THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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PENN'A

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IN all the new things the market affords. Hats and Bonnets gotten up in best style "while you wait." Ladies', and Children's Wraps, well made and style and fit guaranteed.

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They keep the largest stock, best goods and, above all, the lowest prices.

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WE WANT MONEY.

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CHAPTER XVI.
HARRY SHELTON.

The steamer Oregon had averaged about seventeen knots on this trip, which had been favored by superb weather. Zach had an idea that the steamer was doing her very best on Mrs. Allaire's account. It need hardly be said that passengers, officers and crew manifested the greatest sympathy for this brave lady, whose rare courage in bearing up under her misfortunes made her richly deserving of it. On August 15, after a voyage of seven thousand miles, the Oregon entered the bay of Port Jackson through its lofty gateway of schistous cliffs. To the customs agent, who was the first person to board the steamer, Mrs. Allaire turned with the anxious inquiry:

"Harry Shelton?"

"He is still alive," replied the agent, who had guessed who the lady was, for did not the whole city of Sidney know that she had taken passage on the Oregon and was she not awaited with the greatest impatience?

"Where is he?" she inquired.

"At the Marine hospital."

Mrs. Allaire, followed by Zach French, landed at once. The crowd received her with that deference which had always been shown her at San Diego and which would have been shown her anywhere. A carriage conveyed them to the Marine hospital where they were received by the physician in charge.

"Has Harry Shelton been able to speak yet?" she asked. "Has he recovered consciousness?"

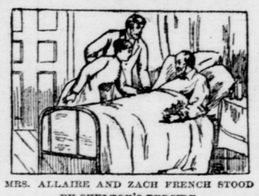
"No, madam," replied the physician. "The poor man has not recovered the use of his faculties. He seems to be unable to articulate a syllable. Death may carry him off at any moment."

"Shelton must not die!" exclaimed Molly. "He alone knows whether Capt. John is alive, whether any of his crew still survive. He alone can tell where they are. I have come to see him, to hear what he has to say—"

"Madam, I'll take you to him at once," replied the physician.

In a few moments Mrs. Allaire and Zach French stood by Shelton's bedside.

Six weeks prior to this time, a band of trappers, who had crossed New South Wales and penetrated into the southern portion of Queensland, while camped



MRS. ALLAIRE AND ZACH FRENCH STOOD BY SHELTON'S BEDSIDE.

upon the left banks of the Paroo had come upon a human being in the bush. The man's clothes were reduced to the merest shreds, and so near death's door was he through hunger and exposure that he had lost consciousness. But fortunately his enlistment papers as an officer in the American merchant marine informed his finders who he was, namely: Harry Shelton, the mate of the clipper ship Dreadnaught. Where did he come from? From what distant and unknown portion of the Australian continent had he made his way here? For how long a time had he wandered about in the awful solitudes of this central desert? Had he been a prisoner among the natives, and had he succeeded in making his escape? Where had he left his companions, if any of them were still alive? Could it be that he was the last survivor of the ill-fated ship wrecked fourteen years ago? Up to this moment not one of these questions had received an answer. There did not cease to be, however, a great desire everywhere manifested as to where Harry Shelton had come from, what his life had been since the wreck of the Dreadnaught on the reefs of Browse Island, in a word, to have the mystery cleared up.

Harry Shelton was carried to the nearest point in railway communication with Sidney and thence to that city. The news of his arrival in the capital was first made public by the Morning Journal, extracts from which article have already been given, from which it appeared that the mate of the clipper ship had not as yet recovered consciousness sufficiently to reply to questions put to him.

Mrs. Allaire never would have recognized Shelton, so changed was he. Although only forty-six, he had the appearance of a man of sixty. This man, or, rather, this pitiable wreck of humanity, was the only human being able to tell what had become of Capt. John and his crew. Up till now the most tender nursing had been ineffectual to bring about improvement in Shelton's condition, a condition due no doubt to the terrible fatigues undergone during the weeks—who can say, possibly months—of his wandering across central Australia. A sinking fit might at any moment extinguish the spark of life still aglow within him. Since he had been in this hospital it would have been impossible for him to open his eyes without the attendants knowing whether he had regained consciousness or not. He took no notice of those who administered nourishment to him as to a sick child. It seemed as if the awful sufferings to which he had been exposed had so weakened his mind as to destroy all recollection of companions.

Seated by his bedside, with her gaze riveted upon his face, Mrs. Allaire watched every movement of his eyelids, listened to every faint murmur of his voice in hopes to catch one single word. Standing behind her was Zach French, intent upon noting some glimmer of intelligence, as a sailor watches for the first ray of light through the lowering gloom of the horizon. But no glimmer came that day. The lids of Shelton's eyes were not lifted save by Molly's fingers, and then only to find the fixed stare of unconsciousness. Still she kept despair from her soul, and Zach, too, still had hope.

"If Harry recognizes his captain's wife," said French, "he will find a way to make himself understood even if he can't talk."

Yes, it was important for him to recognize Mrs. Allaire, for by so doing his enthralled senses might be set free. It would be necessary to act with the greatest prudence until he should become accustomed to her presence. Little by little his memory would take up the lost clew, and he would be able to express himself by signs, if he could not by words.

Although Mrs. Allaire was counseled not to remain too long on watch by Shelton's bedside, yet she refused to quit the room for a moment. She clung persistently to the head of his bed.

"Shelton may die," she murmured, and should the word which I am yearning for be uttered with his last gasp, I must be there to catch it. I shall not leave him!"

Towards evening there was a slight change for the better in the mate's condition. He slowly opened his eyes, but they took no note of Mrs. Allaire's presence. She, however, bent her gaze upon him, called him by name, and repeated the words: "John, captain of the Dreadnaught, San Diego;" but they awakened no recollection of his companions. The dying man still failed to make reply to the oft repeated questions: Is John alive? Is anyone of his crew still living? Towards night Shelton's weakness increased, his eyes fell shut, his hands grew cold, as if the little life left within him had retreated to his heart. Would he die without uttering a word?

On the following day the physician, alarmed at these signs of collapse, resorted to the most vigorous methods of resuscitation; but without effect. It was evident that the man was sinking. Thus were the bright hopes which Shelton's return had given rise to about to go out in blank despair, the light which his coming had kindled to be succeeded by a gloom so deep that nothing would be able to dissipate it. This would be the end, yes, the end of all. At Molly's request there was now a consultation of the principal physicians of the city, but after they had made a careful examination of the patient they reluctantly declared the case hopeless.

"You can do nothing then for this unfortunate man?" asked Mrs. Allaire.

"We regret to say, nothing!" replied the physician in charge.

"Not even bring him back to consciousness for a single moment?"

Willingly would Molly have laid down her whole fortune to have gained this point. But when man fails God is always left. It is to Him that helpless man turns with uplifted hands when human resources are powerless to save!

The moment the physicians had left the room Molly fell upon her knees by Shelton's bedside, and when Zach opened the door he found her in prayer. He stood for a moment with bowed head, then advanced tiptoe to the head of the bed, in order to satisfy himself whether Shelton were still alive or not.

"Madam! Madam!" suddenly burst from the seaman's lips.

Thinking that French's cry announced that death had come at last, Molly rose to her feet.

"Is he dead?" she whispered, in a tone so sad as to smite the honest boatswain's heart.

"No, madam, no! See, his eyes are open, he is looking about him."

It was as French had said. From beneath his half-raised lids Shelton's eyes burned with a strange brilliancy. Color came to his cheeks, his hands rose and fell. He had come out of his long-continued lethargy, and now his gaze was riveted upon the captain's wife and a half smile moved his lips.

"He has recognized me!" whispered Molly.

"Yes," said Zach; "he sees his captain's wife by his bedside—he is trying to speak to her."

"And if he cannot," murmured Mrs. Allaire. "God grant that he may at least make us understand."

Then as she took Shelton's hand in hers a thrill of joy flashed through her form as she felt him feebly return her pressure.

"John? John?" she queried with an intense eagerness.

A look from Shelton assured her that she had been understood.

"Alive?" she whispered.

"Yes!"

Although that yes was so faint as to seem like a whisper from another world, Molly's attentive ear had caught it.

CHAPTER XVII.
BY YEA AND NAY.

Mrs. Allaire at once caused the physician to be summoned. It was at once apparent to him that although a change had taken place yet the mate of the Dreadnaught had but a few moments to live. The dying man's eyes were riveted upon Mrs. Allaire with a strange steadiness.

"Shelton," asked Molly, "if John is alive where did you leave him? Where is he?"

"His power of speech is gone," said the physician. "It will be necessary to converse with him by means of signs."

Directing Mrs. Allaire to take hold of the mate's hand, Zach leaned over him and spoke as follows in a clear and distinct tone:

"Listen to me, Shelton. I'll put the questions to you and according as you open or shut your eyes we shall know whether we have guessed the truth or not."

In this way the sad story of the wreck of the clipper ship and the fate of captain and crew was elicited from the dying man. In leaving Java sea, Capt. John had passed into Timor sea, through Sunda strait, but not of his own free will. A violent tornado had struck the vessel, dismantling her and driving her out of her course, and ending by throwing her upon the reefs and rocks of Browse Island. At the mention of this name there was a look of surprise on Shelton's face. For the first he now learned the name of the island on which the Dreadnaught had gone to pieces. Two of the crew had perished in trying to reach the shore. The others had lived on the ship's provisions and upon the fish they caught. No vessel had ever sighted their signal of distress. They had remained six years on Browse Island, at the end of which time Capt. John, Shelton and five men had left the island in a boat which had drifted ashore, and had reached the Australian coast at York sound, where they fell into the hands of the natives, four of their number having been massacred by them. The remaining three, Capt. John, the mate Shelton, and one seaman had been carried prisoners into the interior. The seaman had died long ago, so that at that moment there were but two survivors and one of them lay at death's door.

For nine years the captain and mate had been held close prisoners by the natives in hopes that scouts would be sent for the lost men with offers of large ransoms. At last an opportunity of escape had presented itself, but for some reason Capt. John had not taken advantage of it. Shelton alone eluded his keepers and after wandering about hopelessly in the bush for six months he had been picked up in a dying condition on the banks of the Paroo.

French succeeded in locating with tolerable accuracy the hunting grounds of the tribe in question.

"We shall go in search of him there," cried Molly, "and we shall find him."

And at these words the eyes of the dying man brightened. Capt. John would be saved, and saved, too, by her whom he loved so well!

The mate breathed his last toward nine o'clock in the evening. At the sound of Molly's voice calling him by name, he had opened his eyes and murmured: "John! John!" and with a deep and long-drawn sigh his spirit had fled.

That evening, as Mrs. Allaire was leaving the hospital, she was accosted by a boy who seemed to be waiting for her on the steps. He belonged on board the Brisbane, one of the steamers which coast along between Sidney and Adelaide.

"Mrs. Allaire?" he asked timidly.

"What do you want, my boy?"

"Is Harry Shelton dead?"

"He is dead."

"And Capt. John?"

"He's alive! Oh, he is living!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Allaire," said the boy, as he turned away without assigning any reason for his questions.

As Molly followed Shelton's remains to the grave, this lad, unseen by her, walked near her, lost in the crowd of mourners.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHE KNEW ABOUT M'GINTY.

Though Comrades and Maggie Murphy Were Strangers to Her.

One day, in my wandering along the Clover fork of the Cumberland river, says a writer in an Indiana paper, I stopped at a farmhouse to get dinner, and as I sat in the shade of the porch waiting I was whistling for lack of thought and something else to do, the reading supply of the establishment being painfully short.

My hostess was knocking around inside, getting the dinner ready, and evidently heard my sweet and gentle melodies, for she stuck her head out of the door.

"Do yer whistle by note, mister?" she inquired, "er jist simultaneous like?"

"Mostly simultaneous like," I responded, laughing.

"I never heerd them chunes afore," she went on, "an' I kinder had an idee they wuz book chunes got out for extry."

"Oh! no," I assured her, "they are merely little bits from the popular airs of the day, that everybody whistles."

"'S that so?" she asked in surprise. "I hain't never heerd 'em up this way. What's ther names?"

"Well, 'Comrades,' 'Annie Rooney,' 'McGinty' and so forth. Didn't you ever here of McGinty?"

She became thoughtful.

"What's the name?" she inquired. "Seems kinder like ez ef I knowed it."

"'McGinty,' I repeated, slowly, and her face brightened.

"Oh! yes," she exclaimed, "I knowed I knowed it, but somehow I couldn't quite set it whar it b'longed. Ain't he the feller that they named the tariff after?"

I said it was and went in to dinner.

BRINGING THEM TO BOOK.

How Six Ohio Girls Got Half a Dozen Young Men to Propose.

Six young ladies in Ohio, having received attentions from six young men, exchanged confidences and came to a mutual understanding, says the Brandon Banner.

Although matters seemed to be progressing according to their wishes, there is still a certain impatience of victory among Eve's daughters, and they resolved upon an audacious move which should prove to the objects of their affections that they were, one and all, really good housekeepers.

They fixed upon a day, secured the house of a mutual friend and sent out six invitations to a luncheon that was to be prepared and served by their own fair hands. Upon the appointed day the six young men, punctual to such an appetizing engagement, were welcomed by six pretty cooks dressed like the soubrettes in a comedy, with bare arms, dainty little caps, short skirts and embroidered white aprons. After having conducted their guests upon a tour of inspection, letting them peep into the ovens and oversee the cooking of the beefsteaks, that they might be sure there was no trickery, they all sat down to a table decked with flowers and enjoyed a delicious meal perfectly served.

A few weeks later Ohio was the richer by six more young households.

THE LARGEST CHEESE ON EARTH

Canada Has Made It for the Great Exposition of 1893.

One by one the satisfying superstitions and wonderful traditions of nursery days are being questioned and abolished by scientists in all lines of research. The latest one to get its death-blow is the notion of the youthful lads and lassies in the country homes that the moon is made of cheese and is the biggest thing of that kind in the world.

The Canadian dairy commissioner has gone one better and has made the mammoth cheese of the world for the great exhibition in Chicago next year. It was learned from Prof. Robertson that this gigantic competitor of the moon contains one day's milk from over ten thousand cows.

At the present average rate of consumption the Canadian mammoth would last an American family for over four thousand years. "Of course, being as fine in flavor and richness as the best Canadian cheese," remarked the professor, "it will be eaten at a much faster rate."

The Canadians are going to help Chicago in every way to make its exhibition a marvelous revelation to the nations of other continents of the food-producing resources of America.

Austria Enlarges Her Exhibit.

Dr. Zapf, the secretary of the lower Austrian chamber of commerce, says that the interest in the forthcoming Chicago exhibition is being "boomed" in grand style in the manufacturing circles in Vienna. Fully six hundred large firms will send exhibits, composed chiefly of tiles, glass, tapestries, wood carvings and mother of pearl. The original space alloted in the world's fair to Austria has already been found absurdly small, but under the pressing persuasion of Mr. Goldschmidt, the American consul general at Vienna, further space has been granted, a statement to that effect being cabled there from Chicago. In additions to the large exhibition committee of Vienna merchants, a ladies' committee has also been formed there for the purpose of forwarding exhibits of woman's industry. Grand Duchess Maria Theresa is the president of this committee. Many Austrians will visit America during the time of its world's exhibition.

Queens of German Origin.

It is curious to note that most of the reigning queens of Europe are of German origin. Queen Victoria is, of course, German by descent; Queen Louise of Denmark is the daughter of the Landgrave William of Hesse; the queen regent of Spain is the daughter of an Austrian prince; so is Queen Henrietta of Belgium; Queen Emma of Holland is the daughter of a prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont; the empress of Austria is the daughter of a prince of Bavaria; the queen mother of Bavaria is the daughter of a prince of Prussia; and last, but by no means least, Empress Augusta-Victoria of Germany is the daughter of the reigning prince of Holstein.

Why He Came Early.

Mother (sitting down just as the train starts)—Oh, would you mind changing seats with me, sir? My baby wants to look out of the window.

Mr. Haven Hartford (with sarcastic politeness)—With pleasure, madam. I have been saving the seat for him for half an hour.—Life.

He Ought to Know.

Prunella—I have heard that the steerage of an ocean steamer is a terrible place. Is it really so, Lord Lackland?

Lord Lackland—Why, how should I know?

Prunella—How did you get to America?—Truth.

BEATS THE EIFFEL.

The Devil's Tower, a Strange Wonder-Work of Nature in Wyoming.

One of nature's strangest freaks, one of the greatest wonders of the world, is the Devil's tower, or, as the Sioux Indians call it, the mateo tepee, or the bear's lodge, which stands on the banks of the La Fourche river, in a northeastern county of Wyoming, says the Portland Oregonian. The country for fifty miles around consists of high table lands, deep canyons and narrow fertile valleys—nothing to indicate the possible existence of any such freak of nature.

The tower is a gigantic column, a monster obelisk of lava, which rises to a height of 1,737 feet, almost twice the height of the Eiffel tower. At the base the huge shaft measures 326 feet through in one direction. Hugh crystals of the volcanic rock, measuring from 1 to 3 feet through, start at the base and run unbroken to the top, giving to the column a peculiar fibrous appearance, even when viewed from the tablelands forty miles away.

How did it get there? How was it made? Once in awhile, in the present age, we have heard how portions of the bottom of one of the oceans have been pushed up by volcanic forces, and even a new island added to the charts. Ages on ages ago similar volcanic forces started a jet of lava up from the bottom of the ancient geological ocean that covered all the northwest at that time. The squirt of molten rock evidently did not break through it into the waters above, but froze, as an iron man would say, in the hole it had made. This slow cooling off, the gradual loss of its fiery energy, probably lasted for many long years, and gave time for the particles to arrange themselves in the huge crystals that arouse all of our astonishment to-day.

WANTON KILLING OF GAME.

Wasteful Slaughter of Deer in Oregon Will Lead to Their Extermination.

Parties who have been out hunting in the country between the head waters of the forks of the Santiam bring back accounts of a wholesale destruction of deer in that region by Indians.

Bands of Warm Spring and Kilckitat Indians, numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, get permission about July 1 to come over into the Willamette valley to pick hops, and leave their reservations. They come in over the Santiam wagon road and make a camp at Indian Prairie, and then organize a grand round-up of deer. They surround a vast tract of country on their ponies, says the Portland Oregonian, which they ride through a country that a white man can hardly get through on foot, and drive the deer toward a common center and slaughter them by hundreds, killing bucks, fawns and does indiscriminately, drying the choice parts of the meat for winter supplies.

The settlers view these proceedings with great disfavor, and claim that as they are not allowed to go on Indian reservations the Indians should not be allowed to harry the country outside of the reservations. It is claimed that these Indians have exterminated the mule deer in eastern Oregon, and are fast exterminating the deer in the Cascades.

It is stated that in the region about the headwaters of the various forks of the Santiam Indians have this season slaughtered over one thousand deer.

The Italian Lithophagous.

In writing of Francis Battalia, the Italian lithophagous, or stone eater, Dr. Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling," has this to say: "This queer creature was born with two small pebbles in his hands, one in each. He refused all ordinary nourishment, would not suckle, only when small stones were given him with the nursing bottle." After Battalia grew to manhood he was exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe. Dr. Bulwer had a chance to professionally examine the "queer creature" after "it" had been kept on a stone diet for about thirty years. He thus describes Battalia's manner of feeding: "He would put three or four stones in a spoon, swallow them down and then drink a glass of beer after them. He devoured a half peck of these stones every day, and when he shakes his body they chink in his stomach. In appearance he is a black, swarthy-looking fellow, and, having been a soldier, made good use of the food allowed him by selling it and subsisting on dirt and pebbles."

Japan and China.

The women of America will be very much shocked to hear of a little sign which occupies a place on the banks of the Yuen-Fule river in Foochow: "Do Not Drown Female Infants Here. "The sign is read by 750,000 Foochowans, causing no blush and no comment. The killing of a girl baby in China is a crime never punished. The birth of a female child throws the whole family into deepest grief, and the mother often finds that the only way in which she can retrieve herself is to dispose of the infant quietly and effectively. Very different is the state of things in Japan. There the parents are straining every nerve to educate their children, girls as well as boys. Even young husbands are sending their young wives to school. European clothing is worn (it is an open question, however, whether this is an improvement), and colleges and seminaries have been established all over the country. Much of the credit is due to the efforts of the empress of Japan.

A Stylish Corpse.

"She was the most stylish corpse," we heard a woman remark the other day, in speaking of a leader of fashion lately deceased, says the Philadelphia Times, and, prompted by curiosity, we inquired what went to make up a "stylish corpse." "Oh," replied the gusher, with no hesitation, "she wore a black velvet gown with point lace trimmings, had her eyebrows penciled and cheeks and lips rouged, besides having her hair done in the most delightful fashion possible. Positively to be such a beautiful corpse was worth dying for."

That Monument Fund.

Well-Dressed Gentleman (to ticket seller at elevated station)—In making change, will you be kind enough to give me five copper cents instead of the nickel?

Ticket Seller—Hurrah! Here's another wealthy New Yorker going to contribute to the Grant monument. The box for the contributions is right over there, sir.—Texas Siftings.

Science to the Rescue.

Housekeeper—Has any way been discovered to kill the pests that destroy carpets?

Great Scientist—Yes, madam. Take up the carpets, hang them on a line and beat them with a heavy stick.

"Will that kill the insects?"

"Yes, madam, if you hit them."—N. Y. Weekly.

Too Unanimous.

Husband—Your jealousy of that woman is wholly unreasonable. I haven't seen her for a month.

Wife—I happen to know that you write to her every day, though.

Husband—Humph! I'm merely declining her invitations.—Judge.

Anything But That.

He (savagely)—Marry me!

She—If I refuse you will marry that widow?

He—I will.

She (hotly)—Then I'll marry you.—Truth.

LAMBS IN WINTER.

Thoughtful Experience Only Can Accomplish Good Results.

The low prices for wool compel the flock master to pursue the best methods in the handling from the first detail of the industry to the final disposition of the product, whether of the fleece or the lambs or the mature wethers for mutton. The highest success depends upon it and thoughtful experience only can accomplish it. An experienced teacher says that lambs, if properly cared for, will grow until they are two years old, provided good care is taken to keep in a good thrifty condition. Lambs, like other stock, are easily stunted by ill-treatment. The change from green to dry food must be made gradually. A good plan of doing this is to commence feeding at night regularly as soon as they become sufficiently cool and feed a little, gradually increasing as the weather gets cooler and the food in the pasture less. Generally young lambs must be taught to eat hay, and this should be done before grass gets too short in the pastures, as they will fail to keep as thrifty as they should. Keep them confined during the night, then turn out a few minutes in the morning to sharpen their appetites, and then while out put a small feed of hay in the racks and put them back into the sheds again. Two or three days will usually be all that is necessary, and they can be given whatever is necessary to keep thrifty.

Shelled corn or threshed oats can be fed as grain. It is usually best to give the grain feed in the evening. As with all stock it is best to supply a variety, giving oats, corn, bran or middlings and fodder, clover hay and straw. It is necessary to give a good variety in order to keep them with a good appetite. Make it a point to water every day regularly. It is usually poor economy to get them into the habit of eating snow, and careful watering every day will readily avoid this. Another item of importance is to have sufficient length of feeding rack and troughs so that all can get what they need to eat at the same time, or some of them will get more than their share, while others will be stinted. Make the troughs narrow and with flat bottoms, as this will in a great measure prevent the larger lambs from bunching the grain, and in this way securing more than their share. Feed liberally as the weather gets cooler, letting the condition determine the quantity that should be fed. If the quarters are comfortable less food, and especially less grain, will be required. Use plenty of bedding; this will not only add to their comfort, increase the quantity of manure, but aid materially in keeping the wool clean.—Western Rural.

BEES BENEFIT FRUIT.

It Is Not Easy to Raise Good Orchards Without Them.

The question of bees and fruit trees again commands the attention of horticulturists and apiarists. In some sections where bees are numerous the fruit growers are troubled at this season while packing fruits, and naturally condemn the bees, without stopping to reflect upon the advantages to be derived from them in fertilizing the trees and vines from which the fruit is taken.

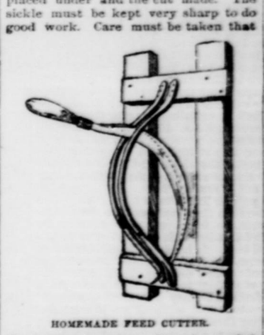
In England a fruit-grower was surprised to find that in one corner of his garden, in which were placed colonies of bees, the trees were heavily laden with fruit, while those more remote had set very sparingly. Then he called to mind the circumstances of its being very dark and foggy during the blooming of the trees, so that the bees flew but a short distance from their hives.

The proprietor of a cherry orchard in California found that his trees did not bear remunerative crops after the fall of the raisin-growers banishing the bees to a distant canyon. Being convinced of the necessity of bees to fertilize the bloom, he procured some colonies, located them in his orchard, and then realized satisfactory returns. Horticulturists and apiarists are like the American union—one and inseparable.—Irrigation Age.

CHEAP FEED CUTTER.

A Contrivance for Cutting Hay, Straw and Roots.

The handy feed cutter shown in the engraving has a steel knife made the shape of the old-fashioned grain sickle but with wider blade. Two pieces of one-fourth by one inch iron are bent in the same shape and bolted to pieces fastened to feed-room wall. The irons should be just far enough apart to allow the knife to pass down between them. The knife is raised, the sheaf placed under and the cut made. The sickle must be kept very sharp to do good work. Care must be taken that



HOMEMADE FEED CUTTER.

the fingers are not caught and wounded while slicing the feed. Turnips and sugar beets may be sliced with this contrivance. The chief advantage in cutting hay is that grain may be mixed with the food. Sliced roots are much easier eaten by cows and sheep than the compact large roots. It is well to moisten chopped hay before feeding.—American Agriculturist.

What Good Roads Will Do.

Good roads enlarge the demand for country and suburban property, relieve the cities of surplus population, and enhance the value of farming lands.—N. Y. State Roads Improvement Association.

DON'T give impure water to any class of stock on the farm.

DON'T let your scrub bull—if you own one—run in the roads.

DON'T sell the heifer calves from cows that you know to be good.

DON'T rest until the iniquity known as oleomargarine is driven out of the market.

DON'T use the cruel check rein to jerk a horse's head up out of a natural position.

DON'T forget when inclined to drive fast that you are riding and the horse is on foot.

DON'T trust to the grass of very early spring to keep the herds and flocks up in condition.

DON'T neglect to provide shade for the pasture in which the cows will run next summer.

DON'T breed scrub stock. You desire to make your farm pay. Scrub stock will never make it pay.

DON'T feed too much corn to any class of stock. Even fattening animals are benefited by some bone and muscle forming foods.—Farmers' Voice.

A Sensible Norwegian Custom.

We see it stated that in Norway the farmers yearly elect two men before whom all parties in dispute lay their grievances. The sessions are held privately, and no legal aid is called in. Twenty-five per cent of the cases presented are settled in this primitive court, thereby saving much ill-feeling and lawyer's fees.

FEELINGS DURING A FALL.

A Savant in Switzerland Claims They Are Very Enjoyable.

Prof. Heim, of Zurich, supplies the scientific press with an article upon falls. According to him, the man who falls from a tremendous height has the most enjoyable time imaginable—till he stops. If he could fall forever it would be better than paradise. He suffers no pain, he is not frozen with terror, as is commonly supposed, yet he is perfectly aware of what is happening.

Time seems to pass very slowly as he goes down, and he thinks of many subjects. There are pleasant sounds in his ears—probably caused by the whistling of the air as he goes by. He knows perfectly well that there will presently be a tremendous thud and a violent pause, but he regards the prospect with absolute composure, and rather looks at it from an outside standpoint, as if it were some one else who was going to come down with that thud, and that he was going to stand by and see the fun.

When the stoppage does come he knows nothing about it. It is a beautiful death—to die by rushing down from a great height. The patient seems to be a comet, or a meteor, flying athwart the blue sky, and then he sinks into oblivion, as if he had fallen into a sea of chloroform and roses, and if the fall is long enough he never knows anything more, and nothing worries him again to all eternity.

AN IMAGINARY TOWN.

The Vanished City of Is of Ancient Brittany.

The beautiful allegory, of which so pathetic a use was made by M. Renan in his "Recollections of My Youth," is thus translated in the English edition of that work, the translation being revised by Mme. Renan: "One of the most popular legends in Brittany is that relating to an imaginary town called Is, which is supposed to have been swallowed up by the sea at some unknown time.

"There are several places along the coast which are pointed out as the site of this imaginary city, and the fishermen have many strange tales to tell of it. According to them the tips of the spires of the churches may be seen in the hollow of the waves when the sea is rough, while during a calm the music of their bells ringing out the hymn appropriate to the day rises above the waters.

"I often fancy that I have at the bottom of my heart the city of Is; with its bells calling to prayer a recalcitrant congregation. At times I halt to listen to these gentle vibrations, which seem as if they came from unfathomable depths, like voices from another world. Since old age began to steal over me, I have loved, more especially during the repose which summer brings with it, to gather up those distant echoes of a vanished Atlantis."

THE CANARIES.

An Interesting Group of Islands with a Delightful Climate.

"I think one of the most interesting groups of islands in the world is the Canaries," said a globe trotter recently to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "They are but 50 to 100 miles from the African coast, and possess a delightful climate. They are supposed to be the Fortunate islands of the ancients. Teneriffe, the largest of the group, is 60 miles long and 30 broad. In the middle of the broadest part rises the well-known peak. The natives call it Pecode Teyede. It has a double top, the highest being more than 12,000 and the lowest nearly 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Snow remains on the peaks for about four months in the year. Very near the top of the highest peak is a great cavern where snow is preserved throughout the year. In the summer a very curious spectacle may be witnessed in the Canaries. The northeast wind, which blows from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. produces a dense stratum of sea cloud, whose lower surface is about 4,000 feet above the sea. Below this is another distinct stratum, perhaps 500 feet thick, the lower surface being from 2,000 to 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. Between these strata is a gap of 1,500 to 2,000 feet, through which people approaching or leaving the islands may obtain a glimpse of the mountains."

MILLIONS OF SQUIRREL TAILS.

Dyed Rabbit Skins Are Still Largely Used in the Fur Trade.

A good deal of uncertainty seems to prevail as to the likely supply of seal skins, but a recent feature in the fur trade is the liberal resort to the use of tails of animals which at one time were regarded as being of very second-rate importance. The most urgent demand for tails would appear to be in the instance of ermine. But the point only, being jet black, is inserted, after the well-known fact of their introduction, at intervals—in reality, the ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family not actually consisting of the tail of the ermine, but of the paws of the black Astrakhan lamb or other suitable black fur.

Squirrel tails are, however, largely used, and one or two millions of these find their way annually into the market, as well as marten's tails, which really make a beautiful f