

THE CHANCES OTHERS HAVE.

"I might be rich, I might be great," I heard one sadly say,
"Could I have had my master's chance to start upon the way;
Had he been placed where I was placed, men would not praise his name;
Had I been favored as he was I would have greater fame!
They that ignore me now would all be sycophants, to dance
Attendance on me here if I had only had his chance."

The wires whereby men's messages are sent beneath the seas,
The gleaming rails o'er which men speed what time they loiter at ease,
The graceful domes that rise until they seem to pierce the sky,
The mighty ships that cleave the main as fast as eagles fly,
The disks and tubes through which men see o'er space's broad expanse,
Are not the works of him who sighed to have some other's chance.

The songs that live through centuries are not the songs of men
Who longed for favors others knew and tossed away the pen;
The names upon the noble arch that makes the artist glad
Are not the names of men who yearned for chances others had!
O' all the wonders of our age that rise at every glance
None came from him who might do much had he some other's chance.
—S. E. Kiser.

THE Errand Horatio Forgot.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"Him—Horatio Mixer—married? No, he hasn't ever been, quite!"
"Quite married?"
"Yes, not quite."

Lucretia adjusted her sewing glasses and sorted out two or three patchwork squares. The suggestions of a story were in her face. Then she was rocking gently, and the rocker gave forth its familiar creak which was a suggestion, too. When Lucretia's chair creaked in that way, her hearers settled into their chairs and waited. It was only a matter of waiting.

"Well, there's them that are absent-minded and there's them that are absent-minded," Lucretia said. "I suppose you've noticed that? Horatio Mixer's the lattermost kind—land, yes! I have not been to the North Pole nor to the South Pole, but if I had 've, I shouldn't ever have run across his equal anywhere on the way—not for absent-mindedness."

She tried a pink triangle with the chocolate and then a blue one. Neither exactly met her ideas of harmony, and finally, with a sigh, she substituted a vivid green.

"Yes?" some one said, suggestively.
"He was never entirely married, you said, Lucretia?"

"The green'll do," she decided, and then returned to her story. "No, but he got pretty near it—as near as the postoffice!"

The creaking waded a little tremulous, as if the chair were laughing with Lucretia. Of course every one else was. There was something contagious in Lucretia's silent mirth.

"To this day I haven't got over it!" she gasped. "Nor I guess Cicely Gove hasn't—nor Horatio. He hasn't Jerry gets his mail."

She threaded her needle slowly. "Poor Horatio!" she smiled. "No, he hasn't been since he came so near getting married. Land, yes, I suppose I might as well up and tell the whole story! I've got your appetites whetted up!"

"I should say so! Mine's as sharp as Uncle Nehem's Castle's scythe!" Polemia Dunn exclaimed.

This was a neighborhood pleasantry, but Lucretia's mind was on Horatio's narrow escape from matrimony, and she let it slip by unappreciated.

"It was this way: nobody but Horatio Mixer could've done it. Land, no! But Horatio's equal to anything absent-minded under the light of the moon! He and Cicely concluded to get to the parson's and get spliced. Cicely'd got all her fixings ready, and there didn't seem any use putting it off any longer. So Horatio harnessed up. It was a good two miles to the parson's. They started along about two o'clock, so as to get there betwixt hay and grass, so as to speak."

"Well? Well, Lucretia?"
"Twarn't well," chuckled Lucretia, unfeelingly. "Horatio's unlucky star rose early that day and soared! I calculate 'twas right up overhead by the time they got to the postoffice. Cicely said she guessed they might as well stop and get the mail—poor Cicely!—as 'twas weekly paper day. So Horatio went in and shut the door of matrimony behind him. Cicely heard it slam, but she didn't realize what it meant. She set out there holding Horatio's horse and waiting. She waited two mortal hours!"

"Lucretia!"
"Two—mortal—hours. Then Cicely she climbed over the wheel and went home. The horse kept on waiting—land, he'd have waited till crack of doomsday! He was acquainted with Horatio."

"But Horatio, Lucretia?"
"Horatio? That's what I say! Well, you see he'd run across Hannibal Biney, and that reminded him of Hannibal's yoke of steers. He'd been planning, off and on, to swap his mowing machine for them. They got arguing, and argued themselves out of the back door, across lots, to Hannibal's. It was two hours or so later that Horatio came back, towing the steers. He hitched them on behind his wagon and climbed in, as self-congratulating as you please. He was real tickled."

"Some of the neighbors were out on the lounging seats, and they spread it round what Horatio did next. It made a good story, after they'd found out about Cicely. Horatio took up

the reins, looking kind of puzzled, they said: 'Wara't there something else I was going to do?' he ruminated, out loud. 'Seems to me there was an errand. Now where was I going to from here?'

"He scratched his head considerably and then he looked relieved.
"The parsonage! That's it! I was going to the parsonage on an errand. Get up, Molly! and he rode away, with those two steers capering along—he'd forgot them!"

Lucretia's bright bits of patchwork drifted to the floor in a rainbow stream. She glanced across at Polemia, and began to laugh again.

"Land!" she gasped.
"Land!" echoed Polemia. "Well?"
"Well!" I'm glad you think so. You're the only one! What do you suppose that man did then?"

"Went to the parsonage and—
and—"
"But imagination failed.
"That's just what he did! Went to the parsonage—and set there in his wagon, with them steers gasping behind, trying to remember what his errand was! Well, after a spell of racking, he—remembered. I guess there's where we'd better draw the curtain, my dears. The sun's got behind the meeting-house, and it's time to b'lie the kettle for supper."

And Lucretia went out and left her guests sympathizing with poor Horatio.

"Didn't Cicely ever forgive him, Lucretia?" Polemia went to the door to call out.

Lucretia's voice came back to them plaintive with the softening effect of distance. "Cicely? No, she didn't. She said she'd find a man that could get as far as the parson's front door. She said if ever she died, Horatio Mixer'd forget to bury her. Poor Cicely!"

"Poor Cicely!" Polemia echoed, but her heart was with Horatio.—Youth's Companion.

THE THUNDERBOLT'S CRASH.

An Up-to-Date Romance at the National Capital.

"Do not be angry with me, father," pleaded the beautiful young girl in the striped shirt waist. "I know I am your only daughter, and all that, and for many years you have been both father and mother to me, but you ask me what is impossible."

"Then you have come to defy me?" sternly demanded Monas Moneybags, as a scowl darkened his face.

"Not to defy you, father, but to ask you to be reasonable. You desire me to marry Henry White because he once jerked you out of the way of a trolley car."

"I do. He is a jerky young man, and I want him for a son-in-law."

"But, think, father. He is simply a clerk and his salary is about \$17 per week."

"I know, but I have promised him your hand. Any time you are out of soap and clothes pins you'll find me ready to chip in."

"I cannot do it, father," said the daughter, as she looked into the glass to see if the powder was all wiped off her chin. "I love Count Kolinsky, and if I cannot marry him I will never, never wed. He is a man of millions, and as his wife I can have every wish gratified."

"Daughter, do you forget that I am your father?"

"I do not—but—but—"
"You will marry Henry White. But for him I should now be buried."

"Father, I won't do it!"

"Girl!" hissed the father. "I am worth \$9,000,000. I should have left it all to you. Now you do not get a cent. Here is a new will which leaves every dollar to charity. I will sign it and then drive you out to do second work for a living. Behold!"

But as he drew the will toward him and dipped his pen into the ink, the nine weeks' drought which had hovered over Maryland and Virginia and burned the crops to tinder was suddenly broken. There was a flash of lightning—a crash of thunder—a sudden downpour, and as the girl looked around at her father she found him dead. A hunk of thunderbolt weighing 51 pounds 5 ounces had hit him on the jaw and knocked him out with the new will unsigned.

Two weeks later she became Countess of Kolinsky, and on her marriage day the jerky Henry White was sunstroked, and died without recognizing his washerwoman.—Washington Post

Cats on Ocean Liners.

Every large ocean liner carrying passengers always has on board from six to ten cats, these being apportioned to various parts of the ship, as well as appearing on the vessel's books as regards the rations they draw.

And, even beyond this, on most of the great liners, particular employes are instructed to feed daily as a part of their duties certain cats in their part of the ship. And there is promotion for pussy as well, for any cat that is particularly amiable, clever and interesting is permitted to enjoy the run of the first or second or third class saloons, according to the popular vote. In this way certain of the first class saloon pussies have become quite celebrated, especially on the long voyage boats that go to India and Australia, and the stewards of the various classes are quite commonly eager to push their own favorite cat into first place. Of course, says Tit-Bits, there are amazing favorites with the staff of the ship that are fine hunters and do not seek "society."

When the ship is in port a certain man has the duty of feeding the cats at regular hours, and of entering the rations in a book, but every cat on the ship that has been long there seems to wait with eagerness for, and to recognize at once the professional rat catcher who always goes to work in the hold of every passenger liner when it comes to dock, and who lives by ridding ships of rats.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Harrowing Sod Land.

To obtain the most satisfactory results in harrowing a piece of newly turned sod ground, where the plowing is a lap frown, it should be harrowed the same way as the plowing. If the plow has left the sod kinked up in pieces, or the sod does not lie down as flat and close as it should, it will pay to go over the whole surface with a field roller. This not only presses the uneven surface down smoothly, but leaves the ground in better shape with one harrowing than if harrowed twice without rolling.

Energy of Bees.

Indefatigable industry, energy and perseverance are the peculiar characteristics of the honey bees. They begin their life work at birth in caring for and nursing young larvae, and at about 16 days old they become honey and pollen gatherers, and during the honey harvest, in the early dawn, when the balance of God's creation are asleep, they sally forth on their daily mission, and when evening's twilight has cast its sombre mantle over nature's face they may be seen returning laden with sweets which, but for their unequalled energy, would be forever lost. They fear not the sun's scorching rays and regard not the rain nor the storm. They deserve a nice house and a clean yard, and they will provide abundantly for themselves and a surplus for their owner if treated fairly.

Why Incubator Chicks Die.

At the Rhode Island station careful investigation has been made of the cause of death of young incubator chickens. The total number of dead chickens examined during the spring and summer of 1899 was 826. It was alleged that about one-third of the chicks had been more or less injured by uneven heat during incubation. Another common cause of trouble was in overcrowding of brooders, resulting in death by suffocation, trampling, etc.

Tuberculosis was found to be very prevalent and 15 per cent of the chickens were more or less affected. For guarding against this disease, it is recommended to give the interior of the brooders all the sun and air possible on pleasant days. Bowel troubles were a common cause of death. Feeding should be as nearly as the time of the attendant renders profitable a continuous operation, but by no means a continuous gorge. Sometimes too much animal food is given, but in moderate quantities animal food results in rapid growth. Lack of animal food sometimes causes diseases of the liver and gall bladder.

The Destruction of Weeds.

There are two classes of weeds—those that come from seeds and those which are propagated principally by means of their roots. Weeds which spring up from seeds can be destroyed by successfully bringing the seeds in the soil to the surface, where they germinate. The seeds of some weeds have great vitality and remain in the soil for years. Some are inclosed in clods and retained for other seasons, but when the clods are broken and the weed seeds exposed to warmth near the surface they are put out of existence by the harrow as soon as they germinate, for which reason it is impossible to clear a piece of land from weeds in a season, unless every clod is pulverized. The oft-repeated inquiry, "From whence come the weeds?" may be answered, "From the clods." The weeds that spring from roots are cut up, checked and prevented from growing by frequent cultivation, because they cannot exist for a great length of time if not permitted to grow. If no leaves are allowed on such plants they perish from suffocation, because they breathe through the agency of the leaves. The advantages derived by the soil in the work of weed destruction reduces the cost of the warfare on the weeds, for every time the harrow or cultivator is used the manure is more intimately mixed with the soil, more clods are broken, a greater proportion of plant food is offered to the roots, the loss of moisture is lessened, and the capacity of the plants of the crop to secure more feed is increased. The cost of the destruction of weeds should not be charged to the accounts of a single year only, as thorough work during a season may obliterate the weeds entirely or so reduce their number as to make the cost of their destruction during the succeeding years but a trifle.—Philadelphia Record.

Thinning Tree Fruits.

Thinning tree fruits has been practiced for a good many years, yet few fruit growers are in favor of it, if we may judge by the number that do not do it. The fact, however, that the most successful orchardists do thin and that they attribute much of their success to it is a strong argument in its favor. Some of the growers along the Hudson river were thinning their apple crops twenty years ago, and, as a result, got a good yield of beautiful fruit nearly every year. The most noted peach grower in Michigan has his peaches thinned every year and the bill for the work is considerable. This last is the reason that thinning is not more widely practiced. Men hesitate to let go of the money that the work calls for.

Compared with the benefits received the cost is slight, and may be counted as part of a permanent investment. For trees that have a tendency to overbear there is no better treatment, and some of the American apples, pears, peaches and even plums have this bad habit. Thinning the fruit

from the beginning of the tree's existence gets it into the habit of bearing about the same amount of fruit each year and gives a double advantage—that of having fruit in the years when others have none and in prolonging the life of the tree and increasing the number of crops it returns in its lifetime.

The writer has seen pear trees so loaded with fruit that each individual pear was below medium in size and the limbs of the tree had to be propped to keep them from breaking. Higher up in the tree great limbs were hanging lifeless, having been broken by the weight of fruit in previous years. He could but think how much better it would have been to have thinned this fruit by three-fourths, that the tree might have been saved mutilation and the market have received a pear that would have attracted attention.

A man can thin fruit very rapidly as he merely passes his hand along the limb pinching off one after another of the fruits and permitting them to drop. The cost will be generally found to be less than might be expected. Orchardists will do well to give this practice a fair trial.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Utilizing Springs and Brooks.

In cases where there are springs and small brooks near a homestead, advantage should always be taken of them for watering stock, forming ice and fish ponds, and supplying cool water for the milk and butter dairy. Also for cooling and keeping fresh meats, cooked vegetables, etc., in hot weather. Clear water, flowing in a perennial brook or from a never-failing spring, is the cheapest water supply known, and the home that has such an appendage near by is worth certainly a hundred dollars more than a like farm without it. It saves well-digging and watering troughs, drawing and carrying water; enables the owner to have a series of small ponds, where he can raise fish and save ice; and there is no better location for a few scuppernong and other grapevines for the family supply of grapes from August to October, than the sandy, mellow banks of such a stream. Cool spring water, flowing through a lattice or wire-netted dairyhouse, is just the thing for keeping meats, cooked provisions, butter or milk sweet and nice in summer time.

The water of a spring may be conducted, first, through a series of shallow basins or troughs for setting milk and butter pans, vegetable dishes, etc., so that the water would be constantly flowing around and from them in the dairyhouse; thence into a small pond, where carp, trout or pike could be grown, and around the sides of which grapevines might be set and trained to trellis or ar; from thence to another small lake for ducks and geese; and perhaps, if descent and space permitted, into a third pond, where osier willow, sweet and coopers' flag and other desirable water-loving and valuable plants might be grown.

Perhaps if there was much level ground near the stream—soil fit for garden crops or corn or any farm crop, or for pecan or other nut trees—the little farm brook might be turned and made to flow hither and thither in a way to irrigate large plots of soil, where the crispest and sweetest vegetables could be grown and a never-failing supply of water to be given to many things that, too often, fail and languish on the upland for lack of moisture.

Keep up the Summer Milk.

A very large share of Vermont farmers are dairymen. Every one of them has a barn more or less well equipped for the winter feeding of his stock. They all labor in summer, sowing, cultivating and harvesting crops for winter use. A large share of them carry, to all intents and purposes, dry cows only in the winter, working hard all summer simply to keep the cows alive during the winter, while they are bringing in little or no income.

These same men, however, often take no thought of means of summer feeding of cows. They depend solely upon the pastures. It happens all too frequently, however, that the pastures dry up and the cows shrink seriously in their milk flow. It is a difficult thing to tide backward. A cow once shrunk in milk seldom regains her former yield, and then with difficulty. It seems the part of wisdom for the farmers to divert some of the energy which they now devote to the growing of food for the maintenance of dry cows to the growing of food for keeping up the milk flow during the summer. The larger use of soiling crops, such as oats and peas, Hungarian, rowen and the like, is well worth while. Considerable amounts may be grown without very great expenditure of time or money, and they are excellently well adapted to help out a short or dry pasture.

There is, perhaps, nothing better for this purpose than silage. It has been very thoroughly demonstrated that a pound of digestible dry matter can be placed in the cow's manger by way of the silo cheaper than in any other manner. The silo capacity of a dairy farm should be made large enough, in my judgment, to enable one to use silage all the time. The silo intended for summer use, however, should be deep and with a relatively small surface area, to avoid what otherwise might prove to be large losses owing to fermentation. The stave silos is now coming rapidly into vogue, and is proving so very useful for most purposes, and is so readily put up and comparatively so inexpensive for its tonnage capacity, that it is to be hoped that the number of silos in Vermont will rapidly increase in the near future.—Director J. H. Hills, Vermont Experiment Station, in Field and Farm.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

There are five counties in North and South Carolina that spin more cotton than they raise. The total number of bales spun is 395,000 and of bales raised 180,000.

The Russian agricultural department has recently discovered in Kirghiz Steppes on the eastern shore of the Caspian sea immense naphtha springs of a quality which is said to be equal to the best American naphtha.

The hydraulic mining pits in California materially changed the landscape in many places. The pit of a hydraulic mine in Nevada county, Cal., which was washed out some 50 years ago, is again covered with a growth of pine and other trees, and patches of brush again dot the once verdureless slopes.

A special report of the agricultural department tells about a new use to which skimmed milk is being devoted. By a process of desiccation the casein of the milk is reduced to a dry state, and it can then be molded into any desired form, colored, etc., after the manner of celluloid. The new product can be adapted to the manufacture of billiard balls, oilcloth, book bindings, paper sizing, etc., and skimmed milk being practically a waste product in many sections the material ought to be inexpensive.

Folds of rock, with allied phenomena, are reproduced for the instruction of geological students by a novel apparatus devised by Professor G. A. Lebour of the Durham College of Science. Two parallel wooden rollers, about four inches in diameter, are mounted about three feet apart, and are provided with gears and a crank to rotate them slowly in opposite directions. A sheet of rubber is firmly attached to both rollers. The rubber is stretched by rotating the rollers, when layers of cloth, clay or paste are laid on it, and on reversing the rotation the folds are shown gradually growing with the contraction.

At the last annual meeting of the Geological Society of America, Professor J. C. Russell called attention to the recent discovery that many of the swamps and lakes in the southern peninsula of Michigan are rich in calcareous marl, suitable for making Portland cement. Although partly composed of shells, the Michigan marl is principally a chemical precipitate which is still being formed. The precise method of its formation is not yet understood. The supply is practically inexhaustible. Large cement works have lately been constructed, others are in contemplation, and Professor Russell says that Michigan can easily take a leading place in that industry.

An interesting experiment was carried on during the year just passed by Sir W. Thimelton-Dyer, who tried to ascertain the effect of exposing seeds to a temperature of 350 degrees centigrade, or the temperature of liquid hydrogen. The seeds selected were mustard, peas, vegetable marrow, musk (for its extremely small size), wheat and barley, and the samples used in the experiments were of the best quality, selected by expert seedsmen. The seeds were then sent to Professor Dewar, who in the first instance sealed them in glass tubes, cooled them first in liquid air, and then transferred them to the hydrogen, where they remained for more than an hour. The seeds were then planted and germinated as usual. In another experiment seeds were immersed in liquid hydrogen for six hours, being actually soaked in the liquid, and when planted germinated without showing the slightest effect of the treatment to which they had been subjected.

The Surgical Ant.

The native Brazilian, far removed as he usually is from doctors and surgeons, depends upon a little ant to sew up his wounds when he is slashed or scratched. This odd creature is called the surgical ant, from the use to which it is put.

The ant has two strong nippers on his head. They are his weapons for battle or forage.

When a Brazilian has cut himself, for example, he picks up an ant, presses the nippers against the wound, one on each side, and then gives the bug a squeeze. The indignant insect snaps his nippers together, piercing the flesh and bringing the lacerated parts close together. The Brazilian at that moment gives the ant's body a jerk and away it flies, leaving the nippers embedded in the flesh. To be sure that kills the ant, but he has served his most useful purpose in life. The operation is repeated until the wound is sewed up neatly and thoroughly.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Speech Restored by Electric Shock.

H. T. Steffy, a venerable wagon-maker of Rising Fawn, Ga., was stricken with paralysis 10 years ago, and lost his power of speech. The other day Mr. Steffy was called upon to do some work which involved the handling of electrical apparatus, and received, through accident, quite a severe shock. Great was his surprise to find that the electrical stroke had restored his speech. At first his utterances were imperfect, but they continued improving, so that now he has completely regained his voice.—Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times.

New Shoe Fastening.

Shoes can be rapidly fastened on the feet by a new lacing device, which has a series of leather or cloth loops attached alternately to either edge of the upper, with a single strong cord threaded through the loops to draw them into a straight line when the string is tightened.

Some Desirable Stamps.

Nothing in a small way is more suggestive of the change that has taken place in the fortune of war, and in particular of the fortune of the Orange Free State, than the postage stamps borne by the latest mail-letters from Bloemfontein. These stamps will not improbably be much sought after by philatelists. Three varieties to hand are respectively of the values of "half-penny," "een-penny," "zes pence" (sixpence), and are colored light orange, heliotrope, and light blue. All alike bear the figure of a tree, whose symbolic meaning is accentuated by the word "vrij" (freely) above it, being part of the legend "Orange Vrij Staat." All this is familiar enough. What, however, makes the little colored squares interesting is the evidence they bear of the British occupation. Immediately beneath the "vrij" of the Taal inscription are stamped in black letters "V. R. I." And "V. R. I." just now to the Free State means a very different thing from "vrij."—London Daily News.

The Romance Spoiled.

A story has been going the rounds that a secret chamber containing a skull and crumbling bones had been found in the historic old Virginia mansion known as Lower Brandon. The secret chamber was discovered indeed by Miss Gulie Harrison, daughter of the present mistress of Brandon; but, according to the young lady herself, as quoted by a Richmond correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, gruesome remains of poor humanity alleged to have been found existed only in the vivid imagination of some romancer. The floor of the secret closet was covered with the dust of ages, but was empty of else. As to the use to which this mysterious room was put or its purpose none of those acquainted with its history know. It was possibly constructed for the unromantic but highly practicable purpose of concealing the silverware and other valuables of the early owners of Brandon.

A Garden on Shipboard.

When Captain Taylor, of the American ship Kenilworth, arrived in Philadelphia from Leith, Scotland, on a recent trip and opened her hatches he was amazed to see what was apparently a green and growing field of grain, extending the entire length of the vessel. Then he remembered that the Kenilworth had carried from San Francisco to Leith a cargo of California barley. When she left Leith considerable ballast in the shape of loose earth was dumped into her hold to give her the necessary stiffening for her transatlantic run. During the passage, which occupied over a month, the loose grain which clung to the vessel's side dropped down into the earth and sprouted. The barley was several inches high, and the hold inside as green as a park hillside.—Philadelphia Record.

The Largest Flesh-Eater Alive.

The United States possesses at Kodiak Island, on the southeast coast of Alaska, a few living specimens of the largest carnivorous animal now in the world—a monster bear—which has not at any time been brought into captivity. Professor Langley has been trying for two years to obtain live specimens of this and other great mammals of Alaska, for the National Zoological Park, in the hope of preserving the species.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?

This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try 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.

Atlanta, Ga., now claims an estimated population of 127,000.

H. M. Norton, St. Paul, Minn., says: Please send me one bottle Frey's Vermifuge for enclosed 25c. I cannot get a bottle in this city.

The chance of two finger prints being alike is not one in fifty-four billion.

The Best Prescription For Chills

And Fever is a bottle of GIBB'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

The flower trade of London exceeds in value \$10,000,000 per annum.

To Teachers.

Those attending National Educational Convention, Charleston, S. C., can take a side trip to the mountains of the Southern Railway, the "Land of the Sky," on their return, from the Charleston Convention. The route of the Southern Railway, New York to Charleston, is in close touch with the mountain region of North Carolina. The peak of the "Land of the Sky," Mount Mitchell, the highest mountain of the East, rises 211 feet, and is one of forty-three peaks which look down on the highest of New England summits. Those going to Charleston by the Southern Railway pass through the historic battlefield of Gettysburg. Interesting literature of the trip will be furnished upon application. New York to Charleston, for the occasion of National Educational Association, one fare for the round trip, plus \$2 membership fee. The train for Charleston leaves New York 8:35 P. M. and 12:10 midnight. Full particulars at 371 and 1185 Broadway, Alex. S. Thwait, East Pass. Agt., 1185 Broadway, New York.

Counterfeiting may be a dangerous game, but forging is all right.

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If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water