

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., March 7, 1890.

THE DYING HORSE.

Fall back! Give him room to die!
Hard is the bed where he needs most lie.
For his toilsome life this is the end,
Has he no master—no loving friend?

Is it here the old horse must welcome death,
Where a gaping crowd watches every breath,
Under the midsummer's scorching sun?
For his toilsome life this is the end,
Has he no master—no loving friend?

How his limbs shudder! How his eyes roll!
Seek they at last for a pitying soul?
Or only for quiet—quiet to die
In some valley green, where a brook gur-
gles by?

No, he knows nothing of clover fields cool,
Where cattle at noonday stand deep in the pool,
He never wandered the pastures sweet—
His roadway through life was the stony street.

Cherished while work brought his owner gain,
To strangers left in this hour of pain;
Deserted now that his task is over—
Not for his old days are the fields of clover.

Not for him will the field lark sing,
Nor for him the lark's grasses spring;
Nor to him will liberty come,
In his tired old age, in some country home.

Here he must suffer—here he must die
Under the midsummer's scorching sky,
Him the broad shades of trees will never
He has known but the pavement his whole life
through.

Still we in our vain pride of soul
Conceive no future, no resting goal,
No eternal pasture in regions blest
Where the poor old horse may in spirit rest.

LIGHT IN THE EAST.

Summer in Ontario is always delight-
ful, but that of 1885 was especially so.
The long days with their hot noon-
tides, had a tropical air about them
that suggested palm groves, pome-
granates and cinnamon. The nights
were cool and refreshing, and the radi-
ance of each sunset was eclipsed only
by the splendor of the following sun-
rise. The stars were brighter, and the
moon gave a clearer light than ever
before. The clouds, blown by freshen-
ing winds, took new and fantastic
shapes, and all nature, smiling in her
supper beauty, whispered, Behold me!

It was on one of these fine summer
days, in August, that the good steam-
ship Alexandria touched at Massassa-
qua Point on her way up from Montre-
al. As the boat neared, a crowd of cam-
pers stood upon the dock, all of whom
displayed an air of happy indifference,
excepting Mrs. Secord, who, leaning
upon the arm of her son, gazed intently
toward the passengers. Only one dis-
tinguished a lady of perhaps 40 years,
dressed in French costume. Mrs. Sec-
ord recognized at once her sister,
Mme. La Londe, whom she had last
seen as Alice de Beaumont twenty
years before. Of course there were em-
braces and laughter and tears, and then
more embraces, until finally the French
widow was led away to a group of five
tents, the summer home of the Secords.

Mme. La Londe's story is a short
one. The first eighteen years of her
life were spent with her parents
in Ottawa. She was sent then to
Montreal to study, and there made her
home with a married sister, who was
ten years her senior. Two years later
there came to visit at her sister's house
an old friend of the family, Mr. George
Carpenter, a man perhaps 50 years of
age. Mr. Carpenter had a small in-
come, to which he added by doing lit-
erary work occasionally. He was a
bachelor, and had not a relative in the
world excepting a half sister in Austr-
alia and two cousins in San Francisco.

He was a talented man, with a warm
heart and genial manner that endeared
him to all who knew him. He loved
every one in general, and gave this
as a reason for never having loved
any one in particular. But even
Mr. George Carpenter was susceptible
to the charms of the light-hearted
Alice de Beaumont—"the child of the
morning," he always called her, for
she reminded him of the glad sunrise
that he so much loved. So the man
of fifty actually became in love with
the girl of twenty, and, O lamentable
thought! the girl of twenty became in
love with the man of fifty. What was
to be done? Mr. and Mrs. Secord
talked the matter over and very wisely
decided to "let them love." So they
loved.

Mr. Carpenter was the happiest man
in the world. His great heart throbb-
ed with a joy to which it had been a
stranger for fifty years. He now loved
every one more than ever. All the
street Arabs in Montreal learned to
know him. The poor sought him for
his money and the rich for his mirth.
"Spring and Autumn have gone for-
astroll," Mrs. Secord used to say to her
husband when he would inquire for the
lovers.

"Half a century, my darling," one
day answered Mr. Carpenter as Alice
wound her soft white arms around his
neck and asked how long he had lived.
"Am I too old?" he inquired, and then
added, laughing, "What matter swift-
ly passing years if the heart remain
young? My soul in spite of these
years, is filled with a joyfulness to
which it was a stranger in what was
called my youth. You are my youth,
the glad, golden morning of my life;
while I have you I can never be old."

Of course Alice promised to marry
the old man to whom she was all the
world. But, strange to say, no one had
the courage to impart this bit of in-
formation to Mr. and Mrs. de Beaumont,
who were living a life of cold conven-
tionality in Ottawa. It was finally de-
cided that Mr. Carpenter himself
should be the first to approach the sub-
ject. But love had been allowed to slip
out of the life of Papa de Beaumont
and Mamma de Beaumont, and they
were shocked at the thought of their
daughter's connection with one who had
neither youth, nor a noble name, nor a
fortune. Alice must leave Montreal at
once. Then followed tears and entrea-
cies innumerable. Mr. Secord insisted
that Alice should remain, in spite of
the opposition of her parents. It was
a time of great mourning, for the pa-
rents refused to yield, and Alice left

Montreal "bearing in her heart a life
long sorrow." Three months later she
sailed with her parents for France,
where, nine years afterwards, she mar-
ried a fat man with a bald head, a big
name and a bank account. M. Alfred
Engene La Londe lived to see the fifth
anniversary of his wedding day, then
fell into his last sleep. Mme. La Lon-
de remained in France until the summer
of 1885, when she came to her sister in
Ontario.

As soon as Mr. Carpenter fully real-
ized his loss his grief was intense. He
went at once to Ottawa, and with all
the earnestness of a man pleading for
his life, implored the parents of Alice to
favor him. But all his pleading passed
for nothing with the fashionable pa-
rents, and Mr. Carpenter returned to
Montreal the most sorrowful man in the
world. "The light in the east has gone
out," he would sometimes say to his
friends. "I thought it was morning,
and behold! it is midnight."

About the time of the death of M.
Alfred Engene La Londe the Secords
left Montreal and came to Kingston to
reside. Mr. Carpenter came with them.
The family decided to spend the sum-
mer of 1885 in camp at Massassaqua
Point, and Mr. Carpenter—now nearly
70 years of age—agreed to accompany
them. So preparations were made and
the party pitched five tents on one of
the most charming spots of this charm-
ing Ontario.

The tents were pitched close to the
Bay of Quinte. All night the warm
winds swayed gently and from the
white canvas walls, and brought the
sounds of steamships as they plowed
the smoothed surface of the bay. Boat
after boat passed by on its way to Mon-
treal. Sometimes the sounds of musi-
cal instruments were heard. Some-
times voices sang in exquisite harmo-
nies, that echoed among the trees
stretching for three miles back of the
tents. The moon rose over the bay in
solemn beauty, and gave her light so
generously that no lamps were needed
within the white walls. When all else
was quiet there still could be heard the
lapping of the waves upon the pebbled
beach, and the occasional splashing of
a fish in the bay.

Mr. Carpenter rose at daybreak every
morning and, passing Mrs. Secord's
tent, wandered up and down the beach.
"He is waiting for the sunrise," the
lady would say to her husband as draw-
ing aside the door of her tent, she
would watch the old man upon the
shore, his long white beard blown aside
by the wind that freshened from the
south.

Mme. La Londe arrived in August.
"Does he expect me?" she asked of her
sister when they were alone.
"Not to-day," answered Mrs. Secord;
"he knows that you are coming, but I
did not tell him just when you would
be here."

Then followed considerable planning
as to how the gentleman should be in-
formed of the arrival of his old sweet-
heart. Alice's impulse was to rush to
him at once. "I must see him," she
cried. "I have waited twenty years,
and that is long enough." "But my
child," answered Mrs. Secord, "the
morning never breaks suddenly, the
transition would be too severe, it would
be painful. We must give him the
good of the morning first and then the
golden sunrise."

It was now late in the afternoon, so it
was decided that Mrs. Secord should
spend the night with her sister in the
tent prepared for her, and Alice should
awaken at daybreak, herself, and alert
as Mr. Carpenter was passing, allow
him to hear her voice in some old, fam-
iliar song. The family thought the
arrangement a fine one, so the little
widow was kept out of sight all the
evening. Mr. Carpenter thought he
noticed an unusual excitement on the
part of different members of the family,
and he said to himself; "She is com-
ing! There is light in the east!"

The next morning was a glorious
one. The air was sweet with a frag-
rance of wild flowers, and the soft
breeze brought the sound of sheep bells
from the distant fold. When Mr. Car-
penter passed the tent where the ladies
had spent the night, he heard a voice
which at first he thought to be Mrs.
Secord's, but, listening again, he recog-
nized an old song which he had sung
scores of times to Alice in the long ago.
Could it be—it must be—and yet? The
old man held his head with his hands
and sank down upon a rude bench near
by. Then came the voice again, sweet-
er than any he had ever heard, fuller
and deeper, and trembling with emo-
tion, singing the old song:

"There's light in the east; 'tis morning,
A brighter light shines than the light of you
sky,
Translucent the beam of thy love laden eye!
Eclipsing the light of the morning

"The world is awake, birds are singing,
A melody sweeter than the music will roll,
My heart is awake! come with singing!"

Long before Alice had finished the
song the good man had fallen to his
knees, and, with tears streaming down
his face, was now murmuring, "God of
the morning! receive the thanksgiving
of the heart too full for utterance."

Alice gave a joyful cry and rushed to
him. He held her to his breast for
some moments, then led her away to
his tent.
Of course the family were all astir
by this time. When they had break-
fasted Mr. Secord took a boat and a
pair of strong oars, and rowed hastily
to Belleville. From there he sent this
telegram to their clergyman in King-
ston: "Autumn and Winter have met.
Come at once."

The clergyman arrived, and the next
morning, standing besides the wa-
ters of the Bay of Quinte and bathed in
the glorious light of an unclouded sun-
rise, these two happy ones were united
forever.

Mr. Carpenter lived until the sum-
mer of 1889. "There will never be any
more night," he often said; "it will al-
ways be morning, either here or there."
When he died the shadows fell around
Alice, but only for a short time, for
soon she closed her eyes to the autumn
tints of her life and opened them to

the beauties of an eternal springtime.—
Eva Rose York, in Toronto Globe.

Uncle Silas' Way.

A Satisfactory and Successful Civil-Ser-
vice Examination.

"Tut-tut-tut!" exclaimed old Silas
Wetherell, as he entered his office one
morning.

He had advertised for a boy, and no
less than twenty applicants were present.
After a cursory examination, he dis-
missed all of them but three, who were
about the same age.

Two of them, Fred Baylis and Harry
St. Clair, were evidently the sons of
well-to-do parents. The attire of the
other boy, whose name was Charlie
Benson, indicated that he belonged to
the poorer class.

"Well, I want but one boy," Uncle
Silas said, as he settled down into his
chair, a ruminating look on his face.
"How am I to make a selection?"

"Was a stout, jovial, loud-voiced
gentleman, eccentric in his ways, partial
to boys, and always ready to 'poke fun'
at them."

"We'll have a civil-service examina-
tion," he announced, a flash of humor
brightening his face. "Where is the
Westminster Abby of America?"

That was a puzzler, and the boys
glanced into one another's faces.
"At Cambridge," Fred Baylis hesitat-
ingly said.

"At Princeton," suggested Harry St.
Clair.

"I don't know," was Charlie Benson's
reply.

"Question number two," Uncle Silas
said. "How is the word 'so-net-i-mes'
pronounced?" and he spelled the word
with the pauses indicated.

"So-net-i-mes," replied Fred Baylis,
plunging headlong into the trap set
for him.

"It is Latin, isn't it?" asked Harry
St. Clair.

"I would pronounce it *some-times*,"
said Charlie Benson.

Uncle Silas laughed heartily, and
Fred and Harry grew red in the face.

"Please hang this picture," Uncle
Silas said, as he offered Harry St. Clair
a small picture, and pointed to the wall.
No sooner had Harry complied than he
was ordered to return to his desk.

"Where was it that twenty-seven
thousand men were killed by the falling
of a wall?" asked Uncle Silas.

It was an odd question, and rather an
indefinite one.

"I don't know," frankly admitted
Harry St. Clair.

"I never heard of such a dreadful ac-
cident," said Fred.

An account of it is given in the Bi-
ble, and Uncle Silas replied to Harry.
Uncle Silas flung up his head in a
pleased way.

"Where?" he asked.

"In the first Book of Kings. It hap-
pened in the city of Aphek."

"How many Israelites were killed?"

"None, sir," replied Charlie. "They
were all slain."

"You are right," declared Uncle Silas.
He rubbed the end of his nose for a
few moments, and then, designating
Fred, ordered him to hang up the pic-
ture. Fred complied but thought it a
funny proceeding.

"You may bring it to me again,"
Uncle Silas said. The picture on his
desk once more, he asked: "Is this a
correct sentence: 'Your trunk has
come?'"

A short silence ensued.

"It is," said Fred Baylis.

"It is," declared Harry St. Clair.
Uncle Silas looked at Charlie Benson,
who said:

"It is grammatically correct."
"But is it correct?"

"It isn't a correct statement," Charlie
slowly said. "A trunk is an inanimat-
ed thing. It can not move. To say 'your
trunk has been brought' would be more
precise."

"Pretty well taken," Uncle Silas said,
laughingly.

"Of course, I thought you meant its
grammatical construction," Fred re-
marked.

"It is a quibble," declared Harry.

"Please hang up this picture,"
Uncle Silas said, extending it
to Charlie, who complied with the re-
quest, and it was not followed with an-
other.

"I am sorry that two of you are to be
disappointed," Uncle Silas said. "But
how can I help it? There are three
nails in the wall. Master Benson hung
it on the proper one, with deliberation
and an artistic eye. You will observe
that it is equally distant from the cor-
ner of the wall, and the same height
from the border that the other pictures
are. It was a trifling test, but there is
a good deal in it. I have concluded to
engage Charlie Benson."

"All right!" said Fred, rising.
"Good for Charlie Benson; he scored
one every time!"

"You are a fair field, and you won, every
time good for you, old fellow!" said
Harry.

The boys showed their admiration in
their eyes, and Uncle Silas leaned back
in his chair and beamed on them as
they bowed themselves out. "Your re-
marks do you credit, youngsters—good
day! good-day!" said he.—Frank H.
Stauffer, in Wide-Awake.

Unlocked.

The deadlock in the Iowa Legislature
has at last ended in a compromise by
which the Democrats have secured the
majority and a few of the minor
offices; the Republicans taking all the
other offices and the control of five of
the important committees. The Repub-
licans have gained possession of the
channels of party legislation, but with
the two parties equally divided in the
House there is little danger that extreme
measures will be presented by either.
The Democratic Governor will now be
inaugurated, and the selection of a
United States Senator to succeed Mr.
Allison proceeded with. It would be
a huge joke if Allison would be knocked
out although he is the caucus nominee.

The wealthiest class in the United
States is considered to be vastly richer
than the wealthiest class in Great Brit-
ain. The average annual income of
the richest one hundred Englishmen is
about £90,000; but the average annual
income of the richest one hundred
Americans can not be less than £240,000.

Machine-Made Ice.

How It is Produced in the Factories at
New Orleans.

The machinery and apparatus required
for making ice commercially from an
extensive plant, says *Harper's Weekly*.
There must be a great iron engine to
drive the pumps, a powerful engine to
hold the aqua ammonia and generate
the gas, and to receive it again; a long
system of pipe coils for the circulation
of the gas, and extensive vats in which
the ice-cans are placed and the ice
formed.

The process is simple in its philoso-
phy, and depends upon the heat-absorb-
ing power of a substance which is ex-
panded after great condensation. The
substance used in this case is ammonia.
Mixed with water to the amount of 2
per cent, it is placed in one or more
cylinders or retorts which contain coils
of pipe. Into these pipes steam is sent
wheating the contents of the retort until
the ammonia is separated from the wa-
ter and forced out into another retort,
where it is subjected to a pressure of
something over 200 pounds to the square
inch, under which it liquefies.

In another room, which has double
walls and ceiling and protected doors, as
in a refrigerator, are arranged one or
may be several vats, each perhaps 50
feet square and 10 high, in which are
suspended from the top frame or cov-
ering as many cans, made of galvanized
iron, as the space will accommodate.
A convenient size is a can about 4 feet
high 8 inches wide one way and 16
inches the other, which will hold a cake
weighing 200 pounds. Some, how-
ever, are much larger than this, as is
the case in some of the New Orleans fac-
tories, where the cakes are slabs extend-
ing clear across the vat which need to
be sawed up before marketing. Be-
tween all these cans, as they hang in the
vat, pass lines of iron pipe, connected
with mains outside that lead from the
retorts and the whole vat is filled with
brine; so that when the cans are all in
place the space between them is filled
with salt water, in which they are im-
mersed up to their rims. This brine is
kept in motion by pumps, so as to main-
tain a uniform temperature throughout.

Such is the whole apparatus for man-
ufacture. In the great condensation to
which the ammonia gas has been sub-
jected in order to liquefy it, it has been
obliged to part with its heat and the
large pipes in which it is carried to the
vats are white with frost, showing how
cold they are.

When ice is to be made the cans are
filled with distilled water—the machin-
ery for producing which is a part of the
plant—and the stop-cocks are turned on.
Then the stop-cocks are turned and the
ammonia admitted from the main pipe
into the coils that run throughout the
brine in the vat.

The instant the tremendous pressure
is relieved by opening the stop-cocks,
the liquefied ammonia expands into gas,
and rushes to fill every coil of the pipes.
In this expansion it must assume the
volume of the ice it parted with when un-
dergoing condensation, and it extracts it
from the surrounding brine, which pre-
sently becomes so cold that it in-
turn extracts all the heat there is in the
distilled water within the cans, which at
once begin to congeal, as would the
water outside the cans were it not saline
and in motion.

In a few hours each can is found to
contain a block of solid ice. A travel-
ing pulley is then rolled over it, hooks
are fastened to the can; it is hoisted out
of the vat, lowered for a moment into a
bath of warm water to loosen the ice,
and then upset, whereupon the block
slides out, and is taken away to be stored,
or put into a delivery wagon, or divided
into smaller blocks.

A perfect block of such ice is as
white, transparent and flawless as a
cube of flint glass—a perfection due to
the absence of any air whatever in the
distilled water from which it is made.
Spring or hydrant water, however pure,
will not answer here, as it contains too
much air that the ice would look like
snow, and have little solidity or value.
With the greatest precaution, however,
some air will get mixed into almost
every canful, and will appear in the ice
as a core or tree-shaped center of quill-
like bubbles, which is sometimes exceed-
ingly beautiful. The freezing always
begins at the bottom and sides, driving
the air to the center and proceeding to-
ward the top, so the cans do not burst.
Of course a fish, meat, fruit or anything
else suspended in the water of the can
will be included in the ice with handsome
effect. This ice is sold at wholesale for
from 40 to 50 cents a hundred weight;
at retail for 65 to 75 cents.

After the ammonia gas has done its
work, it is returned to a retort, and thence
conducted again to its starting place,
where it is reabsorbed by the water, and
can be used over again. Thus the pro-
cess goes on continuously as long as need-
ed. This is the same process, of course,
which is supplied by pure or anhydrous
ammonia. One of the curiosities of the
factory is to set a cup on this stove.
It will boil almost immediately, but the
unlearned visitor is astonished to see
mercury drop far below freezing-point
when it is plunged into the vaporous
ebullition.

Attached to many ice factories are
cold storage-rooms, in which a low tem-
perature is maintained by pumping into
them or their surrounding chambers the
cold air produced in the ice-making.
The pump which does this work will be
fire-hot at one end, where it gets its
steam-power, and thickly glazed with
ice at the other end, where the cold air
is fed to it.

UNREASONABLE.—Misses—I am
very sorry, Nora, to see the way you
are carrying on with the butcher's boy.
Nora.—Indeed, mem, and it is a nice
enough young man he is for all that.
Misses.—Oh, no doubt, but as Lent
is here now I thought it might be more
to your interest if you were to commence
a little flirtation with the fish dealer.

TRUSTED TOO MUCH IN THE YOUNGSTER.
—In some parts of Texas the people
live to be very old. An old man of 90,
living quite a distance from the nearest
town, requiring some family groceries,
sent his son, a man of 70 odd years of
age. When the son failed to show up
with the provisions on time his father
reproached himself by saying:
"That's what comes from sending a
kid."

To Bluff Grangers.

That's the Principal Object of the Tax
Commission.

The Commission appointed by au-
thority of the Legislature to prepare a
uniform law on taxation, which closed
its session in this city yesterday, made
so little progress during its stay that
there appears to be strong confirmation
of the suspicion that the Commission
will never do anything in the way of
furnishing relief to the granger element
of the State.

The Commission is composed of Aud-
itor General McCamant, who represents
the financial department of the Com-
monwealth; James A. Wright, a spec-
ialist on the subject of taxation, who rep-
resents the State administration; Len-
ard Rhone, Worthy Master of the Grang-
ers' organization of Pennsylvania;
Giles D. Price, of Erie, who was put on
to look after the interests of the county
Commissioners through the State; Aus-
tin L. Taggart, of Montgomery county,
who was selected to represent the manu-
facturers of the State; William Martin,
of Pittsburgh, whose appointment was
made through the Industrial Bureau at
Harrisburg, and Representative Samuel
M. Wherry, of Cumberland, who is also
regarded as a specialist on the subject.

ALL A BLUFF GAME.

"It is conceded that the gentlemen
comprising the Commission are all
worthy men," said a gentleman yester-
day who is well acquainted with the sub-
ject, "but when the Commission was
created there was no intention to have any
bill passed to afford relief to the farmers
though that was the professed object of the
resolution. There is a little bit of history
connected with this commission, which
I will briefly relate. The Commission
created in 1887, which numbered
twenty-one persons, refused to do the
work which the Legislature had direct-
ed it to perform, and that was the pre-
paration of a simple equitable scheme of
taxation. At the first session of the
Commission it decided to adhere to what
was then known as the Lost bill, which
failed to become a law because President
proclamation of the Senate George Handy
Smith refused to sign it. Neither the
Lost bill of 1887 nor the Commission
bill of 1889 afforded the grangers any
relief from their burdens of taxation, and
they became angry over the treatment
they had received, as the reigning pow-
ers in the State had been promising to
help them.

A GRANGER SAYS.

"In the Legislative session of 1889 the
Commission bill ran amuck with the
Grangers' bill on one side and the coun-
ty Commissioners' bill on the other, and
the controlling powers at the time,
Harrisburg managed to keep sufficient
antagonism between the Grangers and
the county Commissioners to defeat both
of the latter bills. There remained then
nothing but the adoption of the Com-
mission bill, and that left the Grangers
and the county Commissioners in a bad
way. They at once began to vow
vengeance against the Administration,
and immediately sown one in the Sen-
ate cunningly launched the scheme au-
thorizing the creation of the present
Commission, wherein all parties in in-
terest could be represented, and a bill
prepared in time for the next session
which would be satisfactory to all con-
cerned. But it was only a scheme to
silence the complaints of the Grangers
and the County Commissioners. One
evidence of the insincerity of the pro-
moters of the Commission is found in the
fact that no appropriation was made to
pay the expenses of the Commission.
Every man will have to pay his own
bills and take his chances upon the State
reimbursing him. This, it is thought,
is intended to prevent anything substan-
tial being done.

WHAT THE FARMER'S WANT.

"The Grangers' position is this: They
want legislation to allow the local au-
thorities of counties, boroughs and town-
ships to tax all forms of property with-
in their territorial limits. As it is now,
real estate bears all the burdens of lo-
cal taxation. They want authority to
tax manufactured products, moneys
at interest, and every other form of
property taxed by the State.

"The State Treasury is overflowing,
and the State tax could be safely reduced
or the surplus now accumulating could
be divided among the counties. This
surplus amounts to \$2,000,000, and it
could be profitably expended in educa-
tional purposes throughout the State.
The Commission bill of 1889 is now on
the statutes, and there is little hope that
the present Commission will do anything
to appease the farmers. They may
be told in the session of 1891 that there
will be another Commission appointed
to investigate their claims. It is a good
way to pull the wool over their eyes, and
if the Grangers are willing to stand it
they will continue to receive such treat-
ment from the men who control the
Legislature."—Philadelphia Record.

Thinning Apples.

The following advantages are given
by a successful orchardist of thinning
the apples on heavy bearing trees while
the fruit is small; (1) You get rid of
the knotty and wormy apple before they
have grown long enough to occupy the
places of better ones. (2) You thus de-
stroy, before they can increase, the in-
sects such as are stung by the curculio
and infested by the twining worm. (3)
The best ones being left, they have
plenty of room to grow into large, fine,
salable specimens. (4) You are not ob-
liged to gather twice as many small ones,
the labor of picking depending on num-
ber and not on size. (5) The bad ones
are removed at a time at less than the la-
bor required for hand picking when they
become large. (6) You avoid much
labor in assorting the gathered crop and
in separating the scabby and knarly
from the best fruit. (7) The moderate
crop which is allowed to grow will ex-
haust the trees less than the heavy crop
of poor and scabby specimens. He thinks
that to allow all the poor and worthless
apples to grow is like the practice of the
farmer who would permit all coarse
weeds to grow in his corn, to be assorted
from his grain after harvesting.—Country
Gentleman.

—Jas. S. Murphy, M. D., Com-
pany's Shops, N. C., writes:—"I sell a
great deal of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup,
for every one who tries it likes it."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Rev. Sam Small is lecturing in Mas-
sachusetts towns on temperance.

—It is said that there are forty-eight
languages and dialects spoken in Mex-
ico.

—Gladstone thinks Swinburn will be
the successor of Tennyson as poet laure-
ate.

—The taxes for State purposes are
lower in Missouri than in any State in
the Union.

—Shoulder capes of lace and beads
are to take the place of the fur ones in
the spring.

—Sir Morrell Mackenzie contem-
plates making a lecture tour of this
country.

—Canada has permanently hired a
doctor, who is a leprosy expert, to hunt
that disease.

—Lucia Zarato, the Mexican midget,
died on one of the snow-blockaded trains
in California.

—A Witchita man was fined ten dol-
lars for stealing a loaf of bread from a
baker's wagon.

—Senator