An Apiary in Prison.

The Arizona teritorial prison management has embarked in a bee-keeping experiment, in which the prisoners will be employed. An apiary, with twenty-five stands of bees, has been installed, and it is expected the business will prove profitable. A single hive at the prison is said to have last year produced 200 pounds of honey. It probably induces curious sensations and many vain longings in the prisoners to see the bees fly serenely and at will over the prison walls and yet return of their own volition to their home within.

In Snowbound States.

In States and Territories where snow and ice last all the long winters through, where men are much exposed and suffer much from cold, it is a wonder they do not provide better against some of the consequences. In some lumber camps, choppers stand all day in knee-deep snow with half frozen feet. The feet are much more tender than the hands from being covered up all the time. Men are often lame all summer from the frost-bites of the previous winter. Why it is so, is simply because they do not know that St. Jacobs Oil will cure frost-bite in a night.

Silver King Barley, 116 Bushels.

The barley wonder. Yields right along on poor, good or indifferent soils 80 to 100 bus. per acre. That pays at 20c. a bushel!

Salzer's mammoth catalogue is full of good things. Silver Mine Oats yielded 201¼ bushels in 1895. It will do better in 1896. Murrah for Teosinte, Sand Vetch, Spurry and Giant Clover and lots and lots of grasses and clovers they offer. 35 packages earliest vegetables $1.00. Send for them to-day.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free ten grain and grass samples, including barley, etc., and their catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. (A.)

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood, gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for nervousness.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

PNU 6

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. W. C. Lewis, who is connected with the artistic advertising department of the Youth's Companion, and resides at 33 Dwight Street, Boston, relates that he had his attention called to Ripans Tabules by a business acquaintance who expressed a high opinion of them. Mr. Lewis was a good deal troubled with what he describes as a nervous, bilious condition that appeared to be brought on from time to time by high pressure work or special mental activity or excitement, such as would be common at periods of unusual nervous tension. It has become his practice at such times to take a Tabule—just one—at the moment that he observes the difficulty approaching. It makes no difference when it is. A favorable result is invariably apparent within twenty minutes. The only noticeable effect is that he feels all right in twenty minutes if he takes the Tabule; while if he does not the nervous, uncomfortable feeling intensifies and leads to a bad afternoon and tired evening. He carries one of the little vials with him all the time now, but doesn't have occasion to apply to it anything like as often as he did at first. Nowadays there are frequent periods of from a week to ten days or even two weeks during which he finds that he has no occasion whatever to make use of the Tabules, but still carries them in his pocket, just the same, so that they may be ready if an occasion occurs.

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

Agents—Ladies or Gents, $75 a week at home, using or selling Gray Platers, or taking orders for us to plate. Plate gold, silver, nickel, copper, white metal, manufacture the materials and outfits, teach the art, only complete outfit, including trade secrets and formulas, lathe, wheels, tools, all materials for preparing, polishing, plating and finishing, no toys, small in traveling case, large for shops, description, prices, testimonials, samples free. Gray & Co., Plating Works, Dep't 17, Columbus, O.

ASTHMA

POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

LADIES GIRLS BOYS WANTED TO EARN BICYCLES, Silver Watches, Gold Rings, Silverware or cash commission. Send stamp for catalogue. Smith Bros., importers of Teas, Coffees, etc., 142 E. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.

FREE 10c. trial package FLAG SALT. Safe, sure cure for HEADACHE. Address FLAG SALT CO., Savannah, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

I sit beside my flying loom,
I toss the shuttle to and fro;
The sunlight floods the quiet room,
Making the pattern gleam and glow.
Without, autumnal glories shine;
Through warp and woof rich shadows play—
Would God it were more fair and fine,
This web that groweth day by day!

I weave and weave till day is done—
But who will bleach the linen white,
By alchemy of rain and sun,
Hot summer noons, and dewy night?
And who its shining length will wear?
Under its fold what heart will hide
Its stress of passion, or of prayer,
Of worldless bliss, or love denied?

I plant a tree beside my gate;
Slowly it rises, fair and tall;
With prophecy of royal state
It towers above the old gray wall!
But who will see it in its prime?
What lovers seek its leafy ways?
What bard unborn, with song and rhyme,
Wed its green boughs to deathless lays?

I build a mansion wide and fair;
I rear its towers of fretted stone;
But who shall breathe its happy air?
Who call its sheltering roof his own?
What guests shall throng its chambers fine?
What feet youth's joyous measures tread
When I have drained life's last red wine,
And grass grows green above my head?

On the soft air I loose a song;
From pole to pole it driftеth far;
It floateth fast, it floateth long,
Inconsequent as breezes are!
But who will hear it as it flies
Through shadowy spaces, vast and dim,
And lure it from the lonely skies,
When I have done with song and hymn?

—Julia C. R. Dorr, in Independent.

SELINA'S MODEL HOME.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

JOSEPH and I took a great fancy to the Mechums when they first settled down on a little place in our neighborhood. Tom Mechum was a good-natured, easy-going soul, and his wife—they had been married about two years—was as bright and pleasant a little body as one would wish to know. I thought I'd never seen a happier or more contended young couple.

Our two families soon grew intimate; for Joseph and Tom had known each other when they were at school, and Selina's mother was second-cousin to my Aunt White's husband; so there seemed to be a sort of family relationship between us.

Well, it happened that I went to stay a couple of weeks with Cousin Betsey, who was having a trying time with her sick children; and when I came back, Selina was the first to call to see me.

I thought she looked changed somehow—restless and dissatisfied, it might be—and when I asked how she and Tom were getting along with their spring work, she answered pretty shortly.

By-and-by she says:

"Mrs. Bigger, did you ever see a book—a new publication—called the 'Woman's Model Home?'"

I had heard of it. Betsey had told me that a woman agent had been around her neighborhood, selling the book, and that when she had insisted upon Betsey's husband buying a copy, saying that with its help their home could be made a deal nicer and more genteel looking, he had replied that in his opinion a model home was one where meddlesome strangers and trashy books ought not to be admitted—on which she called him a "soulless clod," and gone off with an air.

"Trashy books, indeed!" said Selina. "Why, it's one of the most delightful as well as valuable books that a family can possess. It teaches how to make home beautiful and attractive; how to economize in cooking and household matters; and even how to make old dresses look as good as new. By following its instructions the plainest home can be made pleasant and attractive—'a model home,' in fact."

"And have you followed the instructions?" I asked.

"In some respects, yes; but I need help. A woman can't do everything with her own weak hands."

"Where's Tom? I should think he would help you."

Selina heaved a deep sigh.

"That's the trouble," she said. "He could help me if he would, but he don't appreciate my efforts, and has so little taste for the beautiful. He says he's quite satisfied with our home as it is, and calls all the pretty little knick-knacks that I have put about the house trash, and he's really so dreadfully lazy!"

"Lazy? Why, I always thought him so industrious and attentive to things. He keeps the place in such nice order."

"But when his work is over in the evenings," says Selina, "he could easily help me if he would. Instead of doing so, he prefers to sit on the porch in his shirt-sleeves, reading books and papers—the picture of laziness. And he pretends not to see me going about with hammer and nails and hoe and rake, trying to improve things and make his home attractive and pleasant for him. And he is so obstinate! Now, for one thing, he insists upon having the pig-pen in sight of the kitchen window, that he may see that the pigs are safe; and he's got a horrid barrel under the side-spout—you can see it from the road—to catch rain water in."

"Well, I didn't know exactly what to say, but to satisfy myself about the real state of things, I went over next day to the Mechums.

I found Selina in the front garden, with a paint brush in her hand, and all sorts of things lying around.

She was painting an old iron pot bright red. It was hanging on three cross sticks, and underneath it she had set out some of those plants with pointed colored leaves, red and yellow and orange, which she told me represented flames.

She called it a gipsy kettle, and she showed me a picture of it in the "Model Home," with directions how to make it.

Then she pointed out an old wash-tub, painted green, full of a tiny little blue flower, which she said represented water. In the middle was stuck a pole, with a soap-box on top, painted blue.

In this she had planted some long, trailing moss, which was to hang down in straight lines; and she called the whole a fountain, and explained to me that the chief beauty of these decorations lay in the fact that they cost nothing—nothing except the paint and such trifles—though she did long for a cheap garden vase, such as Mrs. Martin had in her front yard. But it would cost a dollar, and she didn't like to put Tom to the expense, now that she was learning from the "Model Home" how to economize.

Just then Tom himself came around from the barnyard.

"Lina," says he, "what on earth has become of the pigs' swill-pot?"

"Why, Tom, I took it for another purpose. Just come and look at it now! Isn't it pretty!"

Tom stared at the gipsy kettle. He looked half vexed and half amused.

"It is to be filled with earth," continued Selina, "and something pretty planted in it. What do you think would be suitable?"

"Well," says Tom, slowly stroking his chin, "if it's a gipsy kettle, I should think that a dwarf-head cabbage and a lot of carrots and onions would be appropriate; and as the pot is gone, I shall have to buy me a trough."

"How much will that cost?" says I.

"About a dollar or so," he answered, as he walked off.

Selina pretended not to hear, and led me into the house.

I had to stoop a little to avoid the basket of graybeard moss which she had hung in the passage, and I wondered how Tom could help upsetting the big pickle jar, all varnished and stuck over with pictures, which she had put in a corner just in front of where he kept his hat and umbrella.

And the parlor was just transformed. The pictures had flags draped over them, and there were screens in the windows; and Tom's big chair, that I knew he liked to sit in when they had company, was all fixed up with a satin tidy and bows of ribbon; and everywhere grasses and peacocks' feathers, and Japan fans spread out, and I don't know what other stuff; and Selina told me that the dining room and bed rooms were all the same way.

She had only yesterday made Tom a beautiful wisp holder out of red cloth, tacked on to a common picture frame covered with gilt paper (she showed me a picture of it in the "Model Home"); and he had said it would take him too long to get the wisp in and out, and he'd rather have it hanging on its nail.

Then she told me how she had been cooking after the recipes in the "Model Home." It taught her not to waste stale bread and other little scraps that she generally gave to the pigs and chickens. She had made a splendid pudding of half a loaf of stale bread, with plenty of milk, butter, eggs, sugar and spices. And for supper they were to have, instead of cold lamb, fairy croquettes, made of the scraps from yesterday's ham bone, mixed with eggs, milk and spice. She thought them so refined-looking; and then it was a good thing to learn to economize.

Well, after this I noticed that a sort of cloud began to gather over the Mechums. Selina was contiually complaining of Tom's not helping her—of Tom's laziness and want of gratitude for all she had done to make home pleasant; and Tom took to going round now and then in the evenings to the neighbors, instead of staying at home as usual, and, of course, the people noticed it and talked, as people will.

One day as I sat knitting and thinking it all over, and wishing that something could be done to restore the old happiness at the Mechums, suddenly bright idea flashed upon me. I didn't say a word, but put on my bonnet and stepped over to see Selina.

She was turning an old merino dress, and making it over after the directions in the "Model Home." She had bought enough silk and things to trim it up with as would almost have purchased a new dress; and had had far more trouble ripping and pressing and piecing than a new one would have cost.

I was so eager to try my experiment that I began right away.

"I saw last Sunday that you'd fixed up your blue dress," says I. "Mrs. Hoiliday says that Tom ought to give you a new one, instead of your being forced to make over your old."

"Tom would give me whatever I asked for!" said she, in a dignified sort of way.

"Folks don't seem to think so. They think he neglects you, and puts too much work upon you. Miss Perkins says she goes by here and sees him lolling on the porch, reading, while you are working round in the garden like a slave."

She was silent at this.

Her color came, and she gave a little choking gulp in her throat.

Then she said:

"Suppose he does. What has Miss Perkins got to do with it?"

"Well, people can't help seeing and talking, you know, and do say that Tom Mechum's dreadfully lazy, and no account, and that they pity you having a husband who can't appreciate you."

"I'd thank them to keep their pity for those that need it!" said Selina, very sharply. "No account, indeed! If Tom Mechum was as good for nothing as half the men about here, I would never have been his wife—not I!"

"Well, some people take his part. The other Sunday, when you and he stayed to dinner at the Browns, Miss Hannah Woods noticed that she never saw him eat so heartily before; and Sam Carter said it was because he didn't get enough to eat at home, and that that was the reason he'd been going round lately among the neighbors. Of course, it's a shameful thing to say; but people will talk."

Then how Selina did flare up!

"I never heard of such impertinence. What could induce Sam Carter to say such an outrageous thing?"

"Why, there was something about your making dishes out of scraps, or something of that sort. Hannah Woods said that she went in for good, fresh, wholesome victuals, and plenty of it. And then somebody remarked that if Tom Mechum had married Hannah—you know they used to tease her about him—he would have been in the right place. And Hannah's cousin, Mrs. Brown, said she always thought that Tom and you wouldn't get on very well together—you're so different in your tastes and ways. Tom goes for real comfort, and you like to make a little show and have things pretty around you. She said she felt sorry for you both."

"Mrs. Brown is a fool," burst out Selina: "and as for Hannah Woods, everybody knows that she did her best to catch Tom, and he despised her. Tom marry that great, coarse woman! And Tom and I not suited to each other, and not happy together! Why, he's the kindest, most affectionate husband a woman ever had, and there's not a thing he would not do for me if I asked him."

She was so excited, angry and mortified, that I thought I'd gone far enough. So I folded up my knitting and went home, and took care not to go near the Mechums again for some time.

They were at church the next Sunday—Selina in a brand-new dress. She looked around, a little flushed and distant, at the neighbors; but Tom looked happy and good-natured, as usual, and was mighty kind in his ways to her.

And when I went over, a day or two after, I found the gipsy kettle gone back to the pig-pen, and the pickle-jar disappeared from the passage, and the ribbon bows from Tom's parlor chair. I happened to ask to look at the "Model Home" for a pattern for a wall-pocket, and Selina said she had put away the book in the attic, but she would find it, and send it to me next day.

Tom has moved the pig-pen out of sight of the kitchen widdow, and would have moved the barrel, but his wife proposed, instead, to make a simple honeysuckle screen in front of it, which, to my idea, is far prettier than the gipsy kettle and the fountain.

I told Joseph of my experiment and its success. He says I had no business to meddle in other people's affairs, or to go round telling a woman what the neighbors say about her. But if I can prevent a great evil by the timely application of a lesser one, I think I am justified in doing it. And then the neighbors are well enough disposed to the Mechums, though some of them do talk, and Selina is good-natured—so it will all be right after awhile.—Saturday Night.

The Fate of a Message.

In the Century's article on "The First Landing on the Antarctic Continent," by C. E. Borchgrevink, the Norwegian explorer, occurs the following:

We weighed anchor on October 31, and when close to the south shore sent off two boats in search of seals. On this occasion one of the boats, being swamped in the surf, was immediately crushed against the rocks, its crew having a rather narrow escape from drowning. One of the men fought bravely in the breakers for half an hour without relinquishing his grasp on his rifle.

With scrupulous care we now composed a letter, upon which each of us carefully inscribed his signature. Having placed it in a small bladder which had been given to us for the purpose by the Norwegian consul in Melbourne, we consigned it to the waves, and leaned over the bulwarks to see the mail depart. Much to our chagrin, a large albatross hove in sight, and before our message had gone many yards the huge bird gobbled it up.

Survived a Bullet in His Lung.

A man with a bullet hole through his left lung is living in Milton, Ind., and is fast recovering from the injury, which all the doctors thought would result in his death within a few days of his receiving it. His name is Joseph Revellee. Last February he was shot in a quarrel, the bullet piercing his left lung. For several days he was apparently at the point of death, and the doctors said he could not recover. But after a week or so he began to improve, and now, though still in hospital, is said to be on the way to certain recovery. The injured lung has hardened, and the heart has been pushed slightly out of place.—New York Sun.

Hunts up a Congregation.

After studying for some time the problem of how to get the people into his church, and after trying a number of old schemes, a Methodist minister of Thompsonville, Mich., hit on the not altogether novel idea of going to the people who would not come to him. He went into the principal saloon in the town and preached an eloquent sermon to the crowd about the bar, and has since been following up this practice, undisturbed by the owner of the places in which he pitches his pulpit.

A Street Incident.

A significant circumstance occurred during a visit of the Emperor of Germany to England. The kaiser was for one day the guest of the lord mayor, and the city of London received him and several of the queen's children on that day.

The old city was splendidly decorated, and set for a great public function. The streets from Buckingham palace to the lord mayor's mansion were lined with infantry and cavalry, back of whom was a solid mass of people.

Between these lines the royal carriages slowly passed. They moved in almost absolute silence, save for the perfunctory salutes of the soldiery. The queen was not present, and for mere royalty as royalty, there was apparently no popular feeling save that of curiosity.

When, however, the carriage of the Princess of Wales appeared, and her sweet, kind face was seen, the applause grew enthusiastic. Suddenly a burst of cheers was heard, as a low, black wagon came swiftly down the thronged street. It was the ambulance of a hospital, which has precedence everywhere, carrying some wounded man to receive succor. The crowd paid homage to charity in a sincere though inappropriate fashion.

In it was a hint which the scions of the ruling families of Europe present should have understood. Queen Victoria knows that her people pay allegiance to her more as a wise, good woman, wife and mother than as one of the House of Hanover.

"The divinity which doth hedge a king" must now have its bases in humanity and personal respect rather than in descent or etiquette.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa to Be Sold in Ohio.

On the 5th December last, Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., Limited, Dorchester, Mass., well and widely known for more than a century as manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, issued a circular to the trade in which they stated that they had decided to withdraw all their grocers' goods from sale in Ohio. "We take this course," they said, "because it seems the only one open to us in view of the numerous prosecutions that have been instituted against parties selling our products since the recent decision of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga County in the proceedings against Mr. Rose, of Cleveland, for selling our Breakfast Cocoa.

"In that case the chemist employed by the State testified that the sample *was made from pure cocoa, with no other adulteration than the removal of the oil.*" He also testified that he never had examined any powdered cocoa *except he on had been removed or starch or sugar added;* and that, without such removal or addition, it was impossible to make a powdered cocoa which would keep in our climate.

"The name Breakfast Cocoa is applied only to powdered cocoa; and we *have always stated conspicuously, on every can, exactly how ours is made—namely, by removing the 'excess of oil' without the use of any chemicals and without the addition of starch or sugar.*

"Our object has been to produce an extract of cocoa containing the stimulating and exhilarating properties of the bean in the most convenient, concentrated and digestible form; and our success has been fully attested by the leading physicians and teachers of cooking. We fully believe we have adopted the best method known for the purpose, and there is no question that the demand for the product is great and greatly increasing."

On the 18th January, Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., issued another circular to the trade in which they said:

"The Circuit Court of Cuyahoga County has reversed the decision of the Court of Common Pleas to which we referred in our circular of December 5, and decided *that our Breakfast Cocoa, being a pure article, made from the cocoa bean by the removal of the excess of oil, is not within the provisions of the food law of Ohio,* and that it may be sold with its present label. This sustains us in the position which we have always maintained,—*that the law is intended to prevent adulteration and not to interfere with trade in purified products, when sold under their appropriate names.*

"We therefore take pleasure in announcing to you that we shall at once place our Breakfast Cocoa on sale again in Ohio; and for the convenience of the trade we shall see that a full supply reaches the state at an early day to replace what has been withdrawn."

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Where Did You Get This Coffee?

Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds $1.00. Order to-day.

If you will cut this out and send with 15c. stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and our 148 page catalogue! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. (A.)

The Franco-German war cost £371,515,380, besides an incalculable loss to trade.

The Modern Way

Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up cold, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Company.

The private estates of the Czar cover 1,000,000 square miles.

The only floating soap now made that is 100 per cent. pure and contains Borax is Dobbins' Floating Borax Soap. Why buy an adulterated soap when you can get the genuine? Put up only in red wrappers.

The Bank of France is four times as large as the Bank of England.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory, Binghampton, N.Y.

In the United States 20 ounces of tea are used every year to each inhabitant.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are of great service in subduing Hoarseness and Coughs. Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

The old city of London churchyards contain over 36,000 tons of human remains.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—Harry Thomson, 2¼ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain; cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eyewater. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

A Simile in Smoke.

There's all sorts of grades of tobacco plant. The best comes from Havana. There's all sorts of grades of sarsaparilla plant. The best comes from Honduras. If you want cheap tobacco, all right—provided you get value for your money. Cheap tobacco's not as good to smoke—but it don't cost as much.

If you want cheap sarsaparilla . . . But you don't want it. Of course you don't. You are paying for the best. To pay for the best and get anything but Honduras sarsaparilla is like paying for Havana cigars and getting Pittsburg "Stogies." There's only one sarsaparilla made exclusively from the imported Honduras plant. That's Ayer's. Just keep it in mind that you are paying for Honduras sarsaparilla when you are paying for the best; but you don't get what you pay for unless you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts but cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

JUST BEEN TO THE STORE
SEE WHAT I GOT FOR 10 CENTS

Battle Ax PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents
and
The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

Now on Sale in Ohio!

Under the decision of the Ohio Circuit Court it is held that

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured and put up in conformity to the Pure Food Laws of the State. It is an absolutely pure, delicious and nutritious article, and costs less than one cent a cup. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Walter Baker & Co., Limited,
Dorchester, Mass.

BUY SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN GRASS AND CLOVER SEEDS

HURRAH, FARMERS—SHOUT FOR JOY!

The millennium is coming for the farmer, for with our new creations in Wheat (60 bu.), Oats (209 bu.), Barley (116 bu.), Corn (207 bu.), Rye (70 bu.), Potatoes (1,200 bu.), Hay (6 tons), and Green Fodder (10 tons per acre)—we say with such yields the millennium is here for the farmer! SILVER MINE OATS—$200 IN GOLD! This Oat yielded in Pennsylvania (we have statement) 208 bu. from one measured acre, and hundreds of farmers who tested same are sure 250 bu. is possible in 1896.

SILVER KING BARLEY—$100 IN GOLD!

That is the wonder! 116 bu. per acre in 1895 and 150 bu. is possible in 1896. So one thousand growers say. It is marvelous, wonderful. Oh, the millennium is here!

Catalogue tells all about it. It is mailed free with 10 grain and grass samples, including Corn and Barley, upon receipt of 10c. postage, or Catalogue alone for 5c. postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

The Pot Called the Kettle Black Because the Housewife Didn't Use SAPOLIO

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Frame Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

ITCHING PILES MYERS' Solid Extract Witch Hazel cures them. 25c. and 50c. pots at druggists, or sample mailed FREE. J. J. FLECK, Utica, O.

PNU 6 96

WE PAY you to sell fruit trees. STARK NURSERIES, Louisiana, Mo.; Rockport, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.