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According to the Presbyterian Journal, "In Mongolia the missionary is often asked to perform impossible and ridiculous cures. One man asked to be made fat, another to be made clever, another wished to be cured of hunger, another to have his taste for tobacco or whiskey taken away, while almost everybody would like to have his skin made white, like the foreigner."

Returns for 1893 in the controller's office show to the New York Tribune that it is a good thing to be sheriff of New York county. Besides his salary of \$12,000 a year, Sheriff John J. Gorman received as his share of the fees collected the neat sum of \$52,610.09. Added to the \$12,000 salary, Mr. Gorman therefore received the formidable remuneration of \$64,610.09 for his services last year.

Fog is to most people depressing, but if it is not too thick it affords one beauty that is unique. This appears only at night and in places that are well furnished with air lights. These lamps spread a white radiance through the moisture-laden air above and around them, and as they sputter and flicker, the nebule seen over the roofs, and awnings appear like the reflection of a great fire, except that the light is white instead of red and yellow. When forms are blurred in the mist, and distances are obliterated, this playing and flashing of pallid lights is magical and uncanny as well as beautiful.

What will the Frenchmen, who think there is no life outside of Paris, say when they hear that our Ambassador to France is anxious to return to the United States because he finds life in the French capital too quiet for him, asks the San Francisco Chronicle. Mr. Eustis will achieve great distinction if he succeeds in dispelling the insane idea of many Americans that Paris is a particularly desirable place of residence for a person born and bred in the United States. He will not need to exert himself greatly to prove that there are many cities in this country where life can be enjoyed more rationally and pleasantly and with a greater degree of that excitement which Sorey calls the wine of life, than in Paris.

It is curious to calculate how a man has spent the time of his life and how large a portion of it is taken up with occupations that seem to be of small moment, observes the Atlanta Constitution. A man of fifty years of age, for instance, if he takes the pains to estimate his time, will find that he has slept about 6,000 days; has worked about 6,500; has walked for 800; has amused himself for about 4,000; has spent 1,500 in eating; has been sick for about 500 and so on. A gentleman who has lived in the suburbs of this city for thirty years, recently calculated that he had spent in that time two years on cars; another, who shaves himself regularly three times a week, estimates that since he was twenty he has spent nine months in scraping his face.

Says the Boston Cultivator: "There was a reduction of seven per cent. in the acreage of winter wheat south west fall in this country. That was due mainly to the low prices of wheat at that time, though these prices were from twelve to fifteen cents a bushel higher than wheat prices now. What will naturally be the result if wheat continues at present prices until the time for seeding the spring crop in the great Northwest? At present prices for wheat, almost any other grain yields larger returns. Land which will produce good spring wheat will surely bring large crops of oats and barley, either one of which is worth more per pound than wheat. There will also be a large substitution of corn and potatoes for wheat. These causes will tend materially to reduce this year's wheat crop, unless there is a very material advance in wheat prices before spring seeding time."

PATIENCE.  
De patient! Easy words to speak While plenty fills the cup of life, While health brings roses to the cheek, And far removed are care and strife. Falling so glibly from the tongue— Of those—often think of this— Whom suffering has never wrong, Who scarcely know what patience is. De patient! when the sufferer lies Prostrate beneath some fell disease, And longs, through torturing agonies, Only for one short hour of ease. De patient! when the weary brain Is racked with thought and anxious care, And troubles in an endless train Seem almost more than it can bear. To feel the torture of delay, The agony of hope deferred; To labor still from day to day, The prize unwon, the prayer unheard. And still to hope and strive and wait The due reward of fortune's kiss— This is to learn what patience is. Despair not! though the clouds are dark, And storm and danger veil the sky; Let fate and courage guide thy bark, The storm will pass, the port is nigh. De patient! and the tide will turn, Shadovs will flee before the sun. These are the hopes that live and burn To light us till our work is done.—All the Year Round.

LILLIAN'S LOVER.



Helen Forrest Gravel.  
Down in the rocky gorge the Chiquit River roared and foamed; across the snow-mantled and tangled land-scapes a red glow of sunset yet lingered; while the black pines and cedars quivered in the wind. "I wish," added Jessie, "that I had asked that man below which was the right turning to take. But I was afraid of him; he looked so cross." She was a tall, slim slip of a thing, with blue, wistful eyes, hair of the real Scotch gold, and red lips, that trembled partly with cold, partly with a certain vague terror at the position in which she found herself. In her hand she carried a heavy bag, for Jessie had no money to pay omnibus hire, or to engage a sleigh at the railway station. "Suppose," she said to herself, "this lonely road should lead nowhere, except into the woods? Suppose it should conduct me straight into a gypsy camp? For it seems more and more desolate the further I go. Suppose I should be frozen to death, all alone here, with no helping hand to save me?" It was no gypsy, nor yet a black-brown tramp, simply a plump, comfortable woman, driving herself in a trim little red cutter. She eyed Jessie curiously through her spectacles. Jessie returned the gaze with interest. "Please, madam," said Jessie, "can you tell me if I am near Bucknor Hall?" "Bless me," said the woman, "don't you know? Bucknor Hall was burned down last night, and the old lady was suffocated in the smoke. Friends of yours?" Jessie put her bag down in the snowy road; she trembled violently. "No—not exactly friends," she said. "But I was engaged to go there as companion and reader, and—and— Oh, what shall I do now?" "Come from New York?" said she, after a pause. "Yes—from the Wilberforce Protective Agency. And I spent all my money for the ticket here." "One or two bright round tears de-tached themselves from the long lashes and rolled slowly down her cheeks. Mrs. Parkhurst, who prided herself on her knowledge of physiognomy, made up her mind on the spot. "One thing is very certain," said she. "Mrs. Bucknor will never require a companion and reader now, and if you're puzzled what to do next, you had better jump in and go with me." "Where?" said Jessie. "Home," said Mrs. Parkhurst. Now, Jessie Morton herself was not a bad judge of the human face divine, and in the indescribable solicitude of this moment, she caught at the welcome idea of shelter and company. She got into the red cutter, drew the buffalo robe around her shivering form, and nestled close to Mrs. Parkhurst, before she ventured to ask, timidly: "Where is—home?" Mrs. Parkhurst shook the reins. The pony darted merrily over the smooth road into the purpling dusk. "It's the Bassett Military Institute," said she, with a very visible pride. "I'm housekeeper there."

"What?" "Oh, take care!" scolded Mrs. Parkhurst. "You should hold on tight when we turn those sharp curves. You had very nearly fallen out. Yes, the Bassett Institute. And a fine place it is! I was thinking—if your references turn out what they should be—we might make room for you there. We need a smart young woman in the linen-room. I suppose you can do something else besides companioning and reading—eh?" "Oh, yes!"

"You'd like a place?" "I must have one." "Then," said Mrs. Parkhurst, "we'll think of it. Fourteen professors and one hundred and ten boys—that's a family to take care of, isn't it? For the colonel's wife is an invalid, and don't trouble herself about the house-keeping. I and my widowed daughter run the whole establishment, and there are nine of us sit down to dinner in the housekeeper's room. There!" as they drove in between two massive stone gate-posts, into an avenue of rustling tamaracs. "Do you see that pretty young lady gathering holly berries? It's the colonel's daughter, Miss Lillian Bassett."

"You've come back, have you, Parkey?" cried a sweet, girlish young voice. "Did you bring my chocolate caramels?" "The candy store was shut up, Miss Lillian." "Oh, how perfectly shameful!" "And a cluster of glaring red berries, aided by a not unskillful hand, hustled through the air, and hit the housekeeper exactly on her nose. But, instead of evincing offense, Mrs. Parkhurst only laughed. "Isn't she pretty?" said she, "and such a mad-cap. Well—perhaps marriage will sober her down."

"Is she to be married soon?" asked Jessie. "We don't quite know," said Mrs. Parkhurst. "But one of the young professors admires her very much, and we think she don't quite dislike him." Jessie looked wistfully back to where Lillian Bassett's scarlet mantle lighted up the snowy terrace. Why were some girls so happy, while others toiled ceaselessly on in life's shadows? Why was life such a problem? For awhile, however, the wheels revolved smoothly. Jessie's references, forwarded from the Wilberforce Protective Agency, proved all that could be desired, and she was engaged to take charge of the linen-room. During an outbreak of scarlet fever she found herself particularly efficient as a nurse, and Mrs. Parkhurst soon began to wonder how it was that she had ever got along without her. "Married, Lillian! Really married! And to that handsome young professor of mathematics!" cried Adela Matrice, Lillian's ex-schoolmate. "Well, I never expected to see you caged! And he's quite a self-made man, they tell me." "I tell dear Lillian," said Miss Bella Bassett, the sharp-nosed maiden sister of the genial colonel, "that she should not make too sure of anything in this world. The captain is very handsome, and all that sort of thing, but—I'm afraid he's inclined to be a flirt."

"Nonsense!" cried Lillian, coloring wrathfully. "Oh, but indeed, I've met him twice at the shrubberies, walking with that pretty young-haired girl that takes care of the linen-room," persisted Miss Bella. "What!" exclaimed Miss Maurice. "One of the servants?" "Now, Aunt Bella, why can't you hold your tongue," flashed out Lillian, "when you know very well that old Parkhurst says she is arduous lady?" "Indeed ladies have no business waddling about the laurel hedges with handsome young engaged men," viciously retorted Miss Bassett. "And I really think my brother ought to inquire into it. There she goes, flouncing out of the room. Well, I'm really afraid, Adela, that our Lillian's temper isn't altogether perfect."

"I don't think mine would be," said Adela Maurice, "if I were badgered like that." "It is a dreadful trial, isn't it, to see your lover drifting off into another woman's snares?" said Miss Bella, willfully misunderstanding things. While Lillian, running up stairs, paused to catch her breath at one of the big millioned windows on the staircase. "How I should like to cram a big bath sponge into Aunt Bella's censorious old mouth!" said she. "Only to think of—" Suddenly she paused. Down on the lower pine walk, where the west winds had swept the path dry of snow, Captain Moreton was pacing up and down with the gold-haired young girl at his side. "Well, why shouldn't they?" said brave Lillian, swallowing the rebellious lump in her throat. "I suppose he happened to meet her, and—" At this precise moment, however, the couple paused beside a group of dark spruces. She could distinctly perceive her lover bend his tall head to kiss—yes, to kiss the yellow-tressed lassie. And then they passed on into the tamarack thickets and were lost to view.

Lillian stood still, her bright eyes brimming over with tears, a pang transfusing her heart as if some poisoned arrow were buried there. "And I loved him!" she said, aloud, and of it all. To-night, when he comes to talk to me—to-night there must be an end of it all!" The young professor was certainly a very handsome man, with his brilliant blue eyes, his brown hair, shot with golden gleams, and those straight, clear-cut features of his; and when he came cheerily in that evening, Lillian's heart failed within her. "How can he bear himself so bravely?" she thought. "Where is his conscience—his manly truth?" "I am glad, Lillian, to find you alone," said Captain Moreton, tenderly, taking her hand in his. She jerked it away. "I hate sitting hand-in-hand," said she, in answer to his surprised glance. "It's so—so spoony!"

"Well, just as you like, darling," he acquiesced, seating himself beside her. "To find you alone, for I wanted to talk with you very particularly. I have a secret to tell you." "There may be more secrets than one in the world," said Lillian, in a low voice. "A secret that is not entirely my own—a secret that may, perhaps, alter all our existing arrangements—" "It undoubtedly will," said Lillian, rising to her feet in her excitement. "You need not go on, Captain Moreton. I know all, and I give you my betrothal ring back to you!" "Lillian, I would scarcely have thought this of you!" he said, gravely. "No? For what did you take me, then? Am I not a woman, with a woman's spirit? Do you think I can continue to love a man who is false to me?" "False to you, Lillian? But I am not that. Sweet, whether you marry me or not, I shall go on loving you loyally to my life's end!" "How many girls do you love at once?" bitterly asked Lillian. "I? Why do you ask that question?" "Because I saw you this very afternoon in the pine walk with another woman. I saw your arm around her waist. I saw you stoop to kiss her!" "Oh, you saw me, did you? Then my story is half told already. It is but a short time, Lillian, since I knew it myself."

She stood looking at him with large, surprised eyes. How dared he speak so lightly—and to her? "Lillian, that sweet young girl whom Mrs. Parkhurst has employed in the linen-room—Miss Moreton, she calls herself—is my own sister, and she has concealed herself from me, fearing that the knowledge that she was in the institute in such a capacity would prejudice my future unfavorably. She was a governess in New York—she was coming here as companion to poor old Mrs. Bucknor, who was killed in the fire—and Mrs. Parkhurst, ignorant of any relation between us, brought her here. And, noble heroine that she is, she would have gone away without betraying herself, had I not chanced to meet her by accident. She thought I would be mortified, but instead I am proud of her beyond the power of words to express."



MARKING SHEEP.  
The best ear marks for sheep are the metal nickel plated loops, upon which are stamped the owner's name and the numbers of the sheep. To distinguish the ewes from the other sheep they may be marked in the right ear, the others in the left. An easy way to further distinguish any special sheep is to put the marks in perpendicularly in the ears, the others being put in horizontally. The numbers are used in the record book of those sheep that are so desired to be distinguished.—New York Times.

THE PERFECT FARM HORSE.  
The perfect farm horse has not been developed yet, and it is probable that there may not be entire concurrence in the ideal drawn. This summary of its accomplishments, however, is not beyond attainment. It must have the size and strength to draw a plow with ease; the style and action necessary to make a trip to market and back in the least possible time; of a docile disposition, but not to the detriment of nerve, a most necessary qualification of a good farm horse; and, lastly, it must be such a horse as can successfully meet competition in the sale ring.—New York World.

TREE PLANTING.  
Mr. N. Olmer, the well known horticulturist of Dayton, Ohio, recently made the following statement with regard to tree planting before the students of the School of Agriculture of the Ohio State University: "Give special attention to planting. I consider this matter of planting a very important one. It is really very much neglected. I set my trees a little deeper in the orchard than they stand in the nursery. I dig holes for setting twelve or fifteen inches deep, and when I come to the cultivation of my trees I throw the earth toward them. In preparing the trees for planting, I cut off all bruised or mutilated roots. In the peach tree, I cut the top also, in order to give the tree proper shape, otherwise they will have long branches that will break beneath the weight of the fruit. If your tree has good roots, you need have no fear that the cutting of the top will injure it."

POULTRY FOR RUN-DOWN FARMERS.  
New England has always used the raw material of other States and manufactured goods of all kinds in which her people have excelled. With fewer advantages as an agricultural country, yet she excels in yield, in proportion to area cultivated, in many crops that are grown extensively elsewhere. Massachusetts produces more corn per acre than any other State, but it pays her people better to grow articles that bring the highest prices in market. So far as pure breeds of poultry are concerned, New England leads all other sections, and she derives an enormous sum from that source alone, while her farmers also get the best prices for dressed carcasses and eggs. Of late years it has been largely advertized that many farms in some sections of New England no longer pay, and that their owners have ceased to take an interest in them, even going so far as to abandon them in cases that have been noticed. The cause assigned is that farm products are grown so cheaply in the West that our farmers cannot compete with the Western farmers. But our farmers can use the cheap foods, however, and change them into more salable products. It may be mentioned that so far as the quality of the soil is concerned, poultry can be made a specialty on the poorest or the best, and the frozen stock of the West has never interfered with prices in the East. Strictly fresh, nearby eggs and choice carcasses cannot be brought East, while consumers will not discard the good for the inferior.—Mirror and Farmer.

Who doesn't love chrysanthemums? Yet comparatively few raise them, the reason usually given being that they are too much trouble. Many others, not knowing that they can be raised from seed, thinking the plants must be purchased from a florist, do not raise them on account of the expense. One nice way to manage them is to fit a lot of egg-shells into a box, fill the shells with sandy soil, and in each one plant a seed, covering them to a depth equal to about twice the thickness of the seed. Care for them as for any other seed. If planted about the last of February they will be ready to transplant by the time all danger of frost is gone. Transplant each plant into a five or six inch pot. Sink the pot in the earth in the garden where they will get the morning sun, but will be partially shaded in the afternoon. Water if necessary, but they will require little else. In August they should be trimmed back to twelve or fourteen inches in height so that they will branch out and thus bear many flowers. In September it is well to begin

A TALE FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

How a Farmer's Wife Was Saved.  
A Remarkable Story of a Woman's Escape From Death Told in Her Own Words.  
(From Five Miles North of the town of Berwick, in Columbia County, Pa., right at the foot of a spur of the North Mountains, is the home of Amos Cops, a sturdy young farmer. A Scranton newspaper man drove from Berwick to the Cops farm in order that the accuracy of an interesting rumor might be determined.)

He had nearly reached the farm when he observed a woman coming towards him from the fields near by walking somewhat rapidly. He was not certain that he was on the right road and, awaiting her coming, inquired as to where Amos Cops lived. Being told that the farm house just ahead was the place, he said he had come out to see Mrs. Cops, and was fairly started when she replied, "I am Mrs. Cops." She was about thirty years old—her eyes flashed with brightness, and her cheeks wore of that beautiful glow that is so common among the wives and daughters of farmers. She had been out gathering raspberries and was closing up a day's picking of about five quarts. Being asked concerning her sickness and recovery, she stated explicitly and unreservedly that she regarded her present health better than it had been in years. "All of last year, and part of the previous one," she said, "I just moped about the house unable to do anything, in bed perhaps more than half the time, and was treated by all the doctors of the nearby town. Some of them flattered me for dyspepsia, others for inflammation of the stomach and rheumatism; while pious of the left side, and even inflammation of the brain (for there were times when I knew not what I was doing) engaged the attention of others. They all seemed at sea, but I did everything they directed, but without avail." "Uterine and stomach troubles also attended the general breaking down of my strength and body, and just before last Christmas I was forced to bed from which I did not arise until during last March. Then none of my friends thought I would ever get well. Medicines without stint were bought and taken, so much so that I finally lost all hope of life and was ready to resign myself to God's will. It was then my husband, a man of a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He got the pills, and to please him I began their use just as the directions said they should be taken. Before the first box was used I could feel a decided change; my appetite was returning; I was no longer distressed by gases on my stomach; I found the blood passing through my veins, and there was no more of that terrible pain in the region of the heart. My head became clearer and clearer, and before the second box was used I was out of bed. I am now making the sixth box, and am so much improved that I feel that any of the druggery on the farm that is a woman's work I can now perform. We bought the Pink Pills at Dr. J. Beagan & Co.'s drug store on Front St., in Berwick."

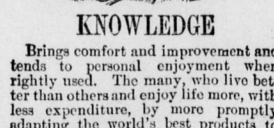
Mrs. Emma Posten, a neighbor of Mrs. Cops, or Mrs. Jacob Wise, a lady who lives on the road leading from Berwick to the farm, both confirmed the story of Mrs. Cops's sickness, and the manner in which she was cured. The reporter next visited Amos Cops where he was working in the field. He fully corroborated every statement made by his wife, and seemed most happy that Mrs. Cops had been the means of bringing good health to his suffering wife. When Berwick was reached the reporter found Dr. L. Beagan, one of the best known and most skillful practicing physicians in the place. He is also the holder of the drug firm of Beagan & Co. He spoke freely of Mrs. Cops's low illness and of her final cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. J. W. Dietrick, the druggist, stated that there were many persons in the town now using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as leucemia, ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pain and swelling of the joints, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (25 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ontario.

ABOUT twenty-two hundred persons were killed during 1889 by the deadly car-coupler. Scattered as these unfortunate beings were over a great extent of country and the so called accidents extending over a year of time, no one gives the matter special attention. When will this horrible and useless slaughter cease?

A postal order of five dollars for a free catalogue—300 mail-order articles—save 25 to 50c. on 12 West. Best Brand Butter, 1 lb. cans, 12c; Liver Pills, 12c; Porous Plasters, 12c; Hat Dye, 10c. E. A. Hall, Charleston, S. C.

It is in working the butter that the fine art of butter-making comes in. Eggs from pullets are not apt to hatch as well as those from adult fowls. In every country school agriculture, horticulture and dairying should be taught. Poultry powders are rarely required for flocks that are fed and cared for properly. The secret in growing large and fine chickens is to feed often and but little at a time.

There is a better market for small cheeses than for those weighing forty or fifty pounds. Proper care and feeding are even more necessary than breeding for early maturity of stock. Little ducks require almost twice as much food as chickens, but they grow very rapidly. They should be fed four times a day and given all they will eat. It is said that unrendered beef tallow chopped into very small pieces and mixed in the feed for two or three days will put a fine gloss on the plumage of show birds.



KNOWLEDGE  
Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the Remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.