

Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

- Chicago, Ill.**—Mrs. Alvina Sperling, 11 Langdon Street.
Lindley, Ind.—Mrs. May Fry.
Kinsley, Kans.—Mrs. Scilla Gifford Beaman.
Scott, N.Y.—Mrs. S. J. Barber.
Cornwallville, N.Y.—Mrs. Wm. Boughton.
Cincinnati, O.—Mrs. W.K. Hoosh. 7 Eastview Ave.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Luse, 883 1st St., German.
Change of Life.
South Bond, Ind.—Mrs. Fred Cortell, 1014 S. Lafayette Street.
Knox, Kentucky.—Mrs. Lizzie Hollard.
Brookfield, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Lougson, 207 S. Market St.
Pateros, N.Y.—Mrs. Wm. Somerville, 153 8th Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. K. E. Garrett, 2407 North Garnet Street.
Levack, Wis.—Mrs. Carl Dahlke.
Maternity Troubles.
Worcester, Mass.—Mrs. Dorothy Coté, 117 Southgate Street.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. A. P. Anderson, 1207 E. Pratt Street.
Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.
Albany, N.Y.—Mrs. Anna Muelhaupt.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. E. H. Maddocks, 2135 Gilbert Avenue.
Knox, Tenn.—Mrs. Lee Mangos, Box 131.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. A. A. Giles.
Johnstown, N.Y.—Mrs. Homer N. Seaman, 103 E. Main Street.
Bartonville, Ill.—Mrs. Peter Langenbahn.
Avoid Operations.
Hampstead, Md.—Mrs. Jos. H. Dandy.
Albany, Ga.—Mrs. V. Henry, Route No. 3.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. B. E. Piper, 29 South Addison Street.
Locustville, Ky.—Mrs. Sam Lee, 3233 Fourth St.
South West Harbor, Maine.—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, Mt. Desert Light Station.
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Albany, N.Y.—Mrs. Clara Waterman, R. F. D. No. 1.
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Leicester, Mass.—Mrs. H. J. Cloutier, 56 Oxford Street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second Street, N.
Shawnee, Mo.—Mrs. Josie Ham, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 22.
Marion, N.J.—Mrs. Geo. Jordy, Route No. 3, Box 49.
Chester, Ark.—Mrs. Ella Wood.
Oella, Ga.—Mrs. T. A. Criss.
Peabody, Ind.—Mrs. May Marshall, R.R. 44.
Cambridge, Neb.—Mrs. Nellie Moslander.
These women are only a few of the thousands of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy walking, common sense shoes. A trial will convince any one that W. L. Douglas shoes hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than other makes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions, shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life.

CAUTION: The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom, which guarantees full value and protects the wearer against high priced and inferior shoes. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Wherever you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. If your dealer cannot fit you write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brookline, Mass.

For COLDS and GRIP. Hicks' CAPSULE is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the cold and restores normal conditions. 1/2 fluid—effects immediately. 10c, 25c and 50c. at drug stores.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.—Shakespeare.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

The curse causeless shall not come.—Bible. So. 46-'09.

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

The first step is all the difficulty.—French.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

The brave man may fall, but he cannot yield.—Irish.

Stiff Neck? Rub it with Perry Davis' Painkiller and it will disappear like magic. 25c, 50c and 80c. bottles. At all dealers.

Not all threateners fight.—Dutch.

Shoot folly as it flies.—Pope.

Force can never destroy right.

Old men are twice boys.—Latin.

Traitors all first fall themselves.

One learns by suffering.—French.

Old people see best in the distance.

The friends of our friends are our friends.—French.

The child shows the man as morning shows the day.—Milton.

His Method.
 "Do you always keep a smiling about your daily duties?"
 "Now, I look grouchy. Then I ain't asked to do no extra work."
 Kansas City Journal.

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Paper-Hangers & Painters

You can greatly increase your business with no investment by selling Alfred Perry's Fine Wallpaper. We want one good worker in each locality, and to the first worthy applicant will send FREE by express a large and complete sample book showing a \$250,000.00 Wallpaper Stock for customers to select from. We offer liberal prices to our representatives. Answer quickly that you may get the agency in your vicinity for 1910.

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PIPE-VALVES FITTING AND SAW LATH SHINGLE MILLS
SHAFTING, PULLEYS, BELTS.
LOWBARD IRON WORKS, AUGUSTA, GA.

World's Fruit Basket.

Methods and Profits in Orchards of the Northwest.

Writing in Collier's the "The World's Fruit Basket," Richard Floyd Jones tells of the growth and romance of fruit farming in the West. Mr. Jones says that "though Marcus Whitman had driven his gospel wagon into Oregon at the time Fremont set out to blaze the continental trail that resulted in the conquest of California in 1846, the real acquisition of our Pacific Coast came when the Luelling brothers, with patriotic heroism, carried their apple trees in Oregon in 1847, and the Argonauts trailed their picks and pans over the continent's rocky spine in the memorable year of '49." The Luellings were sons of a Welsh Quaker planter and slaveholder in the Carolinas, who through force of conviction moved his family and negroes to Indiana, where he liberated his slaves and hired their labor for fixed wages. The sons became interested in fruit nurseries and drifted across the three "U" States, leaving orchards behind them in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, finally reaching Oregon and the Willamette Valley. Mr. Jones continues:

The advocates of a separate Pacific republic, who were won over on grounds of rational sentiment by Starr King and his lieutenants, were bound to the Eastern States by strong ribbons of steel in the early days of Grant's administration. And in 1883 the railroad to Portland went through, and soon followed the Northern Pacific to Tacoma. This opened the market. Before this time Florida was our orange State, and oranges were a luxury. California soon delivered an abundance, and oranges became a common, though not an inexpensive fruit. Before this time Michigan and Wisconsin were regarded as good apple States in the Central West, and Nova Scotia and New York apples were placed on the tables of the elite. The railroads soon put all these apples in the pie pan.

The world got a good taste of Pacific fruit. The departments of Agriculture and the Interior at Washington sent special agents West to be escorted by Mr. Smith over these wonderful budding fruit lands. Hood River became the University of the Apple, and to its Jean Germany, France, Russia, Argentina, China and Japan sent special students to be tutored in the fine arts of apple growing. Eastern produce merchants sent buyers West. The Niagara orchardists were puzzled that a bushel box of apples, hauled more than 3000 miles, should bring a better price than a barrel of apples raised at home. The large, luxurious, costly crated cherries from the Dalles of the Columbia sold when the basket cherries of the East went to waste. The peaches and plums and grapes that came out of this wonderful land induced many a Michigan and Delaware grower to correspond with land agents a continent's width away. And California gave us orange crops that were constant and abundant.

Of the chances for a poor man in Washington and Oregon Mr. Jones says: Success here, as everywhere, depends upon the man, not upon his money. The man who rents land among the fruit fields is welcomed and assisted the first year, and perhaps the second. The third he is tolerated, the fourth sees his credit fall, and the fifth counts him as a failure. Good, unbroken fruit land can be purchased, according to location, from \$50 to \$100 an acre. This can be bought for half cash and half credit. If the man is poor he can clear it himself, and five acres ought, in the course of six years, to return him from \$2000 to \$2050 a year. If he can acquire ten acres, so much the better. From the first year he can do better than \$200 an acre with strawberries and garden truck planted between his trees. If one has money enough to buy his land, pay for its clearing and planting, a little constant and intelligently directed work will accomplish great results. The superintendent of schools at Dayton, Wash., planted his savings in orchards until he had 100 acres in perfect, mature trees. He was not a horticulturist, but his supervision of this large orchard was his recreation. He now nets annually over \$50,000. A Tacoma society woman indulged herself in a sixteen-acre orchard at Ellensburg. She soon found herself harvesting more than 7500 boxes of apples a year, which sell for about \$17,000. There are many in the Yakima and Hood River valleys that do even better than this, but the average will not run as high. If an orchard is intelligently and skilfully handled it ought to yield from \$700 to \$900 an acre, and if the earnings fall below an average of \$400 to the acre there is probably something serious the matter.

The railroads that have brought San Francisco nearer to New York than Boston was to Philadelphia a century ago have been the cementing agents of our national life, says Mr. Jones. The economic and political issues of Providence and Pittsburg are those also of Seattle and Spokane. We are a homogenous people. The scenes along the Willamette in Oregon and the shadowy St. Joe in Idaho are strikingly like much of Wisconsin and Massachusetts, except that there are the great backgrounds of lofty pines and snow-capped mountains that the East does not possess. So with the people. They cannot escape the impress of their environment. They are less cultivated than the East, but better educated. They have largeness of conception, boldness of action, lack of provincialism and a venturesome spirit. The writer adds:

The Pacific fruit growers are beginning to work collectively. Legislatures may make it a felony to ship a wormy apple across the State line—who in New York or London is going to prosecute? But the buyer of the worm does not go back to that kind of a box again. The reputation of a whole valley can be killed through the carelessness or trickery of one dishonest shipper. The Kentucky slogan, "United we stand, divided we

fall," is becoming a commercial conviction in the West. An honest and attractive package is the best agent in any trade. It was this truth that inspired the fruit growers of Wenatchee, Missoula, the towns of the Yakima Valley, Hood River and others to organize their fruit growers into unions. The apples no longer went forth under the meaningless names of Ben Brown or John Jones, but with the guarantee of a great and wealthy valley. No grower was allowed to pack his own apples. The associations did it, and did it with conscientious care. "Find a bad apple and we'll give you the car," was their confident assertion. Eastern traders discovered that there was a valley standard. It was no longer necessary to send buyers West. They could order the standard products by wire. Ben Brown and John Jones discovered that the surest way to sell their fruits at the highest prices was to standardize and get the valley stamp on their box. But the union idea did not stop here. The associations set out to educate their members along the line of their occupation. The unions make liberal use of the telegraph wires, and so make a more intelligent distribution of wares than an individual could do. They set out to discover new markets. They married the orchardist to the horticultural schools of the State agricultural colleges and made of a trade a scientific profession. They taught caution and conservation. They showed that, though apple trees may live 150 years, and though their valley lands were richer than the Asiatic province of Shansi that has been farmed for forty centuries, the original orchards of the Luellings had gone into decay through carelessness and neglect even in the virgin richness of the bank of the Willamette. But the fruit growers' unions are doing most as a school of applied ethics. They erase jealousies and suspicion and establish a trust and appreciation of neighbors and a spirit of fraternalism and patriotism.

SEE MANICURES AND BEAUTIFIES TOWNS.

In the past few years the passion for the "town beautiful" has become a national ideal. City councils have taken up the work, philanthropists have contributed fortunes, and civic associations have put their shoulders to the wheel. That everyone knows; but what scarcely anyone knows is that the movement began in the brain of a quiet, unassuming woman in Springfield, Ohio, says Hampton's Magazine.

Miss Jessie M. Good was an assistant in the Springfield library, and had been for sixteen years. One day, in an interval of her work, she happened to pick up a magazine and read therein of how the village of Stockbridge, Mass., in order to attract summer tourists, had formed a local improvement society to clean the town. That was her inspiration, as narrated with a wealth of interesting detail in Hampton's. Clean the town! Why should not all towns be clean? Why were dusty streets, littered sidewalks, disfiguring vacant lots, treeless highways and unsightly back yards necessary? Why should not every town have parks and public gardens?

Miss Good told her plan to the editor of a floriculture magazine published in Springfield, and wrote an article about it for him. The idea spread, letters came in shoals, and Miss Good and Mr. D. J. Thomas, the editor, calling a convention of those interested, formed the American League of Civic Improvement. That was in July, 1901. A year later, at a meeting in Buffalo, N. Y., the American Park and Outdoor Art Association merged with the league under the title of the American Civic Association, which now embraces every State in the Union.

Miss Good, who was born in Johnstown, Pa., is still a resident of Springfield, where she has built up a large business in the sale of plants, seeds and flowers.

A Ventriloquist.

Probably every one has seen a time when he wished he could administer rebuke impersonally. The Springfield Republican pictures an occasion when it was done.

The "grouchy" individual came from behind his paper and glared savagely at the woman with the crying baby. "Why can't you keep that brat quiet?" he snarled. "What's the matter with it, anyway?"

There was a dead silence in the car, and then a pitilessly distinct voice from nowhere in particular replied: "He thinks your face is the moon, and he's crying for it."

The surly one looked about with a deadly stare. Every one was quaking with mirth, but preserved a solemn countenance except the man who was smiling out of the window at the other end of the car.

"There are advantages in being a ventriloquist," he murmured softly to himself.

That's All He Forgot.

The cab containing the absent-minded man and his family drew up in front of the Grand Central Depot. There emerged the absent-minded man, his wife, three children, a bird cage, a dog on a leash, and innumerable bundles and parcels. The absent-minded man paid the driver, gathered up the bundles, dropped them and pressed his hand dramatically to his fevered brow.

"There!" he exclaimed. "I just knew I had forgotten something."

His wife carefully counted the children, saw that the dog and the bird cage were intact, and took an inventory of the bundles.

"We seem to be all here," she remarked. "I am sure we have everything. What do you think it is you have forgotten?"

"Why, bless my soul!" cried the absent-minded man. "Now that we are here I've forgotten where we intended going!"—New York Times.

According to a Government report, 2,600,000 cattle die every year in this country from disease, exposure and neglect.

UNCLE SAM TELLS HOW TO MEASURE OCEAN WAVES.

Fuzzling Question to All Seagoers Easily Solved by the Navy Hydrographic Office.

A puzzling question to all seagoers, that of the lengthened crest of ocean waves and how to measure them, is answered by the Navy Hydrographic Office.

Determination of the length of waves at sea may be obtained by direct comparison of the known length of the observing vessel with the length from crest to crest of the waves over which she is riding, and when ships are sailing in company a good estimate of the length of the waves may be made by comparing the known length of a neighboring ship with the distance from crest to crest of the successive waves.

Another method of measuring the length of waves consists in towing a log line astern of a vessel and noting the length of line when a buoy attached to the after end floats on the next wave crest abaft that on which the stern of the vessel momentarily floats.

Replying to an answer regarding the height of ocean waves the Hydrographic Office says its measurements and estimates from mariners and observers at sea indicate that the average height of all the waves running in a gale in the ocean is about twenty feet.

"About forty feet," it says, "is a common estimate of the height of the larger waves in a severe gale on the North Atlantic, and this estimate is really not incompatible with accorded average of little more than twenty feet."

A Witty Red Man.

In "Travels in New England and New York," President Dwight, of Yale College, tells a good story of Indian wit and friendship.

In the early days of Litchfield, Conn., an Indian called at the tavern and asked the landlady for food, frankly stating that he had no money with which to pay for it. She refused him harshly, but a white man who sat by noted the red man's half-famished state, and offered to pay for his supper.

The meal was furnished, and the Indian, his hunger satisfied, returned to the fire and told his benefactor a story.

"You know Bible?" said the red skin.

The man assented.

"Well," said the Indian, "the Bible say, God made world, and then He took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' He made light, and He took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then He made dry land and water and sun and moon and grass and trees; and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then He made beast and birds and fishes, and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then He made man and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then He made woman, and took him and look at him, and He no dare say one such word!"

This last conclusion was uttered with a meaning glance at the landlady.

Some years after this occurrence, the man who had paid for the Indian's supper was captured by Redskins and carried to Canada, where he was made to work like a slave. One day an Indian came to him, recalled to his mind the occurrence at the Litchfield tavern, and ended by saying:

"I that Indian. Now my turn pay. I see you home. Come with me."

And the redskin guided the man back to Litchfield.

A Remarkable Play.

During the Lower Lakes golf tournament at Grossepointe, Michigan, says Collier's Weekly, Lieutenant George N. Hayward, United States Navy, made one of the most remarkable plays known to the game of golf.

On driving from the first tee he sent the ball over the bunker, fully one hundred and seventy-five yards. It struck a screen on the second-floor window of a vacant parsonage, and went clear through the screen and window.

The lieutenant had a problem to face. He was followed to the house by a large number of interested spectators. Forcing open a window, he climbed into the parsonage.

He found the ball in a back room up-stairs, and with a mighty stroke tried to send it into a front room. It struck above the door and clattered about the room for a while. Another stroke was more accurate, and the ball went into the front room. A third put it through a window. The window had been raised to allow the ball free egress, but the stroke sent it rather high, and the ball crashed through two thicknesses of glass and out on the green.

Family Suite.

"Where's your daughter Mary living now, Mrs. Herlihy?" inquired one of the neighbors, who had dropped in after an absence of some months.

"Her husband's got a fine job on the Toimes, reporting accidents," said Mrs. Herlihy, proudly, "and the two av him and little Mollie is living in a suit-up-town."

"What's a suit?" inquired the neighbor, curiously having got the better of a desire to appear well-informed on all points.

"A suit," said Mrs. Herlihy, slowly, "is one o' them places where the parlor is the bedroom, and the bedroom is the kitchen, and the closets is down in the cellar, and the beds is piannys—or organs, and—well, it's one o' them places where everything is something else," concluded Mrs. Herlihy.

Silage For Beef Cattle.

The only reason the silo has not been used so largely upon the beef cattle and general stock farm is because beef men have not given it the trial that dairymen have. Those who have used silage in the production of beef are universally in favor of it. It proves a profitable addition to a beef-feeding ration. Experiment station tests have presented results which stand out prominently in favor of silage for beef feeding. The latest evidence from this source comes from the Indiana station, where a series of practical beef feeding experiments are being conducted.—Weekly Witness.

Spraying to Kill Weeds.

Directions for making a spraying solution that will kill weeds are given as follows: Empty a hundred-pound sack of sulphate of iron into a fifty-gallon barrel; fill to the chime with water, and stir with a hoe for a few minutes until dissolved. Strain through several thicknesses of cheesecloth tacked over manhole of the spraying machine, producing a real mist free from drops. Use about fifty gallons to the acre, and spray on a bright warm day or on a dark damp day; it does not matter so long as rain does not come within eighteen or twenty hours. This spray will not harm grain crops, and will kill wild mustard and various other weeds.—Weekly Witness.

Supplying the Soil With Plant Food.

In fertilizing any crop the needs of the soil upon which the crop is to be grown are usually the leading consideration. A soil which had recently been well manured, or had a clover sod plowed under, would likely be pretty well provided with nitrogen, and accordingly the mineral constituents would be the principal concern. A heavy clay soil would not need the potash that a sandy or muck soil would require. The need for phosphoric acid is more general. After the soil, the needs of the crop may be considered. For instance, a 200-bushel-to-the-acre crop of potatoes will carry from the soil thirty-three pounds of nitrogen, twenty pounds of phosphoric acid and sixty-two pounds of potash; a thirty bushel crop of wheat, sixty-two pounds of nitrogen, twenty pound; phosphoric acid and twenty-six pounds of potash. For use upon the same sort of soil, then, the potato crop would call for a fertilizer richer in potash than would wheat, if the store of plant food in the soil is to be maintained. It might be possible to omit the nitrogen for the potatoes, since the latter are usually closer to the clover sod or manure or both in the rotation than wheat.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Engines For Farm Power.

Some farms have steam boilers and engines, but for ordinary use they are too expensive to buy and too complicated to run. If a person only needs a five or ten horse power engine he don't want to bother with a steam engine. It takes too long to get up steam and too much attention when running. What he needs is a gasoline engine.

The newer patterns of gasoline engines are practically automatic. You can start one after breakfast in the morning and it will run steadily until noon without attention. They start quickly, jump right into full power and run at less expense than any other farm motor power except windmills, and these are unreliable, because they are subject to the whims and fancies of the winds.

One mistake often made in buying a farm gasoline engine is in getting it too small. You need a little reserve power. If you need two horse power buy a four horse power engine. It don't cost any more to run it to do two horse power worth of work, then you have the extra power when you need it. The cost of a size larger is not a great deal when compared with the additional service it will render.—The Epitomist.

Geese For Breeding.

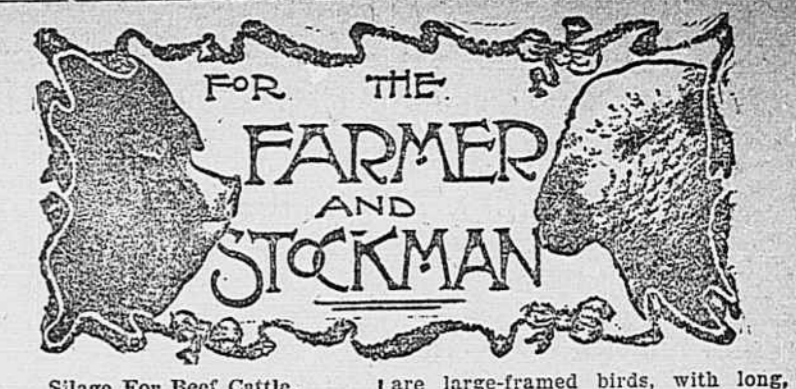
A goose farm should have a running stream of pure water so situated that the fields may be laid out on both sides of the stream. The fields should consist of good pasture with a variety of grasses and of sufficient size to support a gander and three geese with their growing goslings.

One gander and three geese to a pen are often better than any other number for breeding purposes. A shed on the north side of the field opening to the south is all the protection the geese require except in the extreme north. In the middle sections of the United States geese seldom will use the shed except during the laying and hatching seasons or on extremely cold days in winter. The sheds consequently need not be very large nor expensive. But the roof should be thoroughly waterproof and the bottom provided with a foot or more of straw.

Toulouse, Embden and Chinese are the three varieties usually raised. The Chinese lay more eggs than the others, but the birds are not so valuable, consequently the larger varieties are likely to pay the best. Stock birds do not require to be renewed like other kinds of poultry, as geese are long-lived and the eggs are much better for hatching after geese have obtained full maturity. Breeding stock is at best from five to twelve years of age. This is especially true of geese. Sometimes it is advisable to renew ganders after six or seven years. Geese eighteen and twenty years of age have been known to lay as well as ever, and their eggs to hatch satisfactorily, but these of course are exceptional cases.

The Embden and Toulouse varieties are large-framed birds, with long, deep bodies. They probably average about fifteen pounds in weight, but the ganders often weigh as much as twenty pounds or more. The Brown Chinese probably are the best looking geese we have, but the breed is comparatively small. This variety, however, is considered one of the best for crossing on the larger breeds for market purposes.

Geese are very fond of their mates and it is difficult to break up a mating without removing the male bird entirely out of hearing. For this reason it is advisable to attend to the mating problem in the fall. If geese are kept on grass alone they probably will lay one setting of eggs and hatch them out, but if given a grain ration in connection with the pasture two or three settings may be expected. Goose sheds should be provided with plenty of straw during the laying season. They will then make their own nests near the ground and the moisture problem will be taken care of naturally.—Epitomist.



FOR THE FARMER AND STOCKMAN

A Little Turkey Talk.

After successfully raising turkeys for a number of years, I am able to give a few practical and useful hints on the subject which cannot fail to be of great benefit to the beginner, or perhaps to the ones who have been trying to raise turkeys, with but poor success.

Turkeys, as we all know, are considered more difficult to raise than chickens, on account of their being more sensitive to the damp and cold of spring, and for this reason many do not try to raise them at all.

I find that if turkeys are not hatched before the first of May, it is less trouble to care for them, and they are more apt to live!

The common brown turkey is the most profitable. I once tried the white species, but found them poor layers, and not so hardy.

It pays best to start with a small flock. Never keep over winter more than three hens and a gobbler. Right here let me say, be sure to get your gobbler and hens of different flocks in starting, and if you have your own, trade with some one, so that they will not be related to the hens.

Inbreeding is very frequently the cause of blindness. I have seen inquiries in many farm papers as to the probable cause of blindness, and experience has taught me that this is the sole cause.

It is unwise to set the old turkey the first time she gets broody, but break her up to lay more eggs, and set a hen or two in her place.

When a hen is set, never use more than eight or ten eggs, and even then select a large hen.

Give her a warm place to sit, and saturate the nest well with sulphur to keep away vermin. Use sulphur on the hen, also.

A hen that is to sit for four weeks must be well fed and cared for. Give her plenty of fresh water and exercise, and a small ration of corn meal wet with milk once each day.

When a brood of little turkeys are first hatched they are weakly, and should not be taken from the nest for at least twelve hours.

Warm, waterproof coops should be provided for them. Large dry-goods boxes, such as can be bought for about twenty-five cents, make excellent coops.

Turn these on their sides, with blocks under the corners to keep them off the ground. Nail strips of board over every crack. The top of the box forms the front of the coop. Nail laths across the front so close together that the little ones cannot crawl through, and make a little door, at one end, through which to feed and water them.

I feed them on bread and milk for a few days, and then give them corn meal wet with sweet milk, a pinch of salt and some clean sand.

Dutch cheese is also good for a change. They are very fond of it, and it aids digestion. Give them plenty of water, but do not leave it where they can tumble into it, as a wetting is almost certain to be the death of a little turkey.

When they are a few days old I take a lath from the front of the coop and let them run out, after the dew is off. If the nights are chilly, or the weather should be damp, cover the coop well with a warm blanket.

The last year I raised turkeys I learned something very helpful. I put the coop under a large tree where there was shade in the afternoon, and found that the little "turks" never left the shade, and did not run off into the grass and weeds and get lost, as they had formerly done. They cannot endure the hot sun.

If you have hens with little chicks, do not put the coops near the ones where there are little turkeys, as a hen with chicks will kill little turkeys. A hen with turkeys will likewise kill the chicks.

When the old turkey hens are set later on, I take the same method with them as with the hen mother and brood, and take care to provide a large coop.

When little "turks" are six to eight weeks old they can be let out with their mothers a short time each day if the weather is good, and by the time they are half-grown they can get their own living, by gleaning in the fields, and will make no more trouble.

The last year I raised turkeys I lost but three and raised forty.—Miss M. M. Chandler.

The Treacle Bible got its name from its rendering of Jeremiah 8:22: "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" instead of balm in Gilead. It was printed in 1568. The same text was rendered in the Douai version, 1609, "Is there no rosin in Gilead?" This Bible was called the Rosin Bible.

New York City consumes \$54,000 worth of tea and coffee each day.