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Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is

OTTO'S CURE

The GERMAN REMEDY
Cures throat and lung diseases.
Sold by all druggists. 25¢, 50¢.



A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination.

Eureka Harness Oil

not only makes the harness and the horse's feet better but makes the harness soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last twice as long as an ordinary harness. It is sold everywhere in one-half pint size. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

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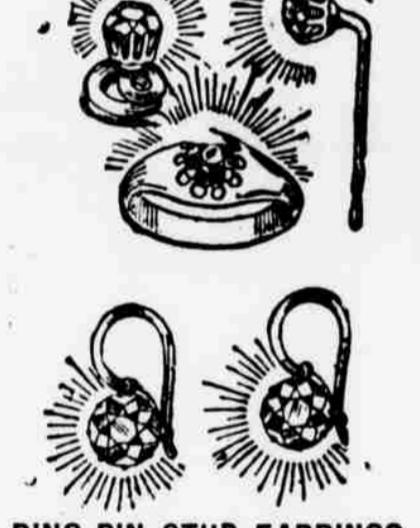
Experts Baffled

Real Diamonds are no better for all purposes than the

Genuine Barrios Diamonds

\$1.00 Each

We are the sole agents in the United States for these marvelous semi-precious stones, which are the nearest approach to Genuine Diamonds ever discovered. For the purpose of introducing them quickly to the public we will forward either



RING, PIN, STUD, EARRINGS
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Earrings Are \$2 Per Pair.

SPECIAL CAUTION:
Do not buy cheap Genuine Barrios Diamonds with so-called Rhinestones, White Topaz, or other imitation stones, regardless of what the name may be. Genuine Barrios Diamonds have no artificial backing, are equal to real diamonds as to looks and wear, and will cut glass. This offer will last only a short time longer, and is subject to withdrawal without notice.

MAIL ORDERS.
Beautiful, Brilliant, Genuine Barrios Diamond, mounted in a heavy ring, pin or stud, will be sent to any address on receipt of One Dollar. In ordering, give full directions and state whether small, medium or large stone is desired.

CAMILLE SEYBARD, the Prima Donna of the Walter D'Amico Opera Co., writes:
"Barrios Diamonds are lustrous and full of fire. They are magnificent substitutes for genuine diamonds for stage purposes."
CAMILLE SEYBARD

Money promptly refunded if goods are not as represented.

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Address Mail Orders to
The Pomona Mfg Co.,
1131 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
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TRUSSES, 65c, \$1.25 AND UP

We are selling the very best Trusses made at FACTORY PRICES, less than one-third the price charged by others, and we GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY. See whether you want our French Truss or our New York Reversible Elastic Truss, illustrated above, cut this ad, and send to us with 65c or \$1.25, whichever you prefer. We will send you the one you want, and we will send it to you with the undergarment, if it is as perfect as we claim to be. We will return your money if you are not satisfied. Write for FREE TRUSS CATALOGUE which shows of trusses including the New \$10.00 Loe Truss \$2.75 that never allows an ease, and which we sell for \$2.00.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. CHICAGO

PISO'S CURE FOR
CROUP, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION

THE WEB OF LIFE.

Full soon the web of life is spun—
The thread is snapped; the work is done;
And rising from the whirling loom,
We pass within the larger room
From out the weary din of life,
To where peace overcometh strife;
And in the Master's presence sweet
Lay down our little tasks complete.

But still we'll note with throbs of pain
Where tangled threads made effort vain,
Remembering how grief's heavy seal
Was set, our errors to reveal;
And sadly own, through tear-filled eyes,
That careless hands could ne'er devise
A plan to guide the shuttle right,
Upon life's loom from morn till night.

So when the weaver's heart to cheer,
The Master Workman draweth near
With words of counsel to advise
And patient fingers, skillful, wise,
He draws the tangled threads apart,
And lays them straight and smooth
athwart
The bar—then listens, that a call
For help may ne'er unheeded fall.

But when the web at length is spun,
The thread snapped off; the work all done;
The weaver bears it from the loom,
Where in the sunlit larger room
The Master sits, all tasks to scan,
And judge the workers man by man—
Full joy 'twill be if we but hear
The Lord's "Well done," fall sweet and clear.

—Lillian C. Nevin, in N. Y. Observer.

HUGH BAIN'S CRIME

By Julia K. Hildreth.

"HE IS a tyrant! That's what he is—a tyrant; and I would like to serve him as other tyrants have been served before!" cried Hugh Bain, shaking his fist at the schoolhouse door.

"What's the matter, Hugh?" asked a boy, standing near.

"Why," cried Hugh, in an excited voice, "I asked him if I could stay at home this afternoon and he said: 'No—decidedly, no!'"

"Just like him!" cried several of the boys in chorus.

"I hate him," said Hugh. "I'd like to—"

"Hugh!" whispered Mark Crow, warningly. "Mr. Carver will hear you."

"I don't care," replied Hugh, with a scowl.

"Where were you going?" inquired Mark, curiously.

"Uncle Milton and ever so many young men are going out to shoot a couple of foxes that have been stealing our geese and chickens," replied Hugh. "Uncle Milton said if I could get off, I might go with them."

Hero Hugh broke off, and, with a very savage glance at the door, muttered:

"I wish you were the fox and I had the shooting of you."

"Hugh!" whispered Mark Crow again. "You know that you don't mean that."

"Yes, I do," said Hugh, defiantly. "He is a tyrant and I hate him."

The boys were standing about the schoolhouse after noon recess, waiting for a signal to enter.

The bell sounded just then, and Hugh took his place in a very bad humor. He was so sulky and stubborn that at last Mr. Carver became impatient, and indignantly ordered him to apologize at once or leave the school until he thought fit to do so.

Hugh, without a word, seized his hat and rushed from the room.

But when he stood outside of the schoolhouse, his anger cooled as he remembered it would be impossible to keep this disgrace from his parents. Hugh was in no hurry to go home now, and so, when he came within sight of the house, he turned into a little by-path which led to the woods. As he walked slowly along, picking up the dead leaves in his path absently, he caught sight of a pair of sharp eyes, watching him from behind a large stump, and the next moment a gray fox bounded across the road, and was lost to sight among the bushes.

At the same time Hugh heard the barking of dogs and the shouting of men, and his Uncle Milton, followed by half a dozen of his friends, came running toward him.

"Which way?" cried Uncle Milton, too much excited to be surprised by Hugh's appearance. "Did you see him? Which way did he go?"

Hugh pointed in the direction the fox had taken, and away they all went, helter-skelter, pell-mell, dogs and men, and Hugh followed.

At a short distance from the path, and surrounded by a fringe of tall bushes, the party came upon the wall of a deep ravine.

Over this Uncle Milton threw himself without a moment's pause, and with no other support than the bunches of dry grass and weeds growing among the rocks, made his way rapidly downward to the gully below, and went scrambling up the other side. All followed. But one unfortunate young fellow stumbled and lost his footing, and Hugh saw him roll to the bed of the ravine, and lie among the stones, motionless.

Hugh hurried back to ascertain if he were very much hurt, and found him sitting up, rubbing his arm, ruefully.

"Are you injured?" asked Hugh, helping him to arise.

"My arm is either sprained or broken," replied he. Then, pointing to the fowling-piece on the ground, he added: "That belongs to your uncle. If you will give it to him, I'll go home. I have had enough of fox-hunting for one day."

As Hugh slung the weapon over his shoulder, feeling pleased and important, the young man stalked moodily away, holding his injured arm.

"Now," said Hugh, as he hurried along the hunting party, "if the fox shows himself again, he won't get off quite as easily as he did before."

He went out of his way quite often,

to follow some imaginary skulking animal among the bushes, and when at last he determined to follow the others, all sounds had ceased.

Then he discovered that it was growing dark, and also that he was dreadfully hungry, so he turned his steps homeward.

Before he reached the border of the wood, it had grown really dark. When he came to the little stream which separated the woods from a corn field which belonged to Mr. Carver, he hesitated; for that gentleman objected to the boys trespassing upon his ground.

So Hugh stood still, uncertain whether to cross the little bridge that spanned the stream or take the longer way around through the woods to the road.

There was a half-moon that night, but it gave only a fitful and uncertain light. The sky was covered with heavy, fast-flying clouds, and a high wind was moaning dimly through the trees behind him.

As Hugh paused with one foot on the bridge, the moon came from behind a cloud, and shone clear and bright for a moment; and Hugh saw, on the other side of the stream, a fox, the same probably that Uncle Milton had been chasing all that afternoon. He was gone in a second, but Hugh caught a flying glimpse of his brush as he bounded over Mr. Carver's corn field toward a wall.

"What a glorious thing it would be," thought Hugh, "to be the one to carry home the fox, after all!"

He darted across the bridge and on toward the wall. Just before he reached it, however, the clouds again covered the moon.

But he crept softly along by the wall, and presently he heard a slight rustling among the bushes close to him. Hugh softly raised his weapon to his shoulder, and at the same moment, whack! came a blow upon the top of his head.

The boy looked up in amazement, and saw in the dim light an arm extended above him, and the next instant it struck his upturned face, half blinding him.

"Look out!" cried Hugh, angrily. "You have no right to strike me. Don't do it again!"

His antagonist made no reply. Instead, he once more swung his arm around in a very threatening and energetic manner.

Before it could fall, Hugh sprang away; but in doing so he stumbled on the rough ground and fell backward. The gun he held slipped from his grasp.

There was a sudden flash of fire, a sharp report, and a heavy body fell headlong to the earth.

Sick with terror and trembling from head to foot, Hugh struggled to his feet again. He gave one hasty look at the black silent heap on the ground, snatched up his hat, which had fallen from his head, and ran on. He never knew how he reached home; but as he opened the door, the sound of cheerful voices coming from the dining room seemed strange and unnatural. In an agony of terror, he ran quickly upstairs to his own little room.

He found a match and lighted the candle, which stood upon a table near the bed. Then he pulled off his hat and threw it down.

As the light fell upon the hat, he gave a cry of horror. It was not his; it must have belonged to the man whose life he had taken!

Hugh turned it slowly around, a cold chill creeping all over him as he noticed the small hole near the band. Suddenly his eyes rested upon the lining. He gave a low cry, and the hat fell from his shaking hand, for printed upon the somewhat soiled and faded red silk was the name—"Richard Carver."

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" moaned Hugh. "Poor Mr. Carver! Oh! oh! oh!"

Presently the silence of the room began to be unbearable, and he thought:

"I can't stand this. I will go and find father and tell him."

He crept down the stairs softly. The house was very quiet now, but a light was shining from a half-open door. Hugh looked in, and saw his mother rocking backward and forward in a low chair, singing softly to the baby in her arms. There was no one else in the room.

"I couldn't tell her! I wonder where father is?" thought Hugh, as he stole toward the hall door.

Then he remembered to have heard that Mr. Bain was going to call upon some one in the village.

He ran swiftly along the road, so occupied with his own dreadful thoughts that he did not notice a boy who was coming toward him, until his arm was grasped, and Mark Crow exclaimed:

"Hallo, Hugh! Where are you going?"

"To the village," said Hugh, struggling to free himself.

"I say, what is the matter?" cried Mark, without releasing his arm.

The unhappy boy broke down all at once, and sobbed out:

"Oh! oh! oh! I've shot Mr. Carver."

"Shot Mr. Carver?" repeated Mark, shrinking from his friend in horror. "I know you said you hated him, but I never thought you meant to kill him."

"Of course I didn't mean to!" cried Hugh. "I fell and—and the gun went off, and he tumbled down without a word!"

"You don't expect anyone to believe that," said Mark, quickly. "Why, as many as ten boys heard you say you hated him, and would like to do all kinds of things to him only this morning. But if you are really sorry," continued Mark, after a pause, which Hugh filled up with sobs, "you can go to Judge Winter and give yourself

up. And I'll go with you, for fear you might be tempted to run away, you know."

"I tell you I did not mean to!" protested Hugh, wringing his hands. "But I will go with you to Judge Winter's, if you think that is the right thing to do."

"Of course I do," replied Mark, decidedly.

The two boys hurried on toward the village very silently. As they went they met a number of people, to each one of them Mark officiously whispered:

"Hugh Bain has shot Mr. Carver—our teacher. He said he would this morning, and we are going to tell Judge Winter."

These people invariably turned, no matter which way they had been going, and accompanied the two boys. So, by the time they reached Judge Winter's residence, there was a large, horrified crowd surrounding Hugh.

Mark knocked at the door, and, on seeing the crowd and hearing the news, the girl who had opened it flew back and acquainted the judge with what had occurred.

He came out instantly, and after asking where and how the shooting had happened, and telling Hugh to lead the way to the field, they all started off toward the scene of the crime.

Presently, Hugh felt his hand grasped, and glancing up, saw his father. Even in the dim light he looked white and troubled.

"Father, father," whispered Hugh, "you believe I did not mean to shoot poor Mr. Carver?"

His father silently pressed his hand, and through all the rest of that dreadful journey kept close to him.

Hugh felt as though he were in a dream, and that Mark Crow was the blackest of all the shadowy phantoms in that dream, and kept repeating:

"Yes, he did it—Hugh Bain did it!"

Hugh heard murmurs of pity from the men who were following as they passed Mr. Carver's little cottage.

Some one was playing the piano and singing a gay little song—his daughter, probably.

The tears started to his own eyes as he thought what misery he had unintentionally brought upon this happy home.

On they went. Now there was but a stone wall between him and that awful sight, and Hugh's limbs trembled under him at the thought of having to face it.

He climbed over, however, the judge and all the rest following him in profound silence.

As Hugh pointed to a dark, motionless object on the ground, the judge said, in a low, solemn voice: "Stand back!" and taking a lantern from one of the men, went carefully forward.

The crowd drew back and formed a semicircle, and many removed their hats and stood bareheaded under the wan moonlight.

The judge stepped forward and raised the lantern. As he did so, the thick bushes near the wall were parted, and a familiar voice broke the silence:

"What's the matter? What are you all doing here?"

The judge stepped back, with a shout of laughter. The owner of the voice scrambled over the wall.

At that moment, the moon suddenly peeped out bright and clear, and revealed the form and features of Mr. Carver himself!

Hugh sprang forward, as did all the other spectators, with exclamations of amazement.

There, lying at his feet, Hugh saw an absurd-looking object, dressed in coat, trousers and shoes, but with a head made of straw!

"What have you been doing with my scarecrow?" said Mr. Carver, in a puzzled tone. "And what does this crowd mean?"

A loud burst of laughter drowned the answer.

Judge Winter explained the mistake. Then there was another loud laugh, in which everyone joined but Hugh, who had passed too many miserable moments to forget so quickly.

He went up to Mr. Carver, and, seizing his hand, cried:

"When the gun went off and it fell, I thought I had killed some poor old tramp; but when I saw your hat, I felt sure it was yours. Oh, I am so glad it was no one! And, Mr. Carver, will you please forgive me for my conduct this afternoon?"

So, after all, Hugh apologized publicly, though he had quite made up his mind not to do so.

The crowd dispersed, laughing, and for many days Hugh Bain's murder was a standing joke in the village.

But it was a long time before Hugh could hear it mentioned without living over again the misery of that evening—Golden Days.

IN AN APRICOT ORCHARD.

How the Fruit is Gathered, Dried and Prepared for Market in Southern California.

As soon as an orchard of apricots comes into bearing, advertisements are inserted in the newspapers of adjoining towns for women and girls. Thousands of women leave their domestic duties, taking with them their families to engage actively in the sheds of the ranchers, cutting the fruit for drying, after the men have collected it from the trees.

Sometimes 500 people will be engaged upon a large orchard. Rules and regulations are laid down for their conduct; the women and girls sleep in the tents provided at a low rental by the management, and either cook for themselves, or board with what would be termed in railroad circles a "boarding boss;" the men, not so many, occupy tents in some other and distant part of the orchard. The sole requisite being the ability to pick and cut fruit, an aggregation of humanity representing all classes of society, from the impetuous English family with cultivated manners and aristocratic connections to the nondescript, who travels from town to town in search of employment, is collected together in industrious activity for the revenue to be derived.

Each woman has a small tray in front of her, and, after cutting the fruit with a knife, she lays it open on the tray. Each tray is furnished with a raised end. When five are filled they are piled up, and the operator shouts: "Tray!" whereupon an attendant approaches, punches a ticket with which she has been previously furnished, and takes the five trays to the sulphur house.

The women are paid ten cents a box, each box containing 60 pounds of fruit. All fruit has to be placed in the sulphur house for several hours for the purpose of bleaching it or causing it to retain its natural color, as well as to destroy all insect life that may remain, otherwise the sun would cause it to turn black. The trays are then carried out and placed upon the ground under the steady rays of the glorious California sun. Should clouds be hanging over the universe, old Sol, makes his appearance.

The fruit requires from three to seven days to dry. At the end of this time men go out into the orchard with what are called "sweat boxes" and scrape from the trays all the fruit into these boxes, in which it is left until fully dried. Finally it is hauled to the storehouses and piled up in heaps, perhaps ten feet high, awaiting the eye of the critical buyer.—Pearson's Magazine.

FIGHTING THE CUTWORM.

An Extremely Simple Contrivance for Protecting Plants Against the Pest's Attacks.

Fold old newspapers and cut into sheets, say, nine by twelve inches. Paint with cheap, quick-drying black paint or waterproof varnish. Sticky paper covered with rosin and sweet oil will answer for one season. Cut the sheets from edge to center. The plant

SIMPLE PLANT PROTECTION.

being set, slip a paper around it and place a clod or stone on the lapped edges of the slit near the plant and otherwise secure it against winds. This will flare the edges, cast water to the center, lets air under to prevent mold and yet is dark and retains moisture. The grub prefers the ground on which to travel and will not attempt to crawl onto the paper. The papers, if properly cared for, will last for a number of years and can be safely taken away from the plant in a week or ten days.—Dr. M. W. Streatly, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Some Reasons for Spraying.

A correspondent of the Farmers' Review recently wrote that he had no faith in spraying; that if the birds were protected there would be no need of spraying. The attention of the correspondent should be called to the fact that the prime reason for spraying is to prevent fungus attacks, such as those producing the apple leaf scab. Birds can have no effect in checking troubles of that kind. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture was first tried in Bordeaux, France, to keep the boys from stealing the grapes. The owner of the vineyard found that it also saved his grapes from mildew. Now, birds have no effect on mildew. So it is evident that the preservation of the birds does not remove the reasons for spraying.

Spraying as an Investment.

It is about as hard to convince some orchardists that they should spray as it is to convince others that they should insure their houses against fire. The two acts are in a way similar. The expense may be looked upon in either case as insurance. The man that sprays his orchard may never see that he has escaped disaster. He may never appreciate the good he receives from spraying. His enemies are so small that he does not see them approach and perish with the poison that has been placed in their way. But whether he sees the results or does not see them, they are there.—Farmers' Review.

Three Meals a Day.

How many years of her life does woman spend over the hot cook stove getting those three meals a day? Sore aching, head throbbing, nerves twitching, it's all the same, there are three meals a day to be prepared. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cannot lighten woman's labor, but it can and does increase her strength. It cures those cases of the womanly organs which a dermatine woman's vitality.

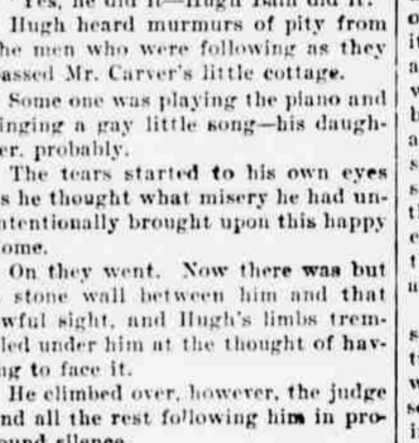
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FARM ARRANGEMENT.

A Division of Land Which Has been Called an Ideal One for the Great Central West.

The farm here described and illustrated consists of 240 acres divided into three fields for the purpose of saving fencing. Any farm of a section or under can be divided in the same number of fields, the smallest number that, with the system of farming in vogue in the great central west, can be made practical. The system pursued upon this farm is clover, corn, wheat, with stock



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R. road, O. orchard, W.L. wood lot, S. E. W. points of compass. N. house.

The stock consists of hogs, cattle, unless disease drives off hog, then sheep if deemed profitable if not, then feeding cattle. This is partly fenced as it is by compound fence. When the farm was bought the well and one barn were left as now. The woodland was left so that under the three-field system every field could be made to open the wood lot and from there to well, where the water is pumped a wind wheel, and to the barns fed in winter and for the purpose of milking in summer. During the of preparing for and harvesting crops the work is as convenient as well be on a farm of that size form. In case there are hogs in two of the fields, temporary fence can be used to divide them, or if grass is needed, or for any purpose the two fences can be used. At present rails are used for the porary fences; the post and rail being used in the permanent fence. E. E. Druley, in Ohio Farmer.

Two Pastures for Swine.

For the pasturing of swine I use two pastures side by side, and next to the yard. I use these pastures in rotation—that is, I use one pasture, while I plow up and sow the other. In this way I manage to have an abundance of pasture. I always made it a practice to clover with a slight sprinkling of othy, but have concluded to try Essex raps this spring. I will call that there is a stream of water running through the yard, and that is good shade.—Charles Lamb, Farmers' Review.

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Miss Bud—Is your mother with you to-night?

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"Did he die hard?" asked the "W-well," said the spokesman of the committee on notification, hard. Yes, see, he wuz fra' mumm!"—N. Y. Herald.

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Maud—How did he propose?

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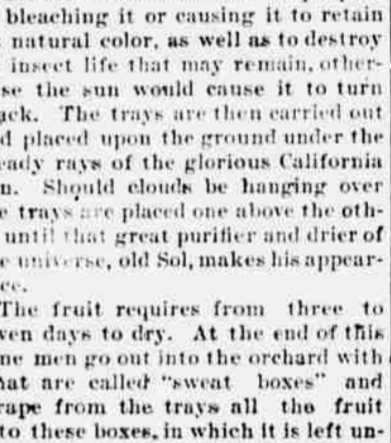
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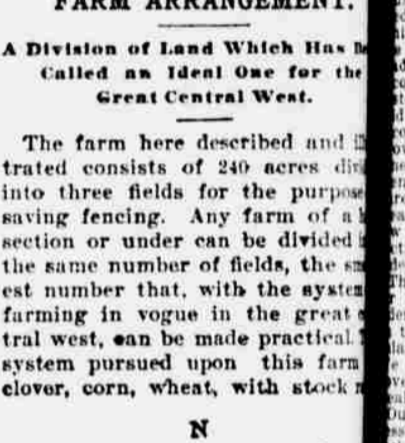
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FARM ARRANGEMENT.

R. road, O. orchard, W.L. wood lot, S. E. W. points of compass. N. house.

The stock consists of hogs, cattle, unless disease drives off hog, then sheep if deemed profitable if not, then feeding cattle. This is partly fenced as it is by compound fence. When the farm was bought the well and one barn were left as now. The woodland was left so that under the three-field system every field could be made to open the wood lot and from there to well, where the water is pumped a wind wheel, and to the barns fed in winter and for the purpose of milking in summer. During the of preparing for and harvesting crops the work is as convenient as well be on a farm of that size form. In case there are hogs in two of the fields, temporary fence can be used to divide them, or if grass is needed, or for any purpose the two fences can be used. At present rails are used for the porary fences; the post and rail being used in the permanent fence. E. E. Druley, in Ohio Farmer.

Two Pastures for Swine.

For the pasturing of swine I use two pastures side by side, and next to the yard. I use these pastures in rotation—that is, I use one pasture, while I plow up and sow the other. In this way I manage to have an abundance of pasture. I always made it a practice to clover with a slight sprinkling of othy, but have concluded to try Essex raps this spring. I will call that there is a stream of water running through the yard, and that is good shade.—Charles Lamb, Farmers' Review.

A Thoughtless Honor.

Old Mr. Probus—Yes, Honor's best policy.

Charley Brouder—Oh, I don't! Old Mr. Probus (penively)—You've never been honest.—N. Y. Herald.

Experienced.

Miss Bud—Is your mother with you to-night?

Miss Out—Oh, no, indeed! I should'n't think of allowing my mother to see!—Town Topics.

In the Klondike.

"Did he die hard?" asked the "W-well," said the spokesman of the committee on notification, hard. Yes, see, he wuz fra' mumm!"—N. Y. Herald.

With Some Assistance.

Maud—How did he propose?

Mabel—Well, he hemmed and till I got out of all sorts of things with him and helped him out.—Tribune.

One Lucky Man.

"Do you have any trouble with your servant?"

"Nops, I'm married to her."—Chicago Times-Herald.