

Democratic Watchman.

Belleville, Pa., March 14, 1890.

THE MEN WHO DO NOT LIFT.

The world is sympathetic. The statement none can doubt; When in trouble don't we think that B should help him out? Of course we haven't time ourselves to care for any one. But yet we hope that other folks will see that it is done. We want the grief and penalty of earth to be relieved. We'd have the battles grandly fought, the victories achieved. We do not care to take the lead, and stand the brush and brunt. At lifting we're a failure, but we're splendid on the ground.

And there are others, so we find, as our way we jog. Who want to do their lifting on the small end of the log. They do a lot of blowing, and they strive to make it known. That were there no one else to help, they'd lift it all alone. If talking were effective there are scores and scores of men Who'd move a mountain of its base and move it back again. But as a class, to state it plain, in language true and blunt. They're never worth a cent to lift, for all they do is grunt.

—Chicago Herald.

Another Scandalous Chapter in the Life of Pennsylvania's Republican Boss.

Buying Street Railroads With Public Funds.

STATESMAN QUAY PUTS A PLIANT TOOL IN THE AUDITOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE AND BOLDLY RAIDS THE TREASURY A SECOND TIME—STORY OF THE PURCHASE OF THE WEST CHICAGO RAILROAD.

From the New York World.

How stands Matthew Stanley Quay today?

Only a brief period elapsed after the exposure in the *World* of the fearful array of criminality of which the Pennsylvania statesman was the principal factor, before the article, thirteen columns in length, was laid before him. The great treasury looter was in South Florida engaged in the capture of numerous tarpons and other subtropical fish. He carefully perused the damning tale of debauchery and crime from the beginning to the end. What did he then do? The readers of the *World* know very well what an innocent man would do under the circumstances. The Beaver statesman had been charged in specific language with participating in a theft of the public money of Pennsylvania. The declaration was made that not only was the money of the people taken from their treasury, but that it was lost in speculation in stocks. Categorically the charge was made that he became reduced to the point of threatened suicide, and that Senator J. Donald Cameron stepped in at the last moment and saved the wretched criminal from public disgrace. An innocent man, especially if he occupied the exalted position of a Senator of the United States, would have cast his fishing traps into the river and scarcely have waited for the packing of his portmanteau before he started homeward to deny his guilt and to prove his innocence.

But Statesman Quay is made of different clay. He is entirely aware of the truth of the specific charges discrediting his personal honesty. He knows that other people are conversant with the details of the crimes of which he is guilty. What course is left for him to follow? The bluff of a pretended libel suit might suffice to mislead the people into believing that the dreadful specifications of guilt were false. But a libel suit, even in its earlier stages, would only unmask still deeper the acts of which he stands charged. There would be no subservient Alderman Neep to decide in his favor. The Judges of the United States Courts are to be led by the dictates of a corrupt political boss. No libel suit that he would never allow to go to trial would do Statesman Quay no earthly good. Few persons are better aware of this indubitable fact than he. The only course left was, therefore, silence. "The mass of the voters are credulous. They will say that it would be impossible for a man steeped in crime, as it is charged that I am, to hold up his head in public. I can hold up my head and I will do it." Such were the reflections of Statesman Quay, now known as the man with the pachydermatous hide. His friends assert that he will continue his tarpon fishing until April.

But if the man with the pachydermatous hide, knowing himself to be guilty, thinks he can ride over public sentiment by silence, the great leaders of his party are by no means in a similar condition of ostrich-like security. No occurrence has agitated the magnates of Republicanism in a similar degree since the present Administration came into power.

At Washington the *World's* publication of Quay's misdoings came like a thunder clap. The average Senators knew that he was personally a disreputable old debauchee who had been guilty of all manner of corrupt practices; but the details of the great steal of \$200,000 from the State Treasury of Pennsylvania were understood by only an extremely limited circle of men. Hence the amazement which the *World's* story created.

The President read the narrative carefully, and then he discussed it with several good Pennsylvania Congressmen. Senator Cameron was also included in the Presidential inquiries. It is stated on good authority that the virtuous head of the nation received a shock from which he has not as yet recovered. Well he might, as he owes his place to the same vote-buying Quay.

Secretary Blaine studied the article carefully. He knows from experience all about violent personal attacks, but the charges which have been brought against himself are as flea-bites to the awful category of rascality of which Quay is guilty. Speaking of a distinguished Pennsylvanian on the subject, Mr. Blaine remarked that the *World's* article is unique in the political history of the country. No other public man occupying the position of Senator Quay, he said, has ever had charges brought

against him in print in the specific and diversified manner in which they were launched by the *World*. As the Secretary of State is the recognized political historian of the nation his comment possesses unusual interest.

At the National Capitol the exposure, now three weeks old, continues to be a source of discussion in the committee-rooms and in the two chambers. The effect on the party is the principal point of interest. No one cares for Quay personally.

In the Senate there are some queer specimens of mankind, but no one member of this body can hold a candle to the man from Beaver in point of "flow downness." The last phrase was used by a Southern member of Congress the other day in speaking of the affair. Men of the high character of Senator Edmunds are disturbed because they fear political complications. Senator Don Cameron is worried, not on account of the damage done Statesman Quay, but, as when he saved the latter from striped suit at the time of the Treasury steal, he is alarmed lest the party shall suffer. It is the party not Pachydermatous Quay, that worries the magnates of the national Capitol. The Washington *Post* of Wednesday last commented on a despatch from Florida announcing that Quay was troubled with insomnia, by stating that his friends at Washington are afflicted with sleeplessness on his account to a greater degree than himself.

Many letters have been addressed to his fishing station, urging action of some kind, but to all turns a deaf ear. Yes, Statesman Quay hopes to fish away the effect of the *World's* exposure of his villainies. Perhaps he derives sympathetic enjoyment from the remembrance of the ancient German proverb, "The fish lead a pleasant life; they drink when they like."

In Pennsylvania no publication ever occurred which has convulsed political circles to a greater degree than the *World's* exposure. The Republican press at once adopted the policy of silence. There was no attempt at denial of the damaging facts laid before the public eye. Simply silence and that is all. There's scarcely a Republican editor in the Keystone State who is not aware of the trustworthiness of the *World's* historical study. A distinguished journalist at the head of a Republican newspaper informed the writer that he knew the details of the steal from the Treasury at the time of its occurrence.

"Why did you not print them?" was the interrogation addressed to him.

"Because of the effect on the party," was the rejoinder.

This fear of "injury to the party" causes the Republican newspapers to ignore the Quay exposure, and the numerous reputable gentlemen—men of character and honor—who are at the fore of some of the influential newspapers of Pennsylvania, stultify themselves, not from love of the man with the pachydermatous hide, for he has few respectable personal friends, but the fetish of party damage stares them in the face. I have not as yet heard of a single Republican editor who personally denies the story of Quay's scampery. The *World's* story has been extensively quoted by the Democratic and independent press throughout the State and country. The burden of editorial utterance is that silence on the statesman's part is an acknowledgment of guilt.

The stalwart Republicans of Pennsylvania attempt to condone the misdeeds of their boss by asserting that the charges of the *World* apply to his press in the past; that none of the misdeeds are of recent occurrence. In order to convince these complacent friends who apologize for crime on the ground that it occurred last week instead of yesterday, I will anticipate the narration of a transaction which otherwise would have been deemed unfit for future publication. It will be conclusively shown that the Beaver statesman did not mend his ways with the progress of time. Undeterred by the narrow escape he had when he took part in the looting of the State Treasury in 1879, the adventurer again exploited the people's money and enjoyed its profits when he had been elected by a servile Legislature in 1887 to the Senate of the United States.

QUAY AGAIN USES THE PEOPLE'S MONEY TO FEATHER HIS OWN NEST.

In order to make plain the story of Statesman Quay's recent exploit, it will be necessary to describe some of his surroundings, to refer to certain of his friends and accomplices and to consider the means he employed to rule the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

A prominent politician—a follower of the Beaver boss—recently announced to the special reporter of the *World* that the exposure of Quay referred to past deeds only and that sympathy would be felt for the man who was trying to live down former indiscretions.

"How about the affair of the West Chicago Railway stock?" I asked.

"Who in h—ll told you that?" he cried, involuntarily. Then he quickly changed to "I mean what is that about?"

I will inform him in the course of the present narration. It has always been the practice of the statesman to have a number of tools on whom he could at all times and under any circumstances rely. In different localities in Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Reading, Pittsburg and in each of the various counties, Quay has satellites who breathe, as it were, only to do his will. For a period of nearly fifteen years prior to May 22, 1888, there was no single person to whom Quay could turn, with greater confidence of prompt, unquestioning action, than to A. Wilson Norris, of Philadelphia. Norris was a bright young man of good family; a gallant soldier during the war and a well-read lawyer. He married a relative at Lewistown, in Central Pennsylvania, a thoroughly estimable lady, who possessed considerable wealth. Owing to reasons for which neither husband nor wife was responsible, their married life proved a failure. Norris became acquainted with Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, a widow, who married in extreme youth a boy who left her alone at seventeen years of age. With her he established an alliance which lasted for eleven years. Although his lawful wife was living, a ceremony of marriage with Mrs. Roberts was gone through in which a clergyman took part, and Norris and his bogus wife lived together.

Norris was very prominent in the Grand Army, and his strength in that direction gave him a political following which was valuable to Statesman Quay. At first Norris secured the place of reporter of Supreme Court decisions at Harrisburg, and he was used by Quay in the great treasury steal of 1879. Subsequently he was made United States Pension Agent at Philadelphia. This office he held until he was given the nomination of Auditor-General of the State of Pennsylvania by Quay, and was elected and assumed office May 2, 1887.

With Norris in charge of the Auditor-General's office, Statesman Quay had no fear that any of his schemes against the State Treasury would be exposed. As related in a previous article, Quay secured by treachery the office of State Treasurer in 1885, and on Jan. 18, 1887 he was made United States Senator. The full story of Quay's deeds when in charge of the treasury is yet to be told. Norris and his bogus wife kept house in various locations in Philadelphia. Their establishment was the resort of the higher(?) class of politicians of both parties, and for a considerable period of time State politics were conducted in the handsome apartments. Quay used to receive and entertain his friends at one of the Roberts-Norris mansions, first at 135 North Twenty-first street, and afterwards at 620 North Eighteenth street. Distinguished members of the Republican party used to fit in from the various sections of Pennsylvania or from Washington, and they were always secure of a welcome beneath the hospitable roof. If perchance these energetic friends of the "Boss" brought chipper young women along and introduced them as daughters, nieces or wards, never a denial of entrance was put forth, and they remained as long as the visiting statesmen, their protectors, tarried. In the event of the arrival of one of these aforesaid statesmen who was unfortunate enough not to possess or be deemed fit to possess or bring along a chipper daughter, niece or ward, was quickly found in Philadelphia beneath the North Eighteenth street roof-tiles. Quay passed much time there. One night in 1878, the plan for the nomination of Gov. Hoyt was set in Mrs. Roberts-Norris's back parlor amid the clinking of wine glasses and the cackling of certain chipper daughters, nieces and wards, who chanced to be in attendance. The secret statesmanship of the Keystone State was born and developed, during Statesman Quay's regime, under similar circumstances.

A Wilson Norris was a man who would have ornamented any circle had he not been the victim of disease which proved his ruin and which enabled Quay to maintain an ascendancy over him. He was a confirmed dipsomaniac. For long periods he was in unfit condition to attend to business. His bogus wife, Mrs. Roberts-Norris, a woman of remarkable energy and great business talent, assisted in the preparation of official papers and various other kindred work connected with his public duties. Had it not been for her he would have been forced out of the Pension Office for neglect of duty. Quay and Norris used to disagree openly, but to use the latter's own words, "The old man is like a father to me and I can't stay mad at him."

On one occasion "Papa" Quay tested his filial regard. Norris had been dining out and returned home in a state of excessive fatigue. He lay down on a sofa and sought to sleep it off. Meanwhile the Beaver statesman, his political father, sat in an exhilarated condition, invited Mrs. Roberts-Norris to go out and get some supper. The latter, who was, in the face of innumerable temptations, always true, I am informed, to Norris, consented, and the pair hid themselves first to McGowan's famous hostelry for terrapin and "dip"; then to a neighborhood of the domicile of Mistress A. B. Kingsley, located not a dozen miles from the corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets, where more "dip" was absorbed. Meanwhile Norris had roused from his slumbers and missed his "father" and his so-called wife. Suspecting, or rather knowing the whereabouts of the pair, he started in pursuit and pounced into the room where Quay and his pettie Lizzie were seated at a table with beady glasses between them.

"What in h—ll are you doing with Lizzie, you infernal old rascal?" he shouted. "You wouldn't spare the child?" "The old man is like a father to me and I can't stay mad at him." And then the irate man proceeded to seize the startled statesman by the throat and to thump his head against the wall. The two were separated and Norris bore the frightened Lizzie home. Next morning Quay went to see his political child, and after prolonged discussion the affair was amicably arranged. An intimate friend of Norris told the above anecdote to me, with the explanation that Norris personally gave him the details.

The remarkable feature of Norris's dual marital situation was that the house where he kept his putative wife was not many squares from the house where he alternated his residence with his lawful wife.

One fine morning during Wilson Norris's incumbency of the office of Auditor-General, a cab sped to the door of a person in Philadelphia with whom he was on confidential terms. The vehicle contained the Auditor-General and one other person. The former quickly stepped out; his companion remained within. As Norris passed up the conventional white marble doorsteps characteristic of the Quaker City, he involuntarily placed his hands to his breast and moved his fingers as if making sure of something concealed in the inside pocket of his waistcoat. He rang the bell, was admitted and in a few minutes was closeted with his friend. After a few preliminary remarks the Auditor-General exclaimed: "I'm cursedly nervous!" and then he removed a package from his breast pocket.

"Do you see this?" he said, in a low voice. "It represents hundreds of thousands of dollars of State funds. It is going to carry Quay through another deal. By God, I'd think he had enough fingering Treasury money. I'm afraid of a smash up."

Then the story was told how Quay had made a fresh raid on the public funds.

I have traced this act of the pachydermatous statesman from the beginning to the end, and it is not strange that Wil-

son Norris was nervous, or that he should say:

"If this affair turns out like the '79 business I'll skip to Canada."

Quay was served when State Treasurer by William Livsey as Cashier of the treasury. When his election to the United States Senate occurred he could no longer act in the State office, and Livsey, a pliant follower of the boss, was appointed to the office of State Treasurer. W. D. Hart succeeded him and died. Then Livsey was re-appointed, and Boyer, the newly elected Treasurer, who owes his election to Quay's influence, does not step in his place until May next. During the period when Quay was Treasurer he had the power to use the treasury funds very much as he pleased, providing that he looked out for the welfare of "the boys" of the inner circle.

In Philadelphia there is a little coterie of sharp, able and sagacious men who constitute what is known as the Horse Railway Syndicate. They control tramways in various cities, including, as is well known, the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Surface Roads in New York. In order to fight their way along, in common with other corporation managers, they have employed a lobby. It may be said without any qualification that the Harrisburg legislators do not propose to allow the anent and fugacious dollar to roll past their pockets when a simple act like the casting of a favorable vote will cause the coin to trundle inside. On past occasions the syndicate had occasion to call on Statesman Quay for the exercise of his kind offices in shooting bills along toward enactment, and he had been useful and unscrupulous agent, as certain specific instances, of which I have the details, would demonstrate if I were to make use of them here. When Quay was in financial trouble he would go to certain members of the syndicate for aid, and as he has generally been in a condition of pecuniary straits, he has not been lacking in gambling, his calls have not been as infrequent as might be imagined.

The Philadelphia syndicate cast a number of eyes on the railway property in the Windy City known as the West Chicago Company, and on ascertaining that the business chances were good straightway absorbed the plant by purchase. Then bonds were issued together with stock in the company. The syndicate was under obligation to the Boss, and when the scheme had attained the right stage, a certain member of the financial clique gave the Beaver statesman a chance to pocket some profits. He was offered \$400,000 in bonds of the West Chicago Railway and each bond carried a share of the capital stock. Among the observations plainly made to the eager statesman was the excellent advice that he should not gamble away the profits of the transaction, but that he should give them to his good wife. Quay assented, for he would have agreed to anything that would put coin in his pocket. In order to agree to his part of the transaction, it was necessary to raise the sum of \$400,000. Did he visit banks and secure the money? Not a bit of it! Why should he? Had not he the State Treasury at his finger-tips, so to speak? As coolly as if he had no more on a pedestal than speculated with and lost a large amount of public money, with the connivance of an official of the Treasury he sent the required sum in State funds down to Philadelphia and it was deposited in the People's Bank, located on Fourth and Walnut streets, which was and is tonight the depository of the Horse Railway Syndicate. The President, the notorious "Addition, Division and Silence" W. H. Kemble, was, as everybody knows, saved from the penitentiary after he had pleaded guilty in court—prior to the conviction of Emil Petroff—by the influence of Statesman Quay.

The Statesman's good friend, W. H. Kemble, was, as everybody knows, saved from the penitentiary after he had pleaded guilty in court—prior to the conviction of Emil Petroff—by the influence of Statesman Quay. Quay allotted a portion of what he received to Wilson Norris, and the official of the Treasury previously referred to got a share of the prize.

Not a dollar of his own money did Quay use, but he took the State money and by that, which was no more or less practically than simple embezzlement, he purchased \$400,000 worth of West Chicago Railway bonds; together with the accompanying stock. He took the same chances that he boldly assumed when he embarked in the speculation of 1879. The fact illustrates exactly the character of the man. He is a born gambler. Always ready to risk everything he possesses on the turn of a card, he turned a set of dice, he apparently trusted his luck and ran the risk of the State Prison unflinchingly. The fate which overtook him was different from that which resulted from the previous default, and the West Chicago scheme proved successful. The profits of the transaction to Quay were from the sale of stock which practically cost him nothing but which by other means would be counted as honor. Of course the word is not to be used in connection with the acts and deeds of the eminent statesman of Pennsylvania. He sold stocks as high as \$2 or \$3, and of course, made a pile of money by the day he displayed. The bonds were used to make the State Treasury good and Don Cameron was not again called in at a crucial moment. Hart, the new Treasurer, knew all about the deal, and it is understood that he had his little piece of nutton.

It is impossible to conduct raids on the State Treasury without the knowledge of a number of persons, and they require subsidizing to keep them quiet. An experienced member of the Pennsylvania Legislature informed me that there have been members of the Harrisburg ring who would demand \$5,000 as the price of silence and accept \$50.

Aye, and he named many of them, as I shall hereafter.

The fate of Wilson Norris must be related in order to bring to light a portion of the subject of the story. His convivial habits increased during the anxiety he felt over his part in the deal. At one period Quay also became nervous, and he and Norris walked the room together and indulged in reflections on the steal of 1879, wondering whether there would be a disastrous ending to the new enterprise. Norris drank heavily, and his "very bad spells" left him dangerously prostrated. In February, 1888, he became alarmed over his condition, and in a moment of anxiety left his fifty-five daughters by Mrs. Roberts-Norris should suffer want, he penned a note to Statesman Quay, his "political

father," as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 5, 1888.

MY DEAR COLONEL: In the event of my death I wish as my last request that you see that Lizzie for herself and the children receives my \$10,000 in the Chicago deal. This is the only legacy I can secure them and I trust you to look after it.

Yours truly,

A. WILSON NORRIS.

Col. M. S. Quay.

In less than four months the versatile and engaging writer was in his grave. Congestion of the brain followed a period of wild excesses and his body now rests in a torren cemetery near Lewistown.

After his death Mrs. Roberts-Norris endeavored to obtain a settlement with Quay in accordance with the terms of the letter. When the Senator was at New York running the campaign she paid him a visit at the headquarters of the Republican National Committee. Rich were the promises made. A checkman was detailed to make Mrs. Roberts-Norris's trip to New York an agreeable one, and she was got rid of as quickly as possible. At length, finding out that the "political father" of Norris did not intend to do anything, the matter was placed in the hands of A. Sydney Biddle, of the eminent legal firm of Biddle & Ward, on South Fifth street, Philadelphia. A single move by Counselor Biddle accomplished wonders. A response from Statesman Quay quickly followed. Silas W. Pettit, a lawyer of Philadelphia, was appointed to act for Quay, and finally stock to the value of \$10,000 was turned over to Mrs. Roberts-Norris through Sydney Biddle. Pettit informed the lawyer that Norris had no claim on the funds for value received, that Quay had allowed him to come into the transaction as an act of friendship. There is no doubt that the statesman would have done the woman if he dared. Bill Hart, the State Treasurer, made a row over the matter. He was in the deal sufficiently to be fearfully worried lest blame should fall on him, and he worked himself into a fit of nervousness which ended in prostration from which he never recovered. Like "Square Timber" Noyes and Blake Walters, Hart, so his friends allege, got his death as a result of the unscrupulous dishonesty of the gambler and risk-taker, Statesman Quay.

I paid a visit to the private residence of Mrs. Roberts-Norris. She occupies a handsome house filled with tasteful furniture. In a large upper room, used as a boudoir, stood an open piano and many elegant articles of use and ornament. A little woman, not over 5 feet in height, with a handsome face and a fine, rounded form, clad in a fashionable morning gown, appeared in answer to my card. I soon discovered the secret of her power which caused the old ring of politicians to flock to her former residence. She knows State politics like an adept, despises Statesman Quay and resolutely refuses to say one word incalculating Norris in the dealings with the former. Womanlike, she says Quay has deeply wronged her, but she will not give him away. That she possesses damaging evidence against the statesman there appears to be little doubt, but she refused to submit it to me under any circumstances. The friends of Wilson Norris who shared his confidence are not as close-mouthed as his quasi widow. There are other interesting illustrations of Matthew Stanley Quay's greatness which are next in order.

Chinese Medicine.

The San Francisco Examiner reporter says the doctor pulled out a drawer from under the counter and exhibited hundreds of mummy grasshoppers. "These are good for little children," he said. "In China every spring millions of these bugs come in the fields. Pretty soon the grasshopper dies and the meat turns into a fly. The hind legs and little tail drop off and the little fly crosses away. Then there is nothing but the shell left. The laborers in the fields gather these and dry them in the sun. They make good medicine in powders. Chinese babies never die from convulsions when teething like white babies. This powder acts on the stomach when the stomach teeth are coming through and makes them good and strong."

A Forestry in Germany.

The Germans have been the pioneers in scientific forestry, as in so many other lines of progress. With a total forest area of only 34,346,000 acres, of which 11,234,000 belong to the state, the German empire has no less than nine schools of forestry, and during the three years ending with 1888 it published 177 books on the various branches of the subject. There are also ten periodicals devoted to forestry, and a general association of foresters with annual meetings and ten local societies.

An April Trip to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On April 3d the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will offer a most desirable opportunity of visiting Washington. It is a period of the year when the handsome city wears its most attractive aspect, and it is also a time when the Government departments are busiest. Excursion tickets valid for ten days and being stop-over privileges in Baltimore, in either direction, will be sold from Pittsburg at \$10, and at correspondingly low rates from the stations mentioned below.

A special train of parlor cars and day coaches will leave Pittsburg at 8:00 a. m., but those who prefer to start in the evening may take the trains leaving at 7:15 or 8:10 p. m.

The following are the rates and schedule of special trains:

Rate	Train leaves
Pittsburg..... \$9.00	8:00 a. m.
Altoona..... 7.35	11:00 "
Belleville..... 7.25	10:25 "
Cleves..... 7.40	10:00 "
Pittsburg..... 7.25	10:32 "
Ossola..... 7.25	10:45 "
Troy..... 7.25	12:15 p. m.
Huntington..... 6.45	12:48 "
Lewistown Junction..... 7.50	1:45 "
Washington..... 1.15	" "

Those who care to make flying side-trips farther South may purchase at Washington reduced rate excursion tickets to Mt. Vernon, Richmond, Petersburg, or Old Point Comfort.

Return coupons will be accepted on any train within the limit, except the Pennsylvania Limited.

Farm Notes.

Nine cases out of ten, where a variety of fruit which once flourished in a given soil, has ceased to flourish and perfect fine fruit there, the change is due to the fact that the soil has become destitute of the necessary mineral nature.

The amount of solid and liquid excrement voided in twenty-four hours by a horse, as found by the Cornell professors, is but a little less than fifty-seven pounds. The horses weighed about 1300 pounds each, and were liberally fed of oats and hay.

A fifteen-mile journey is an average day's work for a horse. How far does the cow travel in a poor pasture, nipping a penny-weight of grass here and there, to get her daily ration? Then she is expected to pay for it through the milk pail.

Fruits and vegetables are perishable, and some attention should be given the time of harvesting and shipping in order that no delay may occur in reaching the market. A few hours on a warm day will make quite a difference in the appearance of fruit in market.

It is claimed that land plaster is a special fertilizer for cabbages. If this is true there is no reason for neglecting such a crop, as plaster is as cheap as lime. Plaster is excellent for clover and grasses, and its use has always been beneficial compared with its cost.

Professor Henry says of feeding cattle: "You cannot be too careful about putting your feed and money into young cattle and avoiding old ones." This is more applicable to hogs than cattle, as the hog reaches maturity in about one half the time the cattle do.

It is yet a long time before any seeds of melons can be planted; but the melon hills, made up of plenty of manure, will be in excellent condition for growing a crop if the hills are made ready in time to allow the manure to rot in the hills.

It is said that a coat of boiled linseed oil and ground charcoal on any kind of post will prevent its rotting. Any good paint will no doubt do just as well. The mineral paints are very cheap, and a coat of them on the post before it is set in the ground would at least double its life.

Professor Sanborn, of Missouri, in more than 100 feeding tests determined that to make a certain amount of gain, pigs weighing 220 pounds required 18 per cent. more food; pigs weighing 270 pounds require 50 per cent. more food, and pigs weighing 325 pounds require 78 per cent. more food than pigs weighing 70 pounds.

Slow germinating seeds, such as parsley, carrots and parsnips, should be of the best quality and should be planted early, so as to take advantage of the spring rains in order to have the young plants well advanced in growth before the dry season comes on. The seeds should go in as soon as the ground is warm.

It has been suggested that fruit-growers have special marks or labels on their fruit-boxes, that customers may know who produced the fruit and from whom to buy. In this manner the fruit grower who sends choice fruit to market will not be dependent on the failure of his neighbors to properly assort their fruit. Merit and profit should go where they properly belong.

If the fertility is not in your soil, put it in. Apply the necessary fertilizers to grow the crop and make the crop pay for them. In other words, manufacture raw materials into a useful and marketable crop that will pay all expenses and reward you for your labor. Then you do not make something out of nothing, but something valuable out of something not so valuable.

On the question of pooling milk, Professor Robertson, of Canada, appears to be level-headed. He recently declared in the Ontario Dairyman's Convention: "I'm not fool enough to pool my 4 per cent. fat milk with my neighbor's 3 per cent. stuff." There are a good many others in the same boat, and it is decidedly against the pooling system, whether of milk or cream.

The largest single crop grown on an acre in 1889 were: Corn, 25½ bushels of shelled corn, green weight, which shrunk to 239 bushels when kiln dried; potatoes, 738 bushels; oats, 135 bushels; wheat, 80 bushels. These crops are the largest ever secured from one acre under similar circumstances that guaranteed their accuracy, and were raised in competition for the *American Agriculturist's* prize.

Dr. Peter Collier says, in the *Elmira Husbandman*, that the intellectual activity which has been aroused among our agricultural classes during the past ten years has been astounding, and in every direction the people are reaching out for help to enable them to more intelligently conduct their affairs. Nowadays thousands of farmers are discussing the problems connected with the feeding of their crops and stock in terms which were to them without meaning, an unknown tongue, less than ten years ago.

Answering the question: "Shall we plant the Russian apricot?" asked at the meeting of the Ohio State Horticultural Society, G. T. Trowbridge said that the apricots we now have would thrive where the peach would grow. The tree was as hardy or harder than the peach; but the trouble was its early blooming; blossoming something earlier than the peach, the crops are nearly always destroyed by the late frosts. If it should be shown that the Russian varieties blossomed as late or later than the peaches, then we could plant them with the hope of growing an occasional crop of apricots.

The children's health must not be neglected. Colds in the head and snuffles bring on catarrh and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and easily applied to the nostrils. It also cures catarrh, the worst cases yielding to it.