

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., DEC. 5, 1889.

There are 229 cotton mills in the South, consuming 255,000 bales of cotton.

It is announced that Secretary Blaine, in consultation with United States Minister Ryan, has arranged a comprehensive plan for the promotion of reciprocal trade between this country and Mexico.

Suicide as a risk to life decreases rapidly after the thirty-fifth year, and the very old take their own lives as rarely as the very young.

The American nation uses more soap than any other on the globe.

Evil English uses four pounds per five and a half. No other over three pounds to our five.

After is coming more and more one-third Germany, in spite of the Pectoral, certain legal difficulties to be the its performance in some offered to its performance in some.

Re, twenty-two years, has the same tend to Jesse Fovel, of testimony for till Mr. Fovel, who is afflicted.

For children 100,000 in securities songs, sore the more speedy relief is a very beautiful Pectoral. I have in cases of grandchildren older.

Ayer's Cherry remarkably effectively Babel is Austria-Prussia as a fact.

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Prof. Lois MEME DISCOVERY AND TRAIN

In spite of adulterated imitations theory, and practical results of the Kingdom at 8,757,725 quarters, and the quantity available for consumption, after deducting two bushels an acre for seed, at 8,098,545 quarters.

Unlike most countries, China holds the suicide in honor, and by her laws extends to him the most lenient consideration, having regard in all cases to the motive which prompted self-slaughter.

The motive is not unfrequently revenge, as the Chinese law requires the household on whose premises the dead body is found not only to provide the funeral expenses, but to compensate the relatives of the deceased.

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BY AND BY.

Down the stream where the tide is clearer, Farther on where the shores are fair, And the gracious forms we would fain to nearer.

Sophy's Transgression.

BY MARY T. FARNSWORTH.

"Oh, uncle, can't I go?" Sophy Allerton leaned over her uncle's chair, with pleading eyes, and hands unconsciously clasped over the carved knob upon its top.

She was a small rosy damsel of eighteen, with luxuriant brown hair, eyes of the velvety brown that you see in a ripe chestnut that has just burst its burr, and a bright complexion, none the worse for a few touches of healthy sunburn.

Uncle Joshua shook his head gravely. "Child," said he, "you know, beforehand, what my answer will be."

"Well, let them go. I'm not responsible for Sinth Bates's girls. But I am for you, and I don't approve of these balls. Now don't tease me any more. When I've said no, no it shall be."

And Sophy Allerton went back to strain the night's milking into the row of glittering milk pails that stood on the snowy buttery shelves, with eyes too full of rebellious tears to see what she was about.

Uncle Joshua Hale and his niece lived all alone in the old yellow farm-house under the butternut trees. Uncle Joshua was a sixty-year-old bachelor, who passed his time alternately between bed and chair, a helpless paralytic, so far as his lower limbs were concerned.

"I ain't a miser," said Uncle Joshua, "but I kind of want to leave a little something to my sister's orphan child, Sophy, and she shall be provided for when I'm gone."

Uncle Joshua took up his paper and began to unfold its columns as Sophy crept spiritlessly away.

"It goes to my heart to thwart her," said he, "but 'tain't right to let her get into the way of running to such places. A girl as is all alone in the world, like my Sophy, poor lamb, can't be too careful. She'll put a little at first—it's only natural she should—and then she'll see that her old uncle was in the right of it, after all!"

In the meanwhile, Sophy was sitting on the back kitchen door-sill, listening to a whip-poor-will repeating its plaintive refrain on the edge of the maple swamp below, and watching, as well as she could through her tears, a great golden star lift its shield through the purple of the mid-summer horizon.

When, all of a sudden, Obadiah Carstairs, the hired man, came upon her like a shirt-sleeve vision—for no mortal ever saw Obadiah with a coat on between the months of April and November.

"I've fetched a ham up from the smoke-house," said he; "and Squire Martin is goin' to lemme hev a fore-quarter of lamb for Wednesday."

"Yes," said Sophy, listlessly, "it's all right, I dare say."

But instead of going into the house to help Uncle Joshua to bed, as Sophy expected he would, Obadiah shifted himself from one leg to the other, like a meditative fowl.

"Goin' to the great goin's down to Swamp Basin, I hear," said he. "To-morrow night, ain't it?"

"I believe so," Sophy answered. "You're goin', I suppose?"

"I don't know why you should suppose so," retorted Sophy, somewhat tartly.

"Well, I vum!" said Obadiah. "You ain't a goin', then? There's to be tew fiddles and a corset; and Squire Dickerson's old barn is filled up with flags and evergreens and pink cambrie festoons so as ye wouldn't know it; and a hundred candles, all a burnin' at once!"

"Uncle Joshua don't approve of such things," sighed Sophy.

"All the young folks is goin'," persisted her Job's comforter. "Old man thinks a dreadful sight of you. I should s'pose he'd let you go!"

"Well, he won't, then, and there's no use talking any more about it," said Sophy, rising and going back into the house, with some manifestation of temper.

"Well, I vum!" again repeated Obadiah Carstairs, looking hard at the big golden star.

Not more consolatory was Lizzie Larkspur, the pretty daughter of the nearest neighbor, two good miles away, when she came the next day to borrow Sophy's pattern for a lace fichu.

"Not going!" said Lizzie. "Why, everybody will be there! Albert Bates and Mark Lennard, and—dear me, Sophy, what does make your uncle so cranky?"

"I don't know, I'm sure!" said Sophy, despondently.

"Look here!" cried Lizzie, lowering her voice to a mysteious whisper, "there's no earthly reason you should stay, at home, unless you please, Sophy Allerton!"

"Doesn't your uncle Joshua always retire at eight o'clock?" "Of course he does. What of that?" "Why, how on earth can he know where you are, when he is asleep and dreaming? Slip quietly out on the sly. I'll wait until half-past nine for you; the fun will be only just beginning. And you can be at home and in bed long before your crusty old uncle is awake in the morning."

Sophy winced a little at this. Vexed as she was at that particular moment with Uncle Joshua, she knew that he did not deserve the scornful epithet applied to him by Lizzie Larkspur. But the temptation to accede to Lizzie's plan was almost overmastering.

"Do you think I could manage it?" she questioned, the color coming and going rapidly on her cheek.

"Manage it? Of course you could. A child could manage it."

"I've a great mind to try," said Sophy, drawing a quick breath.

Nine o'clock, of a starry August night—the night of the ball at Swamp Basin—and a shadow, stealing softly down the butternut shaded walk, which was not the shadow of tree or bough. Sophy Allerton had succeeded in creeping out of the house without disturbing Uncle Joshua Hale's conscience sweet slumbers.

"There!" cried Sophy to herself, before she had reached the big white pine tree at the Cross Roads. "I forgot to blow out my candle, and it's too late to go back now. But it's all right; it will burn down to the socket and go out. And, after all, it will be no very great waste, for the candle was only an inch long."

And so Sophy kept on her way to where Lizzie Larkspur and Albert Bates—that young lady's sturdy cavalier—were awaiting her coming, not without impatience.

Well, the ball was a grand affair, as country balls go, with plenty of lights, bunting, evergreen boughs, and fiddles. Sophy had never danced so much at one time in all her life before; and all was going "merry as a marriage bell," when, standing by the door, fanning herself after a quadrille, she heard a man, who had hidden up on horseback, say something to another man about a "big fire" up toward Lee's Valley.

"Fire!" cried Sophy, eagerly. "What fire? Where is it?"

The man could not exactly say. He was a stranger in these parts. But as he rode through the little settlement of Lee's Valley he had heard tidings of a lonely farm-house being just burned to the ground, and its only tenant, a solitary old man, burned to death.

Every drop of blood in Sophy Allerton's veins seemed to congeal to ice as she listened to this unconscious messenger of evil tidings. Poor, helpless Uncle Joshua! And the candle she had so carelessly left burning! At once her mind reverted to every possibility of evil; she could see the red shafts of lurid flame rising upward; the clouds of smoke; she could hear Uncle Joshua's unavailing cries for help, and it was all through her wild, wicked folly!

She looked around for Lizzie and Albert; they were whirling through the mazes of a polka at the other side of the floor.

"I can't wait for them," she murmured, unconscious that she was speaking aloud, and catching up the shawl that lay nearest, she muffled herself in its folds, and set off, all alone, through the starry dark of the summer morning. For it was well-nigh on to three o'clock by this time.

And, through all the surging confusion of her thoughts, one horrible reflection rose up constantly. If Uncle Joshua—dear, kind Uncle Joshua, who was the only father she had ever known—lay dead in the ashes of the burned farm-house, what better was she, Sophy Allerton, than a murderess?

It was only about five miles, and Sophy, like most country girls, was a good walker, but the late mile, after she had passed the old stone church, with its square tower, seemed actually interminable.

Hush! Footsteps! No need to shrink behind the tall growth of elder bushes that skirted the road, for in another second she recognized the round-shouldered figure and slouching gait of Obadiah Carstairs.

"Well, I vum!" quoth that personage. "Blest if I didn't think you was a ghost! Been to the ball, eh?"

"She caught his arm. 'Tell me, Obadiah—the fire?'"

"Just come from there," said Obadiah. "All burned to the ground, and Eliakim Hawley only just saved. He would go back arter that old leather money-bag o' his'n. Serve him right to let him burn, I say if he was so sot on it."

Sophy caught for breath. "Then it was not our house?"

"Your house! No, not by a long chalk. It was Eliakim Hawley's, down by the Valley postoffice. And you was afeerd it was yourn, eh, poor child! No, no; your house is all safe enough. Goin' home, eh? Well, with a chuckle, 'young folks will be young folks, and I won't tell your uncle nothin' about it!'"

Sophy colored an angry and mortified scarlet.

"I shall tell him myself," said she.

And when Uncle Joshua opened his kindly blue eyes on the soft light of the summer dawn, his niece was kneeling sobbing by his bedside.

"Why, Sophy, child!" cried Uncle Joshua, scarcely certain that he was not yet wandering in the mazes of a dream.

"What's the trouble?"

And Sophy confessed all to him—her temptation, her fault, the horrible hours of remorse she had endured, her relief and gratitude when she learned at last that God had been more merciful to her than she deserved.

"Oh, uncle!" she sobbed, "I will never, never attempt to deceive you again, if you will only forgive me this once."

And Uncle Joshua's tender kiss upon her brow sealed the pardon without any necessity of words.

Poor Sophy! she had learned through bitter experience that, however rose-garlanded it may appear at first, "the way of the transgressor is hard."—The Ledger.

Comparative Areas of the Central and South American Countries.

The coming of the delegates to the Pan-American Congress makes it pertinent to remind our readers that Central and South America embrace an area a little greater than twice the extent of country in the United States and Territories, and a population of about fifty millions or about one sixth smaller than the population of the Republic.

Mexico covers an area just about equal to that part of the United States east of the Mississippi River, exclusive of the States of Louisiana and Mississippi, and has 10,000,000 inhabitants.

The five Central American Republics of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador cover an extent of country about the size of the five States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, and have a population equal to both New York and Indiana.

Brazil's area is somewhat greater than that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and her population is about that of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The Argentine Republic, with about half the area of the United States, has a population not quite as large as Pennsylvania.

Columbia is nearly equal in extent to New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, with a population probably a little less than that of New York State.

Bolivia's territory is somewhat greater than that of the Atlantic States, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan, and has a population about Indiana's figure.

Peru is a little larger than the Atlantic States and Pennsylvania, and her population is about that of Illinois.

Venezuela is larger than Peru by about as much territory as is embraced in New Jersey, and her population is about equal to Indiana's.

Ecuador could contain Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Illinois, but her population is not quite up to that of Michigan alone.

Chili's domain cut up would make States as extensive as Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana. Her population is somewhat greater than that of Indiana.

Paraguay is big enough to include Ohio and New York within her borders, but her entire population scarcely exceeds that of Cleveland.

Uruguay is not quite as large as Ohio and Indiana combined, and has just about the same number of inhabitants as Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Guianas are English, French and Dutch colonies. British Guiana, twice as large as Ohio, has just about the population of Cleveland. French Guiana, somewhat larger than Ohio, has about as many inhabitants as Toledo, Dutch Guiana, nearly as large as Pennsylvania, has no more inhabitants than Columbus.

Getting Even With Chicken Thieves.

A chicken raiser at Elmhurst, Penn., lost thirty odd broilers last summer by hen hawks. He found that the hawks generally swooped down upon the young fowl at about midday. An old woodsman told him how to get even with the big chicken thieves. Out in the lot near his barn he planted a round post with a flat top. Around the rim of the top he bored gimlet holes two inches apart, slanting them outward a little. Then he got some steel cut of an old umbrella, made them uniform in length, filed one end of each to a point as sharp as a darning needle, and inserted them into the gimlet holes, with the sharp points up. Inside of the circle of spikes he stood a dead chicken, placing its head as though it was picking food. Before the novel trap had been completed an hour an immense hawk swooped down after the dead chicken on top of the post, striking so hard that five of the sharp wires ran clear through its body. During the summer eight hen hawks and a big owl got impaled on the sharp spikes, and the poultry raiser lost no more chickens.

Scenes in Siam.

"An American finds Bangkok, the capital of Siam, full of the strangest contrasts and oddest sights," said Mr. Perkins, a returned traveler from that country. "He sees the river banks lined for miles with floating houses, the homes of many thousands and the scenes of busy trade. On one corner is the splendid palace of a nobleman, and on the next the hovels of the very poor. Here are groups of Buddhist priests in yellow garb, shielding their faces with fans at the sight of women, and near them are gangs of the toughest of convicts clanking their chains as they toil in the streets. Here are lepers horribly repulsive, unrestrained, and clamorous for alms, and soon, perhaps, the King passes with a brilliant retinue, sitting on his state chair of solid gold. Fine ladies have teeth as black as polished ebony. When a member of the royal house dies the cremation ceremonies cost a fortune, and while thousands are witnessing the imposing display vultures are tearing dead bodies to pieces in the heart of Bangkok, and the poor are burning their dead, a couple of armfuls of wood serving as the funeral pyre."—New York Sun.

Not the First Discoverer.

Hendrick Hudson was not the first white man to sail the Hudson. An old French map by Dufosse has just been received by State Librarian Howell at Albany, N. Y., which shows that the river bearing his name was known as the Riviere Grande before Mr. Hudson and his bold Dutch crew glided over the waters of it in the Half Moon. This map is of great historical value, establishing, as it does beyond question, the location of what was called Norumbega. Professor Eben Horsford has lately given considerable time to locating Norumbega, and finally decided that it was in the eastern part of Massachusetts. This map, which was made in 1605, locates Norumbega in the vicinity of the Grande or Hudson River.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

COLDS AND HOW TO CURE THEM.

Everyone is more or less susceptible to cold, and now that the cold season has come the utmost precaution should be exercised beforehand to prevent colds, instead of taking numerous doses of medicine afterward to cure them.

To relieve colds or hoarseness grate horseradish in a cup of vinegar, let steep awhile and add honey or crushed rock candy to sweeten; or, pour hot water over pine tar, cover and let cool, or drink warm with lemon juice and sugar. For singers and speakers this last is excellent. Persons troubled with rheumatism will be relieved by rubbing briskly with olive oil, or olive oil in which is dissolved salt and potash in equal quantities.

The parts most sensitive to cold are the chest and back which should be covered with flannel. Many men when wearing overcoats, either through disregard for health or negligence, leave the fronts unfastened, and expose the chest to the cold, which penetrates to the back and lodges there and is afterward felt in excruciating backaches. The same way with some women.—Detroit Free Press.

BEDS.

The care of beds may seem a very simple thing, and doubtless every woman thinks she knows all about it; but in this many are mistaken. It is by no means sufficient to hastily spread up a bed, and be content if it looks smooth and neat. Once a week at least the mattress and bedding should be removed from the bedstead, and it dusted and thoroughly cleaned. The mattress should be uncovered and aired every morning. When ready to put in order, the undersheet should be spread and folded under at the top and bottom, then at the sides. If a wide hem is put at the top of the sheet, you can always spread the upper sheet so as to leave sufficient room to turn down, lay it smooth and straight, when the blankets and comforts may be put on and folded under at the foot. The outside spread should be put on evenly, and the upper sheet turned down over all. Then the pillows, well beaten, should be laid on. A bed thus cared for will be pleasant and comfortable to sleep in, and healthful rest will be likely to come to the occupant.—Courier-Journal.

LAUNDRY HINTS.

Buttermilk will remove tar spots sometimes. Rinse in soapy water. A paste of soft soap and starch will take stains out of bed-ticking. Spread it on the spots, and when dry scrape off and wash with a damp sponge.

To remove grease stains from silk hats, use turpentine and then alcohol. To iron a silk hat: Holding the hat in the left hand pass a warm iron quickly around, following the lay of the nap.

To clean silk: The garment must be first ripped and brushed. Spread on a flat board an old blanket covered with a blue sheet. Then sponge the silk on both sides, rubbing any dirty spots particularly, with this mixture: One-half cup of gall, one-half cup ammonia and one-half pint tepid soft water. Roll the silk on a stick, an old broom-handle will do, being careful that no wrinkles are left on it. Let it dry without ironing. Woolen goods may be treated in the same manner.

All fancy hosiery should be put into a strong solution of salt and cold water before wearing, well saturated and dried without wringing, either in the shade or in a warm room.

To clean coats: Take of ammonia two ounces, soap one ounce, soft water one quart, and a teaspoonful of saltpetre. Shake well and let the mixture stand a few days. Pour enough on a coat to cover the grease spots, rub well, wash off with clean cold water.

Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water, rubbed on with a stiff brush, is used to renovate old cloth clothes. It is said to leave no smell.

RECIPES.

Baked Custard—Two tablespoonfuls of flour beaten with two eggs; one pint of milk and sugar to sweeten; flavor with nutmeg and bake.

Jumbles—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup sour cream, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, one-half of a pound of desiccated cocoanut, flour to roll.

Corn Gems—Stir one pint of boiling milk in one pint of corn meal, add half a cup of less, according to the taste, of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and let cool, add three eggs and bake in gem pans.

Ringed Potatoes—Peel some large sized potatoes, then cut them round and round as an apple is pared; fry in clean, sweet lard like fritters until brown, drain on a sieve, sprinkle fine salt over them and serve.

Pudding Sauce—One cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, one egg; beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the egg; set on top of boiling tea kettle, or some vessel of hot water, and stir until it is like cream.

Cheese Scallop—Soak one cup of dry breadcrumbs in fresh milk; beat into it three eggs, and add one tablespoonful of butter and a half pound of grated cheese; stew upon the top sifted breadcrumbs, and bake in the oven a delicate brown.

Apple Tapioca Pudding—Soak overnight one cup of tapioca in six cups of water. Next morning add one cup of sugar, one egg, and beat well together. Then pare, core and chop five, six or more apples and stir with the tapioca in a pudding dish and bake slowly.

Boiled Salmon—A piece of salmon four pounds in weight should suffice for eight persons. Put it to boil in spiced acidulated water, cover and keep it simmering for thirty-five minutes. Then take the fish from the water, skin it, remove the bones, mask with a little cardinal sauce, and send it to the table. The sauce should be separately served.

Chicken Purée—Pick into small bits, cold roast or boiled chicken; salt and pepper. Boil the bones and skin in enough water to cover; strain and return

to the fire. When it boils, stir in for each cupful of the stock a small teaspoon flour rubbed in one teaspoon butter; add a little celery salt, and stir in the meat. Serve with small triangles of bread previously fried crisp in very hot lard.

Fate of a Glass Eater.

Mackay Holmes, described by persons who have frequently seen him as a typical pure-blooded American, was killed at Sweetwater, Miss., in a brawl brought about, it is said, by the jealousy of a local merchant, whose customers were being attracted from his store by an exhibition of Holmes's peculiar accomplishments, which consisted solely in his ability to swallow with impunity or pleasure articles that would be dangerous or repulsive to the ordinary stomach. In the squabble Holmes received a fatal shot from some unknown person.

Holmes's appetite for tacks and other pointed hardware was remarkable; but if he doted on anything it was soda water bottles, although he never turned away from glass articles, and had a well-developed taste for forty-rod whiskey. Upon occasions, and for a reasonable purse made up by a crowd, he repeatedly ate raw chickens, beginning on the unhappy fowls while they were still alive.

At one town in Delta (for he was in the habit of going from place to place exhibiting himself) he varied the notoriety of his bill of fare by drinking two gallons of water as fast as it could be dipped out and handed to him. It must be told, however, he did this to win a bet of a pint of whisky. In the same town, after eating a live chicken, he announced that on the following day his bill of fare would consist of a lamb and especially mangy dog that was such a familiar object on the streets.

The gorge of the community rose at this, and Holmes was ordered to leave the town at once. It does not appear that he had any aversion to ordinary food, but rather that he used the offending articles already mentioned as a means of ordinary men do pepper and they sauces, solely as condiments.

Recently a circus offered him \$50 per week to travel with it, but he indignantly rejected the offer when he learned that to earn the money he must subordinate his will and pleasure to that of the manager.

There is abundant evidence that he practiced no sleight-of-hand tricks on his audiences, but actually crushed with his teeth and then swallowed glass and other hard substances.—Vicksburg Commercial Herald.

The Tin Mines of Cornwall.

While the glory of the Cornish tin mines has departed, it should not be forgotten that they have played an important part in the world's economy for many centuries. They used to give employment to nearly 30,000 people, but emigration to more remunerative fields abroad and the gradual extinction of the mines has greatly reduced that number. It was calculated a few years ago that there were over 300 tin mines in Cornwall, but most of these are now deserted and the unused smokestacks are now scattered all down the country like the monuments to a departed industry. In 1867 the Cornish mines produced 9200 tons of tin, valued at \$4,350,000, while in 1877 it was estimated that the yield for the century had reached the high figure of over \$60,000,000. Lastly, it should be noted that the Cornish mines have proved themselves an unusually intelligent and independent body of men. They are in request in whatever part of the world mining operations are conducted, and it may fairly be asserted that the solution of every intricate problem in mining geology is generally ascribed to a Cornish agent, and every task requiring skill, resource and courage is entrusted to a Cornish miner.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Caring for Men's Shoes.

I have only one hobby, said a Scotchman, and that is shoes, or rather a particular fashion, I have of wearing them. I used to think that a man got the best service out of a shoe by putting on the best pair of shoemakers could make him and wearing them constantly until the leather gave way somewhere, but I now think that the most extravagant way of dressing the feet. I am never without three or four pairs of shoes in good, wearable condition. I never wear the same pair two days in succession, and at least once a month I go over each pair with a brush dipped in vaseline. Thus, with two pairs of shoes, I give each pair one day of work and two days of rest, and the leather has time to regain its elasticity and stretch out the wrinkles the first time made. These wrinkles become breaks in the leather when the shoe is continuously worn. The vaseline is better than any oil for fine leather. I used to wear two pairs of \$8 shoes a year, now I wear two years.—Globe Democrat.

A Country Covered With Salt.

Everything in the country of the Gobi, in Central Asia, is described by Gabriel Bouvalot as covered with salt. It is seen in the walls of the houses on the banks of the rivers, and the salt one drinks is salt. Traveling salt-makers go in summer from place to place wherever they can find material to work upon. Their mode of operation is rough-and-ready one. Holes are dug in the earth serve as vats and boilers, and low these are placed ovens. Alternating of brushwood supplies material for the fires. The workers collect from the face of the earth heaps of a compound of salt and refuse. This is cooked for twenty-four hours in water, then the water may evaporate. An oven, which workman can make about fifty cents a day, and this he sells at the rate of a penny a pound. The workers get quite contented with their lot, and industry is preserved in their families generations.

The Asparagus Bed and the Plants.

The asparagus bed and the plants should be carefully watched during the fall. This will aid materially in securing of a better growth.