ENTIAL RESCUE

S BURDENED WITH
D SUFFERING.

Headaches and Pains in
the Kidneys Made the Life
se Miserable--Dr. Wil-
Pills Cured After Other
ed.

hurst Banner.

an affliction that is dread,
and the first sign of ap-
se is usually met with an
part of the patient to check
equently, however, even
physicians fail, and the
a weary round of agony
is and in the full enjoy-
ghest no conception of.
medicine is found that
, cause be estimated in
. It is without price.
Age, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh
ton, Ont., Mr. McCauce
of his wife's illness and
"For three or four years
been constantly failing
Her symptoms of her
were loss of appetite,
, cold feet, down pains and
a slight chill periodically.
she was attacked with
ed of her kidneys that be-
ed owing to their
, sometimes and different
tried, but with no good re-
after she grew so weak and
was obliged to seek medical
, reluctantly sent her out to
she received the best medi-
, all of which was only
. On her return, owing
, in a measure of the journey,
, a relapse and her
, in a form more aggra-
. I happened to read in a paper
, one day a testimonial
, a case cured of a similar
, I was following that other
, in my poor suffering
, a very day of hope. I
, a few boxes of Dr.
Pills and on my return
, the first dose to my
, I pass over to relate that
, I was exhausted she
, my wife now com-
, a convalescency of spirits and
Pink Pills with in-
By the time the
, my condition had so
Headaches and Pains in
the Kidneys Made the Life
se Miserable--Dr. Wil-
Pills Cured After Other
ed.

hurst Banner.

an affliction that is dread,
and the first sign of ap-
se is usually met with an
part of the patient to check
equently, however, even
physicians fail, and the
a weary round of agony
is and in the full enjoy-
ghest no conception of.
medicine is found that
, cause be estimated in
. It is without price.
Age, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh
ton, Ont., Mr. McCauce
of his wife's illness and
"For three or four years
been constantly failing
Her symptoms of her
were loss of appetite,
, cold feet, down pains and
a slight chill periodically.
she was attacked with
of her kidneys that be-
ed owing to their
, sometimes and different
tried, but with no good re-
after she grew so weak and
was obliged to seek medical
, reluctantly sent her out to
she received the best medi-
, all of which was only
. On her return, owing
, in a measure of the journey,
, a relapse and her
, in a form more aggra-
. I happened to read in a paper
, one day a testimonial
, a case cured of a similar
, I was following that other
, in my poor suffering
, a very day of hope. I
, a few boxes of Dr.
Pills and on my return
, the first dose to my
, I pass over to relate that
, I was exhausted she
, my wife now com-
, a convalescency of spirits and
Pink Pills with in-
By the time the
, my condition had so

A Dark Night's Work.

By Paul Ingelow.

(CONTINUED.)

"It startled me, Jera," explained the doctor, "to hear a tramp, a stranger, mention names fresh in my memory from your lips in connection with the Vernon case that very same day. Is puzzled and interested me. I watched, I studied the man. For days I have been working over him. This morning I attempted a great experiment to save his arm. To night, the symptoms of brain suffering were so definite, that I fear he is beyond surgical aid, and I sent for you"

"Then you have made some new discovery about him?"

"Yes; early this afternoon he had quite a lucid spell. He made me tell him all about his injuries. When I had done so he moaned deeply, and told me that while he knew my experiment might have saved him from becoming a cripple had he lived, he felt that he was doomed."

"And you think so."

"I fear it. The injury to the brain is permanent. Then I began to question him about his singular reference to Hawthorne villa."

"And what did he say?"

"At first he fought shy of making any revelation. He kept muttering that 'finders were keepers,' and that he was 'rich, rich, rich.' Then, some sudden twinge of pain caused him to think of his dreaded death. He grew frightened, then grateful for the great kindness of an utter stranger, he chose to consider my slight services, and then he burst into tears, and said that he would tell me all his story."

"Dick, you interest me deeply," explained the absorbed Le Britta, startled and hopeful at the same time.

"He was a tramp, he said," continued Doctor Milton, "and a tramp will rather a low estimate of honesty. A certain night, and Jera, he passed the very night that Gideon Vernon was murdered at Hawthorne villa, he was in its vicinity. He said it was about dusk, and, as he was just going around to the back door of the mansion to beg a mouthful of food, he saw a man, an old man, Gideon Vernon himself, he afterward ascertained to a certainty, climb from the window of his sick-room out into the garden."

"Oh! that is impossible," ejaculated the incredulous Le Britta.

It seemed so to him, for the photographer had not been aware of the tragic incident of the last hour of Gideon Vernon's life—of his dread and discovery of the lurking Durand, of the strong stimulant he had taken, of how he had sought to remove the iron box from the cabinet, so that the lurker by no chance might secure and despoil it.

"The tramp is positive," continued the doctor. "He says his curiosity was evoked, and he hid and then followed Mr. Vernon. His curiosity was aroused as he saw him open the cover of the box, and a royal store of jewels and bank-notes showed. Mr. Vernon hurried through the garden, reached the ravine behind it, and suddenly disappeared behind a rock. By some secret ledge unknown to the tramp, he reached a spot down the cliff-side. The tramp marked the place—the rock, the shelf of stone. Mr. Vernon returned empty-handed. He could scarcely stagger back to the house for weakness. Evidently fearing Durand, he had hidden his available treasure. The tramp still followed him. He saw him return to the house. The next morning he came to locate the ravine, intent upon finding the treasure. Then he heard of Mr. Vernon's murder. It frightened him. Here he was, a suspicious character, hanging around the villa. They might suspect him."

"What did he do?"

"Fled from the place, first, however, carefully noting the spot in the vicinity of which the little iron box had surely been secreted. Mr. Vernon had died with the secret of its hiding-place locked in his breast. The tramp felt that he had a right to it. He decided to remain away until the 'murder-fever,' as he termed it, was over. Then he would return, secure it, and enjoy a fortune which, to his loose code of morals, came under the heading, 'finders keepers.'"

Jera Le Britta was deeply startled at this graphic narrative. He realized how reasonable it was. But what did the box contain? Was it really valuable?

"The tramp," began Doctor Milton again, "then told me that this box he could direct me to. He bequeathed it to me, if he died. I smiled at the idea of consenting to receive other people's money, but I knew how glad you would be to secure even this faint clue to a new complication in a case that so interested you. About to tell me something more, the tramp fell back, insensible, again. He cannot stand many more of these fainting sicks. I thought it best to send for you, and telegraphed you."

"And the man?"

"Has lain in a state of coma ever since."

"With his secret half told?"

"As you know."

"Doctor," spoke Le Britta, energetically, "you must revive him!"

"It may be impossible."

"Temporarily?"

"I can try it."

"He must tell us definitely where that box is hidden!"

Doctor Milton took up a medicine case, extracted a small delicate, hypodermic syringe, and filled it with some colorless liquid from a phial.

"Come," he said, "I will try to revive the man. I will try to secure the score of the hiding-place of Gideon Vernon's box of valuables."

CHAPTER XIX.—THE TRAMP'S SECRET.

Noiselessly Dr. Richard Milton and his companion entered the sick-room.

Jera Le Britta stood curiously viewing the outlined form upon the couch. As the doctor cautiously turned up the lamp, its rays plainly illumined the object that centered the attention of the photographer.

The face of the tramp-patient was white and bloodless, his unkempt shock of hair and straggling beard looked not at all confidence-inspiring, but from a survey of his features to his injured arm, Le Britta gazed with wildly distended eyes.

The arm was strapped at wrist and shoulder across an iron frame. It was bare save for a piece of almost invisible gauze, saturated with some oily wash, and it looked like a mottled checkerboard in its strange, puzzling appearance.

"Why, Dick!" murmured Le Britta, "that arm"—

"Was the injured member. It was in a shape that no ordinary surgical care could adjust. It was either amputation or a crippled member for life, so I set myself to work to experiment."

"You mean?"

"Skin grafting."

Le Britta started intelligently.

"Yes," continued Doctor Milton, his face kindling with professional pride and confidence "I wanted to save the poor fellow months of suffering. Yesterday I gave out through the town what I intended to do. Humanity and curiosity alike brought me all the people I needed. From each I took an inch of cuticle, and transplanted it in patches on my patient's arm. You see how it is covered. I have given him what nature cannot supply in this instance, a new cuticle, consisting of one hundred and forty-two adhesive plasters! of other people's skin—farmers' cuticle, ministers' cuticle, girls' cuticle, boys' cuticle; a mixture, but all necessary. If the man recovers, he will owe his perfect arm to the kindness of a large number of fellow-beings. If there is a moral as well as a physical transplanting, may he be will assimilate some better qualities in that sadly-neglected nature of his."

Jera Le Britta did not reply to his friend's half-jocular exordium. He admitted and appreciated his genius, and marveled at the deftness that admitted of his scientifically [illegible] a man demuded of vital accessories to perfect cuticle-exudation, with a practically new set of pores to his skin.

He watched silently as the doctor bared the other arm of the patient, applied the point of the tiny glass instrument in his hand, and hypodermically injected a powerful stimulant into the laggard veins.

The sufferer on the couch winced, shrank and moaned. Watched breathlessly by doctor and photographer, his lips began to twitch, his eyelids quivered.

There was a noticeable dilation of the nostrils, his pulse quickened, his respirations grew faster, he sighed, opened his eyes, fixed them on vacancy, then on the doctor, and then, an expression of mingled horror and concern on his homely features, he gasped out—

"I've got to die!"

"Calmly, my friend, calmly!" urged the doctor in gentle tones. "You are doing remarkably well."

"Yes, but this weight on my head—this horrible throbbing! No! no! I am doomed. Doctor, I didn't tell you!"—

"Do not concern yourself about anything. Think placidly, talk slowly."

"Yes, but maybe I have only a few minutes to live!" shuddered the tramp. "No, yours was the first kind hand lifted to aid me in the long years. The first unselfish act from the heart. You shall be rich—rich! In the sole of my left shoe—the paper that tells—the secret—the hiding place"—

Fainter and fainter sounded the gasping voice. The man's eyes closed spasmodically, his breath came short and labored.

"Wait!" murmured Doctor Milton, mandatorily, as Le Britta moved to leave the room.

"Ah! I forgot." Again the sufferer started up, this time a piteous, haunted expression on his face. "Doctor! they can't drag me into the net for murder if I didn't do it, can they?"

"Certainly not, my poor fellow."

"And if I tell you, to unburden my coward conscience, and I should happen to live, they can't say it was a lie, and, as I was there, I must have done the murder myself, the murder of that old man, Gideon Vernon?"

"Mercy! what is all this?" gasped the startled Le Britta.

"No! no!" urged the doctor, soothingly "tell me what it is. You saw him killed?"

"Yes, I was at the veranda, watching. A man stole in at the window. I saw him. Another young man came in to find the old man dying a minute later, but he did not do the deed. He ran after the real murderer, the man dressed as a tramp."

"Ah! Ralph Durand!" ejaculated Le Britta. "Do you hear, Dick? This is the evidence would hang Ralph Durand."

"Hang? no, they shan't hang! Who are you?" shrieked the tramp, in the first time noticing Le Britta. "Save me, doctor! save me, save—"

He sank back. Rigid, lifeless, he lay upon the couch.

"'Is he dying, Dick?" breathed Le Britta, anxiously.

"No, but I fear"—began Doctor Milton, gravely.

"What?"

"These fainting shocks weaken him. Ah! I feared it! the fever again."

"If he could only be revived to recognize Ralph Durand!"

"Impossible. I will not have him disturbed again. His life, his reason quiver in the balance even now. I do not know if I can save him, but I will try."

"Try, try, indeed!" urged the photographer, earnestly. "For his own sake, for Gladys Vernon's sake, for he, he alone shows the hand that struck down Gideon Vernon!"

The doctor watched his patient for some moments. Then he went out into the next apartment, whither Le Britta had preceded him.

In his hand he bore one of the shoes which belonged to the tramp.

"Oh! the paper he talked about, the secret document that tells where the box of treasure is hidden!" exclaimed Le Britta, interested. "I had almost forgotten about that, amid the startling importance of his reference to the murder."

Silently, Dr. Richard Milton drew out some wooden pegs from the worn sole of the tramp's shoe.

"Here it is!" he announced, taking out a flat, folded envelope.

CHAPTER XX.—THE MISSING LINK.

"What is it?" queried Le Britta, pressing eagerly forward to the side of his companion.

"So far, only a dirty, wrinkled heavy manilla envelope.

"But it has some kind of an inclosure."

"We shall soon learn."

Le Britta was beginning to get excited. That day had held so many startling episodes in store for him, that he felt neither hunger nor fatigue. He could not but recognize the strange fatality of circumstance. Here he had been delving at Hawthorne villa for facts and his friend, miles distant, had discovered clues that seemingly encompassed the most vital issues of the case in hand.

If the outcome of these revelations was ample, and as expected, the fortunes of Gladys Vernon would soon be bettered and brightened.

Arranging them in order, Jera Le Britta realized that he had three distinct points of vantage on which to base new operations.

First, the advertisement for Gladys Vernon, showing conclusively that Ralph Durand knew positively of the whereabouts of her accused lover, Sydney Vance.

Second, the evidence of the dying tramp, proving indubitably the guilt of Ralph Durand as the assassin of Gideon Vernon.

Third, the possession of the document or documents secreted in the sole of the tramp's shoe, referring without question, to a certain iron box, containing, possibly, the bulk of dead Gideon Vernon's ready-cash fortune.

Documents these were, or, rather, slips of paper, three in number. From the envelope, creased and crushed from heavy foot-pressure, the doctor now drew three half-sheets of writing paper.

The first was a rude scrawl, evidently indited at the tramp's instigation.

Deciphered, it read—

"I, Dave Wharton, have made a big discovery—a box of gold and jewels. Finders keepers, as the owner is dead. I get a man to write this at Dalton, because I might forget."

Dalton was the first town west of Hawthorne villa. Here the tramp in his flight from the scene of the murder had evidently induced some stranger to scrawl the message.

The second piece of paper was in a totally different handwriting. It ran:—

"Go to the villa. I know where. Then down the road to where a path strikes the ravine. This is written at Springford. I don't let anybody know the whole affair except myself, so I get my secret written in sections."

"Do you see?" exclaimed Doctor Milton, looking up. "He was quite clever. Fearing he might forget the description of the place where he saw the iron box hidden he had different people write according to his dictation. The last piece of paper written at the next town on his tramp will probably complete the description of the hiding-place of the treasure. Yes, here it is."

The third strip of paper began:—

"You go down the ravine north, until you come to a large"—

There the chronicle stopped, abruptly, definitely.

"Go on!" urged the interested Le Britta.

"There is no more to go on with," replied Doctor Milton.

"Why not?"

"The rest of the writing is obliterated."

"What?"

"Yes, see!"

"Too bad!"

Le Britta observed that the pencil marks, in the remainder of the sheet, had become a blur of vagueness. The tramp had trusted his precious secret to rather an unsafe place of hiding. Dampness had penetrated the skin-sole of his shoe, so had so reached the inclosure in the envelope.

"I declare, this is provoking," commented Le Britta.

"Well, don't fret about it," suggested the doctor, philosophically. "It may not be so difficult to find by inquiry, who wrote the last scrawl of the tramp; besides you have a pretty fair idea than somewhere in the ravine near Hawthorne villa that treasure box is hidden."

"You have an idea of the curves and windings of that same ravine," replied Le Britta, "or you would think as soon of hunting for a needle in a haystack as for a little iron box among the innumerable boulders and fissures of the ravine in question."

"Then let us assume that this last disfigured scrawl the tramp had written at the third town west of Hawthorne villa."

"Well, suppose that!"

"When you have time, go there. Crossville is a small settlement. You can easily get a trace of the tramp's visit, locate the man who wrote the note for him, and get him to repeat its contents."

"If he remembers the same."

"He probably will. See here, Le Britta! I imagine we've had enough excitement for one night. It is getting very late. We both need sleep. My whole efforts shall be directed to making my patient recover, so that his evidence may convict Ralph Durand of the murder of Gideon Vernon. Your impetuous nature will probably not allow you to rest until you have found this mysterious hidden box. You cannot do anything more to-night. Go home and we will have another talk over the affair in the morning."

"Good advice, Dick! I'm off. You've made a great discovery, old friend, and I begin to see the light at the end of all this plot and mystery at last, thanks to you!"

"Thanks to the tramp, you mean, Jera."

"As you like, only the facts are there all the same."

Le Britta started from the doctor's rooms. He peered sharply down the unlighted corridor, as he fancied he heard a rustling sound at its farther end. Then bidding Doctor Milton good-night, he started for the street.

"I declare some one was lurking in the hall!" he ejaculated, as he saw a stealthy form steal from the lower doorway, and disappear in the darkness and gloom of the night.

He ascribed his fears to fancy, the identity of the lurker, if there really had been such, to some homeless tramp, as he proceeded homeward.

He never imagined that Ralph Durand, as shrewd as his antagonists, might yet have a spy to watch his movements.

If such was indeed the case, and that spy had overheard all the conversation in the doctor's office, he must know of the witness to the crime, and the precious treasure box hidden in the winding ravine of Hawthorne villa!

CHAPTER XXI.—ART PHOTOGRAPHIC.

Morning brought more mature reflection to Jera Le Britta. A placid sleep, an hour spent with the children at the late breakfast table, cheered and revivified his jagged faculties like a cordial.

He had an abundance to think over, and, in the light of recent revelations, he saw less occasion for a speedy return to Hawthorne villa than the day previous.

Then, with no clues in sight, only a seeming muddle, he was driven to the desperate expedient of single-handed seeking to learn the hiding place of Gladys Vernon, the whereabouts of her missing lover Sydney Vance.

Now, all his thoughts were centered upon Ralph Durand. He was master of the situation at present. Depose him, and subordinate details would harmoniously adjust themselves.

The evidence of the tramp, Dave Wharton would convict Ralph Durand. That meant the establishing of the complete innocence of Sydney Vance, and that in turn, would enable Gladys Vernon to return home, without the dread of having a sister for a guardian or condemning her lover by her evidence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dress Reform in Court.

The Judge—Which is the plaintiff in this case?

The Plaintiff—I'm the plaintiff, your honor.

The Judge—I thought the wife was the plaintiff.

The Plaintiff—I am the wife, your honor.

The Judge—That's the dickens you are.

The Plaintiff—I trust your honor entertains no prejudice against the habiliments of the new woman.

The Judge—Me! Certainly not. At the same time I feel it my duty to inform you that you don't stand a ghost of a show with this jury.

The Plaintiff—Why not?

The Judge—Because they are all married men.

Shrill Voice from the Jury Box—You're off judge. Four of us are married women.

Pleasant Information.

Daughter—When your little duckie darling gets married, you'll no longer be the same to her, will you?

Old Gentleman—Nonsense! I'll love you as much as ever.

"And won't our relations change a bit?"

"Of course not."

"I'm so glad, because now I can marry Mr. Slimpurse, and yet go on being your little duckie darling and having things charged to you just the same."—New York Weekly.

WOMEN'S WEAKNESS.

Female Complaints Combined With Kidney Troubles are Fatal.

LUCKY WOMAN ESCAPED.

Consented to Try Dodd's Kidney Pills The Premier of Proprietary Medicines, and is Now Strong and Well—One Box Cured Her.

Walkerton, Ont., Jan. 11.—Half a dollar saved a woman's life in this town not many months ago—only last August, to be exact.

Half a dollar is the price of a box of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. One box of these far-famed and justly-famed pills was enough to put Mrs. Elwena Ady on her feet, when she was very ill with female complaint, combined with Kidney trouble. With this example in view, why should there be a single woman in Canada tottering on the brink of the grave, or going about her work dragged down, dispirited, despondent and discouraged?

Kidney diseases are fatal. They mean slow death if not cured. But there is a cure, and it is the purpose of these lines to demonstrate it. Here is Mrs. Ady's testimonial.

Gentlemen,—I have been troubled with a complaint called women's weakness and Kidney trouble. I read of the many cures DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS had done, I consented to try them. I have used one box and I am completely cured. No pains or backaches have ever come back. I can highly recommend them to all women. You may publish this so as to help others.

MRS. E. ADY,
Walkerton, Ont.

Augus 8.

Any druggist has DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. If your druggist should be out of them, address the DODD'S MEDICINE COMPANY, Toronto. Price fifty cents a box, six boxes for $2.50.

THE FARM

THE LAZY FARM HORSE.

How to Make Him Draw Exactly His Part of the Load.

The question is often hotly discussed whether, when two horses work on an "evener" without stay-chains, the lazy horse that lags behind thereby draws just one-half of the load, or more, or less than half. The truth is that either of the three may be true, according to how the evener and clevises are arranged.

1—If all three clevis holes, a, b and c are equally distant from each other and are on a straight line, and if the clevises play freely on their pins, each horse will draw exactly half of the load, no matter which one is ahead. Fig. 1 shows this. If the line of the clevis holes, a, b and c, is not at right angles with the central line of draft, m n, both horses will be nearer that line, but both will be equally distant from it, drawing in lines a p and c q, parallel with m n. Hence each will draw half of the load.

2—But if, as in Fig. 2, the tree of wagon or sometimes on mowing machines) is the central point

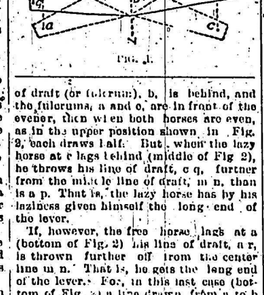

FIG. 1.

of draft (or fulcrum), b, is behind, and the fulcrums, a and c, are in front of the evener, then when both horses are even, as in the upper position shown in Fig. 2, each draws half. But when the lazy horse at c lags behind (middle of Fig 2), he throws his line of draft, c q, further from the middle line of draft, m n, than is a p. That is, the lazy horse has by his laziness given himself the long end of the lever.

If, however, the free horse lags at a (bottom of Fig. 2) his line of draft, a r, is thrown further off from the center line m n. That is, he gets the long end of the lever. For, in this last case (bottom of Fig. 2) a line drawn from a to b would make a right angle with the line m n while a line from b to c would form a sharp angle with the center line of draft m n and of course c would be nearer to that line.

3—But if the center hole, b for the main clevis were a rod of the middle

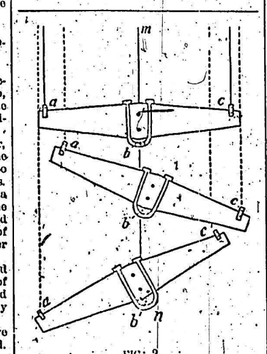

FIG. 3.

line and the end hole, a and c were behind the case in Fig. 2 would be exactly reversed, and the lazy horse by lagging behind would give himself the short end of the lever and must do the most work. This can be inferred from Fig. 2 without a separate cut to illustrate it.

Of course, the only correct way to have the three holes (fulcrums of points of draft) a b c exactly on a line. Then each horse draws exactly his half of the load, no matter whether he forges ahead or lags behind.—Ohio Farmer.

American Corn for Mexico.

Owing to the removal by the Mexican Government of import duties on corn for the two states of Vera Cruz and Tamaulipas, and owing to the scarcity of grain there, large shipments are being made from this country, chiefly via Mobile, Ala., which has facilities for shipping to Mexican ports. One steamship company has already carried 700,000 bushels, and for August and September the total reached 1,500,000 bushels. What these figures mean is shown by comparison with the total shipments to Mexico for the year ending June 30, 1890, the aggregate being 1,677,653 bushels. In the year previous the total was only 179,011 bushels. The corn sells for $2.50 a bushel in Mexican money.

The Nature of Sandy Soil.

Sand has a great power for the transportation of water. It will convey water quicker than any other soil, but it will not hold as much. A clay soil will hold more, but water will pass through more slowly. Sandy soils take in all the rains that fall, and if there is a subterranean supply within ten or fifteen feet of the surface, it seems to have a power to pump the water up to the roots of the plants. If, however, there is no such supply, the higher temperature of summer will usually increase the temperature of the top sandy soil and gradually dry it out faster than a fine, clayey soil. Clay will hold more moisture and hold it longer than any other form of soil, but it must be protected by surface cultivation.—Rural World.

Celluloid for Surgical Splints and Corsets.

One of the latest uses for celluloid is for surgical splints and corsets. Hitherto plaster of paris has been used, but great objection was found to it from the fact that it was too absorbent. Both Dr. E. Kirsch and Prof Landerer, who are well known in Germany, advocates the use of the celluloid. The substance is dissolved in acetone, and made into a splint which fits the body, by taking a plaster cast of the part to which it will be applied, and lining the cast with felt. The felt is then rubbed and stiffened with the celluloid, and a support of great toughness and strength is thus provided.

Saved by a Joke.

A man was up before the judge the other day for stealing coal. The railroad detective said that he caught the fellow in a coal car, but the man said that he was only sleeping there because his wife had locked him out and he had no money to go to a hotel. "Pretty hard bed, wasn't it?" asked the judge. "Oh, no, sir," he answered, "it was soft coal." And the judge was so struck by the joke that he let him go.—Buffalo Enquirer.

A Last Request.

Her father had said it could never be. They both sat in the parlor—also in tears.

After long searching and a desperate effort she found her voice. Then, in despairing tones, she cried: "Oh, Charley! If we must part, let us wait till after Christmas."

Yet He Was Not Satisfied.

"Oh," he sighed passionately when he had concluded his request for her hand, "do not say 'Nay!'"

"I won't," she replied.

"Thank you very much."

"I wouldn't think of such a thing. Plain old fashioned 'No' is good enough for me."—Washington Star.

IMPROVING GRASSES.

Why Our Farmers Should Bring Native Grasses into Cultivation.

One of the best lines of work in connection with the development of improved forage conditions is that of bringing our native forms into cultivation. More than 80 per cent. of all the grass species of the world are native of the United States, the number ranging upward of 700, and I think I am not wrong in saying that there is no other continent on which there is a greater number of native forage plants other than the grasses. Nearly all of our cultivated forage plants are of foreign origin, and if it were not simply a matter of public interest, it ought to be one of public sentiment, to preserve the coming generations of American farmers those native species which have added so much to the wealth of the land in the past. The species of the grazing regions in the west and southwest, and, for that matter, in every part of this country where sheep or cattle are raised, are best adapted for the conditions under which each grows, and it is folly to think that better forms may be introduced from Europe or Asia or Australia, where climate and soil and abundance of rain fall are different. The meadow grass of the parks, woodlands and mountain slopes, the grama and buffalo grasses of the southwest, and the blue stems of the eastern prairie belt, cannot be improved upon.

We must go out into the fields and meadows and select, care for and propagate the thrifty grasses and native clovers, just as the horticulturist selects and propagates his finest varieties of fruits, or the florist his most perfect and most highly developed flowers. Every cultivated grass, every cereal, every fruit or flower, has been developed up from just such small beginnings, and when we take into consideration the importance of the grazing industries, the great amounts of money invested in them, and the vast yearly income from these sources, we must adopt the conclusion that such a line of work is an exceedingly important one.—United States Department of Agriculture.

EXHAUSTED FERTILITY.

A Good System of Rotation is the Best Restorer of Worn-Out Soil.

The following conclusions by one of our experiment stations apply everywhere: The continued cropping of soils to grain crops only without any system of rotation, or other treatment, is telling severely upon the original stock of half decomposed animal and vegetable matters, and nitrogen. Soils which have produced grain crops, exclusively, for ten or fifteen years, contain from a third to a half less humus and nitrogen than adjoining soils that have never been plowed. Soils which have been cropped until the organic matters and humus have been materially decreased, retain less water and dry out more easily than when there is a larger amount of organic matter present in the soil. Soils when are rich in humus contain a larger amount of phosphates associated with them in available forms than the soils that are poor in humus. Soils which are rich in humus and organic matter produce a larger amount of carbon dioxide that acts as a solvent upon the soil particles and aids the roots in producing food. One-half of a sandy knoll, heavily manured with well rotted manure, contained nearly a quarter more water during a six weeks' drought than the other half that received no manure. The supply of organic matter in the soil must be kept up because it takes such an important part, in directly, in keeping up the fertility of soil. A good system of rotation, including sod crops, and well prepared farm manures will do this, and will avoid the introduction and use of commercial fertilizers which are now costing the farmers of the United States over $35,000,000 annually.

Farm Notes.

If we do not study our farms so that we know what parts of it are adapted to grow certain crops, or if we do not keep abreast of the times in using machinery and in the improved methods of cultivating our crops, our farming will be a failure. We are all very apt to be imitators instead of inventors.

It is very difficult to keep soils fertile if they contain a large proportion of sand. If they are kept under cultivation this difficulty is increased, as the sand both blows and washes away when exposed to winds. For this reason many owners of sandy fields keep them seeded with grass or clover as much as possible, only plowing them when the seeding runs out.

According to the just issued annual report of the United States Land Office, there was during the past year a decrease in original land entries of 591 in number and 142,336 acres in area. In receipts there was an increase of $79,907. The total area of land entries of all kinds made during the year was 13,174,070 acres. There are 600,040,671 acres of public land still unencumbered, exclusive of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Alaska and military and Indian reservations. There were patented during the year to aid in the construction of railroads 15,537,844 acres, an increase of over 7,000,000 on last year. There remain railroad selections unpatented amounting to 14,195,376 acres.

One cause for hard times is buying $3 worth when we have only $1 to pay with. Overestimating what we are going to get out of a crop, and not being careful enough about expenses, puts us in a position that is embarrassing. It is much better, and the only safe way, to market our product and buy accordingly, than to buy, and sell our produce afterwards; the former will cause less disappointment and more satisfaction.

The successful business man always profits by his mistakes, because he is careful not to make the same ones ever again. Do we farmers follow this rule? Every one must answer that question for himself. When flushed by success it is easy enough to remember how we have succeeded, but we are prone to overlook our faults, by wherein we have erred. We all make mistakes, and surely the only way to make a correction is to take a retrospective view of the past, and see what can be done in making as few as possible in the future.

The Cherry Orchard.

Professor Budd of the Iowa station says that a cherry orchard does best when planted thickly in rows running north and south and giving a wider space between the rows to admit the sun and allow free circulation of air. Orchards where the rows were 24 feet apart and the trees 10 feet apart in the row have done better than those planted in the usual way. He also thinks root grafting of the cherry is better than budding, setting them in the ground to the top bud of the scion, which enables roots to be thrown out directly from the scion.

Animals are Left-Handed.

Somebody has found out that animals are left-handed, if the expression may be used about creatures that have no hands. Several different zoologists have noticed this condition. Parrots take objects preferably with the left claw, the lion strikes with his left paw, and so competent an authority as Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, asserted that in his opinion all animals are left-handed.

Helping Him Out.

"I hear Parker has written a novel."

"Yes."

"Successful?"

"Very. Whole edition sold in two hours."

"Indeed! That's fine."

"Oh, no. His father-in-law bought it in for his daughter's sake."—Harper's Bazar.

None But Novices.

Max—I swear to heaven that you are the first woman I ever kissed.

Dalia (with a sigh)—That's the trouble with this miserable season of the year. One has to break in so much raw material for some other summer girl's benefit, likely as not.

It is calculated that the earth weighs about 6,049,638,000,000,000 tons.

K RAILROADERS TELL OF IT'S WONDERFUL CURES

THE NEW INGREDIENT WORKS STARTLING CURES

RAILROAD KIDNEY.

I, J. WILLIAM WALKER, of the City of Hamilton, do solemnly declare that I reside at 84 Colborne Street, and am employed as passenger brakeman on the G. T. R.

I suffered intensely with what is called Railway Kidneys and also had Sciatica, which became so severe that I had to leave my work. I had medical treatment, was fly blistered and had hot irons applied, but without success. I took a great quantity of medicine and when I began the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure I thought it was only another experiment and could hardly trust my own senses when I began to get better. The pain gradually left me, my kidneys began to act with regularity and promptness, my appetite returned, and now I am cured. I am forty years of age, have been with the G. T. R. for twelve years, and am now able to work every day, thanks to Kootenay Cure, which I have pleasure in recommending to everyone suffering with Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble, and especially to railroad men, who are all more or less subject to disordered kidneys.

Sworn to before J. W. SEYMOUR CORLEY, Notary Public.

HAMILTON, 30th Dec., 1896.

TWENTY YEARS OF LUMBAGO.

I, JAMES MUIR, of the City of Hamilton, Co. of Wentworth, residing 243 Emerald Street N., do solemnly declare that I am at present employed as night baggageman master Grand Trunk Station, Hamilton. I was troubled for over twenty years with Lumbago, and at times was so severely afflicted that I could not walk. Twice a year during the time the attacks were very intense, but the pain was constantly with me, and for about ten years I could not stand straight for a longer period than about fifteen minutes, when I would be compelled to lean over or stoop forward in order to relieve myself.

After using nine bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure I am free from Lumbago and consider myself completely cured. I told Mr. Ryckman that if I felt no pains for one year after taking his medicine, that I would give him a testimonial, and as the time expires this week, I came to him without solicitation to give this sworn declaration. I conscientiously consider Kootenay Cure one of the greatest and best remedies for back or kidney trouble ever used by mankind, and wish my case to become generally known, as I doctored with five different medical men and was told by some of them that they could do nothing for me; others said, "Go to bed and stay until I get better," but that would have been giving up all hope and confessing myself a hopeless invalid. Kootenay Cure was my salvation, and I believe it only right that medical men, universities and hospitals should use the remedy extensively.

Sworn to before WM. L. ROSS, Notary Public.

HAMILTON, 15th Dec., 1896.

KOOTENAY CURE.

AN INVALID SIX YEARS

First Few Doses Gave Great Relief.

EFFECTS A CURE.

Words of a Grateful Wife and Mother.

Under recent date, Mrs. R. Armstrong of Orillia, Ont., writes: "I have suffered for over six years with nervous prostration, weakness, indigestion and dyspepsia, and have had several doctors attending me. I have taken a number of proprietary medicines, but found very little relief from any of them. I was influenced to give South American Nervine a trial, and I must confess that it has done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken, or medical treatment of whatever kind received. From the first few doses I found great relief. In all I have taken six bottles, and can truthfully say that South American Nervine is the one medicine that has effected a cure in my case. It would be strange if I did not cheerfully recommend it to all who have suffered as I have." Would thousands of suffering women in all parts of the Dominion be relieved of all this trouble—then seek South American Nervine. If the discouraged mother it will give quick relief, and return to her the much desired health and strength. Working immediately upon the nerve centres, as science has demonstrated, it cannot fail to cure. In this important respect it differs altogether from every other medicine—it is not any mere experiment but a sure fit.

NOT A QUARTER

But Just 20 cents, and 40 doses in a vial of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills.

No Pain, No Bad After Effects, Pleasure in Every Dose—Little, But Awfully Good.

Cure sick headache, constipation, biliousness, nausea, sallowness. They are purely vegetable. Prompt in demand and all druggists sell them. Mere granules in size.

Let Us All Talk English.

In the Boston Globe Mr. William Henry Thorne writes pungently and is fearless in his opinions. All will agree with him that children born of foreign parents in America must be brought up as Americans:

French Canadians, Germans, Italians and what not living in this country should not forget that English is the language of the country and is bound to be so, and as they all make efforts to learn enough English to conduct their various business avocations in English so should they studiously make efforts to understand their religion in English. Further, while the senior pastor in all cases included in the foregoing class should be as indicated, it seems to me that the bishop of every mixed parish is bound to consider also the fact that the children born to these foreign parents in America are Americans—not Germans or Frenchmen or what not—and that these children will, by force of unyielding circumstances, be obliged to make the English language their own language from the cradle to the grave. Therefore the assistant pastor in all such cases should be an English speaking pastor, capable of instructing and bound to instruct the youth of each congregation in catechism and in all the rites of the church in the English language. And where there can be but one priest he should speak the foreign language to the aged foreigners and the English to the young.

An Epistolary Objection.

The preliminaries of the great prize fight were all arranged when the representative of one of the principals raised a protest, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I want to ask," he said, "if it is true that the opposite side insists upon the use of the fashionably new red writing paper in this contest?"

"We reserve that right," replied the other man's manager.

"Then," said the first speaker, "I feel obliged to declare all the negotiations off. My principal is a gentleman of refined and aesthetic tastes, and from his elevated point of view red writing paper is quite too suggestive of freshly shed gore. Understand me. We don't object to red hatched pens or even to red ink, but we do draw the line at red paper."

Corsets of brocaded satin with jewel-ed clasps are one of the season's novelties.

Dancing slippers are made to match the gown, and rhinestone and pearl embroidery is the finish.

GREAT LEAGUERS.

As a General Rule They Come From the Smaller States.

Portugal is a country with a land area one-third less than that of the state of New York and a population of 500,000 less than that of Pennsylvania, but it has celebrated Dan Daly and Jack Sullivan, Sullivan and Daly.

It is a somewhat curious circumstance in the history of the United States that the chief inventors have usually been natives of other lands and without the advantages accruing to a resident of larger governments. Christopher Columbus, John Cabot, Verrazzano, Ponce de Leon, Hernando de Soto, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Ponce de Leon, Ponce de Leon