

SOME SOLDIER TRICKS.

A recent report on malingering in the police, says the "St. James Gazette," recalls many a strange story of malingering in the army, in days bygone. Some very curious cases of the kind are reported in books dealing with the medical history of the wars in the early part of the century. Amongst these stories is one that is told of an Irish recruit, who, on joining the East India Company's service, alleged that he had almost totally lost the sense of hearing; and the evidence of his comrades went to support his assertion. He was admitted into the hospital and put upon spoon diet. For nine days the doctor passed his bed without seeming to notice him. On the tenth day he felt the deaf soldier's pulse and made signs to him to put out his tongue. He then asked the hospital sergeant what diet he gave the man. "Spoon diet," replied the sergeant. The doctor appeared to be very angry at this, and ordered the "poor fellow" immediately a beef, steak and a pint of porter. Surprised into indiscretion by gratitude, the patient exclaimed, "Heaven bless your honor! you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a day." In a well-known work on medical jurisprudence a similar case is recorded. An impostor succeeded in convincing all around him that he was completely deaf. His medical attendant prescribed for him daily extra wine and other luxuries, but privately ordered that none was to be supplied. The consequence was that while the patient was nominally living extremely well, he was really suffering from hunger. At last the surgeon remarked that he could not understand why the patient seemed to be losing flesh on such a diet. This proved too much; the deaf man exclaimed to the nurse, "You know I have never had any of those good things!"

A trooper affected one morning to be deaf and dumb. Various means were resorted to in order to make him acknowledge that he possessed the power of hearing, but without success. Firing a pistol close to his ear had no effect. After keeping him a long time in the regimental hospital he was sent to an infirmary; whence he was discharged, not as a malingering, but as an incurable. About a year afterwards he was recommended to be discharged altogether; and he was accordingly sent to Dublin to pass the Invaliding Board for a pension. During the first day's march he got intoxicated, and broke into speech. His escort brought him back to the regiment next day; but before he arrived his deafness had returned. Tried by court-martial, he was sentenced to receive eight hundred lashes; but as he still held out, it was deemed advisable to send him to the general hospital at Dublin for inspection before the sentence was carried into effect. Here various experiments were tried on him. He was informed that if he would return to his duty the sentence of corporal punishment would be remitted—a promise which produced no result. Upon admission into the hospital he was for some time accommodated in a ward in company with several other patients, but was afterwards confined in a solitary cell, with no other sustenance than a small allowance of bread and water. The orderly who attended to him was instructed on no account to speak to him. In this manner things went on for nearly three months, when one morning the pretended deaf-mute accosted the orderly with "Good morning to you, James." When the impostor was questioned he said he had had a dream and when he awoke he found that he could both hear and speak again. He was not punished, and for some time did his duty well; but eventually he deserted, carrying away a good deal of property that was not his.

While the male thinks, labors and battles without, the domestic woes and wrongs are the lot of women, and the littlenesses are so bad, so infinitely fiercer and bitter than the great that I would not change my condition, no, not to be Helen, Queen Elizabeth, or the happiest she in history. Sell as fast as made to get the most for butter. Oats, barley or wheat sown on too rich soil will fall down and be worthless for grain.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Cut out the fallen and dead trees for fuel. The milk must be clean to get good butter. Nothing adds more to the value of a farm than good roads in the country surrounding it. A Minnesota farmer believes that no fodder is equal to green amber cane for producing butter. Hardly anything is of more importance to the cultivator of the soil than the quality of the seed. He is a poor farmer who cannot find a job to do on the farm on any of the three hundred and thirteen working days of the year. Permanent pasture lands are the main anchor of agriculture, and the farmer of this country will find this out after a while, as they already have in England, and will commence seeding their land with permanent grasses. Vegetables and fruits, as much as the grain crops, require deep working of the soil. A moderately heavy soil that has been underdrained and subsoiled and then carefully worked is capable of producing the heaviest crops. In these times of cheap prices and close margins, farming requires more judgment and management than almost any other business. A good farmer can still do well on these close margins of profit; a poor farmer must run behind.

There are many kinds of ensilage as there are farmers and silos to preserve it. These qualities range from a rank acid to fairly sweet article and experience seems to show that the sweeter it is the better, especially for butter making. The great profit in agriculture lies in keeping every acre actively producing. This is the way gardeners on the high priced lands near large cities make their money—as soon as one crop is off they sow another, and supply the proper nourishment by high fertilizing. Clover growth is helped by lime and plaster. Large quantities of nitrogen are contained in the earth and air and clover absorbs nitrogen more than any other plant. The plant and air work together in furnishing an exhaustless supply of food for all kinds of food plants. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman has tried Prof Forbes method of repulsing the curculio by dusting slaked lime in fine powder repeatedly over plum trees. He reports a tree which formerly was entirely decimated now hangs full of plums, and believes if the operation the crop can be saved. Keep constant supply of oyster shells before the fowls, not ground but broken into coarse pieces. They may be easily and quickly pounded if placed in the oven of a stove and heated. Where they cannot conveniently be procured, the ground article which is for sale by all dealers in poultry supplies, should be used, as they assist in providing shells of the eggs. The Poultry Yard gives the following remedy for the disease known as "bumble foot." As soon as the swelling ripens fairly cut open the puffy protuberance and let out the gathered pus freely. To effect this thoroughly the incision should be made crucially thus X, and quite down to the bone or ligament beneath the skin. It is useless merely to prick the swelling. It must be cut through, cleansed of the matter entirely and washed in a mixture of alcohol and water equal parts to cleanse it. If it gathers a second time repeat the process.

HAY FOR FRESH. The Western Rural says: "Hay is a bulky food. A vast deal of it is woody fiber by neglecting to cut at the proper time and to properly cure we are not only losing value in the hay but we are making first-rate arrangements to lose profit in our animals. If the animal is fed upon hay so poor that it is with difficulty that it can barely sustain life, it is clearly seen that the animal is throwing away its time. It can not grow, it can not put on flesh and it cannot, under such circumstances, even hold its own, for when an animal that ought to be growing does not grow, it loses what can really never be regained, and when it does not put on flesh when it really should put it on, it loses time which can never be redeemed."

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.—Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill. says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

NEVER GIVE UP.—If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a Bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. Zeller & Son.

OUR NATIONAL PARK.

BEAUTIES AND WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE RESERVATION.

A Geological Curiosity—The Famous Devil's Slide—Valley of the Stinking Water—The Snow Elk—Henry Lake, Snake River.

There are many wonders within our great national reservation that have never been noticed by the numerous guide books, and there are just as many more outside of the border line and in the neighborhood which should have been included when the park was created. The mistake was in not making it twice the size, for the whole country round about is one region of continuous wonders, such as no other portion of the known or unknown world can boast of. The Chinabur mountains, the Devil's Slide, the beautiful valley of the Stinking Water, the Teton Basin, just across the Continental divide, and last, but not least, Henry's lake, over in Idaho—these and the other marvels close by, when taken as a whole, and leaving out all that is not included in the park proper, combine a region of stupendous and startling wonders, fully equal, if not actually superior, to all that is contained in the 3,575 square miles of the park. The Chinabur mountains are full of petrifications of every kind, and the fossils scattered all through the canyons and gorges and on the peaks are numerous and varied enough to supply all the museums in the country for ages to come. On the summits of these huge piles are undoubted evidences of the glacial period. Glaciers exist even now in the Wind river and Teton ranges, much below 12,000 feet.

A GEOLOGICAL CURIOSITY. But the most remarkable example of the glacial period in this region is a huge boulder resting on the brink of the Grand canyon, about a mile and a half below the great falls. It is very compact, a coarse, crystalline feldspathic granite, in shape rectangular, the edges sharp and unbroken, and its cubical dimensions somewhat more than 2,500 feet. It is within a stone's throw of the brink of the canyon, and rests upon a series of sheets of basalt, only not more than 1,000 feet in thickness. In seeking the possible source of this rock one would naturally turn toward the south, the sources of the Yellowstone; but the great ranges to the east and south are volcanic, and are not known to contain a single exposure of granite rock. There are no such formations in the whole upper Yellowstone; for there is a total absence of granite pebbles on the shores of the lake, and looks for all the world like a tobsagan slide that has been generously sprinkled with cinnamon. At the top on either side rise two lofty minaret towers, so wonderfully paired in size, shape and outline that one might very well suppose they were constructed from a single model rather than being, as they are, the simple handiwork of nature. The slide starts from this point and shoots down a steep grade, bringing up sharp and abrupt on the brink of the Second canyon. The Indians believe that when it thundered, the evil one went plunging down this awful incline, pitching into the roaring Yellowstone at its base, and then by some subterranean passage within the earth mounted to the top again, and repeated his little diversion until it ceased thundering. The lightning was caused by friction with the fiery-colored roadbed in the devil's rapid descent.

A GARDEN OF EDEN. The Valley of the Stinking Water is the most beautiful little garden of Eden on the North American continent. The title would seem to convey the impression that it is a bad smelling stream, of offensive odor and vile taste, as its name would indicate. On the contrary, it is a beautiful mountain rivulet of the clearest and purest water, but strongly impregnated with sulphur. On account of its peculiar odor it was named by the Hanoock Indians, whose reservation was a long time ago, the park, "Yuskinwya Wicista," which translated into the vernacular signifies "bad water." Here it is that the few large game animals still left alive in the northwest seek a refuge from the ready rifle of the hunter. This beautiful country is the home of the mighty elk. Here are to be found the brown species, the giant blue elk, and the rarest of all game animals, the albino elk. The snow elk is certainly the scarcest of the big game still left in our country, and until a short time ago was known to the white man only by tradition. The Indians here are the sports of it, but their statements were never credited. Now comes the proof in the seeing. A band of fifty was sighted in the Stinking Water country by a party of hunters last February, and, although they were pursued for two days and a night by the indefatigable mountaineers, yet did they fortunately succeed in escaping the deadly bullets of the pot hunters. They finally made their escape over into the National park, where they were safe from pursuit. Just across the western boundary in Idaho is the lovely Henry lake. Before it is too late this beautiful sheet of water should be preserved from destruction. It is situated on the public road built by the government, leading from the upper geyser basin to Virginia City. This lake is the headwaters of the Henry's fork or Snake river, Snake river, followed throughout its course, is truly a river of rapids. For three miles above the Shoshone falls it flows through immense caverns with lofty basaltic walls on each side hundreds of feet high. At the Twin or Little falls the river is divided by an island, and the two streams rush over separate precipices and pitch into a pool 175 feet below. As viewed from the bluff, hundreds of feet above, the sight is grand; and as for looking up from below, the gorgeous panorama is too awful and tremendous to describe in words. Five miles below are the great falls where the entire river descends in one mighty sheet 210 feet. Forty miles further are Solomon's falls—Fort Kocher Co. Chicago Times.

Got the Laugh on Them. A neatly dressed colored man entered the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange recently, to look at the session of the brokers below. He leaned over the rail quietly and made no disturbance; but some of the brokers, seeing him, thought it would be funny to insult their visitor by letting him understand that they knew he was black. So a score or more of them, not leaving anything better to do, began to sing jubilee songs and mimic the plantation dances. His performance was very poor, but it seemed to amuse the colored man in the gallery, who stood at his post without any apparent discomfiture, and when the brokers were tired of singing and dancing, he gravely put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a ten cent piece, which he threw to the brokers as one would pitch a penny to a street-organ man. Then he left, with the laugh decidedly on his side.—The Argonaut.

Railroads.

Table with columns: Railroad Name, Direction, Time Table. Includes Bald Eagle Valley R. R., Westward, and Eastward routes.

Table with columns: Railroad Name, Direction, Time Table. Includes Bellefonte & Snow Shoe R. R., Westward, and Eastward routes.

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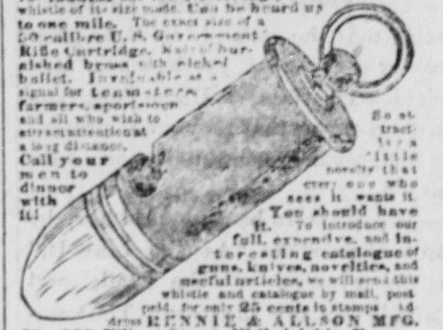
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