DEFEAT TURNED INTO VICTORY.

Fine Illustration of the Readiness of a Nebraska Stump Speaker.

The Washington Post tells a story which illustrates the readiness of a first-rate stump orator. Colonel Stark of Nebraska, a member of Congress, was announced to speak in a certain town in Nebraska, and many people of his political faith—it is not necessary to say which side he was on, nor which eminent candidate he championed—had come in from round about to hear him.

At the last moment, however, it was discovered that, through some method of the local managers, the opposing party had got possession of the only hall in the place. In plain terms Colonel Stark and his intending auditors were literally out in the cold, for the season was late, and it was impossible to hold a meeting in the open air.

Of course Colonel Stark could not think of permitting the opponents to have his audience, and he set about finding some other roomy and warm place which would answer his purpose. The only thing that offered itself was a large building used as the winter quarters of a circus and menagerie.

In the training shed of this establishment, therefore, Colonel Stark assembled his audience, which was all the larger on account of the unusual circumstances under which it was allied together.

Colonel Stark mounted an elephant tub and began his address.

"Fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen—"

Here the lion roared. "Wow-wow-ow-ow" completely drowning the orator's voice. As soon as the uproar had somewhat subsided, Stark began again:

"In this momentous campaign—"

"Yaw-ow-ki-yi-yi-yi-yi-" yelled the hyena. No progress was possible in this very unpleasant and disconcerting animal had ceased his outcries. Then Colonel Stark resumed:

"I come to speak to you in favor—"

Here the elephant trumpeted with majestic scorn, and several smaller animals contributed an accompaniment of sensible magnitude. When this was over Colonel Stark went on:

"In behalf of our great and glorious leader, the peerless statesman and matchless orator—"

He named the leader of the party, and at once possibly seventeen separate howl of the most all the animals in the building became one clamor. The lion roared, the hyena growled, the elephant trumpeted and the camels snorted. The monkeys began to laugh, and it seemed almost as if the speech, when, in a lull of the tumult, the voice of Colonel Stark was once more heard:

"At the mention of whose name even the wild animals lift up their voices in a tumult of appreciative joy—"

At this the audience cheered with delight and approbation. Having had their say, the animals themselves remained comparatively quiet, and the meeting was pronounced an overwhelming success.

One day he took some pills and then
He highly praised the same,
He'll never be obscure again—
The whole world knows his name.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Look For the "Planet of Romance," on May 28th.

Part of the investigations of May 28th will be directed, not to the sun itself, but to the space lying between the sun and Mercury. We are told in a paper by Julia MacNair Wright in the May "New Lippincott" that it has been the dream of many astronomers that about half way between the sun and Mercury lies a little planet, lost in the effulgence of the sun. Sir William Ball names this the "Planet of Romance." Other astronomers have searched for it, christening it Vulcan before it has been found. If ever such a planet rolled exactly between the earth and the sun it would sometimes be seen crawling like a little dot across the sun's disk. In the gloom of an eclipse such an orb might show its face if its position in regard to the earth were favorable. Most astronomers have concluded that there is no such planet, but that the space between Mercury and the sun is empty.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The unsuccessful man consoles himself with the thought that lots of men are too brilliant to become famous. S., 17

A Mother's Tears.

"I Would Cry Every Time I Washed My Baby."

"When he was 3 months old, first blisters and then large boils broke out on my baby's neck. The sores spread down his back until it became a mass of raw flesh. When I washed and powdered him I would cry, realizing what he was in. His pitiful wailing was heart-rending. I had about given up hope of saving him when I was urged to give Hood's Sarsaparilla, all other treatment having failed. I washed the sores with Hood's Medicated Soap, applied Hood's Olive Ointment and gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. The child seemed to get better every day, and very soon the change was quite noticeable. The discharge grew less, inflammation went down, the skin took on a healthy color, and the raw flesh began to scale over and a thin skin formed as the scales dropped off. Less than two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, aided by Hood's Medicated Soap and Hood's Olive Ointment, accomplished this wonderful cure. I cannot praise these medicines half enough." Mrs. Guerinot, 37 Myrtle St., Rochester, N. Y.

The above testimonial is very much condensed from Mrs. Guerinot's letter. As many mothers will be interested in reading the full letter, we will send it to any one who sends request of us on a postal card. Mention this paper.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

FARM AND GARDEN.

Be Easy on the Horses.

The teams will soon be very busy and the farmers also; but in spite of all this don't overlook the matter of seeing to the collars, for after the horses have been "laying up" all winter their shoulders will no doubt be tender, and when they are first put into harness the constant jerking of the plow is liable to make them very sore.

Sometimes a balky horse can be cured by looking over the harness and determining just what is bothering the animal. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men would balk if they were compelled to work when in the same condition that some horses are.

The least thing that can be done for the ever faithful servant of man is to make him as comfortable as possible when at labor.

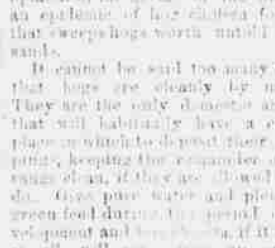
Millet For Hens.

The small seeds, such as can be from millet and orchard, are much better than whole Indian corn as winter feed for fowls. The latter can be and is supplied too fast, and often in a few minutes the hen fills its small crop so that the active muscles of the gizzard cannot be brought to grind it. In such cases the food becomes sour-bound, in which case it soon ferments, and the result is certain death unless relieved. A shallow trough or large box is very convenient for the grain, and will often afford opportunities for exercising, as it will often afford opportunities for exercising. Those gone with hens in feeding small seeds, especially if they are scattered so that the fowl has to exercise some to get them, and should be only a few at a time. If corn is fed it is better if broken into small pieces than if fed whole.

Plow not Shallow.

Experience and observation have demonstrated that a crop should not be treated as [illegible] land, farther reason that [illegible] ways downward instead [illegible] and worm a heavy subsoil turned under to the depth of nine inches, it is plain that the [illegible] especially earlier will and [illegible] enough nearly that is available. The water that may fall in the form of rain naturally carries these [illegible] deeper into the soil. The more shallow land if it was [illegible] the fact that the available [illegible] to [illegible] must be accessible for plant food at [illegible] within two feet of the surface, and the [illegible] the [illegible] depth of [illegible] is hopeless. The notion that [illegible] plowed deeply while the [illegible] is [illegible] preferable [illegible] plowing [illegible] soil.

Anchoring a Water Fence.



Plow Deep While Sod Is Rotting.

Hotbed Hogs.

Destroying Strawberries.

Handling and Shipping Strawberries.

Defective Butter.

Remedy for Rotten Eggs.

Preventing Milk Fever.

Hotbeds.

Cleaning Seed Potatoes.

Cleaning Seed Potatoes.

Cleaning Seed Potatoes