THE CITIZEN.

The Culture of Chestnuts.

The Lancaster New Era says that people are beginning to realize that there is money in growing chestnuts. There is never a glut of these nuts in the great city markets. They may become plentiful in the country towns and around the places where they are grown, but a prompt market can always be found for them in cities, and at full prices, too. But it seems to be gradually dawning on wide-awake men that there can be more made on chestnuts than almost any other crop, when the proper choice of varieties have been made and the proper attention given them.

We have from time to time seen in our exchanges that owners of chestnut timber have here and there grafted young sprouts with improved varieties when the merchantable timber has been cut away. The most recent case is that of a citizen of New York, who owns a large tract of chestnut-timber land in Luzerne county, this State. The standing chestnut trees, having reached the merchantable size, were cut away, and the second year thereafter ten thousand sprouts were grafted with the large Japanese and Spanish varieties. In due time this wide-awake landed proprietor will find he has by this movement made one of the best investments of his life.

The ease with which these chestnut orchards can be started, and their small cost, should stimulate men who have suitable lands to enter upon the business of chestnut culture. In the first place, chestnut-sprout land in these parts is almost valueless, except for the timber that is standing on it. It consists of hilly or mountainous land that is frequently so rocky as to be incapable of cultivation. Its only value is in the growth of the chestnut sprouts that can be cut from it every fifteen or twenty years. It is well known that anywhere from three to a dozen young sprouts are sent up from the roots of the tree. The most likely ones of these sprouts are grafted and the rest are cut away. Two years after grafting these young sprouts or trees will begin to bear.

Mark Twain's Epigrams.

Among the sayings which Mark Twain puts in the mouth of "Pudd'n head Wilson" are the following:

"It were not best that we all think alike. It is the difference of opinion that makes race horses."

"April 1. This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other three hundred and sixty-four."

"Consider well the proportion of things. It is better to be a young June bug than an old bird of paradise."

Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."

"Ha bit is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed down stairs a step at a time."

"It is often the case that the man who can't tell a lie thinks he's the best judge of one."

"Truth is the most valuable thing we have; let us economize it."

"If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man."

"All say, 'How hard it is that we have to die'—a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have to live."

Air ship schemes are only successful when they go up.

We indorse all the proprietors say about the merits of Salvation Oil. It is the greatest cure on earth for pain. 25 cts.

Yellow Journalism.

Sixty-nine pages of rubbish,
Twenty-nine pages of rot,
Forty-six pages of scandal vile,
Served to us piping hot.

Seventeen hundred pictures—
Death, disease and dispair—
Lies and fakes and fakes and lies
Stuck in 'most everywhere.

Thirty-four sad comic pages,
Printed in reds, greens and blues;
Thousands of items we don't care to read,
But only two columns of news.

—From Life.

In the Chantauqua belt 13,000,000 baskets of grapes were harvested this season.

"I have never had a day's sickness in my life," said a middle aged man the other day.

"What a comfort it would be," sighs some poor invalid, "to be in his place for a year or two." Yet half of the invalids we see might be just as healthy as he, if they would only take proper care of themselves, eat proper food and digest it.

It's so strange that such simple things are over-looked by those who want health.

Food makes health

It makes strength—and strength wards off sickness. The man who had never been sick was strong because he always digested his food, and you could become the same by helping your stomach to work as well as his. Shaker Digestive Cordial will help your stomach by making the food you eat make you fat.

Druggists sell it. Trial bottle 10 cents.

Cat and Rattler.

Richard Moyer, who lives about three miles south of Rockwood, Somerset county, Pa., on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, says that he has a big house cat that hunts and kills snakes as an ordinary cat does mice. Mr. Moyer, is a stonecutter, and is working at Woods Run. His home is in the narrow valley of Casselman river. The house stands on a strip of bottom land between the railroad and the stream. Rattlesnakes are common and domestic enough in their taste to crawl under the front porch or into the hog pen. The snakes keep pretty well to the mountains during the summer, but when the upland springs dry they move toward the river. This year the long drought drove them down early. Baltimore & Ohio trains crushed the lives out of many as the reptiles sunned themselves on the tracks. One morning Mrs. Moyer found the cat and a big rattler in combat. The dog watched the fight from a safe distance. Mrs. Moyer said that the action of both combatants were so rapid that she could hardly tell the cat from the snake. The cat lost its hold and was getting the worst of it for a while. The fight ended suddenly by the death of the snake. Puss had landed one hard bite in the snake's neck. The cat went into the house, lay down behind the kitchen stove and stayed there for two days. In that time it did not move nor eat, and hardly seemed to breathe. On the third day the cat revived, ate a hearty meal and went out. Since that time its chief end in life seems to be the extermination of snakes. The cat hunts them along the railroad, in rocky dens, by the streams, and will even venture into a groundhog hole like a ferret to seek snakes. When fighting a snake, Mr. Moyer, says, the cat is the fiercest-looking creature he ever saw.

At Washington's Tomb.

During the recent visit of Premier Laurier and other Canadians to Washington, the ladies of the Canadian party were entertained by an excursion to Mount Vernon and were accompanied by the wives of the Cabinet and several others prominent in social circles there. They were met by Mr. Dodge, the superintendent of the place, who escorted them through the old mansion and grounds and finally conducted them down the winding path to the bluff that overlooked the Potomac and concealed the vault that contains the dust of the father of his country. As the party approached the sacred place Mr. Dodge, who was leading, turned and said, in an impressive tone:

"Ladies, it is just a step to the tomb of Washington."

There was a pause and a reverential silence for an instant, which was broken by the clear, sweet voice of a Cabinet lady, who asked that ever present conundrum: "Is my hat on straight?"

It Cured Him.

A military Tory candidate for Parliament was addressing a meeting of voters in an English village at a by-election which took place toward the end of 1892. The candidate was known to be strongly in favor of flogging in the army and this was being used against him with damaging effect. Defending himself, the orator urged that no necessary disgrace attached to being flogged. "Why," cried he, "I was flogged myself once, and it was for telling the truth." "And it cured 'ee naw doubt" said a rustic in the meeting.

A question of time—"What o'clock?"

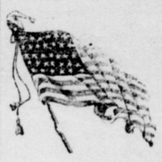
"What's the use of anything," asks the six-months old baby. "If a fellow can't put it in his mouth?"

"Patrick," said the doctor to his patient, a groom, "you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food."

And Pat departed quite contented. A day or two afterwards the doctor happened to think of his patient, and called on him.

"Well Pat," said he, "how are you getting on with your treatment?"

"Oh, shure, sir," said Pat. "Oi manage all right with the oats, but it's hard with the chopped hay?"



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