Make good. Cut out "if," "could" and "should," Cut out "if," "could" and "should,"
And start in to saw wood.
You can still have the best
Things in life, like the rest
Of the men who've achieved
Just because they believed
In themselves. You're deceived,
If you think fortune comes
With a rattle of drums
And a fanfare of state
To hand yours on a plate.
That isn't the way
That she visits to-day.
You must get out and rustle and bustle
and hustle:
You need all your muscle, for you've got
to tussle.
Plunge into the fight,

to tussle.

Plunge into the fight,
Hit to left and to right
And keep crashing and smashing.
Don't let up with your striking
Till things meet your liking.
For God's sake, stop bawling— For God's sake, stop bawling—Instead, do some mauling.
It makes the world bitter
To look at a quitter;
Fate scowls when she sees
A grown-up on his knees.
A man with his health
is a mine jammed with wealth
Full of unexplored lodes.
Why, the freckled-back toads
Have the sense to keep jumping—
And here you are frumping!
Come, now, atrike your gait—
It isn't too late,
There's no such thing as fate!
Drop that fool-talk of "luck,"
Get a grip on your pluck, Get a grip on your pluck, And buck. Begin To grin And win

-Herbert Kaufman, in Everybody's.

## ...THE CAMEO RINGS... By Priscilla Campbell.

Murnel sat in the twilight, with a small box in her hand, unmindful of the shadows which were beginning to steal into her room. If one could have peeped inside the box one would have seen a cameo ring of a peculiar style. She was thinking of the one who had given it to her eleven years ago, and her thoughts were tinged with sadness, for she had never been able to forget the donor in all these years.

Just then a light tap at her door aroused her from her reverie, and she sprang to her feet. The box fell from her hand and rolled under the table. 'Oh, it's you, Miss Fuller!" she exclaimed, opening the door.

"Yes, it's I," laughed a young voice, and a girl of about twenty came into the room. "And why are you sitting in the dark?"

"I didn't realize it was so late," explained Muriel, as she turned on the light. She stooped to pick up the box, but it had opened and the ring had fallen out, so she was obliged to look for it. The girl gave her a strange glance as she caught sight of

"That's a peculiar ring," she said, "and a beautiful one."

Muriel's face crimsoned. "Yes, it has a strange setting," she replied. "I've had it a long time. A very dear friend gave it to me."

"Would you mind telling me about ft?" said the girl, softly; and she slipped her arm about the other's

Lois Fuller was a niece of Muriel's landlady, and during the last year had frequently visited her aunt. Muriel had seen quite a lot of the girl, for nearly every evening during her stay she had come up to Muriel's room. Thus a pleasant friendship had formed between them, and they were very fond of each other.

Lois was expectant, and at last the other broke the silence. "I've never told anyone before," she said, "but rhaps it may do me good to confide in you. I was very young when I first met Philip Browning." Here Lois gave a little start, but Muriel did not notice it. "He was an artist and came to our village the summer I was seventeen. He was a constant visitor at our home during his stay in town, and as he was far superior to any young man I had ever seen, it was not long before I grew to admire him. Before he returned to the city in the autumn he told me that he loved me. There was not a happier girl in the world than I when he put this ring on my finger. He said that it was an heirloom, and showed me another ring which was exactly like it, only a little smaller. This he wore on his watch chain. His parents had died when he was a child, and the rings had been left for him. This one was his mother's betrothal ring, and his father used to wear the other ring, as he himself was doing, on his watch chain.

"The days after this were very bright until Philip was obliged to return home. At first I was lonely, but I tried to console myself with the thought that we would not be separated very long, for the following June we were to be married. I grew quite happy again as I made my plans for our new home; but in a few weeks my happiness turned into sorrow. My father was suddenly taken ill with pneumonia, and in less than a fortnight I was left alone. This was a severe blow to me, for I loved my father very dearly. Now I only had Philip left. Up to this time he had written me long, loving letters; and it was a cruel shock to me the month following my iather's death to pick up a paper, and read of his marriage. I do not know how I ever lived through my sorrow; but I did not stay in my old home long. Just before I went away I received a letter one hundred years old?" from Philip, but I returned it to him, unopened, scorning the idea that he should write to me when he was married. I went to my aunt in the West and stayed with her three years. Then I came here and have been here o' him." replied the villager, calmly, ever since. In my sorrow I forgot I remembered it was too late, for I an' its took him a sight o' time to do heard that Philip had gone abroad. that."

I cannot help looking at it sometimes I have never forgotten him, although I do not allow myself to think of him only as a friend of my girlhood. Somehow I do not blame him. I suppose I was too young to keep his

When Muriel had finished Lois was looking very thoughtful. "Are you sure that there wasn't some mistake?" she said.

"Oh, no," answered Muriel, "there wasn't any mistake. I only hope he is happy—without doubt he is, and he probably never gives a thought to the girl he used to know so long ago.'

Lois murmured a few words of sympathy, and then after a little while she left Muriel alone.

What a very lovable girl Lois is," she thought, "and how much sunshine she brings into my life. I don't know what I should do without her.'

One evening about two weeks afterward, a feeling which Muriel could not define compelled her to again look at the cameo ring. After a little while she slipped it on her finger. At this juncture Lois came up to her room, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks flushed with excitement:

"Auntie has gone out," she said, and I have a caller downstairs, a cousin of mine. I want you to meet him. You'll come down, won't you?

Muriel wanted to refuse, but Lois looked at her so pleadingly that she finally said that she would go down for a little while.

As they entered the living room, made bright and cosey by a glowing open fire, Muriel started as a tall, familiar figure stepped toward them.

Philip Browning! Could it be possible? Yes, it was he and no other who took her trembling hands in his; and as he looked down and saw the cameo ring on her finger, there was the tender light of old in his eyes, Muriel noted that he wore the other ring on his chain.

It took her only a few minutes to find out that there had been a mistake after all. It was Philip's brother who had married, and it was through an error of the paper that Philip's name was used.

He told her how pained he was when he received the letter, unopened, and how he had written after that several times, only to have every letter returned to him in the same way. At last he had been forced to believe that she cared for him no longer. It was then that he had gone abroad, and he had returned home only two months ago.

"I owe my good fortune in finding you to Lois," he said, and he looked around gratefully, but his cousin had slipped from the room.

Among the Brownings' possessions there is nothing they prize more than the cameo rings.—Boston Post.

#### The Pedigree of the Shirt.

By FRANK CRANE.

Why does this being we call a gentleman" wear around his neck a band of spotless whiteness and unbearable stiffness, at his wrists similar instruments of torture, and before his chest a rigidly starched linen plate? No one outside of a madhouse would call these articles of apparel agreeable. There is for the custom no reason at all drawn from comfort, hygiene or usefulness. There is, however, the ghost of a dead reason. Once upon a time a "gentleman" was presumed to do no work, and he dressed to show this, by putting on these visible signs that he never soiled his hands, sweated his neck or bent his noble back. It matters not that we no longer believe in this definition of a gentleman; we it once: its ghost rules on. No man is bold enough to appear in society without this impossible harness. Only a professional humorist, like Mark Twain, or some one who wishes to pose as a mild lunatic, dares rebel. Addison said that the man who would clothe himself according to common sense would find himself in jail within a week .- The Atlantic.

#### Southern Hospitality.

Among the Southern writers who are firm believers in the hospitality of the South is Thomas Nelson Page. According to Mr. Page, however, this hospitality is not always appreciated. By way of illustration he tells the following story about the good old times before the war:

"A guest in a Southern home requested the use of a horse to carry him to the next town, where he intended to stay for a few days. The host, with that true Southern hospitality, let him have the horse, and even sent along a negro boy to bring the animal back. The days went by, and neither boy nor horse showed up.

"The host at last sent a messenger to see what had become of them. The boy was found on a plantation near the neighboring town. He was asked why he had not come back with the

"The reply was: ''Cause dat gent'man don sold the horse.' "'Well, how did that keep you from coming back?'

"'He don sold me, too!' replied the boy."

#### The Prophet at Home.

"Do you mean to say," began the tourist to the villager with whom the London Daily News says he had struck up conversation, "that the old man in front of that house is really

"One hundred and four," corrected the native.

"No wonder you're proud of him!" congratulated the tourist

"I don't know about bein' proud ever since. In my sorrow I forgot "Far's I know, he ain't done any-to return the cameo ring, and when thing in this place except grow old,



A cow will drink often if water is

accessible at all times. Do you know, reader, that one cause of tuberculosis is breathing impure air of close filthy, ill-ventilated

Olling the separator occasionally with kerosene will cut the gum and facilitate the easy running of the machine.

To the farmer who has been down to the mud hole to break the ice so the cows can drink, I will say most earnestly, pure water is an important factor in keeping the cows in good condition and yielding wholesome milk.

It is sometimes inconvenient to bed the cows well when other duties are pressing but it is cruel to let a cow lie on a floor that is bare or nearly

Shredded corn fodder makes an excellent roughage, we find to feed the cows at any time and especially before calving if one doesn't happen to have silage.

The men that have succeeded in making dairying pay care for their cows so as to make them produce the greatest amount of human food at the least cost and yet keep the cows in the best possible condition. I am sure we farmers who keep a few cows might learn much from these men who make a business of dairying. The trouble is we are not willing many of us, to get out of the rut, to be learners.

The sunny side of a building is the best place for the cow stalls. No provisions for admitting sunlight is a mistake. Ever notice the pleasure

with which the cow greets sunshine? Grooming does much to quiet the cow and gain her confidence but it won't do to curry her with the pitch-Whenever the attendant feels like raising cain he is poor company for the dairy cow and he should leave the cow stable until he is in a better

I used to know a farmer who had very poor fences. His cows would find a place where they could step over in a neighbor's corn field. The shiftless fellow would go after them and lay another rail on the fence. The performance was repeated each time the old fence was made a little higher and finally he had them educated so they could get over a high fence very easily; and as long as that man lived in the neighborhood there was trouble for himself and his neighbors about his cows-trouble that might have been avoided in the first place by good fences.-From "Dairy Notes" by Mrs. F. M. W., in the Indiana Farmer.

SAVING HEN MANURE.

Prof Morse, of the New Hampshire, experiment station, after referring to the loss of fertilizer value, and answering the question how best to retain it, says the best materials for this purpose are gypsumt or land plaster, acid phosphate and kainit, a cheap potash salt. Each of these chemicals has the power to form new compounds with the ammonia as fast as it is set free from the original comlime should never be used because they cannot combine with ammonia. while they do force it out of its compounds and take its place. Plaster is apt to produce a dry, lumpy mixture when used in large enough quantitles to arrest the ammonia, while kainit and acid phosphate produce the opposite effect of a moist sticky mass.

Bulletin 98 of the Maine experiment station says that, using their results as a basis of calculation, the weekly droppings of a flock of twentyfive hens, when scraped from the roosting platform, should be mixed with about eight pounds of kainit or acid phosphate and a half peck of sawdust. If one desires a balanced fertilizer for corn and other hoed crops a mixture of equal parts of kainit and acid phosphate could be used instead of either alone. The same authority tells us that "good dry meadow muck or peat would be equally as good as sawdust, if not better, to use as an absorbent."

Fresh poultry manure, at the present values of fertilizers, would be worth sixty cents per hundred pounds. Figures from different experiment stations would give the product of twenty-five hens for the winter season of six months at 375 pounds for the roost droppings only.

Poultry manure is especially adapted as a topdressing for grass because of its high content of nitrogen in the form of ammonia compounds, which are nearly as quick in their effect as nitrate of soda. A ton of the manure preserved with sawdust and chemicals would be sufficient for an acre when compared with a chemical formula for top dressing.

On the same basis of comparison, one hundred fowls roaming at large on an acre should in a summer season of six months have added to its two hundred pounds of sulphate of ammonia and sixty pounds of kainit.

PICKING OUT THE LAYERS. careful breeding, careful buying and existence in 1878.

unmerciful culling. They do not ask the good ones to average up a record for the poor ones.

This some "common-sense" plan can be profitably applied to the poultry business.

Hens that lay 200 eggs in a year should not be averaged at 150 eggs with hens that lay 100 eggs. A dairyman uses care in breeding, if he buys, there are certain marks

that govern the price, the shade from the end of the nose to the end of the tail is taken into account, the small feminine neck and head have a value and clear down a line of points he makes his estimate, the very same rules and the very same principles apply to the highest point in poultry raising.

Any experienced, close-observing poultry raiser knows, at a glance, the laying hen. The small feminine neck and head count again, the bright, alert eye tells a tale, the drooping tail tells another tale and when she picks her feet up and plumps them down we have another pointer.

A very few club-headed, thick-necked steer-horned cows are any good. Even with the cow the tail tells a tale, the heavy clubtail seldom follows a good cow, while on the other hand, a slim tail is one of the characteris tics of a good one.-Farmers Alliance.

HOW TO MAKE A HOTBED. I would like to know how to make a profitable hotbed .- A Reader.

Select a well-drained location and shake out manure on it in a broad flat and thoroughly compact heap. After the manure is properly packed and leveled, the frames to support the sash are placed in position facing toward the south. The front board should be 4 to 6 inches lower than the back.

Three to five inches of good soil is spread evenly over the area inclosed by the frame. The sash is then put on, and the bed allowed to Have a supply of carpet to heat. cover the sash on cold nights. Ventilate on bright days by raising the sash a little on the opposite side from the wind. In a week or so it will be ready for planting the seed .-Indiana Farmer.

BRED FOR CONSUMPTION. Hogs are bred for consumption, and an imperfect animal of a full-blood breed of swine is more valuable for the shambles than to reserve for a producer. Many inexperienced men went into the breeding business when stock was selling at inflated prices and will close out their herds when values are at the bottom. Any farmer who is qualified as a breeder and will invest in pure bred swine now is fully protected by current prices from future losses. Values are sure to rally. The breeder who starts a herd now is sure to profit by the advance, as pure bred hogs are staple animals and will sell higher .-Farmers' Home Journal.

TELLING THE BIRD'S HEALTH.

Dr. Salmon, of the New York Bu reau of Animal Industry lays down this rule for telling the health of dition of the droppings furnish a good indication of the hen's health. They should be of sufficient consistency to hold their shape, but should not be too solid. In color they should be dark, tapering off nto grayish white. If the droopings are soft or pasty and of a yellowish or brown ish color, it indicates too much carbohydrates or a lack of meat. If on the other hand, the droopings are watery and dark with red splashes of mucus in them, it indicates too much meat. A greenish watery diarrhea usually indicates unsanitary conditions, either in the surroundings, the feed or the water."

DID YOU EVER TRY THIS? Most people think the horse has no use for horse radish, but a writer says he once knew a market gardener who had a lot of leaves and other waste from the horse radish, and not having any other use for them he gave them to his horses. One of the horses was very badly broken wind ed, but the feed of horse radish effected a complete cure. This is a cheap remedy, and we should like to see it tried so as to prove its efficacy.

-Spirit of the West. Official "Lazy List."

The town of Great Barrington lately came into possession, by purchase from the estate of the late Henry C. Warner, of a bound volume of town reports for the years 1866 to 1888 inclusive. The annual school reports for the years 1872-73 to 1877-78 inclusive contain much information that is omitted from the school committees' reports of more recent years. One of the chief things in this line was called. "The Lazy List."

The reports usually embodied rolls of honor, lists of star pupils and the fertility the equivalent of at least lazy list. The latter embraces the names of scholars who were often tardy, but not necessarily the names of those who lacked diligence after reaching the schoolroom. The re-Dairymen, to make the greatest port for 1872-73 contains twelve profit, build up their herds through names. The lazy list went cut of



LETTUCE AND RADISHES.

A few beds of lettuce, radishes, onions and beets don't require very much care, and if the women look after this, the men can have more time to attend to the truck patches. where planting and cultivation with a horse is practicable. We never believed much in waiting for the men to do it all, noticing that where this was the rule a bountiful supply of early vegetables, or of any vegetables, was usually the exception.—The Epitomist.

A GARDEN WINDBREAK.

It is a good plan to have an evergreen windbreak on the north and partially down the west side of the garden. An objection raised is that nothing will grow near the trees. This is more due to the roots spreading out into the garden ground than to the tree shade. To overcome this open up a deep furrow each spring eight or ten feet away from the trees and force them to sustain themselves from the other side. This will not injure the trees and will allow comparatively close planting.-Indiana Farmer.

LIME AND SULPHUR.

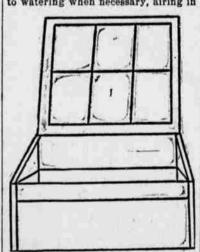
An unexpected result of the lime and sulphur wash on trees has been its effectiveness in preventing attacks of rabbits and similar pests. It has been found that a single application of this wash will protect the trees all winter, keeping off both rabbits and field mice. Such a plan is much less costly than the use of wire screens, which at present is the approved remedy. The screens are more durable than the wash, but the expense is a serious item in a large orchard .-American Cultivator.

REPOTTING PLANTS.

When repotting a plant that is root-bound, do not give it too large a pot. A rule that may be given as invariable is to change to a pot one size larger than the old one. Put the bits of broken crockery in the bottom, fill one-third full of soil, turn the plant from its old home, and, disturbing the roots as little as possible, place it in the larger pot and fill in around it, pressing the earth down firmly. Give water and set the plant out of the sun for a day or two before restoring it to its place in the window. Treated in this way it will go right on growing.-Farmers' Home Journal.

A COLD FRAME.

This illustration shows a cold frame, made by a woman whose only tools were a saw and a hammer, and who happened to have a 'left-over' window sash. The frame measured eighteen inches at the back, and sloped down to ten inches in front. An excavation was dug, and the frame placed therein; the front two or three inches above the soil and the back about ten inches. At each corner, inside, was driven a stout stake, which materially served to keep the trame from sagging in any way. well drained spot was chosen on the south side of a high fence and the earth banked up around the frame, making a ditch to carry off the surface water. Later, when cold nights came, an old door was put on the bination. Wood ashes and slaked the bird by its droppings: "The con- glass sash, and a piece of carpet thrown over all. In this frame thrived sixteen California violets, that almost bloomed themselves to death. Violets are easy to winter in such a frame, if a little care is given to watering when necessary, airing in



sunny weather and covering up sungly when it is cold. Beside violets any half hardy flower will do nicely, and many of them bloom. The ever popular geranium, stock, petunia, primrose, pansy, forget-me-not, mignonette, sweet scented snap dragon, daisy, etc. Do not forget a pot of parsley and one of chives. Avoid all extremes; the warm sunshine on the glass will scorch the leaves, and frequently do more damage than the cold night which caught the sash raised. See that the cold frame is put near the house, where it will be easy to get at, and not "out of sight and out of mind."

A pit may be dug several feet deep, boarded or bricked up, covered with sashes, and will be a permanent winter garden. In the pit half hardy shrubs, which grow too tall for the cold frame, such as azaleas, orange and lemon trees, oleanders, hibiscus roses, fushias, heliotrope and kindred plants may be wintered. The same precaution in regard to sun, air, water, etc., as the frame requires, is necessary for the pit. The plants are usually bedded out in the frames, but grow in pots in the pit. - Modern

# Syrup of figs

Cleanses the System Effectually: Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Child ren-Young and Old. To get it's beneficial effects.
always buy the Genuine

### CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50 per bottle.

A Man To Be Envied. Hungry Higgins-Say, what's a dip-

Weary Watkins-It's a guy that's got money left after drinkin' all he wants,-Indianapolis Journal.

Breaking Up Colds.

A cold may be stopped at the start by a couple of Lane's Picasant Tablets. Even in cases where a cold has seemed to gain so strong a hold that nothing could break it, these tablets have done it in an hour or two. All druggists and dealers sell them at 25 cents a box. If you cannot get them send to the proprietor. Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

Widespread Conviction.

Most people seem to think that 1 they preach a thing in a loud she they needn't practice it even in faint whisper.-New York Press.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Ey Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy.
Compounded by Experienced Physician
Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Law
Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain.

It's a Two-Edged Sword.

In condemning the part played by the president in the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation, the senate sub-committee occupies unassailable ground. It was no business of his to allow or disallow the transaction, and in assuming to say what the corporation might and might not do he was far exceeding his constitutional powers. But when the committee goes further and undertakes to decide that the laws of congress have been violated by the big corporation, the question ar-ises whether it is not also assuming a position as untenable as that of the president. Whether the anti-trust or other law was violated by the corporation in that transaction is a matter for the courts to decide on prosecution by the administrative authority, and not a matter for either the president or congress to dispose of.— Springfield Republican.

Why Women Have Last Word. Man still carries the original number of ribs, but he is short of a lung lobe. Where did he lose it? Eve got it. Man's right lung today consists of three lobes; man's left lung today consists of two lobes. Let us consider the missing lobe on the left. The lungs, mind you, are the Eve was made out of Adam's third lung lobe on the left, the lobe nearest the heart. She was con-structed out of wind, mostly. That is—she took part of Adam's breath away. Adam's posterity of the male persuasion in these later days car count on only five lobes to both lungs; while Eve's daughters can count on seven; which accounts for

woman having the last word in a con-troversy.—New York Press. CONGENIAL WORK And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery. "Until recently," writes a Wash-

ington girl, "I was a railroad steno-

grapher, which means full work every day. "Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was much

greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc. After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work

was to blame-too arduous. "At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for

breakfast. "I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package, and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast.

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I can't just tell how well I felt, but I remember I used to walk the 12 blocks to business and knew how good it was simply to live.

"As to my work-well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every

grain of Grape-Nuts," Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Rea-

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human