The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

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CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY FEVER

COLD IN HEAD

IT WAS ONLY A DOG.

But See What a Great and Good Work He Did.

BY MRS. JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

"I can't see what we're going to do, Lion," said Mrs. Pettigrew.

She said it aloud, though she was talking to a dog; and the dog looked into her eyes, and wagged his tail, and whined a little, with a tremble going all through his body. One would have thought that he was making a desperate effort to talk, so earnest was he; and indeed, Mrs. Pettigrew smiled at him a little sadly and murmured:

"Poor Lion, can't you say it? But you know all about it, you old fellow?"

Yes, he knew all about it. He knew how the little old woman's struggle had been growing harder from month to month. He must have known it, because he sat down in front of her every day, and looked at her with such intelligent eyes that she always felt as though she were talking it over with some confidential friend when she mentioned it to Lion.

The trouble had been going on a long time. Mrs. Pettigrew had lived with some of her family years ago, people said, but the family were all dead or scattered and she had come to this town, where she had supported herself for years by doing the fine sewing that she did so well. There was little profit in it at its best, because she took too much pains with it; and after awhile her eyes failed, and she fell to trimming hats and doing "plain sewing;" and so managed to keep something on her table, and a fire on her hearth. But at last even this had failed, for her hands were too crippled with rheumatism to hold the needle any longer.

Several weeks had passed, now, since she had made anything; and she had been living on the little hoard that she had laid away for a "rainy day." Economical as she tried to be, her small savings melted away; and now a whole day had passed, during which Mrs. Pettigrew had not eaten.

All around her were people that would have been glad to help her, but she could not beg. She had outlived her usefulness, she told herself and Lion; and there was nothing for her to do but to die.

But it appeared that Lion was not willing to take so despondent a view of the situation. When the mistress had spoken, he ran down towards the gate, and looked back, inviting her to come on. He had always gone with her on her rounds to make her simple purchases, and he was greatly astonished when she only smiled sadly and refused to follow. And when he saw her sink into a chair and drop her wrinkled face upon her hands, he hurried away down the path and leaped over the fence.

"The dog has forsaken me," said the little old woman to herself. "And yet, it is natural, for he is hungry."

But it seemed that Lion was not going to remain hungry, for he went gaily down the street, jogging along in a business-like way that made it evident he had made up his mind before he started. He turned the corner at Pine street, and presented himself before the counter of the little baker, bland and smiling.

"Here's Lion," said Baker Fritz, wiping his hands on his apron. "Mrs. Pettigrew isn't far behind, I reckon."

At the mention of Mrs. Pettigrew, Lion frolicked all around the room, with the absurd gambols that he affected when he was particularly pleased. Another customer came in just then, and Fritz waited on her, and she took away the long brown loaf, wrapped in a sheet of paper.

Lion was growing impatient. He stood up, with his fore feet on the edge of the counter, and sniffed hungrily at the loaves that were nearest, watching Fritz with interest as the baker moved about the little space back of the counter. Lion opened his expressive mouth in a most astonishing yawn and when this failed to produce any immediate result, he barked at the baker, his mouth hanging open, and a good-humored smile showing all his teeth; as though he felt sure that this would be understood.

"Why, I do believe the dog wants his loaf," said the baker to his wife, who looked in to see what all the noise was about. "He hasn't brought any money, but never mind. My! I wish my driver had as much sense as that dog has!"

So Fritz tied up a loaf in brown paper and held it toward the dog. Lion accepted it gravely, and instead of waging his tail he wagged his whole body as he went out of the door and started up the street. Straight home he went, with his head up and with a wary eye on the alert for any other dog that might happen along.

Mrs. Pettigrew's head was still down on her hands, for she did not have courage enough to look up and see the bright summer sunshine, when all her world was so dark. Then something touched her hand, and there was Lion, looking straight into her eyes, and trying to show her the loaf. So Mrs. Pettigrew left off crying and began laughing, and she and Lion sat down and dined sumptuously on bread and water.

The next day Lion made his appearance at the baker's shop again, and barked at the baker, upon which Fritz replied as though the dog had spoken:

"Aha, you rascal, you think I always sell my bread without money? Go home after the nickle, sir."

But Fritz's wife looked in again and said:

"Fritz, he took the loaf straight home yesterday, for I watched him; and his mistress hasn't been here for I don't know how many days. Give him the loaf, Fritz. We shan't miss it."

So Lion got his loaf again; and took it home; but he did not stay to eat it. He ran down the street again, and turned down another way, and before the butcher knew what he was doing, there was Lion looking into his eyes, and barking at him with all his might. And he would not leave off barking, either, until the butcher said:

"Why, Lyon, have you come alone this morning? You want some meat for your breakfast? Maybe the old lady hasn't been feeding you very well lately."

And he picked out some odds and ends of meat and rolled them up in paper, for Lion to take home. The dog took the package and rushed off with it at such rate that he almost upset Fritz, the baker, who was coming in at the door.

"What, has Lion been buying meat, too?" he asked in astonishment. "Well that dog is smart. Why, he comes to my place after his bread, and my wife says he takes it straight home; and I guess he'll take that meat home, too."

They were so interested in the matter that they left the shop and followed Lion to the corner, where they could watch him all the way home. Sure enough, he went on up the street, and leaped over the gate, and they saw him walk in at the door with his head up and the bundle in his mouth.

In a day or two Lion's fame had gone out through all the town; and people followed him into the baker's and the butcher's to see him bark at the proprietor until he was waited on. One day the baker tried to see what the dog would do if no attention were paid to him. Lion barked awhile in vain; then he stood off and looked at Fritz in astonishment; then he barked again; and at last he quietly leaped upon the counter, seized a loaf daintily and carefully and walked off with it.

It was Fritz's wife that called on Mrs. Pettigrew, and with the gentleness and courtesy natural to some women in even the common walks of life, said nothing of the poverty that was pressing so hard. But when she went home she said to her husband:

"Oh, Fritz, the poor woman is in bitter need. I do believe the dog is keeping her alive."

It was a new aspect of the case. There was no more inclination to laugh over the dog that went to the butcher's and the baker's every morning. Somehow, every one in the place felt that the dog had something almost human in him; and there was something closely resembling a cheer as he came down the next morning.

"I wonder if I couldn't help along with this?" said one of the grocers, as he watched Lion going homeward with his meat a little later. The result of which was that he found a basket, somewhere about the store, and he busied himself, making up little bundle of tea and sugar and cheese and what not; for he was a kind-hearted man, this grocer, and somehow the dog had all the springs of his kindness moving.

The next time Lion came down the street, the grocer was in the door ready for him.

"Hello, Lion, good morning, sir!" he called cheerily. "Suppose you take this basket home with you."

For there was a delicate courtesy about the grocer, and he would not hurt the feelings of even a dog by saying anything about a gift.

And Lion sniffed at the basket, and finding that there were eatables in it, he took the handle in his mouth and trotted away, with a parting smile over his shoulder.

It happened that the baker's wife looked in upon Mrs. Pettigrew a few moments afterwards. She found the old woman looking at the contents of the basket, which were spread out on the table before her, and there was such a look in her eyes! And there was Lion, rolling all over the floor in the most absurd manner, showing that he was happier than he ever was before.

It seemed that the whole town wanted to help Lion take care of Mrs. Pettigrew. Every day his circle of influence widened, and one day it was Mrs. Martin that called him in and gave him a bundle to take home.

"It's only a little shawl, for the mornings are cool," she explained to Lion, who gamboled gaily in reply as he started out, for the dog seemed so human that she felt he must know all about it.

And a little later there was old Mr. Drew, whom all the people had thought a miser, calling the dog in and petting him when he thought no one was looking, and when Lion went away he had a big bundle, and he walked with his head very high, and looked more important than ever. Some of them found out afterwards that the bundle contained several yards of flannel, enough to keep off the rheumatism all the rest of the old woman's life.

One could not begin to tell of the kindly deeds that blossomed out in the little town, all because of the dog that loved his mistress so faithfully. Why, there was one man sending around a load of wood, and sending a man to split it up, too, and to carry it into the house; and there was another that sent up shingles, and hired a man to put a new roof on the shed. It seemed that the town had made up its mind that the little old woman was to be taken care of, and that everything she could possibly need was to be done for her; and if you had merely mentioned such a thing as pay for anything, the man to whom you mentioned it would never have forgiven you.

"It couldn't be done," said the man that had sent up the load of wood. "I am sure that any man who took money for anything he did for that old lady would never be able to look Lion in the face again."

Yes, it was Lion, Lion everywhere. The dog suddenly found himself the most popular dog that ever was known and every one that met him had something pleasant to say to him.

The result of it all was that, in a little while, happy spirit in Mrs. Pettigrew's body warmed Mrs. Pettigrew's poor little being, until, all at once, the rheumatism began to take its departure, and she grew stronger every day. In a little while she could hobble about without her stick, and then she could use her hands, and very soon she came down with Lion, one morning, and walked into one place after another.

"I'd like to tell you if I could," she said to them all. "Lion and I know all about it, but we could never say—and now I am strong again, and yesterday I did a little work; and I have money for my marketing to-day. But oh, it's a beautiful thing to be brought helpless once in a while to see how even a dog can be a friend to you, and how a whole town can forget itself and remember you."

And there was not much said, but as she went away, one after another of those that had helped her came out and watched the little old woman and the dog, going up the street, side by side; Lion carrying some of the bundles, for he would not give up his work all at once. And as they watched, there was a mist in their eyes, and the two figures grew indistinct.

Dickens and His Cat.

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and like all true lovers, he was likely to become the slave of the pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a favorite with the entire household, but showed an especial devotion to its master. She selected a corner of his study for her kittens, and brought them in from the kitchen one by one. Mr. Dickens had them taken away again, but Williamina only brought them quietly back.

Again they were removed, but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead, she placed them at her master's feet, and taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him.

That settled the question. There after the kittens belonged to the study, and they made themselves royally at home, swarming up the curtains, playing about the writing-table, and scampering behind the book-shelves. Most of the family were given away; one only remained, entirely deaf, and known, from her devotion to Dicken's, as "the master's cat."

This little creature followed him about like a dog, and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening Dickens was reading by a small table whereon sat a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book, and he re-lighted the candle, giving the cat a stroking as he did so.

Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that he guessed at the reason of her melancholy. Turning suddenly he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly.

She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her advice for bringing it about.

With the Butterflies.

The study of the ways of butterflies will prove a delightful pastime to the boy or girl who knows only how to capture the pretty creatures in a net, to imprison and then to kill them. On some golden June afternoon, altogether too beautiful to be wasted indoors, give yourselves up entirely to the butterflies. Follow and watch without startling them, and even in so short a time you will learn enough to make you wonder that any one can presume to call them aimless in their cheerful, busy little lives.

The first butterflies that make their appearance in the spring are the various dusky-wings, brown and black, which blend perfectly with the hues of the moist bare twigs and branches. Then comes the tiny blue butterflies, heralds of the first violets; to be followed later by the gay swallow-tails, which are color of the rainbow; the pure white butterflies of mid-June; the active little tawny and black skippers; the coppers and the brilliant angle-wings, which romp in the sunshine on the hottest days.

Butterflies have a dainty way of alighting for rest. A moth will come to a sudden stop and settle immediately, but a butterfly usually keeps its wings more or less open while it sways to and fro on some flower. If it be feeding, however, it will close its wings tightly, back to back, and if it be asleep, the wings will be packed away into the smallest possible compass. The Hesperini family sleep with the fore wings down between the hind wings, so that only the hind wings may be seen.

Different butterflies manage their antennae differently. Some keep them wide-spread, others tuck them between the wing, and others again bring them together beside the front edge of the wings. This latter action means that the butterfly is sound asleep and perfectly comfortable.

The first morning thought of a butterfly is to search for honey. It probes every flower it meets, and often works hard for breakfast. The tiger swallow-tails have a passion for lilac blossoms; they are capable of gorging themselves to helplessness through their greed for the sweets. If you will notice the road-side pools left by a summer shower you may see flocks of yellow butterflies eagerly drinking, and a pretty sight it is!

The species of butterfly known as the Vanessa are all wonderfully friendly and playful. Dr. Abbott tells of the red admiral alighting on his knee one day as he was writing, and, although it occasionally flew off to the bushes near by, it returned from time to time and was his companion for a great part of the day.

Would you not rather win the confidence of so graceful and exquisite an insect and thereby study its pretty ways than wantonly to imprison it? Follow the butterflies into the woods and fields, and you will see how they protect themselves by mimicry, how they make sounds by the motions of their wings, how many of them have all the variety of flight of the birds, and how most of them are clever botanists, making the best sort of teachers for your summer holidays.—Our Animal Friends.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Belin, Pa.

Fighting Insect Pests.

As remedies are discovered for diseases of plants, and noxious insects are kept in check, the farmer is sometimes suddenly confronted with a new insect enemy or with some disease which to him was previously unknown. There are causes for such happenings, as commerce between countries opens a pathway for the introduction of insects and diseases, though every precaution may have been taken to prevent such misfortunes. The potato beetle is an American native, however, but was unknown until advancing civilization penetrated his headquarters in Colorado, when he immediately returned the recognition of his presence by advancing East. The potato beetle is now here to stay, for, while millions of pounds of arsenic have been used in its destruction and thousands of busy hands have assisted in picking the vines, it has not been within the power of farmers to annihilate the pests. The potato beetle is not alone, however as the cabbage worm holds its ground and the gypsy moth, San Jose scale and various forms of fungi continue to entail loss and expense amounting to millions of dollars.

COMBINATION REMEDIES.

To combat the ravages of the insects and other plant enemies farmers should work together and use the proper remedies at the right time. At the New York experiment station it has been discovered that better results are obtained by using Paris green and Bordeaux mixture together than to use the Paris green alone, as the combination protects against both the potato beetle and the flea beetle. It is best to be careful and use the required remedy, and for a purpose, as Paris green does not destroy plant lice, kerosene emulsion is not a preventive of mildew and Bordeaux mixture is not efficacious when used for the destruction of currant worms. Each remedy must be applied for a special purpose and one can not be substituted for the other. Bordeaux mixture is a fungicide and is used not to destroy such diseases as potato blight, but to prevent the difficulty, hence it is valueless if applied after the disease has been established. If used in connection with Paris green (using the Bordeaux mixture with Paris green instead of water) the twofold object of destroying beetles and blight may be accomplished.

THE COST AND THE GAIN.

The farmer has been well informed on these matters, and well knows that in order to produce good crops he must resort to the remedies, but he hesitates when the cost of the labor and materials are estimated. The cost will depend, however, on the amount of benefit derived. It may be anything but economical to allow the crop to be destroyed because the expense for remedies and their application must be met, but it has been demonstrated that there is a large gain over the cost if the crop is treated at the proper time, and this gain depends upon the varieties of potatoes planted, as much as $11.50 per acre having been gained by the use of remedies compared with crops treated differently, as this profit was estimated after the cost for remedies had been deducted. There are occasions when remedies are used needlessly, but farmers must learn how to avoid so doing. What is necessary is to attack all fungi early in the season and keep it away from the crop. By so doing the expense of treating the crop later will be saved. When the potato beetle must be destroyed the combination of Paris green and Bordeaux mixture may continue as a preventive of blight and is sure to destroy beetles. A knowledge of the fact that these two remedies can be advantageously combined will effect a great saving in labor and time.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Grains of Gold.

He is littlest, who belittles others.

Nothing will upbraid you like unused faculties.

Intelligence is not gained by a mere act of will.

Happiness is lost by being intemperate in its pursuit.

Pretend to know, and you will become an empty shell.

A crust with an appetite, is better than a feast without.

Intelligence is largely in knowing what we do not know.

Better a little understanding, than much useless knowledge.

Reflection is a key that unlocks the treasures of the memory.

Reading is a good thing, but observation and reflection are better.

Great cities are pestilential to the morals, and health, and the liberties of man.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison, of Worthington, Ind., "Sun," writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for constipation and sick headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2025 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, was all run down, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her health and renewed her strength. Prices 50c. and $1.00. Get a bottle at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

What is the North Pole?

Not very long ago in Brooklyn Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, the American Artic explorer, spoke to a number of young folks on "Arctic Explorations and Experiences." It was a fascinating story, and as he is to go north again next year, and in view of Nansen's wonderful voyage, it is doubly interesting.

Lieutenant Peary began by explaining what the north pole is: Why it is simply a mathematical point at which the axis of the earth cuts the circle of the earth; it is 90 degrees of latitude and 360 degrees—or no degrees—of longitude. Assume for the moment that a man is standing on the north pole. What will be some of the peculiar conditions there? In the first place, though he would stand there for twenty-four hours, the daily revolution of the earth would simply have the effect of turning him about face.

With a man standing on the north pole there is but one direction in the whole world, and that is south. He can move only one direction—south. After he has taken the first step, southward he can go to the right or the left, to east or west, but that first step must be southward.

If he remained there for a year he would but have one night and one day. The sun would rise on the 21st day of March and it would pass daily around the horizon, each day getting a little higher. On the 21st day of June it would be 23½ degrees high, or a little more than one-quarter of the zenith. Then it would begin to descend again until the 21st of September. On that day it would roll around the horizon and on the next day it would have disappeared, to remain invisible for six months.

During this time when the sun is down, this man would see every star in the heavens. If in the summer he step directly toward the sun it is then noon for him. If he take one step backward it is midnight for him. A man standing there can not say he is having a good time or a bad time. What is time? Noon is the instant at which the sun passes the meridian on which we are. A man at the north pole has no meridian and hence can have no noon.

What are the physical peculiarities of this north pole? Well, no one has ever been there, I can say, however, that there is absolutely no reason whatever for assuming that there are unusual conditions at the north pole. There is no reason for thinking that there is an open Polar sea. There is no reason for thinking that there is a paleocrystic sea; no reason for the old superstition that there is a great hole at the axis or a wonderful volcano. If there be any land there, it bears probably the same characteristics as other Arctic lands; lands that have been seen by exploration. If there be any water at the north pole, it is an Arctic sea, similar to other Arctic seas that we know of.

"Now, as regards its discovery. What is the use of hunting for the north pole? What will be the good of it when it is found? Regardless of any commercial value whatever, the fact remains that the discovery of the north pole, as a geographical feat, will rank with the discovery of America by Columbus. The discovery of the north pole is the only great geographical fact yet remaining to be accomplished on the face of the globe. The man who discovers the north pole will in the future years rank with Columbus, so far as the importance of his work goes.

It is asked is the game worth the candle? Is this discovery worth the expense, the time, the risk, the hard work? As regards the money, you may have an idea that money expended on an arctic exploration is thrown away. Yet that money is spent to buy food, to pay men, to purchase equipment, clothing and supplies of all kinds, and the money is expended here at home. As regards the risk, that is practically out of the question now. The revolution in arctic methods has been such as to make arctic work to-day just as safe as exploration in any part of the globe; perhaps more so than in some countries. In arctic regions there are but two foes, cold and hunger. Cold is not to be considered by a well man who is properly clothed and fed. I can say frankly and truthfully that I was as uncomfortably cold on the quay walls of the Brooklyn navy yard last winter as I have been in the arctic regions.

But the discovery of the north pole does not mean simply attaining that spot. It means determining the geographical features of a very large area of the polar regions, which has as yet been unexplored. What is the use of discovering the pole? What good was the wreath of leaves that was prized in the Olympic games? In value the discovery of the north and the wreath are the same—they represent the intelligence, the energy, the courage, the endurance and the indomitable will that climb over every obstacle.

Up to a year ago there were three possible ways of reaching the north pole. One was by the route advocated by Dr. Nansen, his theory being to put a ship into the ice north of Siberia and drifting, perhaps to, or at least near, the north pole. The second route was via Franz Josef Land. That land, when discovered in early '70s, was supposed to be the southern point of a great arctic archipelago. The third, and what may be called the American route, developed by American explorers, is along the northwest coast of Greenland, which is longer to be regarded as a great continent.

During the last five years I have made four journeys across the interior of Greenland, with the result of determining that it is not a continent, but a huge arctic island, with an archipelago of unknown extent reaching to the north and northwestward. The Franz Josef Land route to the pole can scarcely be now considered. The fact that Dr. Nansen saw no land whatever north of it shows that it is simply a group of islands of very limited extent, which offers no land base for a journey to the pole. The American route, therefore, is the one remaining—not as the most practical route, but as the only one. This land, which extends above Greenland, is the most northerly known on the face of the globe. How, then, is it to be utilized?

The plan I have proposed is to fit out a ship with concentrated provisions and a complete equipment and send it north in 1898. Up there on the western coast of Greenland there is Eskimos. That tribe embraced last summer some 230 men, women and children. They are the most northerly human beings on the face of the globe. They have been literally imprisoned in the depth of the arctic circle for century after century. Every man, woman and child in the tribe I know personally, and they have the utmost confidence in me. I have given them tools, knives, wood, guns and everything of that sort that would be useful to them. It has been wealth unimaginable to them.

My plan is to take some of these people on board my ship, with all their worldly belongings, and transport them to Sherard Osborne Fjord. We shall land there and the ship will come back. Then with their dogs and sledges, we shall transport supplies to the most northerly land perhaps to Cape Washington, perhaps farther. We shall have the provisions ready for the spring. When spring comes I shall start with two or three Eskimos with their dog teams and sledges and make a direct line across the sea-ice straight to the pole.

We know to-day that there is land within 300 miles of the pole. At the rate of ten miles a day—which can surely be traveled—to reach the pole would require thirty-six days and thirty-six days back, a matter of seventy-two days for the round trip. I have already been away from my base of supplies on the Greenland ice-cap for ninety-six days, so that such a journey as the one I have outlined certainly ought not to prove an impossible one.—Golden Hours.

Steering by a Star.

That sailors prefer not to steer by compass must have struck you as one curious fact. Here is another. A steersman can keep his ship better on her course at night, if it be clear, than during the day. "Look ahead, get a star, and steady her head by it." So says the A B of the ocean to the sailor who has not yet won his degree. For to the helmsman the stars are like the pilar of fire in Scripture. They are the hands on the dial of the night. They twinkle "good evening" to poor Jack as he sits up aloft or stands at the helm, and wink "good morning" and "good by" to him with daylight.

It is obvious that the "to" or "off" movement of a vessel can be more quickly detected by a small, bright object like a star dead ahead than by the monotonous sweep of the horizon, or by peering into the compass-box. The same ancient mariner who told me about measuring the length of the off and in shore legs by the life of candles, told me that once, when the oil in the binnacle-lamps gave out and he was steering by a star, he occasionally struck a match and looked at the compass "to see if the star had moved any."

When the lookout sings out, "Land ho!" and has replied to the officer's "Where away?" a star over the rock or other danger may be noted and brought down in line with the point of the compass, and its proper bearing obtained.

"The stars," said a sea-captain to me, "move apparently from east to west, so that when we find our first star will no longer do, we select another. This is the case with all but the north or pole star, which is in line with two certain stars in the Great Bear or Dipper, and the orbit is so small that it is a good guide for the night, and we can even detect errors of the compass by it."

The north star is, of course, as true as, or even truer than the most accurate compass. To the "other things" that sailors steer by the compass is, however, what steam is to electricity. To produce an electric light you require a dynamo; to run the dynamo you need steam. Yo may feel the wind on your moist brow or hand; but the direction from which it blows you can—except in the case of the regular trade winds, or unless you are up in sea-lore—tell only from the compass. Then by sailing close to the wind you can keep on that course without looking at the compass.

But sailors naturally have a large accumulation of weather-lose; and in addition in the "trades" there are, except in case of violent storms, certain regularities in the winds in certain parts of the ocean, and certain other recurring signs, which the helmsman can utilize and which often enable him to dispense with the compass altogether. For instance, if in standing south to round the Horn, you see the "Magellanic Clouds" (bright patches in the Milky Way) directly above the ship, change your course for the Straits of Magellan.—St. Nicholas.

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It is not so much the amount of manure applied that benefits the fruit crop, but the percent, which is in an invaliable condition. If well rotted it is soluble, and therefore easily appropriated.

The real good milker is made the first year. By this is not meant that breeding is a matter of no importance, but she must be made to do good service the first season if she is to keep it up. Letting the calf suck the first season or permitting it to run with the dam is a very bad way to make a good milker.

Why is it that "a good orchard" is one of the first and most important improvements mentioned by the man who offers his farm for sale? Why does such an inducement reach so far into the affections and pocketbook of the prospective purchaser?—The Epitomist.

Skim milk is an excellent human food. It makes muscle. If the milkman can sell it for 2 cents a quart that will be equal to $1 per 100 pounds for it, and at such a price he will realize good profit. The progressive milkman might educate his customers gradually to a realization of the value of skim milk.

Always take the wife's advice about making the garden, but don't let her do the hard work. It may seem pottering work, but if so plant in long, straight rows with room enough between to use the cultivator freely. In this way by horse power much more can be accomplished, and the labor being used economically, and on rich land, will make more profit than the like amount of labor on any part of the farm outside the garden.

It is a practice of some farmers we know to let a few burdock plants grow, so as to furnish a green bite for horses during the early summer. The horses are almost crazy at this season to eat something green, and the slightly bitter taste of the burdock leaves does not prevent them from eating them greedily. This will not interfere with eating dry feed as green grass would do. In fact, some horsemen regard the burdock leaves as a valuable tonic, and declare that horses eat more heartily and do more work after they have been fed thus.—American Cultivator.

Every one has noticed how, when a large branch of a tree is cut off, small branches will shoot out around the stump. These branches are from the reserve buds, of which all trees have a