

BROTHER GARDNER'S LECTURES

He Argues That Riches Are Not Necessary to Happiness

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"My friends, the subject of my lecture is 'dis-easing' the mind. 'Kin We Be Happy Without Bein' Rich?' At the first send off every person in this large audience will answer in the negative, but let us consider the matter a little.

"None of us ever think of a rich man without a vision rising up before us. That vision locates that rich man in a red velvet chair. He has fourteen servants standing behind him in the doab to jump if he sneezes. Dar am champagne in front of him, bananas on his right, coconuts on his left. In a silver platter on his knees an ice cream, sweet cake, ten cent cigars and a cocktail.

"If he wants to walk out, de street kyars will be keeful how dey bounce him over a fence, an' if he stays home a dozen newspaper men will call to tell him dat he owns de alrth.

"Dat's de vision dat allus dances befo' our eyes when we read of a millionaire, an' we hold our breath till we get red in de face. Madness an' envy an' jealousy comes along with de vision, an' de fust thing we know we am jawin' de ole woman an' kickin' de family dawg. We kin almost taste dat champagne an' hear de chink of dat gold. In de midst of de vision de ole woman generally breaks in to tell us dat de coal am out or de flour bar'l am empty, an' we git up an' cuss de rich an' declare dat de world am all wrong.

"My friends, let us make no mistake. I libed longside of a rich man fur years an' I had opportunity to see de odder side. No man ever gets to be wuth a million dollars dat his troubles doan' begin next day. No man will come to us or me to try to sell us windmills, lightnin' rods an' patent churns, but de way dey do track up de front steps of de millionaire am awful to see.

"He's got to git his ha'r cut de fust thing an' shave once a day, an' if his boots ain't blacked or his necktie gits round under his left ear dar's a thousand people to notice it.

"You an' me know dat two shillin' suspenders hold up our trousers as well as a pair costin' \$8. De millionaire knows it, too, but he's got to pay out \$5.75 extra 'cause he's in de swim.

"In our vision we see him seated in a red velvet chair. It don't fit his back



"WID HIS FEET, IN DE COOK STOVE AN' HIS MIN' AT REST."

nor give him de comfort of an ole fashioned splint bottom, but he's got to grin an' bear it 'cause he's rich.

"In all de y'ars dat I knowed a rich man sunthin was allus happenin' to him. While I was gwine on foot his hosses run away an' broke his leg. While I was enjoyin' my kitchen stove his steam pipes busted and killed his cook. While my cabin was too small game fur thunderstorms lightnin' struck his palatial mansion an' knocked all de chimneys off. While me an' de ole woman was grubbin' along by ourselves he had to have sixteen of his relations in his house. My dawg wasn't wuth 15 cents, but he lived on. His dawg was wuth \$250, an' somebody pizened him within two weeks.

"Bein' I was only Brudder Gardner, no one expected anything of me, but dat rich man had to rent a post office box, a church pew, buy a steam yacht an' carry around a five dollar umbrella an' worry ober it.

"He nebbber had no show to eat onions, make molasses candy nor pop corn. He nebbber slid down hill, went rabbit huntin' nor drunk cider out of a jug. If he eber sot down on an evenin' wid his butes off an' a feelin' dat he wanted to take comfort, his wife dragged him off to de theater or a man called to sell him a gold mine.

"My friends, what d'ye s'pose was de end of dat man? He used to come ober to my cabin an' eat a biled dinner wid me an' weep 'cause he was rich. He wanted to be pore an' wear old clothes an' eat corned beef, but, alas, he couldn't be. He had to be rich an' eat fried oysters an' drink champagne an' pretend to be happy.

"What was his end? Why, he went down an' down till he reached de limit at last. Dat limit was reached when he had to give a party an' buy \$10,000

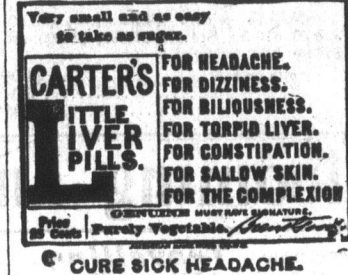
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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Wuth of roses to decorate de house. De next mornin' dey found him dead in his bed, an' de look on his face proved dat he was glad to git out of it all.

"Don't you make no mistake, my friends. We was put into dis world to take comfort. Natur' nebbber intended a man to sot up like a crowbar. She nebbber meant dat he must be on his good behavior all de time. She invented sweet cake an' champagne, but she also invented barley coffee an' baked taters.

"In imaginashun I kin see a pictur' of a pore man gwine home of a Saturday night wid his wages in his pocket. He stops at de grocery an' orders codfish an' sugar. He stops at de cobblers an' takes home his chillen's shoes all mended up. He orders kerosene ole an' soap for ober Sunday, an' he knows dar's butter an' flour in de house.

"He gits home to be greeted at de gate by fo' chillen an' a dawg. He opens de door to receive de smiles of his wife. He hasn't got no coupons to cut off, no checks to draw, no bonds to hide under de bed. All he's got to do am to eat supper, box de chillen's ears an' set de hull evenin' long wid his feet in de oven of de cook stove an' his mind at rest.

"Dat's me, an' dat's you, an' dat's every odder pore man in de kentry, an' when we lie down at night or rise up in de mornin' we order realize an' be grateful fur de fact dat we am takin' comfort in hunks an' 'chunks, while de rich man am hastenin' to his doom."

M. QUAD.

Nodd—Old man, I really believe you have stopped your worrying. What brought about the change?

Todd (cheerfully)—My troubles are more real than they used to be.

Latest from the Intelligence Office—Oh, Bridget, I told you to notice when the apples boiled over.

Shure I did, mum. I twas a quarter past eleven.



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, MRS. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn. (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)—\$5000 (per copy) original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement, etc., remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

THE KING IN FRANCE.

Fair foe! Dear ancient enemy! Great France, Whom nations, fearing, loved, and loving feared, So terrible thy flashing head appeared, So beautiful beneath its gold did dance Thy war-dishvelled tresses; thou, whose name Brought joy to me or dread, whose change-ful fame Lit with heaven's blue the same or with hell's red Or bloodstained Seine, choked by "Ari-son's" dead— Art thou to-day for concord? Yes, we hear Thy cannon answering ours with new conquest clear Of hate or envy. Be, then, Queen of Peace, Help us to bid the battle trumpets cease, Give us King Edward, whom his Empire sends, Love's best concordat—France and England friends."

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Horse Collars.

It is an awkward, unpleasant thing to do to put a horse collar on by thrusting it over his head, giving it a turn and then moving it down to place. All horses do not take to this operation kindly and make their displeasure known when the groom is crowding the collar over the widest part of the head at the point of the eyes. I have seen horses, when the nose was just entered into the opening of the collar, thrust their heads through with a rush, and if to get through with the unpleasant operation as soon as possible. In flytime the one who places a collar on a horse is very apt to get bounced about by the horse suddenly moving his head to one side to fight an annoying fly. There is hardly a person that handles horses much but has been jerked off his feet or balance many times. To avoid such troubles a few have their horse collars made to open at the top, and when placed on the ends are fastened together with buckle and strap, but this is very inconvenient for a short person to do, as he cannot see what he is about and has to be guided by the sense of feeling. A German has obviated all these difficulties. He has his collars made to open at the bottom. He puts one end over the horse's neck, slides it down to place and fastens it at the bottom with strap and buckle. What objection can there be to this method? What benefit? All that it is possible to be.—Dr. Galen Wilson in Practical Farmer.

Hints for Springtime.

During spring and summer it is almost necessary to expose many of the wooden implements that are constantly in use. If those that are not painted are given a coat of crude oil, the exposure to the weather will not injure them nearly so much. When buying new baskets for farm use, give them a coat of oil, both inside and out, and they will last twice as long. The cost is not over 5 cents for both oil and labor.

Make up some canvas or leather bags, with hooks on them, and just large enough to hold a wrench, an oil can and a bunch of cotton waste; hang one on the plow or harrow when going into the field. The wrench and oil will often save a trip back to the house. The cotton waste is useful to wipe off the mold-board after finishing a job in the field.

Two or three galvanized iron pails are very useful for carrying fertilizers for distribution. If left in the field or otherwise exposed, they won't fall to pieces as wooden ones will. When in town, better get an assortment of bolts, screws, wire nails, a few horseshoe nails, an extra plow point, and any small tools necessary for the repair work. Some tool is sure to break, and such things are often worth ten times their cost in an emergency.

Ground the Wires.

Already thus early in the season appears the all too common item in the local papers that Farmer Jones had one or more good steers killed by lightning in the pasture near the wire fence. This loss may be largely prevented by simply grounding the wires in the fence every eighty rods or so. It can be done in this manner: Get a five-eighths iron rod and drive it into the ground to a depth of three or four feet, pull it out and then take a strand of heavy fence wire and put down in the holes so made and tamp it down. Leave it long enough above ground so that it can be tightly wrapped around each strand of wire in the fence. A smart hand could easily fix all the fences in a day in the manner indicated, and it will pay to do it.

Wise Men Change Their Minds.

At Oxford University the late Professor Ritchie was a favorite student of Professor Jett, and during the progress of Jett's translation of "The Republic" he asked Ritchie's advice regarding a difficult passage. The young scholar with diffidence gave his opinion, with sufficient reasons, as he thought, to back it; but the master was obdurate and held an opposite view. The two scholars parted for the night without coming to an agreement, but in the morning Ritchie hurried to Professor Jett to say that he now saw his own mistake and that the master was right. "Oh, well," was Jett's reply, "I, too, have been considering the matter and have translated the passage according to your view, and I will make no change now."

Sticks to His Gray.

The only ex-officer of the Confederate army who clings to his uniform is General George F. Alford of Dallas, Tex. He has never discarded his colors since he donned them to go into the army in the early sixties. Pedestrians turn to look at him, peering at his badges, scanning his gold belt and trying to decipher the letters on his old army hat. General Alford has been a judge, a banker, a legislator, and a Congressman.

Agricultural Notes.

In butter and cheese making every effort should be made to suppress dust, which, according to a dairy authority, carries more infection than any other source. Give a good, thorough cultivation between the rows of strawberries.



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