

Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."
D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't. You know. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness. You need Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

Buckingham's Dye

(Sole of druggists R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.)

SCARCITY OF TOMATOES.

Last Year's Pack Exhausted and Demand Heavy.

It is thought that there will be a slight scarcity in canned tomatoes this season. In view of the fact that last year's pack has been entirely exhausted, and this year's demand will have to be supplied altogether from this year's pack. Tomato packing this year began during the last week in June, which is several weeks ahead of the usual time. This was due to the low condition of the stock. Even at that time, it is stated, the pack of 1901 was practically disposed of. Canned tomatoes are now quoted at 8 cents a dozen for spot No. 3 standards and 8 1/2 cents a dozen for September, October and November delivery, which prices are slightly higher than the corresponding period last year. There is also some scarcity of canned pineapples, and prices are firm. The packing of pineapples began in June and continued throughout July, and the purchases by jobbers and distributors up to the present time have been about 75 per cent of the season's pack.

A New York paper has been investigating the Four Hundred and prints a number of receipts of the last century showing that a Stuyvesant sold handkerchiefs; a Depeyster, beans; a Rhineland, hats; a Brevoort, pewter spoons; a Beekman, molasses, and a Roosevelt, lamplack.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

From the Treasurer of the Young People's Christian Temperance Association, Elizabeth Caine, Fond du Lac, Wis.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I want to tell you and all the young ladies of the country, how grateful I am to you for all the benefits I have received from using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for eight months from suppressed menstruation, and it effected my entire system until I became weak and debilitated, and at times felt that I had a hundred aches in as many places. I only used the Compound for a few weeks, but it wrought a change in me which I felt from the very beginning. I have been very regular since, have no pains, and find that my entire body is as if it was renewed. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to everybody."
Miss Elizabeth Caine, 69 W. Division St., Fond du Lac, Wis.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimony is not genuine.

At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and is the surest reliance for woman's ills of every nature.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all young women who are ill to write her for free advice. Address Lynn, Mass.

RISOS CURE FOR

WHEEZE, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

Best Cough Syrup. Sold by druggists. One in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

DRYNESS OF THE THROAT, HOARSENESS, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

Best Cough Syrup. Sold by druggists. One in time. Sold by druggists.

P. N. U. ST. W.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN

Chicks.

Chickens when first hatched should not be hurried out of the sitting nest. For 24 hours at least from one time the earliest commence to show themselves, it is better to leave them under, or with the hen mother. They need no food for a day or a day and a half, usually. When they get strong enough to venture from beneath their mother's wings, it is time to move the brood.

A Soil Renovator.

The soy bean adapts itself to a wide range of soils and is chiefly used on land too poor to grow clover. It is an annual and makes a good yield of foliage for silage and hay, while the bean if allowed to ripen is one of the richest feeds for growing stock and a valuable auxiliary as a part of the full feed ration. The use of the plant as a soil renovator has become widespread. Being a legume, it possesses the property of nitrogen gathering. Sandy loams are best suited to its growth.

Value of Tobacco Dust.

The value of tobacco dust as an aid to successful truck growing is too little appreciated. If there is one insecticide which should be on hand and used by the truck grower all the time it is tobacco dust. Aside from its insecticide value it is worth probably all it costs as a fertilizer to any soil or crop to which it may be applied. Any good fertilizer drill will answer for drilling it into the soil to which seed are to be sown later on. Use at the rate of 400 pounds per acre with the seed when drilled in.

A First-Class Dairyman.

I have in my mind's eye a certain man who is a living example of what study and care will do for the dairyman. This man was going along with a few cows of common stock, like the most of his neighbors. He made ends meet, but that was about all he did do. One day he made up his mind that life was too short and time too valuable to be spent in a slipshod way. Then he turned over a new leaf, and he turned it clear over, too. He sold every cow he had and began to build up a dairy. His choice happened to fall on the Jerseys. At first he went miles away from home to get a calf from first class stock. If he heard of a good cow of the breed he fancied he went and bought her, no matter if he had to pay a good round sum. This he kept up year after year, until now he stands at the head of his profession in the section where he lives. Now men go to him for stock. His cows two years ago brought him in \$45 each for the season. I have not heard the figures since. Now, what is the reason the rest of us cannot do just as well?—New York Tribune Farmer.

Managing Swarming in Out-Apiaries.

The great problem in running out-Apiaries for comb honey is that of managing swarming. It is too expensive to go out each day or to send a man. A western beekeeper, who has several out-Apiaries for comb honey, clips the queens' wings during willow or apple bloom and then equalizes all colonies so they are of about equal strength. This allows all colonies to be treated in the same way and brings the swarming in a bunch. The supers are put on about a week before the main harvest, and rows of sections are filled with bait combs to get the bees started working in them earlier. Plenty of surplus room is allowed. While the sections are possibly not quite so well filled, and there may be more unfilled ones at the end of the season, there will be less swarming and more honey in the aggregate. Provide shade for each hive, which is a great help to keep the swarming down. He visits each yard every alternate day. When swarms emerge they soon return if the queen is clipped, and will generally issue again the next day, so if the yard is visited every second day they can be lived. Treated in this way he can, with the aid of a 15-year-old boy, take care of 400 colonies.—American Agriculturist.

Wild Barley a Bad Weed.

During the last 10 years wild barley has spread with alarming rapidity to nearly all sections of Iowa. I have been familiar with it in Wisconsin and Illinois for 16 years. It reached western Wisconsin about 1887 but was common near Madison in 1884. It now occurs across the continent, being common in many western states. The weed is an annual, though claimed by many to be a perennial. It forms compact bunches from 1 to 3 feet high. The leaves are from 2 to 4 inches long and resemble those of blue grass, but are of a paler hue. The flowers are in spikes 2 to 4 inches long, and are of a pale green or purplish color. When mature the spike breaks into joints, each joint having from 3 to 60 seeds, a single seed giving rise to an enormous number of plants, as wild barley has a great capacity for stooling. It is not difficult to exterminate, if kept down. There is never any trouble in well tilled fields, because cultivation very readily destroys it. In pastures it is allowed in many cases to go to seed. Here the remedy is a simple one. The plant should be cut with a mower or scythe before the seed ripens. The awns are injurious to live stock, especially to sheep. The awned heads when taken into the mouth break into numerous joints which ad-

WHALES NOT IN DEMAND

FEW LEVIATHANS LEFT AND THEY ARE NOT MUCH HUNTED.

It Was New Bedford That Closed the Seas of Earth's Largest Creatures—It Was Mr. Rockefeller Who Showed the World How to Live Without Whales.

For the whale there are, in the language of Jack Miller's farewell, "Happy days and many of 'em," exclaims the Boston Evening Transcript. After a strenuous life of four centuries this is the coffee-and-cigars, the easy-chair-and-slippers period of his existence. Since the time when Columbus crossed the Atlantic he has been hunted and harried from the Arctic pillar to tropic post, but the economic cycle has passed and for the present the whale is enjoying a period of comparative security, when he may roam the waters in peace, multiply and people once more the depleted seas. Let none begrudge him his repose. The whale deserves well of the world. What he has in his humble way contributed to the intellectual development of the human race only the imaginative can compute, only the ungrateful deny. For four centuries he fed the scholar's lamp and the victor's torch. For so much of literature and of science as we owe to "midnight oil" the thoughtful and generous will give the whale due credit. But the service he has long performed is now done better by another agency, and he enjoys a comparatively untroubled rest.

One day last March, a tale came up from the tropics as weird as the rankiest yarn that ever came out of a fishwife's mouth, but verified as accurately as a government report. The New Bedford whaling bark Kathleen was floating calmly in a placid sea, when she caught the attention of a giant finback. He swam up in his majestic way, and when within a few yards of the ship he dived just below the surface and moved slowly beneath the keel. Then he rose quickly and savagely, in the manner of a bucking bronco, until the ship was sheer above the water. It toppled over on its side, the whale moved on a few feet and then, with an angry flip of his tail, knocked the bark to smithereens.

Now, that may be considered the desperate parting shot of a maddened, long-hunted fugitive, the climax of an ancient feud. Only in order to look on it in this way, we shall have to give the whale credit for carrying about in that huge head of his a kind of Machiavellian subtlety and a mind for deep-planned revenge. And as every old whaler knows, the only thing in a whale's head is some three or four tons of liquid sperm, worth in the New Bedford market about \$50 a barrel. It is a pity this prosaic fact is so, for it forbids us to indulge in the poetic fancy of imagining the whale as entertaining a feeling of gratitude to the Standard Oil company and erecting monuments in the deep to the glory of John D. Rockefeller, who is chiefly responsible for his emancipation. The petroleum age for the world spells golden age for the whale.

Down on the ancient business streets of Boston, Purchase, High and India, and along the old wharves, you will find a score perhaps of weather-beaten gilt signs which proclaim that within sell, among other things, "Sperm and whale-oil, sperm candles and whalebone." But those signs tell not the truth. They are signs of nothing at all but the conservatism of the Boston business man, who changes his wares to meet new demands, but changes not his sign above him. The prowling newspaper man who asks the junior partner for information about the whale-oil trade is met by an amazed stare and a half-indignant "Great Scott, man, wake up; this is 1902. We don't deal in whale-oil. We sell mineral oils." And when you call his attention to the sign which that is of the past, and refers you to "Smith & Co., around on India square—they handle the whale-oil, I think." And then Smith, the commission dealer, says: "We don't carry any whale-oil; oh, yes, there is an old fellow out in central New York that orders a barrel once every six months or so. We order it for him from New Bedford, but we don't know what he does with it. Some old Rip Van Winkle, I guess, that sticks to the old ways."

After diligent search you find the one or two houses that do make a business of whale products, and you learn that there is now just one staple use for sperm oil—miners' lamps. Then, too, a few railroad companies like it for their signal lamps, and for certain curious purposes, like tempering steel, the universal mineral oil is improved by a slight admixture of sperm.

In New Bedford you will hear the same story. In the grocery stores and on sunny porches the old whaling captains, deep-eyed, hawk-nosed, rehearsed old times in "the Western ocean." The picturesque population that made New Bedford's wharves the most genuinely cosmopolitan spot in America is gone forever. Frank T. Bullen has written their requiem: "From all the isles of the South they came—sturdy of limb and clear of eye from Polynesia; lithe, sinewy and cruel-visaged from Malaysia, black with the blackness of soft coal from East Africa, stolid and haughty from Arabia, and last, but greatest both in number and in importance, the stately, cavalier-like Portuguese from that Atlantic cluster of jeweled isles, the Azores, Cape Verde and Madeira." Finally, those argosies of clumsy whaling barks, "built by the mill and cut off in lengths as you want 'em," have fallen to such base uses as carrying

coal from Philadelphia and lumber to New York.

But all this talk of departed glory is told in statistics. In 1846 there were 736 vessels carrying the American flag (practically all were from New Bedford), hunting whales in every corner of the watered world, from Okhotsk to Arabia. That was a mighty fleet. Of it today are left but 39 small barks and scowlers. Jan. 1, 1859, a year before the civil war began, there were 625 vessels; by 1866, the figure had fallen to 263.

The annals of ruined New Bedford fortunes will tell how much of the decrease was caused by the vindictive Alabama. The whalers would be coming home from four-year-long cruises in the Arctic. They knew nothing of the war that had begun since they left in peace. They were loaded down with oily cargo, and the crews reefed and tacked cheerfully enough to the thought of homeward bound. Then would come the astonished encounter with the Alabama, and the whaling captain would pace the Confederate's deck a prisoner and watch the fruit of his toil roll off across the sea in big billows of dense black smoke.

The Alabama scourge was artificial. After the war the trade picked up. In 1869 there were 338 vessels. Then came the striking of oil in Pennsylvania, and the whaling industry was doomed.

Of the remnant of the fleet still afloat 24 hail from New Bedford, four from Provincetown, two from Boston and ten from San Francisco. These are scattered through the North and South Atlantic, in Hudson Bay and in the Japan and Okhotsk Seas. With the sailing vessels the old fashion of long voyages that took a large gap from the sailors' lives still persists. Some of the New Bedford whalers have been away from port since '96. But on the Pacific coast are half a dozen steam whalers which go out for but a few days at a time and tow their prizes to shore to be cut up and boiled. This method will soon entirely supersede the old one, and the steamers will monopolize what is left of the whaling industry.

These figures are for America (and in the whaling business, "America" meant New Bedford, until a comparatively few years ago, when San Francisco began to hunt for whales with steamers.) Indeed, no other calling in the world demands the highest qualities of courage and daring. Compared to a soldiering, even in time of war, is a comparatively serene business. The percentage of casualties on an old-fashioned whaling trip would make the battle of Colenso look like a child's picnic. It is only natural that such a calling should attract the most self-reliant men in the world, the men who sought fortune in an unpeopled world, and the descendants of those men. As early as 1775 New Bedford, with a fleet of 350 ships, monopolized the whaling business of the world. This monopoly is maintained so long as the industry lasted. It is estimated that in 1846, when New Bedford had 750 ships on the water, the total investment of money was \$70,000,000, and the number of people dependent on this harvest of the sea was 70,000.

Comparatively the industry has dwindled to a mere nothing. It may even dwindle yet more. But it will never entirely disappear. There will always be some slight business in the products of the whale. But New Bedford will not be its headquarters. The twenty-four ships that sail from New Bedford will disappear one by one. The whaler of the future will hunt with steam. He will build his hunting establishment on some shore near which the whales congregate. From this station he will go out every morning, shoot his whale with a harpoon gun, instead of in the old manner, and tow him in to be cut and boiled the next day, while he steams off after more game. Within the past five years this process has been introduced at three places—on the coast of Norway, on the Pacific coast of the United States and on the coast of Newfoundland.

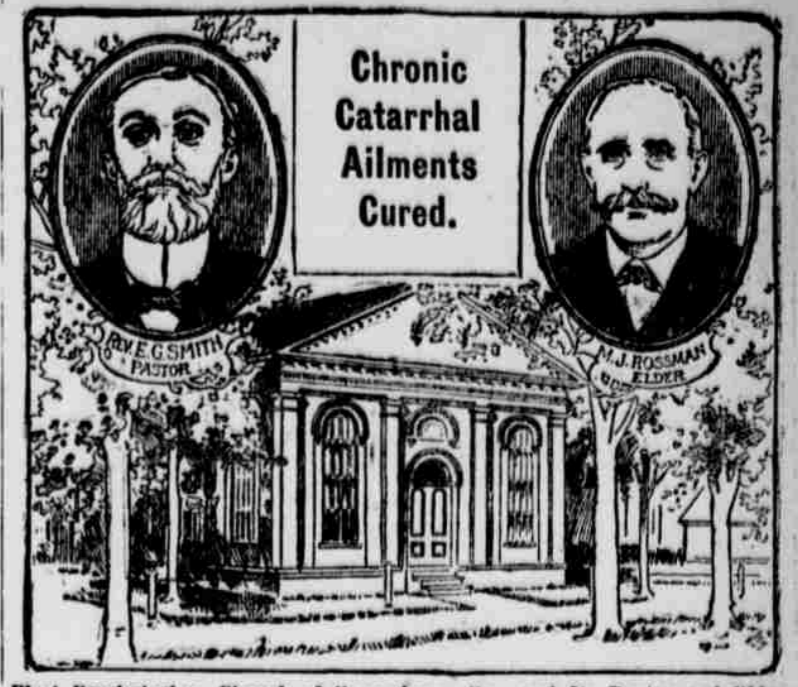
Walter Scott as a Volunteer.

The recent discovery in Edinburgh of a summons calling upon Sir Walter Scott, advocate, to attend and join the Edinburgh army reserve during the troubled period of 1803, has been followed by the unearthing of Scott's reply. Dated from Lasswade Cottage, July 22, 1802, and addressed to Mr. James Laing, clerk to the lieutenant of the city of Edinburgh, the letter reads as follows: "Sir—As I observe by the enclosed summons that I am drawn a soldier of the army of reserve, I beg to inform you it is my intention to claim the exemption provided in favor of volunteer cavalry, having been for 12 years a member of the Edinburgh troop of the R. M. Lothian V. Cavalry. I understand from Col. Dundas that the lieutenant, Mr. Adams, is to supply the lieutenant with a list of the corps, in which you will find my name regularly inserted. If further verification of the exemption is requisite, have the goodness to acquaint Mr. Adams for me. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, Walter Scott." In spite of his lameness, Scott was an enthusiastic—and immensely popular—volunteer, and used to turn out to drill at five in the morning.—London Chronicle.

An Intelligent Bird.

The yakamiki, or trumpeter of Venezuela, a fowl of the crane species, is a bird of extraordinary intelligence. The natives use it instead of sheep dogs for guarding and herding their flocks. It is said that, however far the yakamiki may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures intrusted to its care.

PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



Chronic Catarrhal Ailments Cured.

THE day was when men of prominence hesitated to give their testimonials in proprietary medicines for publication. This remains true to-day of most proprietary medicines. But Peruna has become so justly famous, its merits are known to so many people of high and low stations, that no one hesitates to see his name in print recommending Peruna.

The highest men in our nation have given Peruna a strong indorsement. Men representing all classes and stations are equally represented.

A dignified representative of the Presbyterian church in the person of Rev. E. G. Smith does not hesitate to state publicly that he has used Peruna in his family, and found it cured when other remedies failed. In this statement the Rev. Smith is supported by an elder in his church.

Rev. E. G. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Greensboro, Ga., writes: "Having used Peruna in my family for some time it gives me pleasure to testify to its true worth.

"My little boy, seven years of age, had been suffering for some time with catarrh of the lower bowels. Other remedies had failed, but after taking two bottles of Peruna the trouble almost entirely disappeared. For this special malady I consider it well nigh a specific.

"If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

THERE IS NO SLICKER LIKE TOWER'S FISH BRAND

Forty years ago and after many years of use on the eastern coast. Tower's Waterproof Oiled Coats were introduced in the West and were called Slickers by the pioneers and cowboys. This graphic name has come into such general use that it is frequently though wrongfully applied to many substitutes. You want the genuine. Look for the Sign of the Fish and the name Tower on the buttons.

MADE IN BLACK AND YELLOW AND SOLD BY REPRESENTATIVE TRADE THE WORLD OVER. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS. ESTABLISHED 1828.

CASCARETS

GENUINE STAMPED C. C. C. NEVER SOLD IN BULK. BEWARE OF THE DEALER WHO TRIES TO SELL "SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD."

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL FOR DIPHTHERIA, CROUP

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

RIPANS

If more sales of Ripans Tablets are made daily than of any other medicine, the reason may be found in the fact that there is scarcely any condition of ill health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a Ripans Tablet, and a package, containing ten, is obtainable from any druggist for five cents.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

FOR WOMAN'S EYE

The Sanative, Antiseptic, Cleansing, Purifying, Beautifying Properties of CUTICURA SOAP render it of Priceless Value to Women.

Much that every woman should know is told in the wrapped about the SOAP.