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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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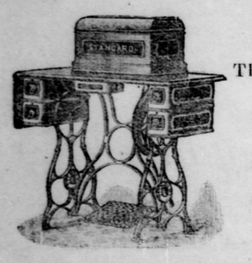

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THE COLONEL'S TALE.

It was late—after midnight—and as we got up from the whist table and gathered around the fire, Col. Thornton said: "If you men are not too tired, and don't mind sitting up for another half hour, I think I can tell you a good story."

We protested that we were never less tired, and could sit up till morning if necessary. So the Colonel began:

"My father, as you know, was a parson, but he took orders late in the bar, and the events which I am going to tell you he, himself, told me as having come directly under his eye when he was a barrister.

"It was at the Monmouth Assizes in 18—that a case was tried which became the talk of the neighborhood and country for years after. My father was sitting in the court of the assistant Judge, when a note was brought from a friend in the adjoining court, asking him to come and hear a case of more than usual interest, the facts of which were these:

"Some time before, a farmer's house near Monmouth had been broken into and robbed by men disguised and masked, the farmer murdered and his servants shockingly ill-treated. Among other things which were stolen were two old-fashioned silver brooches, curiously inlaid with malachite—heirlooms of the family; and, although unremitting search was made, and the description of the lost articles made widely known, no trace of the murderers could be found.

"A month or two after the murder, however, a police officer, in going thro' a house in Bristol, noticed a dissipated-looking sailor lying on a pallet and resting his head on a small bundle. He was asked what it contained, and was told it was 'only his kit.' The officer, not satisfied, opened the bundle, and almost the first thing to fall out were two brooches made of silver and malachite. Struck by their curious beauty, and wondering how such a wretched looking fellow could have become possessed of them, he suddenly remembered the advertisement and description of the stolen articles.

"'How did you come by these?' he inquired.

"The sailor replied: 'By chance.—When I came ashore some time ago, with plenty of money in my pocket, I met an old seaman who was down on his luck, and he offered to sell me these things, which had belonged to his mother. I was pretty flush and gave him a good price for them, although they were useless to me. And that's all there is about it.'

"The police officer, still dissatified, took him into custody. He was sent to Monmouth Jail, the brooches were identified, and he was committed for trial at assizes on the charge of theft and murder. "And" continued the Colonel, impressively, "as my father entered the court this man was being placed in the dock.

"Tall beyond the then average height of man, and gaunt, with an unkempt beard and evil, yellow eye, and though evidently suffering from imprisonment, he yet presented a powerful and imposing front. The trial had begun and he had just been asked the usual question: 'Are you guilty or not guilty?' and he answered in a hollow voice: 'Not guilty, my Lord,' when the entrance of one of the court officials with a gentleman stopped the proceedings for a while. And here I must explain the interruption.

"A few days before a quiet, gentlemanly man, a Captain Forsyth, of His Majesty's navy, had arrived at the chief hotel of the town on a fishing excursion; but the weather had been so adverse that he was obliged to look elsewhere for amusement. Turning to the landlord for information, he was told of this trial as exciting considerable interest, and so it came to pass that, as the prisoner took his place at the bar, Captain Forsyth sent his card to the Judge, who gladly allowed him, as was then the custom, a seat on the bench.

"The case proceeded; witnesses were called to identify the brooches, the servants swore to the figure of the prisoner as resembling that of the murderer; no witnesses were called for his defense—no one defended him; everything pointed to his guilt, and the jury retired to their room. In a few minutes they returned, and amid the breathless expectation of the crowded court, the foreman announced their opinion that the man was 'guilty.'

"Directly the word was uttered, the prisoner, who had been leaning as if for support against the side of the dock, raised himself to his full height, stretched out both his arms above his head, and looking up, exclaimed in a broken voice, 'not guilty, not guilty.'

"The Judge then asked him, as was usual, if he had anything to say before sentence should be pronounced, and the prisoner cried hoarsely: 'Not guilty, my lord, not guilty; before heaven and man I am innocent of this crime. I never set eyes on the murdered man; I did no murder. Oh! captain, captain'—in his vehemence he addressed the Judge as if he were his officer—'I am as innocent of this crime as the babe unborn.' He paused, then suddenly, in a voice choking with feeling, he exclaimed: 'Yes, yes, only one man can save me now; but he can do it, swear what you may. The Lord be thanked, that man is here.'

"A buzz of astonishment ran around the court; the feeling of awe that had held the audience changed to one of amazement.

"'Point him out to me,' said the Judge.

"'The man who can save me,' replied the prisoner, 'sits there beside you,' pointing to the astonished Captain Forsyth.

"The Judge turned to Captain Forsyth and said: 'This man appears to know you. Is it the case?'

"Certainly not,' he replied, much surprised. 'I never saw him before in my life.'

"'Oh, Captain,' broke out the prisoner, 'you needn't start, I know you, Captain Forsyth. You are never going to swear away an innocent man's life like that?'

"'It is curious, my man,' the Captain replied, 'that you know my name; but I repeat that I never saw you before in my life.'

"'What! Not know John Williams of the Neptune?' The coxswain of the Captain's cutter?'

"Yes, I know John Williams; but you're not he; John Williams was the smartest man that ever served under me, and never likely to stand where you are now.'

"'Captain,' replied the prisoner, 'I tell you I am John Williams. A long illness, a hard bout of drinking, and this cursed imprisonment have made me what I am. And I will prove it if you will only listen.'

"The sensation caused by this dialogue was immense. The Judge and members of the bar and the spectators were equally astonished at the curious turn the affair had taken, and, though believing the man to be guilty of a desperate deceit to save his life, were eagerly awaiting what should come.

"'Captain,' continued the prisoner, I am accused of murdering a man here on June 25, more than nine months ago. Now, tell me, sir, was not John Williams our coxswain—invalided home from the West African station on the last day of the month.

"'What the man says,' remarked Captain Forsyth to the Judge, 'is perfectly true. His Majesty's ship, the Invincible, sailed with our invalid men for England on June 30.'

"The prisoner went on: 'Yes, and I arrived in England at the end of July, weak and ill, and getting my little money went and drank it all away. And that is how it was that I was found at Bristol, where I had gone for another ship; and ever since then I have been in this accursed jail.'

"'The fellow is plausible enough,' again remarked Captain Forsyth. 'He is certainly about the height of Williams. Well, my man, I suppose you can prove what you say?'

"'Ay, ay, Captain. Do you remember, on the 10th of June, giving orders for a night raid on the native town off which we lay looking out for slavers?'

"'Yes, I do, to be sure.'

"'And we were five boats in all and the first to the beach was the Captain's cutter. And the first man to jump out was you, Captain.'

"'Well, this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard!' And turning to the Judge the Captain said: 'Every word of this poor fellow's story is true, My Lord. He may have picked it up somewhere, but I can't help beginning to think there's something behind. My ship is still in foreign service, and I have only returned to take charge of another one.'

"'Well, go on, my man.'

"'One more word, captain, and maybe you will believe me. As we were fighting in the town, a great nigger came behind you with his ax and would have cut you in half before you saw him had not a man rushed between you and stopped him with his cutlass; and yet not quite stopped him, for that infernal nigger's ax slipped down the cutlass and gashed the man's head open. Who was that man, Captain?'

"'John Williams,' was the reply, 'the coxs' ain of my cutter.'

"'Ay, ay, Captain, and here is the cut which the ax made,' and bending down, he lifted with one hand the long, untidy hair, and with the other pointed to a huge and fearful scar running for several inches along the side of the side of the head.

"Captain Forsyth leaped from his seat.

"'Good heavens, you are right! But how you have changed. My Lord, this poor fellow had not sailed from the African coast when the murder was committed; it is impossible that he could be guilty of it. Williams, you saved my life; I thank God that I have been able to save yours!"

"At those words everybody in the court stood up and cheered the prisoner with the wildest enthusiasm; the Judge said that in discharging him he must at the same time compliment him on his gallantry; and the foreman of the jury then and there started a subscription for him which came up to something near £30. Captain Forsyth ordered a chaise to take him post haste to London for the purpose of removing Williams from a place with such horrible associations, and of getting him an appointment from the admiralty. The people insisted on dragging the chaise out of town with their own hands, the horses were then put to and amid deafening cheers they drove off—and were never heard of again.

"Why was that?" someone asked as the Colonel paused.

"Because it was a hoax!"

"What!" we all exclaimed. "A hoax?" We had listened breathlessly to the tale, which the Colonel certainly told admirably, the perspiration standing on his forehead as with horrible reality he personated the desperate sailor.

"Yes," he said, "a hoax. It was all a preconcerted arrangement; the Captain was merely a clever accomplice, who played such parts for those of his associates in crime who came near receiving their reward. This was probably his biggest performance; but although it answered well enough then, in these days of telegraphic communication and multiplied navy lists it would simply be impossible.—*English Magazine.*

Silk Without Worms.

New York Sun.

M. de Carbonnet, a French savant, has discovered how to make silk without worms. He began his experiments some time ago, with the guiding idea that the peculiar appearance of silk was the result of the spining of a liquid. After many months of repeated and unsuccessful trials he produced several yards of silk in this wise: He poured a collodion solution into a copper receiver which emptied into a system of small glass tubes. These tubes terminated in capillaries, which carried off the solution in fine thread-like streams. In a second system of glass tubes, filled with water, the fine streams became fine threads, which, before leaving the water, were caught mechanically and wound around tiny rollers. After being heated and cooled in an acid of special gravity and temperature the threads were made less combustible than cotton being saturated in a simple chemical preparation. The quality of the silk goods manufactured from these threads is fine. The threads are cylindrical and are from one to forty micromillimeters in diameter. They sustain a weight of 25-35 kilograms per square millimeter. Ordinary silk bears a weight of 30-45 kilograms per square millimeter; cooked silk, 15-20. De Carbonnet's silk is much more brilliant than ordinary silk and absorbs and holds coloring matter more satisfactorily. As yet only a few pieces have been produced by the new process. Several of them are shown in the Paris Exposition. De Carbonnet is confident, however, that further experiments will enable him to manufacture silk cheaply and in large quanties. In fact, he thinks that a few years hence the silk worms may as well go and die, as machinery will then be doing their work much better than they can do it themselves.

—One hundred years ago last Wednesday week the United States Treasury Department entered upon its existence, the first Secretary of the Department, Alexander Hamilton, having assumed office on September 11th, 1789. The history of the Department in its hundred years of existence has been a checkered one. The worst part of that history was made while the Democratic party was in power—when Uncle Sam's credit was utterly ruined, and he was a beggar for money, at ruinous rates of interest, in the markets of the world. A better day dawned on the department and the country, however, when the Republican party came into power, and established a financial system which is now the wonder and admiration of the world. But for the wise and skillful management of the Treasury during the war the overthrow of the rebellion would have been impossible; and in estimating the forces which accomplished that result historians should not overlook the men who managed the public purse during those dark days and furnished the "sinews of war." Theirs was a difficult task, and they deserve all honor for the able manner in which they perfored it.

—Under the school laws of Pennsylvania the authority of a teacher in directing the conduct of the pupil in his or her charge begins when the child departs from its home for school and ends only when it returns again to that abode.

A Bear in a Fix.

July 9 Jared W. Bidgood, of Covington, Pa., caught a twenty-pound snapping turtle at Lake Henry. It was a fine specimen, and Bidgood lugged it home and put it in a swill-barrel, intending to fatten it there for three or four weeks and then take it to Scranton and offer it for sale. The turtle thrived in the barrel of loppered milk and refuse from the table, and it seemed to be perfectly contented in its new home.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of July 20 Bidgood was aroused from a sound sleep by a great racket near his milk-house, and he pulled on his trousers and boots and ran out to see what was up. The moon had arisen at about midnight, and as the sky was clear the moon's mellow light enabled Bidgood to take in the situation at a glance. What Bidgood saw both surprised and amused him, he said, for he had never witnessed anything at all like it in his life.

A 300-pound bear with the turtle clinging to his nose was prancing around the yard and snorting as though he was in great pain. The bear ran up to the fence and tried to climb over the moment it saw Bidgood, but the turtle got between its forelegs, and the bear bellowed, turned its back toward the fence, sat up on its hind-quarters, and tried to break the turtle's hold by pawing vigorously at the turtle's thick shell with both paws. But the turtle's sharp teeth were so firmly set in the bear's nose that getting them loose in that way was out of the question, and then the bear ran over to the other side yard and made an effort to mount the fence. The turtle's shell got between the boards and pulled the bear's head down and the enraged brute gave a yell and rolled over on the grass, throwing the turtle this way and that as it tumbled and bellowed. The grip of the turtle got tighter and tighter all the time, and the harder the bear worked to loosen its grip the more pain it had to endure.

By this time Bidgood had got his rifle and was ready to give the bear a bullet of 42-calibre in the head, but the rage of the brute manifested in its failure to release its wonderful nose was such an unique sort of entertainment that Bidgood concluded to let the bear work his tactics for a few minutes more.

The next thing the bear did was to turn its head as far toward its rear as it could and scratch at the turtle with its hind foot, but that didn't work any better, and then it stepped on the turtle and undertook to throw it over its head, bellowing loudly and butting against the fence when the turtle wouldn't let go. After that, Bidgood said, he rushed at the bear with his gun uplifted and yelled at the top of his voice, and the frightened beast made a furious dash at the fence and succeeded in climbing over, the turtle still clinging to its nose. Bidgood said that he thought the fun had gone far enough and he leaped the fence and fired a bullet into the bear's head at the butt of his left ear. The bear keeled over and died, and Bidgood cut a piece of the bear's snout off and let the turtle keep it as long as it wanted to. It kept the piece of snout between its jaws for 12 hours, when it got hungry and ejected it, Bidgood fattened the turtle and then took it to Scranton and sold it for $6.

Catholic Opinion on Temperance.

The following is significant as showing the drift of Roman Catholic opinion on the subject of temperance. It is from the *Catholic Universe*, published in Cleveland, Ohio, and is the most radical opinion on the subject we have seen in print for a long while:—

The saloon at night is the panderer of ninety-nine-hundredths of the crime and vice of a large city.

Close the saloon at night!

Let the city of Mexico plan be followed in our large cities—six a.m. to six p.m.—and give the father and husband an opportunity to make the acquaintance of his family. The saloonist ought to himself work for that opportunity and make his calling more respectable and less odious.

Draft a bill closing saloons from six p.m. to six a.m., with imprisonment and penalty that will dismay offenders; closing saloons on Sunday; making the license no less than $1,000; punishing with imprisonment and fine the adulteration of liquor or sale of adulterated liquor.

Then, organize your committe; go to Columbus and push this legislation. Let bishops, priests and ministers throw their open influence into the scale of this moral movement.

A Foolish Factional Fight.

The tidings come from Boston that Congressman-expectant John L. Sullivan has begun his campaign with something in the nature of a joint debate with a distillery. In the course of the discussion, which seems to have been quite animated and enthusiastic, Mr. Sullivan is said to have utterly cleaned out two saloons. This will never do. It may be good morals, but it is bad politics. Viewed with a philosophic eye, a fight with Sullivan on the one side and any number of saloons on the other, while it may be a beautifully even thing, is mere factional fighting within the ranks of the party to which both must look for their support. Whichsoever wins, the other suffers. What would the Boston saloons do without Sullivan? And without its saloons the populous district of South Boston would be to Sullivan no better than a howling wilderness. It would be worse. It would be a wilderness too dry to howl.

Live and let live, ye foolish! Fighting between you is like either sawing off the limb between himself and the tree.—Pittsburg *Times.*

A Hint on the Fly Question.

An exchange says: A fly always walks upward. Put a fly on a window and up he goes to the top; he can't be made to walk downward. My friend made a window screen divided in half. The upper part lapped over the lower with an inch space between. Well, as soon as a fly would light on the screen he would proceed to work up, and would thus walk out doors. On reaching the top of the lower half he would go outside. Not being able to walk down he had no way to return to the room. By this means a room can be quickly cleared of flies, which always seek the light.

A Trifling Matter.

Wife—"Did you find out what ailed the clock last night after I told you it wouldn't run?"

Husband—"No; I sat up till nearly midnight and took it to pieces, and saw nothing wrong with it."

Wife—"Well, I've thought what was the matter with it. I forgot to wind it.

—The ways of Providence are past finding out. A Sunday school picnic excursion train in Scotland is run into by a belated section and many people killed and wounded. A train loaded with Mormons, including seven elders, bound for that city of abominations, Salt Lake City, goes through a bridge near Lynchburg, and nobody was killed or seriously hurt.

Making a Hog Happy.

We were sitting in front of Taylor's grocery on a summer day, when a big black hog came nosing along the gutter and started a new train of thought. In the crowd of loungers was a man from St. Louis and, after watching the porker for awhile, he remarked:

"I wonder if that hog ever had a real good time in all his life."

"Hogs allus have a good time, I guess," remarked the village cooper, who had knocked off work and come over to hear some politics.

"I doubt it," said the other. "He must feel his degraded position in life, and so he can not be happy. I wish I could do some thing to make him feel that life is worth the living.

"Fust man I ever saw who pitied a hog!" grunted the blacksmith, who ought to have been tacking a shoe on a waiting mule.

"Yes, I do pity him. I have been down myself and know how it is. Taylor have you got any cherry whisky?"

"Mighty little, if any. More cherries than whisky, I guess."

"If you've got two quarts of cherries which have been in liquor, bring 'em out, and I'll give you half a dollar. I'm going to make that hog happy for two hours."

The grocer got the cherries, which had been lying in liquor for a couple of years, and the St. Louis man poured them out into the gutter for the hog.—They were devoured with astonishing avidity, and the porker stood and looked at us and hungered for more. It was doubted by some if the liquor would affect him, but after a few minutes he began to frisk and play, and was evidently under the influence.

"That does me good," said the donor of the cherries. "He is becoming lighthearted, and life will now take on new charms to him. Hang a man who won't give a hog a show!"

Just then the animal uttered a hoarse "woof," and charged for the crowd.—We scattered, and he entered the grocery, took two or three turns, and shot out and down the street. Esquire Smith was coming up, and the hog charged and upset him. He then headed for a horse and buggy in front of Snider's, crashed against the horse's hind legs, and in another moment there was a runaway. The widow Watkins was sailing along with a can of kerosene in her hand, and the hog rolled her off the walk as if she had been struck by a locomotive. He then charged a double team and started them off, drove into Gaylor's dry goods store and out, and the old man Sabin turned in from Elm street just in time to be lifted three feet high and rolled into a puddle.

Fifty men were out and after the porker by this time, but he started another runaway, upset a baby carriage, and knocked the register of deeds over his pins before we cornered him and got a rope around a hind leg. Then everybody was mad and wanted vengeance, but when they came to look for the St. Louis man he had skipped. He, however, left a message for the public, saying to a boy who had shinned up an awningpost to be out of danger:

"My son, if you haven't adopted a motto yet, let me throw out one for your digestion. It is this: 'Give everything a fair show.—New York *Sun.*

Chinese Rush Goods.

The city of Ningpo is the center of the large internal and foreign trade in rush goods, such as hats, matting, etc. The magnitude of the trade may be estimated from the fact that last year 14½ million hats, one and a quarter million mats, and about 8,000 rolls of matting were exported. The commissioner of customs in his last report from Ningpo describes the method of cultivation. The roots of the plants are pulled up from last year's field, divided into small portions, and replanted in a flooded field, at intervals of about a foot. This is done in September and October. The fields must be plentifully manured, and abundant water supply is necessary, and weeds must be cleared away. The rushes are harvested in June and July; it is essential that this should be done in fine weather, so that they may dry within three days of cutting. If they dry too slowly they are apt to change color, while if they remain too long in the sun they get scorched and bent. Rain, when they are only partially dry, spoils them altogether. An average worker can make four hats of good quality, 12 in., 3 braid, a day; working carelessly and weaving loosely, the quantity can be doubled. But in the rush trade, as in the straw braid trade of Northern China, fraudulent practices have crept in and have greatly injured it. The work is hastily and loosely done, and the home market is flooded with inferior and in some cases unsaleable goods. At present every hat in every bale has to be examined, and every yard in every roll of matting, greatly to the injury of the trade.

Touched on The Raw.

"Just met with an incident up the street that touched me to the heart," said a man as he leaned up against a newly painted window-frame on Larned street without care for damages.

"What was it?"

"I was standing near a saloon door when a man passed in. I saw him look sharply at me, but he did not speak. A moment after, however, he returned and said there was something about me to remind him of his dead brother. He asked my name, residence, what I was doing, etc., and seemed to have much interest in me."

"Didn't he ask you to drink?"

"He did. After talking a few minutes he asked me if I wasn't dry. I said I was. We entered the saloon and stepped up to the bar, and he said:

"'Mix me a mint julip, and give this man a glass of good water—the very best you have in the place!'

"Darn my hide, but I was touched! I haven't had anything go to my heart as that did for the last twenty years."

He Was Married.

When City Attorney Jim Butler was first admitted to practice the first case he got was in a Justice's Court and unexpectedly the young attorney found his father, the Hon. Edward Butler, summoned as a witness by the other side. The case proceeded and the humorously solemn blacksmith and statesman was called to the stand. His palpitating son took him for examination.

"What's your name?"

"Edward Butler."

"Live in St. Louis?"

"Yes." (with a sidel ong look.)

"Are you married?"

"Well, if I wasn't, you'd be in a hell of a fix."

That lost the boy's case, but it made him careful ever after about what lawyers call "laying the foundation" for an examination.

—Don't think so meanly of yourself as to act meanly.

"I gave my love a rose,
A sweet rose and new born.
But ere it reached his hands
I gave my love my self,
Oh, were it in my power
To take away the thorns
And give him just the flower."

The Scripps League in England.

Among the American workingmen's expedition sent to this country by a syndicate of American newspapers, called the Scripps League, no fewer than sixteen of the deputation represent various branches of the iron and metal trades, and one coal mining, in the United States. The expedition is accompanied by a staff of newspaper correspondents, among whom one is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the American author, an artist, a photographer, a courier and interpreter, and an advance agent. There are also among the deputation four American ladies representing women's work of various kinds. The members of this deputation are visiting the various industrial centers of England, and are inspecting the more important works. All branches of engineering establishments and iron and brass foundries are being inspected, and the men take care to make themselves acquainted with the social condition of the people in the towns they visit. It appears, from a casual observation dropped at the dinner at the Tavistock Hotel, that the Americans think that their output per man is greater than in this country, generally speaking. The female portion of the expedition was much shocked by their visit to the chainmaking districts of Staffordshire. They had no conception of the kind of work performed by the women in that part of England. The officers of the various trade unions have been devoting some time to the members of the deputation.—*London Engineering.*

The Joy of Quarreling.

Somebody once praised a husband and wife on the ground that they never had a quarrel. Whereupon a wise bystander exclaimed, 'What a dull life they must lead!' In that comment is contained a profound truth, and one which it is to be feared is too often ignored by those well-meaning but ill-advised beings whose only object seems to be to shed peace and quietness around in every place they visit. Peace and quietness are by no means the highest good; they do not constitute the ideal of most enlightened philosophers. A painful illustration of this fact is to be found in the futile attempt of two monks to institute a quarrel. Both agreed that a quarrel would afford a cheerful rest from the dull monotony of their ordinarily peaceful life, and was therefore eminently to be desired.

A subject of dispute was proposed and found agreeable to both, and then the two monks, having settled all the necessary preliminaries, attempted to begin the fray. Alas! they discovered all too late that, owing to prolonged disuse of their contentious faculties, they had positively lost the art of quarreling; the power was gone; it had vanished as completely and for the same reason as the eyesight of fish which are accustomed to swim only in underground streams. Dullness had been allowed to assert her leaden sway in the monastery, and the power of shaking it off had gone forever.

Checks to the Hessian Fly.

It is everywhere concluded that the Hessian fly is not so great a pest to wheat growers as it was years ago. Its habits are better understood, and with greater knowledge the means of checking its ravages are within reach of farmers. Besides, the parasite which in Europe has always kept this pest in check is now pretty thoroughly distributed. Nowhere now can a wheat crop be seriously injured more than one or two years by Hessian fly, without multiplying the enemies of this pest so that they can keep it in check. The improved harvesting machinery, which now insures the wheat crop against all but the most trifling percentage of waste, is also a great help toward keeping the Hessian fly in check. The fly is ready to lay her eggs on young wheat plants immediately after harvest. But the winter wheat is not sown until September, or several weeks after. In the mean time, the fly can only lay her eggs on plants grown from wheat scattered at harvesting. If there were absolutely no waste the eggs must come to nothing, for lack of suitable place for hatching. In the old days, when successive crops of winter wheat followed each other on the same land, the plants from scattered seeding and from that regularly sown often grew up together.—*American Cultivator.*

Interstate Divorce Laws.

The other day a man in Syracuse who, having been divorced from his wife, was disqualified from remarying in New York State, went on board a yacht on the St. Lawrence River in company with a lady whom he desired to marry, a clergyman and some personal friends. When the boat-load got into Canadian waters the man, the woman and clergyman stood up for a marriage ceremony that was quickly performed. Then a sail among the islands was taken, the company steamed back to a New York port, and the bride and groom started for the Adirondacks for a "tour."

In this incident the promoters of interstate divorce legislation may find discouragement. It makes it clear that interstate regulations are not comprehensive enough, and that, to be effective, marriage and divorce laws should be international.

The Cure That Kills.

Martha Olsen's death in Brooklyn from typhoid fever might have been prevented but for the fanatical refusal of her relatives of faith-cure faith. They refused to use drugs or medicines, and Coroner Rooney did a righteous act when he held Carl Olsen for trial on the charge of manslaughter.

All intelligent faith in divine or supernatural aid recognizes the use of ordinary and material means. The Bible distinctly inculcates such use, and science and nature also indicate it by making the lower law the primary, the higher law the appellate, resort in the application of causes to produce effects. It is high time that people who interfere with the rights of others to life and the pursuit of happiness by enforcing their own cranky notions felt the hand of the law, and were restrained, like other moral lunatics.

Some Amusing Newspaper Mistakes.

John Jones was hurt in the middle vein last week.—*Ex.*

He was shot in the suburbs—Chicago *Daily News.*

He kissed her passionately upon her reappearance.—Jefferson *Souvenir.*

She whipped him on his return.—*Hawkeye.*

Mr. Jones walked in upon the invitation.—*Electric Light.*

She seated herself upon his entering.—Albia *Democrat.*

We thought she sat down on her being asked.—*Saturday Gossip.*

She fainted upon his departure.—*Lynn Union.*

—Some Louisville clergymen recommended, some years ago, that slates should be hung in the vestibule, to enable the young ladies to register their names on entering for evening services. This would avoid the disturbances created by the young men who come to see whether their charmers are present.

Agricultural.

THE FARM.

Keep the onions in the barn loft, or some other dry place. When the crop is dug let them dry well. Store them free from dirt and heavily, as they should not be piled, but scattered, to admit the air.

Every crop grown on the farm takes something from the land, and if land is to be retained in fertility it must be fed with manure or fertilizer in order that it may regain that which is lost through crops.

No plum tree is free from the attacks of the curculio, but plums can be grown successfully if well cultivated and the trees kept vigorous. In the spring a few weeks work will greatly avoid injury from the curculio.

Turkeys should be able to supply themselves with all the food they desire at this season, but it is best to give them a heavy ration at night, not only to keep them in a condition ready for market at any time, but also to induce them to come up regularly at sundown.

Food given to a young animal is productive of greater gain, as growth adds to the weight and increase of size. The matured animal does not so readily appropriate the elements of growth, as its wants are less. The younger an animal the greater its increase in proportion to food consumed.

Banking the earth around peach trees is no protection against the borer, as may be supposed. The only way to prevent the ravages of the intruder is to search around the trunks of the trees and kill the borer. This is an excellent time for such work, and the trees should be looked over weekly until October.

A Tennessee farmer sold the proceeds of twenty-six sheep for $230, or nearly $9 per sheep. Of this sum only $55 was from wool, the mutton and lamb bringing $175. This shows that sheep will pay without producing a single pound of wool, and that the farmers should turn their attention to the mutton breed rather than to merinos. The mistake made by some farmers is that of raising sheep for wool principally, instead of for mutton, lamb and wool.

A correspondent who has used stable manure freely on young peach, pear and apple trees (which made four feet growth this season) complains of no fruit, and desires to know the kind of mineral fertilizer to use. The fact that the trees have made such excellent growth indicates their thrift. They need only age to bring them into bearing. A pound of bone dust, with half a peck of wood ashes, applied next spring over the ground around each tree, will be sufficient. Cease the use of stable manure until the trees begin to bear well.

Aim to supply the market with something that is not usually provided in sufficiency. It is not economical to grow the crops that demand the least labor. It is the labor that gives value to all crops, and the best profits are made on those crops that require constant attention and frequent cultivation. An acre of asparagus or celery will pay a larger profit than ten acres of corn; but less labor may be required on the corn. It matters not what the expense of making a crop may be if the crop sells at a price correspondingly. It happens sometimes that an easily cultivated crop does not give any profit at all.

COWS AND SHEEP.—The hardest work on the farm is that of dairying, for such work never ends, there being no holidays or Sundays to afford rest, as the cows must be milked regularly. To conduct a dairy means to rise very early in the morning, feed the cows, milk, cool the milk, haul it to the railroad (in all kinds of weather), and if converted into butter there is the setting of the milk for cream, churning, working the butter and cleaning the cans and other utensils. Then the stables are to be cleaned, bedding arranged, the cows sent to pasture, all in the forenoon. Late in the afternoon is more milking, cooling, feeding and fastening the cows for the night, a late hour appearing before the work is finished.

The amount of labor necessary in conducting the dairy qusiness demands an outlay of capital which is very large, for it means shelter for the milkers, and other accommodations. Buildings and fences, horses and wagons for hauling, and other adjuncts, drain the purse, and yet the farmer may not make any profit at all if the season is unfavorable, the grass scanty and the hay crop short. Yet dairying pays despite all these drawbacks, as a large portion of the profit is in the manure, which enriches the land and adds to the value of the farm.

As the sheep is an active forager, and can subsist on nearly all kinds of food, the outlay of capital required to make sheep pay is comparatively small compared with that for dairying; but with more labor devoted to sheep they can be kept to better advantage and made a special branch of industry. It is claimed that sheep cannot be profitably kept in large flocks unless they have an extended area of ground, but this has been shown by the methods practiced in England to be a delusion. True, sheep in England are not kept in large flocks, but large numbers of sheep, divided into suitable flocks, are hurdled upon limited spaces, the hurdles removed as occasions demands, and on farms that are rented at sums much higher than some farms can be purchased in this country the sheep pay well. The mutton breeds alone are kept, as wool is given no attention in England, being classed a by-product, the same as hides. Americans object to the hurdling system as being too laborious and requiring extra help. A comparison of the labor required in the management of dairy stock with that which is necessary for sheep under the hurdling system will show a great advantage in favor of sheep, while the profits will be much larger in proportion to capital invested and expenses incurred. With the uses of improved breeds and the hurdling system sheep in England attain the live weight of 200 pounds in twelve months. With the demand for choice mutton which always exists in our markets there is nothing to prevent the American farmer from rivaling his brother in England.

The Forbidden Fruit.

"What was it," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "that first caused the downfall of man?"

"The forbidden fruit," replied the class in concert.

"That's right."

"And what kind of fruit was it?"

There was a silent pause, and then the offspring of a newspaper funny man spoke up:

"I don't know what it was then, but it's a chestnut now."

—An esteemed contemporary announces another story of "woman's love and man's perfidity." These things be chestnuts, in the language of the ungenerate, but after all not more so than the ancient one wherein it is related by the gentleman in the case, "The woman tempted me and I did eat." And so it will undoubtedly continue until the great day when Gabriel shall play his trump