is too small he nails it on and then cuts and pares and haps the foot down to it. Corns on the horses' feet are too frequently due to bad shoeing, and the same may be said of interfering. The sale price of many a horse is lowered because of the appearance of some trouble that is, unknown to the owner, due only to ignorance on the part of the man that put on the last set of shoes. Unfortunately, it is not always easy to effect a cure of the defects that are so easily produced. Further more some of the things that have been brought on by bad shoeing can only be got rid of by skillful shoeing to offset them. We are sometimes led to the conclusion that we need qualified horseshoers about as badly as we need more qualified veterinarians.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Everyone who has a taste for entomology ought to keep bees.

The farmer has many good friends, but none so faithful as clover.

Mold from the woods is a big thing for house plants. Give it a trial.

Earthworms can be got rid of by giving the ground a liberal salting.

The increased value of meat ought to be an encouragement to those who raise stock.

It can never be expected that any animal will thrive without a proper amount of food.

The farmer himself should attend to all matters pertaining to the packing and shipping of his produce.

In putting up a building in which to keep cows or milk special attention should be paid to ventilation.

The average yield of potatoes is not half what it would be if proper methods were practiced by the farmers.

A great deal of the trouble experienced in churning can be overcome by having the cream properly ripened.

Strawberries will do well on almost any well-drained soil, so don't deny yourself or your family this luxury.

The man who does not make it a point to see the sun rise every day is not the man for the farming business.

When there is a deficiency in the hay crop it should be supplied by one or more of the numerous fodder crops.

Pay, Pay, Pay.

Collector—This is three times I have asked you to pay.

Batem—You're another of those "Absent-Minded Beggar" elocutionists, are you?—Baltimore American.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

It is stated that the authorities at Scotland Yard are now engaged in subjecting a police electric lamp to practical tests, to ascertain if it will stand the necessary wear and tear of the service.

In South Africa the warmest month is February and the coldest is July. The temperature is not as trying as that of Central Europe. The rainfall for the year is light, varying from five to 20 inches.

The German army authorities are experimenting on a cotton stuff as a material for balloons. It is treated with rubber before being used. The fabric is said to have great strength, and is better than silk which is apt to generate electricity.

Professor R. S. Woodward of Columbia university, in a recent paper shows reasons for thinking that the earth's atmosphere extends to a height varying with the distance from the equator. At the equator he estimates the height to be 26,000 miles which diminishes to only 17,000 miles at the poles. But of course, beyond a few hundred miles above the ground, the density of the atmosphere becomes so slight that its effects are imperceptible.

The discovery of two Belgian chemists, Hoho and Lagrange, whereby iron may be brought to a white heat by dipping it in water, is attracting much attention in Europe. A metal vessel is partly filled with water and connected up to a source of electricity supply giving 30 amperes of current. The other pole is attached to the iron rod provided with an insulated handle. The water offers great resistance to the passage of a current through the combination, a very high electrical potential being thus generated in the neighborhood of the iron rod, whereby the water is rapidly decomposed, and a temperature of 1200 to 1500 degrees is set up within a period of 20 seconds.

In the last 60 years the speed of ocean steamers has been increased from eight and one-half to 22 and one-half knots an hour. Ships have been more than trebled in length, about doubled in breadth, and increased tenfold in displacement. The number of passengers carried by a steamship has been increased from 100 to nearly 2000. The engine power has been made 40 times as great, while the rate of coal consumption per horse power per hour is now only about one-third what it was in 1840. The weight of the machinery per horse power has also been very greatly reduced. Were the engines of the Campania proportionately as heavy as those in use 65 years ago, they would weigh about 14,000 tons. In other words, machinery, boilers and coal would exceed the total weight of the ship as she floats today.

IMAGINATION AND DISEASE.

Amusing Incident Caused by a Doctor's Letters Getting Mixed.

In "A Journalist's Note-Book" Frank F. Moore tells an amusing and significant story of the influence of imagination upon health. A young civil servant in India, feeling fagged from the excessive heat and from long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach. The doctor looked over him, sounded his heart and lungs, and then said gravely: "I will write you tomorrow."

The next day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. "Of course you may live for weeks," the letter said, "but you had best not leave important matters undecided."

Naturally the young official was dismayed by so dark a prognosis—nothing less than a death warrant. Within 24 hours he was having difficulty with his respiration, and was seized with an acute pain in the region of the heart. He took to his bed with the feeling that he should never arise from it. During the night he became so much worse that his servant sent for the doctor.

"What on earth have you been doing to yourself?" demanded the doctor. "There were no indications of this sort when I saw you yesterday."

"It is my heart, I suppose," weakly answered the patient.

"Your heart!" repeated the doctor. "Your heart was all right yesterday."

"My lungs, then."

"What is the matter with you, man? You don't seem to have been drinking."

"Your letter!" gasped the patient. "You said I had only a few weeks to live."

"Are you crazy?" said the doctor. "I wrote you to take a few weeks' vacation in the hills, and you would be all right."

For reply the patient drew the letter from under the bedclothes, and gave it to the doctor.

"Heavens!" cried that gentleman, as he glanced at it. "This was meant for another man. My assistant misplaced the letters."

The young man at once sat up in bed and made a rapid recovery.

And what of the patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended? Delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, he started at once, and five years later was alive and in fair health.

The children of the Berkeley, Cal., public schools are required to bring their own cup, towel, and soap to school, to insure the best of sanitary conditions.