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If you don't obtain all the benefit you desire from the use of the Vigo write the Doctor about it. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

#### Artesian Well Dug by Ants.

It is a notorious fact, says a corre spondent, writing from Millen, Screven County, Georgia, that red ants will dig their holes until they strike water. Near the station in Millen, and about fifty feet from one of the main arte-sian wells, is a colony of big red ants that have been working in the same bed for over fifty years. One of the oldest citizens says they were there for that length of time to his certain knowledge, but he can't say how they were there before that time. can imagine the astonishment of the people of Millen when they saw one morning a bold flow of artesian water seven feet high coming from the redant The poor fellows dug to their own destruction. A very peculiar thing about it is that it has cut off the wells here. There is great excitement People for miles around are aere. coming in hourly to see the wonder-ful well.—Savannah News.

# DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Pen Picture for Women.

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysteries; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's attention daily. An inflamed and ulterated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symp-



MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS.

MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS.

toms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the guiding advice of Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store, Anyway, write a letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your troubles. Her advice is free.



#### TWILIGHT.

The sun is low, the tide is high,
The sky as red as woman's lips,
Shows red in the river's reflected glow,
Save the silver line where the oarsman
dips;
Straugs, subtle hour, that no spell can

Strangs, subtle hour, that the stay, A link 'twixt tomorrow and yesterday.

—Louise Ijams Lander.

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# REVOLT OF MOSES.

By Hope Daring.

Not the Moses of sacred historyjust plain Moses Smith, farmer, aged 30; tall, with stooping shoulders; face furrowed with wrinkles, that is, the part visible above his grizzled beard; eyes gray and sleepy, ye with a kindly light in their faded depths. Sarah his wife, was also tall but Ann, straight, carrying her head stiffly erect. Her blue eyes were very wide open; her brown hair, in which were only a few silver threads, was always smooth, and her thin red lips had a fashion of closing that Moses well understood.

For 30 years they had dwelt together. In all these years Mrs. Smith had commanded Moses and Moses had obeyed. There had been but few occasions on which he had advanced opinions of his own. But this fair morning, when the sun was, in countless dewdrops, multiplying his own brightness, and the south wind woodd the rosebuds into perfect bloom, Moses Smith determined to have for once, at least, his own way.

Two weeks before he had heard his wife say to a neighbor,-

"Anybody can wind Moses round

their finger." Now Moses knew his weakness; was aware that his wife knew it, for did not she tell him of it every day? But to discuss it with another! That was different. He had pondered the mat-ter for 14 days, and his mind was fully made up to this day assert himself, but he ate his breakfast of toast, fried potatoes, ham, coffee and molasses cookies in his usual silent way. As they rose from the table Mrs. Smith said

"I want you to churn right away, Moses, 'fore it gets so hot.'

"All right. I'll be back from the barn soon," and he slouched off at his usual leisurely gait.

Mrs. Smith entered the pantry, raised a trap door that led to the cellar, and descending, saw that the jar of cream was ready for the churn. Then she went about her usual morning work. In a short time she heard her husband's voice-at the kitchen door.

"Is that air cream ready?" "Of course it is. But you hain't got the water.

"Yes, I have. I jest drawed three

buckets. "Now, Moses Smith, I hain't heard you carry it into the woodhouse

"I guess you didn't. I'm going to churn out under the apple tree."

There was an ominous silence. Mrs. Smith persisted in using an old fashioned dash churn. In warm weather this churn was placed in a tub of cold water, drawn with a windlass from the stone-lined well by the kitchen door. A few steps from the well stood a gnarled old apple tree, whose spreading branches made canopy of breezy shade. Moses had many times hinted a desire to do the churning here instead of in the woodhouse, but his wife always forbade.

"You bring that tub of water into the woodhouse. The churn is out there, all ready, and you see to it you don't spatter the cream when you

She went up-stairs, opened the windows of her sleeping room and put the bed to air. She also tidled her carefully kept sitting-room. When she went again to the kitchen, she stood for an instant transfixed with astonishment by the picture framed by the open

Under the apple tree stood her husboth hands grasped the churn dasher,

slowly propelling it up and down. "Moses Smith!" Sarah Ann pushed open the screen and advanced to his "What do you mean by bringing that cream out here? Didn't you hear

Yes. As to what I meant by bringin' the cream out here, I meant to churn it that's all."

"Well, you won't do it here. You carry that churn straight into the woodhouse. I don't see what does make you act so like a fool, Moses Smith.

"I hain't actin' like a fool, Sary Ann. I can churn jest as well out here. It's a real pleasure to listen to the mothe robin over yender and to see the Sunshine peepin' through the leaves.'

"Humph! Poetry and work don't go well together. Why don't you do as I

Mr. Smith dropped both hands from churn dasher, drew himself up as straight as was possible after stoop ing so many years, and said distinct

ly.-"Cause I don't want to." "I don't care what you want," Mrs. Smith returned angrily. "I tell you not to churn another stroke here.

guess I—"
"Sary Ann," Moses leaned one arm
reflectively against the tree; "I don't
reflectively against the tree; burn or not. care a mite whether I churn or not, but if I do it will be right here and

nowhere else." For a moment she was speechless.

"I'd like to know what you mean," she gasped. "The idea of talking like—"

like "Never mind. The question 'pears to be, shall I churn or not? I tell you plain, if I do, it will be right here."

What did it mean? And he twice interrupted her! Mrs. Smith was not vanquished, but she was so confused that a truce seemed the best thing she could think of.

"Do as you like," she said shortly, walking away and slamming the door

behind her.

Moses took her at her word. An hour later she found that, after finishing the churning, he had carried the churn and contents to the place where she usually worked the butter. was still undecided what to think of her husband's daring. Howe things seemed otherwise much However, ever, for it was not until they were seated at the dinner table that Moses

again asserted himself.
"Why don't you take it, then?" pushing the plate toward him. The plate held two crusts.

Moses shook his head. "That's too dry. You know my teeth air poor. You can feed that to the chickens, and I'll take some of the new you baked today."

Moses thereupon rose and walked to the pantry. Here on a table lay half a dozen loaves, fresh from the oven. He took up a brown crusted

ne and a knife.
"Moses Smith! Air you crazy? Don't you hear me? I say, you needn't cut that loaf of bread. This bread's good

It was too late. Already the sharp knife had severed two slices from the

"What do you mean?" the woman shrieked. "What do you mean, Moses Smith?" "Now see here, Sary Ann, I'll tell you what I mean. I mean to have

some new bread, that's all," and back to the table he strode, bread in hand. Mrs. Smith did not return to the table. Her husband saw little of her the remainder of the day. She retired early, and when Moses came up to bed

she was asleep, apparently.

The next morning Mrs. Smith had regained the use of her tongue and ignor-ing Moses' declaration of independence, scolded heartily about every-thing else. Moses bore it in silence, retreating to the barn as soon as pos-

It was Saturday. On the afternoon of that day the Smiths usually drove to Ovid, three miles distant, with farm produce. This particular afternoon Mrs. Smith arrayed herself in her best cashmere and Sunday bonnet.

'I'm going to the missionary meeting at Sister Swin's," she announced, as Moses lifted the jar of butter into the back of the buggy. "Here is a basket of cottage cheese. You can drive round of cottage cheese. on Maple street and sell it out. Be sure you go to the back doors, and they'll you five cents for two balls. give There's just 60 balls-a dollar and a half's worth. I want the money to make out 10 dollars I'm going to lend Widow Green. She'll pay me 50 cents for the use of it three months. Now don't step on my dress," as he clumsily took his place at her side.

"Fifty cents for three months." Moses slapped the fat horse with the "That'll be two dollars for a lines. year. Two dollars for ten dollars. Let me see-why, Sary Ann, that's 20 per cent."

"What if it is?" There was a brief pause, then Moses

began again.

"But, Sary Ann, Widder Green is awful poor. Why don't you lend her the money for nothin'? It's to finish payin' for her sewin' machine, and there's only you and me, and we've got two thousand dollars ahead, 'sides the farm."

"If you can't talk sense, do keep Lend it for nothin', indeed! Be sure you understand 'bout the cheese

"See here, Sary Ann, I shan't peddle out your cheese for any such purpose. store. But I don't do such work, while you air to missionary meetin', to get money fur you to

poor with, that's all." Moses deposited his wife at Mrs. Swin's gate and drove off, making no reply to the command she hurriedly whispered as she saw her hoste the door. Surely he would not fail her this time. He would do the errand, for Moses disliked waste. She was sure that it would be all right, not withstanding his queer freaks of yesterday. So she dismissed the subject from her mind, and three hours later found him waiting for her in the ap pointed place. She clambered to her eat and they started home in silence "Have a good meetin'?" he ventured

at last. "Yes, we did." was her testy reply. They were within half a mile of home when Moses dropped a handful

of change in her lap. "Money for your cheese," he said

She counted it twice. "There's only 75 cents. Where's the rest?

"That's all there is," he declared doggedly. "I told you I shouldn't peddle it out. Golden took 45 balls, three for five cents, at the store. I give old Mrs. Blake five balls, and that Morley girl, who is tryin' so hard to her little brothers, the rest. They both belong to our church, you know."

No reply. When they reached the house, as Mrs. Smith stepped upon the ground she looked into her husband's face.

"Once for all, I ask you what do you mean, Moses Smith?

"Well, now, Sary Ann, I don't mind tellin' you I never promised to obey you, but I've done it fur 30 year. I'm

through now, that's all." Without a word she walked into When Moses entered an hour later he found his favorite cream biscuits and fresh gingerbread for sup-per. Mrs. Smith talked, told her husband about the missionary meeting, and ended by asking him if he would

step over to Mrs. Green's for her. "Tell her I will have that ten dollars for the first of the week; and tell her I shan't be in any hurry for it, and to never mind any interest.'

Moses made no reply, but hastened on his errand.-Waverly Magazine.

### CAUSES MANY WRECKS.

Quartz Sand of Lake Superior Makes Com

How a ship's compass could lead her master astray has been one of the mysteries of Lake Superior for years, but it is probably explained now by one of the vesselmen in the only way that seems consistent. One of his own boats suffered a week ago at a time when he knew his compasses were right. His ship was heading for Duluth, and for safety was two points south of her course, which should have taken her to the entry at Superior seven miles south from the harbor entrance at Duluth. Without warning the vessel grated on a beach and stopped. An investigation showed her to be on a sandbank at the mouth of the Knife river, 20 miles east from Duluth. She was heading directly up the river, almost due north, but the compass still held two points south of the course for Duluth. by the charts, turned almost a right angle. Within 125 feet of either side rock reefs ran out into the lake, on which she would have cut herself to pieces. To the southerly side, where a trifling less deviation would have taken the vessel, lay an island of rock that would have driven her bow back to her engines and hunched her up into a ball. As it was, a tug pulled her off, and a survey showed not a dollar of damage. Indeed, nothing is publicly known of the fortunate accident till this writing. Many such a casualty has occurred from time to time, and the river on which this boat brought up has been the scene of two or three roundings every season for years. Some of them have resulted luckily, others have been total losses. The only explanation for these groundings and deviations is that a great bed of magnetic iron sand lies in the bed of the stream, covered by the washings of quartz sand from the rocks of the lake.

The same explanation probably accounts for the late disasters at other points on the north shere. Indeed, in a gathering of vessel captains in an agent's office in Duluth this week they discussed the remarkable aberrations of compasses this fall, which every man had noticed far more than b fore in any year. During the week one of the captains of one of the great fleets, a man noted as the most careful and the best man in the line, who has not lost his company a cent in repair for years, found himself on the north shore and three points off his course. though the compass was identical with its indication of every trip of the season. He got off without much loss, but the fact was none the less re markable. How did he get there, and what made the deviation?-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

# The Evolution of the Corset.

A lamentable spectacle was presented by the barbarous corsets on view at the Paris exhibition composed of iron and pieces of canvas, shapeless and without grace, which imprisoned the delicate forms of queens of fash ion of bygone periods. The corset had its origin in Italy and was introduced from that country into France by Catherine de Medicis. Mary Stuart and Diane de Poictiers did not however, follow the fashion. But it was admitted by all the ladies of the French court that it dispensable to the beauty of the fe-male figure and was therefore adopted

by them. The corset in those days was in its infancy, and it assumed more of the rough character of a knight's cuirass. The frame was entirely of iron, and the velvet which decorated the exterior hid a frightful and cumbersome machine. In contradistinction to these the modern corset made of pretty materials embroidered, beriboned and decked with lace like a bride's bouquet.

# Chinese Legend of the Pleiades.

In China, according to a native le gend, long before the Caucasians were born there were seven sisters who lived on the banks of the Yellow river. who In order that they might attain the greatest glory in the world to come they vowed that they would never marry. But the parents, having very different ideas, betrothed the eldest to a highly desirable young man of their acquaintance. Obedience is one of the greatest virtues of the Chinese, so the girl was compelled to give her con-sent. She told her sister that they would never see her again, and promptly jumped into the Yellow promptly jumped into the Yellow river. After a short consultation they concluded to follow her. That night, for the first time seven bright new stars were seen in the sky. And that is why only the Chinamen really know how the Pleiades first came to be ad-ded to the number of stars.



male bird may safely be retained in the flock until he is three or four years old. Male birds that meet all the requirements of the breeder are not plentiful and when one is obtained he should be kept as long as he can be made use of.

#### Food Combinations for Stock.

There is no single food that is perfect or which contains all the desirable elements necessary for production, for which reason corn as an exclusive diet will not give satisfactory results There is but little lime in wheat or corn, and as lime is essential in the production of bone it is evident that young animals will make but little growth when the larger portion of their food consists of corn or cornmeal. If clover, either green or cured, or skim milk is fed with corn more benefit will be derived from the combination of foods than from grain only.

Poultry intended for market, whether young or old, cannot be made too fat. The public wants the fattest that can be had and is willing to pay a premium for that class of fowls. Old hens, at this season, are usually in good condition, but it is not always an easy matter to keep the growing chickens in prime market condition. Should the hens be thin, a few days of confinement and a liberal feeding of rich foods will suffice to put them in proper condition. Chickens, as a rule, will fatten more quickly if allowed freedom, but an extra supply of food must be given at least three times

a day In either case, never send poultry to market unless fat, especially so if dressed before being sent. When selecting for market choose only the fat ones, and keep the others until in fit condition. The excess in price will justify the additional cost and trouble. -Home and Farm.

#### Corn Is a Grass Crop.

The fact should be kept in mind that corn is both a grain and grass crop. It yields more cereal food than any other American grain, but at the same time, it is a grass, a giant grass that is not excelled by any hay crop in quantity and quality of its forage. Many large dairy farmers who have been feeding shredded fodder have given up their meadows, as the corn crop gives both grain and hay, and more cows can be kept on the same acreage.

A friend of the writer, a large dairy farmer in Iowa, whose name can be given to any "doubting Thomas," has made a test of shredded fodder that should convince the most skeptical of the great value of this new feed. Last year his spring work came on unex-pectedly before he had finished shredding, he having followed the plan of shredding from time to time during the winter, with a machine that he owned. Having no hay or other rough feed, he gave his cows the unhusked corn from the shock with the same ra tion of ground feed that he had fed with the shredded fodder. The tell off one-half in volume in milk. His foreman had a Jersey which just supplied milk for his family on the shredded fodder. The Jersey fell off one half, like the proprietor's cows, but the foreman's wife, after a few days of short milk supply, managed to scrape up enough shredded fodder for

this Jersey, which immediately returned to her former flow of milk. Horses do well on "corn hay" in A man who is recognized as an expert on feeding owns a farm near Chicago, where he winters driving horses for Chicago people. He finds that fodder, when carefully cured and shredded, makes an ideal forage for horses. The same opinion is given by many other good horsemen.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

# Storing Winter Vegetables

The work of gathering and storing the vegetables should be done with care and judgment. The keeping and best edible qualities of vegetables are often destroyed by careless and untimely gathering and improper storing. Defer the work until there is danger of freezing, and choose a bright, clear day. In taking up roots of all kinds, be careful not to bruise them. A care ful sorting is necessary, and such as are immature, bruised or show the least sign of decay should be thrown Do not leave them exposed to the air and sun, but cover with soil until ready to store away. vegetables required for winter use should be stored in the cellar; those for spring use should be placed in a dry, frost-proof pit outside

Squashes and pumpkins should be picked as soon as ripe. The jured by even a light frost. . They are in-frost. Handle carefully, do not remove the blossom end, and leave three or four inches of the stem on. Put them on a thin layer of clean straw in the barn or garret until danger of frost, then remove to the cellar. If placed on a shelf where they will not touch each other, they will keep longer than if piled in a heap Store onlons in a cool, dry place, where some air can reach them. Never store roots of any kind in large heaps. Beets, carrots, turnips and radishes should be put in barrels or boxes and red with sand or soil. It three or inches of soil is put over and

around them there is no drying up or the roots and they will keep fresh until spring.

Leave the celery in the ground until just before hard freezing. Put it in a box and pack sand or wet soil around it. In packing be careful not to get any of the sand between the stalks. Set the box in a dark part of the cellar, examina it frequently and if the plants begin to wilt, water the roots without wetting the stalks.

Cut off the roots and remove the outer leaves of the cabbages and wrap them in five or six thicknesses of newspaper. They will keep well in this way for winter use, but those for spring should be buried in trenches

#### Asparagus Culture.

Asparagus is not so readily grown as radishes and turnips, at first, but since one planting endures for ten to 20 years, it pays for the extra care required during the first year or two. It is necessary to start a plantation from the seed, as there are plenty of reliable persons who make a business of supplying one and two-year-old plants and at very reasonable prices. In a small way asparagus is grown in beds four feet wide. On a larger scale it is grown in the field like any other crop with rows four feet apart and plants 18 to 24 inches in the row. In the south the plants may be set out in November. When plants are obtained from northern localities it may be in March or later before the plants can be moved from the nursery.

A good sandy loam is the best soil for asparagus. The soil should be deeply broken, working in a liberal application of ground bone, mixed bone from dust up to pleces large as a pea and even much larger. With the bone also, hardwood ashes, or cotton hull ashes, a peck each of ashes and bone to every 15 or 20 square feet. Lay off broad furrows two feet apart if in beds, and deep enough so that the tops of the plants will be three inches below the surface. Trim off all long and broken roots and spread out the remaining roots evenly in every direction in the trench, throw in a little soil and tamp down firmly, sprinkling in at the same time bone meal freely. Finish with covering the plants evenly. Oneyear-old plants I think are preferable, but two-year-old may be used with advantage if put in properly. If the bed is not mulched at once with pine or other straw, weeds must be kept down

with the hoe or harrow.

Let the plants grow all they will the following year and the next generally. In the autumn after the frost kills the tops, cut these off nearly to the ground and pile and burn so as to destroy any seeds that mature. The second or third year, according as one or two-year-old plants were used, cut ting may begin, but this should not be too close. After that, take all that you can get. Top-dressings of any good manure should be given every winter if its need is indicated by inferior growth.-S. A. Cook, in Ameri can Agriculturist.

# The Calf for Dairy Purposes.

One of the main difficulties in mak ing dairying a success is the difficulty of securing the best machinery, not of iron or steel, but of flesh and blood; in other words, the best dairy cows. Such cows can not easily be bought, for the men who have ability to produce them know their value and their profit. Practically, the farmer who wishes a herd of choice dairy cows must grow them himself. While it is a difficult matter, it is not so difficult as one would imagine if be would but go at it in the right way.

The easiest way to secure this is to buy heifer calves from the best dairy herds in the neighborhood. These can always be bought, if not pedigreed, at reasonable prices. If a farmer will buy a dozen calves from reasonably good dairy cows, which can be found in al most any dairy neighborhood, and will feed them properly, and when they are 15 or 16 months old mate them properly with a sire whose dam and grandam have been good dairy cows, he will stand a chance of having half a dozen paying dairy cows in the lot and a progeny with dairy instincts.

What do we mean by feeding them properly? Feed them mainly on clover hay, corn fodder, and oats, with from one-third to one-half as much corn as oats during the cold weather in the winter season. If he finds that they get quite fat on this ration, leave the corn out altogether. Do not aim to make them fat, but aim to keep them growing. When turned on grass, with out grain, next summer, let them get fat as they like. There is no danger of grass fat hurting any breeding animal.

When they produce their first calves, break them to milk at once, and feed liberally, grass or no grass; they will eat of a properly balanced dairy ration. If any of them are dis posed to get fat, feed and milk all the same, but sell these to the butcher. Keep the cows that remain thin it flesh on full feed and a full flow of milk. You will find on testing that they are good milkers. The cow that when in good health and on full feed fails to get fat usually does so because she puts the milk in the pail, just where you want it. If our readers will test this method they will make enough by it to pay for a farm paper during their lifetime. The plan is simple and feasi ble, and thoroughly practicable. There is no chance for any loss in it, and every chance for profit.—Wallace's

Don't trust appearances. A man may have an umbrella every time it rains and still be honest.