NO. 49

THE LABURNUM TREE. The slim laburman has no fellow Can match her tresses long and yellow, Although in gown as gayly green The cassia may today be seen.

goon shall her long gold hair be coiled. go close the wildest wind is folled. That fain would loose these amber tresses. To catch the sunlight in gold jesses.

none can rival her gold hair; Not evening primrose that will come In June or bright chrysanthemum.

Yowed to November, when the leaves Are red and swallows quit the caves. Now 'tis mid-May, and through the town rnun o'er her grass green gown

Shakes her gold locks and fills the air With the gold glimmer of her hair, Shorn and forgot in June 'twill be, But now she stands a golden tree, Noru Hopper in Westminster Gaze

By Marguerite Stabler.

................. "Tom Randolph is such a charming fellow!" Every girl who knew him and every girl's mamma lifted up her heart and joined in the universal chorus, He was the sort of man women love to love. His patrimony was sufficient to make him thoroughly worth while, his mental depth was beyond nobody's fathoming, and even the men who were inclined to leave him alone admitted perforce that he was a good enough fellow. He could do so many useful things, too-wield a chafing dish or banjo, lead a german or sall a boat-

all with equal grace and skill. But the measure of his popularity was the measure of the plunder he accumulated from year to year. His apartments might have rivaled a public exhibition in point of his collection of photographs. There were girls of all sorts and conditions of beauty and style; blond girls and brunette girls, stately girls and kittenish girls, tall girls and petite girls and girls in every variation of habiliment from a bathing suit to mourning weeds, varying in size from tiny miniatures, gently hinting they might be enshrined in the watch case, to the large irldfum panels that lined his walls in tiers, and the sofa enshions that filled every nook would have made the fortune of a charity baznar. After noting the fact that about every third girl who gave him her picture was industrious enough or cared enough to make him a cushion. Randolph, at a rough estimate, had fixed the number at 28 2-3 cushfolis. Every holiday season a new pile was started, and, as each girl perfumed her gift with her favorite sachet, nothing but the most powerful disinfectant could mitigate the combined odors of the 28 2-3 sachet powders. Such it is to be acclaimed "a charming fellow." But Randolph was grateful. In return he loved them all collectively. His trouble was that he could not deduce his idear from the composite three times 28 2-3 to the individual. But Mrs. T.

Courtney Randolph was to be a flawless mind and body, and much time was spent in a diligent search for "that not impossible she." This search, indeed, threatened to rival the hobby he had ridden, or, rather, that had ridden him at a breakneck pace all his life. He had been a victim of every coffecting fad people with long pockets and short wits are heir to. But he was shrewd in his judgment, and his insight had brought him not a few treasures from unsuspected sources. The furniture he had gathered about him evoked associations of the first empire, early colonial, old Dutch and French renaissance. Once he had set his heart on a piece of bric-a-brac he could brook no barrier. But now, for the first time, Randolph was baffled, and by a woman Down in Monterey, in a crumbling

old adobe house that might once have been the home of some haughty hidalgo, but which now bore only the pitiful traces of its early pretentions, be discovered a great treasure—a fibe old Spanish chest of most unique design. The old adobe house had been burned out on the inside, leaving the walls blackened and charred; the floor was the bare ground, baked almost into cement from generations of use; the window panes were broken and boarded over to keep out the rain. In such a rickety little hole stood this regal old chest that might have held the court robes of Queen Isabella. Almost black with the lapse of centuries, large enough for a whole family's wardrobe. the massive brass trappings tarnished by the touch of hands long ago crumled to dust, its every aspect breathed an atmosphere of romance and tradi-

The manner of its discovery was the merest chance. While taking a short cut from the bay back to the hote Randolph had stopped at a house that looked a little less dirty than its neigh-bers to ask for a drink of water. While the old senora had gone to bring it be espled through a crack in the door this marvel of the metal worker's art. The chest, which stood several hehes from the floor, supported by lien's claws, was of cedar or mahogany, as no city as he could tell through its coating of dust. The edges were held by heavy, curved brass arabesques coating of dust. The edges were and inwrought on every lock and

hinge were the crown and shield of spain, the proof of its royal lineage.

When the woman returned with the rool water, she found the stranger seated on an upturned whale vertebra before the chest, pulling at the brass thumping the wood, examining the becks, and wondering at its excellent preservation. Dropping the glass and shricking "Rosa. Rosa!" she ran to give the alarm to her daughter that there was a burging in the house. It was several minutes before Randolph

the daughter, who had followed at her w, repeating in indignant tones, anto;" And the daughter, survey-the stranger with horrified eyes,

"Yes," answered Randolph, thinking

menut. "How much would you usa for this chest? Twenty dollars?" "Veinte pesos!" almost screamed the woman, turning to her daughter.

again without taking her scornful glance from the stranger's face. "Yes, yes; \$20!" repeated Randolph, not the least disconcerted. "Would you take \$20 for this chest? It is very much out of style, you know, but I

might find a use for it." The woman stood back a pace and surveyed him with an expression that made even Randolph begin to feel a trifle ill at ease. The daughter lined herself up beside her mother and tried to echo the look, but her glance was tempered with an admiration she could not conceal.

As neither of the women seemed disposed to break the silence Randolph continued: "Well, say \$25. That's a the beautiful new boat. Randolph's blg price for such an old fashloned thing, but I might give it."

The old woman broke into a tirade of broken Spanish.

her soul! Nunca!" The glory was days, but when the business in hand gone from her house, and she was poor. es, and she needed the money, but this chest had belonged to her family the happiest of men. If he had looked when they had held their heads high to leeward just then, he might have in Spain. Her father had brought it seen the object of his reverie in a pass over here with him and paid almost half his shriveled fortune to get it here. her astonished, resentful eyes, al-He would not have come without it. When she had married, it had been given to her, and when Rosa was mar ried it would go to her for a dowry, and so on down the line of Espendolas, as it had come. And every good Espendola would guard it with his life if need be. "Veinte y cinco pesos! Be-

gone insolente!" At last, exhausted by her outbreak of anger and calling her daughter to fol- satisfaction that she has a fondness low her, she ordered him again to leave the house, still muttering to herself. into his chronic complacency. "Veinte y cinco pesos, Diantre!"

Rosa followed reluctantly, but not until she had bidden the handsome stranger a gracious goodby and watch ed him through a chink in the boarded window until the old statehouse hid good fellow, the wheel spins round. him from sight. The mother's rage I may be asking a favor of you some did not cool with the disappearance of the intruder, and if her ire had not been so all absorbing she would have thing, senor, within my poor powers noted that her daughter did not echo her mood, as usual.

After supper the girl moved the vertebra tenderly and began to furbish the chest with a newborn love and respect. She polished the curved wood surface until she saw her own reflection in it. She dusted and rubbed away at the carvings till the crown and shield stood out boldly, and lastly with "patent pollsh" she burnished the heavy trappings, which, if she had only known it, was a desecration.

Another day Randolph made his way might some day be able to prove his to the adobe house of the Espendolas, gratitude. Realizing there is no time telling himself too much was at stake like the present, Randolph put his to be deterred by an old woman and a protestations to the test, silly girl. This time he was more fortunate. The madre was away from home, and the soft eyed Rosa had lost be said. He was thinking while be her first indignation at his offer of spoke what a rich adventure this

had often been besought by visitors and how she would congratulate him to sell the chest. There had been upon his shrewdness. He had missed some artist people and some writer her greatly these last few days, and had given her no peace about it, but promptly returned to him, but he was no one, she assured him, could get it. too busy then to find out whose blun-It was to be hers. He was welcome to der it was, for blunder he did no come again to see it if it gave him so much pleasure, especially on Wednesdays, when she would be alone, but he must not anger her mother

again by asking her to sell it. The transformation wrought by Rosa's cleaning was such a revelation that Randolph was even more enamored by the second sight of it. He would have embraced it, grappled it to his soul, could be have done so. He saw it in fancy in his own apartments in a tapestried corner where the dusky tones of the mahogany and brass cary ings would suggest a nook in the Al-

hambra... That evening Randolph related his adventure to Miss Smythe-Browne as they strolled down by the tennis courts. Miss Smythe-Browne was very sympathetic with his mood, for she appreciated his fondness for collecting. In the moonlight she was very beautiful, and Randolph was beginning to wonder if, after all, she was not about as near Mrs. T. Courtney Randolph should be as any one he could find. With what a queenly grace she would preside over his cushioned home! But the idea of his apartments without this

chest was now impossible. Again and again be went to look at it. The little girl was always there, and now there were two vertebre before the chest, so she could sit beside him and chat while he looked and coveted her one possession. They might have got almost any sum from bim now. However, all his antagonism was aroused by the obstinate indifference of these two simple, ignorant women. He was not to be builled. He \$3,000 a mile.

vowed he would have it at any cost. "A stubborn woman," he mused, "cannot be driven and, unfortunately, cannot, like her prototype, be beaten. But everybody has some cloud in his sky." he went on philosophically as he started off one day toward the beach, recalling the wooful tale his beatman had told him of an adorable senorita and an unrelenting mother.

"Why don't you clope with the girl. he asked his gloomy bontman Diego?" when they were well out from the

"Ob, the senor does not know her mother!" he answered. "She's the peluquera at the big hotel, and"-

"Yes, but I do know her, then, to my sorrow," interrupted Randolph, laughing, for a sudden gleam of hope had leaped into his mind at the discovery of their common cause. "Cheer up. he continued. "A woman is very much like one of these fish, Diego-ahe can always be caught if only you have the right bait." And he smiled a superior smile at the things Diego did not know about women. Then he fell to wondering how he might manage to help Diego make his fortune sufficient to marry

the girl and get the chest out of the old woman's hands,

Before he had reached the shore again he had evolved a scheme. He would play the good angel. Diego, he argued, if he married Rosa, would be too shrewd to let the sentiment about an heirloom stand between him and the fingling double eagles, and, as he was not an American, he would have no other idea than of being Cæsar in his own household. However, he re

alized that Diego must not suspect an ulterior object in his interest.

Rosa was very much surprised and only half pleased when the next time "Veinte pesos!" echoed the daughter she saw Randolph his whole conversation was about Diego's many virtues. "And Diego is getting so prosperous too. He is now half owner of a brand new fishing smack," he explained, wisely concealing the fact that he himself was the other owner. He even arranged a day, during the absence of the peluquera, when the three of them point.

was also very sweet to watch the haphad prospered under the influence of it herself. half so sweet in life as love's young Veinte y cinco pesos for the chest of her quite so frequently the past few was satisfactorily settled be would follow Diego's example and make himself ing yacht, shifting her parasol before though she was bound to admit the little Spanish girl was very pretty.

When, later, Randolph asked Miss Smythe-Browne to go out with him to try the new boat, she sent him word she was indisposed and could not think of going. But Randolph's serenity was not disturbed. "How she will rejoice with me when the chest is really mine!" he thought. "It is such a for these things too." And he lapsed

The role of good angel suited him admirably, and he wondered why he had never essayed to play it before. He accepted Diego's gratitude magnanimously, adding: "Never mind, my

And Diego's prompt "Anything, anyyou may command" made Itandolph feel that virtue really ought to be its own reward.

A week after the wedding, at which he had been guest of honor, toastmaster and animating spirit, Randolph after assuring Diego of his purely disinterested friendship and appreciation of his many excellent qualities, made him sole owner of the fishing smack. The poor fellow wept tears of joy on his gorgeous wedding waistcoat, reiterating the hope that he

"By the way, Diego, there is a little thing I might get you to do for me." She explained that her mother would be to tell Miss Smythe-Browne. who had come to Monterey and the flowers he had sent her had been

> Diego's honest face beamed with good nature: he was auxious to be of whatever service he might to his benefactor.

> "There is a sort of box your wife has -an old fashioned chest, you know. Would you care to sell it to me?" "Oh, certainly, senor-the old ches her mother gave her? I would make you a present of it if you"-

"Oh, really, Diego." interupted Ban dolph, unable to concent his ecstasy "really, now, you must let me pay you what you think it is worth." "But," Diego continued, "the sen

does not understand. I would be glad to make you a present of it if I had known you wanted it, but it is sold! "What," cried Randolph-"what are you saying, man?" "Yes," answered Diego, at a loss to

understand Randolph's sudden excitement, "I sold it to Miss Smythe-Browne yesterday, and she has gone," "Gene?" Randolph repeated, more dumfounded. "When?" "She left this morning on the early

tenin."-Argonaut. Cont of Roads In New Jersey.

In New Jersey, the ploneer state in improvement of highways, much experimenting was done in building roads of various widths from eight feet upward, and so some money was wasted in getting started, but the system of good roads is advancing rapidly, and the state leads all the other states in mileage. Her people have found the cost to be from \$1,500 to

Reflections of a Bachelor. A woman will forgive all her live enemies before she will her husband's

After a girl has been through three or four love affairs her heart gets so tender a feather would hurt it. No girl appreciates the first time she is engaged, because she never knows

just what is going to happen next,-In the Wrong Chair, The Artist-Did I ever shave you be

fore, sir? The Victim-Yes, once. The Artist-I don't remember your face. The Victim-No; I suppose not. It's

all healed up now.-Chicago Newa. Sir Isane Was Glad. Schoolmaster-Now, Muggins Mine what were the thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind when the apple fell on his bead? Muggins-I expects be wur awful glad it warn't a brick.-Pun.

On the Lint. McJigger-He's pretty well posted social institutions, isn't be? Thingumbob-Yes, I believe he's post-ed for nonpayment of dues at all his clubs, if that's what you mean.- Phila

delphia Press. Not Dependable. Teacher-And why should we deavor to rise by our own efforts? Johnny Wise-'Canse there's so tell n when the alarm clock will go wrong Relitmore American.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

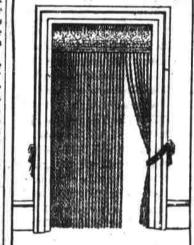
To Rid the House of Fleas-An Acorn Curtain-The Necessary Linen Closet.

Fleas generally are introduced into a house by means of pet animals. Sometimes they come as an epidemic, so to speak, no one knowing whence or how. Infesting carpets, walls, upholstered furniture and clothing, the pest leaves the victim small ease of mind and should take a sail as far as Lover's body. When present in such numbers, the safest and quickest relief lies in Everything went off exactly as it had consulting men who make it a business been ordered, and Randolph's com- to clean houses of such torments. There placency knew no bounds. It was are many such in any large city, and to very comfortable to be so good. It adjacent towns they are willing to go When the trouble arises in a country py lovers in the prow, for Diego's suit house, the caretaker must wreatle with

One of her most efficient aids is mind reverted to Miss Smythe-Browne. syringe, with which she squirts into evfeeling that, after all, "there's nothing ery crack, every nook and cranny an emulsion of petroleum and soapsuds dream." To be sure, he had not seen in equal parts. Carpets should be taken up, floors, closets, shelves and all wood work washed with carbolic soap and this treatment repeated whenever necessary. The carpets, rugs and all pos sible draperies should be beaten and sunned for several days when it is not feasible to send them to be cleaned by steam. Insect powder, crumbled to bacco stalks, cedar oil, hellebore and various preparations which are sold as fice banes all fail at times, and all have been used successfully, so there is no harm in trying them, but the one effectual remedy is the trade secret of the insecticide firm, with perfect cleanliness, vigilance and petroleum as a

> An Acorn Curtain. A writer in Woman's Life, a London publication, tells how she made a curtain of acorns, which is herewith illustrated. She says:

"We decided that we must put on summer parlor into the garden. There seemed no option as to the kind we must have, for is not every one agreed that the coolest, most fly forbidding most air admitting and most artistic article for the purpose is the conventional bead curtain? But here my idea stepped in. Why should not acorns take the place of beads? The children literally jumped at the suggestion, for it was autumn, and we live on the edge of Epping forest. So off the young people rushed, and in about 20 minutes they returned with a basket fairly filled with the little brown berries. This early morning excursion was the first of several similar outings, and we



THE ACORN CURTAIN.

quickly had enough acorns for our purpose. The next business was threading them. We procured a ball of smooth, strong twine and an upholsterer's needle with a point at either end. But the berries were very hard. Here was room for another happy thought, and fortunately it arrived. We steamed the acorns, as if they had been potatoes. The result was excellent, and the work proceeded apace The berries were threaded into roy of the proper length. The only thing left to be done was to devise a heading for the curtain. I remembered a piece of brown string crochet work which had formerly done duty as border of an octagonal table. When measured, it was found to fit the doorway space excellently. The rows of scorns were fixed to it, the curtain hung and the whole thing declared to be a perfect success. When we make another curtnin, as we intend to do, we shall in tersperse acorns with colored beads."

The Lines Closet.

One of the most necessary and useful parts of a house is the linen closet, yet there are houses by the score that do not have one, says Woman's Life Where it is possible it is a good plan to give up a closet or small room to this purpose. The first thing is to provide a sufficiency of shelves wide enough to allow of the articles they are to hold tying smoothly upon them. Where It is not possible to give up a small room to the lines the largest available close should be chosen. In this case it will be found an excellent plan to allow one shelf to each room. In this close should be kept two large chests, one for blankets and the other for winter garments not in use. If neither room nor closet can be given up, a wardrobe built for the purpose would be convenient to most housekeepers.

An Adjustable Sofa. For the bedridden invalid who creep out to the comparative freedom of sofa life there are possibilities of great relief in the new tufted spring couch, the long seat and head rest of which is artfully binged to admit of many changes in the sick person's position. It can be adjusted to support a weak back, to raise or lower the head, and the whole rushioned top of the sofa can be also lifted off to slip into a wheeled spinal chair that the patient occupies while stretched at full length

Inber faving in Farming. It is stated by the experts of the department of agriculture that 70 years ago, or in 1830, it cost a little more than three hours work to produce and harvest a bushel of wheat. At the price then of 6 cents an hour the labor expense was 18 cents a bushel. Now a expense was 18 cents a bushel. Now a bushel of wheat is produced and har yested for each ten minutes' labor spens on it as an average, and while wages and cost of the use of machinery are estimated at 20 cents an bour the cost

cornstalk plague, as it is termed, in Nebraska," says a correspondent of The Prairie Farmer, "I have been carefully watching the disease at various times and have made personal examinations of the cattle in all stages of the disease and after death, and I find by observation the following facts: First. the feed that causes the disease is immature corn that has either been killed by the chinch bug or the hot winds or both; second, the cattle are generally taken from a bare pasture in a semistarved condition and are allowed to gerge themselves on this kind of provender for possibly an hour morning and evening without anything to eat between times; hence the stomach is gorged with an indigestible lot of stuff that I find by post mortem is almost as dry as when first taken into the stomach and is packed into the cells of the stomach almost as tight as if it had been packed with a stick and hammer The symptoms, so far as observed, are The head is held near the ground, and the animal is taken with a general attack of trembling, followed by a complete collapse of the nervous system which in turn is soon followed by bloating and spasms, with the head drawn back and extreme difficulty in breathing. Just before the animal dies the rectum is forced out of the natural position several inches by the straining of the animal. We have not been able to find anything to cure the attack, and I am of the opinion it would be most merciful to kill the sick stock as soon as attacked to relieve their suffering. There has been quite a heavy loss of cattle in this section in the last few weeks, and most of them have been curtain to take off the bare look of the valuable cows, some losing as many as always open door which leads from our | 20 out of a single herd. Is there any

Breeding From Grade Animals. Years ago, when animals of pure breed were scarce in this country, farmers used to grow some very good cows, although both the parents were of such mixed breeds that it would have been difficult to tell what predominated says The American Cultivator. Why was this, and, if it was so, why do we so often insist on the use of a pure bred sire? Because such animals were accidents that did not often occur, while we desire in breeding not to take chances, but to know with a certain degree of surety what we are to expect. Phose animals of our father's days had a strain of pure blood in them and perhaps of more than one breed, and they were liable to breed back to the best when they were from the best animals they could select, as now we find one of so called pure breed revert back to some unknown and faraway ancestor of inferior blood. The care in selecting the best to breed from had as much to do in determining the character of the offspring as the length of the pedigree.

Wheat Yield. There is no question that the average yield of wheat can be largely increased in this country, says Texas Farm and Ranch. Thirteen bushels per acre, the average for several favorable years, is altogether too small, as is proved by the fact that where tests of different methods of preparation have been officially made the average has been much larger and without a correspondingly expensive programme of operations. Thorough preparation of the soil and good seed with proper fertilising where needed and rotation of crops are all that is required to run the general average up several bushels and greatly increase the yields where the best preparation and best seed are used. Wheat is not alone in this possibility, though perhaps it is the greatest sufferer from neglect of all staple

Seeding Grass. In the discussion as to seeding grass with wheat or rye the point is made that rye usually goes on poorer soil, says The Rural New Yorker. Few farmers think of manuring as heavily for rve as they would for wheat. Thus it happens that the grass seed put in with rye does not have an equal chance with that on wheat ground. Farmers have come to regard rye as a "hustler," capable of making a fair crop where wheat would fall. That is true, but grass is not even a baby bustler when in the cradle. With good preparation and soil we think rye would prove a good nurse crop, but grass does no need a nurse. In most cases we prefer

to sow it alone. Docking Horses. Time and time again has the ques tion of docking the tails of horses beer discussed, and always bumanity comes out on top. All the driving borses in Russia have long talls, and the conchman of an ordinary Russian carriage takes no trouble to prevent the reins from dropping about his borse's hind quarters. In spite of this, bowever, the reins rarely become entangled with the tall, and even if they should do so the horses never kick. This striking fact is an eloquent answer to those who uphold the cruel practice of docking on liable to firp his tail over the reins .-American cultivator.

A Witty Professor. Professor Jebb, the eminent Grecian holar, once held the Greek profess ship in Glasgow university. By the arrangement of classrooms Professor Jebb's Greek room was immediately nducted by Professor Veitch. These betoric classes attracted 200 students who frequently indulged in loud apuse at the efforts of their profes n one of these outbursts a section of plaster from the celling of the Gre room fell on the head of Dr. Jebb. Looking up, he exclaimed, "I fear my nises will not support Profes

We believe it was a Chicago boy that had spent considerable time around a stable who referred to his parents as a "spanking pair,"-Yonkers States-

Clara-Gerald, did you see any of the onids last night? Gerald (absently)-Lillian, did we see

ENSILAGE TOO DRY. Things Every Farmer Should Know

New York has had a taste of what is so common in the middle west-dry "As many are losing cattle by the summers. The rainfail is not sufficient to produce a continuous supply of na-

> and it is becoming more and more evident that the eastern farmer, like his brother in the west, must turn to the corn crop and the silo if he is to make himself independent of the variations in rainfall. It would seem, after 30 the streets of Richmond, she stopped years of practice and discussion, that a little darky boy and asked, "Will the average farmer would be well un in the theory and practice of the silo. It is evident, however, that such is not the case. He seems to obey the old proverb and not cross a bridge until he comes to it. So he makes no inquiry as to the silo and its contents until a udden dearth of feed for his cows brings the matter squarely before him In a shape that he can neither evade

nor ignore. One of the results of drought on the growing corn is that it is less succulent, and, although it will make a brave attempt to ripen its seed, it is done at the expense of the rest of the plant if there is a dearth of water. The half wilted appearance of the corn during the hot, dry days of September shows that part of the water has gone and this is also indicated by the rapid ripening of the lower leaves. The successful preservation of ensilage requires that there shall be a certain re lation between the quantity of dry matter and water present in the corn If the corn is put into the silo in a too immature condition, the percentage of water is in excess, and there results an acetic fermentation, making the ensilage sour. If, on the other hand, the corn is too dry, another kind of fermentation takes place, and the bent in the silo may become so great that the ensilage may become charred, if not actually burned, after the manner of the fire fang in the horse manure. Again, if the heat in the sile is not very high, the whole mass of ensilage may mold and in this manner destroy its

feeding value. If the ensilage has been put in in an immature condition, with too much water, there is nothing to be done, but in case the corn was too dry and there is danger of mold or charring some thing may be done to rectify the trouble if it is taken in time. In all such cases the trouble is caused by a want of water in the corn. When such corn is put into the silo, it should be thor oughly sprinkled with water as it goes up the carrier. The addition of the water at this stage will start the fer mentation and heating of the mass and thus prevent the formation of mold. which is a plant requiring a low temperature in which to flourishe If too little water is used, there may be enough heat formed both to preven the formation of mold and also cause a sufficiently high temperature to char or brown the ensilage. If enough is added, the result will be a fairly good

quality of ensilage. It is not so satisfactory to add the water after the dry corn is in the silo the wetting and the danger of having some parts too wet, while others are suffering from the other extreme, but is an examination of the ensilage by digging into the top layers a little way shows that no heat is forming or that there is too much heat and the custlage s browning, then a generous quantity of water spread evenly over the surface of the ensilage and allowed to run down through the mass may be the means of saving the contents of a silo in edible condition and perhaps save the farmer from a decided loss when roughage is as scarce as at present. If water is added, watch the ensilage and see how the process is going on and act accordingly, concludes a Country Gentleman correspondent, who expresses the foregoing views.

Simple and Handy Devices. Three handy, practical devices of widely differing application are shown in the cut from Ohlo Farmer. A is an appliance for corn shelling on a small scale. A piece of board about two feet long is narrowed down to about one inch at one end. Near the narrow end on the underside, a strip of boop from is pailed, with edge of strip projecting one-eighth of an inch and turned down slightly. The cut shows the board in verted to make this plain. To use the theller sit on board and draw the ear of corn up across iron strip, using both hands.

How to make a useful lever for pry ing out stones, lifting timbers, etc., is shown by B in this cut. An old horse



shoe is heated and the points hammer ed together a little closer than usual. The shoe is then bolted on the large end of a stout pole 10 or 12 feet long with the points projecting about hal an luch. A handy little device for pull ing cabbage, etc., is shown by C. Use a light forked stick about four fee long for the lever and a smaller forked stick or limb a foot long for support Lay tile long stick in the fork of the short one and tie together with string as illustrated. Tack a small cleat o rosspiece on the foot of the fulcrun stick to prevent its sinking into the ground. The forked end of the lever is Apped under the cabbage, and prying fown on the other end does the work This will save a great deal of time when in use and can be made in five

MOTHER, REMEMBER THAT no medicine cures; it simply assists nature in relieving itself of an unnatural condition of the system Worms disarrange Shriner's Indian Vermifuge kills and drives them from the system, thus remov-ing the cause of disease. For sale

On: Minute Cough Cure, cures.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Any one who has visited Richmond knows that one of the sights of the old capital of "secesh" is the Jefferson Davis mansion, known as the White House of the Confederacy. It is a stately residence of the old southern tive grasses, as was formerly the case, style and filled with relics of the lost cause, well worth a visit from any one interested in our country's history, So, very naturally, a northern lady who was visiting Richmond started out one day to view the historic house. As she was not very familiar with

> you please tell me the way to Jefferson Davis' house?" "Dunno no such pubson libin roun

yeah. What solt o' lookin house am

"Why-why-I mean the Jefferson Davis home!" reiterated the lady, thinking the boy had not understood her. "Yain't no Mis'h Davis libin roun dis yeah cohneh," persisted the boy. What soht o' favor'd man am he missy?"

Thinking that the boy, youthful and innocent though he seemed, must be amusing himself at her expense, the lady gave him an indignant glance and started to go. The poor little fellow felt her displeasure and followed after. "Is yo' right sho Mis'h Davis ain't done moved away?" he inquired. "Maybe he's dead," retorted the lady

sarcastically. "Daid! For de Lo'd's sake!" ejaculated the boy, stopping short in won-

The lady passed on, but the boy was seized with a new idea, and his shrill voice came screeching: "Say, missy! Oh, missy! Is yo' wantin Mis'h Davis, a white man or a niggah?"-Detroit Free Press.

Tommy's Mistake.



The other day Tommy's uncle crept up behind Tommy's sister—it was be birthday-and put a great big pin into



Well, would you believe it? That girl jumped up and smothered uncle in kisses and said what a lovely diamond



And yet when Tommy put a tiny teeny little pin in uncle's chair that same afternoon and uncle sat on it-Well, we prefer to draw a veil over what followed. But Tommy can't understand now why uncle didn't kiss him instead of smacking him.

One Woman's Bliss. Mrs. Grimes-Funny how some men never get over their boyishness! I heard my husband tell yours last even ing that he would sit astride his shut-

that he would straddle my husband's blind? Mrs. Grimes-I think those were the words; but it amounts to the same thing, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Catarrh

Is a disease of the muçous membrane or inner lining of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach, bowels and other organs. It is caused by a cold or succession of colds irritating the delicate surfaces, and is promoted by scrofulous taints in the blood.

It is especially dangerous in persons having a predisposition to consumption. In these and all other catarrhal cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla so thoroughly renovates the blood and restores strength that it permanently cures.

In fact, because of the character of the disease, and peculiar merit of the remedy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only common sense treatment for catarra

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