FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

How to Lift Plants.

Get some good rotted manure from the barnyard and mix it with equal parts of san ly loam. Then of the plants you are about to dig up, cut off all the longest branches and trim very close. Don't be afraid to cut it, as the more you cut off the sooner it will commence to grow again. Now dig it up, being careful not to break off any of the tender roots, as it is those that will supply the plant with the strength to start again. Get a pail of water and wash the soil completely off, dipping the plant up and down until all the soil has left the roots. This will remove all worms and every rootlet touching the new soil will be ready to start. Then pot and water it, and stand it in the shade for at least three days. In a short time the plant will commence to show signs of new life. —*Our Country Home.*

Cutting and Curing Clover.

...of. S. A. Knapp gives the following directions for cutting and curing ...lover: Start the mower at 3 o'clock p. m., and cut until 8 in the evening. If it should rain the following day ...e clover would not be wilted enough ... receive any great damage; should the weather be fair use the tedder from 10 to 12 the morning after the clover is cut; immediately after dinner rake into small ...: place ... fore ... the ...aw to barn. ... clover one of the ...aluable fodder plants in the ...rld, but our present method of cur...g by exposure for a long time to a ...t sun reduces the crop in value to ... hay and in flavor to an insipid ... A ton of the best clover hay ... farmer less than one-third ... a ton of corn, and all things ..., its food value is about the ...

Save the Corn Stalks.

... the many things I admire in my ...man neighbor, none excite my re...pect more than the very successful way in which he manages his corn stalks.

His plan does not differ from that generally adopted. He husks his corn in the field, ties the stalks into bundles, stands these bundles into stooks, and when dry, draws them into the barn, or makes them into a high, narrow stack, that is pretty much all roof The Deacon and I do the same thing. The only difference is, that we propose to draw them in to-morrow, or the next day, or as soon as convenient, and the result is, that something happens to postpone the work, and before we know it the stalks are wet, and we must wait until they get dry again. And sometimes we repeat this process of waiting for a convenient time, and November snow finds the stalks still ... Not so Mr. Jacobs. He ...ait. His stalks are fre...cure in the barn or stack, ...e of us commence to husk. ...nd young stock are in the ... up the stray ears and ...odder, before they are in... the rain, and before we real... has been done, the field is ...wed to level down the stubbs, ...the next day the boys are plough...nd getting the land ready to sow ... next spring.—*Joseph Harris in ...culturist.*

"Swill Pork."

...ere is in some localities a grow...ntiment to the effect that pro... of pork by wholesome processes ...d not be compelled to compete ... the degraded product from city swill. Those who supply grass and corn cannot realize the profit gained by persons who, within easy reach of large towns, are enabled to secure garbage or hotel refuse at low rates or even for the hauling. The Massachusetts *Ploughman* considers this subject at length, intelligently, and shows that it touches not only producers, but consumers and the general welfare, and has even a bearing upon our export trade. First the passing swill-cart is "an indescribable stench" and a menace to health, as are also, to an aggravated degree, the hogpens where th's fermented or rotting slop is shovelled out to the abused swine, amid "sickening odors" against which long-suffering, peace-loving neighbors hesitate to make complaint. Again, its use promotes disease—as hog-cholera and possibly trichinæ—and the average housekeeper is not able to detect by appearance the difference between this meat and that fattened by decent methods. Moreover, the swine maladies, spread from herd to herd, down stream or by other means of transit, cause the innocent to suffer, and mili... withal, against the reputation of ...an pork products abroad. Our ...orary finds in these suggestive ... warrant for legislative restric... upon sale, if not upon produc...n; at least the objectionable product should be labelled "SWILL PORK," so that buyers averse to taking risks may avoid it, and raisers of grain-fed pigs be relieved from the unfair competition.—*New York Tribune.*

To Grow Plants from Cuttings.

The old way of rooting cuttings in a small glass bottle filled with water is a good method when a hotbed cannot be used; but the bottle should not stand so close to the window as to become hot, and thus scald the rootlets. A little cotton wool within the rim of the bottle will prevent evaporation. In two or three weeks the roots will be plentiful, and then the cuttings may be transferred to thumb pots, or, if the season suits, into the beds. As each cutting is taken from the bottle, dip the roots into a little ...rm sand until each fiber is coated; ... them apart and prevent ...ed, nearly fill ...ost, and ... to leave with a hairpin. Then put in more soil, and press it about the roots. Tight pressing is one of the secrets of success in raising plants from cuttings. Water the young plants well, and shade them at first from the sun.

Cuttings can be also started in pots of sandy compost, with a glass tumbler placed over them to confine the moisture, and keep from the sun for two or three days; then place the pots in the warmest window exposed to the southeast. Wet sand is also good for growing cuttings, and they will start quicker than in compost. A shallow pan is preferable; fill it up with sand (not sea sand) sopping wet, then press in the cuttings tightly, and keep them wet. When new leaves show themselves, in two or three days transplant into pots filled with light sandy loam. After shading a day or two, they may have ample sunshine and sufficient water to keep them moist. Cuttings taken from the fresh growth of a plant strike best. It is better to break off a branch of a geranium or verbena than to cut it (if it breaks readily). Cuttings of roses, heliotrope, etc., will grow better if taken off at the junction of the old and new wood, and should be cut off just below a joint or bud, as the roots start from that point; and if a bud is not left near or close to the base, the cutting is liable to decay in the soil.—*Scientific American.*

Household Hints.

Bake crackers until crisp to be eaten with oysters.

Corned beef and ham should be put in boiling water.

The luster of morocco is restored by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with a sponge.

Stovepipes can be cleaned by putting a piece of zinc on the coals of a hot fire. The vapor produced carries off the soot by chemical decomposition.

By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked.

Tar stains should be rubbed with lard or butter, and then be washed in warm suds. If you rub soap directly on any stain it will tend to set it.

Recipes.

...almon Salad.—One cup canned salmon, one cup crackers broken into bits, one large onion chopped fine; salt and pepper; moisten with vinegar; stir all together lightly and serve.

Indian Meal Gruel.—Boil one pint of water in a sauce-pan, put one-half teaspoon salt in it, mix two even tablespoons meal with enough cold water to smooth and thin it, stir this into the boiling water. Boil gently, stir carefully half an hour, and add teaspoon or so of cream or milk if liked. Boil up after milk is added.

Stuffed Eggs.—This is a good breakfast dish. Cut some hard-boiled eggs in halves; take out the yolk and mash it smoothly with an equal quantity of grated ham, a little parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and a small lump of fresh butter. Fill the cup-like whites of the eggs with this mixture, pour over them a little melted butter and heat in the oven. Serve with each half egg placed on a neat square of bread nicely fried in butter.

Tea Cakes.—Rub one heaped teaspoonful of baking powder into a pound of flour. Add two ounces of butter also rubbed in, a quarter of a pound of sugar and two ounces of currants. Mix it with two eggs well beaten and stirred into half a pint of buttermilk or new milk. Roll out and make of the quantity six tea cakes. Bake in a moderate oven, and when half done wash over with the yolk of an egg beaten up with a teaspoonful of milk. These tea cakes are very nice cut in slices and buttered cold for tea.

The Vitality of Seeds.

The seeds of the willow will not germinate after having been once dry. The seeds of coffee and various other plants do not germinate after having been kept for any considerable time. Wheat over two centuries old has been found quite fit for food, but the grains usually lose their power of growth after a lapse of seven years. Specimens of rye and wheat known to be 185 years old could not be induced to germinate. "The stories of 'mummy wheat' sprouting after having lain dormant in Egyptian tombs for thousands of years are, to say the least of them, very dubious," declares Dr. Robert Brown, F. L. S. "No well-authenticated instances of such finds are extant, while among other articles sold by the Arabs to credulous travelers, as coming out of the same tomb as the ancient wheat, have been dahlia bulbs and maize, the deposition of which in the receptacle from which they were said to be extracted necessitates the belief that 3000 years ago the subjects of the Pharaohs were engaged in commerce with America." When kept dry and protected from light and air, however, seeds have been known to retain their vitality for some lengthened periods. Seeds of the bean and pea order have sprouted after 100 years storage in an herbarium, and many similar instances—most of them somewhat doubtful—have been recorded.

The Prattler in the Parlor.

Mr. Tompkins was waiting in the parlor for Miss Minnie and that young lady's youthful brother was entertaining him until his sister's arrival.

"Say," he ventured, "Your hair is black, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you dye it, don't you?"

"No, my little man, of course not. What put that idea into your head."

"I dunno, only sister Minnie said the other day that she believed you were nat...

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Veiled Arab Women.

The Arab women of Algiers, scrupulously veiled when in the more crowded thoroughfares, are much in public. Sometimes the drapery about the face parts a little, if the wearer is pretty and knows it, which is rarely the case—that is, the beauty and not the consciousness of the fact. It may be taken as a rule in all Mohammedan countries that the more earnestly a woman tries to conceal her face the more hideous her ugliness, for it often happens in Cairo, and sometimes in Algiers, that the accidental falling of the veil reveals the unsightly lineaments of a negress from the Soudan. Most of the Arab women of Algiers trip along the streets seemingly unconscious of observation. Now and then one, by the intentness of her look through the parted drapery, suggests a difference of social strata, or at least a disposition to a little harmless flirtation. There are Moorish and Arab coquettes who drop the veil and assume the garb and coquettish manners of their Parisian sisters, and prove themselves no mean rivals either in personal charms or the blandishments that make vice attractive. These are, however, exceptional, for the life of the Arab has not been such as to refine his features. hereditarily hard, into many of the types which modern civilization recognizes beautiful.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Approach of Age.

The approach of age shows itself about the eyes. Lines comes, faintly at first, then deeper, until the incipient crows' feet are indicated, developed and revealed. The woman who, looking in her glass, sees the fatal lines diverging from the outer corner of her eyes, knows that she has reached an era in her life. She recognizes it with a sigh if she be a vain, a lovely or a worldly woman; with a smile, perhaps, if she has children in whom she can live her own youth over again. But it can never be a gay smile; none of us, men or women, like to feel youth —that precious possession—slipping away from us. But we should never be on the lookout for crows' feet or gray hairs. Looking for them is sure to bring them, for thinking about them brings them. Tears form a part of the language of the eye, which is eloquent enough when sparingly used, and which should be sparingly used for other reasons than that of adding to their mute eloquence. Tears are a disfiguring expression of emotion, and those who get in the habit of weeping overy small vexation do much to acquire a careworn, miserable expression and are sure to look old before their time. Excessive weeping has been known not only to injure but actually to destroy the sight. Few women look pretty, or even interesting, in tears, though it has long been a pleasant fiction in poetry and romance to suppose that they do. Many women, some men, most children, make most disfiguring and distorting grimaces while crying, and the lady who thinks she can work upon a man's feelings by a liberal display of tears, should carefully study a becoming mode of producing them before her looking-glass. Grimaces soften no heart, and tears, accompanied by the usual distortions, have a hardening effect if not a visible one. In a prettily written work, now probably out of print, purporting to be the story of the life of one of Milton's wives, the author makes the poet say of his wife's eyes, after crying, that they resemble "the sun's clear shining after the rain," a very pretty natural object indeed, but during the rain itself the observer is not inclined to be complimentary.—*Whitehall Review.*

A Chinese Manual of Etiquette.

If our own girls were to regard many of the ensuing rules they would gain something in demeanor. A young girl walking in the street must not turn her head round; nor at home is she to glance slyly at visitors. She is to remember, moreover, that girls who are always laughing and talking are not esteemed; and that virtuous women have been honored from the earliest times. The philosopher Mendze, grieved when he saw his mother break her shuttle; the woman Tsoun threw herself on to a sword in order to save her husband's life; the mother of Ao, being so poor that she could not buy writing materials, taught her son to read by tracing characters in the sand. Women should be able to read, write and use the counting machine, so as to be in a position to direct a household. They should read books of piety and stories of morality in action, while avoiding love-poetry, songs and anecdotes. Women should be reserved; and they are cruelly enjoined never to occupy themselves with other people's affairs. Men ought never to talk of domestic matters, while women should never talk of anything else. But politeness must not be sacrificed to housewifery; and while a visitor is in the drawing room the lady of the house should not be heard raising her voice in the kitchen. Women are not to paint their faces and wear striking colors, for the insufficient reason that if they do men will look at them. Young women, as well as young men, are to be dutiful to their parents and always in a good humor, even when their parents are not. They are to ask them whether they are hot or whether they are cold, to take them food and drink and to furnish them new boots and shoes. When a young girl is grown up and married to an honest man she must not forget her parents, and once or twice a year must ask permission of her husband to go and see them. "From the highest antiquity until the present day the rule in marriage has been that the husband commands and the wife obeys." Virtue for a wife ... having an equal temper, ... ch must be

Fashion Notes.

Many of the new bonnet ribbons are pearl-edged.

Braid and elaborate galloons are in demand.

French and English boucle fabrics are conspicuous.

Flat vests are worn with bodices having jacket fronts.

Velvet basques are worn with skirts of different material.

This is to be a "checkered" season, says a New York paper.

Cashmere colors in beads are a feature of the new trimmings.

Pepper-pod red is the latest shade of that extremely popular color.

The new double skirts are likely to become general as the season passes.

Combinations of plain and figured goods are to be used for winter dresses.

Short mantles and visites with sleeves are the dressy wraps for winter.

Ostrich feathers have been revived and are worn in association with fancy feathers.

Long cloaks are made with closely fitted backs and half-loose fronts and square sleeves.

Bead pendants are in demand for dress trimmings and are out in a great variety of designs.

Velvet is used as a garniture upon checked and plaided suits in preference to other trimming.

Fanciful silk cord is much used in festoons and long curves on the drapery of costumes and on wraps.

Spite of many innovations in the coiffure, the close English style of hair-dressing still prevails.

New felt bonnets are beautifully soft and fine, and are richly dyed in dark shades to match street costumes.

Seal-skin borders are much used upon the new tailor suits of dark green and golden brown cheviots for winter wear.

Small figured and checked felt bonnets are shown, to be worn *en suite* with the fine-plaited tailor suits so popular this season.

Buckles, clasps, slides and hooks in gold, silver, steel, bronze, enamel, pearl, amber and jet are used with a free hand, both for dress and millinery purposes.

Plain colored scarfs in brilliant poppy red are trimmed around the crowns of black hats, and are caught up in front in stiff, bristling bows; these are held in place by brilliant pins, that glitter and flash like diamond stars

He Saw His Father.

"Father," he began, after taking the old man out back of the barn, "your years are many."

"Yes, my son."

"You have toiled early and late, and by the sweat of your brow you have amassed this big farm."

"That's so, William."

"It has pained me more than I can tell to see you, at your age, troubling yourself with the cares of life. Father, your declining days should be spent in the old arm-chair in the chimney corner."

"Yes, William, they should."

"Now, father, being you are old and feeble and helpless, give me a deed of the farm and you and mother live out your few remaining days with me and Sally."

"William," said the old man, as he pushed back his sleeves, "I think I see the drift o' them remarks. When I'm ready to start for the poor-house I'll play fool and hand over the deed! William!"

"Yes, sir."

"In order to dispel any delusion on your part that I'm old and feeble and helpless, I'm going to knock down half an acre of corn-stalks with your heels!"

And when the convention finally adjourned, William crawled to the nearest hay stack and cautiously whispered to himself:

"And Sally was to broach the same thing to ma at the same time! I wonder if she's mortally injured, or only crippled for life!"—*New York Sun.*

Oil Paintings by the Yard.

"Do you know how these pictures are painted?" inquired an art connoisseur of a reporter for the New York *Mail and Express,* referring to pictures displayed in an art auction house.

"You don't? Well I'll tell you the story of their construction as told me by a thoroughly reliable party. He said he knew an artist in Chicago who was a good painter, but who had ruined himself by drink. Broken down he took to painting pictures for auctioneers, and this is how he did it. He would spread a long strip of canvass across the room and then mark it off into sections according to the size he wanted the pictures. He would then mix about a dozen pots of paint of different colors, as many as he required to use. Taking a brush with one color he would paint a tree or something in each section. Then he would take another color and paint water or houses on each picture, and so on, until he had about twenty pictures, all alike. It would take perhaps a day to paint twenty, for which he received 75 cents each, or $15. That was enough for him to go off on another drunk. Now you can understand how the fellows can sell genuine oil paintings so cheaply. The frames only cost 50 cents apiece, and will very soon tarnish, so that if they sell a picture at almost any price, they make money.

A Chip of the Old Block.

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Twelve years old, sir."

"You are very small for your age. What is your name?"

"Johnny Smith. My father is a baker on Austin avenue."

"So your father is a baker. I might have guessed it by your size. You remind me of one of his loaves."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE WORM WILL TURN.

Jim Thought He Knew Mary, but She Convinced Him that He Didn't.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

We were winding down one of the mountain roads of Tennessee in a cart drawn by a mule. The land was barren, the cabins no better than hovels, and it was a query how people made a bare living or were content to stay. By and by we came to a turn in the road where there was a trough to water horses, and the cabin of a settler. This cabin was the poorest of all, and nothing around it indicated that the owner made any attempt to cultivate the soil. We reached the place just in time to witness a tableau. A woman, poorly dressed, and her face bearing the look of one who had seen much worry and suffering, stood near the trough, and a satchel filled with clothing sat on the ground beside her. Five feet away stood her husband, a burly, tough-faced mountaineer, and he held a switch in his hand. Neither minded us as we drove up, and it was a full minute before the husband said:

"Mary, I'll wallop ye!"

"Jim, ye dasn't!" she replied.

"Mary, ye can't leave me, nohow."

"Jim, I'm gwine ter do it! I've starved an' suffered till I'm clean gone! I'm going home."

"Mary, if ye don't take up that satchel and march in, I'll wollop you good and stout!"

There were two of us besides the driver. The woman looked up and scanned our faces, as if to judge how far she might count on our help, and the driver said:

"Tain't rulable for strangers to mix in, Mary, and Jim's got a knife and would kill somebody. Better go in."

"Never!" she hissed.

"If you don't," said the husband as he came a step near, "I'll make the fur fly. Take that!"

With a swish he brought the switch down across her shoulders and raised it again. She stood stock still for a minute and looked him in the eye, and then walked into the hovel.

"Raything peart, but the gad will cure her!" grinned the husband as he drew the switch through his fingers.

His triumph was short lived. In sixty seconds Mary reappeared. She had the mountaineer's heavy rifle in her hands, and as she came out she raised it on a line with the man's heart:

"Jim, I want ye to git!"

"N-o!"

"Sartin!"

"Shoo! Can't do it!"

Click! click!

"Mary, what ye gwine ter do?"

"Kill ye like a wolf in yer tracks if ye don't walk away."

"Whar to?"

"Nobody keers! Go sumwhar'—keep goin'—don't never come back! Hurry up, fur I'm goin' down on the stage!"

He looked into her eyes and saw the change. Poverty and brutality had come to an end. Love had turned to disgust, and in place of fear was such bravery as he would not have looked for in a man on the road. He saw "shoot" in her eyes, but he still hesitated.

"Mary, drop that rifle," he whispered.

"Jim, git! If you are here when I've finished counting twenty I'll kill you as sure as there is a God in heaven!"

He began backing away. When he had gone twenty feet he turned and walked. When he had gone a hundred he halted, wheeled about, and after a long look muttered:

"Well, by gosh! Mary, let's make up!"

"Keep a-gittin', Jim, she replied, as she still covered him with the rifle.

In five minutes he was out of sight up the road. The woman placed the gun and satchel in the cart, walked into the hovel to be gone two minutes, and when she came back to the cart and took a seat with us, flames were seen creeping through a hundred crevices between the dry logs. Without a word she climbed in, and only once during the five-mile ride did she utter a word. At a bend in the road she looked back at the pyramid of smoke and flame wrought by her hands, and said, as if to herself:

"Jim didn't know Mary, Jim didn't."

American Fables.

A TEARFUL DECISION.

A Cabbage which had arrived at Respectable Dimensions began bragging about the size of its head, when a Boss Watermelon raised its Voice in Dispute. The Hubbard Squash chimed in for first place, and a Pumpkin roared out that it wouldn't play Second-fiddle to no Vegetable on earth. They were having it hot and heavy, when along came a Philosopher, and he was asked to decide which had the Largest Head.

"As to the Head," he replied, "that is a matter to be settled by a tape-line. Any of you measure ten times the size of this little Onion, but when you come down to what's under the Cranium that's a—ah—a—ah—different thing, and you will please lend me a Handkerchief while I Weep."

MORAL:

He who judges a man by the Size of his Head, will find him all Hat as often as all Brains.

THE MISER AND THE WIDOW.

A Notorious old Miser, who was near his last End, was visited by a Widow, who entreated him to lend her a small sum of money to keep her children from Want, and added:

"You are soon to go to the Grave, and you can't take your Gold with you."

"Exactly, ma'am," piped the old man; "but if I don't leave enough to erect a Grand Monument to my Memory, men will Remember all my Faults and none of my Virtues. Give me a note at sixty days with a good Indorser."

MORAL:

You have only to visit a Cemetery to ...alize that the Old Chap was level on the top of the head.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If to-day's duties are well performed we need have no fear for to-morrow.

Cause For Rejoicing.

CINCINNATI.—The *Times-Star* says: "A remarkable discovery made last winter, is attracting wide spread interest. As it involves a most important question,—that of public health, it is being discussed by eminent physicians and public men. It is shown conclusively that throat and lung troubles can be cured without resorting to the use of morphia or opium,—especially dangerous in the case of children as arresting development, and poisoning the system. The Governor of Maryland and all the officials of that state endorse the remedy; the state chemist of Delaware pronounces it the purest and most effective, and hospitals and charitable institutions in Philadelphia and other cities use it with remarkable results. The remedy which is only twenty-five cents a bottle, is Red Star Cough Cure. It is purely vegetable; it contains no poison or narcotics, and is a positive cure.

Will Carleton is middle-aged, slender and spare-face.

SIDE BY SIDE IN THE DRUG STORE stand VINEGAR BITTERS and the health-blasting preparations fired up with bad rum. Take your choice between the *vital elixir* and the *deadly poisons.* The one cures every disease of the stomach, bowels, liver and nerves, the others aggravate all human ailments. VINEGAR BITTERS strengthens, the others weaken.

A Crank is the man whose ideas differ ...m your own.

TRICKS ON THE TRACKS!

Dangers from which Engineers Save the Public and Themselves.

The Railway Review.

One who is accustomed to railway traveling can scarcely realize how much he is dependent for safety upon the engineer. Added to the responsibility of their station, engineers are also in constant danger of accidents caused by the tricks of jealous rivals.

This rivalry, it is said, sometimes prompts to the doing of utterly mean tricks. A Nickle Plate engineer after his very first trip was laid off because he had "cut out" all the bearings of his engine. He was re-instated, however, after he proved that some rival *had filled his oiling can with emery.* Another new engineer was suspended for burning out the flues of his boiler. Through grief at the loss of his position he died, and then a conscience-stricken rival confessed that *he had put oil in the tank* so that it foamed and showed water at the top guage, when in reality there was scarcely a quart in the boiler!

These intense jealousies, together with the terrible anxiety incident to their work, has a terribly straining effect on the nerve, and statistics tell us that, though Locomotive Engineers may look strong and vigorous, they are not all a hearty class. Ex-Chief Engineer A. S. Hampton, Indianapolis, Ind., (Div. 143) was one of those apparently hearty men, but he says: "The anxiety, strain and jolting came near finishing me." His sufferings localized in catarrh of the bladder, but he used Warner's safe cure faithfully for twenty weeks and now exclaims, "I am a well man." T. S. Ingraham, of Cleveland, Ohio, assistant Chief engineer, and other prominent members are also emphatic in its praise.

The Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood has 17,000 members and 240 divisions. Its headquarters is in Cleveland, Ohio, where Chief Engineer Arthur for twenty years has exercised almost dictatorial sway. It was organized in August, 1863, by the employees of the Michigan Central. It has given nearly two million dollars to the widows and orphans of deceased members.

A Mining Camp in '49.

The mines put all men for once upon a level. Clothes money, manners, family connections, letters of introduction, never before counted for so little. The whole community was given substantially an even start in the race. Gold was so abundant, and its sources seemed for a time so inexhaustible that the aggrandizing power of wealth was momentarily annihilated. Social and financial inequalities between man and man were together swept out of sight. Each stranger was welcomed and told to take a pan and pick, and go to work for himself. The richest miner in the camp was seldom able to hire a servant; those who had been glad to serve others were digging in their own claims. The veriest greenhorn was as likely to uncover the richest mine in the gulch as was the wisest of ex-professors of geology; and, on the other hand, the best claim on the river might suddenly "give out" and never again yield a dollar. The poorest man in the camp could have a handful of gold dust for the asking from a more successful neighbor to give him another start and help him "hunt for better luck." No one was ever allowed to suffer; the treasure vaults of the Sierra were too near and seemingly too exhaustless. "To a little camp of 1849"—so an old miner writes me—"a lad of sixteen came one day, footsore, weary, hungry and penniless. There were thirty robust and cheerful miners at work in the ravine, and the lad sat on the bank watching them awhile in silence, his face telling the sad story of his fortunes. At last one stalwart miner spoke to his fellows, saying: 'Boys, I'll work for an hour fo. that chap if you will.' At the end of the hour $100 worth of gold dust was laid in the youth's handkerchief. The miners made out a list of tools and necessaries. 'You go,' they said, 'and buy these and come back. We'll have a good claim staked out for you. Then you've got to paddle for yourself.' Thus genuine and unconventional was the hospitality of the miners' camp.—*Mining Camp.*

A BRACE OF EDITORS.

(From Chicago News.)

The *Chicago Journal of Commerce* has made its mark as one of the leading industrial and scientific papers. It is published once a week at 70 State street, and discusses the resources of the country and the most practical methods of developing them.

A recent article in this paper takes a very hopeful view of the coming increase of the population of Chicago. It shows that Chicago is now increasing in a far greater ratio than New York is. The calculations show that in 1920 Chicago will have overtaken New York, the estimated population for that year being about 3,500,000. By 1940 Chicago will have somewhat over 7,500,000 population, while New York will be plodding along with the comparatively scanty crowd of 5,500,000. The conclusion is that Chicago will in fifty years be a larger city than New York, as she is now a more progressive city.

Ascending to the editorial rooms of the *Chicago Journal of Commerce,* we find Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Coan, the assistant editors, cheerfully at work in their cozy quarters. It is not often that we see a gentleman and his wife thus co-operating in editorial work, but it is the case here, and it works well. Editors, like other people, are sometimes annoyed with malarial experiences, and so it had happened to Mrs. Coan. On asking her about it, she replied:

"Yes, I was the subject of malarial attacks. I hardly know how malaria got into my system, but it did; and that was enough for me; it had to be got out in some way or other. At our boarding house were some railroad men who had spent much of their time in the malarial regions of Illinois and Indiana, and had been quite thoroughly saturated with malaria. They told their experience, the most satisfactory part of which was that they had used Brown's Iron Bitters, which had driven the malaria out. Why should not I try the same means of cure? So I, too, took Brown's Iron Bitters, and found that it did for me just what it had done for them. It took away my chills and fever, and that was all I could ask of it."

"Was that long enough ago, Mrs. Coan, to give you reason to hope that the relief is complete and permanent?"

"Quite so; I think I have had no return of the trouble for more than a year. I am perfectly satisfied with the result."

"And as to your chills and fever, Mr. Coan?"

Said Mr. Coan, "I had no chills and fever, but I had an ugly cough which threatened me with pneumonia."

Here Mrs. Coan said something about "left his overcoat off when he ought to have it on."

"Well that is the way almost all men do."

"I was threatened with pneumonia," continued he, "and the cough stuck to me for a while. I will say for Brown's Iron Bitters that after I had taken a bottle or so of it, it drove the cough away and restored my system to its former strength. So, yes, sir, we both believe in Brown's Iron Bitters."

That, by the way, seems to be the conclusion of all the people who try Brown's Iron Bitters. They believe in the medicine because it does what it claims to. It does not claim to do everything, but its claims are pretty broad, covering indigestion, malaria, neuralgia, liver complaint, kidney troubles and many other diseases to which both sexes are subject.

If you want to be sick, and insist on being sick, and are determined that you will and shall and must be sick, don't get Brown's Iron Bitters.

But if you want to be well, buy this favorite and popular medicine of your druggist. What it has done for others it will surely do for you.

Mr. R. H. Brown, Oakland Mills, Md., says: Last spring my condition was really pitiful, as I was suffering from extreme debility and a cough that racked my whole system. Brown's Iron Bitters restored my health, and to all sufferers I recommend it.

Mr. E. Fisher, 1018 Main St., Lynchburg, Va., says: My wife used Brown's Iron Bitters with so much benefit that I take pleasure in recommending it to all ladies whose health is impaired.

Africa produces 1,875,000 pounds of ivory a year, and kills off 65,000 elephants to do it.

Can consumption be cured? Yes. One man only, discovered the laws of gravitation. One man only, discovered the virtue of vaccination. And one man after years of study and reflection, has discovered the cure for consumption. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" *is its specific.* Send two letter stamps and get Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on consumption. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

From end to end the St. Gothard tunnel is illuminated by electricity.

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from premature decline of power, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Illustrated book for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Spirits are quoted at $1.02. Now is the time to hold seances.

"Sweet Maud Muller."

Whittier's beautiful ballad contains a touching illusion to the many cares and sorrows which wear upon the "heart and brain" of a wife and mother. Thousands of weary suffering women have found Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" a marvelous recuperator of wasted strength, and of sovereign efficacy in all those derangements and maladies peculiar to their sex, by reason of which the vitality is gradually sapped, and the cheek robbed prematurely of its bloom. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

A wise man will never shut his eyes before heopens his mouth.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH must not be neglected Colds in the head and snuffles bring on Catarrh and throat and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied with the finger. It also cures Catarrh and Hay Fever, the worst cases yielding to it in a short time. Sold by druggists. 50 cents. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

THE BOTTLE of Ely's Cream Balm that I obtained of you last summer has entirely cured my little boy of a severe attack of catarrh.—Mrs. Sallie Davis, Green Postoffice, Ala.

ONE OF my children, a girl about nine years old, had a very bad discharge from her head and nose of a thick, yellowish matter, and was growing worse. We had two different physicians prescribe for her, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and much to our surprise in three days there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was apparently cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

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I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. Finally I completely lost all hope in that country, and sailed for America, and was treated at Roosevelt in this city, as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection with the hospitals.

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Send 7 cents in stamps for postage on medicine.

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