IN THE FOREST.

BY ANNA DUFF.

An Wood a mournful change is here,
Since last I stood beneath these trees:
When in the sunny summer time
Their green leaves trembled on the breeze.
Then happy birds, with joyful song,
Filled all the air with music sweet.
Then all the forest rang with glee,
And flowers bloomed all at my feet.

The birds are flown, the flowers gone,
The leaves fall slowly fluttering;
Beneath the trees they fall and spread
A cold and crimson carpeting.
There's naught but silence all around.
A solemn stillness o'r yonder;
A sadness o'er the fallen leaves,
A sadness in the very air.

Drop deep, dim recesses there comes
The odor of decaying leaves;
The wind, among the naked boughs,
In hollow tones below murmur grieves.
Beside the rocks, so cold and gray
The long fern hangs a drooping head;
Here sadness and nature seems to mourn
A summer-time forever dead.

—Toledo Blade.

THERE'S MUSIC IN MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in a mother's voice.
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing,
And love these she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly talking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
Heavenly keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh, what shall half the fervor tell
That burns in all she's saying.

A mother, how her tender arm
Can soothe the fearest of sadness!
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when, like evening star,
Her o'ver his cradled form she bow,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

—Exchange.

A SUSPICIOUS LETTER.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARKE.

"She's a powerful good girl—good as gold!" remarked Miss Rebecca Bellflower, with an air of satisfaction, as she swept a girl before that kep' the pantry so clean an' the dresser sakoolin' so neat; the shelves all scoured and kivered with papers, cut in notched edges, holes, as nice as you please. An' the pots an' kittles, the milk-pans an' strainers, allus clean an' bright, the brass brass dog irons an' candel-sticks kep' rubbed an' scrubbed till they look shiny as gold. Yes, Lura's the best girl I ever had, an' I don't know a job if brother Basil has tuck a notion to her. He couldn't find another girl I'd sooner he'd have her."

And if Miss Rebecca was satisfied, pretty Lura Gaines was no less so; and she went singing about the old farmhouse, washing dishes, sweeping floors, and the like, the very type of a busy country girl described in the old song:

"Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away.
"Washing the breakfast dishes,
Making the beds neat and gay,
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Dusting the parlor chairs."

Lura was pretty, too; so it was no wonder if handsome, stalwart Basil Bellflower had taken a "notion" to her, with her sloe-black eyes and hair to match her dark, olive-hued cheek, and her mouth, soft and scarlet as a sun-ripened Indian peach.

"Is a Basil going to marry her, then?" asked Miss Zerelda Mugwort, who had been making an afternoon call upon Miss Rebecca.

"I dunno as he is, an' I dunno as he ain't," was the sententious answer; "but as I said before, if he wants her, an' she'd ketch him, I shant her nothin' to say agin it."

"But I shall!" thought Miss Zerelda, malignantly, though she kept her thoughts to herself. "Lura poor hired girl like her to git the best lookin' an' the best to-do young man in the neighborhood! It's out-rageous! But—we'll see!"

In truth, Miss Zerelda evidently considered herself a better match for Mr. Basil Bellflower, though possibly he may not have viewed the subject in exactly the same lightwhile.

"A-hem! I thought 'twan't nothin' more'n right, Miss Rebecca, to let you know something I've found out about that girl of yours."

A triumphant look sparkled in Zerelda Mugwort's sharp gray eyes as she carefully drew a letter from the pocket of her dress

"Something about Lury! What on airth is it? What do you mean?" asked Miss Rebecca, with an expression of mild wonder depicted on her countenance.

"It's this here letter. Read that; I'll tell you what I mean," returned Zerelda, holding out a missive which Miss Rebecca reluctantly received.

"But who is it for, and where did you get it?" she asked, turning it over over, without offering to read it.

"It's a letter, an' she wrote—Lury. I found it where she dropped it, in the path by the pasture-bars," explained Zerelda, impatiently. "Read it—do, Miss Rebecca, and see what a-an pooture you've been a-harborin' under your ruff."

And thus adjured, Miss Rebecca opened the note and read, in the handwriting she knew to be Lura's, the mysterious words:

"Dear Jerry—You said you would come to me whenever I wrote for you. Come now, as soon as possible, or everything is arranged and I will be ready for you. Be sure and bring the Indian ladder. Come on the 9 o'clock train without fail, and I will go back with you. Yours,

"There it stopped, without any signature, but on the other side of the paper was Lura's name, plainly written.

"Dear—deary me!"

Miss Rebecca sank, pale and limp, into the friendly arms of a cretonne covered rocking chair which stood ready to receive her.

"What—what will Basil say? And what kin she want of the Indian ladder, do you s'pose?"

"There's no tellin'! Mebbe she's a-goin' to 'lope out o' the winder; or else she's a-goin' to let some one in to rob the house, an', like as not, kill you an' Basil!" declared Zerelda, impressively.

"An' I trusted her an' liked her so much!" groaned Miss Rebecca, helplessly.

"Appearances is mighty deceitful," sighed Zerelda, hypocritically. "Fur my part, I allus thought there was somethin' suspicious lookin' about her, an'—"

"And what, Miss Zerelda—what have you got to say an' an' Lura Gaines?" demanded Basil Bellflower, striding angrily into the room.

Zerelda gave a little scream, but she quickly recovered, and put the letter into his hands.

"Read that and see what you will think then," she retorted triumphantly.

And with an incredulous smile on his handsome face, Basil read the damaging words.

"Oh, Basil! do you think she means to rob us?" asked Miss Rebecca faintly.

"Rob us! Pshaw—what nonsense!" cried her brother; his handsome face covered with scornful incredulity.

"But what does she want of the Indian ladder?" asked Zerelda. "An' what—"

"That's her business," said Basil lightly.

Then turning to his sister, he added: "you stay here, Rebecca, and find out what this means. But remember I have perfect faith and confidence in Lura."

And he strode away.

The setting yellow rays of the pale November sun were peeping into the wide roomy kitchen where Lura Gaines stood contemplating the fruits of her afternoon "baking".

Four loaves of light, brown bread, half a dozen pies, their flaky tops powdered with white sugar, a frosted pound cake, looking like a drift of newly fallen snow, a jar of cookies and a platter of "crullers."

Laura contemplated her work with eminent satisfaction.

"Lura!"

The sloe-black eyes flashed, and a rich crimson dyed her olive cheek, as Basil quickly made his way to her side.

"Have you lost sight of Lura—a letter?" he asked with assumed carelessness.

"A letter? No, I think not! Why?" asked Lura, innocently.

He handed her the letter.

"Is this yours, Lura?"

His voice was calm, although his heart beat like sledge-hammer.

Lura glanced at the missive, and looked up with a smile into Basil's eager face.

"Oh, yes, I dropped it I suppose; but it is not important. Amos Skinner dropped in yesterday on his way to the mill, and got me to write it for him to his brother in the city. You know Amos lives in that little cottage on Hemlock Hill, and he says his brother always declares he will bring an Indian ladder to climb up to it. This is the draft of the letter I wrote and copied for Amos."

"Humph! I don't believe a word of it!" muttered Zerelda listening from behind the kitchen door. "Anybody could make up such an excuse as that! But if he's fool enough to believe it, let him!"

And, with quick, angry steps and a scowling brow, she wended her way toward home.

And she utterly failed in her determination to "git the best-lookin man in the neighborhood," for Basil's faith and confidence in his wife, Lura, has never yet diminished.

Local Fails as Educators.

Live Stock Journal.

Farmers have not as cordially devoted themselves to the success of annual fairs as their importance demands. The annual fair should be a farmer's home school, and should teach a valuable, practical lesson. The fair should be expected to bring together the best evidence of the advancement of agriculture in its district. If the farmers in the district, represented by the annual fair, contented themselves with a personal interest, competing whenever an opportunity offered, offering prizes in all those departments most requiring improvement, and most lacking in variety, such enthusiasm would produce most unexpected progress, and soon give the fair a wide reputation.

The fair is capable of being organized into a most instructive school in any or all departments of agriculture. Let us suppose that cattle breeding in Iowa is an important industry in the district. Now this business, or some, is supposed by some to be well understood by farmers, and they are hardly aware that any thing remains to be learned about it; but when you meet a farmer who can produce knowledge on this question. Let $40 be offered for the best two-year-old, and $20 for the best yearling and half the amount to the second best, with a full account of all the fo d given in seperate periods of six months; making it easy to determine the real cost of the animal, this will not only render it easy to figure the cost of the animal at one and two years old, but it will show another important fact, the cost of keeping at different ages. This point would be of the greatest consequence to the old fashioned farmer, who have been wont to consider beef under three to four years of inferior value, and who have never discovered that their steers do not pay their keep profitably after they are two years old. This test in actual feeding will show them that the younger the animal the less it costs to put on a hundred pounds live weight—that it takes less food g the last six months than the second; less the second than the third, and so on, and when this law is thoroughly understood the beef producer will govern himself accordingly.

The fair is the practical school to teach such principles. Every prize offered should be for the illustration of some important point in agricultural practise; and as the feeding of live stock absorbs more of the capital and time of the farmer than any other specialty, so it should occupy a very prominent position at all our local fairs, and the prizes should be given to illustrate in a practical way all the leading feeding principles. All breeds of cattle should be encouraged alike, for each breed has special qualities adapting it to certain localities. All matters in farm practise should be illustrated at our fairs, and every farmer should regard it as his duty to assist in building up these local fairs.

A rare and beautiful plant of the morning glory species is owned by Mrs. E. N. Leavens, of Faribault, Minn. The blossoms are exceedingly abundant in size, being from three to four inches in diameter and very fragrant. From twelve to twenty of the flowers open wide like a Chinese umbrella, subdued by each evening, between 6 and 8 o'clock, and provide a most curious and delightful entertainment.

As an hour before sunset, for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth and is hailed of all, so do not wait to do good for appliance and breadth of mind, but do it of your own desire; and, like the sun, you will be loved.

Intercession is the very safety valve of love. When we feel that we are really do nothing at all in return for some remarkable kindness or affection, how exceedingly glad we are! we may and can pray.—Danville Tribune.

American farmers, after supplying the home demand, now have a bigger surplus of breadstuffs in three years, for which they must find a foreign market or none, than they did in any forty years before the war.

The way to fill a large sphere is to glorify a small one. There is no large sphere; you are your own sphere. The man regenerate and consecrated is the lordliest thing on earth, because he makes himself so.

LIKE AN OLD CREAKY WINDOW SHUTTER.

That is the way a man's rheumatic joints sometimes seem. Hinged old, rusty, and worn, and badly need oiling. The trouble is in the blood. A man who is of any account is worth repairing. The repairing can be done by using the Brown's Iron Bitters. That enriches and purifies the blood, drives out the pains, and works complete restoration. Thousands testify to it from happy experience. Mr. C. H. Huntley, 918 North Sixteenth st., St. Louis, says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for rheumatism, general debility and prostration, with the best results."

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

THE GOLDEN-ROD AND THE ASTER.

BY L. A. PAUL.

"You are so beautiful, Golden Rod!"
Said a purple Aster, with loving pride;
"And I am so happy to think that I did
Has deemed me worthy to be your bride!
"I'm look so proud, as I stand by your side,
While I am so plain and poorly dressed;
Yet you pass the lovliest of the gayest blooms
To tell me, dear, that you love me best."

"Hush, hush, my darling! No falser flower
Ever lifted its face to frighten the sun;
And you grow so lovely, I think every hour
And nearer to me," said the Golden-rod.
"Our dress is plain, but graceful of any I see—
The color, you know, is a royal hue—
I think it is pretty as it can be,
And purple is very becoming to you."

"How many blemishes love doth cover!"
Said the Aster, and lifted her graceful eyes
"By the light of the Golden-rod's golden
"And how love transfigures the plainest
of faces!
I am quite content with my purple gown!
I would not exchange it for royal throne,
Now to be a queen with a golden crown."

"And I would not give you up, my sweet,
To the proudest monarch that ever trod;
Though he lay his kingdom and crown at my
feet:
With his royal robes," said the Golden-rod.
"Though the lightest cannot see and hear
Sown,
How happy will be through this Autumn
weather!
And we'll be, dear, can be quite alone,—
For we'll live, and love, and die together!"
I passed that way where a shriving tock
Had stopped—as they lay on the rain-soaked
The poor little Aster's purple frock,
And the yellow mass of the Golden-rod!
And I sighed, "You will never sway and nod
Again in the light of this Autumn weather.
Alas! for the Aster and Golden-rod!
They have lived, and loved, and died together!"

—Good Cheer.

In Search Of the Tide.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

I.

Mr. Perkins laid down the newspaper and stirred the fire.

"There was a great tide last night," he said; "the highest I have known here for 10 years. I suppose the full moon and strong east wind we have had for the last week account for it."

"How high was it, father?" asked Charlie, as he buttered the fifth piece of toast. Charlie was 14, and the other eight children looked up to him as the head of the family.

"Sixteen feet," answered Mr. Perkins.

Harry, who was not quite seven, and who was always trying to find out things for himself, looked thoughtfully out of the window. The cottage stood a couple of hundred feet from the water, and Harry could look through the open channel between the islands out to the wide sea that was tossing restlessly in the distance.

"Father," he asked, "where does the tide come from?"

Mr. Perkins sipped his tea before he replied. "Oh, from a long way out at sea."

"But where does it start from?" persisted Harry.

"I don't think it starts from any particular place," said Mr. Perkins. "It seems to come all over the surface, waters run in from all over the sea."

"But it must start some where," said Harry.

Mr. Perkins had not studied up the subject of tides, and feeling that his answers had been rather vague, did not try to say anything more.

When supper was cleared away, we sat out on the piazza which stretched across the front of the house. Mr. Perkins lighted a cigar, Mrs. Perkins brought out some pretty worsted thing she was knitting, Charley walked down to the beach and began skipping stones across the water, and Harry climbed on a rock and watched the tide running up and down the beach. The sun had gone down, and left a few rosy clouds trailing after him, the mountains were growing dim in the distance, and among the islands and the bay the water lay dreamy and dark. It was hard work for it it meant to travel far island, and then something stopped it, and drew it back with a long sigh that was almost as if all the wet stones on which it ran were slipping back with it.

Harry had often watched this advance and retreat of the tide, but it never seemed to him as queer as now. "What sends it up to the beach? and why does it go back? and where it going to?" were the questions he was trying to answer. The long, low wash of water along the line of shore as far as Harry could see grew more and more mysterious to him as it became darker, and the sights began to change into sounds. The great sea, just beyond the island seemed to be sending the waves to him, then suddenly stopping them, and the murmur of the waves seemed to be the many voices of the sea calling its waves back again.

At last Mr. Perkins took out his watch and looked at it by the light of the end of his cigar.

"Why!" he exclaimed; "it's later than I thought; it's after nine."

Mrs. Perkins spoke to Harry, who very unwillingly left the shore and went to his room. When he had undressed and blown out the candle, he opened the blinds and looked out. The moon had just risen, and was sending a silvery light over the sea and sky and land, and Harry could see the island stood out dark and motionless. Up to the window, in the stillness of the night, came the murmur of the waves breaking on the island at its food. "Where does it start from?" said Harry to himself again, and then, quick as a flash the thought came to him to go and find out. The tide in the sea was only a little way off, the night was almost as light as day, and at the little dock below the cottage Charlie's boat Sallie was tied. He slipped out of bed, and ran to the window; the tide was falling, and this would be the very best time to go out and find where it came from.

In five minutes Harry was dressed; and taking his shoes in his hands, he crept softly down the stairs, opened the door into the piazza, and shut it again so quietly that no body heard a sound. Once on the ground he put his shoes and put on his shoes, then ran swiftly down to the little dock where the Sallie was dancing on the water, slipped the rope off the iron rod, and jumped into the boat. Harry had spent no end of time in the boat, and knew more about sailing than many other boys. The tide was falling fast, and the water along the shore was rough The Sallie danced up and down, and before Harry could get an oar he was thrown over a seat into the bottom of the boat, which drifted rapidly out into the bay. It was a little frightened and a light mist had spread over the sky, making the stars dim and faint. The waves looked very strange and vague to Harry, and the sea was white and wild. Things did not look at all as they did by daylight; everything was queer and ghostly. Not a light was seen from the cottages scattered along the shore as the boat drifted away from them; not a light was anywhere in the wide sea; nowhere the whole world had gone to sleep except the sea, and a strange dream had come over that.

When the tide falls as far as it did in this bay it makes a good deal of commotion, and there are swift currents between the islands. In one of them Harry found himself, and was tossed and tired seaward. Soon cottages and islands were behind, growing dimmer and dimmer every minute, and the sea was close at land. The water along the beach was white and foaming, and around the rocky head at the entrance of the bay the sea rushed and roared mightily. If ran in as if it meant to tear the rocks from their foundations, and swept foaming back, leaving the lower rocks uncovered and dripping with countless little water falls.

Harry was not all frightened; he loves the water, and had not so much as thought that he might have trouble in getting home again. The tide was running swiftly out, and if he followed it he would come out where it came from. On and on, out into the strange lonely sea, the little boat drifted; once in a while the moon would look out for a moment between the clouds, but most of the time she was hidden by them Sometimes the foam on the crests of the lifting waves would shine like golden points or lines of fire; sometimes a quick gleam would show itself at a distance, and Harry wondered if it were not the fin of some great fish cutting the surface of the sea.

He had left the little silver watch which his father had presented him the last birthday, hanging on the head of his bed, and so he could not tell what time it was. He guessed after a while that the stars began to grow pale, and the great wide heavens a little less dark. A fresh breeze had sprung up and went singing over the sea; fortunately it was a light wind, and did no harm beyond making Harry a little uneasy. The boat rocked and tossed the waters carried it, and they carried it straight out to sea. When the sun rose, and the morning mists had curled up and rolled themselves out of the way, Harry saw far behind the island from which he had sailed, its mountain standing out dark and sharply against the sky; far ahead were the barren rocks from which at night a light-house sent its solitary beam over the sea

Breakfast-time came, but no breakfast, and no sign of a breakfast. The sun marched steadily up the steep circle of the sky, and found it such a hard climb that he not only got very warm himself, but put everybody else into a profuse perspiration. On Harry he fairly poured his heat, until the poor little fellow's head buzzed and ached, and he began to wish himself safe at home, tide or no tide.

Dinner-time came, but no dinner; and finally, after a long hot afternoon, tea-time, but no tea. The boat had floated farther and farther, but Harry had not yet found where the tide started from; the further he went the tide seemed to run out, and there was no sign of the beginning or an end anywhere. Harry began to think he had passed the place where the tide started; certainly, if it did not he was in a fine matter of himself and never get anywhere. The sun, tired with his long day's work, had gone to bed, but not, by-and-by, one by one, the stars began to steal out from the places where they had hidden away from him. Harry, tired, hungry, and a little frightened, had fallen asleep in the bottom of the boat, and was dreaming of sitting down to a very nice dinner, when the moon came up and found him lying there, far out to sea, when he ought to be in his bed at home.

II.

Capt. Peleg Waters was coming home with a good load of mackerel; wind and tide being favorable, he expected to make Rockland some time the next afternoon. Capt. Peleg was rather a rough-looking old fellow, but he had the kindest heart in the world. At the time when he sailed into this story he was taking his turn at the tiller, and was enjoying about equally the fine, full still moon-lit night and the short pipe from which he blew occasional puffs of the strongest tobacco.

"This is the purtiest night we've had this trip," he said to himself as he looked up at the full moon sailing serenely through the clouds, and at the silvery sea whispering to itself as if in a dream. Just then something ahead caught the captain's eye.

"Wa'al, I declare," he said aloud, "if there isn't a boat! What's she doin' 20 miles out to sea?"

In 10 minutes Capt. Peleg had brought the schooner alongside the little boat and was looking down at the small boy curled up in it.

"Wa'al, I vow" said the captain, "if that isn't the littlest crew and the sleepiest I ever see afloat."

Capt. Peleg whistled to himself, as he always did when puzzled; then he leaned over and called out softly, "Ahoy, there!"

Harry opened his eyes wide, and jumped up in a second. He was a bright honest boy, and the captain knew it the minute he looked at him.

"Where you from?" he asked, as gently as he could, for a voice that gets used to being drowned in the teeth of all sorts of wind, isn't very gentle.

"Bar Harbor," answered Harry promptly.

Capt. Peleg's eyes twinkled. This was the queerest craft he had ever fallen in with on the sea.

"Where you bound?" he continued.

"I want to find where the tide comes from, sir," was the quick reply.

Capt. Peleg whistled long and loud "Wa'al, I guess you can't do it," he said, looking quizzically at the boy.

"Nothing," said Harry dolefully for he knew this was the weak point of the voyage.

"How long have you been out?"

Harry hesitated for a moment, for he was rather confounded by the question. "I guess I've been out three days," he said.

The captain whistled again.

"Hi, there, Abe!" he shouted in a very loud voice. In a minute Jim came stumbling up from the little cabin, looking very frouzy and sleepy.

"Jim! you must be half asleep," said Capt. Peleg. Jim took the tiller. "Now," said the captain to Harry, "throw me that rope."

Harry threw the rope and the captain made the little boat fast to the big one. Then he held out his rough hand, and with some reluctance the boy was on the schooner, and the little boat was floating behind. Meanwhile the captain had disappeared. When he came back he handed Harry some big slices of bread well buttered.

"Just stow that away in the hold," he said.

Harry needed no second invitation, and the bread speedily disappeared.

"Now," said Captain Peleg, as the last piece of bread went out of sight, "you turn in, and in the mornin' we'll take our bearin's."

Harry was thereupon slipped into the captain's bunk, and within a few minutes he was fast asleep. When he awoke it was daylight, and the next morning. He found Capt. Peleg on deck with his short pipe in his mouth. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and the schooner was cutting through and sending little showers of spray right and left from her prow.

"Mornin'," said Capt. Peleg, when he saw Harry. "Hope you slept well?"

Harry thought he had never slept better.

"Well," said the captain, "I've followed the sea goin' on 45 years, and my advice is, give up this. We voyage of yours and put for home." Capt. Peleg's eyes twinkled, but his face was perfectly sober. "I'll take yer into port, if yer like, and then yer kin telegraph to yer folks."

Harry thought this was the wisest plan, and was quite willing to give up the idea of the tide for the present. He got home. About three o'clock in the afternoon the schooner came up to the dock, and Capt. Peleg went straight to the telegraph office, and sent this dispatch:

ROCKLAND, Aug. 3, 1884.

George Perkins, Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Me.

Boy Harry and small boat Sallie picked up at sea. Send directions.

PELEG WATERS.

The little piece of paper which bore this good news filled the Perkins family with joy. They had found the little boat safe, and knowing what had happened, and had telegraphed in every direction without getting any news of her, they had begun to think she was in the office and sent this message in reply.

BAR HARBOR, Aug. 3, 1884.

Peleg Waters, Rockland, Me.

Heartfelt thanks. Send boy and boat by steamer to-morrow.

GEORGE PERKINS.

The next day about 1 o'clock the steamer came along the dock at Bar Harbor, and Harry ran off the gangplank among the first, and was kissed and hugged and cried over to his heart's content. Charlie got into the Sallie and rowed home, but Harry had enough boats for the present and preferred to walk. A week or a little later Captain Waters was surprised by the arrival of a small and very nicely tied package, addressed to himself, and inside was a very substantial watch, with the "grateful regards of George Perkins and family."

Harry has not yet found out where the tide starts from.

About Various Matters.

To color black kid gloves: Put a large handful of logwood into a bowl; cover with alcohol; let stand one day or until it looks strong. Put one glove on the hand. Rub all over carefully with a small wooden cloth or sponge dipped in the liquid; wet let dry. Repeat the process and it will be black.

To make the hair grow: Get a good hair brush, and brush your hair from 5 to 5 20 times, every day, more if a comb any more than is necessary. Try it, and you will be pleased with the result.

Bam dumplings are very much better if the meat is cooked tender before making the dumplings. Make the crust without shortening and they will be good and light.

To take iron rust out of white goods, saturate them with lemon juice and place in sunshine. To prevent hair falling out, wash the scalp frequently with sage tea.

To dry pumpkins for winter use: Cook the pumpkins as you would for pies, peel every dry, then spread on plates and after it is dry roll up and tie in paper. When wanted for use soak over night or a few hours in milk, then proceed as you do for fresh pumpkin pie.

Mangos.—Take as many large sweet peppers as you want to use, ripe or green—I use both. Remove the seeds and seeds as carefully as possible, place the shells in salt water two days, then remove them. Allow to lie two days; prepare as much cabbage by chopping very fine as you think will fill them; season with salt and pepper, press in firmly when full, put on weight, and cover with cold cider vinegar. Let them stand until the next day and pour off the vinegar. Heat and pour on them again. Do the same every day until the fourth day. Weigh the mellon, and to every 5 lbs. add 3 lbs. of white sugar and ½ pt. of the vinegar, with spice to suit. Put together and simmer till tender. The next day but one pour off the syrup and boil it down so that one mile can be used.

Hominy Butter Cakes.—Boil one pt. hominy very soft, and an equal quantity of wheat flour, with a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of butter. Make into a thin batter with three eggs and a sufficient quantity of milk, that is to say, add one qt., perhaps more if pts. Beat altogether some time, and cake them on a griddle or in waffle irons. When well made and baked very thin, these cakes are delicious, especially when eaten with maple syrup. When eggs cannot be had yeast makes a good substitute. The proportions are the same, batter and let it stand several hours to rise. If the griddle is used, the best way to grease it is to rub it over with a piece of pork with a fork. This prevents adhesion, and yet does not allow the fat to soak into what is cooked.

Pudding.—Make thick batter of flour, 2 two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, pinch of salt, steam 25 minutes in cups half full, and eat with sauce or cream and sugar.

Feather Cake.—Three eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one half cup of butter, one cupful of milk; eight of flour; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; one of soda; one of lemon extract.

Broiled Tomatoes.—Select firm, ripe tomatoes, cut them in two, and place them upon a well-greased double broiler, skin side first. Put them over a clear and broil, first one side and then on the other. Now place on a hot dish and pour over them melted butter, season well with cayenne pepper and salt. Serve immediately.

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, Consumption of the lungs usually announced by a cough, followed by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred outward manifestations of the internal foul blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

The Corunna coal mines have been reopened.

For diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery and bloody flux, colic or cramps in stomach, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. Specific, also, for breaking up colds.

Oct. 3 there were apple trees in bloom in Cadillac and East Jordan.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with three letter stamps for large treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Money you can earn is much brighter than any you can get out of dead men's bags.

When you visit or leave New York City, via Central depot save Baggage Expressage and 25 Cents per day and stop at Grand Central Hotel, opposite said depot. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at the cost of one million dollars; $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator and Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first class hotel in the city.

The late Rev. W. H. H. Murray, the "pride of Bloomfield," is said to be now a restaurant in Montreal. He will take a book-keeper.—New Orleans Picayune

ONE HUNDRED DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Can be supplied truthfully to Hood's Sarsaparilla only, as it is an unexampled and unexampleable organism as to the strength and real economy of this great medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs, barks, etc., long and favorably known for their power in eradicating disease from the system, and purifying the blood.

Resolved to Heal'h.

"During the summer months I have been somewhat debilitated or run down. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave me new life and restored me to perfect health and strength." WILLIAM H. CLOUGH, Tilton, N. H.

Given an Appetite.

"Within a month after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, my appetite began to improve, my headache left me, my strength seemed to be renewed, and I felt better every part of my system than for years before. I think good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me." CHARLES L. BARNEY, Syracuse, N. Y.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by druggists. $1; six bottles for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY PURITY STRENGTH. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an invaluable tonic for **Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, nor produce constipation—other iron medicines do. It strengthens the muscles and nerves, gives the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

It is recommended by all physicians for Energy, &c., it has no equal.

Be sure the genuine has above trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

CATARRH: CATARRH

A disease of the mucous membrane, generally attended by a cold in the head, and maintains its stronghold in the system, at one point it sends forth poisonous matter through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood, producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of the disease, and can be depended upon to produce a speedy cure. Not a liquid, snuff, or powder. Ely's Cream Balm is free from injurious drugs. Agreeable to use. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Life is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's actions be they add their pages to the indestructible volumes, with such care as will be willing to have an assembled world to read.

Piso's cure for consumption is no, only pleasant to take but is a sure cure for all lung troubles.

Determined to keep abreast of the times, Farwell aspires to have a salt well.

THE MIGHT OF THE PEN.

Oh, the Orator's voice is a mighty power
As it echoes along the green,
But a Barber's razor is more far away o'er men
To sound the praises of Carboline.

Keeley motor stock is sold in New York and Philadelphia at 9 cents on the dollar.

Cole's Carbolisalve instantly relieves the pain of burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, sores, etc. Not the best, but the world's best. Ask your druggist for it.

Cole's Carbolisalve instantly relieves the pain of burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, sores, etc. Not the best, but the world's best. Ask your druggist for it.

J. W. COLE & CO., Black River Falls, Wis.

A new brand of gin is called "May Blossom." It should be used to some body's noise.—Burlington Free Press.

"Of all the sons, we ever saw saw, we never saw a saw saw like this saw saws." This is the universal verdict of all using The Bat le Creek Patent Self Feed Wood Sawing machine. The company have had a large and constantly increasing trade on them, for more than three years, and are selling about 300 a year in many foreign countries. They are the *World's Standard Machine.* Send for circular and price list to The Battle Creek Machine Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Advertisement in another column.

There are 17 training schools for nurses in the United States, Boston having three.

TO THE UNMARRIED.

An Association for Their Benefit and What it is Doing for Them.

There are very few of the many unmarried persons in Michigan, who wish to have an institution organized to assist its members in obtaining a comfortable home, at the rate of interest the past year and a half.

This institution is called the Mutual Marriage Benevolent Association of Marriage City, having been incorporated under the laws of Michigan, and is the only institution of its kind in the state. The association has paid in over $12,000, and is now in the act of paying several thousand a month to its members.

The following letters of acknowledgement are a few of the many the association are receiving:

B. MARINE CITY, Mich., Aug. 4, 1884.

M. M. B. Association:

Gentlemen—Please accept my thanks for the very prompt manner in which you have paid my benefit, amounting to one thousand dollars ($1,000). This speedy settlement should make the Mutual Marriage Benevolent Association deserving of confidence and patronage of every unmarried person. As for me, I have derived a larger benefit by being a member of your institution than I ever anticipated. As an investment I know of no equal and I would advise every unmarried person to join the association. I shall do all in my power to induce my friends to join, and I shall ever continue to crown the Mutual Marriage Benevolent Association with the means of making happy the hearts and homes of thousands of single and lonely people. I am

Very respectfully yours,
GEO. MCHANEY.

MARINE CITY, Mich., Sept. 2, 1884.

To the Officers of the Mutual Marriage Association:

Gentlemen—I take this opportunity of thanking you for the promptness in which you paid me the benefit of one thousand dollars and dollars. I am very much pleased with the manner in which my benefit was paid, and wishing the association every success, I remain.

Very respectfully yours,
MRS. ROSE MCDONALD.

MARINE CITY, Mich., Sept. 10, 1884.

R. McNEIL, Sec'y M. M. B. Association:

I am in receipt of the money on my benefit, and am much pleased with my investment. This benefit will be the means of paying off the mortgage on my farm, leaving me out of debt and a balance to put in the bank for a rainy day. Enclosed I send money for what is had done for me, I remain

Very respectfully yours,
ORVILLE W. MCDONALD.

All unmarried persons, of either sex should join. Write for circulars. Applied to the Secretary, R. McNEIL, Marine City, Mich.

THEY WILL SURELY FIND YOU.

They are looking for you everywhere. Drafts of air in unventilated rooms, cellars, damp rooms to cool ones, carelessness in changing clothing—in short everything that tends to a "common cold in the head." Unless arrested this kind of cold becomes seated in the mucous membrane of the head, and then it is called "Catarrh." In any and all its stages this disease always yields to Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Applied to the nostrils with the finger. Safe, agreeable, certain. Price fifty cents.

The simplest and best regulator of the Digestive Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c., prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Sallowness and Pimples from the Complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the system. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN." Quick cure for colic, cramps, diarrhœa, Asiatic Pain, Diarrhœa, Headache, Toothache, Twin servants of pain are those dreadful diseases, inflammatory rheumatism and neuralgia. They meet in every walk and station of life, and baffle ordinary remedies to cope with them. In Athlophoros is found the conqueror of both. It attacks the seat of disease, which is in the blood, and drives out the origin of disease which have produced and fostered it. Price $1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall Street, N. Y.

"BUCHU PALMA." Quick, complete, cures all morbid urinary and urinary diseases. $1.

Young Men, Read This!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to young men afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteed to cure in 60 days. Rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties, is the most perfect and agreeable strengthening and life-sustaining preparation in existence for invalids, children, and persons of all ages, in all conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, or wasting disease, or simply a debility resulting from preliminary complaints. Caution, insist on having MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC. Sold by druggists.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from error, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, &c., I will send you a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Address JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, 186 WOOD-WARD AVENUE, Detroit, Mich.

BOUQUET'S HEPATIC TEA, for constipation, sick headache, sallow complexion, and all diseases arising from a torpid liver. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail, 50 cts. Address, BOUQUET'S HEPATIC TEA CO., Cincinnati, O.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM, URINARY DISCHARGES, BACK AND LOINS, SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.

HUNT'S KIDNEY-WORT REMEDY. NEVER KNOWS TO FAIL.

By the use of this REMEDY, the Bladder, Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their healthy action. Price, $1.25 per bottle.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases. It is purely vegetable, and more concentrated in its effects than any other medicine of its class. Over 100 Physicians in the State of Illinois use it in their practice