

Try for Health

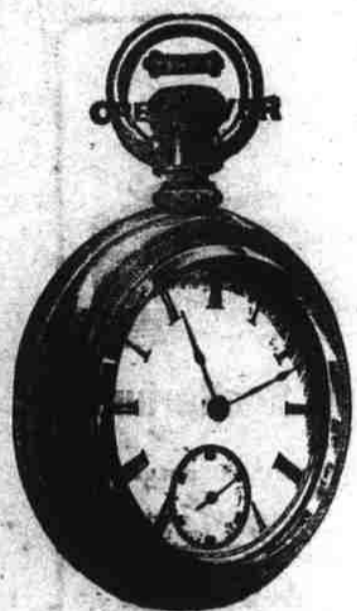
222 South Pecora St.,
CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902.

Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I suffered so much that my throat and lungs were raw and a. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and it mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not, and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could have much suffering if they but knew of its value.

Serga Dumber

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

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BYNUM & BYNUM,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance and Guilford counties.

Aug. 2, 1913

JACOB A. LONG, J. HILMER LONG,
LONG & LONG,
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ROBT. C. STRUDWICK
Attorney-at-Law,
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DULL JACK DALTON

It would have been difficult to find two people more entirely unlike, both by nature and training, than this plain, practical Jack Dalton and that learned exponent of the higher culture, Miss Beatrice Harcourt.

She had been to one of the leading woman's colleges, had taken honors and was a Ph. B. And throughout the society of this particular city the fame of Miss Harcourt's intellectuality had gone forth.

The good ladies always invited her among the very first to meet their "blons," and she always sustained their judgment of her.

All the young men who did not regard themselves as particularly well equipped mentally had a polite way of avoiding Miss Harcourt. Not that she had ever been actually known to crush anybody or to talk over anybody's head. But they consulted among themselves and decided that you can never tell what these intellectual women will take a notion to do "all of a sudden."

Jack Dalton was introduced to her at the Merediths one evening, and, as every one said, it was just like his hard-headedness after being warned to take a fancy to her.

"You beat any one I ever saw, Jack," said Fred Merriman. "I believe you've taken a liking to Beatrice Harcourt. You've been talking to her for fully twenty minutes."

"Why, yes; she's a rather nice girl, I think," said Jack.

"Nice enough, to be sure," replied Fred, "but she's so darned intellectual, you know—goes in for science and philosophy and all that."

"Well, that's all right, isn't it? There's no harm in a woman's being 'smart' if she wants to, is there?"

"No, but how on earth can you talk to her?"

"Like I talk to any other girl, of course."

"But she's not like any other girl, I tell you."

"Well, I'm sure I didn't find her so very different. Indeed, I rather like her. She says I may call, and I'm going to do so."

"Well, I pity you if you do. You'll talk elective affinity, the sympathetic philosophy and general science till you can't rest."

"Do you call that?"

"Why, of course not—not I."

"Then how do you know she talks these things?"

"Oh, everybody says so."

"Oh, you know, Fred, in business you look for individual authority for a statement and then weigh the individual."

"That's all right, Jack; it's just like your hard-headedness. Go on and 'first thing you know you'll land up against a stump.'"

"Oh, well, my plow is sharp and my ribs are strong, and it won't much matter." And Jack laughed as he passed on.

But he was not done with those who feared for his safety at Miss Harcourt's hands. That very night his sister—for he had a sister—took him to task.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, you foolish boy!" she said. "I saw you talking a long time this evening with Beatrice Harcourt. You dear old duncie, what would you find to talk about?"

"Oh, we had a grand conversation," said Jack.

"Why, Jack, what do you know that could possibly interest her? She is so very intellectual."

"She seemed to be interested in what I said."

"Seemed, yes, seemed. Seeming and being are two different things. What were you saying to her?"

"We were talking about the tariff and sheep and different sorts of wool and—"

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" broke in his sister. "Talking sheep to Miss Harcourt! Horror of horrors!"

"Why, she seemed to enjoy it, I'm sure, and asked questions by the dozen."

"You poor, foolish boy, she was making fun of you right to your face and laughing in her sleeve all the while, and you didn't have the eyes to see it."

"No, I don't think she was making fun of me. She was very earnest, and I have promised to lend her that pamphlet of Hendrik's on 'The Influence of Climate and Vegetation on the Quality of Sheep's Wool.'"

"Well, I see it is no use trying to talk to you," said his sister, with a laugh. "You are so hopelessly hard-headed."

But Jack had been told that often with no effect, nor did it have more now, and he had to go on his pursuit of the learned fair one.

Then an interruption occurred in the person of Professor Max Mortimer, professor of psychology at Stenton University, who came to visit the McGibney-Duffs.

He was well known in the scientific and literary world and was decidedly "somebody."

Of course, Mrs. McGibney-Duff had Beatrice to meet the professor immediately, and it happened, also very naturally, that the learned gentleman was greatly taken with this self-possessed intellectual girl, who could converse with him upon any subject he chose to introduce. So it was not long before the professor

came to be very much in evidence at the Harcourt-home.

No one pined Jack Dalton, because, as every one said, "he should have had better sense, and nothing but his monumental stupidity and overwhelming hard-headedness had put him in such a predicament." But this dull young man did not seem to be in a way either to ask or need pity. He went to see Beatrice Harcourt just as usual, and when he happened to meet the professor there it never seemed to ruffle him in the least. When the young woman would try to draw him into the conversation he had but one reply:

"Oh, don't mind me; go on. You know I don't know anything about those things. I'm well enough satisfied just listening to you two and learning something."

In the presence of such honest scientific discussion always seemed to flag.

Professor Mortimer at first regarded the statement of his ignorance as subtle sarcasm, but he grew to know that Jack was sincere.

Either the young man did not know or did not care that half his world was laughing at him. His sister no longer tried to remonstrate with him, for she knew it was useless. He was too dull to see anything for himself and too hard-headed to listen to others. Fred Merriman was disgusted. He said in confidence to a dear friend:

"Well, Jack Dalton ought to be the grand master of Blind Fool Council No. 1 of the United Order of Idiots. To think of his still hanging after that girl and running against the professor when with half an eye he ought to see that he hasn't the ghost of a chance! The professor has all the winning cards in his hand."

But Fred was too good a friend of Jack's to withhold from him the benefit of his opinion, so he accosted Dalton one day and tried to explain the situation to him. He told him all that society was thinking and saying about Miss Harcourt and himself and ended by warning him to check his career in time.

It was only another instance of Jack's hard-headedness that he should take the import of his friend's words in a way entirely apart from what was intended.

"Many, many thanks, Fred," he said, "for what you have told me. If things be as you say, I might as well find out my fate at once. It's either the professor or I, and I am going to know which it is."

And that night he called on Beatrice "with intentions."

"The professor didn't happen to be there, so Jack thought it best to go through with his important message before some other caller might interrupt him."

"Miss Harcourt," he began, without any preliminaries, "I have loved you for a long time, and I want to marry you. Everybody thinks that I have no chance against Professor Mortimer, and maybe I haven't. Of course, I can't talk philosophy and science and—"

"Oh, Jack, don't say any more about science and philosophy!" cried Beatrice. "I have had enough of that in my lifetime. The professor has made me almost hate them. Do you suppose a woman wants to be wooed with syllogisms? Yes, I'll marry you, Jack, for isn't love better than science?"

"I think it better than anything," said Jack as he slipped his arm about her.

When Fred Merriman heard it he said: "That settles it. I've been studying women for thirty years, and always just as I get a theory well worked out and settled something like this occurs and knocks it higher than a kite. I'm going to give them up."

Mrs. McGibney-Duff said, "What foolish things women will do!"

Society in general held up its hands and said, "Who'd he thought it?"

The professor said nothing, but packed his grip and went back to talk philosophy to his young men.

And Jack, who was a Bill boy and didn't know what a furor he had created, just laughed and was very happy.

THE WAY THEY WENT.

There was no doubt of it—Mr. Hunter had lost the "field." He had searched for his companion fox hunters long, but vainly, and now he was reduced to asking the aid of a chubby little lad of three whom he met in a lane.

"Hello, Johnny! Which way did the hounds go?" he queried.

"Johnny" sucked a finger and dropped his gaze.

"Come," coaxed Mr. Hunter, "do not be afraid. Here's a penny for you. Now tell me what way did the hounds go?"

The youngster took the coin and then fell upon all fours and "bowed."

"Dat way," he said shyly.—London Answers.

Two Gentlemen.

The late Justice Maule of the English judiciary, while one time presiding at an assize court, was lecturing a prisoner previous to passing sentence on him, when he was annoyed by one of the officials of court crossing beneath him between the bench and the prisoners' dock on business with the members of the bar.

"You ought to know," exclaimed the judge severely, addressing the offending officer, "that it is improper to pass between two gentlemen when one of them is addressing the other!"

He then proceeded to pass sentence of seven years' penal servitude on the other "gentleman."

Told as Requested.

"Now, Bill," said the purchaser, "you and me's had more than one deal before now, and you can't say as ever I deceived you. I've paid for the 'oss. Tell me his faults."

Bill pocketed the money and scratched his head in a thoughtful sort of way.

"You're right, lad," he said at length. "You never took me in, an' I'd scorn to deceive you. I would describe that 'oss in a minute, only I simply can't do it."

"Can't do it? And why?"

"Why!" echoed Bill. "Because the law won't allow me to use the necessary language. You've bought him. Take him away, and—here's the best tip I can give you—shoot him!"—Liverpool Post.

An Orphan.

In a school in the north of Scotland a lady teacher heard a class in spelling and defining words. The word "orphan" had been correctly spelled, but none of the class seemed to know its meaning. After asking one or two of them she said encouragingly: "Now, try again. I am an orphan. Now, can't some of you guess what it means?"

The blank look on their faces remained until one of the pupils raised his hand and said with a genuine air of innocence, "It's some one that wants to get married and canna get a man."

Coffee Drinking in Brazil.

Brazilians are great coffee drinkers. Numerous cups of the beverage are drunk each day by the average man and woman. It is made very strong and very sweet and is said to produce an exhilaration of a more intense and lasting kind than beer. Those addicted to this habit become very restless and are scarcely able to sit or stand still even for a moment, and this nervousness increases until it resembles St. Vitus' dance.

Animals at School.

Only an Unkept, Unconscious School and One Entirely Instinctive.

Is there anything which, without great violence to language, may be called a school of the woods? In the sense in which a playground is a school—a playground without rules or methods or a director—there is a school of the woods.

It is an unkept, unconscious school or gymnasium and is entirely instinctive. In play the young of all animals no doubt get a certain amount of training and discipline that helps fit them for their future careers, but this school is not presided over or directed by parents, though it is sometimes taken part in by them. It is spontaneous and happens, without rule or system, but is in every case along the line of the future struggle for life of the particular bird or animal. A young marsh hawk which we reared used to play at striking leaves or bits of bark with its talons, listens play with a ball or a egg or a stick as if it were a mouse, dogs race and wrestle with each other as in the chase, ducks dive and sport in the water, doves circle and dive in the air as if escaping from a hawk, birds pursue and dodge each other in the open

WOMAN'S WORLD

MRS. ANTOINETTE FUNK.

A Professional Woman Who Advises Women to Remain Domestic.

Mrs. Antoinette Funk is one of the cleverest women lawyers in Illinois. Mrs. Funk really grew up in the law office and the courtroom. Her father practiced law at Dwight, Ill., and when he died she went to live with her uncle, C. C. Strong, at Pontiac. In her uncle's law office she began her studies simply because she was fascinated with the business and not because she ever expected to enter the profession. In time she was married. After her two daughters were born she moved to Bloomington and there resumed her studies in the Illinois Wesleyan university. Before she finished her course she decided to take up the practice of law as soon as she could be admitted to the bar. Five years ago she was

Favorites Incubators.

One of the Country's Largest Breeders on Artificial Methods.

I rear and sell each year something like 5000 White Plymouth Rocks, having been breeding fancy poultry for over twenty-five years. I have watched the great progress made in artificial methods as well as the great progress made in breeding up to the standard requirements of our favorite breeds. I have hatched and reared thousands of my very best birds artificially, their scoring as high as 964 points.

Incubators are now playing a most important part in the poultry industry—in fact, we could not do without them.

I operate by incubators in a cellar, getting excellent results. I have eight better than 70 per cent hatches.

I begin turning the eggs after the end of the second day, turning them both morning and night after that until the end of the eighteenth day, when I cease to turn them.

I believe in drying or cooling eggs, and the only trouble with me is I do not or cannot educate myself to the fact that I do not cool them long enough. One of the best hatches I ever had was from eggs that I took from the machine to cool and went out of the cellar and forgot them, leaving them out until I thought they were ruined. The first seven days I do not cool, but leave machine door open while I turn the eggs. After the seventh day I cool the eggs of evenings about five minutes, after the fourteenth day about ten minutes.

I test out on seventh and fourteenth days.

After all eggs are hatched I take tray out of machine and throw ventilators wide open, allowing all the air possible to pass through the machine. I leave the chicks in the incubator then about thirty-six hours before placing in the brooder, not feeding them anything at all while in the incubator.—U. B. Fishel in Poultry Success.

The Buttercups.

The Buttercups, or Sicilians, are the latest candidates for popular favor. They were imported several years ago from the island of Sicily by Captain Cephas Daws of Massachusetts, who bought a cargo of fowls in order to have some fresh meat on the voyage. They laid so well that he brought them home, and from this importation some eggs were obtained by C. Carroll Loring of Norfolk county, Mass., who has introduced them.

The male is of a reddish butter color, with neck hackle a little darker. The comb is of cup shape, and from this and the yellow color they get the name Buttercups. The females come in several colors and are of lighter color than the males. They lay very large eggs and are very prolific. The mature birds weigh from five and one-half pounds for males and four and one-half to five and one-half pounds for females. The accompanying illustration shows a pair as bred by Mr. Loring.—American Agriculturist.

Roosting Chicks.

The Maine experiment station has tested close roosting coverts. These are three feet from the floor, thus giving the entire floor space to the fowls during the day. The front of the covert has a tight frame hinged at the top so as to be raised by day and lowered by night. This frame is covered with white stuff, thoroughly saturated and glazed with boiled linseed oil. The covert is made as tight as can be by ordinary carpenter work. The outside wall of the building where it comes in contact with the covert is packed with soft, fine hay. The covert should be as near six feet high as possible when the curtains are down. It will get plenty of ventilation through the cracks. The house is practically open on one side, having a curtain coming to within three feet of the floor. The floor is covered with several inches of clean straw. The hens in this house averaged 144.44 eggs in ten months.

An Early Brew.

A few years ago a great Texas daily called attention to artificial hatching then on exhibition in its city said that the main advantage of the artificial over the natural method of hatching was the saving of time; that where as it took twenty-one days ordinarily to hatch hen's eggs the old way these machines operated by steam would hatch in less than half that time.

Fattening Turkeys.

For fattening turkeys pen them, give them plenty of water and sort over the potato bin and take those unsuitable for the table and boil a lot of them and mash them, mixing with them an equal bulk of cornmeal. Make it stiff, and cook enough at once to last a week. We don't know of any food that will fatten a turkey or any other fowl faster than this.—Farm and Ranch.

Revenge is Sweet.

First Artist—What do you think! My last picture has been bought by my personal enemy, Dobson, the art critic.

Second Artist—Yes, I heard him lecture on it last night.

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For a professional woman Mrs. Funk has some extraordinary opinions about women in the profession. She does not believe in it. She is herself a lawyer by accident and not by design, and she deprecates the fact that women ever chose to enter public or semipublic life. She takes great interest in her work, but she says any woman is out of place in any of the professions.

"A woman is better off with a few babies at home than in a law office," says Mrs. Funk. "Woman's place is in the home, as it has always been. No change in social or economic conditions can alter that. The woman who enters a profession and assumes the duties and hardships of public life gets out of her natural environment. The continual and increasing drift of women toward public action is working an ill effect upon society, and the ill will grow greater as the proportion of professional women increases."

"I have two young daughters. Both of them were born before I took up the practice of law. I shall do everything in my power to turn those girls from the thought of entering any profession. I shall teach them all the domestic arts so far as I can, for that is what they should know."

"The professions rob women of their domestic ties. It cannot be denied that women lose interest in her home duties the minute she begins her public work. Household, which the old fashioned woman delighted in, has come to be scorned by the great majority of the well to do women. Of old it mattered not how much money a woman made, she should be a good mother at least a considerable part of her own work. The same condition should exist today, but it does not. The only semblance of it left is fast disappearing under the influence of new tastes acquired by women."—Chicago Inter Ocean.



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RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

That subtlest lesson and most important, the art called success, is learned principally by making mistakes.—Rev. Frank Crane, Universalist, Weymouth, Mass.

Seeing the invisible is the student's guide, the merchant's impetus the public man's inspiration, the Christian's title to happiness and heaven.—Rev. J. W. Harsh, Presbyterian, Denver.

The Touch of Love.

Humanity responds to the touch of love. Around on the sunny side of even the most frigid man there is always a door that opens to the success of a loving heart.—Rev. T. J. Villis, Baptist, Indianapolis.

Overworked Humility.

There is no principle more universally overworked in the Christian church today than that of humility. The average Christian is altogether too meek and too prone to self disparagement.—Rev. C. W. Jefferson, Baptist, New York.

Help Sold by Helping Others.

Sympathy exercised in helping others has a reactive influence in helping ourselves. It has been said truly, "Our torch is never less for lighting another's candle." There are many joys in the Christian life, but none is sweeter than that of self sacrifice.—Rev. Josephus Stephens, Methodist, St. Louis.

Church Attendance.

The spiritual success of every church is to be decided by whether its members will regularly assemble, as did the first church in the upper chamber of Jerusalem, to pray together earnestly week by week for the manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost.—Rev. Dr. Frank De Witt Talmage, Presbyterian, Chicago.

The Aim of Life.

The aim of life, the aim of religion, the object in view underlying the building of churches, the work of the hierarchy and the priesthood, is the restraint and earthly within us arising from the awe inspiring conviction that God is ever watching us and that his heart ever yearns with love for us.—Rev. P. F. O'Hara, Catholic, Port Washington, N. Y.

The Book of Books.

You cannot compare the Bible with other books. You cannot dismiss the older Testament to the shelves of your library as you would the Koran or the book of Shasta or even the writings of Confucius. Great as was the conception of the men who wrote the books, the difference between them and the Bible is a great and impassable gulf.—Bishop H. C. Potter, Episcopal, New York.

The Supreme Thing.

To love the good and to live the good are the supreme things in religion. Good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense in the peace or pain, no evil thing success. Heaven and hell are states of being. No evil can befall the good man in either life or death, for all things work together for the victory of the good.—Rev. David Utter, Unitarian, Denver.

Manifestations of Grace.

We are told to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. This grace manifests itself by forgiving those who have wronged us, by uplifting the fallen, supporting the weak and in a word by doing good to all men in we have opportunity.—Rev. J. Murray Taylor, Christian, Washington.

No Fear of the Truth.

A religion or a creed that has any fear of injury from any truth or fact of the universe is doomed to go. This is the century of historic criticism. The Bible is being studied in a new and higher way, and the old theories of infallibility have given way to a more rational view. Criticism will save the Bible, not destroy it. The work of criticism is being done by scholars within the churches, not by heretics outside.—Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Unitarian, Louisville, Ky.

The Highway to Happiness.

Let it be well remembered that no byway of selfishness leads to happiness. Over the road of love and self sacrifice and devout endeavor for the good and happiness of others and only that way lies the deep, safe haven of an untroubled peace. A man, with every idle word that is, for words that spring from a spirit of irreverence and religious sloth. How much more shall God call him to a reckoning for every unkind word, for every word shadowed and sharpened by a spirit of bitterness, selfishness and gloom.—Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

Religion of Gratitude.

Christianity is the religion of gratitude, and civilization is the result of such teaching. The dominant note of Confucianism is loyalty to ancestry, to parents, to idolatrous cult, to the great divinely ordained government, and the result is seen in the subdued, wily, un-democratic Chinaman, who is the compressed and suppressed product of long years of such stultifying education. The dominant note of Mohammedanism and Buddhism is virtue molded into characters by care and exact maxims, and the result is seen in the fatalistic and negative character of the Hindu and the Turk. The inner note of Christianity is gratitude, expressed by joyful accents of thanksgiving and praise, within the compass of law and authority, but imposing no weight of chains, and the result is character and virtue and nobility, but freed from its attitude.—Rev. Thomas Lavan Bickel, Reformed Church, Philadelphia.

Wheat and Buckwheat.

There is not a great deal of difference in the feeding value of buckwheat and wheat, pound for pound, the buckwheat being a little more fattening than wheat. It is a good winter feed and may be fed as one feed two or three days in the week if it is not too high priced. We would not pay more for a pound of buckwheat than we would for a pound of wheat.—Commercial Feeder.

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The spiritual success of every church is to be decided by whether its members will regularly assemble, as did the first church in the upper chamber of Jerusalem, to pray together earnestly week by week for the manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost.—Rev. Dr. Frank De Witt Talmage, Presbyterian, Chicago.

The Aim of Life.

The aim of life, the aim of religion, the object in view underlying the building of churches, the work of the hierarchy and the priesthood, is the restraint and earthly within us arising from the awe inspiring conviction that God is ever watching us and that his heart ever yearns with love for us.—Rev. P. F. O'Hara, Catholic, Port Washington, N. Y.

The Book of Books.

You cannot compare the Bible with other books. You cannot dismiss the older Testament to the shelves of your library as you would the Koran or the book of Shasta or even the writings of Confucius. Great as was the conception of the men who wrote the books, the difference between them and the Bible is a great and impassable gulf.—Bishop H. C. Potter, Episcopal, New York.

The Supreme Thing.

To love the good and to live the good are the supreme things in religion. Good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense in the peace or pain, no evil thing success. Heaven and hell are states of being. No evil can befall the good man in either life or death, for all things work together for the victory of the good.—Rev. David Utter, Unitarian, Denver.

Manifestations of Grace.

We are told to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. This grace manifests itself by forgiving those who have wronged us, by uplifting the fallen, supporting the weak and in a word by doing good to all men in we have opportunity.—Rev. J. Murray Taylor, Christian, Washington.

No Fear of the Truth.

A religion or a creed that has any fear of injury from any truth or fact of the universe is doomed to go. This is the century of historic criticism. The Bible is being studied in a new and higher way, and the old theories of infallibility have given way to a more rational view. Criticism will save the Bible, not destroy it. The work of criticism is being done by scholars within the churches, not by heretics outside.—Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Unitarian, Louisville, Ky.

The Highway to Happiness.

Let it be well remembered that no byway of selfishness leads to happiness. Over the road of love and self sacrifice and devout endeavor for the good and happiness of others and only that way lies the deep, safe haven of an untroubled peace. A man, with every idle word that is, for words that spring from a spirit of irreverence and religious sloth. How much more shall God call him to a reckoning for every unkind word, for every word shadowed and sharpened by a spirit of bitterness, selfishness and gloom.—Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

Religion of Gratitude.

Christianity is the religion of gratitude, and civilization is the result of such teaching. The dominant note of Confucianism is loyalty to ancestry, to parents, to idolatrous cult, to the great divinely ordained government, and the result is seen in the subdued, wily, un-democratic Chinaman, who is the compressed and suppressed product of long years of such stultifying education. The dominant note of Mohammedanism and Buddhism is virtue molded into characters by care and exact maxims, and the result is seen in the fatalistic and negative character of the Hindu and the Turk. The inner note of Christianity is gratitude, expressed by joyful accents of thanksgiving and praise, within the compass of law and authority, but imposing no weight of chains, and the result is character and virtue and nobility, but freed from its attitude.—Rev. Thomas Lavan Bickel, Reformed Church, Philadelphia.

Wheat and Buckwheat.

There is not a great deal of difference in the feeding value of buckwheat and wheat, pound for pound, the buckwheat being a little more fattening than wheat. It is a good winter feed and may be fed as one feed two or three days in the week if it is not too high priced. We would not pay more for a pound of buckwheat than we would for a pound of wheat.—Commercial Feeder.

Subscribe for THE GLEANER.



Home, and from this importation some eggs were obtained by C. Carroll Loring of Norfolk county, Mass., who has introduced them. The male is of a reddish butter color, with neck hackle a little darker. The comb is of cup shape, and from this and the yellow color they get the name Buttercups. The females come in several colors and are of lighter color than the males. They lay very large eggs and are very prolific. The mature birds weigh from five and one-half pounds for males and four and one-half to five and one-half pounds for females. The accompanying illustration shows a pair as bred by Mr. Loring.—American Agriculturist.

Roosting Chicks.

The Maine experiment station has tested close roosting coverts. These are three feet from the floor, thus giving the entire floor space to the fowls during the day. The front of the covert has a tight frame hinged at the top so as to be raised by day and lowered by night. This frame is covered with white stuff, thoroughly saturated and glazed with boiled linseed oil. The covert is made as tight as can be by ordinary carpenter work. The outside wall of the building where it comes in contact with the covert is packed with soft, fine hay. The covert should be as near six feet high as possible when the curtains are down. It will get plenty of ventilation through the cracks. The house is practically open on one side, having a curtain coming to within three feet of the floor. The floor is covered with several inches of clean straw. The hens in this house averaged 144.44 eggs in ten months.

An Early Brew.

A few years ago a great Texas daily called attention to artificial hatching then on exhibition in its city said that the main advantage of the artificial over the natural method of hatching was the saving of time; that where as it took twenty-one days ordinarily to hatch hen's eggs the old way these machines operated by steam would hatch in less than half that time.

Fattening Turkeys.

For fattening turkeys pen them, give them plenty of water and sort over the potato bin and take those unsuitable for the table and boil a lot of them and mash them, mixing with them an equal bulk of cornmeal. Make it stiff, and cook enough at once to last a week. We don't know of any food that will fatten a turkey or any other fowl faster than this.—Farm and Ranch.

Revenge is Sweet.

First Artist—What do you think! My last picture has been bought by my personal enemy, Dobson, the art critic.

Second Artist—Yes, I heard him lecture on it last night.

First Artist—But you didn't know that he doesn't even suspect I painted it.

Second Artist—Yes; he explained that he could use it to illustrate revenge in art. It was anonymous.

Best Cough Remedy for Children.

When you buy a cough medicine for small children you want one in which you can place implicit confidence. You want one that not only relieves but cures. You want one that is unquestionably harmless. You want one that is pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets all of these conditions. There is nothing so good for the coughs and colds incident to childhood. It is also a certain preventive and cure for croup, and there is no danger whatever from whooping cough when it is given. It has been used in many epidemics of that illness with perfect success. For sale by all druggists.

The suspension of D. J. Sully, the famous cotton operator, was announced Friday and as a result the price of cotton dropped about 24 cents a pound. Sully was a noted bull on the cotton market and as a speculator had done much to force the price of cotton up.

Are You a Dyspeptic?

If you are a dyspeptic you owe it to yourself and your friends to get well. Dyspepsia annoys the dyspeptic's friends because his disease sours his disposition as well as his stomach. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will not only cure dyspepsia, indigestion and sour stomach, but this palatable, reconstructive tonic digests and sweetens the whole digestive apparatus, and sweetens the life as well as the stomach. When you take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure the food you eat is enjoyed. It is digested, assimilated and its nutrient properties appropriated by the blood and tissues. Health is the result. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

In Mecklenburg Superior Court last week Thos. Esteloffs was awarded \$2,250 damages against the Southern Railway for the loss of three toes, which were crushed off while he was coupling the cars for the Southern.

Serious Stomach Trouble Cured.

Fwas troubled with a distress in my stomach, sour stomach and vomiting spells, and can truthfully say that Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me.—Mrs. T. V. Williams, Lainsburg, Mich. These tablets are guaranteed to cure every case of stomach trouble of this character. For sale by all druggists.

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