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The Bulletin Press Association, New York.

Next to making complaints there is nothing so unprofitable as listening to small trials. Learn to forget the slights, errors in taste, and gossip you see or hear. Forget to remember the puzzles and wrongs you have had to meet, as soon as you have done your best to straighten them out. Forget worries, small and great, sensibly advises the Detroit Free Press. They only wear out heart and brain. Forget humiliations, cares and trials. Let your mind and heart be filled with the goodness and justice and beauty that are in the world. Do not be like the soldier who has fought one hard battle and who spends the rest of his time thinking and telling about it. There is nothing so inspiring as to meet a wholesome, unselfish, happy human being; and there is nothing so depressing as to meet one who insists upon dwelling in misery and sharing it all with you. Learn to forget your troubles, small and great, and to allow others to forget them.

Care in the wording of a will is something which can never safely be neglected. A man who died lately in New York left his house, "with furniture and contents," to his wife. Other relatives were named for specific bequests or as residuary legatees. The inventory of the estate disclosed the fact that among the "contents" of the house was a safe containing over a hundred thousand dollars, besides which there was nothing of account, either in the house or out of it. The widow naturally claimed the safe, with all it contained, but the courts have decided against her, on the ground that the money cannot be considered as a part of the "contents" of the house within the testator's probable meaning.

The Ousted (Mich.) Times relates that while the choir of the Baptist church was about to sing on a recent Sunday evening a small brown dog, with a consequential air and a cork-screw curl in his tail, strutted up the aisle and ranged himself beside the singers, with the stary gaze of the crane-necked tenor who usually does one end of the fashionable vocal concert. When the choir sang he shut his eyes, gazed toward Heaven and howled as though his heart would break. He was removed from the church, but lingered around and sang in full diapason whenever he heard the choir.

According to the report of the chief inspector of the post office department for the last fiscal year no less than 1,685 post offices were robbed, 27 stage coaches were held up and 656 mail pouches were stolen. In a smaller country, these figures would evidence an epidemic of crime against the mails, but this is a big country and the statistics given are not so startling as may appear at first glance. Uncle Sam, upon the whole, guards his property very effectively.

A correspondent of the Lewiston (Me.) Journal suggests that some enterprising individual could get abundant wealth by starting an angleworm farm. In the height of the season at Ranglely these worms sell at one dollar a quart, and the supply is never equal to the demand.

## HER IDEAL MAN.

"YOU see, Mr. Spencer, I want to know exactly what men think about things, and I hoped perhaps that as—that as, you know—"

"I understand perfectly, Miss Ashton. As I am old enough to be your father, you thought that my point of view, though moss grown, might be interesting. This is an age in which a dignified importance is allowed even to the modern antique. As a modern antique, let me place myself entirely at your disposal."

"Of course, if you are going to be horrid—"

"Tray don't run away, Miss Ashton, this is to be a perfectly calm deliberation between youth and age. Nothing ruffles the surface of debate so rapidly as the least hint of impetuosity. If you would allow me to smoke—thanks, very much. I am now all attention."

"Oh, if you are going to be formal and polite, Mr. Spencer, it makes everything so stupid."

"Let me apologize at once for my politeness and my stupidity. Now, suppose I begin this discussion instead of you."

"How can you, when you don't even know?"

"We are sitting quite in the shade, Miss Ashton; except as a defensive weapon, that parasol—"

"If you are going to be tiresome, I shall go in."

"Well, I might just start the subject perhaps, and if you found me wandering from the point you might gently—"

"Cannot you see that I am really serious, Mr. Spencer?"

"I am sure you are, so I will begin at once. You appeal to my ripe experience. I am 43. The vicar will confirm this, he christened me. You, I think, are 18. I beg your pardon, 19 last June. You are staying here under the care of your aunt. Your aunt is highly to be esteemed. You and I both agree that the opinion of the estimable person is valueless on all practical questions. You, therefore, come to me. A younger man would feel flattered, while I merely gather that, in your opinion, I am not estimable."

"Thank you, yes, that is a very comfortable way of putting it."

"Your encouragement, Miss Ashton, is gratifying. Let me see, where was I? Ah, yes, being 19, feminine and perplexed, you want advice. This seems to narrow the topics to two only, say either a frock or a love affair. Nowadays the man milliner is doubtless a personage, but—"

"Oh, it isn't a frock, Mr. Spencer."

"I feel so immensely relieved, thought it would have been undeniably flattering if it had been a frock; however, we will take it for granted then, that it is a love affair. Now I think, Miss Ashton, that it is your turn."

"Oh, well, you see, you can perhaps hardly—at least, I mean—"

"No, I see I have not brought you to the point of fluency yet, so I will continue. For the purpose of this discussion, let us roughly divide love affairs into two groups—the first in which both parties are equally convinced. What they are convinced of would be a little tedious to specify. Let me, however, refer you to any third volume of any novel of the early Victorian period. The more recent works are not always orthodox. The second group comprises those complications in which only one of the two parties—"

"Have you ever met Fred Norman, Mr. Spencer?"

"So it is Fred Norman, is it? Dear me. Met him? Yes, of course I have. His place is only five miles off."

"Yes, I know, he was at the Andersons' garden party—oh, and lots of other places."

"He is a comely youth, and it is a pretty property."

"How stupid men are. You all think that because a man is young and good looking—"

"About 3,000 acres of the best meadow land, I believe."

"I wish you would not interrupt me, Mr. Spencer; you all think that the whole sex must worship him."

"Pardon me, I never mentioned worship, or even hinted of love. To arrive at a sound conclusion from a discussion such as this, it is necessary to duly marshal the facts. Kindly let me resume, Miss Ashton. The basis of our discussion is now youth, good looks and the 3,000 acres, principally meadow land."

"Mr. Spencer, I hate you. I wonder whether you were ever in love yourself."

"Miss Ashton, let me reassure you. I am a man with a past. At four years of age, I made matrimonial overtures to my nurse; the good woman still lives, and my life is shadowed by this youthful indiscretion. But come, we are wandering from our moutons and the pasture land. Our problem now is a one-sided love affair, in which Fred Norman is heart broken, while you are scathless. Had it been otherwise, I should never have been consulted, I am sure."

"Mr. Spencer, how clever of you to—"

"Let us confine ourselves to facts, please, Miss Ashton, and do remember that the property is 3,000 acres in a ring fence."

"Oh, bother the acres! Well, Mr. Norman wants me to let him know by what train I am going back to town on Wednesday. Now, do you think he would be—I mean if I did, should I be—You see, no girl in these days like to be thought absurdly prudish, does she?"

"Let me put it to you in this way, Miss Ashton. We will agree that you don't particularly care for Fred Norman. Somewhere, lurking in a quiet corner, you, no doubt, have a girlish ideal. Let me suggest, perhaps, a hero with raven locks and a sweeping moustache, who bites his nether lip, and paces the apartment with long, irregular strides."

"Please, do be serious, Mr. Spencer."

"Well, now, I must really be quite serious, Miss Ashton. Suppose some day that you meet this ideal or some other ideal, would you quite like to tell him that you wrote to young Norman about your train—as the strong probability is that, if you do, he will be your fellow traveler."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Spencer. You can be so nice, when you like. I am going in now to make myself pretty for lunch. I wonder where the others have been all the morning."

It was more than an hour past midnight; the men of the party staying at Wilmer's court were still lounging in the smoking room. There is an entirely baseless superstition among all men in all country houses that their combined conversational powers are equal to the task of keeping each other amused for three hours or so nightly. It is a superstition that will never die, though it is proved to be an absolute fallacy in hundreds of houses night after night. The flow of talk had gradually died away into spasmodic inanities, when the signal was given for abrupt departure by the remark: "I wonder whether any of you remember that red setter of mine called 'Victory?'"

The drowsiest of smokers jumped to his feet with marvellous promptitude and made a dash for the hall. The fearfulness and glaring impossibility of the after-midnight dog story are beyond human endurance. Fishing exploits stimulate healthy imaginative rivalry, but dog stories are funereal. The yearning for bed was universal.

There are two or three little details which are never omitted at the adjournment of the smoking room parliament. The first thing is for every one to express his surprise, in an almost injured tone, at the lateness of the hour; and then, in deference to the sleeping household, heavyweight men creak about on exasperatingly sooty tiptoe and exchange hoarse shouts of good-night with one another in what they fondly imagine to be a subdued whisper. As these interesting ceremonies were being performed with all due punctilio, some one noticed a strong smell of burning wood, indeed, it was so strong that he actually ventured to break in upon the hoots of good-night around him to draw attention to it.

"You may bet your life, Spencer, my boy, that this old barrack of yours is on fire. You had better rouse the servants, and get the womenfolk down stairs quietly."

"Don't be an ass, Ted, it is no use frightening the ladies out of their lives—perhaps for nothing. It's probably only something smouldering in the kitchen, there can have been no other fires lighted in this weather. Let us see where we are first. Come along, boys, I'll show you the way."

When the smoking room party invaded the sacred precincts of the kitchen there was no longer room for doubt about the fire. The roar of the flames could be heard in the enormous cavern of the old-fashioned chimney, and a brilliant red light shone upon the hearthstone and the kitchen floor.

"Cut over to the stables, Charlie, will you, and get them to saddle Quickstep for you, and hurry into Lilford as hard as you can go. The fire engine is at the town hall. They may perhaps turn out a little quicker for you than they would for a groom, and you needn't mind knocking the horse up; it can't be helped. Send the men from the stables over here as soon as they have saddled your horse."

"Come along, you men, we can do nothing down here. I'll take you up on the roof by the back stairs. Come up as quickly as you can. We had better get the blankets out of the spare rooms and try to stifle the chimney. There are some waterjugs in that pantry, they'll be useful."

All efforts to extinguish the fire were, however, in vain; the most that could be done was to check its spreading from the west wing of the house by keeping up as constant a cascade of water as possible with stable buckets upon the rooms adjoining the outbreak. The fire, however, continued to extend its borders in all directions, as the now white-hot brickwork of the chimney communicated destruction to the paneling of all the rooms that surrounded its glowing shaft.

The noise of these proceedings had in the mean time roused the whole house. Amy Ashton had hurried into a peignoir and a pair of slippers, and was just hesitating at her door before making a dash over to her aunt's bedroom for consolation and advice, when Spencer, begrimed with smoke rushed along the corridor. Confronted by sudden temptation, human nature is still weak. This glorious and unlooked-for opportunity of holding in his arms, for just five short minutes, this most tempting and tantalizing of girls was too much for him. He knew that, to her, he was merely a middle-aged fog; in a few months she would probably marry Fred Norman or some other young cub. His house might burn to cinders for all that he cared, but the wild intention of having her in his arms for those few minutes, he resolved should be his. With a resolute man, to think is to act. He hurried toward her.

"There is not a minute to be lost, Miss Ashton; trust yourself entirely to me." With these words he lifted her boldly from the ground. Amy Ashton had no time to think; her arm fell naturally enough upon his right

shoulder as he lifted her with his left arm and carried her out to the main staircase.

Every one who was sufficiently clad to make an appearance in public had hurried to the seat of operations in the neighborhood of the back stairs and the kitchen.

Spencer carried his fair burden down the deserted staircase and through the hall, and set her gently upon her feet in the garden. As Amy Ashton touched the ground once more, the flames leaped from the burning roof and chimney, and her eyes met Spencer's by the weird glow of the fire; something she read in his glance roused all the womanhood in her.

"Mr. Spencer, how dared you touch me? How dared you carry me? It was a stupid schoolboy trick. I could have walked down stairs perfectly easily. It was cowardly of you to take such advantage of my fright."

The excitement was over and the reaction had set in. Amy Ashton's feelings at this moment were difficult to analyze. Hatred of the man who had dared to do this thing and contempt for having been so easily trapped were both fighting for the mastery of her mind, while both these emotions were in turn almost numbed by the sickening recollection that her hair was as she had arranged it when retiring for the night, and descended down her back in the severe simplicity of a plaited pigtail. She grew hot all over with shame as she fancied that she could still feel the pressure of the man's arms about her body, and then her hair—how can an unfortunate girl assert herself with her hair in a pigtail? The position was hideous; maidenly dignity cowed by its own pigtail. Finally vanity won the day, as it is apt to do with men and women alike. "Being carried, after all, was not so very dreadful, in fact—rather—rather—Well, at any rate, that part was not so dreadful—but the pigtail?" That thought crushed her.

Her mental torture was suddenly broken in upon by shouts, the noise of grinding wheels, the thunder of hoofs and the jingle of harness. The fire engine had arrived.

Amy Ashton stood by Spencer's side, in the warmth, of the summer night, fascinated by the scene. The ruddy glow of the fire turned the tree trunks and foliage of the avenue bright red, and lit up human faces with a curious vivid beauty. The wild energy of the inexperienced amateurs gave place to the cool, methodical strategy of the fully-equipped trained men. There was hardly a breath of air stirring, and the fire rapidly died down as soon as the engine got steadily at work. The color faded out of the landscape, and the threatened house stood out black against the sky.

"I must go in at once, please, Mr. Spencer. It feels quite chilly now."

"Please say you will forgive me, Miss Ashton, before you go. The temptation was great."

"I don't want to hear about the temptation. Pray, what would my ideal man say to the confession that I was imbecile enough to allow a man to carry me about without any sufficient reason?" And Miss Ashton laughed a mirthless laugh.

"Well, you can at any rate explain to your ideal that the man who carried you proposed to marry you on the same evening. Any sensible man, ideal or otherwise, will allow for another man being a bit of an idiot when he is on the verge of a proposal."

"Mr. Spencer, this began by what I suppose I must regard as a joke, though it was in wretched taste, more especially with a guest in your own house; but to carry it further is a deliberate insult."

"Amy, darling, I don't care a fig for the ideal man and his fancies; I want you, seriously, myself. I have loved you since the day that you first came here. You always treat me as if I were your grandfather, but I love you as dearly as man ever loved woman."

"Well, supposing that I say I forgive you for daring to carry me, and that we part in a friendly—"

"No, I will accept no compromise; I will have an answer now."

"It is very unfair to keep me here in the cold; besides, think of Aunt Charlotte. Well, perhaps I will then some day—when I have quite forgotten the fire and all the rest, you know. Frank, you must let me go, that was the worst part of it, because it was a simply hateful trick to play on a girl. Why, I never knew it myself until yesterday, when you began talking about my ideal man. Oh, Frank, I had quite forgotten my hair for a moment. I'll never speak to you again—never, if you don't let me run away at once—Frank, I said at once!"

"Looking at the house from the outside, Frank, you really would not think that much damage had been done."

"No, considering what might have been, it was a very cheap entertainment."

"Don't be stupid, Frank. When are the builders coming down?"

"My darling girl, that is just what I wanted to consult you about. I thought that our wisest plan would be for you to marry me at once. The men could begin as soon as we came home from our honeymoon."

"Frank, you are horrid. I won't hear of it yet."

"We must have a roof on before the winter sets in, but in the meantime a roof is not one of the first essentials to housekeeping."—The King.

The Dear Girls.  
Miss Tellit—Susie Anteck says that young Rimer, the poet, has written some verses entitled, "Lines to Susie's Eyes."

Miss Sezzit—Well, I don't call it very kind of him to draw attention to her crow's feet."—Baltimore American.

## THE CURSE OF WEEDS.

Noxious Plant Growth Does More Than Anything Else to Lessen the Profits of Farming.

How are weeds to be eradicated? Know what kinds of weeds infest your premises. Know their characteristics and habits of growth. Learn how they propagate themselves. Study them from every standpoint. Then apply the remedy which will suggest itself. Concerted action among farmers determined to rid their farms of all forms of objectionable weed life will attain the ends sought. Individual activity in this direction is highly desirable, but without harmonious action among all interested it will require a much longer period. Individual effort will beget larger interest and purpose, and the result will be that in a short time the entire country will be inoculated with the weed-destroying fever. Then weeds will go.

The destruction of annual weeds is accomplished by preventing them from producing seed, which involves the cutting off of tops before seed is produced. Biennials, which propagate by root stalks and seeds, require more rigid methods of eradication. They yield only to persistent cutting off of tops which prevents seeds from forming and deprives them of plant food from the air. Perennials are still more stubborn than either of the others. Most weeds are perennials. Annuals are the most easily destroyed. All kinds of weeds, whether annuals, biennials or perennials, may be destroyed if their tops be kept cut off at the surface of the ground, no stems being permitted to develop. This results in the starvation of the roots, as it were; the laboratory with which they act in harmony being removed their own functions are destroyed. Many kinds of weeds may be smothered out by sowing the infested land to grass or other crops which are known to possess hardness and thick-growing habits.

Let every farmer consider himself a committee appointed by his best interests to eradicate all the weeds on his own farm. He thus may begin the weed destruction movement whose outcome will be the total elimination of the thousands of varieties of weeds which so seriously menace agriculture and so materially lessen its returns.—Farmers' Voice.

## HANDY CORN MARKER.

Will Mark Two Rows at a Time Distinctly, No Matter How Rough the Ground May Be.

The implement shown in the illustration will mark two rows at a time, and make them distinct, no matter how rough the ground may be. The construction is readily shown in the accompanying illustration. The

guide, c, is so arranged that it can be reversed on turning, by simply throwing it over to the other side. It is bolted to the block, r, and being in front of s, is held in place; s is a round iron and springs readily if it comes in contact with a clod or stump. This arrangement for attaching the guide is much better than using a chain.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Big Loss Caused by Insects.  
It is estimated that a tenth of the agricultural output of this country is ruined annually by insects, hence the necessity of keen, careful observation on the part of the farmer. As a rule it is not the creature responsible for serious loss of crops that is first seen, but the damaged crop itself. The reverse should be true. By using his eyes more freely, the average farmer could foresee in most cases damage to his crops by injurious pests, and arm himself with the weapons of defense. In some instances disastrous insect invasions could be largely averted, if facts were generally reported to the various experiment stations.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Fight on American Corn.  
American corn is now the object of attack of the French agrarians. United States Consul Thacker, at Havre, makes this subject the basis of a considerable report to the state department. He says, in brief, that the agrarians and some other interests became alarmed some time ago at the increasing use of foreign corn and have succeeded in having two bills reported for passage, the first regulating the temporary admission of corn and the second fixing the duty on grain at 96 cents, instead of 58 cents per 100 kilograms and increasing the duty on flour made from corn from five francs to eight francs per 100 kilograms.

Insects in Stored Grain.  
The best way to kill these insects is to use bisulphide of carbon. This liquid quickly exhales as deadly gas, which is heavier than air and sinks down through the grain. Put the bisulphide in a deep dish at the top of the grain. Close the bin and make it as nearly airtight as possible by throwing blankets or bags over the top. The liquid will evaporate and the gas will work down through the grain. The gas is deadly and very quick to take fire. Do not breathe close to the dish, or bring any light near it.—Rural New Yorker.

## MOTHERHOOD

Is a natural instinct which shows itself in the girl as soon as she is big enough to play the mother to her doll. Unfortunately the womanly heart does not always keep pace with the motherly instinct, and when real motherhood comes it often comes to mothers who suffer intolerably during maternity and who are unable to nurse the weakling child which frets and moans in their arms.

Motherhood is prepared for and provided for by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures nausea, tranquilizes the nerves, gives a healthy appetite and promotes restful sleep. It makes the baby's advent practically painless, and gives the mother abundant strength to nurse her child.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing "just as good" for weak and sickly women.

"Two years ago I was very sick and began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. Ed. Hackett, of Chardon, Geauga Co., Ohio. "When my baby boy came he weighed twelve pounds and a half. He had good health ever since, until about three weeks ago, when weaning my baby, I contracted a heavy cold. Am taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am thankful that poor sufferers have such a grand chance to regain their health by using Dr. Pierce's medicines. It would take pages to tell the good it has done in our family, and in a great many more families under my observation."

"I thank you for your kind medical advice." Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser in paper covers is sent free on receipt of 21 cents in one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Docking horses' tails is a needless cruelty. It is strange in this day

A Barbarous Practice.

Practice. The subject of cruelty, when humane societies are wielding so beneficent an influence, that men will still persist in the practice of so barbarous a taste. There is much suffering caused to a horse by this, besides that of operation. He is constantly annoyed by small flies and mosquitoes on tender portions of his skin from which he has no relief except by the use of his tail. While the man of wealth may keep coachmen to care for his horses, there are hours out of the 24 when he is left to himself and has to bear his annoyances as best he can. And when this "stylish" coach horse has served his purpose for this use and must be replaced by younger and more spirited beasts, he is sold to more plebeian labor, and cannot receive such care as has been his, what then? It is gratifying to know that docked horses will not be taken into the regular service of the armies of the United States and Great Britain, and every cavalryman long enough in the service to know is dead against the practice of docking. An influential paper on questions pertaining to horses, the Livery, says: "If the ladies refuse to ride behind docked horses this mutilation will soon cease." What thinking, feeling woman is willing to bear the responsibility and blame for this cruel outrage on that noble beast, helpless in our hands, our willing servant, the horse? From an artistic point of view the docked horse is hideous. The natural tail, long and full, is just the touch to perfect the outlines of this beautiful animal. The docked tail is mutilation and a deformity. Do not deprive your horse of his right to the convenience and beauty of that which is by nature his.

Adulterated flowers are the latest blow at civilization. A bright ornament used as a boutonniere is composed of sliced turnip, dyed with acid magenta, and scented with a combination called "cellett"

Proof of Blindness.  
"Well, William, did you give the governor my note?" asked the gentleman of his rustic servant.

"Yes, sir, I gave it to him, but there's no use writing letters to him, he can't see to read 'em. He's blind, sir, blind as a bat."

"Blind!"

"Yes, sir, blind. Twice he asked me where my hat was, and had it on my head all the time. Blind as a bat, sir. No doubt about it!"—Chicago Tribune.

Too Suggestive.  
Flanagan—I didn't see you at the baseball game yesterday afternoon, Madden.

Madden—No. Th' company has shut down on th' men goin' to all games any more.

Flanagan—What's all that for?

Madden—Shure, they don't want 'em to hear the umpire call 'em out on strikes, I guess.—Judge.

What Elsie Said.  
"I'm afraid I can't interest no five-year-old Elsie in fairy tales any longer."

"And why not?"

"I was telling her about the 'Forty Thieves,' and when I got to the 40 oil jars with a thief in each jar, what do you suppose she said?"

"I give it up."

"She said: 'Wouldn't that jar you?'" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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