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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXVIII | BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1891. | NO. 12

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We give you first-class goods; what more can we do. We also do just as we advertise. We will sell you a Good Oak Bed Room Suit for $19 and a fine Polished Oak Bed Room Suit for $25. You can't buy it elsewhere under $35. Anything you want in the Furniture line you will find at our store at low prices. Come and see us whether you want to buy or not. We want to show you our goods.

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It does not break off or ruin the hair like most Curlers and Crimpers, never fails in operation, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.
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HER GUARDED SECRET.

"When I shall discover a woman who declines to speak evil, whether with or without cause, of another, then I shall love, and not until then."

These words were spoken half jestingly and half cynically by Theodore Darleigh—a grave-faced, keen-eyed, handsome man of thirty. The speech echoed impressively through Ruth Avery's heart and brain; she wondered if it implied some rebuke for her; if he counted her, too, among those who were ready to think and speak unkindly of others. Ruth was one of few who occasionally subject their thoughts, deeds and motives to a severe and searching examination. She wished to see what was right, simply for pure right's sake; but all the same she desired Mr. Darleigh's good opinion, and his half jesting and cynical comment had strangely disturbed her sensitive heart. She had dreamed that he might love her. There had been times when she fancied that his grave face brightened at her presence, that his voice took a softer tone, his dark eyes a tenderer light when she was near him. She recalled his words now as she sat watching the ground at the further side of the long parlor.

The newly-engaged governess had just entered with two rosy little lads—Ruth's motherless nephews, the children of her brother Chester. Chester Avery at the moment was chatting in a friendly fashion with the governess, and Mr. Darleigh was turning over a pile of music at the piano. As Ruth silently watched the group, it occurred to her, as it had several times before, that the new governess—Miss Eldridge—was singularly familiar to her, somehow. The straight, slight figure, the delicate and colorless profile, the midnight eyes, the massive coil of black hair—all impressed Ruth with a vague feeling that she had somewhere met Miss Eldridge previously. Theodore Darleigh, turning over the music, presently adjusted a sheet before him and struck the opening chords of "The Roman Charioteer."

"Do you not sing it, Miss Eldridge? he asked.'

For a second Miss Eldridge made no response. At the opening chords of the song her whole attitude and expression changed. She started as if before a threatened blow; a scarlet spot like flame leaped to her colorless cheeks; her midnight eyes dilated as if with terror.

"I am hardly equal to singing it now," she said at length, with the piteous failure of a smile.

Ruth, sitting at the opposite end of the room, had noticed the agitation of the new governess. Her own face whitened, and she could scarcely restrain the cry which quivered on her lips. She knew now where she had met Miss Eldridge. Memory pictured the scene—a glorious Southern sky, the thronged sea of a brilliant Southern city, a grim prison-building looming blackly against the dazzling sunlight, the iron doors yawning to receive a weeping girl who had been accused of theft, and not far away a band playing the weirdly resonant air of "The Roman Charioteer." In that weeping prisoner she recognized Miss Eldridge, and she did not marvel that the governess had shuddered at the sound of the strain, which must ever be associated in remembrance with a scene of pain and ignomy.

In that moment, in the shock of that recognition, Ruth Avery deemed her duty clear. A girl with such a blot upon her past was surely not a desirable instructress and companion for those two innocent little lads. And there was no doubt about the accusation against Miss Eldridge. Ruth herself had been stopping at one of the hotels in the fashionable Southern resort where the affair happened, and one of Ruth's acquaintances had made the charge against the girl. The acquaintance was a wealthy lady who was fond of an almost ostentatious display of costly jewels and trinkets. Among these articles was a curious fan which she had purchased at an almost fabulous price from some musty relic depository of Europe. The mountings of the fan were of the richest ivory inlaid with gold and precious stones, several of which were of considerable value. She had left the article for a moment, with her book, upon a garden seat; when she returned it was gone. No one had been near the spot but the governess of her little ones, and some one had observed the governess bend over the seat for an instant and immediately hurry away.

These details and the sight of the girl vanishing within the black prison doors constituted the story as it had been forced upon Ruth's attention; of the girl's name at the time she had been ignorant.

As Ruth recognized Miss Eldridge and recalled the affair, she felt that the duty before her was no less painful than plain. Miss Eldridge had produced excellent and unquestionable recommendations; she had but recently been in the employ of an exclusive family, who esteemed her highly, and were loath to dispense with her services.

"But, of course, all these people are ignorant of what I know; she has managed to keep hidden the black stain upon her honesty. It will be painful for me to expose her and have her sent away, but I cannot, in justice to my little nephews, do otherwise," Ruth reasoned with a sigh.

While she sat there meditating, sheltered in the velvet hollow of a maroon and orange Turkish chair, the group in the front parlor disappeared. Miss Eldridge with a rosy lad clinging lovingly to either hand, withdrew; a moment later Mr. Darleigh departed, and then Ruth's brother retired, and she was quite alone. The lights had been extinguished; the room was quite dark, save for the gleam of a low, white moon, which sent a few narrow rays through the thick ivy framing of a window near her.

Suddenly in the air, in the silence, a voice seemed whispering on the air.

"When I shall discover a woman who declines to speak evil, whether with or without cause, of another, then I shall love, and not until then."

Ruth stirred uneasily; an impatient sigh quivered from her lips. Theodore Darleigh's love she would have held the most precious possession of all the world; to make herself worthy of it would have been her dearest ambition.

"But I shall be unworthy if I assume to be what I am not. If I should be merciful toward Miss Eldridge, not from the promptings of my own conscience, but with the motive instead, of gaining favor in his sight, I should be a hypocrite. And I suppose there is no possibility of the girl being innocent," Ruth thought.

The latter idea had not occurred to her before. And after all there was a possibility of the girl having been wrongfully accused; it might all have been some terrible mistake! Or it might have been the one temptation, the one sin of a lifetime, a moment's weakness, which had been sincerely repented and which might yet be redeemed and outlived if man were merciful.

"I will give her the benefit of the doubt; the chance to redeem herself, as the case may be. I will keep her secret," Ruth decided finally.

But Ruth little imagined the trial she was yet to undergo, the fierce struggles she would yet be compelled to wage against the inclinations of her tortured and rebellious heart. She little guessed how, as the days rolled by, Theodore Darleigh's little courtesies toward the beautiful young governess were to arouse a madness of jealousy within:

"He has learned to love her! and he would have cared for me some time if he had never met her! She has fascinated him as she fascinates every one. Even my staid brother is infatuated with her. There is nothing but misery for us all, and it would never would have happened had I revealed what I knew of her past and sent her away," Ruth murmured bitterly to herself one evening as she again sat by the ivy-framed window, watching the rising moon swinging like a great white jewel between the hands of golden clouds.

At that moment there were hesitating steps near her, and she lifted her troubled eyes to look upon the colorless face of Miss Eldridge.

"I have something to say to you, something to tell you, Miss Avery," the governess began timidly.

"I know—I have forseen it for some time; he asked you to be his wife," Ruth returned coldly and wearily.

"Yes; but it is not of that which I wish so much to speak—it is of my past," the other responded chokingly.

Ruth was silent.

"I can not be his wife, and I am going away," the governess continued in slow, piteous tones. "And you will tell him why—after I am gone—after you have heard the story of my past?"

"I know the story already," Ruth replied, less coldly.

She was touched to woman's quick sympathy by the anguish of the colorless face, the entreaty of the midnight eyes.

"You know my past and yet you have kept silence—you have allowed me to remain!" the governess exclaimed in wonder.

"I have tried to be your friend," Ruth said faintly. "But you are asking of me now more than I can do. You must tell him your story yourself."

"Do you not sing it, Miss Eldridge? he asked.'

There was a sound of some one approaching, and Miss Eldrige, weeping piteously, glided hurriedly from the room. The person approaching was a servant bringing Ruth a letter. She started as she glanced at the postmark and recognized the penmanship. The letter was from the acquaintance who had made the terrible charge of theft against the beautiful governess. It was a frivolous, chatty epistle, and Ruth perused it indifferently enough until she reached the concluding sentences. Then her face whitened and her eyes filled with tears.

"Of course, you remember the lovely fan I thought was stolen," was what Ruth read. "Well, my dear, only the other morning I actually found it slipped between the silk and lining of the dress I wore that day. I remember now putting it there myself, although at the time I was sure I left it on the garden seat. I hear that poor Miss Eldridge is with you, and if you like you can tell her I awfully sorry for my stupid forgetfulness and the unpleasantness I caused her."

Ruth could never define her paramount emotion of the moment; it might have been indignation against the frivolous woman who could so unfeelingly discuss a terrible injustice towards an innocent girl; it might have been gratitude that she had spoken no evil of the accused governess, and it might be a mournful satisfaction that Theodore Darleigh was to be spared a pang of grief. Just then Mr. Darleigh himself stepped across the threshold of the parlor. With her face flushed with tears, she advanced to meet him.

"Miss Eldridge has told you? We must prevent her going! Here is her vindication; and oh, Theodore, I am so glad for your sake," she said tremulously, almost incoherently, as she extended the opportune letter toward him.

Mr. Darleigh looked mystified.

"If it is anything concerning Miss Eldridge which will keep her here as your brother's wife, I shall be well pleased," he said. "Chester is half distracted with the fear of losing her. But I do not know why you should be particularly glad for my sake, Ruth."

"But I thought—oh, Theodore, I thought it was you who cared for her, you for whom she cared," Ruth stammered.

"Did you?" he smiled. "My little girl, I supposed you understood long ago that I loved only you; that I never have loved any one else."

Ruth lifted her eyes in one fleeting glance, and in that glance her lover read all her heart's sorrow, her heart's gladness and heart's reply.

"There are few who could have kept the secret of that unhappy affair as you have kept it," he remarked once, some time after Miss Eldridge had become Chester Avery's wife.

Ruth blushed rosily.

"It was something I heard you say once long ago that influenced me at the crisis, I am afraid," she confessed. "Your words about speaking evil, with or without cause, of others, were echoing through my mind; it was love's teaching, Theodore."

"But I had given you my love before I made that cynical speech," was his earnest reply.

Laziness a Foe to Originality.

We do not know who said it, but it is a fact well stated, and we regret not being able to give the writer proper credit. The great enemy to individualism is laziness, and those who know anything of human frailties will, I am sure, bear me out when I say that 'mental" laziness is far more common and far more difficult to overcome than that of the body. It is so much easier to accept dogmatic teaching, and to shift the responsibility of our views on to others rather than to concentrate our thoughts and work out the lessons of our own observations. It is much more pleasant to butterfly from theory to theory than to seek truth with patient tenacity; why trouble ourselves to learn self-reliance, when natural indolence protests against the sacrifice?

It is easier to imitate than to originate; plagiarism and mimicry are such prominent features in our lives, that their presence might almost be quoted as an argument in favor of our evolution in past ages from simiam ancestry. How plausible are the excuses we make for our want of this individualism! We are so dreadfully afraid of being thought bumptious, we are so delightfully humble, we really do not wish to intrude our opinion, and yet all the brightest lights of our profession have been men of strong individualism.

—Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief is warranted to relieve toothache, headache, neuralgia, or any other pain in 2 to 8 minutes. Also bruises, wounds, wire cuts, swellings, bites burns, summer complaints, colic, (also in horses), diarrhœa, dysentery and flux. If satisfaction not given money returned.

—He—"I'd like to see you women struggling around a bargain counter just once, for the fun of the thing." She—And I'd like to see you men struggling round a free lunch counter."

—Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J C Redick, druggist, Butler.

A Negro's Calvinism.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, unquestionably the champion story-teller of the Senate, has a broad stripe of Calvinism down his back, though he is not a communicant in the church. It is told of him that while riding along in Buncombe county one day he overtook a venerable darkey, with whom he thought to have "a little fun."

"Uncle," said the Governor, "are you going to church?"

"No, sir, not exzactly—I'm gwine back from church."

"You're a Baptist, I reckon—now, ain't you?"

"No, sir, I ain't no Baptist, do' most of the brederen and sisters about here has been under de water."

"Methodist, then?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Mefodis, nudder."

"Campbellite?"

"No, sah, I can't errogate to myself de Camelite way of thinkin'."

"Well, what in the name of goodness are you then?" rejoined the Governor, remembering the narrow range of choice in religions among the North Carolina negroes.

"Well, de fac' is, sah, my old master was a Herruld of the Cross in de Presbyterian Church and I was fotched up in dat faith."

"What! You don't mean it? Why, that is my church."

The negro making no comment on this annnouncement, Governor Vance went at him again:

"And do you believe in all the Presbyterian creed?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of predestination?"

"I dunno dat I recognize de name, sah."

"Why, do you believe that if a man is elected to be saved he will be saved, and that if he is elected to be damned he will be damned?"

"Oh, yes, boss, I believe dat. It's Gospel talk, dat is."

"Well, now, take my case. Do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

The old man struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously.

"Come, now, answer my question," pressed the Governor. "What do you say?"

"Well, I tell you what 'tis, Marse Zeb: Ise been libin' in dis hyah world nigh on sixty years, and I nebber yit hyard of any man bein' 'lected 'doubt he was a candidate."

A Fable.

Three weeks ago there was a great convention of snowflakes in the air just over the heads of our Forest county folks. It was held to decide a very serious matter.

There was wet, soft, deep, dirty mud on the roads and their improvement was to be decided by this great meeting. The interests of our people were at stake. The president, a handsome star-shaped flake of symmetrical proportions, called the meeting to order, and made an eloquent appeal for volunteers to follow his leadership to certain death, the first few million of flakes must be swallowed up in the moistened roads that others might lie on their decomposed bodies and form a pure, white bed for the traffic of our business people and the pleasure of our boys and girls. What a sacrifice, even grater than the charge of the Light Brigade. The hearts of the flakes were won when one, the ugliest looking of them all, came forward the first to volunteer. The effect was wonderful, millions started for second place, the air was filled with their eager race for the mystic death, the mud was thickened until it could absorb no more, the fields, the trees, the roads were covered with a mantle of purity, the bells jingle, our young folks are coasting on the hills, and man, the noblest workmanship of God is happy. Conclusion. If we would make others happy there must be a spirit of unselfishness and sacrifice on our part.

There is clear water under the ice, a bright sun behind the cloud, a golden streeted Heaven just beyond time.

It is faithfulness not success that merits reward.

Profanity is the foolishness of language.

Obedience is immediate, willing response.

Vulgarity is the cess-pool of speech—Tionesta *Vindicator.*

Ingrowing Toe Nails.

To the Editor of the Scientific American.

I have noticed in several of the late issues of your valued paper some methods of treatment of ingrowing toe nails. As I have had a number of cases to come under my notice in dispensary practice, probably the course of treatment that we pursued may be of interest to some of your readers. In all cases, and even in severe forms of ingrowing toe nails, where one would be disposed to think that the only procedure would be to remove a portion of the offending nail, together with the matrix or bed of the nail, we resorted to the simple method of packing the ingrowing portion of the nail with cotton. After the nail has been well packed, a few drops of the tincture of chloride of iron are allowed to soak into the cotton. The iron acts as an astringent, hardening the usually very tender and sensitive granulations; it also deadens pain to a great extent, and by its stimulating action causes healthy tissue to form rapidly. The packing is repeated three times weekly; and at the end of one or two weeks the use of the iron may be discontinued. The nails, however, is to be well packed with cotton until the ingrowing portion has grown out and is able to be properly trimmed. In trimming the nails one should be careful to cut them straight across and not to carry the scissors deep down into the corners of the nail, as so many are apt to do.

I have seen some of the worst cases of ingrowing toe nail cured by following the above plan of treatment.

CHARLES B. WILLIAMS,
Resident Physician, Pennsylvania Hospital, Phila.

Dangerous to Live.

Are we safe nowhere from bacteria, some one inquires, not even when we are sealed up in a vacuum in a glass case? Not content with showing us that horrid monsters claw and fight in evry drop of water we drink, scientific gentlemen have now been microscopically overhauling a hailstone and finding that an infinitesimal speck of the ice contains no less than 400 to 700 bacteria. They may be the germs of small-pox, scarlet fever, leprosy, naughtiness, and crime. Not even ice will kill them, for they thaw out and wriggle ferociously. The invention of the microscope revealed wonders to man, but it has made life a burden to nervous people. Nothing is free from microbes any more, nothing is pure, except the benevolent motive of one, says the same inquirer, who lends a friend five dollars when he never expects to get it back again.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"To milk old brindle, sir," she said.
"May I go too, my pretty maid?"
"The cow might eat you, sir," she said.

Came to See Bill Hanged.

Harrisburg *Telegraph.*

Occasionally the Board of Pardons commutes the death sentence of a murderer to imprisonment for life. Some time ago this course was taken in the case of a murderer named William Busch, who killed his uncle, Philip Busch, up in the wilds of Elk county. The men were bark-peelers, and if you ever saw a bark-peelers camp in the wilds of Elk county you can imagine how they lived. The uncle had twice whipped the nephew one day, and the young fellow, suffering very much from the effects of the second drubbing, had gone up on the loft to lie down. While sleeping he heard the voice of his uncle shouting that he was going to "lick him again," followed by the uncle's appearance up the ladder with fire in his eye. The young man evaded the uncle and got down the ladder as soon as he could. As he jumped to the floor he ran up against a rifle hanging on the wall, and it was the most natural thing in the world for him to grab the rifle and turn and shoot down the old man, who was bent on his injury, killing him instantly. A jury found William guilty of murder in in the first degree and he was sentenced to be hanged. Eminent attorneys like John G. Hall were amazed at the verdict, and the Board of Pardons, convinced that the only element of murder in the case was the killing, and that it was not premeditated, nor was it malicious or revengeful and was purely in self-defense, commuted the death sentence to imprisonment for life. The action of the Board was taken just a few days before the day set for Busch's hanging, and the news did not spread very quickly through Elk county. On the morning of the day set apart for the hanging there drove into Ridgway, the county seat of Elk county, a nondescript team that occasioned considerable mirth. A mule and an ox were hitched together in an old hay wagon, and on several rudely constructed seats in the wagon sat the entire Busch family, the murderer's father, mother and other relatives. The equipage came to a halt in front of the Hyde House, on the principal street, and the party climbed down. Then the mule and the ox were unhitched and tied to the rear end of the wagon to munch the sidehill hay that was tossed into the box. Forming the party into procession the elder Busch, father of the murderer, headed them for the jail. A loud rap on the jail door brought the sheriff out, and he recognized the party instantly.

"Good morning, Mr. Busch," said the sheriff.

"Mornin'," said the old man.

"What is it you wish?"

"We kim down to see the hangin'. What time does Bill go off?"

"There will be no hanging."

"What? Ain't goin' to be no hangin'?" said the old man in surprise; "Well, that's powerful disapintin'."

"No," said the sheriff, "the Board of Pardons has commuted Bill's death sentence to imprisonment for life. He will not be hanged."

"Sho! Ye don't say so. Bill goin' ter jail fer life and they ain't goin' to be no hangin'. Well, if that ain't too disapintin' fer anything. Say, Sheriff, when did ye find this out?"

"Several days ago."

"And ye never told us. We thought Bill was goin' to have a hangin', an' we drav twenty-nine miles across the mountains to see it. It's powesful disapintin'

Then turning to his party who stood in wide-eyed wonder the old man said: "Sheriff sez they ain't goin' to be no hangin', Bill's goin' to jail for life. Ye can all go home. It's powerful disapintin' but ye'll hev to stand it."

And the procession filed out of the yard and took their team for home.

Not long ago before the Board of Pardons came a venerable Irish woman, a neat looking, motherly old lady, who asked for the pardon of her son, in jail for some minor offense. With her daughter, a sweet, shy girl, who stood beside the mother while the latter, with tears streaming down her cheeks, plead for her boy. The members of the Board were visibly affected by the scene. When the mother had finished, the daughter, looking up shyly, said in a voice scarcely above a whisper: "If yez would take a little money to let him free, I have a matter of ten dollars here," and she showed a faded old purse. The members of the Board blushed and frowned, and told the girl that in recommending executive clemency money was not a factor. The poor girl did not mean it as a bribe. Evidently she and her mother had been paying out money to lawyers to secure the boy's freedom, without success, and they thought it would more quickly effect their object if they paid the Board.

Medicinal Value of Hops.

One of the best hot water applications for pain in pneumonia or dysentery is a flannel bag filled with hops and wrung out with hot vinegar. The wringing process may be avoided by the use of two tin plates. After the bag is ready pour a little vinegar into one plate, set it on the stove and lay the bag in it. Place the other plate on the top to keep in the steam. When the vinegar has all evaporated into the hops add a little more and turn the bag. In a few minutes the bag will be steaming hot, but not dripping. This keeps it light, a thing always to be considered when the chest is weakened by pneumonia, and saves the hands of the nurse from the scalding vinegar.

—A Peking journal of recent issue in announcing the discovery of a large shortage in the weight of grain stored in the Imperial Granary in that city, and the punishment of the officials in charge, says: "We are informed that this kind of thieving has been going on for several years, and it was always well known that the post of Commissioner to the Granary was a particularly lucrative one." The farmers of this county who think a Sub-Treasury Granary system would be a great thing for making prosperity sprout from the stony soil of hardship may judge from the Chinese experience how granaries all the world over attract the thieving, burrowing ats of officialism.

—Many aches or pains relieved at once by spending 25 cents for a bottle of Salvation Oil.

Strengthen your voice and remove coughs, cold and hoarseness, by taking Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents per bottle.

—It is announced from Baltimore that there is "a decay of the oyster industry." This is bad, but it might be worse. For instance if there were a decay of the oyster. In the meantime, however, there will be no apprehension on the part of the oyster dovotee. Every year we hear reports of an oyster famine, but there are always plenty of oysters for all who want them, and the price is about the same. The church fair stew will still hold its own in the way of an oyster.

A thankless task has he who tries
To chip and model
The world to just the form and size
Of his own noddle.

AGRICULTURAL.

The new bounty law will enable all farmers who make 500 pounds or more maple sugar, a bounty of two cents a pound. By buying refined sugar at six cents and doctoring their maple sugar with it, they will be enabled to make a snug thing in the woods this spring.

How to make a cheap horse blanket: Turn four bran sacks inside out and sew them together where the seams are with a darning needle and twine. This makes a cheap and good blanket for the stable.

In putting up ice do not pulverized ice to fill in the spaces between the cakes if you can get snow. It is much easier to fill with snow, each layer of ice can be kept level, and when removing the cakes they come out without any trouble. Try this plan and you will never use pulverized ice to fill the spaces again if you can help it.

There is no doubt that high feeding has much to do with the increase of milk fever and other troubles connected with parturition; but the latter part of spring and summer are usually considered the most dangerous times of the year for a cow to "come in." Early spring before grass or late fall after cool weather is much safer. But a poor cow is fairly safe at any time. It is the heavy milker in high condition that runs most risk. Lack of constitution is doubtless a predisposing cause, but no cow that milks heavily should be allowed to feed at will on succulent food just before calving, nor should she have any cold water to drink for two days after.—*Field and Farm.*

Cows are milked too close to the period of calving. They are thus deprived of the privilege of supplying the embryo calf with that which is required for full and perfect development. As milk also undergoes a partial change as the period for calving arrives it is doubtful if that drawn so late and close to the time is of a quality to fit for use. No subtance varies in its composition more than milk.

Fowls often suffer for water when the weather is freezing, and a dish of warm water supplied them twice a day will not only invigorate and warm them, but is also a cheap mode of inducing the hens to lay. Being compelled to drink water as cold as ice the warmth of the bodies is lessened, more food is required, and the hens will have all they can do to keep warm instead of laying eggs.

Ammonia is the stables is injurious to animals, and especially to the horse. Ammonia is quickly generated from liquids in the stalls. To prevent this the stalls should be well littered with absorbent material and cleaned out daily. Litter once used should not be dried and used again, but consigned to the manure heap.

Where no stock is kept, and manure must be made for a garden, an excellent mode of so doing is to begin with a pile of dirt, upon which all the waste water and refuse should be thrown. It should be covered to prevent injury by rain. Each family wastes enough every season to highly manure a garden plat.

PIGS THAT PAY.

Mr. Connor, of Hopkinton, N. H., thus speaks about his practice:

"My practice of late years has been to slaughter two sets of pigs during the year, the March or April pig during December, and the September pig in May. If I am keeping ten cows I arrange the time of calving so as to have about an equal flow of milk at all seasons of the year. The slack, if any, is in July and August. With that number of cows I will fatten ten pigs within the year, making about 800 pounds of pork. My system of feeding is like this: The month old pig is fed three or four days on new milk, then gradually in the course of another week, changed off on to skimmed milk.

For the first two weeks use whole grain, sweet or western corn, then commence the addition of middlings in very slight quantities. When the pig is three or four months old add a little Indian meal and shorts, but not to any great extent until about six months of age. A pig thus fed up to this time on feed containing largely the bone and muscle elements will have a frame that will stand the strain of heavy feeding during the succeeding three or four months. About 100 pounds of meal per pig, with the addition of a dollar or two's worth of middlings and shorts during the growing period, will make a pig weigh from 300 to 350 pounds. The hams and sides, the lord and pork from such a pig find a very ready sale."—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Curing A Balky Horse.

Old John Ferris made a snug thing for himself by buying at a low figure from their disgusted owners all the balky horses that he heard of that were otherwise sound, and, when cured, selling them at a handsome advance. This was his plan: He would harness the horse, being careful that he was well fed, the harness strong and comfortable, the wagon well greased; in short, that the horse should have no reasonable ground for complaint. Then he laid in supplies for a siege—a lunch, his newspaper and spectacles, his pipe, with a filling of tobacco, and a match, and most important a stout crowbar with a ring in the top, and an axe. When the horse decided he had gone far enough, he tried very gentle measure to pursuade it otherwise (he never struck him), but when these all failed, he deliderately drove his crowbar in the ground and hitched the horse to it, then took his ease in a nap, or a newspaper. When hunger and thirst began to assail the horse, and vision of fat oats and cool flowing water troughs crossed his mental vision, he usually showed a restless desire to move on, but not so his owner.—He had got used to the sport and desired to stay longer, but when he thought the proper time had arrived he pulled up stakes and started off, but at the first sign of retractiveness in went the crowbar again, Before the horse had time to forget this lesson he drove him forth again, with the same preparations. He used to say that he often had to use the crowbar on the second drive, but never on the third one. If the horse showd signs of "balking" he would strike two stones together, and it would immediately start off as if it was glad of the chance to go.

—The pitting of small-pox has been entirely prevented by Dr. Lewintaner, of Constantinople (*Wien. Klin. Woch.*) by antistptic treatment as follows: The entire head and face, except eyes, and the neck are covered with plaster consisting of 3 parts carbolic acid and 50 parts each of olive oil and starch. The body is covered over with a mixture of 3 parts salicylic acid, 30 parts starch, and 70 parts olive oil. The