FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Jack's Boomerang, Or the Story of a Little Boy Who Was Too Fond of Playing Tricks—He's a Brick—Some Tales of Peril.

An Evening Guest

In the silence of this lonely eve,
With the street lamp pale, flickering on the wall,
An angel were to whisper me—"Believe—
It shall be given thee. Calls whose sacred chime
And then I were to see thee gliding in
Clad in known garments, thou with empty fold
Lie in my keeping, and my fingers, thin
As thine were once, to feel in thy safe hold,

I should fall weeping on thy neck and say,
"I have so suffered since!—since!—But my tears
Would stop, remembering how thou count'st thy day,
A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then what are these sad days, months, years of mine,
To thine eternity of full delight?
What my whole life, when myriad lives divine
May wait, each leading to a higher height?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved, beat,
Let me still dream thy dear head, Kimanty
Sits with me here, my head upon thy breast,
And then I will go back to heaven with thee.

Jack's Boomerang.

Aunt Flora was making some white cream that last afternoon in March. She had to crack the nuts very carefully to get them out whole, and some halves of shelves were not broken at all. Jack's sharp eyes discovered them in the cupboard.

"Oh, goody!" cried he, "they'll be just the thing to fool Teddy with tomorrow, Aunt Flo. I'll stick them together and he'll think they're regular walnuts."

"I wouldn't," said Aunt Flo. "His is such a little boy, and he will be disappointed. I wouldn't, Jack."

But Jack would. He picked out shells enough to make three walnuts, then he got the glue-bottle and stuck them together so carefully you wouldn't have known they were ever cracked.

"Don't they look just good enough to eat?" laughed he. "Now, when they get dry I'll put them in a paper bag and give them to Teddy in the morning."

Then he ran out to his play, whistling; and he played so long and hard that he didn't think of the walnuts again until he came home from school next day, at noon. Aunt Flora had put them away for him, however. She told him where to find them.

"On the second shelf of the dining room closet, in a paper bag," said she.

Jack's face had a sober look. He thought perhaps Aunt Flo didn't like his joke.

"Maybe I hadn't best fool Teddy," said he. "Guess I'll take them out and fool Johnny Wilson. I haven't been fooled today, Aunt Flo."

But Aunt Flo did not answer, and when Jack got to the dining room he found Teddy there. It did seem too good a chance to be lost. Jack took the bag of walnuts from the closet shelf.

"Hello, Teddy!" said he; "have some nuts?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Teddy, running to get the tack hammer. He liked walnuts almost better than anything else. "You're the bestest boy, Jack," he said.

At which Jack looked sober again. I think he felt a little bit ashamed. After all, it wasn't the best of fun to fool a little five-year-old boy, and his own brother, too. But he gave Teddy the bag.

In less than two seconds down came the hammer on the first walnut. It cracked very easily, indeed, and it had the funniest kernel you ever saw in a nut—a bright new dime! It didn't take long to crack the other two, you may be sure; and there were thirty cents—enough to buy two whole pounds of walnuts.

"Oh, oh!" cried Teddy, astonished beyond measure. "Are they mine? Where did 'em come from?"

Jack's face was red as a rose. He was almost ready to feel cross about it; but looking up, he saw Aunt Flo smiling in the doorway and laughed instead, a little sheepishly.

"I guess I'm like the story you told about the man that threw the boomerang, Aunt Flo, and it came back and hit him," said he. "But I'm glad of it just the same."—Youth's Companion.

He's a Brick.

When a boy does something that is particularly good or noble his comrades say "He's a brick!" for to call a fellow "a brick" is as high a compliment as one boy can pay to another. If we stop to think about it, though, it seems rather strange that a brick should be chosen as a standard for measuring the worth of a boy. There is surely nothing very wonderful or fine about a brick. But, like a great many other sayings that do not appear to have much sense, we shall find, by looking up the origin of the expression, that it started out with a very sensible meaning. In order to get at its beginning, we have to go back into ancient history for a distance of nine hundred years before Christ—all the way back to the time of Lycurgus, the great Spartan ruler. Plutarch tells us that Lycurgus had a great many wise and curious notions as to how people should live and how the affairs of the country should be managed. One of his ideas was that there was no necessity for building a wall about a town if the soldiers were properly trained to protect the place. On one occasion an ambassador from a neighboring country came to see Lycurgus, and he asked how it was that he had no walls around the town. "But we have walls," replied Lycurgus, "and if you will come with me I will show them to you." Thereupon he took his guest out upon the plains where the army was drawn up in battle array, and, pointing to the ranks of the soldiers, he said: "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick." So you see when the expression was first used it had a great deal more sense than it has now.

Tales of Peril.

While three men were hunting in Idaho, one gave a shout, and the others ran to his assistance. They found him clinging to some vines, that grew on the edge of a great hole in the ground, at least thirty feet in diameter. After hauling him out, he explained that he had walked into the hole while looking ahead for game, and only saved himself by the merest chance. The hunters came back the next day with ropes and lowered a man into the pit. He reported that it was nearly sixty feet deep, and that the sides down was narrowed in places by projecting rocks, that any living thing falling into the pit could never get out without assistance. As a proof, the floor of the pit was strewn with the carcasses of bear, deer and lesser game. The luckless animals at different times had evidently fallen into the pit, perhaps while being chased, and, of course, were unable to climb the walls, which inclined toward the narrow opening. Nobody of any sense ever hunts for a grizzly, but when one comes in sight hardly any one can refrain from shooting at him. This was the case with two men in Montana, who were going over the mountains on a narrow trail, when they saw a grizzly on the rocks above. Both men promptly took to shelter and consulted. The grizzly was evidently coming to a spring nearby to drink, and was minding its own business, but one of the men thought he saw a chance, and fired. The Bullet hit the bear in the back. This only irritated him enough to make him look around for his tormentors, and presently he was in full chase. They ran at a lively pace, but would have been caught had they not scrambled up the rocks. The grizzly scrambled too, but presently all sounds of pursuit ceased. Looking back, they saw the bear jammed between two rocks. Before he could back out, one of the men ran back and put a bullet through his ear, and the chase was over. It was such a narrow escape, however, that the hunters resolved to avoid grizzlies in future.

In Los Angeles, a resident exhibits the skin of a mountain lion, got in a curious way. He was riding leisurely among the foothills when a mountain lion crossed his path, and was striking away, as it generally does, when he rashly fired at it with a light shotgun he carried. The lion, slightly wounded, came back in a rage and made a dash at him. The horse shied and the man was thrown, striking his head against a rock, and causing insensibility. When he came to, his senses his horse was standing over him, and a dead lion lay a little distance away. He examined the beast, and found its skull crushed like an eggshell. The horse had got a fair crack at him with his heels, and made an end of him.

Ceremonial Laws of Savages.

In a recent lecture on "Primitive Religious Expression" in New Haven, Conn., Professor D. G. Brinton said that ceremonial law is found to exist in every tribe, and is obeyed with surprising punctuality. It is often absurd and ridiculous, but is obeyed just the same. Among certain tribes it is against this law to roast a pig only boiling of that animal being allowed; with other tribes no fuel from two different species of trees may be used for the same fire; and in Kamtchatka a certain tribe has a ceremonial law which prohibits the scraping of snow from the boots with a metal knife, and another law which threatens with boils anyone who kills a wood-pecking duck. It is believed that punishment for the infraction of any of these laws falls not upon the individual, but upon his tribe. Darwin found very little religion among the Patagonians, but the severest ceremonial laws in vogue.

French Army and Navy.

The French navy ranks next to that of England in numbers, while in efficiency and fighting qualities the French ships are fully equal to their English rivals. In fact, in naval architecture the French early took the lead, and many of the English types of ships were modified after the French designs, says the Chautauquan. One of the chief differences between the English and the French armored ships today is the disposition of the armor and the consequent design of the hull. English designers have striven to protect the men working the guns, and to do this they have reduced the length of the ship's armor. French naval architects, on the other hand, have given little attention to the protection of men and a great deal to the protection of the water line. Therefore they have reduced the breadth of the ship's armor.

It is worthy of note that France is the only great power which levies a tax on such of her citizens as either do not enlist in the standing army or who enlist for a shorter term than three years. Only those who are officially declared "impecunious" are exempt from such a tax. It is payable annually as long as the liability to service lasts, and the revenue from this source amounts to about 30,000,000 francs, or $6,000,000 annually.

The officers of the French army receive a very thorough education at the different military schools. At the head of these (although not exclusively military) stands the Polytechnic school in Paris, which admits 150 pupils annually after a competitive examination. The course occupies nine months in the year for two years.

As it is impossible to keep under arms for these years the entire annual contingent of recruits, the law provides for the discharge of thoroughly trained men at the end of the first or second year of active service, in such proportions as to bring down the peace strength of the army to the number annually determined upon by the general assembly. Preference in this connection are decided by lot. For this purpose every recruit at his enrollment draws a number, and only those having the highest numbers are entitled to consideration.

Alabama has made women eligible as county superintendents of schools.

DAN VOORHEES' LIFE.

HE WAS ALWAYS A GREAT LEADER OF MEN.

His Ascension from Humble Life to a Senior Place in the United States Senate—His Memorable Difficulty with the Fiery Senator from Kansas.

THE late Daniel Woolsey Voorhees was born in Ohio in 1827, but his parents removed to Indiana during his infancy. He was graduated from the Indiana Asbury University (now De Pauw university) in 1849, and, having studied law, began the practice of his profession in 1851. He entered the house of representatives as a democrat in 1861, served three terms in succession and was again elected for two terms after an interval of two years. He was defeated in 1872. In 1877 he entered the senate by appointment to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Oliver P. Morton. In the following year he was elected for the full term in the senate, defeating Benjamin Harrison. He was re-elected in 1885 and 1891. His long service was concluded on March 4 of the present year.

Immediately on entering the senate he was assigned to the finance committee. His successive re-elections, and the strict custom of seniority in the senate finally gave him the position of ranking democrat on the committee. During the extraordinary and regular sessions of the Fifty-third Congress he was nominally the Democratic leader in the senate. He took a certain active leadership in the contest which ended in the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman act of 1890, supporting the position taken by President Cleveland and the administration, but he was at no time in any sense a bound money man. On the contrary, he was avowedly in favor of the free coinage of silver, an ardent friend of the greenback, and an exponent of paper money theories.

SENATOR VOORHEES.

Although nominally the senate leader, he took little part in the tariff legislation of 1894, yielding, both in committee and on the floor of the senate, to Senators Harris, of Tennessee; Jones, of Arkansas, and others.

It is worthy of note that despite his long service in both houses of congress the incident most clearly connected with his name during his legislative career was the attack upon him made in the senate by Mr. Ingalls of Kansas, eleven years ago. The Kansas senator undertook to review the record of his Indiana colleague, charging that before and during the war he was avowedly in sympathy with the South, a Copperhead and a Knight of the Golden Circle. Mr. Ingalls declared that at Sullivan, Ind., on August 5, 1863, Mr. Voorhees, in a speech, said in reference to the Union soldiers that they should go to the nearest blacksmith shop and have an iron collar riveted around their necks, bearing thereon the inscription: "My dog. A. Lincoln," and that Mr. Voorhees described Union soldiers as "Lincoln's dogs and hirelings." The Indiana senator vehemently denied the charge, using such language concerning his assailant that he was sharply called to order by the senate.

Mr. Voorhees made many personal friends during his long residence in Washington, and there, as well as in Indiana, where the phrase originated, was known as the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash."

THE HOLY HOUSE LORETTO.

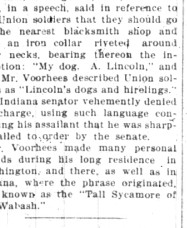
Black Madonna in a Rude Stone Cottage.

About fifteen miles south of Ancona on the main line is the station of Loretto and on the hillside, about three miles from the sea, stands the city, says the Westminster Gazette. Towering far above the town rise the great dome and campanile of the wonderful fortified church which shelters within it the santa casa, or holy house, every year the object of pilgrimage of so many thousands of the faithful. On entering the church one sees at once, standing under the dome, a strange, low chapel covered with white marble carving and gleaming sculpture. A host of the sixteenth-century artists—chief among them Sansovino—carried out Bramante's design for the marble casing of the holy house. But in striking contrast to the rich exterior are the plain and rough stone walls of the interior. The innumerable silver lamps give a dim, religious light and the jewels on the image of the Madonna and child—a wonderful black image, carved, it is said, by St. Luke from cedar of Lebanon—scintillate in the gloom like innumerable stars. Such is the house angels are said to have brought from Nazareth in the thirteenth century in order to save it from desecration by the infidel. But the house was not brought immediately to Loretto. The angels placed it first on a hilltop near Fiume, on the Dalmatian shore. There it stayed for three years, when it was moved again and deposited in a wood on the opposite side of the Adriatic, near Recanati. The wood was a laurel wood and the house was consequently called domus lauretani, or house of Loretto. Twice more, however, the house was miraculously moved short distances, till it was at length placed in its present position; not a very convenient one, it might have been imagined, for it was then the middle of the public road. It seems almost unnecessary to say that since have been those that have made merry at the frequent "translation" of the holy house, yet an innumerable multitude of the great ones of the earth, including many popes and kings, have paid homage to this black Madonna in its rude stone cottage.

STEVENSON'S WIDOW.

The Gifted Woman Who Crowned His Life with Love.

It is nearly two years since Robert Louis Stevenson died at Vailima, his home in Samoa, where now he sleeps on the green mountain overlooking Apia, and within sound of the long wash of Australasian seas." There still resides the gifted woman who crowned his life with love, and her son, Lloyd Osbourne, who was the companion and collaborator of Stevenson in some of his later literary work. Mrs. Stevenson, whose portrait Leslie's Weekly has the pleasure of presenting, apparently is as enamored of the dreamy tropical islands as was her husband, whose papers she has sent from there to his friend, literary executor, and biographer, Sidney Colvin, in England. Americans generally will be interested, and perhaps surprised, to learn that Mrs. Stevenson is not only our compatriot, but a Daughter of the American Revolution. She was Fanny Van de Grift before her first marriage, and in her application papers for membership states that she was born in Indianapolis, Indiana; is descended from John Miller, a soldier in Captain John Eyre's regiment of Pennsylvania militia, who fought to establish American independence. She was induced to join the "Daughters" by Mrs. James H. Mulligan, wife of the United States consul-general to Samoa. In compliment to this lady Mrs. Stevenson became a member of the Lexington (Kentucky) chapter. Mrs. Mulligan, after writing of the ideal life of the Stevensons in Samoa, continues: "But, as all things in this sorry world, the picture was shattered, suddenly, in the long, moonless night, amidst a pouring rain, in that straggling village that seems to creep along the green shore—between the thundering white breakers of the South Sea and the green heights of the restful Samoan Mountains beyond. Stevenson dropped his pen forever. His mother has for the third time gone back to Scotland—to the castle, the Heart of Midlothian, and the Halfours. His widow and her son, Lloyd Osbourne, Lloyd's bride of less than a year, and that same Isobel who was married within sound of the chimes of Notre Dame—these keep watch, and withal lead a dull life of it, under the long afternoon shadows of the Vailima peak upon which he rests." Mrs. Stevenson is somewhat above medium stature for a woman, has a handsome, "boyish-looking head, with thick brown curls and dark eyes. Her voice is musical, her manner quick and sympathetic, with a lingering soupcon of Bohemianism from the Paris art-student days.



MRS. R. L. STEVENSON.

Many deaths from the grip are reported in Maine and New Hampshire.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof —Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

IT THE Wisconsin round-up institute has issued a paper on the above subject. Among other things he said:

We are told by the chemists that some thirteen or fourteen elements enter into the growth of all plants, and that nearly all agricultural soils contain a sufficient supply of all except three of these, to be practically inexhaustible. These three are nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. The farmers of New York are already paying annually five million dollars for these three elements in the form of commercial fertilizers, paying 12 cents per pound for nitrogen, 4½ cents a pound for phosphoric acid, and 4½ cents a pound for potash. * * * Inasmuch as two different plants do not require elements of fertility in the same proportion, a proper rotation of crops will aid in conserving the hidden treasures of the soil. A careful attention to the analysis of the crop that we are selling is also of the utmost importance. Farms in the older portions of the state from which the most grain has been sold present a sad contrast to adjoining farms where stock growing or dairying has been the leading industry, and upon which the productiveness of the farm have been more largely fed. * * * It would seem that so long as we can purchase bran or linseed meal from Minnesota and the Dakotas, or cotton seed products from the south, and can get first cost or more in the milk pail or from stock grown, it would be wiser for us to add this fertility to our farms than to see it go to enrich the lands of Europe. Men still leave manure in the yard all summer to rot, knowing full well that they are losing the use of it for a year, and that even when piled in the most approved form, it will, on the average, lose more than half its value if allowed to remain there six months in the summer season. If spread out over the surface of the yard the loss would be even greater. While the loss from these piles has been ascertained from carefully tried experiments, it seems incomprehensible to the majority of farmers, if not really incredible. We all recognize the difference in strength between leached and unleached ashes, and we might make the same contrast between leached and unleached barnyard manure. Some farmers have recognized these facts and have made provisions for saving these leachings, which are the most available, if not the most valuable portion. They have dug cellars under their stables with water-tight floors. This is an excellent place for the storage of the manure, but the fumes arising from the decaying vegetation fill the atmosphere with impurities and permeate the hayloft and the meal bin, rendering the feed unwholesome. Covered barnyards have been advocated by some of our eastern farmers, but are expensive. Sheds large enough for a few months accumulations might be practicable, but as manure never gains anything by age, except in solubility, I believe the better way is to take it to the field as directly from the stable as convenient and spread out at once.

Giant Knotweed or Sachaline.

(Polygonum Sachalinense.)

This is a hardy herbaceous perennial, six to twelve feet high, with strong, extensively creeping rootstocks. The plant is a native of an island of the Siberian coast, where it grows along moist river banks. It was introduced into England about 1870 and has been quite generally cultivated in the botanical gardens of Europe. At a time of great drought in France in 1893 it was discovered that cattle would eat the leaves and tender branches of this plant and a member of the French Academy presented a paper suggesting that it might prove a valuable addition to the list of fodder plants. This seems to be the first intimation that sachaline had any forage value, but the idea was at once taken up by others, and the hardiness, the rapid growth and other qualities of the plant were eagerly dwelt upon by interested parties. Within the past year or so most extravagant accounts of the value of sachaline for forage have appeared in American papers and seed catalogues. All who have had experience with the plant advise caution in its introduction because of its very strong, spreading and persistent rootstocks. A writer in the Rural New-Yorker who has had some experience with the plant says: "If the land will grow anything else, do not plant it. Plant corn for feed, not Polygonum Sachalinense unless you want trouble." A writer in Burpee's Farm Annual says that the farmers in this country will probably disappointed if they expect to realize the hopes that the glowing descriptions from Europe would seem to warrant. This plant is described in Circular No. 5 of the Division of Botany of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is advertised in some of the 1897 seed catalogues. The advice of the Experiment Station to intending purchasers is, don't.

Charles D. Woods,
Director Maine Experiment Station.

Insects Injuring Apples.

Bulletin No. 36 of the Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station, Columbia, by Prof. J. M. Stedman, reports the results of elaborate experiments with means of preventing the insects very injurious to apple trees, and describes cheap and efficient methods of combating them.

The insect known as the apple leaf folder may be readily killed by thoroughly spraying the trees when the nursery stock just as soon as the young insects begin to hatch, and before they have had time to fold the leaves to any considerable extent. This spraying should be done just as the apple tree leaves are unfolding. The spraying mixture should be made as follows: One pound of Paris green, three pounds of fresh lime, 150 gallons of water. Since there are three broods of this insect each year, there are three periods during which spraying can be most successfully done.

The leaf crumpler, another insect very injurious to apple trees, may be readily killed by thoroughly spraying the infected trees while the leaves are unfolding and before the blossoms open, with the same mixture as recommended above. If necessary, the trees may be sprayed again immediately after all the blossoms have fallen, but in this case the amount of water in the mixture should be increased to 175 gallons.

Never spray a fruit tree while it is in blossom; serious injury to the blossom and imperfect pollination may result, and in many instances honey bees kill. Never spray with fresh lime, and always have two or three times as much lime by weight as Paris green. This will lessen the chances of burning the leaves and injuring the trees. Spray with a mixture as finely as possible. The more you make it sprayer is to render it less effective in killing insects; to make it stronger is to injure the foliage of the trees. Always see that the mixture is kept constantly stirred while spraying. Apply with as much force as possible, and use as fine a spray as can be made. Spray thoroughly. Hold the spray on the tree long enough to saturate it and to reach all parts, and always spray from at least two sides. This bulletin is for free distribution to the farmers, and may be had by writing to the director of the experiment station, Columbia, Mo.

Which Orders the Swarming.

The following in the American Bee Journal may be of interest to some of our readers.

Query.—When a colony swarms, which orders the "walk-out"—the queen or the workers?—Florida.

The workers.—J. H. Larrabee.

The workers, no doubt.—R. L. Taylor.

Both. They work in unison.—P. H. Elwood.

I don't know. The workers, I think. —J. A. Green.

In prime swarms, the workers.—Eugene Secor.

Both, in harmony with Nature's laws.—G. M. Doolittle.

Workers are "boss," and control the queen.—Mrs. L. Harrison.

The queen—if there is full room to deposit her eggs.—E. France.

I doubt if there is any ordering about it. No order is needed. The queen is late in going.—A. J. Cook.

The workers, many of them, will be in the air before the queen makes her appearance.—S. I. Freeborn.

It must be the queen that leads—not orders—for the simple fact that if she leads back, they go.—Jas. A. Stone.

Nature; but it seems there is occasionally internal dissensions, as the queen fails to go.—J. M. Hambaugh.

It would seem—the workers. But no doubt the "walk out" is ordered by Nature's first law."—J. P. H. Brown.

I suppose a little like it was in the late prohibitional strife. The chief boss (queen) sort of "requests" the swarm to march forth.—C. H. Dibbern

We think they are unanimous on that point. The queen is angry because young queens are reared, and the bees are incontestable for want of room.—Badant & Son.

Neither of them. Each one has a mind to work the best she knows how, and when the time comes for doing a thing, they all do it without any ordering. The workers generally go out first, however.—merson T. Abbott.

Does any one know? I don't; and I don't see how one can ascertain. As a guess, I will say, there is probably a community of interest that governs the matter.—J. E. Pond.

The workers. I have repeatedly seen them persecuting the queen and driving her out. When a queen cannot fly, the bees will endeavor to prevent her return to the hive.—M. Mahin.

I don't know; but think there is usually an understanding between bees and queen. Possibly the bees create the emergency, and the queen gives the "signal."—W. M. Barnum.

With a normal first swarm the queen is among the last to leave the hive, while with after-swarms with virgin queens, the queen is about the first one to leave.—Mrs. J. N. Heater.

I suppose both must work together to get things in shape for swarming. I suspect the immediate instigators are the workers, as I have known a swarm to issue with no queen in the hive, having been removed a short time before.—C. C. Miller.

I never have yet been fortunate enough to hear the orders given, but I suspect it has been make a rush, and I believe Novice has hit the whole business—queen and workers—to move out when the proper time comes. I do not think there are any orders at all, but the bees sometimes seem about half way mad at their queen at swarming-time.—Mrs. Jennie Atchley.

The worker-bees control the whole proceeding. This very season I was watching for the queen at the entrance of a hive where the bees were in the act of swarming, and the queen did not make her appearance until three-quarters of the swarm was in the air, and when she did appear, she was being hustled out by force of arms. I distinctly saw an irefu worker bite her as she sullenly "vacated." I once had a swarm to issue while I was at the hive open, and saw the internal excitement, and I saw the queen make repeated attacks on a sealed queen-cell, but the guards stood firmly, and even used force to drive her away. The old idea that the queen "leads out the swarm," looks romantic, and all that, but it is not according to solid facts.—G. W. Demaree.

Forcing Peaches.—J. H. Hale, the greatest peach grower on earth, gets ripe peaches two weeks earlier by the following method: In the middle of the growing season, put a strong wire around a large arm of a tree, and twist it fairly tight. This checks the flow of sap and causes fruit buds to form early and in great number. The fruit on the branches of this arm will ripen two weeks earlier than that on the untreated branches, and will be much more highly colored. But this part of the tree will be so weakened by the treatment that it should be cut away after fruiting, that new shoots may come and take its place. Thus one large arm or limb of a tree may be forced each year.—Ex.

Life and Health

Happiness and usefulness depend upon pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. This is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the blood is now loaded with impurities which must be promptly expelled or health will be in danger. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1, six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. Price 25c.

The Word is not so much in need of better preaching, as it is of better practice.

MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.

Where Are You Going This Summer?

Now is the time to plan your vacation and where could you find more pleasure at the same cost of money as in a trip to the mountains of Colorado. The cost of people who have acquired the habit of spending the "hot months" in some cooler place than home, are beginning to plan as to where they will go. It has been demonstrated that people living in high altitudes should go to the mountains, and that people living in low altitudes should go to the mountains; and "the mountains" has come to mean Colorado, because there is found more in the way of recreation and pleasure than in any other state. Trout fishing is probably the most enjoyable sport to be pursued, because it can be had with less expense, annoyance and expanse than any other, but the sportsman who is willing to undertake the extra hardships of going after bear, deer, elk and other wild animals that abound, can satisfy his ambition to the fullest extent. Those who prefer less laborious amusement for the summer, as a visit to the springs, resorts, etc., can then equally as well please at the numerous places of the kind. For those who wish to unite business with pleasure, is open the opportunity of prospecting or investing in Colorado mines, and in this direction no place promises such flattering returns. The mining interests, while having already yielded enormous wealth, are only in their infancy, and every day shows the discovery of rich values never before suspected, and it is becoming proverbial that the "tenderfoot" "strikes it" as frequently as the practical miner. The latter looks only for the particular rock that he knows bears fruit, while the former tests everything he finds and often discovers the mineral where the "old timer" has run over it. You will make no mistake in going to Colorado for your summer outing.

F. P. Baker,
Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Denver.

That's all best thing to owning a thing, is to be satisfied without it.

The Speer Brand of Brandy

Is a guarantee of Excellence. The Climax Brandy made from grape in 1876 is absolutely pure. For sickness in your family do not for heaven's sake use any brandy but one and strictly pure distillant from the grape.

Faith is always a giant killer, no matter how humble it may look.

American Institute Farmer's Club.

A committee from this club report the wines of Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J., the most reliable to be obtained, and that his Sherry Cream Wine is a Port Wine superior to any in the world. His Claret and Brandy have no superiors.

Don't run from a shadow. It means that there is a light close by.

A BACK BLOW.

The Weapon Small,—but None More Certain or Effective.

In these times when backs are lame, when almost every other one we meet has sore and then, or all the time, a back that aches or pains—"a weak back," "a bad back," "a back that makes their life a misery to bear"—and still they go on day by day in pain and suffering. Now 'tis the easiest thing in the world to give this played out back "a blow" that will settle it, and put in its place a new one equal to any. It's just like this: hit at the cause; most backaches come from kidney disorders. Reach the kidneys, start their clogged-up fibres in operation; when this is done you can say good bye to backache.

Here is a case from Battle Creek: Mr. Josiah M. Shoup lives at 51 Broad Street, he was a member of the Battle Creek police force for nine years. A former member of the force he served the city well, but the rough weather he was often subjected to laid the foundation of kidney disorder, which has troubled him very much. Here is what he says about it:

"About three years ago, while on the police force, I contracted from exposure a kidney trouble, which has since given me no end of trouble. The pain was right through my kidneys and across the small of my back; if sitting down and I wanted to stand up I had to support the whole back gently to avoid increasing the pain; I had such tired-out feelings all the time, and I was steadily getting worse. About two months ago I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. Their action and effect was most complete, they removed the old aching pains for good. I can now get around as quickly as anybody. Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly as represented."

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