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The year 1898 will not witness a diamond jubilee, but it will be a golden one. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who is sixty-seven years old this month, will celebrate next year the fiftieth anniversary of his ascent to the throne.

Travelers in the wilds of Africa will do well to take a plentiful supply of umbrellas with them, according to Professor Pechuel-Loesche, the German explorer. He says they are the best protection against the wild beasts, tigers and lions especially being afraid of them when suddenly opened.

A Territorial newspaper claims for Arizona the possession of a single seaport. This is Yuma, at the point where the Gila River joins the red and rolling Colorado. The town is one of the oldest in the Territory. Its climate is such that the inhabitants can raise about everything that can be grown in the tropics.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat explains: What a system of fireproof building is worth to a city is shown by the fact that the Fire Department of Paris costs \$514,600 a year, while that of New York City requires an outlay of \$2,345,355. To this must be added the losses caused by the far more numerous and extensive conflagrations in the American city and the heavier premiums on insurance.

The State of Georgia is \$1,000,000 short in tax returns. All except eleven of the 187 counties have made their returns of taxable property, and of this number eighty show increases and forty-six decreases, as compared with the returns of last year. The total decrease for eighty counties is \$4,606,916, and the total decrease for forty-six is \$5,606,091. The few counties not reported will not change these figures materially. The tax rate this year will be higher than ever before.

A German professor, Dr. Marpmann, of Leipsic, has discovered that we incur great danger every time we use a pen. He says that there are deadly bacteria in ink. From one out of seventy samples he secured a bacillus. This he proceeded to cultivate. He evolved something which was able to destroy a mouse in four days. Now, as mice don't use ink much, and as those persons who put their pens in their mouths are comparatively few in number, there does not appear to be any serious cause for alarm.

The establishment of a sort of "Siberia" for the Anarchists of all Nations has been proposed by Spain. A penal colony where dangerous Anarchists, who have not yet taken the life of King, Emperor or President, can be confined for life. It is said that Austria, Germany, Italy and Russia have received the proposal favorably, but Great Britain, France, Switzerland and the United States have not yet been heard from, and will probably not consent to the proposal. Uncle Sam showed clearly at Chicago some years ago that he had made up his mind what to do with the Anarchist when he catches him, comments the New York Commercial-Advertiser.

The fact that one of the strongest and most popular of New York's clubs has been obliged to issue to its members a sharp circular letter on the "tipping" abuse, shows how that insidious evil has extended even into the strongholds of masculine independence, observes the New York Mail and Express. So universal has the imported tip-giving and tip-receiving habit become on this side of the Atlantic that not only the hotel or restaurant waiter, but the barber, the porter, the hall boy, the chambermaid and the cabman expect a gratuity in addition to the proper cost of the service rendered. Gradually this European abuse has crept into American society until it seems almost impossible to eradicate it. Every one who gives a tip knows that its action is an imposition upon himself, and every American who accepts one feels that he thereby sacrifices his independence, manhood and self-respect; yet the shrinking of the giver from appearing conspicuously stingy, and his unwillingness to suffer from inattention at the hands of an expectant receiver, suffice to keep the pernicious fee system in growing vogue.

The best quality of maple syrup comes from the north side of the tree, but the flow is not so large as when the tree is tapped on the south side.

THE TWO WORDS.

One day a harsh word, rashly said, Upon an evil journey sped, And like a sharp and cruel dart It pierced a fond and loving heart; It turned a friend into a foe, And everywhere brought pain and woe.

But yet the harsh word left a trace The kind word could not quite efface, And though the heart its love regained, It bore a scar that long remained; Friends could forgive but not forget, Or lose the sense of keen regret.

A WILL AND THE WAY.

By GWENDOLEN OVERTON



EXISTENCE under the guardianship of some one who is doing his duty by you is not an unimpaired pleasure. Miss Bradford's sister, Mrs. Gallatin, was doing her duty by Miss Bradford. The former was not at all pretty. The latter was very, very pretty—which is so much more charming than being very, very beautiful. But Mrs. Gallatin was married and Miss Bradford was not. This came of the fact that Mrs. Gallatin had visited at Fort Preble and had captured an unfledged lieutenant by manœuvring and a miracle, and that Miss Bradford had spent her twenty-one years in a small Maine town.

Boys in the village had been in love with Bessie Bradford, but she had not been in love with them, and she had, moreover, a decent appreciation of her own value and knew she was far too good for such as they. There had been a college youth, also, once; but he and she had quarreled before the end of his summer visit. And now Bessie was one-and-twenty and the family worried. It worried itself into a state where even the raising of a mortgage on the home did not seem too great a thing, if it would but insure her marriage. With the money thus obtained she was sent across the continent, with instructions to get herself wedded before she came back. She was told to marry a general if she could. If not—anything, down to a second lieutenant. But rank was to be the primary consideration, Miss Bradford agreed. She picked out a very nice general, mentally. He would be about five-and-thirty, and handsome and dashing. That years went with rank was one of the things the civilian novels of army life she had read had not taught her. Besides, she was romantic—as a very pretty girl should be. So she promised that grade should govern her choice. Then she departed to visit her sister at the Presidio.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Gallatin lived in the building known as the "Corral." If the Corral were in the city, it would be called a tenement. But Uncle Sam doesn't quarter his officers in tenements. The Gallatins were cramped for room—very cramped. They had three children and second lieutenant's pay. So they were poor. Therefore, taking Miss Bradford in was not a pleasure. It was a duty. But Bessie felt the unpleasantness of the situation the very day of her arrival.

"Captain Soutter is going to take you to the hop this evening, Bess," Mrs. Gallatin said; Bessie was cutting paper bird-cages for her niece. Mrs. Gallatin was mending a pinafore. "I've promised to go with Mr. Milford," answered Miss Bradford, stopping and looking up from the scissors. "Mr. who?" "Mr. Milford. Colonel Milford's son, who lives in St. Louis."

"Where have you met him?" The "him" warned Bessie that she was running on rocks. "On the train. We got acquainted. He's in business in St. Louis, and he's coming to visit his people because he's in bad health. He is a very nice man."

"Man! He must be about twenty-three. A perfect boy. And his business is being a briefless barrister. Now, let me tell you one thing, Bessie. You must learn from the first that the civilian son of an officer is nobody at all in a garrison. You will hurt your chances badly with the officers by going with him. How did he know there was to be a hop?"

Bessie finished opening the cage, gave it to her niece with a kiss, gathered the scraps of paper in her hand and threw them into the waste-basket, clasped her fingers behind her curly brown head, and answered leisurely: "He didn't know there was to be one to-night. He asked me to go to the first one there should be after our arrival."

Mrs. Gallatin thought how very, very pretty Bessie was and wondered if her husband contrasted them. "He probably will never think of it again. Captain Soutter is going to call to ask you, this afternoon, and you'd better accept."

"Can one go with two men out here—ante-nuptially?" "Don't be vulgar. You needn't consider the Milford boy."

"If I forget, remind me, will you? I'll make you a little red silk flag, if you like. I can make flags. I made one for a fair at home, once. You might draw it out of your bosom and wave it when you see me about to run off the track you have all so kindly and laboriously laid for me to run on. I'll teach you the signals. Mr. Milford and I studied them from the back of our sleeper. I think there's some one at the door, sister dearie."

It was Captain Soutter, come to formalize the hop arrangement. He was, obviously, very glad that he had come. For Miss Bradford was pretty—extraordinarily pretty. "I am happy in being a near neighbor of yours, Miss Bradford," he told her. He forgot—as men will—how often he had cursed the ill-luck which threw him within hearing distance of the Gallatin trio of infants.

"Yes!" said Bessie; "you are in our vicinity, then?" "A little above you in the world. I live upstairs. When you want me you have only to pound on the ceiling."

"The—what is it?—quartermaster? The quartermaster mightn't like me to wear out his ceiling?" "You flatter me by the implication, Miss Bradford. But I'll settle with the Q. M. if you will only pound. For instance, will you pound to-night when you are ready for the hop, to which it is my dearest wish to be permitted to escort you?"

He forgot what he had wished when Mrs. Gallatin had asked him to perform this act of courtesy toward the coming sister. But then he had looked at Mrs. Gallatin and had judged from her of the sister.

"I would be only too delighted, if it were not that I have already promised to go with some one else."

The betrayed captain manifested his astonishment and resentment at having been subjected to refusal. He had a high opinion of his dignity, had the captain.

"Why, who on earth can have asked you already?" he cried. Miss Bradford had a cool little Northern air, when she liked. She considered the captain's question in bad taste. So she raised her eyebrows and smiled most sweetly. "I shall hope to have a dance with you, Captain Soutter," she said.

And she had, not one, but three. The captain forgot his wrath at the sight of her. When she came from the dressing-room into the hallway to join young Milford, the captain was by the door. He looked at her. "Might I hope to be accorded the second and fifth and ninth, Miss Bradford?" he asked.

"Oh! thank you," said Bessie. She was grateful, and he was quite appeased.

But Fate came to her aid—as it always should and always doesn't in the case of a very pretty girl. She was going to another hop, and she was going with Captain Soutter. He had invited her at the time that she was practicing for the martyr role. As she couldn't, therefore, go with Milford, she would wear the gown he liked, which was white silk. For it she had to have white gloves; and her white gloves were soiled. Therefore they must be cleaned. Miss Bradford was an adept at cleaning gloves. She prepared a special mixture of a number of chemicals and powders. This mixture had to be whipped—as if it had been the white of eggs—very light and frothy. It had a most unpleasant odor, but it was pretty to look upon. Because the odor was so unpleasant Miss Bradford opened the door into the hallway and stood just within it beating.

There was air in the hallway, but there was none in the Gallatin's quarters, as the baby had a cold. Captain Soutter had a cold, too—a frightful one. If he had not had it he would have noticed the smell of Miss Bradford's mixture. He came through the hall on his way to his own quarters on the floor above. Colonel Milford was with him. The captain didn't like the colonel particularly, on account of his being his son's father.

"Ah! Miss Bessie! What a pretty, housewifely picture we make," said the captain. Bessie smiled encouragingly. "What are we doing? Whipping cream? How good it looks. If Hebe would but feed us with ambrosia."

The colonel smelled the ambrosia; but he held his peace. "I'll give you a taste, captain, if you want it very, very much. Open your mouth wi-de. Shut your eyes."

She put a heaping forkful in his mouth. The horrible taste made him gasp. The gasp made him swallow the froth. Colonel Milford laughed. But Captain Soutter went to his quarters without a word. Bessie went to the hop that night with young Milford. Afterward, while she and her sister and Lieutenant Gallatin were having their supper of crackers and cheese, Miss Bradford told them that she was going to marry the penniless civilian.

"But how about Captain Soutter?" wailed Mrs. Gallatin. "Hush! He might hear you. Oh! I'm awfully afraid he'll never speak to me again." And he never did.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Dog Gives Up Life to Save His Master. When a man gives up his life for another, posterity erects a monument to his memory; but when a dog dies that his master may live, men stop and think, and John Walker, of Roselle, N. J., was doing a lot of thinking Saturday night. He was face to face with death, and his dog had averted the blow.

Walker left his house early in the morning for a stroll. His dog followed him. He tried to drive him back. Then master and dog started to walk along the Jersey Central Railroad tracks to Elizabeth.

Midway between the stations Walker met a heavy freight train running rapidly eastward, making enough noise to deafen all other sounds. Walker stepped to the west-bound track. His dog, which had been running ahead after birds or loitering behind to make short and noisy excursions into the bushes, closed in on his master when the train neared him.

Walker was careless. He never looked behind him, and did not hear, or see the Royal Blue Express. Brake-men on the freight train shouted warnings. The engineer of the express train blew his whistle, with no avail. It was too late to stop, although the engineer was trying to do so. Walker plodded on.

When the train was nearly on top of Walker his dog sprang at him with a growl. Walker turned, saw the train and stepped aside in time to avoid the cars as they swept past him with a roar. Not so with the dog. The pilot of the engine struck the animal and tossed him aside.

When Walker recovered his senses he looked for his dog. The faithful animal lay dying, with his back broken. Walker carried his dog to the side of the track. The brute licked his hand, feebly wagged his tail, and died in his master's arms.—New York Press.



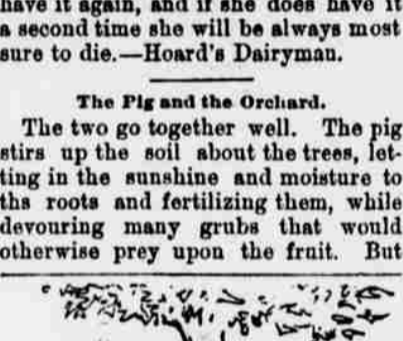
May Weed in Fields. May weed is not a kind of weed that seriously troubles the careful farmer. It mainly comes in on hard, trodden places by road sides, where if anything else starts to grow it is crushed out. The may weed, not being so easily killed, survives. May weed cannot thrive where there is an undisturbed and thrifty growth of clover, but let the clover be trampled in the mire by stock, and the may weed will be ready to grow and take the vacant place. It is most often seen, aside from roadsides, at the entrance to pasture lots, where clover and the grasses are trampled to death by stock.

Milk Fever. Milk fever is a disease to be dreaded by the man who has first-class dairy cows, and who feeds and cares for them in such a manner as to make them large producers. The man with scrub cows, that have to rustle for themselves during the winter round the straw stack, never suffers from loss by milk fever when his cows come in in the spring. It is true he gets no profit out of his cows, and he rarely gets product enough from them to pay for the little feed and care they do have. But he can, and does, console himself by saying he never has milk fever with his cows like those men do who "stuff and pamper and baby their cows."

We have lost, within the past fifteen years, several valuable cows with this disease. We think we now know how to prevent. A heifer with her first calf never has it and very rarely with the second calf. A cow that is milked continuously right up to calving is not liable to have milk fever, at least we have never known one to. We hesitated to write that last sentence for fear some one would accuse us of advocating continuous milking. That we do not, but still feel bound to state that fact. A cow that is starved, or fed just enough to live on, will never have milk fever.

One way is to dry the cow up six or eight weeks before she is due to calve (unless she is such a persistent milker as to make that impracticable); at the same time reduce her feed by taking nearly, if not quite all, the grain from her. Her bowels should be kept loose. If the cow is in flush pasture, and she is one you have reason to believe likely to have milk fever, the only safe way to do is to keep her upon dry feed. We know it is hard for the man who has been in the habit of "babying" and petting his cows and feeding them to their full capacity to refuse them all they want to eat, but it is the only safe way to do with some of them. After a cow has had milk fever once she is more liable than other cows to have it again, and if she does have it a second time she will be always most sure to die.—Hoard's Dairyman.

The Pig and the Orchard. The two go together well. The pig stirs up the soil about the trees, letting in the sunshine and moisture to the roots and fertilizing them, while devouring many grubs that would otherwise prey upon the fruit. But



NOVEL PIG PEN.

many orchards cannot be fenced and many owners of fenced orchards, even, would like to have the pig confine his efforts around the trunk of each tree. To secure this have four fence panels made and yard a pig for a short time in succession about each tree, as suggested in the diagram.

Poultry in Orchards. Mr. Tegetmeier, the famous English authority on poultry, in commenting on a report of the Rhode Island Experiment Station regarding the value of fowls to orchards, says: "For many years I have advocated the introduction of poultry into apple orchards, maintaining that they do good service, in two very distinct modes—first, by manuring the ground, and, secondly, by the destruction of insects and grubs that hibernates in the soil."

The apple maggot appears to be extending in America, attacking the favorite Baldwin, which is so well known as being imported largely into this country, and rendering it entirely unfit for use, but the spraying the trees with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green has appeared to prevent all serious attacks of this insect.

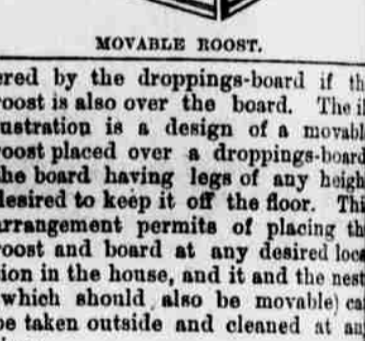
In the mature state this insect is a fly, which deposits its eggs in the pulp of the apple beneath the skin. The young maggots grow within the fruit, which they render worthless, and when mature emerge from the apple and go into the ground, lying in the pupa state beneath the surface soil among the grass roots. Samples of the earth, six inches square, were taken, and the number of maggots under the trees varied, according to the size, from 1600 to more than 12,000 under each tree; the pupa somewhat resembles kernels of wheat. Now comes the point which was particularly interesting to me. The experiment was tried as to whether poultry, if confined to a small range and encouraged to scratch, would destroy these

pupa. A large movable wire fence was placed about a tree, whose fruit had been destroyed by insects. One side of the fence was raised and fifty hens were felled into the enclosure. The fence was let down and they were confined to the space around the tree. As soon as they had eaten the corn they naturally began to scratch for pupa, and in the course of three or four days it was found that the latter had disappeared. As these insects remain in the pupa state from the fall of the apple to the following spring, when they appear, it may be expected that next year the number of flies breeding from the apple maggot will be greatly diminished in the localities where this plan is followed.

From personal experience, extending over many years, I can speak positively of the advantages of allowing fowls and chickens a free range in apple orchards. They not only manure the soil and destroy all insects harboring in it, but they find, for some weeks, a considerable portion of their own food—the windfalls, which they devour greedily, with any grubs they may contain.

The raising of poultry for sale may be much more advantageously carried on where the land is made to produce two crops—namely, apples and eggs—than where only one is gathered.

Movable Roost and Droppings-Board. When the nests are under the droppings-board there is a greater liability of lice multiplying, as the heat accumulated in the nests from the bodies of the hens is conducive to their propagation. They go up to the roost and annoy the hens. The nests cannot be easily made movable when cov-



MOVABLE ROOST.

ered by the droppings-board if the roost is also over the board. The illustration is a design of a movable roost placed over a droppings-board the board having legs of any height desired to keep it off the floor. This arrangement permits of placing the roost and board at any desired location in the house, and it and the nest can be taken outside and cleaned at any time.

Farm and Garden Notes. Save early pullets for the winter layers. Road dust is a good material to scatter under the roots as an absorbent. Fruit and poultry make a good combination as the fowls hunt for and consume many insect pests and are better for the exercise it gives them.

Don't forget that skim milk and the scraps from the table fed to the fowls will yield greater returns than you can possibly get from them in any other way.

You cannot be too particular about keeping the poultry houses clean, as if you will paint the roots once a week with kerosene it will be a great aid in keeping down lice and mites.

Corn-fed hogs can hardly be anything less than lard hogs, a lesson which those who are aspiring to produce the bacon hog, with its streak of fat and streak of lean, will do well to lay to heart. [The old saying that there's more in the feed than in the breed, may be true in some cases, while in others the reverse is true. The fact is, that for profit good feeding and good breeding are both leading essentials.