

OVERMILABLE.  
He never makes no kick at all.  
No matter how things are.  
Lives both motions, great and small.  
He banishes afar.  
The slight injustices of life  
Don't move him to distress.  
Save he would have any strife,  
It ain't worth while, I guess.

### Mr. Carter's Caloric.

"John," said Mrs. Carter, "I want to have a talk with you."  
"All right, my dear," responded Mr. Carter.  
"I want to begin our housekeeping right," continued the lady. "From a hygienic standpoint, I mean. Of course, at the hotels we could not help ourselves, but in our own home we can live as we please."  
"Well," answered Mr. Carter, "the plumbing is exposed, the ventilation is all right, and everything in the house is according to the most hygienic standard. There is no reason why we should not live right."  
"Yes, I know; but I was not thinking of the house. I was thinking of the diet."  
"Oh, you'll arrange that all right, I'm sure," said Mr. Carter, cheerfully.  
"Am I going to try to, but you must help, too. You see, John, that most people waste a large part of what they spend by injudicious purchases."  
"I believe that," agreed Mr. Carter, heartily.  
"Yes," went on Mrs. Carter, waxing eloquent for this was her particular hobby. "Not only by injudicious purchases, but by almost an entire absence of knowledge of the relative nutritive qualities of various food products, and by processes of cooking and serving which very much reduce the value of the food. I want us to live well, enjoy some luxuries, and save money on the same amount that most people practically throw away."  
"You're a sensible little woman," and Mr. Carter kissed her. "But how is all this to be done?"  
"Well, you see, John," said Mrs. Carter, "after we became engaged I took a regular course at the cooking school, so now, in making out my diet for the week, I know that a man's rations are scientifically enough when they contain 3500 calories a day. Therefore, it is a simple arithmetical calculation to compute how many calories are necessary for the week."  
"But what in the world is a caloric?"  
"A caloric is the unit of heat estimated necessary to raise the temperature of a pound of water four degrees Fahrenheit, and the unit of energy adopted in estimating the full value of food."  
"Mr. Carter drew a long breath and looked bewildered.  
"All right, my dear, you go ahead and attend to the calories. I'll eat them if they are good."  
"And you won't go to any of these horrid places down town for lunch, will you? I don't want your digestion ruined, so promise me that you will eat only my home cooking."  
And the misguided man promised. So the Carters began their housekeeping.

"Nellie," said Mr. Carter some few weeks after this, "do you know we have not had fried potatoes since we have been keeping house? I am very fond of fried potatoes for breakfast."  
"Fried potatoes?" ejaculated Mrs. Carter. "Well, I should say not. They are one of the most indigestible things that one can take into the stomach."  
"Mr. Carter felt an inward protest rising, but stifled it.  
"You are not taking any of that olive oil, John," continued the wife. "It is necessary to the system to eat half a pound of butter and an equal quantity of olive oil a week. You don't do either."  
"I don't like olive oil at all, and I never did eat much butter," returned Mr. Carter, patiently.  
"I am afraid that you are a little inclined to self-indulgence, John."  
Mr. Carter laid down his knife and fork and opened his lips to reply. One look at the pretty face of his wife, however, made him change the sarcastic remark to the good-humored one of:  
"Well, perhaps I am. I will be a different man, I expect, after I have you to guide me for awhile."  
"Mrs. Carter nodded acquiescently.  
"John," she cried, some hours later, what are you doing?"  
"Getting a drink, my love," returned John mildly.  
"But you must not drink that water. Don't you know that it is full of bacteria?"  
"Then, what am I to drink, Nellie? I can't go without water?"  
"Of course not. Here is some that I have boiled."  
"Phew!" he exclaimed in disgust. "How fat it tastes! I'll just take a good drink fresh from the well."  
"Oh, John, dear!" cried Mrs. Carter, tearfully, "you mustn't! It is all full of bacteria."  
"You mustn't hurt me," laughed John. "I've always drunk it so."  
"Don't do it! Please don't, John. For my sake," pleaded the wife. "It is so dangerous."  
"Well, put some ice in this, then, and I won't."  
"Joe! Why, what would be the use of boiling it if we're to put ice in it? Ice is full of microbes."  
Mr. Carter drank the boiled water in silence, and read the paper until dinner was ready.  
"What sort of beef is this?" he asked as he prepared to carve the meat. "It doesn't look like a roast."  
"It isn't. It's the neck. I find I can get more food value for less money from the neck than from the rib. For instance 10 cents' worth of the neck of the beef will give me .36 of a pound of protein and 1.825 calories."  
Mr. Carter groaned.  
"Then," went on Mrs. Carter, not noticing the groan, "I add potatoes, bread and fruit for the carbohydrates and we have a meal perfect in food value, containing protein, fat, starch and sugar. All for the same money that a roast would have cost us," she wound up triumphantly.  
"Well, for tomorrow," said Carter, "let's have a roast pork with potatoes and cherry pie."  
Mrs. Carter stared at him a moment and then said pitifully: "John, you are as ignorant as most people concerning food values. It won't do you. This is as much for your good as mine. Roast pork and potatoes contain five times as much carbon as

you need. As for cherry pie"—she made an expressive gesture as if it were not worth mentioning, and continued—"you will soon get over these yearnings of a falsely educated appetite, and then you will be all right. I am afraid that you have been very improperly brought up, John."  
Mr. Carter glared at her angrily, and threw down his knife and fork with a bang.  
"If you mean in regard to calories, proteins and all the rest of it, yes; I was," he said.  
"Oh, John!" Mrs. Carter rose from the table with her handkerchief to her eyes. "You are a cur, which you know I'm doing the best I can."  
"What could he do? He had not been married long, and was not proof against her tears. He arose from the table, took her in his arms, begged forgiveness and promised to eat anything and everything she would give him, if only she would smile. They made up, of course, and Carter bore himself heroically for six months through a dietary that taboored pie, and was arranged according to food values.

"See here, Carter," said a friend, meeting him one day on the street, "what's the matter? You look like a shadow. Come in and have something."  
"I don't care if I do," said Carter, suddenly feeling the need of something stimulating. "I'm afraid I don't feel up to much lately."  
He lifted the glass to his lips and then set it down suddenly.  
"What is it? Isn't it all right?" asked the friend.  
"It isn't boiled," answered Carter, faintly, who though he saw microbes bubbling up through the effervescence.  
"Boiled!" ejaculated the other in disgust. "Well, I should say not! You'd better take a stimulant, Carter."  
"No, thank you, I don't believe that I will take anything. You will excuse me, old fellow, won't you? I—I don't feel well."  
"It's all right," answered his friend. "What made you think of the drink being boiled?"  
"I don't know. Just a fancy," returned Carter, too loyal to his wife to tell the cause.  
Carter went home feverish. Much to his wife's alarm he did not eat a mouthful of supper. Finally he went to bed and fell asleep. While he slept he dreamed.

He was in an immense dining room. Great roasts of beef and pork, flanked by steaming vegetables, loaded the tables. Piles of mince and cherry were on the buffets; fruits, salads, water with huge chunks of ice floating in it, milk cooled also by ice.  
Carter's mouth watered; but alas! when he approached the meats, protein and calories appeared to raise from them. Carbohydrates reared great heads from fruits and vegetables; bacilli jeered at him in the ice water; microbes looked out from the milk.  
A feeling of fierce anger seized hold of him. Was he to starve because of these creatures? Well, let them do their worst! A drink he would have in spite of them. Catching up a cup, he started to the water. Instantly, bacilli, microbes and bacteria of all kinds surrounded him.  
Suddenly an enormous bacillus that he had not seen before darted toward him and was upon him before he could take a step. Carter gave a shriek and sprang wildly from his bed.  
"Why John! What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Carter, sitting up.  
"Matter," growled Carter, picking himself up from the floor, where he had landed. "Matter enough, I tell you. Tomorrow begins a new state of things at this house. I'm going to eat decently if I eat all the bacteria in the world. Calories and all the rest of them have to go. They have had their innings. Now comes mine. Do you hear, Nellie?"  
"Yes, John," replied Mrs. Carter, meekly. She had been married long enough to know that when Carter used that tone things must go his way.  
The next day at dinner the following was the bill of fare:  
Soup.  
Roast pork with potatoes. Apple sauce.  
Onions, beans, tomatoes, peas, corn.  
Cherry, mince, apple pie.  
Ice water.  
And Carter was happy.  
—From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.  
As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities.—Fouque.  
Weak men are crushed by detraction, but the brave hold on and succeed.—Bovee.  
True dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Massinger.  
It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I doable in."—Washington Gladden.  
The man who dies rich dies disgraced. That is the gospel I preach; that is the gospel I practise.—Andrew Carnegie.  
Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there is a hundred that will stand adversity.—Carlyle.  
I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle as for a man not to know how to use a sword.—Lady Montague.  
Neither wealth nor poverty, neither labor nor idleness, will or can create classes in any real or important sense in this nation.—Franklin McVeigh.  
No man is worth reading to form your style who does not mean what he says, nor was any great style ever invented but by some man who meant what he said.  
Half the world is on the wrong side in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others; it consists in giving and in serving others.—Drummond.  
Indian Understands the Malay.  
Former Representative Springer tells a curious story that is worthy of investigation of the bureau of ethnology. He says that a Creek Indian from Indian Territory, who was a member of the regular army, was enlisted in the regular army at the close of the Spanish war and was sent to the Philippine Islands. While campaigning with his regiment in the southern part of the archipelago he found a tribe of Malays whose dialect was almost the same as the aboriginal language of the Creek nation. He could understand them and they could understand him without difficulty, and he was able to act as interpreter for his officers with a tribe he had never heard of before.—Chicago Record.

In Indiana there are 14,902 miles of telephone and telegraph wires, valued for taxation at \$4,695,690, and 13,919 miles of railway, assessed at \$153,659,348.

## FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

**Preventive for Potato Scab.**  
Before cutting the seed potatoes, soak them for 30 minutes in water, to which add one ounce formaldehyde to two gallons water. The water can be used immediately follows another. This formula has been used by many farmers for several years with complete success.

**Plowing Wet Ground.**  
When the upturned furrow presents a slick, newly varnished-like appearance it is a good indication that the plowing should be postponed a few days. If plowing land when wet is followed in a day or so by a heavy freeze, the damage is not so great as when it dries out and becomes almost as hard as a brick. This of course can only occur in clay or sticky soils. In no case does the gain in two or three days' time compensate for the injury done the land by plowing wet.

**Grafting Wax and How to Make It.**  
Here is a recipe for an excellent grafting wax: One pound tallow, two pounds beeswax, four pounds rosin. Slowly melt all together, stir well and when partially cooled pour into pans which have been moistened or oiled to keep the wax from clinging too tightly to them. When thoroughly cooled break into convenient pieces. Raw (not boiled) linseed oil is often preferred to the tallow, and in very warm regions a much larger proportion of rosin will make the wax less apt to run, reducing its cost also, as the beeswax is the most expensive though an indispensable article in its composition.  
For use it should be melted and applied carefully over all exposed cuts and often cracks around the grafts. A small paint brush is the most convenient for this purpose. It can be applied safely much warmer than can be borne by the hand.

**The Profit in Poultry.**  
There is profit in poultry if it is given half a chance. Even when the returns in fowls and eggs are small a flock may be of great value as foragers. The quantities of insects and weed seeds that are devoured are seldom taken into consideration, but they are not to be passed by without notice. So we can well afford to keep the hen, even though she does not lay a single egg. But with poultry, as with other farm stock, the day for the scrub is past.  
So much has been written regarding the immense profit to be obtained from poultry that one might almost suppose that the millennium would surely be at hand as soon as every one could be induced to raise chickens. It would be well to advise everybody to raise chickens. Why not recommend the gardener to grow wheat or the dairymaid to raise sheep? If we are to raise poultry, it is likely to make it an important part of his business, for he can discover what is profitable without being told. If he has not an aptitude for fowls it is the part of wisdom to limit himself to a small flock, as many do. There are many farms on which small flocks are kept merely to supply the family with table fowls and eggs. Few of these are profitable. Other interests are found more congenial than poultry raising, consequently more profitable. Erik D. Wells, before the Michigan Poultry Breeders' Association.

**Essentials in Sugar Making.**  
The secret of making a fine quality of maple sugar consists in three things: First, begin early. One fall of sap in March is worth more than one and a half falls in April. The sap runs in the fore part of March as a rule much sweeter than in April. The colder the weather in which sap runs, the better the quality of sugar. A man must have everything all ready if he wants to begin early. If the snow is deep, the roads should be broken in February if necessary. All things must be clean, arch or arches in repair, wood out and all kinds of tools and utensils where you can find them at a moment's warning. Next, rapid boiling. To secure this, the syrup should be kept at two or three inches in advance and kept under cover if possible. If not piled under cover, it should be piled where the sun can shine on it. The wood should be split fine to make the hottest fire. The fire should not be allowed to go down from the time it is started until the syrup is ready to take off. An arch should be built smoke-tight, and with a chimney tall enough to furnish a good draft. As for the evaporator, it is walled in, whether an evaporator or a boiler, and a pan or a pan alone, will not matter so much if a man tends to his business. But as a rule, the simpler the boiling apparatus the better the result, but the oftener the syrup is taken off the better. Third, neatness is indispensable. Unless you keep things sweet, all will be a failure, as far as making the "real thing" goes.—C. C. Bicknell in New England Homestead.

**Census of Insects.**  
An insect census has just been taken on purely scientific lines with a view to determine as far as it is possible which insects are a boon and a blessing to mankind and which are the reverse.  
According to the census insects are to be classified as good, bad, and indifferent; the good insects amount to 115 families, the bad insects amount to 115 families, while the indifferent insects, who could not for one reason or another satisfactorily answer all the questions on their census papers, and must therefore for the present be looked upon as doubtful characters, reach a total of 72 families.  
No fewer than 112 families of the bad or injurious insects feed upon cultivated plants and crops, doing damage to and devouring thousands of pounds' worth of vegetable produce annually, gobbling up our spring cabbage and succulent young peas, etc., in the most ruthless fashion, while the one hundred and thirteen families are parasitic upon and causes much harm to warm-blooded animals. Of the good or beneficial insects, 79 families devote themselves to the destruction of their wicked, vegetable-devouring brethren, and the accompanying list is most satisfactory and wholesome material, while of the remaining useful insects, 32 families act as scavengers, clearing away with great rapidity all sorts of decaying vegetable and animal matter, two families aid us as pollinizers, and three form food for our eatable fishes.

**The Pigeon in Westraint.**  
The only remedy for persistent spraying. It takes two years to produce a crop of fruit—from the formation of the fruit bud to the perfecting of the fruit—and spraying for one year only will not undo all the damage. The spraying this year must be begun before the leaves open, to destroy as much as possible the fungus on the twigs. Spraying calendars are so common that we need not repeat them,

## A BLOOD TROUBLE.

It is that tired feeling—blood lacks vitality and richness, and hence you feel like a leech all day and don't get rested at night. Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you because it will feature to the blood the qualities it needs to nourish, strengthen and sustain the muscles, nerves and organs of the body. It gives vigor, refreshing sleep and imparts new life and vigor to every function.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### OLD TIMBER-WOOD.

Love of Satire Otteson Got Him in Trouble With the Court.  
In the days antedating railroads in northern Iowa, the days of saloons and circuit courts, a certain ponderous judge was for many years accounted for his rounds by District Attorney Wood, popularly known as Old Timber-Wood. He had been christened Timothy, the name was curtailed to Tim, and by easy evolution developed into Timber.

Old Timber-Wood was a unique and interesting character: rough but dignified, of sound intellect, gifted with a keen sense of humor, and far surpassing in mental acumen his professional superior, whom, however, he usually treated before the world with an almost ostentatious deference. They were the warmest of friends, the feeling between them was romantically tender, notwithstanding that they had frequent and violent public fallings out.

The Judge, who was entirely lacking in personal dignity, really needed the support of his friend's deferential attitude to keep him in countenance, and when it was temporarily removed, Old Timber-Wood's love of satire occasionally betraying him into the sacrilegious known as "contempt of court," he was stung to fury, and promptly punished the offense. Many a fine had the attorney been subjected for his incautious witticisms. Being in a constant state of impecuniosity, he invariably applied to the Judge himself for money to pay these assessments, a favor which was never refused, the fact that he must humble himself to ask it sufficiently restoring his Honor's complacency. The Judge was of a thrifty habit, and frequently left the bench, substituting Wood in his place—as an old-time schoolmaster substituted one of the larger boys when he wished to absent himself from the room—and stepped out to refresh himself at a neighboring saloon.

On one occasion, very shortly after a skirmish with the attorney, in which he had finally avenged his insulted dignity in the usual way, he abruptly called Wood to the bench and started down the aisle. Wood hastily slipped into his place, and before he had reached the door rapped sharply on the desk and called out, "Gentlemen, before proceeding further with the case, the Court wishes to instruct the clerk to remit the fine lately imposed upon Attorney Wood."  
The Judge halted, wheeled about with a very red face, and opened his lips to protest, but the bar and the jury drowned him out with a chorus of laughter.—Harper's Magazine.

### Tetter and Eczema.

"What will you charge me for 10 dozen boxes Tettere? I know it to be a splendid remedy for the cure of Tetter and Eczema. I would like to keep it for sale. Mrs. Emma Plummer, Waynesboro, Miss." If your druggist don't keep it, send 50c. to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for a box.

### Lord Congleton's preserves near Maryland.

Lord Congleton's preserves near Maryland, Queen's County, were referring the scene of a most unusual sporting incident, which goes to show that the impudence of foxes is pretty well on a par with their proverbial cunning, states a letter to the London Telegraph. A woodcock was flushed during the pleasure grounds, which were being beaten for rabbits, near the house, and was promptly knocked down by Mr. McKenna, Lord Congleton's agent. Just as the latter was about to pick up the bird, however, a fox suddenly dashed out of a clump of rhododendrons, and snapping it up, bolted away with his audaciously acquired prize, despite much shouting and hallooing on the part of those who were eye-witnesses of an episode well-nigh unique.

### Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Smarting and Sweating Feet and chafed blisters. Sold by druggists and Grocers. Sample sent FREE. Address A. N. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Als and Alack!

Wife—How long must we wait with our Mary? She is already eighteen years old.  
Husband—Till the right person comes.  
Wife—I didn't wait so long.—Flegende Blatter.  
Carter's Ink Is the Best Ink made, no dearer than the poorest. Has the largest sale of any ink in the world.  
Gritless Playfulness.  
"I wrote that girl three letters asking her to return my diamond ring."  
"Did you go?"  
"Naturally she sent me a 'don't-worry' button."  
Chicago Record.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. W. W. QUINN'S signature is on each box. 25c.

## HIS TEETH WERE HIS OWN.

Forty-five traveling men around the hotel stove had been talking about teeth, when one of them got up and saying "good night" went off to bed.  
"Did you notice what fine teeth that party had?" said a man from St. Louis. "He won't acknowledge they are false, or filler, he insists that they are his own, and yet he doesn't quite tell the truth. My brother is a dentist in Kansas City, and this man lives there, and my brother does his work for him. Not that he tells me anything, but merely as an incident, for everybody who knows the man knows the circumstances. His teeth are his own, and at the same time they are false. You don't understand, so I'll explain. He always had unusually fine teeth, but about five years ago they showed signs of Riggs' disease, an affection which causes the gums to recede from the roots, leaving them exposed some distance down from the enameled surface. In aggravated cases or where the person is very sensitive the disease is very painful and it is almost impossible to relieve it. To cure it is practically impossible, for the gums will not grow back again. This man was of the sensitive kind. And although physicians and dentists tried their skill on him they could do nothing, and he suffered so that at last he told my brother to extract every tooth in his mouth and put false ones in for him. As nothing else could be done my brother followed instructions and pulled every tooth. They were all in perfect condition, and as my brother looked them over, regretting that his patient was forced to give them up, a novel idea occurred to him, which he at once told to the other man, who agreed to it willingly. This was that instead of making artificial teeth, as was the usual custom, these same teeth be used exactly as if they were artificial. My brother, who is a first-class dentist always, was more than ordinarily careful on this job, and when he had mounted the teeth in a plate measured to a hair's breadth and slipped them into his patient's mouth they fitted as if they had grown there, as it were, and now there isn't one man in a thousand can tell that they are false, if, indeed, false they are. At the same time there isn't any more Riggs' disease to trouble him."

### Proposed Alliance with England.

If the United States and England should form an alliance, the combined strength would be so great that there would be little chance for enemies to overcome us. In a little while we would be able to keep our own territory safe with Heaton's Stomach Bitters, there is little chance of a stomach ailment. The old time remedy enriches the blood, builds up the muscles, strengthens the nerves and increases the appetite. Try it.

### Would Not Sugarcoat the Pill.

Mrs. Young—Don't you believe in managing one's husband by letting him think he is having his own way?  
Mrs. Strong—Definitely not. Man should be made to feel his inferiority.—Pack.

## THE HEALTH OF YOUNG WOMEN

Two of Them Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am sixteen years old and am troubled with my monthly sickness. It is very irregular, occurring only once in two or three months, and also very painful. I also suffer with cramps and pain in a while pain strikes me in the heart and I have drowsy headaches. If there is anything you can do for me, I will gladly follow your advice."  
—MISS MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 31, 1898.

### Nervous and Dizzy

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to express my thanks to you for the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered constantly from terrible headache, had chills, was nervous and dizzy. I had tried different kinds of medicine but they all failed entirely. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier I am well again. I cannot thank you enough for what your remedies have done for me."  
—MISS MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 6, 1899.

### Hot Water Wells.

The wells in parts of Arizona have recently become producers of hot water, and apprehension is felt by many of the residents of the regions affected that they are about to become participants in a grand volcanic drama. In some of the wells the temperature of the water rose twenty degrees in a single night. In a few the phenomenon disappeared soon after its appearance. In a majority of the cases, however, the wells fairly steam from their newly-acquired heat. The first known of this curious state of affairs was a report that the wells at Maricopa, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, thirty miles south of Phoenix, had suddenly become hot, says the Omaha Bee.

### Explanation of Her Penchant.

"I notice that she has her portrait painted, but never has her photograph taken."  
"Yes. You see, the camera is so exact."

### It was four days thereafter that the phenomenon was first noticed a dozen miles west of that city. A test at one well showed a temperature of nearly one hundred degrees. No difference is noted in wells in the immediate vicinity of Phoenix.

### Mitchell's Eye Salve

is always within reach and ready to cure us if we follow the directions implicitly.  
Price 25 cents. All druggists.  
HALL & RUCKEL, London.

### OPIMUM AND MORPHINE

habit cured at home. NO CURE, NO PAY. Correspondence confidential. GATE CITY SOCIETY, Lock Box 715, Atlanta, Ga.

# LANGUID

How are the children this spring? Complaining a good deal of headache, can't study as well as usual, easily fall asleep, and are tired all the time? And how is it with yourself? Is your strength slipping away? Do you tremble easily, are your nerves all unstrung, do you feel dull and sleepy, and have you lost all ambition?

## That's Spring Poisoning

Nearly every one needs a good spring medicine: a medicine that will remove impurities from the system, strengthen the digestion, and bring back the old force and vigor to the nerves. A perfect Sarsaparilla is just such a medicine: a Sarsaparilla that contains the choicest and most valuable ingredients: a Sarsaparilla accurately and carefully made, and one that experience has shown is perfect in every way.

# That's AYER'S

"The only Sarsaparilla made under the personal supervision of three graduates: a graduate in pharmacy, a graduate in chemistry, and a graduate in medicine."  
\$1.00 a bottle. All Druggists.

## PUSH! PUSH!! PUSH!!!

That's the way some dealers do! Push cheap goods because the profits are large. Why let a man push cheap Buggy off on you when you can get the best at only a dollar or so more? Do you ever think about it that way?

## DEATH OF AN HISTORIC OAK.

Another of the historic trees of Maryland has perished. Nearly three hundred years ago the oak of Lloyd's Hill, near Hillsboro, on the Talbot side of the Tuckahoe River, was described in a writing still extant. There is no known record of its dimensions, but it had a mighty trunk. Its magnificence was in its branches, whose amplitude was extraordinary. The shadow cast on the ground by a vertical outspreading limb whose diameter was sun made a circle whose diameter was more than 100 yards. Decay fastened upon the tree; then, some years ago, an axeman made a huge wound to the side and the tree, being too old to heal itself, gradually rotted. Recently some one stuffed the hollow with dry leaves and brush and set it afire at night. The country for miles around was illuminated. After the fire burned out the remainder of the giant oak was cut down and carted away. The oak in these olden days was sometimes called "The Quaker Tavern," because the Delaware Friends, after having assembled at Camden, made their pilgrimage by this route to the Third Year Meeting House—where George Fox preached and Lady Baltimore met William Penn—to attend the yearly meeting long before there was any town of Easton to extend to them its hospitality. The oak on Lloyd's Hill was their regular noonday stopping place. Here they would rest and feed their horses and unpack and eat their lunches. Heron Island, in Miles River, is now treeless. An old and gnarled cedar, for many years the only tree on this barren waste of sand, was recently cut down and burned for fuel by some oystermen who were cast away there in a storm. The cedar was a valuable landmark to the river sailors. Territorially, Heron Island is in Queen Anne County. It belongs to the estate of the late Col. Richard S. Dodson.

## NO crop can grow without Potash.

Every blade of Grass, every grain of Corn, all Fruits and Vegetables must have it. If enough is supplied you can count on a full crop—if you too little, the growth will be "scrubby."

## W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitutes claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep a pair on receipt of price and name. Write for catalogue. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cash. Address: W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

## Malsby & Company, Engines and Boilers

39 S. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga. Steam Water Heaters, Steam Pumps and Penberthy Injectors.

## STOPPED FREE

Permanently Cured by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Consultation, personal or by mail, free and no charge. 127½ Nassau St., New York. Send for free literature. Dr. J. C. Kline, 127½ Nassau St., New York. Sole agents: Dr. J. C. Kline, 127½ Nassau St., New York. Sole agents: Dr. J. C. Kline, 127½ Nassau St., New York.

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