

What is the most elegant egg? Yes, the farmer gets them of **EMPIRE EGG MANUFACTURER**.

EMPIRE EGG MANUFACTURER

EMPIRE EGG MANUFACTURER (CONVERGENCES) PRICE 25 EVERY BOX WARRANTED.

OLD-FASHIONED POSIES.

Oh, those sweet old-fashioned posies that were mother's pride and joy, In the sunny little garden where I wandered when a boy!

Oh, the morning-glories twining 'round the shining window-sill, And the daisy-a-triangle in the angle of the wall!

How the mignonette's sweet blooming was performing all the while, Where the hollyhocks stood proudly with their blossom-dotted stalks, While the old-maid's pinks were nodding groups of gossip, here and there, And the bluebells swung so lightly in the lazy, hazy air!

Then the sleepy poppies stooping low their drooping, drowsy heads, And the modest young williams hiding in their shady beds, By the edges of the hedges, where the spiders' webs were spun, How the marigolds lay, yellow as the melon summer sun, That made all the grass a-dapple 'neath the leafy apple tree, Whence you heard the locust drumming and the humming of the bee, While the soft breeze in the trellis where the roses used to grow, Sent the silken petals flying like a scented shower of snow!

Oh, the quaint old-fashioned garden, and the pathways cool and sweet, With the dewy benches splashing fashions 'twixt walls of my feet! And the dear old-fashioned blossoms, and the old home where they grew, And the mother hands that plucked them, and the mother love I knew! Ah! of all earth's fragrant flowers in the bowers on her breast, Sure the bloom which memory brings us are the brightest and the best! And the fairest, parent blossoms ne'er could win my love, I know, Like the sweet old-fashioned posies mother tended long ago.

—Joe Lincoln, in Saturday Evening Post.

Their Golden Wedding

By Harriet Francene Crocker.

YOUNG Mrs. Wingate ran into her neighbor's one morning for a friendly chat. In the course of the conversation her neighbor mentioned the fact that dear old Aunt Rachel—who was Aunt Rachel to the whole village—had told her the day before that next Wednesday would be her fiftieth wedding anniversary.

"And how will you and Uncle David spend it?" I asked—"you know a golden wedding does not happen every day."

"What did the dear old soul say?" inquired Mrs. Wingate.

"Why, she said in that demure, serene way of hers: 'Oh, David and I will just stay at home, as we always do, and take comfort with each other. All the children are so far away that we can't hope to have them with us. Yes, dearie, we'll just spend it in the ordinary way, with perhaps a bit of chicken for our dinner if we feel we can afford it. There must come over and see us if they can.'"

"Dear old Quakeress that she is!" cried Mrs. Wingate, "so we will go over and see them. Milly, I've a great scheme in my head. It popped into it this very minute."

For an hour longer the two young women sat in the cool sitting-room and discussed the idea. There was much to say and many plans to make. At last Mrs. Wingate rose. "I positively must go, Milly," she said, glancing at the clock, "but I feel our morning has not been wasted."

"To be sure it has not," said Milly, going with her guest to the door. "We'll carry it out in splendid shape, I tell you, and make that dear old couple's anniversary the happiest of their lives!"

It was in September. All the country roads were bright with the splendor and glory of goldenrod. The soft, hazy air of autumn lingered over the quiet valley and made a jaunt through the country a dreamy delight.

Mr. Wingate sat on the front seat of his handsome surrey, holding the ribbons over the sleek back of his faithful family horse. On the back seat sat David Ellis and Rachel, his wife, their kind old faces alight with pleasure. Mr. Wingate had called for them that afternoon, and the dear old lady in a flutter of surprise had said: "Why, Friend Wingate! there must be going to let us celebrate our anniversary! To be sure, we'll go for a drive this lovely afternoon. David, hasten and get thee ready!"

In her soft gray bonnet and snowy kerchief, crossed gracefully upon the bosom of her gray gown, she looked so sweet and happy sitting on the back seat that Mr. Wingate could scarcely keep his eyes from her kind old face. David, too, in his broad-brimmed hat, sat in contented silence listening to his wife's pleasant chatting and enjoying the autumn landscape, which always appealed to his beauty-loving soul.

"How beautiful the goldenrod is!" exclaimed Rachel. "I do wish, Friend Wingate, if it were just as soon, that they would step out and gather me a bunch. Thank thee—how beautiful it is! David, does it not seem like an old friend? Does this remember how it was blooming 55 years ago to-day?"

David laughed softly. "Do I? Do I remember how sweet the little maiden looked when we drove down the river road to the little home I had made for her?"

Mr. Wingate discreetly turned his face away just then, for from the back seat he distinctly heard a kiss.

Two hours later the surrey drew up before the small house in which David and Rachel had lived for many years. Mr. Wingate helped them out, and then proceeded to tie his horse. Aunt Rachel looked on in pious surprise. "Why, how good of thee!" she said. "Do come in and I'll make thee a cup of tea."

Together they went up the narrow, flower-bordered walk. The front door stood hospitably open, and they could see white-aproned figures within moving about.

"Why, David!" cried Aunt Rachel, "there's some one here! What does it mean? Surely none of the children—"

"Welcome, welcome, Aunt Rachel! And welcome, Uncle David! Come right in!" And the startled old lady found

herself in half a dozen pairs of arms at once. One kissed her on the cheek, she removed the Quaker bonnet, and on took off the old-fashioned gray silk shawl which had been Aunt Rachel's best these many years. Then they led her to her own cushioned rocking-chair and slipped the little old worn footstool under her feet.

Aunt Rachel looked around her humble home in amazement. Goldleaf was everywhere! The room seemed filled with the brightest sunshine from the radiance of the yellow, plummy masses which gleamed out from every available place. Branches shone from behind the old family portraits on the wall from the quaint old mahogany table from the corners, from everywhere. Twenty guests had gathered to celebrate the golden wedding, and now they stood merrily around the bewildered couple, and offered their congratulations. There were tears in Rachel's eyes and a suspicious quiver of David's chin, but when Rachel's dignified white cat walked sedately across the room and leaped into her lap, proudly wearing on his fluffy neck a handsome bow of golden yellow ribbon, both old people joined in the general laugh, and after that everything was easier.

But that supper! A long table had been brought from a neighbor's, and set for all the guests. On the snowy, satin smoothness of the tablecloth there were displayed all the prettiest dishes the neighborhood afforded. Long bands of golden hued ribbon stretched from the tall centerpiece of yellow buttercups and ferns and ended at the corner in handsome bows. What- ever could be of yellow on that fair table was yellow. Rich golden preserves, delicious cakes with yellow icing, yellow butter and soft cream cheese gleamed from crystal and gilded china dishes. Gold-lined silver teacups and saucers stood at Uncle David's and Aunt Rachel's places. These had come, opportunely, that very afternoon from a far-away son. Never before had their quiet, Quaker home witnessed such a scene of splendor.

"I fear it is all too fine for plain folks like us!" said David, but Aunt Rachel laid a gentle hand upon his lips and rose to offer thanks. The tender words fell sweetly from her lips, and all the company sat silent with bowed heads as they listened to that reverent voice.

It was a merry feast. The first peal of laughter came when the dear old host and hostess discovered beneath their plates ten shining gold dollars—ten for each. Each guest had more than will- ingly given a dollar. This they had decided to do instead of purchasing gifts. Tears came into Rachel's blue eyes.

"Friends," she began, "friends"—but she could say no more.

"Yes, yes, Aunt Rachel," some one cried, "that's what we are—just friends!"

It was a delightful supper, with every dainty which the fertile brain and skillful hands of those ten women could invent, and though everyone ate with a wonderful appetite, there still remained enough to fill Aunt Rachel's pantry for days to come.

It was a happy evening. The guests left early, for they knew the old couple were weary with the excitement of the day. With many good-bys and God-bless-yous the merry company trooped away and left Aunt Rachel and Uncle David alone with each other.

"We'll have something to write to the children now," said Rachel, softly.

"But, David, who would ever have suspected a surprise party when Friend Wingate so kindly took us for that drive! It's pleasant to be thought something of, though, isn't it? We'll never forget this blessed day, will we, David?"

And David, reaching for her soft, wrinkled old hand, only looked into her eyes and smiled.—Union Signal.

PORTO RICO FORESTS.

Government Pamphlet Deals with the Timber of the New Island Possession.

The national department of agriculture has issued "Notes on the Forest Conditions of Porto Rico," by Robert T. Hill, of the geological survey. Mr. Hill, who made his observations in January last, says that the island was originally covered with forests from the sea level to the mountain summits, though many of them have disappeared, owing to 500 years of exhaustive cultivation of heavy plantation crops. He is of the opinion that in ten years the cleared slopes of the barren mountain sides can be covered with productive trees.

These forests now contain 30 varieties of trees used for timber and fuel, one for cordage, 11 for dyeing and tanning, eight resinous trees and ten yielding fruit. There are seven varieties of palms, which are used for sustenance, clothing and utensils. The principal trees valuable for fruits are the orange, lime, lemon, citron, guava, cashaw, anona, corozones, mamey, jobos, alligator pear and mango, and these are common and highly productive all over the island. It is curious that apples, plums, pears, cherries, peaches and other trees of temperate climes do not bear fruit, though they take root and grow luxuriantly.

Mr. Hill is of opinion that Porto Rico presents an interesting field for the practice of economic forestry, and that all of the mountain slopes can be rapidly reforested.—Chicago Tribune.

ABILITY RECOGNIZED.

"Mighty smart feller," said the man with the broad-brimmed hat; "mighty smart."

"Did he get the best of that horse trade?"

"No, he didn't get the best of it. But he didn't get nigh as much the worst of it as I figured he would."—Washington Star.

MANUSCRIPT COPY OF THE BIBLE.

A man in Glasgow is making a manuscript copy of the Bible.

BURST MAYFLOWER BUBBLE.

Prof. Anteck's Learning Played Hob with Mrs. Jones' Rare Relics.

Mrs. Jones is a Colonial Dame. Mrs. Smith is a Daughter of the Revolution. Of course Mrs. Jones is obliged to look down just a little on Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith has therefore an abiding affection for Mrs. Jones, naturally.

Now, Mrs. Jones has a number of things that came over in the Mayflower, as all well-regulated Colonial Dames should. Naturally they are dear to her soul. To hear her tell about them is a joy; to see her show them to an appreciative visitor is a thing to be remembered.

Mrs. Smith ran across a dried-up little antiquarian the other day—Prof. Anteck, of Edinburgh, F. A. S., F. A. S. E., F. A. S. L., P. P. S., F. R. H. S., F. S. A., F. S. A. E., F. A. S. Scot, etc. He was traveling incog, so to speak, but, after a little conversation with him in which the subject of Mayflower relics was broached, Mrs. Smith insisted on taking the little man to an afternoon tea at Mrs. Jones'. It was not long before the artful Mrs. Smith had Mrs. Jones showing her precious relics to the professor and her guests. The antiquarian cast one look at Mrs. Jones' treasures. Then he cleared his throat and began: "This silver wine cup may be genuine; there is nothing to show that it is not. I should say that these pewter dishes were beyond suspicion. These spoons are all right, doubtless. But this silver coffee urn is of later date. So is this teapot. So are these china cups. So are these knives and forks. None of them ever came over in the Mayflower."

"How can you be so sure, professor?" said Mrs. Jones, crimson with indignation and mortification. "All of them have come straight down from that Patience Brewster who married Thomas Prence."

"That may be, madame, but the hypothetical teapots and coffee urns and china cups that are supposed to have come over in the Mayflower are all delusions. Tea and coffee were never heard of in England till about 1666. For many years after that tea was sold in England for from \$10 to \$15 a pound—Pepys in 1671 speaks of it as a 'strange and barbaric beverage just introduced.' It is therefore improbable that either tea or teapot or teacups reached America till long after Mary Allerton, the last survivor of the Mayflower, was laid to rest on Burying hill. Forks had not then been invented. There may have been here and there a table knife, but they were regarded as a curiosity. Each man carried a clasp knife, or a sheath knife, or a dagger, which he used on necessity. Most meat was cut up before being brought on the table."

Mrs. Smith says she cannot understand why Mrs. Jones is so coldly formal nowadays, when they meet—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THREE NAUTICAL POSTMEN.

Dangerous Work of Delivering Mail from a Rowboat to Vessels in Motion.

Detroit, which is one of the greatest shipping ports in the world, is the possessor of a unique mail service. It is nothing more or less than the delivery and collection of mail matter from ships going at full speed. This extension of the free delivery system is the work of Postmaster Dickerson of Detroit.

Thousands of vessels enter and clear at Detroit, and other thousands pass without stopping. There is mail for all of these, and many times it is of the first importance that this mail be received as soon as possible. City, town and country received their mail promptly on time, and Mr. Dickerson determined that the shipping interests should be equally well served.

From this sprang the system, which has worked so well in practice, though it was pronounced visionary by all who knew of it before it was put in operation. The plan adopted was to make use of a yacht which towed the rowboat directly in front of a passing vessel and left it there. Then came a fine exhibition of watermanship. Just before the steamer crashed down on the rowboat and its occupant a dexterous twist of the oars placed the little boat under the flank of one of the bows of the steamer.

The "bone" in the teeth of the steamer then gave the rowboat a sharp thrust to one side, and as soon as the little craft had ridden the foaming wave the carrier rose in his seat to send a light line to the deck of the vessel, and then resumed his seat. The line was made fast, and soon the hissing coil of 80 feet was paid out from the rowboat, and with a leap like that of a monster fish attached to the line the rowboat sprang forward, while the carrier it hung on with a fierce grip to prevent himself from being hurled overboard.

As soon as the rowboat reached the momentum of the passing vessel a pail was lowered from above with mail to go ashore and in it was placed the mail for the ship, after which the line was cast off and the rowboat was picked up by the yacht to which it was attached. This feat of delivering mail was always difficult in smooth water, but on stormy days and when the river was plowed up by strong southwesterly winds it was exceedingly dangerous as well.

Darkness added more danger to the task; but week by week the service grew and became a success. It is proposed now to ask congress for an appropriation to build a swift and strong vessel for boarding purposes—one that will be fast enough to catch any vessel that passes through the river, and one also that will not be damaged by the shock of contact when the mailboat is made fast to the other vessel.

The service is a continuous one of 24 hours a day during the entire season of navigation, no matter what the weather may be. During the busiest months of the season these large vessels sometimes pass at the rate of one per minute, and it is almost beyond belief that none of them is ever missed. Upon one occasion last year 57 boats passed during the space of an hour, 336 pieces of mail were delivered and 94 pieces collected during that time with vessels both ways.

The first month that it was in operation only 90 letters were delivered to passing ships, but before the close of navigation there were 500 pieces of mail delivered every day.

At present there are only three men who are actively employed in the work of delivering and collecting the letters. These are M. S. Randall, J. Hammes and W. Yates. Three nautical men do not exist. They have gone out with mail in the teeth of storms that make even the most courageous skippers on the lakes think twice before facing, and never yet have they had an accident or lost so much as a postal card.—Detroit Cor. Philadelphia Times.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

When All the Family Help, Work is Easy—The Dignity of Labor.

When right-minded parents once see the benefits their children may derive from manual training they will certainly plan for them to have it.

One mother's desire to have her daughter learn housework led her to dismiss her servants and herself share the work, that her object might be accomplished under her own careful supervision. Nor was this done in a spirit of martyrdom, but one of wholesome joyousness, remembered by both years after, with the greatest pleasure. One cannot teach the dignity of labor, who does not feel it and it is only to those who look upon it as degradation that it becomes such.

When in the course of human events the maids' place, become vacant, as is apt to happen in the best regulated families, the members thereof usually sit about bemoaning the disjointed condition of the universe. In one family I know of, when such occasion comes, each member takes part; even the boys attack the ever-to-be-washed dishes and the paterfamilias does not lose caste in the community by lending a hand when at home in either the cause of cleanliness or cooking. He can sweep and dust a room as deftly as any maid, cook a meal, and even bake bread rather better than the most of them, all without making a muss or losing his temper. Temper? Why, it is at its sunniest on such occasions—the entire family really rather enjoy the frolics they make of them. Their motto seems to be "Helpfulness versus helplessness."—Table Talk.

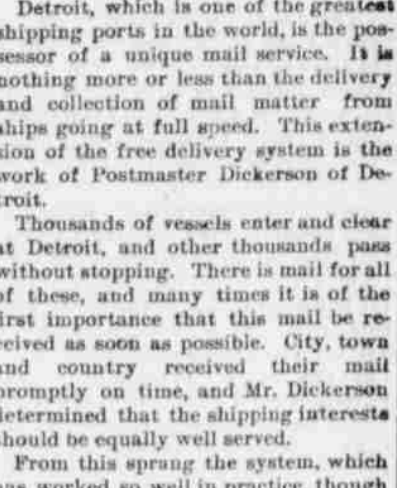
Fried Stuffed Eggs.

Boil eggs 20 minutes; put them immediately into cold water; when cold remove the shell; cut them in half lengthwise; carefully remove the yolk; rub them very smooth. To six boiled eggs add one teaspoonful of melted butter, one and a half tablespoonfuls of very finely chopped ham or tongue, salt and pepper; fill the hollow of each white, having the surface level; press one half to another; dip in egg, then in crumbs, then in eggs, then in crumbs again; fry in hot deep fat; remove, drain on a piece of paper, arrange on a hot platter; serve with a cream sauce made with one tablespoonful of butter melted, one of flour; cook together; add one cup of milk, salt and pepper; let it boil five minutes.—St. Louis Republic.

Pink Gooseberry Jelly.

With this recipe the fruit is divided. Gather when as near ripe as may be to keep the green color. Take half, and wash the gooseberries with a spoon while cooking as for fruit jelly. Strain and let it form a rich pink jelly. It is very pretty, either with the green berries imbedded, or alone. Be sure to use enough sugar, as the fruit is so tart or acid. The breaking of the skin seems to cause the difference in color.—Ladies World.

Ex - Treasurer State of Maine.



Three years ago I was all run down, weak, exhausted; had indigestion, constipation, and my system was debilitated in general. Physicians did not help me and I began taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. Now, I am as well as ever. Chas. A. White, Ex-Treas. State of Maine, Gardiner, Me.

DR. MILES' Restorative Nervine

is sold by all druggists and is the first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free.

Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

You May Need Pain-Killer

For ACCIDENTS Cuts Burns Bruises Wounds, &c., &c. It gives instant relief and acts quickly. In case of sudden illness Cramps Diarrhoea Dysentery and All Bowel Complaints it is a sure, safe and quick relief.

There's ONLY ONE Pain-Killer Perry Davis'. Two sizes, 50c and 10c. Sample bottle mailed for 25c. (Mention this paper.)

THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT

BIG MASTER SOAP

BIGGEST 5¢ BAR BEST SOAP MADE.

ARTIFICIAL COTTON.

It is Made at Small Cost in Austria from the Wood of the Fir Tree.

Consul Mahin, of Reichenberg, in a report to the state department under date of April 21, 1899, quotes an account in a local newspaper of a process for making artificial cotton from the wood of the fir tree.

It appears that the wood is reduced to thin shavings, which are placed in a washing apparatus, exposed to the influence of steam for ten hours. They are then subjected to a strong preparation of sodium lye and are heated under great pressure for 36 hours. The wood is now changed to pure cellulose, and to give this a greater resisting power some castor oil, caffeine and gelatine are added. The substance is then put into an apparatus and made into threads, which are reeled.

The article concludes: "Artificial cotton can be produced so cheaply that the genuine article can hardly compete with it, and one cannot say that it is a sham, for it is composed, exactly as the natural cotton, of pure cellulose."

Mr. Mahin adds: "In a country such as this, where forests of fir trees abound and are made perennial by constant replanting as the large trees are cut down, and where all the cotton used in the numerous factories must be brought from far India and the United States, such a device should be profitable."—N. Y. Times.

Not Quite Equal to George.

Relative (who has come for a visit)—I think the husband you have now, Mandy, is a great improvement over your first husband. He seems so much kinder and more amiable.

"Mandy—Yes, he's better in some things. Still, I feel awful lonesome with him sometimes. He can't begin to make as good coffee as George could."—Chicago Tribune.

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For Catarrh Hay-Fever Cold in Head

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive relief for the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed and acts at once. Apply to the nostrils. ELY BROTHERS, 60 Warren St., New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Prevents and cures itching humors. Cleanses and restores the scalp. Grows and keeps the hair soft, black and glossy. Sold by all druggists.

Advice.

Friend—Can't you give me a tip on stocks? Broker—Yes. Don't buy or sell—Puck.

Discouraging Research.

"It is every man's privilege to think for himself, isn't it?" "If you think so why do you ask me?"—Chicago Daily Record.

Same Thing.

"My husband," said Mrs. Seldom-Home, "is always preaching economy, and I have to practice what he preaches."—Chicago Tribune.



When a woman doesn't take any interest in her housework—When the least exertion tires her—When her back aches constantly—When her head troubles her—limbs pain, and she feels generally miserable, it's a pretty sure indication that her kidneys are not doing their duty.

That backache is simply kidney ache—The poison the kidneys should take out of the blood is left in, and is breeding all sorts of dire diseases—But you can stop it—

Doan's Kidney Pills

Act directly on the kidneys—strengthen them, help them to do their duty.

Read what one grateful woman has to say about it.

Mrs. S. Lake, professional nurse, residing at 39 Temple street, Nashua, N. H., says:

"I suffered the great pleasure early in the spring of 1898 to testify to the wonderful value of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had suffered for four or five years with severe pain across the small of my back and had been unable to obtain any permanent relief until I took a course of your treatment. It affords me greater pleasure now, and it is nearly three years since I gave my original statement for publication, to say that my opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills has been strengthened. Instead of weakened by the lapse of time. Not only was the cure effected in my case permanent, but I know of many others in Nashua who have reason to be thankful for the assistance of this remarkable preparation."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.