A NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

HE date is between twenty and thirty years ago. The place is an English sea-port. The time is night. And the business of the moment is—dancing.

The Mayor and the Corporation of the town are giving a grand ball, in celebration of the departure of an Arctic expedition from their port. The ships of the expedition are two in number—the Wanderer and the Sea-Mew. They are to sail (in search of the North-West Passage) on the next day, with the morning tide.

Honor to the Mayor and Corporation! It is a brilliant ball. The band is complete. The room is spacious. The large conservatory opening out of it is pleasantly lit with Chinese lanterns and beautifully decorated with shrubs and flowers. All officers of the army and navy who are present wear their uniforms in honor of the occasion. Among the ladies the display of dresses (a subject which the men don't understand) is bewildering, and the average of beauty (a subject which the men do understand) is the highest average attainable in all parts of the room.

For the moment the dance which is in progress is a quadrille. General admiration selects two of the ladies who are dancing as its favorite objects. One is a dark beauty in the prime of womanhood—the wife of First Lieutenant Crayford, of the Wanderer. The other is a young girl, pale and delicate, dressed simply in white, with no ornament on her head but her own lovely brown hair. This is Miss Clara Burnham—an orphan. She is Mrs. Crayford's dearest friend, and she is to stay with Mrs. Crayford during the Lieutenant's absence in the Arctic regions. She is now dancing, with the Lieutenant himself for partner, and with Mrs. Crayford and Captain Helding (Commanding Officer of the Wanderer) for vis-a-vis—in plain English, for opposite couple.

The conversation between Captain Helding and Mrs. Crayford, in one of the intervals of the dance, turns on Miss Burnham. The Captain is greatly interested in Clara. He admires her beauty, but he thinks her manner, for a young girl, strangely serious and subdued. Is she in delicate health?

Mrs. Crayford shakes her head, sighs mysteriously, and answers:

"In very delicate health, Captain Helding."

"Consumptive?"

"Not in the least."

"I am glad to hear that. She is a charming creature, Mrs. Crayford. She interests me indescribably. If I was only twenty years younger—perhaps (as I am not twenty years younger) I had better not finish the sentence! Is it indiscreet, my dear lady, to inquire what is the matter with her?"

"It might be indiscreet on the part of a stranger," said Mrs. Crayford. "An old friend like you may make any inquiries. I wish I could tell you what is the matter with Clara. It is a mystery to the doctors themselves. Some of the mischief is due, in my humble opinion, to the manner in which she has been brought up."

"Aye! aye! A bad school, I suppose?"

"Very bad, Captain Helding. But not the sort of school which you have in mind at this moment. Clara's early years were spent in a lonely old house in the Highlands of Scotland. The ignorant people about her were the people who did the mischief which I have just been speaking of. They filled her mind with the superstitions which are still respected as truths—especially the superstition called the Second Sight."

"God bless me!" cried the Captain, "you don't mean to say she believes in such stuff as that? In these enlightened times, too!"

Mrs. Crayford looked at her partner with a satirical smile.

"In these enlightened times, Captain Helding, we only believe in dancing tables, and in messages sent from the other world by spirits who can't spell! By comparison with such superstitions as these, even the Second Sight has something—in the shape of poetry—to recommend it, surely? Estimate for yourself," she continued seriously, "the effect of such surroundings as I have described on a delicate, sensitive young creature—a girl with a naturally imaginative temperament, leading a lonely neglected life. Is it so very surprising that she should catch the infection of the superstition about her? And is it quite incomprehensible that her nervous system should suffer accordingly, at a very critical period of her life?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Crayford—not at all, ma'am, as you put it. Still it is a little startling, to a commonplace man like me, to meet a young lady at a ball who believes in the Second Sight. Does she really profess to see into the future? Am I to understand that she positively falls into a trance, and sees people in distant countries, and foretells events to come? That is the Second Sight, is it not?"

"That is the Second Sight, Captain. And that is, really and positively, what she does."

"The young lady who is dancing opposite to us?"

"The young lady who is dancing opposite to us."

The Captain waited a little—letting the new flood of information which has poured in on him settle itself steadily in his mind. This process accomplished, the Arctic explorer proceeded resolutely on his way to further discoveries.

"May I ask, ma'am, if you have ever seen her in a state of trance with your own eyes?" he inquired.

"My sister and I both saw her in the trance, little more than a month since," Mrs. Crayford replied. "She had been nervous and irritable all the morning, and we took her out into the garden to breathe the fresh air. Suddenly, without any reason for it, the color left her face. She stood between us, insensible to touch, insensible to sound, motionless as stone, and cold as death, in a moment. The first change we noticed came after a lapse of some minutes. Her hands began to move slowly, as if she was groping in the dark. Words dropped one by one from her lips, in a lost vacant tone, as if she was talking in her sleep. Whether what she said referred to past or future I cannot tell you. She spoke of persons in a foreign country—perfect strangers to my sister and to me. After a little interval, she suddenly became silent. A momentary color appeared in her face, and left it again. Her eyes closed, her feet failed her, and she sank insensible into our arms."

"Sank insensible into your arms," repeated the Captain, absorbing his new information. "Most extraordinary! And—in this state of health—she goes out to parties and dances. More extraordinary still!"

"You are entirely mistaken," said Mrs. Crayford. "She is only here tonight to please me. And she is only dancing to please my husband. As a rule, she shuns all society. The doctor recommends change and amusement for her. She won't listen to him. Except on rare occasions like this, she persists in remaining at home."

Captain Helding brightened at the allusion to the doctor. Something practical might be got out of the doctor. Scientific man. Sure to see this very obscure subject under a new light. "How does it strike the doctor now?" said the Captain. "Viewed simply as a case, ma'am, how does it strike the doctor?"

"He will give no positive opinion," Mrs. Crayford answered. "He told me that such cases as Clara's were by no means unfamiliar to medical practice. 'We know,' he told me, 'that certain disordered conditions of the brain and the nervous system produce results quite as extraordinary as any that you have described—and there our knowledge ends. Neither my science, nor any man's science can clear up the mystery in this case. It is an especially difficult case to deal with, because Miss Burnham's early associations dispose her to attach a superstitious importance to the malady—the hysterical malady, as some doctors would call it—from which she suffers. I can give you instructions for preserving her general health; and I can recommend you to try some change in her life—provided you first relieve her mind of any secret anxieties that may possibly be preying on it.'"

The Captain smiled self-approvingly. The doctor had justified his anticipations. The doctor had suggested a practical solution of the difficulty.

"Aye! aye! At last we have hit the nail on the head! Secret anxieties. Yes! yes! Plain enough now. A disappointment in love—eh, Mrs. Crayford?"

"I don't know, Captain Helding; I am quite in the dark. Clara's confidence in me—in her mother—is unbounded—is, in this matter of her (supposed) anxieties, a confidence still withheld. In all else we are like sisters. I sometimes fear there may indeed be some trouble preying secretly on her mind. I sometimes feel a little hurt at her incomprehensible silence."

Captain Helding was ready with his own practical remedy for this difficulty.

"Encouragement is all she wants, ma'am. Take my word for it, this matter rests entirely with you. It's all in a nutshell. Encourage her to confide in you—and she will confide."

"I am waiting to encourage her, Captain, until she is left alone with me—after you have all sailed for the Arctic Seas. In the meantime, will you consider what I have said to you as intended for your ear only? And will you forgive me if I own that the turn the subject has taken does not tempt me to pursue it any further?"

The Captain took the hint. He instantly changed the subject, choosing, on this occasion, safe professional topics. He spoke of ships that were ordered on foreign service; and, finding that these subjects failed to interest Mrs. Crayford, he touched next of ships that were ordered home again. This last experiment produced its effect—an effect which the Captain had not bargained for.

Do you know," he began, "that the Atalanta is expected back from the west coast of Africa every day? Have you any acquaintances among the officers of that ship?"

As it so happened, he put those questions to Mrs. Crayford while they were engaged in one of the figures of the dance which brought them within hearing of the opposite couple. At the same moment—to the astonishment of her friends and admirers—Miss Clara Burnham threw the quadrille into confusion by making a mistake! Everybody waited to see her set the mistake right. She made no attempt to set it right—she turned deadly pale, and caught her partner by the arm.

"The heat!" she said faintly. "Take me away—take me into the air!"

Lieutenant Crayford instantly led her out of the dance, and took her into the cool and empty conservatory at the end of the room. As a matter of course, Captain Helding and Mrs. Crayford left the quadrille at the same time. The Captain saw his way to a joke.

"Is this the trance coming on?" he whispered. "If it is, as commander of the Arctic Expedition, I have a particular request to make. Will the Second Sight oblige my by seeing the shortest way to the North-West Passage before we leave England?"

Mrs. Crayford declined to humor the joke. "If you will excuse my leaving you," she said quietly, "I will try and find out what is the matter with Miss Burnham."

At the entrance to the conservatory Mrs. Crayford encountered her husband. The Lieutenant was of middle age, tall and comely; a man with a winning simplicity and gentleness in his manner, and an irresistible kindness in his brave blue eyes. In one word, a man whom everybody loved—including his wife.

"Don't be alarmed," said the Lieutenant. "The heat has overcome her—that's all."

Mrs. Crayford shook her head, and looked at her husband, half sarcastically, half fondly.

"You dear old innocent!" she exclaimed, "that excuse may do for you. For my part, I don't believe a word of it. Go and get another partner, and leave Clara to me."

She entered the conservatory and seated herself by Clara's side.

CHAPTER II.

"NOW, my dear," Mrs. Crayford began, "what does this mean?"

"Nothing."

"That won't do, Clara. Try again."

"The heat of the room—"

"That won't do either. Say that you choose to keep your own secrets, and I shall understand what you mean."

Clara's sad clear gray eyes looked up for the first time in Mrs. Crayford's face, and suddenly became dimmed with tears.

"If I only dared tell you!" she murmured, half hold so to your good opinion of me, Lucy—and I am so afraid of losing it."

Mrs. Crayford's manner changed. Her eyes rested gravely and anxiously on Clara's face.

"You know as well as I do that nothing can shake my affection for you," she said. "Do justice, child, to your old friend. There is nobody here to listen to what we say. Open your heart, Clara. I see you are in trouble, and I want to comfort you."

Clara began to yield. In other words, she began to make conditions.

"Will you promise to keep what I tell you secret from every living creature?" she began.

Mrs. Crayford met that question by putting a question on her side. "Does 'every living creature' include my husband?"

"Your husband more than anybody! I love him. I revere him. He is so noble, he is so good! If I told him what I am going to tell you he would despise me. Own it plainly, Lucy, I am asking too much in asking you to keep a secret from your husband!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RINGING AND RUNNING.

A Pastime That Seems to Be Disappearing from the Sports of Youth.

"In the days when knockers graced the house door," said Mr. Stoggleton, "the small boy found sport in banging the knocker and running. When bells came in he yanked on the bell pull and then fled. Nowadays he mysteriously presses the button; but the sport of calling people to the door for nothing is not what it was; and it seems probable that with the general introduction of the push button, it will finally fall into decadence. There was some fun in pounding with the door-knocker, whose thunder reverberated through the hall and filled the house all of which you could have heard. And you could yank the bell pull out to the limit, causing the bell to fly almost out of the spring; there was fun in this. But there is no such fun in pushing in a push button. You can push that in perhaps a quarter of an inch, and that is all you can do with it. Say you are in the vestibule of a flat. Very likely you don't hear the bell ring at all; it may be that it is up three or four flights of stairs; you hear no sound. Nobody comes to the door; you don't have to run. Possibly the people whose bell you have rung may press a button up there in the air somewhere and you may hear the click of the door-opener at your side, or they may not do even that. It is dry fun; no like the old slambang knocker on the jingle bell right in the hall."

The Eye's Travels in Reading.

There seems to be no end to the labor a statistician will undergo to pile up a lot of figures. Now comes a patient Frenchman with figures that assume to tell the distance traveled by the eye in reading printed matter. He calculates that 1,000,000 letters of the ordinary type used in newspapers, placed in close juxtaposition, extend over 1,500 metres, somewhat less than a mile. But, according to his reckoning, there is not more than 1,100 yards of reading matter in the average issue of a Parisian daily. Within the cover of the familiar yellow-backed novel will as a rule be found double that amount, and in order to cover the ground which is represented by all of M. Zola's works the eye would have to perform a journey of more than thirty miles. An average man, living for the average period of human life, may be calculated to get through about 2,500 miles of reading before his task is done.

Max Maretzek.

Newspaper men go into curious places, and are forever running across curious people in them. The last place I met dear old Max Maretzek was a hole in the wall in West Twenty-seventh street, called, by courtesy, a French restaurant. We named it "Little Del's." One of Balzac's fat concierges was the head of the establishment, and it was possible to obtain an excellent dinner there for twenty or twenty-five cents. Max enjoyed his repast, and appeared pleased with the company that surrounded him, though it was composed of singers, actors and artists with more genius than money.

—Robert Chapman.

Washington Star: The luxury with which Broker Chapman's room is fitted at the jail promises to be such that the only way for him to appreciate the gravity of his position will be to take a walk in the yard now and then and look at the building.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

(Condensed from Farmers' Review stenographic report of Wisconsin Round-up institute.)

C. TAYLOR spoke on how to get good cows. There are three things that enter into successful dairying: First, the dairy tendency of the cows; second, the fertility of the farm—and its ability to provide food for the cows. The third thing to be taken into consideration is the dairyman. Then it is necessary that there be the ability to apply modern dairy methods. If he be not a dairyman he will never succeed.

Q.—Should a dairyman raise his own cows?

A.—Yes, sir; if he can, and as much as possible.

Q.—Can you increase the percentage of fat in the milk of cows?

A.—That can be done only by good breeding.

Charles Thorp spoke on handy things on the dairy farm. He said that every man should have a dairy house on his farm. His dairy house is located near the well, where every dairy house should be located for the purpose of having the water handy. The house is 20 by 14, the first twelve feet being used for the dairy room proper. There is the cream vat, which is a great saving of labor, and should be a part of every outfit. By its use we have to churn only once a week. It used to be necessary to churn every day or every other day. Now the cream can be held sweet by the means of ice for a long time. The next big feet of the building is used for a storage room. The rest of the building is used for an ice room, which every man should have.

Mr. Thorp then showed his system of making artificial ice by natural cold. He had on exhibition a model of a long box in which the ice is frozen. The box in which he freezes his ice is 14 feet long, 2 feet wide and 1 foot deep. The inside of the box is waxed with paraffine wax, which makes it easy to remove the ice when it is frozen. The waxing must be done during a warm day, and the wax should be used boiling hot, so the wax will stick to the box. In freezing he puts in only three inches of water at a time and lets it it freeze before putting in more. He has been using three of these boxes for the last few years. With three of these boxes you can fill an ice house very quickly. When you loosen the ice from one of these boxes you have a single cake of ice 14x2x1, which is sawed into cakes the size desired.

A feed cutter comes very handy on a farm, it can be put in such shape that it has to be set up every time it is to be used.

Q.—How do you build an ice hous, and how do you pack the ice?

A.—I would build it about as I would any common building, but I would make the walls double, with lath and plaster on the inside, and then I would paint the walls. I pack the ice with dry sawdust, and the cracks between the cakes I pack with dry sawdust. I do not put the ice against the outside wall, but leave a six-inch space which I fill with sawdust.

John W. Decker spoke on cheese-making. The cheese industry is in better shape than it has been before for many years, due largely to the passage of laws against filled cheese. New York and Wisconsin are the great cheesemaking states. At the South and in some parts of the North dairying is not carried on to any great extent. So the state that make cheese will have to supply not only themselves but the others. Canada has been supplying the English trade. That is the trade that we are trying to supply with our product, and that trade requires a very firm article in the way of cheese.

Standard Varieties of Chickens.

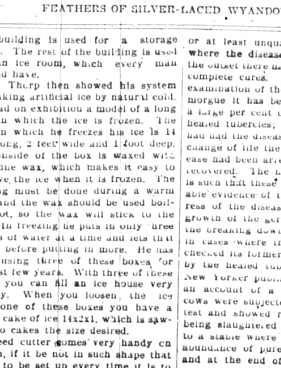
The Golden Wyandotte is marked like the Silver, excepting that the color is golden-bay and black instead of white and black. The White variety is, perhaps, the favorite of the Wyandotte classes, from the fact that it is not so difficult to breed to feather, the plumage being pure white throughout. They are for this reason the more practical fowl for the farmer, or those who keep poultry for market. The Buff Wyandotte is in color a rich, deep, clear buff, uniform in shade throughout, except the tail, which is of a deeper buff or copperish-bronze color. The Blacks are of a rich, glossy black, with greenish sheen, excepting breast primaries, secondaries, tail and fluff, which are pure black. The standard weight of cocks is 8½ pounds; hens, 6½ pounds; cockerels, 7½ pounds; and pullets, 5½ pounds.

Developing Layers.

The early hatched pullets are now large enough to permit of intelligent selection. The culls should be disposed of, and the best reserved for laying and breeding, says Farm Journal. If the cockerels have become sufficiently matured to be troublesome, they should be separated from the pullets and fattened for market. Although the price may be low now, it seldom pays to keep early hatched birds for fall and winter sales. To develop the pullets into good laying hens, an exclusive diet of corn must be avoided. They need bone and muscle, but to get enough of this out of corn they must eat an excessive quantity of it and this will produce too much fat. This caution must be heeded when the pullets have only a limited run and but little pasture. In these circumstances with the corn ration, green grass, clover, green fodder and some vegetables, with milk and cut bone, or meat meal must be supplied to secure a healthy development. The farmer's flock that has the range of the fields, and access to a great variety of food, may thrive on a ration of corn because it is not their exclusive diet. We have, however, often seen dirty premises where for two or three hundred yards from the buildings the poultry had eaten every green thing except weeds that was not enclosed by chicken proof fences. Such runs become polluted and the fowls suffer for the lack of insects and green food. The wonder is that any number of dry corn ration and wonders why his flock do not thrive and the pullets do not lay. The development of pullets for laying is very much like that of heifers for giving milk. Concentrated grain diet overtaxes the digestive organs and produces fat. Bulky succulent food, that which contains the bone and muscle making material, is necessary to secure the healthy digestion and thrifty growth.

Is Tuberculosis Incurable?

The agricultural experiment station of Indiana in a recent bulletin (No. 63) makes the broad statement that curative means are unknown in the treatment of tuberculosis or consumption. On this statement National Stockman comments as follows: We think this statement could not have been made.



FEATHERS OF SILVER-LACED WYANDOTTES.

PAINE'S GOOD DEEDS

BOSTON PHILANTHROPIST'S WORK FOR THE POOR.

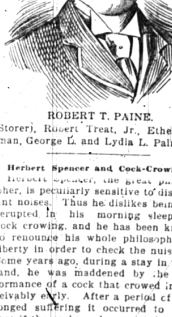
Twenty-Seven Years Devoted to Improving the Condition of the Workingmen—Great Institutions Organized for Their Benefit—Relief from Loan Sharks.

TO my mind, civilization means the advancement of the masses, not of the classes." This is practically an epitome of the spirit which has animated the great philanthropist of New England, Robert Treat Paine during the whole of his lifetime, the practical observance of which has devoted almost twenty-seven years of his life to the service of the high and social position of a New England his great-grandson of that Robert Treat Paine whose signature appears in full upon the Declaration of Independence has accomplished more for workingmen and their families in the vicinity of Boston than any number of aid and charitable societies. He lives in a fine old house on Joy street, Boston, near the corner of Mount Vernon, on the brow of Beacon Hill. He is tall, with thin, white hair and a bushy white mustache, which make him appear older than he really is, but with a fresh complexion and clear gray eyes which meet the visitor frankly and benevolently.

Robert Treat Paine was born in Boston on Oct. 3, 1835, and is the son of Charles Cushing and Fanny Cabot Jackson Paine. His education was acquired at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard, from which he was graduated in the class of 1855, among his classmates being Phillips Brooks, Alexander Agassiz, Francis B. Barlow, Theodore Lyman and Frank B. Sanborn. After a year's study in Harvard Law School he devoted two years to travel in Europe, returning to enter the law office of Richard H. Dana and Francis E. Parker in his native city. He was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1859, and was engaged in the practice of his profession for eleven years, retiring in 1870 to devote himself to benevolent work. Mr. Paine in 1887 gave $10,000 to Harvard University to endow a fellowship for the "study of the ethical problems of society, the effects of legislation, governmental administration and private philanthropy to ameliorate the lot of the mass of mankind."

Mr. Paine is a member of the vestry of Trinity Church, of the executive committee of the Episcopal City Mission, and of the Watch and Ward Society, one of the trustees of donations to the Protestant Episcopal Church, vice-president of the Children's Aid Society and president of the Wells Memorial Institute, the Workingmen's Co-operative Bank, the Workingmen's Building Association and the Workingmen's Loan Association. In 1884 Mr. Paine represented Waltham, where his country home is located, in the lower branch of the Massachusetts legislature, and the next year was the Democratic and Independent candidate for congress from the Fifth district. He was a republican and free soiler until the nomination of Mr. Blaine in 1884, when he bolted and became a mugwump. In 1890 he supported Harrison and in 1896 Bryan.

Mr. Paine was married in Boston on April 24, 1862 to Lydia Williams Lyman, daughter of George Williams and Anne (Pratt) Lyman. Her father was a son of Theodore Lyman, a distinguished Boston merchant of the beginning of the century. They have five children, Edith (now Mrs. John W. Weeks), Robert Treat, Jr., Ethel Lyman, George L. and Lydia L. Paine.



ROBERT T. PAINE.

Herbert Spencer and Cock-Crowing.

Herbert Spencer, the great philosopher, is peculiarly sensitive to discordant noises. Thus he disliked being interrupted in his morning sleep by cock crowing, and he has been known to renounce his whole philosophy of liberty in order to check the nuisance. Some years ago, during a stay in Scotland, he was maddened by the performance of a cock that crowed inconceivably early. After a period of prolonged suffering it occurred to him that if the early cock were tied by the legs to its perch it would be unable to crane up for the act of crowing. So, by a fine effort of induction, Mr. Spencer got up, and with his pocket handkerchief tied the creature firmly to its perch, and then went back to bed. Whether the cock went on crowing is not recorded, but Mr. Spencer, confident in his theory, slept. The sad part of the story is that he forgot the wretched bird until late in the afternoon. His conscious stricken rush to the fowl house and the explanations that followed are not matters to bedwelt upon.

A Female LL.D.

St. Andrews University has for the first time bestowed an honorary degree upon a woman in giving an LLD to Miss Eugenie Sellers, in recognition of her translation of Pliny's letters on Art. She has been well known for some time as a lecturer on archaeology and art.

Young Lightfoot—"How long does a man have to study if he wants to be a good lawyer?" Lawyer Sharpe—"Why do you ask that question?" "Because I am thinking of studying law myself." "Five hundred years."

SUMMER CARE OF BLANKETS.

Blankets which have been used all winter, no matter how white, are never clean, and should be washed before putting away. Many housekeepers salt the water in which they shake and air the dirty blankets rather than risk spoiling them in washing. But this is a mistake, for if the work is properly done no shrinking will take place, and the wool will be as good as new for wear, as well as the color, for years. The necessary thing in washing blankets is to have plenty of soft water and good pure soap. Hard water soap is really the cause of the damage done woolen goods in washing. It hardens the fibre and yellows the fabric. When ready to begin the work shake the blankets free of dust, fill a tub half full of hot water. Dissolve a third of a cake of Ivory Soap in it. Put one blanket in at a time. Dip it up and down in the water with the hands. Never rub soap on blankets or wash them on the washboard. After the blankets are clean, rinse in clean water until free of suds. Add a little bluing to the last water. Shake and squeeze them out of the first dirty. Take them, fold, lay under a weight for a day or two, and put away in a box and cover.

If kept they washed will retain their original freshness as well as wool ever thus treated—long as if put away as wool was after year.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Why He Failed.

"At one period," writes Gen. Adye in his 'Recollections of a Military Life,' "there was a considerable dearth of recruits for the artillery—partly due to regulations as to the height and dimensions of the men enlisted. Meeting an old recruiting sergeant one day I inquired if he had been successful, but he was too honest to speak sanguine, and, on my pressing him for the reason of his comparative failure, he replied, 'Beg your pardon, sir, but the Almighty doesn't make the men the shape you order 'em.'"

Grapes With Hollowed Cures Coughs.

Old Aunt Rachael, an old and successful nurse, in years gone by, used to prepare as a nurse and much sought after by hundreds of families, has for years made a Cordial most effective for Coughs and Colds by the use of Grapes with Elecampane Root and the Herb Hoarhound. Public speakers and singers use it. It is performing wonders. Sold by druggists.

No man ever bought his way into Heaven by leaving his money to the needy after he had started that way.

Unfermented Communion Wine.

Alfred Speer, of New Jersey, the celebrated grower of foreign grapes preserves the unfermented juice of the grape for sacramental use. It has been adopted and is used and sanctioned by the prominent divines of this country. It is also used for invalids with remarkable effect for blood-making. For sale by druggists.

Scientific research show that meats, fish, milk, and other animal foods cost three times more than flour, meal, and other staple vegetable foods to get the same nutritious result.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted the reward he has much generously it be were a fifth man.—Pope.

Between Seed Time and Harvest

is a good opportunity to enquire about farming lands in South Dakota, only one hour's ride from Chicago. Beautiful crops of Wheat, Corn, Barley and Flax reward the tiller of the soil. As a stock and dairy country South Dakota leads all the world. First class farm lands with necessary markets can now be bought for from $8, $10, $15, and upwards, per acre, and this is the time to buy. For further particulars write to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Don't plant trees where they will not be wanted when grown to good size.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C.C.C. fails to cure druggists refund money.

To seek God in every man's highest duty and greatest privilege.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fahnestock, La., August 2, 1895.

A moderate drinker is the devil's traveling man.

Millet, Buckwheat and other seeds, lowest prices. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Nearly everybody smokes in Japan, men and women. The girls begin when they are ten years old. Cultivation of the tobacco plant is done under cleanly conditions make clean and wholesome pork.

It is harder to win a woman with bonbons for a year and feed her on bread and butter for a lifetime.

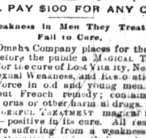
A Good Appetite is essential for health and physical strength. When the blood is weak, thin and impure the appetite fails. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach, gives strength to the nerves and health to the whole system. It is just the medicine needed now.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. 25 cents.

EARN A BICYCLE



Boys and Girls, Men and Women, Boys and Girls, Men and Women, Boys and Girls, Men and Women,