COVER NEWS
EVERY WEEK
A. W. ARESKUS.
EDITOR AND PROPR'R.
N. Y., APRIL 18, 1900
$1.00 a Year in Advance

Horses will not eat electrical oats. What are electrical oats? They are one of the products of this electrical age. When stables are lighted by electricity it sometimes happens that the insulation on the exposed wires wears off and the current finds its way to the manger. Now, only two other conditions are necessary to produce electrical oats. The oats must be in the manger and the manger must be of iron. Given these two conditions and the moistening of the oats by the saliva of the horse and the oats will be charged so heavily with electricity that the horse will throw up his head with a snort of alarm and refuse to eat more. If more oats are poured in, as long as they remain dry there will be no current. But moisture is a good conductor, and when the feed begins to get damp the current is established. This, of course, applies to any kind of horse feed, but the phenomenon was discovered in a German stable when oats were fed to the horses. The curious behavior of the animals was investigated by a man who thrust his hand into the oats to see what was the matter. He felt a tingling sensation, and, looking for the cause, found it in the poorly-insulated electric light wire overhead.

A West Hoboken (N. J.) man started to build a chicken coop the other morning. He constructed the floor first and then stood on it and nailed up the side boards from the inside. After he had finished the work to his satisfaction he found that he had left no place by which he could get out, the only opening in the coop being all right for a chicken, but hardly large enough for a man. The coop was uncovered, but he could not climb up the sides and he was not able to pry off any of the boards with his hammer, so he had to shout for help. After the neighbor who had heard his cries had finished laughing he demolished a part of the coop and the builder was set at liberty.

A Baptist and a Methodist minister were by accident dining at the same house. As they took their seats there was an embarrassed pause, the hostess not knowing how to ask one minister to say grace without offending the other. The small son quickly grasped the situation, and, half rising in his chair, moved his finger rapidly around the table, reciting: "Eny mene miny mo, catch a nigger by the toe." He ended by pointing his finger at the Baptist minister and shouting: "You're it!" The reverend gentleman accepted the decision and said grace, but it lacked the usual solemnity.

The question whether a wife has a right to open her husband's letters and he her's is discussed in the Hartford Times, which comes to the conclusion that this is one of the matters which the law does not undertake to regulate and cannot regulate. It is a matter between the two. A gentleman will not open his wife's letters without her knowledge or expressed desire, and a lady who receives letters which she dare not let her husband see is in a dangerous situation."

The three-cent piece is not entirely out of circulation, according to a Pennsylvania baker. About a year ago the baker promised his boy that he would let him have all the three-cent pieces that were taken in over the counter. The boy bought a toy bank and saw to it that his father lived up to his promise. The bank was opened the other day, and 960 three-cent pieces were found inside it.

A thousand lads and lasses arrived in New York on a ship last week under the care of the Irish Emigrant society, and with the west as the destination of most of them. They landed in time to see a bigger St. Patrick demonstration than they ever witnessed before.

A society young man was tried publicly in the courthouse at Lamonte, Mo., for stealing corn. It was a mock trial, and ten cents admission was charged, the proceeds going to the town cemetery improvement fund.

The war office has decided that in case a soldier is reported missing the payment of allowance to his family shall be continued until more definite information comes.

THINK IT OVER. There's a reason for those pains in your back and sides, for those dull, dragging aches, that listless, "keep-away-from-me" feeling. The kidneys are to blame. They get sick, can't do their work and the whole system feels the effect, just as a whole town feels the effect of a blockaded sewerage system.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Set matters right quickly and easily. They never fail, even in the most advanced stages of kidney disease.

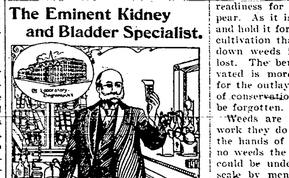
Mrs. H. C. Penham, of 111 East Hudson street, Elmira, N. Y., says:

"Doan's Kidney Pills proved themselves of the highest value in my case. In the Spring of 1896 I was experiencing a dull, heavy ache in my back. The kidney secretions were scant and unnatural. My son brought home a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, saying they were recommended to him for kidney troubles. I took them as directed, the pain was quickly relieved and the secretions became normal. It has afforded me pleasure during the three years which have elapsed to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to my friends and acquaintances."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold for 50 cents a box by all dealers, or mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

The Eminent Kidney and Bladder Specialist.



The Discoverer of Swamp-Root at Work in His Laboratory.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble.

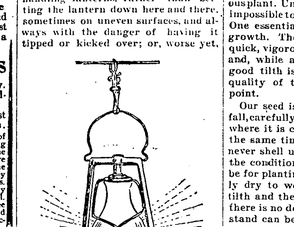
Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** the new discovery is the true specific for kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. It has cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, after all other efforts have failed. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. A sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. and mention this paper.

FARM & GARDEN

LANTERN IN THE BARN.

Danger from Fire Is Minimized by Suspending It from a Stout Overhead Wire.

In a recent issue Mr. Knapp rightfully calls attention to the necessity for the provide of some system of lighting the barn winter evenings and mornings, and guarding against fire by having some safe arrangement for handling lanterns, rather than setting the lantern down here and there, sometimes on uneven surfaces, and always with the danger of having it tipped or kicked over; or, worse yet,



OVERHEAD WIRE FOR LANTERN.

allowing the striking of a match occasionally to find some particular article in a hurry. The idea of hanging the bale of the lantern in the snap of a buckle is good, for then, no matter how much the lantern is swayed it cannot fall. To avoid changing the location of the lantern from hook to hook, an excellent device is to run an overhead wire along the space desired to be lighted in one or two places in the barn or stable. To this wire can be attached a snap-buckle with a ring, so as to allow of its being slid along from one end to the other, and thus the lantern can be moved along at will to any point under the wire.

Another point about the lantern in the barn is to keep the chimney clean. A lantern never gives too much light, anyway, but a dirty, smoky chimney, besmeared with greasy finger-marks, will shed just about half as much light as a clean glass.—Guy E. Mitchell, in Farm and Fireside.

THE VALUE OF WEEDS.

They Keep the Fertility of Soil from Leaching Out and Are of Value in Other Ways.

Weeds have a value. The writer once heard Prof. Bailey say that the weed is the friend of the farmer, and no man should want to get rid of a farm because it is weedy. He himself had purchased a good farm at a low price, because it had all run to weeds and the former owner believed that they were so numerous as to greatly reduce the value of the land. But these same weeds had been keeping the fertility of the soil from leaching out, and had kept the ground in a condition where it would not bake, but would readily yield to the plow. He simply turned all the weeds under and got back the fertility they had taken from the ground. Then he planted to other crops and had a regained farm.

Were it not for weeds, say after a clover crop, the nitrogen in the soil in readiness for plant use would disappear. As it is, the weeds take it up and hold it for subsequent crops. The cultivation that is necessary to keep down weeds is not time and effort lost. The benefit to the crop cultivated is more than enough to pay for the outlay. The additional effect of conservation of moisture is not to be forgotten.

Weeds are also valuable for the work they do in keeping the land in the hands of the many. Were there no weeds the cultivation of the land could be undertaken on an immense scale by men of wealth and a monopoly in land would be possible. If such a monopoly were attempted at this time, the cost of keeping the land clean would make it impossible to keep it under control.—Farmers' Review.

Proper Treatment of Gapes.

What the cholera is to adults the gapes are to chicks. Gapes are usually due to filth, the eating of the residuum of food previously given, and feeding in damp places. It is a thread-like worm and must be destroyed. The best remedy for gapes, if the chicks will eat, is to add a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine to a mixture of one pint of cornmeal and half a pint of middlings. Thoroughly incorporate the turpentine with the dry materials, then scald as much of the material as may be required, and feed to the chicks on a clean board. Put ten drops of carbolic acid in every pint of the drinking water, and change the water frequently—once a day.—Form and Fireside.

GOOD CROP OF CORN.

Unless Prime Seed Is Used Good Tilth and Thorough Cultivation Count for Little.

I am certain from several years' experience that one of the essentials in securing a good crop of corn is good seed. I may say the other essentials are a good soil well prepared in a good tilth and thorough cultivation. But with poor seed the best growth and yield will not be secured even though the soil be rich and good preparations and cultivation be given.

It is not only necessary that the soil be of a quality that will germinate readily under reasonably fair conditions, but the seed must contain sufficient vitality to send up a strong, vigorous plant. Unless this is done it will be impossible to secure a good, even stand. One essential necessary is a vigorous growth. The corn plant must make a quick, vigorous growth from the start, and, while a rich soil prepared in a good tilth is a great help in this, the quality of the seed is the starting point.

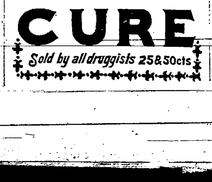
Our seed is carefully selected in the fall, carefully dried out and then stored where it is certain to keep dry and at the same time be safe from vermin. I never shell until time for planting. If the conditions are such as they should be for planting corn, the soil sufficiently dry to work steadily into a good tilth and then is thoroughly prepared, there is no doubt but that a good, even stand can be secured.

I have found by experience that it is of no advantage to plant corn when the ground is wet, rough or cloddy. Better wait until favorable conditions can be secured, and then if good seed is used and the soil (for American) side, cured, but the plants will make a good start to grow, and then with good cultivation can be kept growing. The cost when a good crop is secured is very materially reduced over that of a poor yield, so that it pays to take reasonable care to secure the best yield.—N. J. Shepherd, in Farmers' Voice.

FRAME FOR SAW-FILING.

Simple Little Contrivance Which Saves Lots of Work and a Good Deal of Annoyance.

The illustration shows how a frame for filling a crosscut saw may be constructed. It consists simply of a board placed on four legs with six pins, as shown at a and b, then two boards, c, are placed by the side of an inverted



FRAME FOR SAW FILING.

saw and wedged by means of a small wedge, e. The saw is thus held firmly in place and filing made easy. The width of the boards, d, is of course governed by the size of the saw. Have the legs of the bench long enough so that the operator can stand upright in filing.—J. G. Allshouse, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Orchard Grass for Meadows.

I have tried orchard grass as meadow and found it an utter failure under various circumstances and several kinds of soil. This is also the experience of other farmers. It is not difficult to get a fair "catch," but the plant has a habit of forming bunches with bare spots between. When cut early it makes harsh hay, if cut when ripe it is coarse and stiff like rye straw, and resembles broom sedge. Stock will refuse to eat the hay unless starved to it. It requires four or five bushels of seed to the acre at a high price. From its early growth I think it would make good permanent pasture, where it could be stocked hard and not allowed to get over four inches high.—National Stockman.

Handle Poisons Carefully.

It is a dangerous thing to have the general run of farmers buying white arsenic for spraying and mixing and boiling it themselves. One has only to inspect the ordinary farmstead to see how careless the owner is about things which require careful handling and weighing. The refuse is thrown in the yard or into a stream. Utensils are left where they were used. There are farmers who are otherwise good and careful people, who, in spraying, do, the white arsenic can be recommended confidently; but I believe that most people should buy their poisons ready prepared, even if the cost is somewhat greater.—Prof. L. H. Bailey, in Farm and Home.

Poultry and Sprayed Poison.

I do not believe that there is any case on record where poultry have been poisoned by feeding in orchards which have been sprayed with any of the ordinary poison mixtures. Many years ago it was demonstrated that when all of the grass growing under a tree was fed to a horse after it had been thoroughly drenched with a Paris-green spray, the horse was not injured in the least. I should not hesitate a moment to spray trees with the usual poisonous mixtures, or to allow my poultry, a half dozen hens would have to eat most of the grass under a sprayed tree, at one meal to get enough to poison them.—M. V. Slingerland, in Rural New Yorker.

A girl of 18 is lecturing in New York as the reincarnation of Plato. There are so many later Washingtons and Jeffersons that the ancient philosophers ought to have a chance.

ONE reason Mrs. Pinkham's treatment helps women so promptly is that they have confidence in her.

Through some of the many thousands of Mrs. Pinkham's friends an ailing woman will be led to write to Mrs. Pinkham at her home in Lynn, Mass., and will tell her symptoms. The reply, made without charge of any kind, will bear such evidence of knowledge of the trouble that belief in her advice at once inspires hope.

This of itself is a great help. Then the knowledge that women only see the letters asking for advice and women only assist Mrs. Pinkham in replying makes it easy to be explicit about the little things that define the disease.

CONFIDENCE HELPS TO CURE

MRS. ELIZA THOMAS, of 634 Pine St., Easton, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I doctored with two of the best doctors in the city for two years and had no relief until I began the use of your remedies. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I suffered something terrible, could not sleep nights and thought sometimes that death would be such a relief. To-day I am a well woman, able to do my own work, and have not a pain. I used four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sanative Wash and cannot thank you enough for the good it did me."

MRS. M. STODDARD, Box 268, Springfield, Mass., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For about four years I was a great sufferer from female troubles. I had backache all of the time, no appetite, pains in stomach, fainting spells, was weak and my system was completely run down. I also had falling of womb so bad that I could scarcely walk across the floor. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound and one box of Lozengers, can say I am cured."

Old Age Postponed.

TRADE MARK Paine's Celery Tablets CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY.

"The sent of Nervous Diseases is at base of brain. When the nerves that govern vitality, a terrible decline of the system occurs. Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Varicocele, Failing Memory, Pain in Side, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Etc., are symptoms of a condition. Neglected, it results in Paresis, Fits, Insanity, or Consumption. Paine Tablets cure these ills by renewing the starved cells, checking all drains and replacing weak ness with strength and ambition. 50c a box; 3 for $1.00; with iron-clad guarantee. Sent free Medical Book. HALSID DRUG CO., CLEVELAND, O.

For Sale by Benedict and Van Noy, Andover, N. Y.

IF

IS a small word that has caused worlds of trouble.

If you have a cough, you do not want to experiment with it. You want to cure it at once.

IF

YOU take our advice, you can.

Dean's Balsam

will cure you quickly, and save you lots of suffering—and perhaps from a consumptive's grave, for coughing leads to consumption.

DEAN'S BALSAM

is the King of Cough Cures—that's why we sell more of it than any other kind.

Let us give you a sample to try.

Large Bottles, 25 Cts.

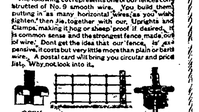
SOLD BY

L. A. BURROWS.

Cordova Wax Candles

Nothing else adds so much to the cheer of a dinner, drawing room or boudoir as the softly radiant light from CORDOVA candles. Nothing will contribute more to the artistic success of the luncheon, tea or dinner. The best decorative candles for the simplest or the most elaborate function—for colors and occasions. Made in all colors and the exquisite tints by STANDARD OIL CO. and sold everywhere.

BRACE UP.



The above cut shows "the application of our "U" Fights and Clamps in repairing smooth or barb wire fences. Simple, easily applied, reasonable, practical. Makes old fences as good as new.

The following list represents each of our fences from strutted of No. 9 smooth wire. You build them rolling in as many horizontal "knots" as you wish fighter, then jiggle together with our Uprights and Clamps, making it hog or sheep proof if desired. It is common sense and the strongest fence made, not of wire. Don't get the idea that our fence, or any expensive, it costs but very little more than plain or barb wire. A postal card will bring you circular and price lists. Why not look into it.

ANCHOR FENCE CO.

Jamestown, N. Y.

See our agent in your town. If you dont find one correspond with the above address.

Reliable agents wanted in New York and Pennsylvania.

The Cure that Cures

Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

WHOOPING COUGH. ASTHMA. BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION IS

OTTO'S CURE

Sold by all druggists 25& 50cts.

Dr. Da-Bright's Harem-ine Pills

Cures all diseases and ailments arising from

BEFORE. AFTER.

LOSS OF MANHOOD

Guaranteed cure or money refunded. $1.00 a box or 6 boxes for $5.00. Prepared by

CHEMUNG CHEMICAL COMPANY, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price | AGENTS WANTED

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address, THE PATENT RECORD, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions to The Patent Record $1.00 per annum.

A Siren of Cinco Quarez

By Hewett Darrell.

WHEN Toy Lung Lee arrived in Ciudad Juarez, via Mazatlan and Mexico City, it was with the intention of putting up and running, on the border, a first-class American restaurant. In hot, smelly Mazatlan, Toy had had some experience with restaurants; in Mexico City, quite a little more; in both these places he had cleared a considerable amount of money, which, which, had he been a wise Celestial, he would have remained content. But, no; Toy believed that on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande he could win out with at least two thousand a year. The "Mexicans," as he well knew, pay any prices asked for clean beds at night and hot cakes in the early morning, with lardy, indigestible pies in the interim—"all right."

From the very first poor little Toy's restaurant was a howling success, as much with the Mexicans as with the Americans; this in spite of the fact that with a good knowledge of the Spanish tongue Toy combined a thorough ignorance of and dislike for the gringo language. Besides which, in his secret heart, Toy cherished a strong dislike for the American nation at large—the same being finally his undoing. This dislike was based principally upon the fact that while on the Mexican side of the bridge over the Rio Grande he was a man of might and weight, owing to his ten thousand Mexican dollars and his flourishing restaurant; on the other side (for American) side, he was only a "slit-eyed Chinaman," allowed therefore no rights or perquisites as a citizen—yea, hooted at and ridiculed by even the children playing in the streets. For all which reasons Toy had never deigned to take out necessary papers permitting him to cross the bridge to the American side, nor had he even put his sabot-shod foot on American soil. A populous Chinatown had grown up quickly in Ciudad Juarez, verging even to the banks of the great river that divides Mexico from the United States of America—which river no Chinaman must pass without his identification papers and passports. Chinamen jostled you in the aduana, in the hotels and in the very streets on the Mexican side; shy, narrow-eyed Chinese women, with plastered hair and native dress, pattered hurriedly by you when you made your way into Chinatown; roly-poly Chinese babies played their native games within a stone's throw of the Mexican "Eagle and Snake" over the aduana, or custom house, and any evening you could see lodge-dressed Chinamen hurrying to the "Native Lands" daily conclave; in short, the "woods were full" of Chinamen. And of all these the head and front, the very moving spirit, was Toy Lung Lee, honorable possessor of ten thousand heavy Mexican dollars, head of the secret society, owner of the longest and most admired pigtail in Ciudad Juarez, and a great man generally.

Owing to all these facts, any unmarried female Celestial in Juarez Chinatown would gladly have taken Toy Lung Lee for better or worse, and until death did them part. Unfortunately, of these enterprising females Toy would have none. He had been married once before, in Canton, and of matrimony Toy had had a sufficiency. At present, as he confided to his cousin, Jim Sing, he was on what the Americans call "the make," with which women interfere. No; of women, whether Chinese or otherwise, Toy Lung Lee wished none. As Confucius had said centuries ago, women were at the bottom of all evil, and provokers of mischief generally.

Any man of whatever color or nationality is inevitably paid out for speeches of the above seditious sort, and Toy Lung did not escape the usual fate. One fine day when the Mexican sun was shining brightly overhead and the stars and stripes, just visible on the other side of the bridge, fluttered wildly in the November breeze, and the smell of hot breakfast cakes was giving place in the restaurant to savory whiffs of pies designed for the gringos' luncheon—on such a day and hour poor Toy fell wildly, unreasonably and irretrievably in love. Not with a demure, smooth-haired and tiny-footed Chinese maiden; not with an Alpine-hatted, bicycling American tourist girl, but with the black-eyed, rosy-mouthed, mantillaed Mexican senorita, Chona, whose one laughing glance, as she passed by, attended by her cousin, Juan Jimenez, had been the undoing of poor Toy Lung Lee, and, as a matter of natural sequence, the start on that downward road which leads to ruin.

He had already heard of Chona, the daughter of impecunious old Carlos, runner of the lottery on the other side of the street; she was the betrothed of Juan Jimenez, and the prettiest and wickedest flirt in three countries. Had he not already driven two men to the verge of distraction, one (more unfortunate!) to the other side of the river or gringo-land, and a fourth (Juan Jimenez himself) to drink and the lottery? Knowing all these things, Toy was yet powerless—totally unable to restrain his love and admiration for the fair being who had on that fatal morning passed by, and if the passing had taken away on her careless smile the whole of his adoring Celestial heart.

Now, as a matter of fact, hard times were preparing themselves for poor Chona, who, even though she were a flirt, had a heart every bit of which was devoted to good-looking, unfortunate Juan Jimenez. What if the poor fellow were in bad luck, as her father groaned, and incapacitated for further bull fighting through a wound received in the ring? Was it not all the more obligatory upon her to stick to Juan, no matter whether he made money or not? And as for the horrible coolie, what mattered he? Rather Juan, dire poverty, and tortillas to eat, than the repulsive Toy, even with his restaurant and $10,000 thrown in. Unfortunately, just as women are women all the world over, so are fathers the same. In addition to which old Carlos was the most inveterate of gamblers, even in his own lottery; never a month passed which did not leave him a heavy loser; time after time he had been on the point of disgrace with the lottery people. The gambling fever had for years been in his blood—and Toy Lung Lee had offered him a hundred dollars, cash down, in good, hard silver dollars, for Chona. There had been some wavering, for what most abandoned of men does not love his only daughter? But, after all, as old Carlos reasoned, what had Juan Jimenez? Not money enough even to pay for one try at the "colorado y negro!" Not one centavo! As a son-in-law he would be undesirable. While, on the contrary, with $100 cash and prosperous Toy Lee to call upon occasionally for credit, what could not a man do?

In Mexico, the saying or mandate of a father generally goes. For which reason, after much expostulation, tears and prayers, with even petitions to la Virgen, Chona finally became the unwilling and unloving bride of Toy Lee, as per the rites of the Romish church. This old Carlos, drunk on tequila, remorse, and the jingle of the unwonted hundred silver dollars in his pocket, had insisted upon.

Being merely a woman, Chona soon wearied of her husband's indulgences. What cared she, after all, for American rocking-chairs, American organ-pianos, or even American-made dresses, at which even the gringos laughed as she passed by in the street? What pleasure did these things give her? Rather, far, her old black skirt and mantilla, shabby as they were, with a rose at her throat and another in her hair, as she went to meet Juan with his guitar, and his love-lit eyes, and rollicking tenor voice. What mattered money and fine houses, and fine clothes as compared with love, and music, and words that thrilled and echoed; the bewitching moonshine of a Mexican night, where great stars blazed up from southern seas and the Southern Cross swung low overhead, the fragrance of heavily perfumed flowers of tropical lands, far away from the dusty, adobe countries that border the Rio Grande? Better to have this for a short while only, even if after it comes the purgatory that is meted out to thieves and sinful wives by la Virgen and Dios—who, after all, never listen to the prayers of heart-broken women.

In which frame of mind, as you will agree, Chona, the wife of Toy Lung Lee, was far from what her husband could have wished. Not that he knew or even suspected—poor little man! Happy in the thought that his beloved wife had all that the heart of woman could wish for, and in the running of his Mexican-American restaurant, Toy Lung Lee was happier than most men ever get to be, in this not always joyful world. Sooner would Toy have doubted his own senses, or the length of his precious pig-tail, than the truth and faith of his wife Chona. Everyone else, of course, saw how matters were, and one evening, just as supper was being prepared, Jim Sing, the cousin of Toy Lung Lee, unfolded to the latter his wife's unfaithfulness or indiscreet behavior—as you like to call it. Whereupon Toy Lee smote viciously the face of his kinsman, and retired, in a white fury, from the restaurant. It would soon be time for Chona to come home from her father's, for she visited old Carlos every afternoon, and then matters should be straightened out with her.

Now, whether or not Juan Jimenez was Chona's companion on her return from old Carlos' house that night, no one knows; certain it is that Toy Lee impatiently awaited her somewhat delayed arrival, after which he proceeded to bestow upon her, with the aid of a bamboo cane, such a beating as Chona had never heard or dreamed of before. (Toy's Chinese wife in Canton had known them, but no matter.) For even a worm will turn, and Toy Lee, in spite of his infatuation for his pretty Mexican wife, was not quite a worm.

At the end of one day Chona's repentance had been profound; at the end of two days she had persuaded the distressed Toy Lee that his charges had been entirely unfounded; at the end of three days she had been released from durance vile, and Toy Lung Lee, with a rejoicing heart, was preparing a supper that would have made to water the hearts and mouths of both Mexican and American customers alike. For not only had Chona sworn that she cared for no man but her husband, that she had never cared for anyone but her husband, and never would care for anyone but her husband—not only this, but she had actually kissed him twice! For Chona this was a remarkable and unusual custom. No wonder little Toy's heart beat joyfully, as he bustled about with pots and pans; there never had been, and never would be such a woman as his wife Chona, he thought vainglorious Chinaman trying to dodge the United States law.

In five seconds the customs man had caught the Celestial, knocked off his tall silk hat, and was staring scrutinizingly into a white, twitching Chinese face, with agonized eyes and cold, blue lips, that made supplications in a strange language. A Chinaman, sure enough. The disguise had been carefully gotten up, too, but for the forgotten pig-tail, which dangled unconcealed far below the waist-buttons of the American coat.

Americans generally know only the American language, and Chinamen hardly ever know more than their own guttural tongue; there was, besides, no interpeter. Otherwise (for it was an important matter) the customs officer, in the goodness of his heart, might have allowed the passage into American territory of this trembling, imploring little John Chinaman. As it was, he only said, patronizingly, with a shove of his big, strong hand:

"No, no, Johnny. Heap good little man. Uncle Sam no wantee. You go home—no have papers. Next timee have papers. Johnny sabe?"

Jus then the southern passenger train whistled loudly, and through the dark stillness of the night the puffing of steam and clanking of heavy wheels could be heard. The train for the south had started, and it was too late! Truly, Toy might as well go back home, for his wife, her lover, and the savings of ten years were all beyond recall now.

Next morning Toy Lung Lee was found strangled and dead. He had tightly twisted his own pig-tail about his neck, and tied the end of it to a heavy nail in the low ceiling. After that it was an easy matter to kick away the high chair from which he had made these preparations, and so swing out into eternity. Not to no avail had Toy possessed the longest queue in Juarez, even though, as some people might think, it had been the cause of his undoing.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The city of Winchester, Va., lately passed a law which is designed to break up the mosquito pest there. The law requires that each property owner shall pour kerosene oil over every pool, sink or drain on his premises from time to time, and the police force is empowered to see that the ordinance is enforced. The theory is that the kerosene breaks up the breeding places of the mosquitoes, killing the young, which stay on pools and sinks. Upon the destruction of mosquitoes depends the success of the town as a summer resort.

Early Christians' Easter.

Easter as at first observed by the early Christians was a thanksgiving lasting eight days. This was at first reduced to three days, afterward to two, and finally to the single day, Easter Sunday.

A Phenomenon.

Again sage men are sadly led
To speculate upon it;
Her bonnet is above her head
But her mind is on her bonnet.
—Washington Star.

COSTON'S COLUMN.

At our place you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla, Parmalee's Sarsaparilla, Foley's Sarsaparilla,

Patent and Proprietary Medicines

Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes and Diamond Paints

Everything that can be named in this line of goods can be found on our shelves.

Kline's Nerve Restorer, Miles' Nerve Cure, Greene's Nervura, Campbell's Curo Compound.

COD LIVER OIL, SCOTT'S EMULSION, PHILLIP'S EMULSION, PURE NORWEGIAN.

Paine's Celery Compound, Cuticura Resolvent, Kennedy's Medical Discovery, Kennedy's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Dissolvent, Searl's Althrophorus.

Parmalee's Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Hostetter's Bitters.

COUGH REMEDIES.

Chamberlain's, Forestine, Foley's, Jackson's, Pisco's, One Minute, Shiloh's, Ransom's, Kemp's, Brunson's, Chase's, Hamilton's, Pettit's, James', Otto's, and Kilmer's.

We intend to call and examine our line of Patent and Proprietary Medicines in with the cure-alls for horses, cattle, sheep, poultry and swine, nor with certain foods.

KOW-KURE is a Medicine for Cows only.

KOW-KURE CURES SICK COWS.

One package is often WORTH $25.00 To a Dairyman.

You will find it at COSTON'S.

KILLMER'S SWAMP ROOT, Kilmer's Heart Remedy.

This is the season of the year that generally entails great loss on Dairymen by loss of cows. Be prepared for any emergency that may arise by Having on Hand the great Cow Medicine.

Do Not Class KOW-KURE with the cure-alls

KURE

WE DO JOB PRINTING RIGHT

There is no job so large but we are equal to it, no work so intricate that our workmen are not capable of doing it in a pleasing manner, and no job too small to receive our best endeavor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices as low as good work and stock will warrant.

Mosher & Backus, Andover, N. Y.

Advertising is Talk and Type. You do the talking, we will handle the types, using only the modern and up-to-date faces and skilled workmen to handle them thus making them distinctive and eye catching.

As rivers to the ocean flow
To spend their gathered prizes,
So do the streams of buyers go
To him who advertises.

Mosher & Backus, Andover, N. Y.