MIDDLEBURGH, PA., AUGUST 26, 1897.

Out of the 400 young men graduated from Harvard College this year not a single one intends to take up the study of theology.

A genuine hearty laugh is an aid to digestion, a stimulus to the circulation of the blood and a positive beautifier. The whole system is benefited by a cheerful, merry laugh, and one's friends are attracted by the bright, wholesome nature that ripples out in sunny music like a happy woodland stream.

Says the Philadelphia Call: These evidences of wealth, particularly the irresistible fascination of gold, have started a tide of emigration to Alaska that will cover her barren wastes with the evidences of civilization. Cities and towns will spring up. Railroads and other means of transportation must follow, and Alaska will not be long in seeking admission to the Union.

The Florida Citizen says: A pretty girt of sweet sixteen in Pennsylvania reached for a flower and a snake on the bough bit her arm. She fainted and a young man found her, threw water in her face and was hysterically told she had been bitten by a rattle. snake. He drew away the poison with his lips, and now there is the foundation for a thrilling romance. But after they are married some crusty old fellow will tell her that a rattlesnake cannot climb a bush, and then she will know that the blacksnake is harmless. Will there be a divorce? But John has not told Bertha yet.

Statistics of the foreign trade of Germany have just been published showing that its exports and imports have both increased year by year, the latter having more than doubled in a decade, while the former have gone ahead steadily, though in a less degree. Caprivi's commercial treaties with Russia and Austria have worked well and, notwithstanding much initial opposition, their good results are now apparent to everybody. Since they went into effect three years ago the imports have increased 272,500,000 marks, and the exports 702,300,000 marks. The Agrarians fought the treaties at every step, but in the face of their prosperous effects they are now mute.

There are in this country, states the Newcastle (England) Chronicle, 180,-000 families dependent on the bicycle trade; and the trade is sure to increase, as people will come to look upon a bicycle as they now do a suit of clothes, not as if it were an obelisk designed to last forever. When this time comes, says a writer in a contemporary, a man will buy a new bicycle every two or three years and be happy. This year persons in the British Empire will spend about \$117,000,000 on bicycles, and if the steel required to make these hundreds of thousands of wheels were converted into war vessels, the result would be a fleet of ships sufficient in numbers and power to make any of the smaller Continental Powers feel distinctly uncomfortable. One cannot eat bicycles. But bread is the staple food of many people, and this year we shall spend more money for bicycles than for bread, and nearly as much as we shall spend for meat.

The failure of Decker, Howell & Co., prominent brokers of Wall street, New York City, occasioned by the rise in sugar, recalls the fact that this firm failed in the "Baring panie" of November 11th, 1890, with liabilities of \$12,-000,000. The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger furnishes the following interesting and concise history of that event: "The incident is notable in the history of the street as one of the cases of phenomenally rapid recovery of financial standing and for one of the biggest fees ever paid to a lawyer. Decker, Howell & Co. were Mr. Villard's brokers. The panic swamped them. William Nelson Cromwell, their assignee, succeeded in straightening out their affairs, paying their creditors in full and getting them in condition for a new start in business in sixty days. The statutory fee received by the assignee was \$250,000, and so pleased were the creditors with his work that they afterwards presented to him a set of silver plate, valued at \$50,000, as a testimonial. It remains to be seen whether so happy a result all around will follow the present complications

Possibly it is the mean people who start the bad "stories," but the good people keep them going.

THE WIND BLEW IN THE WHEAT.

A sickle moon hung low and white, in the edge of a golden west.

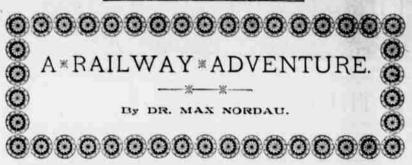
With clanging bells the herd came home; and mother birds on the nest
Thrilled to the song that is never sung—so soft! so wildly sweet!

The whippeorwill in the marsh-land called, and the wind blew in the wheat.

High summer had broken to hedge-row waves with a foam of eider bloom. By waste and way-side the sweetbrier stars showed faint in the tender gloom. And nibbling hares crept out to play, on silent velvet feet.

As waxing dewdrops timed the chant, the wind blew in the wheat.

"Benison to each bearded head, in the land of golden grain!
Ye shall drink of the sun, in strength and power, nor lack the grateful rain.
In the bursting mills, in the ocean pressed with the keels of a laden fleet,
Ye may read the smile of the Lord of Hosts," the wind blew in the wheat.
—Martha McCulloch-Williams, in Harper's Weekly.





ed cafe had been thrown open, and cool air of night struggled for mas. tery with the close tobacco-laden atmosphere

which filled the large hall. A glance out into the night showed the deep-blue heaven overhead and a brilliant full moon, whose cold, clear rays sparkled on the fresh foliage of the budding trees as they swayed gently to and fro in the light breeze. The members of the society to which I at this time belonged had been accustomed for some time past to reserve a certain table in the cafe for themselves, where they met every evening the passing hour. They were, for the most part, respectable citizens, who had far more appreciation for bright gas-light and a good dinner than for the charms of a glorious spring night, their thoughts on this particular occasion than a romantic contemplation of the beauties of nature. On the night I am speaking of our conversation was of a prosaic enough character, as was only natural in a small town, and exhausted itself in discussions about local matters, the theatre, taxes, and similar-to an outsider-extremely un-

interesting topics. Through some chance remark, however, which I can no longer recall, the question had sprung up if it were really credible that a man's hair could suddenly become grey in consequence of a violent shock to the mind. Some of those present were only half inclined off for a ride to Cayuga Bridge. It to disbelieve this somewhat startling theory, whilst others could not be sufficiently scathing in the remarks they made concerning people who were simple enough to place any credence in such nursery tales.

warmer, until every member of our vast system of inland seas in the State now for an immeasurably short space party was engaged either in champion- of New York, lay in all its beauty at of time a blaze of light beat down upon ing or combating the question in point. a man, seated near us, rose slowly, pushing his chair from him, and approached our table. He was a fine, tall fellow, of herculean build, and his intelligent features, which bore an expression of great determination, were rendered very striking by a pair of keen blue eyes; but what made his appearance still more remarkable was the fact that both his hair and beard were as white as snow, although they surrounded a countenance which would not permit one to reckon his age at more than about thirty-five.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, if I am interrupting your conversation," he remarked, bowing politely to us. "You were just discussing a subject that has more than an ordinary interest for me. I happen myself to be a living proof that, under certain circumstances, a terrible shock to the mind can produce that self-same physical effect of which you were just speaking, and which the majority of you seem to discredit.'

These words naturally excited the curiosity of all present to the highest degree. We quickly made room for our new acquaintance at the table, and, when he had seated himself comfortably, urged him to relate to us the circumstances which had produced such a strange and sudden change in his appearance. The stranger feigned no great shyness, and acquiesced in the most pleasant manner possible by relating to us the following:

"If any of you gentlemen have ever interested yourselves more closely in American affairs, the name of Auburn cannot well be strange to you; it denotes much the same for the United States as Spielberg does for Austria. You must not picture Auburn to yourselves merely as a gloomy and extensive prison-as one large, solitary building-no! It is rather an entire colony of criminals, a sort of town or metropolis for the wretches that the community has thrust out.

"Shut in by immense walls, which rise up from the level plain to a considerable height, are crowded together a large number of detached ly. A dull, painful sensation at the buildings-houses that contain the prison-cells, warders' dwellings, hospital, and workshops—all sullen and forbidding-looking; and here and there dotted about may be seen a small patch of grass, a few trees, and, very occasionally, a flower-bed, like the last lingering recollections of innocent childhood amongst the black thoughts

"Certain events, which would have but little interest for you, had led to causing me intense pain, and far bemy journeying from Hamburg—my low me I could hear the gentle plash-birthplace—to America, immediately ing of water.

N this night after the completion of my studies, and the windows after a short stay in New York, I ac cepted the post of prison-doctor at Auburn, which, as you perhaps know, is situated in the State of New York. I was intrusted with the medical suthe fresh, pervision over that part of the prison which was set apart for the worst the spring class of criminals-men, or I should say, human hyenas, whose blood, as Mephistopheles says, had already ceased to be 'a fluid of rare quality.'

"Two of these wretches were destined to spend the remainder of their days in the prison, and they, by reason of their great physical strength as well as by the extraordinary cunning they had evinced in several desperate attempts to regain their freedom, were subjected to even closer super vision than the rest of their compan ions. I was an object of particular hatred and dislike to these two scoundrels, because I had been instrumental in the discovery of a number of iron implements which they-God only knows how they had obtained to chat over and discuss the events of possession of them!-had concealed under their clothes; and again on another occasion, because I had refused to receive them into the hospital when they feigned illness, expecting doubtless when they were and nothing was further removed from once in there that they would find more favorable opportunities for accomplishing their escape. The ruf-fians were separated and placed in remote parts of the prison, and were laden with chains; but in spite of all these precautions, one fine morning the one, and a few days later the other, together with their chains, had disappeared without leaving a trace

behind them. "It must have been almost a fortnight after the flight of these two criminals, which had caused the utmost consternation amongst the authorities at Auburn, that I ordered my horse one afternoon, and started was midday when I reached the end of my journey, and I stood still for some time contemplating with silent delight the exquisite scenery which lay stretched out for miles before me. The Cayuga Lake, one of those which, As the discussion grew warmer and together with Lake Erie, compose that black cliffs which hemmed it in, and one another defiance. Far down the was saved! lake, which is forty miles long, and at this particular spot about one trestle-bridge, a marvel of American engineering skill, which carries the Auburn division of the New York Central Railway across, passing on its way through the small station of

Cayuga Bridge. 'My business in the village was soon home again. Do you know how delightful a ride on a summer's evening is? Cayuga Bridge is surrounded by extensive oak forests, through which the greater part of my journey lay. The gnarled and massive trunks cast long shadows, and the foliage rustled so gently in the soft evening breeze, that one seemed rather to feel than to hear it. As I rode between these giants of distant home crept into my heart, and, sunk in my thoughts, I let the reins fall on my horse's neck, who trotted steadily forward. I admired the marvellous variety of color that the rays of the setting sun produced as they shone through the mass of dark-green leaves, and seemed to kindle their edges into flame.

Suddenly I was startled out of my reverie by a slight noise which appeared to come from the undergrowth on either side of the road. Turning sharply round, I grasped my revolver, but in the same moment I received a stunning blow on the back of my head, which knocked me senseless from my saddle. Once more I recollectopening my eyes, and thinking that I could see indistinctly one of the escaped criminals bending over me, and then all became

a blank. "It must have been late in the night when consciousness again returned to me. Slowly opening my eyes, I saw far above me the dark blue vault of the sky, and the full moon shining brightback of my head prompted me to place my hand there, and then I discovered that I was bound hand and foot, Gradually I collected my thoughts; I remembered now the murderous attack flashed through my mind, which almost caused my heart to stand still. I felt that I was laid across two sharp parallel projections, which cut into my shoulders and the back of my legs,

"Heavens; there could no longer be any doubt: I was lying stretched across Cayaga Bridge, bound, incapable of moving an inch, with the hideous and absolutely certain prospect of being cut literally to pieces by the next train that passed. For the second time that night I almost swooned as I realized my situation; but by a powerful effort of will I recovered myself, and tugged desperately at the ropes that bound me until they cut almost into my muscles; I shrieked, and wept finally like a child. I made mad endeavors to roll myself into another position, and then ecollected that a careless movement might precipitate me into the flood below-bound hand and foot, to sink like a stone!

"A shudder ran through my frame, and I lay motionless again; but not for long, for the light of the great—almost fearfully bright-moon overhead, the ripple of the water deep below me, the breeze that came in light puffs, and then died away again, giving place to death-like stillness, occasionally broken by the scream of some distant night-bird-all was unbearable, and caused me the anguish of death. And then the rails! the rails! My thoughts were torturing me, and yet I could not escape them. The wooden beams of the bridge vibrated perceptibly from the movement of the water below, and I thought that I could already feel the approach of the train, and my hair bristled with the horror of it. The breeze now blew somewhat stronger, and I imagined that I could already hear, far away in the distance, the puffing and pauting of the locomotive, and my heart stood still, to beat with redoubled force the next moment.

"There are certain things, gentlemen, which are absolutely incomprehensible to me: one of them is the fact that I was able to survive that night. One thought stood ever clear in my mind: I must endeavor by some means to shift my position—if possible, to one between the metals—if I did not wish, possibly even in the next moment, to become the prey of the most awful death one could conceive. And I succeeded! I strained every muscle, every sinew, till I could strain no more. I wound and twisted myself, and panted until I thought my head must burst, and after superhuman exertions. which appeared to last an eternity, and perhaps lasted but a minute, I found

myself in the hollow between the rails.
"Was I saved? I had no time to consider that, or to rejoice over the fresh chance of life which was now offered to me, for my whole being concentrated itself in intent listening. Far away in the distance I could now hear -first of all indistinctly, and then gradually increasing as it drew nearer and nearer-the regular, monotonous panting which heralds the approach of a locomotive. The fearful stillness of the night gave way, as each minute passed, to the more fearful noise, to the clanking and thundering of the engine as it raced on towards me at the headlong speed of American trains. Now a thousand feet more-now five hundred-all the horrors of hell possessed me; but I lay without moving a muscle. Once, indeed, I triedto scream. I could no longer hear my own voice; how, then, could the people in the train be expected to hear me? And my feet. The long, slender streak of me, and a blast of hot air rushed over silver wound in and out of the rugged me, then everything became dark, and I heard a thunder as if the heavens which rose sheer up out of the lake, were crashing in. Close, quite close, facing each other like grim opponents at scarcely a hairbreadth's distance. who had for thousands of years bid rushed the enormous mass over me. I

"Already half-unconscious, I was still sensible of a deafening clattering broad, I could discern the enormous and roaring above me, and I saw shadow-like masses flying past; still one moment more of deadly anguish—one of the coupling-hooks, hanging somewhat lower than the rest, had caught and dragged me several yards, tearing finally a large piece out of the breast of my coat-then all objects seemed to finished, and towards evening I started | whirl around me, the moon, the bridge, and the lofty cliffs, in one mad dance, and I became insensible.

When I next woke I found myself in my own bed, and around me wellknown faces. And now to be brief: I had been found on the morning after that awful night by a plate-layer who had recognized me, and had brought me back to Auburn. For a fortnight I lay delirious with brain fever, hoverthe forest, sweet recollections of my ing between life and death; but my strong constitution pulled me through. The first time after my recovery that had occasion to use a looking-glass, saw what traces those moments had left on me."

The doctor ceased speaking; but his pale face, the look of horror, and the great beads of sweat on his forehead all showed how keen his recollection was of that terrible experience. We also had listened to his narrative with breathless attention, and it was some time before we could shake off the impression it had left upon us .-- From the German, in Strand Magazine.

When Blondin Was Afraid.

When Blondin was astonishing the world by exhibitions of his wonderful feats of balancing, one of his favorite jokes was to offer to carry some distinguished spectator across the rope with him on his back. Everybody naturally refused, and the great equilibrist, with a genial smile, would say: "I am sorry you are afraid I should drop you." But he was hoist once with his own petard, and the story is told in the Washington Post. He was exhibiting in Paris, and was about to cross the Seine on his rope. Cham, the great caricaturist, had come to make a sketch. Blondin, recognizing in the forest, and a fearful foreboding him, at once invited him to cross with him. "With pleasure," replied Cham, "but on one condition." "And that is?" queried Blondin. "That I shall carry you on my back," answered Cham. "Not if I know myself," answered Blondin. "Ah," triumphantly exclaimed Cham, "this time, M. Blondir, it is you who are afraid!"

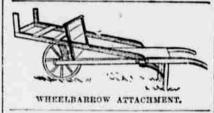


The Country School.

If the elementary principles of soil fertility and plant growth are to be taught in our country schools, some, even, of our most successful teachers will, perhaps, need to "post up" on these branches, and we repectfully suggest that they might do well to begin now; the country school is bound to grow bigger, broader and better; it has the people back of it; they must know more about the common things with which they come in daily contact and the mighty forces of nature with which they have to deal .- The Epitomist.

Increasing a Wheelbarrow's Capacity.

When wheeling corn, fodder, and other light stuff, a wheelbarrow's capacity is too limited for convenience. The illustration shows a simple attach-



ment that can be slipped into the barrow on such occasions, to the great increase of its capacity. The side pieces should be hardwood strips. The ittachment may be supported by hooks from the strips to the top of the wheelparrow's back if preferred. -American Agriculturist.

The Campbell Farm Cu lture.

We might assume that our readers are familiar with the nature of the 'Campbell method' of farm culture, as we have once or twice described it, but we may repeat that it consists, first, in thoroughly pulverizing the apper three or four inches of the soil intended to be cultivated. This is pest done with a spader or disk harrow. If the soil is already in perfect condition this operation may be omitted. In this upper stratum, at the end of the summer, is concentrated the most of the available plant food. Secondly, the ground is plowed to a uniform depth of eight inches, by measure and not by guess, the furrow slice to be turned completely bottom up so that the pulverized surface soil containing the humus may be in a position to form the rootbed for the coming crop. Third, the plow is to be immediately followed by a tool called the sub-surface packer, which thoroughly firms the lower four inches, but leaves the upper stratum in a friable condition suitable for a seedbed. The object of firming the lower four inches is to prevent drying out by a too free circulation of air, and to increase the inflow of water to rot the vegetable matter in the rootbed. Fourth, the grain is sown in drills, eighteen or twenty inches apart, and week until headed out. This surface cultivation is only about two inches in depth, and with a proper tool can be done very rapidly. Corn and other hoed crops are planted at usual distances and tended to maturity.

There is no doubt as to the result of such cultivation wherever the annual rainfall is sufficient to make a crop, and very little rain is required when the water is all saved. That it is saved by this method has not been determined alone by the size of the crops, for other reasons might be alleged for this, but more accurately by analyses of the soil to a depth of foot compared with the analyses of adjoining soil not so cultivated. In the one case there was always found sufficient water to make a crop, and in the other case it was not found.

The question to be settled is whether it will pay to raise good crops at the cost of so much labor. As to this the data are not forthcoming, although they doubtless will be supplied in the course of the season. In different climates, with different rainfall, and in different years, there will doubtless be variation in the number of cultivations possible or profitable, but it seems evident to us that this method is certain to open to profitable cultivation large areas of arid lands hitherto considered worthless, and we be-lieve it to be desirable that experiments should be at once made in this State with the view of determining what the results will be here. There is more or less of summer rain in the districts where it has thus far been tried, but among the missing links in the evidence hitherto supplied is the rainfall by months, on the farms worked by this method. - San Francisco Chronicle.

Feeding, Dressing and Marketing Capons. To have good profitable capons the chicks should be hatched in April or May. The summer and fall hatches can be caponized and held for the March and April market but they will not be as fine as the early ones which can be sold by the holidays. A point in favor of caponizing all surplus cockerels is the fact that they are growing into good money during the fall and early winter months while the hens on the farm are taking a rest from egg production and are giving but little or no return for the feed they are consuming.

Do not expect that a 12 or 15 wound capon from a bird that would have weighed 6 or 7 pounds in his natural state. About 1; pounds gain can be expected on every five pounds, or a bird that will mature into a five pound column of the Gloucester paper sooster will weigh about 61 pounds at St. Nicholas.

the same age if caponized and a 10 pound rooster will reach 12 or 13 pounds if caponized. A capon that will weigh only 5 to 7 pounds dressed, will sell at the holidays for about fifteen cents per pound. That is a 7 pound bird will sell for \$1.05 while a capon that will dress 9 pounds will sell for eighteen cents and will bring \$1.62, leaving a difference of fifty-seven cents in favor of the heavy capon There is no danger of getting them

too heavy.

About three weeks before they are to be sold put fifteen or twenty in yard and roosting house and feed them all the fat forming foods they will consume, Whole corn, cornmeal, bran, middlings, animal meal or meat, a little linseed meal are perhaps the best available feeds for a farmer, Give all the milk they will drink Keep plenty of fresh water and grit by them. See that they do not get to feather pulling. Should this occur increase the meat ration and put a little salt into the mixture.

The spurs of a capon do not become hard like those of a cock, but remain softened and rather loose on the shank, neither do they grow long. He will sometimes play, but will do little or no fighting. The comb and wattles do not grow any more after the operation. The head is slim and has a pale, lifeless appearance. The growth of feathers is very profuse, and the tail feathers especially grow to remarkable length.

When ready to butcher, hang the capon by the legs by good strong cords. Kill by bleeding in the roof of the mouth. Be careful to keep all the blood and dirt off the feathers, most of which are left on and shipped with the bird. Leave on all long feathers next to head, those on thigh, wings from first joint out, all of the tail and those a little way down on the back from tail. Dry pick. Wash the mouth and feet. Hang in a cool place and be sure the animal heat is all out before packing. In advance of dressing the capons find out how the commission man wants them. Some want all the feathers scalded, others picked off dry. I have given New York style. Leave head and feet on and do not remove the intestines,

Coffee boxes are very suitable for packages. Line them with clean, white paper, then snugly pack, placing the fowls as straight as possible. Nail the box securely, mark plainly, giving gross and net weights and to whom shipped. The flesh of the capon is the finest in the world .- American Agriculturist.

Splits in Fruit Trees.

If a fruit tree is trained properly from the nursery to the bearing period, the danger from a splitting of the trunk or a splitting off of some limbs from the trunk would perhaps not be very great; but, as a matter of fact, many trees do thus split, and a know edge of the proper treatment of such wounds is therefore important. Sometimes the two split portions of a tree are brought together and an iron red passed through both parts, the ends being secured by a bolthead and by a nut. Such material is not always a hand, and costs, moreover, more than is necessary. American Gardening suggests an improvement as follows:

If a coil of stout, galvanized iron wire (No. 12, at least,) is kept on hand, a split limb can be instantly replaced, and a figure eight placed about it and



TREATMENT OF TREE SPLITS.

its neighbor, as shown in the illustration. Severals strands of the wi should be used, according to the amount of weight to be supported. bit of sheetiron, tin or zinc, placed the sides will keep the bark from b ing cut by the wire. Such wire is esceedingly convenient in mendian breaks of many kinds, and may well be kept always on hand.

"Lost at Sea."

Many a fishing schooner that sail out of Gloucester with her ensign for tering gaily from the "main truck comes in by Cape Ann, on her return from the "Banks," with her colors half-mast. A dory or two lost in the fog or run down in thick weather b an ocean greyhound that no more fe the collision than if it crushed an eg shell-at all events, a couple of me or more for Davy Jones's locker-su is only too often the tale broug back from the fishing grounds Gloucester, our chief fishing pos Tears at parting, weeks of anxio suspense, and when the ship con home tears again for a lost husbas son, or brother-that story is comm enough on Massachusetts Bay. even if neighbors say, "Don't of dearie! Perhaps some ship has pi him up, and he'll come back to yo the hope is short-lived. "Lost sea" is a familiar line in the de