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NO. 45

A SONG OF HOPE.

If earthly life were fewer,
We wouldn't then complain
And if the skies were bluer,
Perhaps we'd have no rain
It takes a little sorrow
To lead our lives aright:
The sun that gilds the morn
Is sweeter for the night.
When winter winds are flinging
The snow against the pane,
Somewhere the birds are singing—
"They'll sing for us again!"
Toll not thy mournful story—
Sing not thy solemn song,
While in God's grace and glory
The glad world rolls along!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Because of a Squirrel.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.
OM BELTON had had an easy morning of it. He had walked softly into the old forest of chestnuts and hickories, rifle on shoulder, set down on a big log, laid his rifle on his knee and waited.

The "hunting" had then proceeded as follows: A chatter, a bark a little way in the woods. Tom would draw back the hammer of his rifle and lean forward, a streak of gray would flush down a tree trunk, then all would be still. Next minute the streak of gray and the noisy chatter would be in a tree overhead, perhaps Tom's rifle would come up. Tom's head would lift, there would be a sharp crack and a little bundle of gray would come whirling down heels over head, a long bushy tail flying out like the tail of a comet, and Tom would get up, walk over a few steps, pick up the little bundle of fur and drop the squirrel into his game bag.

Then he would shove another cartridge into the open breech of his rifle and sit down and wait again.
This was the rather tame way the hunting had gone, and Tom had a good bag long before noon.

Nevertheless, Tom was soon to have an adventure.
He had concluded to go home and had walked down toward the creek, and was coming out of the edge of the woods when he heard a loud bark. A big buttonwood tree hung over the creek, and on one of its branches, more than half way down, he saw a squirrel larger than he remembered having seen for a long time.

It was lying along the limb, its body flattened close to the bark, and only its sharp nose and beaded eyes showing. He would never have noticed it if it had not barked when he came out of the woods.

Tom quickly brought his rifle to his shoulder. The little black knob on the sight of the barrel showed against the rusty gray of the squirrel's fur. A sharp crack. The squirrel leaped around instantly on the limb. Its tail and hind legs hung down for a moment, while it held on with the claws of its fore feet. Then its hold gave way and it dropped.

But twenty feet lower down its body fell across the fork of a small branch and, after a minute's swaying, remained still, the head and fore part of its body balancing the weight of its hind quarters on the opposite side of the branch.

Tom saw that his game was securely fixed on its support and would not come down. The squirrel was dead, but the only way to secure it was to climb.
It was too big a one to lose, even though he had several already. The buttonwood was large, but several shoots on its trunk looked as though they might afford a hold to climb by, so he stood his rifle against a sapling, lunged his game bag on a crotch and started up the tree.

It was not hard climbing, and he had soon reached the main branches. Just there the tree split off, going up in two shafts. At the juncture of these the wood had rotted away in the centre and laid a dark cavity.
Immediately above the cavity and about ten feet over Tom's head was the squirrel caught in the limb. Catching hold of a small limb he drew himself up so that his hand just reached the limb on which was suspended the object of his climb.

He tried to bend the limb down, but it was too stiff. He started still higher and grasping it, threw some of his weight on it.
Suddenly the wood cracked, the limb broke, and he felt his feet slip.
He grasped at the trunk, but there was nothing to hold. He knew he was falling into the opening below. Something struck him on the shoulder—some of the wood from the edge of the cavity. Instinctively he threw up his hands. But his fall was not stopped.
Another instant and he was in darkness, and he sank into some soft spongy substance, which broke his descent. He came to a stop standing upright.

A strong, pungent, woody odor filled his nostrils. A cloud of stifling powder almost choked him. He felt the sides of the tree pressing on him.

He tried to bring his hands down to feel about. But there was not sufficient room, more than just to crook his elbows. He couldn't get his hands below the level of his ears. Again and again he tried. Then he remained still and stopped his struggles in order to think.

He knew that he had fallen into the hollow trunk of the buttonwood. The soft stuff under his feet must be the rotten pith and punk of the walls which had fallen down to the bottom. Looking up he could see an irregular circular patch of the sky partly blotted out by a mass of twigs and leaves on the upper branches. The opening, as near as he could tell, was six or eight feet above his head. It was not a great distance, but, with his hands above him and nothing to catch a hold upon, it might as well have been a hundred.

He felt all around the inside surface of the hollow with his fingers; but he only sank his fingers into soft punk, which broke off when he put any strain upon it.
There was nothing substantial to rest his feet upon either, as he soon found out by running his feet around as far as he could.
He began to be somewhat frightened. It really was a bad business. He could not stand in his present cramped position long and retain the use of his muscles. Already he felt a numbness in his fingers as the blood left them. He couldn't climb up onto something to grasp; he couldn't get out below.

The sides of his prison? They were too thick to dig through with his nails; for outside of the lining of rotten wood he knew there was a heavy rind of live tough fiber and bark, how thick he could only imagine. He might cut through it if he had an ax, but with nothing else.
The thought of cutting suggested to him that he had a knife with him; but where was it? At last he recalled that it was in the upper breast pocket of his flannel shirt—he had on no coat.

But it wouldn't do him any good. The blade would be broken or dulled long before he could cut an opening through the walls. Even supposing, what was well high impossible, that in his cramped position he could keep at the task that long.
He began to grow desperate, when there came a sudden idea to him, which made him rack his mind for some plan to get his knife.

The upper pocket of his shirt was considerably below his shoulders. The furthest down he could get his hands was to the level of his face.
Nevertheless he tried repeatedly to twist his arms so as to reach the pocket, forcing himself into all kinds of positions and getting more desperate every minute. But all his attempts were in vain.

His head began to swim with the exertion and the close, foul air, and his body sank a little as his knees bent under him.
As his shoulders dropped he felt his shirt begin to rise about his neck; the collar touched his ear. Instantly he was filled with a fresh hope.

His shirt evidently must have caught on some roughness of the wood against which his back was resting, and, as his body sank, had been held fast.
Would it not be possible to raise his shirt sufficiently in this way for him to reach his pocket?
He doubled himself up more, and jammed himself further down into the cavity. His shirt held fast to the rough walls of the hollow and rose above his ears. He sank more and more.

When at last he could squeeze himself down no further, he bent his elbow and, after some wonderful contortions, got his fingers into the pocket and pulled out the knife.
Then for a moment or so he was quiet, resting and trying to recover his strength. After a few moments he straightened up, and, grasping the knife firmly, began to dig in the wood above.

In a short time the knife was cutting the solid wood of the trunk. He kept on until he had made quite a little cavity.
Changing the knife to the other hand, he did the same to the opposite wall. It was hard and tedious work, and his hands and arms ached, and he had to stop several times and rest, but kept at it.

When he thought he had the holes deep enough, he contrived, after some difficulty, to grasp the knife between his teeth.
Then, reaching up, he caught the fingers of each hand in the cavities on the opposite sides, and, exerting all his strength, drew himself up a foot or more.

By using all his muscle he managed to hold himself there, while he kicked into the soft punk below with his toes. In a minute he had a couple of resting places for his feet—resting places which took a part of the strain off of his arms, though they wouldn't have supported his entire weight had he trusted them to hold him.

Again he attacked the wood above him with the knife, holding on with

one hand and bracing his back against the wall of the hollow. He had to change hands often, and once he nearly slipped down; but finally he had another pair of holes for his fingers, and could repeat his first performance.

Each time that he began to cut fresh resting places for climbing it seemed to him that it grew harder work, but he stuck to it, gritting his teeth and measuring the distance to the top every few minutes with his eyes.

At last he drew himself up so that he could clasp his fingers over the edge of the cavity, and in another minute he had pulled himself entirely out of the hollow and was seated on the big horizontal limb.

Hanging a couple of feet above him, from the broken branch, was the dead squirrel, jammed so tightly that it had not fallen to the ground. Tom looked around—how bright everything was and how dark it appeared in the hollow as he peered down it! He breathed a sigh of thanksgiving and descended.

He was so weak he could not walk and he sat down on a log for awhile.
By and by he felt stronger, and then he put the strap of his game bag over his head, threw his rifle over his shoulder, picked up the big squirrel which he had dropped to the ground from the buttonwood and turned toward home.—St. Louis Republic.

Pain-Enduring Animals.
The manner in which animals and birds endure pain should awaken the sympathy of all thinking people. Horses in battle furnish a striking example of this power of endurance. After the first stinging pain is felt they make no sound, but bear it with mute wondering endurance, and when in the silence of the night a groan comes from the battlefield, it is because of loneliness—the craving for human companionship which is so necessary to once domesticated animals.

A dog will go for days with a broken leg without complaint, but the pleading, wailing look would attract attention from any one not totally blind to all sensibility.
A cat, wounded by stick or stone, or caught in some trap from which it has either gnawed or pried its way, will crawl to some quiet, out-of-the-way place, and endure silently agony which we could not endure.

Cattle will meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound. The wild dove with shot from the hunter's gun burning in its tender flesh will fly to some high bough or lay upon the ground and die, and no sound will be heard, save the dripping of blood upon the leaves.

The stricken deer will speed to some thick wood and there in pitiful submission await the end.
The eagle stricken in high air will struggle to the last, but there will be no sound of pain, and the proud, defiant look will not leave the eyes until the lids close over them and shut out the sunlight they loved so well.—New York Herald.

The Secret of a Good Complexion.
"The secret of a bad complexion," said a well-known physician to me recently, "is a bad digestion, and we generally trace that to a bad liver. One of the best remedies for a sluggish liver," he added, "is cheap and pleasant. I do not believe much in pills and powders nor drugs of any kind. Dieting is the secret of the cure. The best liver regulator for persons of sedentary habits, and these are the ones whose complexions are muddied, is to be found in apples—plain, ordinary, every-day apples—eaten baked if they are not well digested when eaten raw. I attended the pupils at a well-known boarding school," said the doctor, "and among them was a country girl whose complexion was the envy of all her associates. I found that she was a very light eater at her meals, but she had a peculiar custom of taking a plate of apples to her room at night and eating them slowly as she studied her lessons. This was her regular practice. Some of the other girls in the institution took it up, and I know as a result of my personal investigation that the apple-eating girls had, with one exception, the best complexions of any one in school. That one exception was due to causes which required medical skill to remove.—New York Mail and Express.

Fresh Air and Sound Sleep.
Not long ago the distinguished hygienist, Professor Reclam, began a crusade against the horror of ill ventilated sleeping rooms. "Sleeping with open windows," he said, "is most ignorantly decreed, as well as night air generally. Now, night air is not injurious. In swampy regions the air is not injurious, but in dry soil, on the mountains and everywhere on uplands, especially in the upper stories of tall houses, night air is more salubrious than day air. Night air differs from day air in being cooler, as there is no sun to heat it.—Draughts are not injurious unless one is in a glow. To healthy persons they cannot possibly do as much harm as the stagnant air in a close room.—New York World.

FOOD ADULTERATION

HOW SOME FLAGRANT CASES MAY BE DETECTED.

Indications of Healthy Meat—Sausage and Fish Adulteration—To Tell Good Butter, Lard and Eggs—Fraud in Spices.

ADULTERATING articles of food is by no means an "invention" of modern times, but was practiced by our classical ancestors. During the middle ages the cunning baker mixed his flour with lime, sand and gypsum, and on discovery was thrown into a prison cell and compelled to eat the product of his entire bakery, which cured him of the fraudulent habit.

The most important article of food in every household is the meat. The meat which comes from healthy animals is distinguished by a pleasant odor and fresh color, from a delicate pink to a deep carmine, according to the animal from which it comes. It must be elastic to the touch. The dent which is caused by pressing a finger on it must disappear when the pressure is removed. The fatty substance of the meat is a good indicator of its quality. In healthy animals the fat is yellow and elastic and has a pleasant odor. The fat in the meat from sick animals is pale, gray and smeary and has an unpleasant odor.

Sausage offers a wide field for adulteration of the most dangerous kind, and in the pamphlets which vegetarians send broadcast over the land from time to time they give prominence to an anecdote which is as terse as it is illustrative of the esteem in which they hold the sausage. "A man saved the life of a butcher by endangering his own. The poor butcher, overcome with gratitude, cried out in a moment of self-forgetfulness: 'Never in your life again, my friend, eat sausage.'"

The adulterations in this line are manifold. To produce the fresh red color, so alluring in sausage, fresh red is mixed with the ingredients instead of blood. It is a very common practice to put flour in sausage, and, while a little of it is harmless, it nevertheless leads to early fermentation of the article in question. The buyer, however, is very much imposed upon when flour is added in large quantities, for it enables the sausage makers to add from sixty to seventy per cent. of water, which is paid for at the rate of this fraud by limiting the addition of flour to three per cent.

Fish are adulterated in the same way by rubbing their gills with salin, which gives them the appearance of freshness. The salin is easily washed off and the fraud detected. In fresh fish the eyes are full and protruding, while in old fish they are opaque, dull and sunken. The best way to recognize an old fish is to watch the gills, which emit an odor of decay if the fish is too old for use.

Crawfish or crabs should always be bought alive. Crabs that are sold already cooked have usually been boiled after they were dead, and soon decay, generating a very dangerous poison. A crawfish that has been boiled alive will show a curious and twisted tail, while, on the other hand, one that was cooked after death has the tail perfectly straight.

The best way to tell butter from oleomargarine is to put a piece of it on a hot potato which has been boiled in the jacket and freshly peeled. The taste of butter is more pronounced when eaten in this way than any other, and the fraud is detected. It is also the safest way to discover the age of dairy or creamery butter.

Lard is frequently adulterated with water to increase its weight, and mixed with corn-starch, salt, chalk, etc., to bind the water to the fat. This may be discovered by carefully melting the lard and setting it aside in a lukewarm place. The fat not only separates from the water, but collects at the bottom of the dish with all the other foreign ingredients.

To tell good eggs from bad ones it is only necessary to put them in a dish filled with water containing from five to ten per cent. of salt. Fresh eggs drop to the bottom, old ones swim on the surface, and those of medium quality sink half way down.

All spices suffer more or less adulteration, but most of all those which are sold in a pulverized state. Ground pepper is mixed with paprika, millet, bread, powdered olives, almond meal, dust, sand, gypsum, sawdust, spar, and almost the same ingredients are used for the adulteration of cinnamon. Pulverized ginger fares no better, and is mixed with potato flour, wheat and cayenne pepper, while the sweet-scented anise seed comes in for a share of earth, sand and little brown and black stones. Housekeepers will always be more or less cheated in buying powdered spices, which should be bought in their natural state and ground at home. The vanilla bean, before the invention of the artificial vanilla, was deprived of its natural aromas and laced with balm of Peru.

Coffee is adulterated in all forms and in every possible way. Machines

have been invented and large factories erected, where artificial coffees are made from acorn flour and gum arabic, and these are mixed with the real coffee; and even the real beans are covered with poisonous chemicals if they have been damaged by sea water in transportation or the influence of the sun or time. Ground or roasted coffee offer the best opportunities, however, for fraud.

But all these perpetrators of fraud and deception cannot hold a candle to the Chinese, who are masters in the art of the adulteration of tea, which they dye, mix and prepare from leaves that have but a bare resemblance to the real tea plant.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Improving the Eyes.
It is satisfactory to be told by Mr. Ellis that blindness in England is "slowly declining." Though Great Britain still stands in this respect behind two other European countries, and three more come before Ireland. Short-sightedness, however, appears to be increasing everywhere, Germany having a signal and sinister pre-eminence in this respect.

A French doctor has noted the remarkable fact that blind beasts caught quite young or born in captivity become short-sighted, the conclusion being that the eye adapts itself to its habitual sphere of vision, and unless "educated," to use Mr. Ellis's term, to see objects at a distance, loses the capacity of so doing. Even in after life the eye may be, to some extent, so educated, though probably only when the myopia is not considerable.

It is thus within the experience of the present writer that his sight has greatly improved in days gone by, when he became a volunteer by practice at the butts, so that, while at first he could not see the target at short without spectacles at the 300-yard range, after a twelve-month or so he only needed to put on spectacles at 100 yards. But beyond that range he was never able to dispense with them.

Country excursions are, therefore, extremely valuable as means of strengthening the sight of town-bred children; and the conductors of such excursions should take pains to direct the eyes of the children to distant objects—to the furthest hill, church tower, or other landmark, noting, if possible, any incapacity to discern the selected object, and then selecting some nearer one for the weaker sighted.

The Inventor's Losses.
We read very often of inventors' profits, but we hear very little of inventors' losses. Not long since the suicide of an aged man in this city was reported. He had been left a fortune amounting to nearly \$50,000 in addition to a very excellent business. All the profits of the latter and the fortune itself had been entirely spent in a fruitless effort to invent a clock that would not require winding. He had a sort of perpetual motion idea, and, of course, it was not practicable. An English writer estimates that more than a million pounds sterling have been wasted in Great Britain by inventors who have vainly sought to solve the secret of perpetual motion.

A prominent inventor who is in the iron trade, in which he has amassed an enormous fortune, recently said he believed more money had been spent in this country in fruitless endeavors to invent horse-shoe machines than in any other line of mechanical research. Horse-shoes can be made by machine successfully, and with great profit. This is done at the famous Burden Iron Works in Troy, built up by the invention of the elder Henry Burden, long since dead, of the first practical machine for turning out horse-shoes from bars of iron. I hear that \$750,000 have been spent by other inventors in this country in an effort to rival the Burden machine. Some of these efforts have been partly successful and no doubt others will also succeed. But isn't it remarkable that so much money has been spent in a line of manufacture regarding which we hear so little?—New York Mail and Express.

A "Flying Switch."
A flying switch is not a mechanical contrivance. It is a maneuver of railroad men, by which the locomotive of a train is run upon one track and the train, or part of the train, is run upon another track. When the flying switch is to be made the engineer causes the train to travel at a considerable speed, the coupling between the engine and the train is then undone, and the engine, at a greater speed, runs from the still moving train upon the track already ready for it. Immediately the engine has passed the switch points the switch is changed to throw the train, running with its own momentum, upon another track. A flying switch is also called a running switch.—New York Dispatch.

Illinois is first in corn, oats, pork, distilled liquors and railways, second in coal, wheat and hogs, third in cattle and in every possible way. Machines

The Biggest Man on Earth.
Citizens of this vicinity yesterday had an opportunity to behold the greatest living man in avoirdupois. John Hanson Craig, with his wife and three-year-old child, was visiting James Anderson and James McPherson, residents. Craig's home is in Danville, Hendricks County, but he has been in the show business since his babyhood. In answer to questions he said: "I now weigh 902 pounds and am thirty-seven years old. At birth I weighed 11 pounds; at eleven months I weighed 77 pounds, at two years 205 pounds. At that time I took the \$1,000 premium at Barnum's baby show in New York City in the year 1858. At five years I weighed 302 pounds; at thirteen years, 405 pounds; at twenty-two, 725 pounds; at twenty-seven, 758 pounds; at twenty-eight, 774 pounds; at twenty-nine, 791 pounds; at thirty, 806 pounds; at thirty-one, 836 pounds; and my present weight is just 907 pounds. I am six feet and five inches high, measure eight feet and four inches around the hips, eighteen inches around the ankle, twenty-nine inches around the knee, sixty-six inches inches around the thigh next to the body. I require forty-one yards for a suit of clothes, and three pounds of yarn for stockings."

Mrs. Craig is a good-looking blonde, weighs 130 pounds, and formerly accompanied her husband in the role of snake charmer as "Zola Ayres." When asked how long they had been married she laughingly remarked that they were just now enjoying their second honeymoon, as they were divorced in January and remarried but a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Craig explained the trouble, stating that his wife had expressed a desire to learn fashionable dressmaking, and that he objected. She applied for a divorce, it was granted, and she went to Terre Haute and learned her trade. She then returned home and they were remarried. Mr. Craig has been all over Europe, and in every important city in the world. They went from here to Dayton, where Mrs. Craig was born and raised.—Frankfort (Ind.) Dispatch.

The Pariah.
The Rev. T. B. Pandian, a Hindu gentleman of degree who has embraced Christianity, is endeavoring to rouse English sympathy for the Pariahs, or outcasts of Southern India. There are 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 of them, and, though entirely free by law, they are subjected to some disabilities by caste opinion, one of which is so terrific that we have no hesitation in saying it ought to be remedied by force, even at the hazard of insurrection. They are forbidden to drink pure water. There are generally two public wells in every village, but the caste men will not suffer the Pariahs families to approach them, even if they only touch the water with buckets. The women, therefore, have often to go miles to get water from a stream, and in practice the majority of Pariahs drink only dirty water left in furrows and pools in the fields or jungle. The consequence is that they are constant victims of dysentery, and that when any typhoidal disease strikes the village they die like flies. It seems to us that this oppression is too bad, even though it be based on a religious prejudice, and the caste men should either be compelled to give up one of the wells, or better still, to sink a new well for the Pariahs, thus spending something to protect their own ceremonial purity. We have no doubt whatever of the exact truth of this statement as regards the water, and strongly recommend the grievance to any philanthropist in the House in want of work.

It may be asked why the Pariahs bear such an outrageous oppression. First, because 2000 years of slavery have made them cowards; and secondly, because they believe, or half believe, the dogma of their caste neighbors, namely, that their suffering is just retribution for the sins of their previous lives. They are losing that faith, and some day they will fight for five minutes with torches instead of rifles, and then civilization in South India will temporarily end.—London Spectator.

Tomatoes.
Tomatoes were used as food in the south of Europe three centuries since. A writer in Chambers's Encyclopaedia (new edition) gives 1583 as the date of their introduction into Spain, but Dolonous, writing more than twenty years before that, speaks of them as even then to be found in the gardens of some European heralds. Gerarde grew them in his garden in 1597, and called them "Herbals."

"In Spain and those hot Regions they used to eat the Apples prepared and boiled with pepper, salt, and oyle, but they yield very little nourishment to the body, and the same naught and corrupt. Likewise they do eat the Apples with oyle, vinegar, and pepper mixed together for sauce to their meat, even as we in these cold countries do mustard."—Notes and Queries.

Kansas has farms valued at \$450,000,000, which produce every year \$140,000,000 worth of crops.

THE NEWS EPI TOMIZED.
Eastern and Middle States.
A new school of earthquake was felt at Huntington, Penn.
Martin B. Brown, Public Printer of New York City, is dead.
The cruiser New York sailed from New York for the Navy Yard for Rio Janeiro to augment the United States naval squadron there.
A southern gale caused damage to shipping in New York harbor.
Justice Cullen granted John Y. McKane a stay on reasonable doubt of Justice Barnd's right to issue the Gravesend (N. Y.) injunction.
A man by the name of O'Neil, living at Brookville, Mass., killed his wife by chopping off her head with an ax.
Thomas C. Pratt was appointed Temporary Receiver for the New York and New England Railroad in New York, and William T. Hart in Connecticut.
Elizabeth Perry, an old maid miser, of Newark, N. J., was mysteriously murdered in her house, which she occupied alone.
The Keweenaw and Mattison Company, of Ambler, Penn., capital \$2,000,000, has demanded the resignation of all its employees who favor the Wilson bill.

South and West.
Pacific Express Messenger McCullough was killed by a horse at Marshall, Texas, and robbed of a pouch containing \$5000.
The business part of Montpelier, Ind., has been destroyed by fire.
Mrs. M. J. Evans, of California, has been burned at the neck and arms and her hair has been burned by her husband to satisfy a savage superstition.
Two men "slept up" the fair dealers in a Chicago gambling house and secured \$2200.
May boat at Chicago reached the lowest point on record on disquieting rumors from New York and Bradford's report on the visible supply. December closed at 59 1/2 cents and May at 64 1/2 cents.

Washington.
Governor Fiske, of Arkansas, wrote to President Cleveland complaining of the Indian Territory as a refuge for outlaws, and suggesting the need of change in its government.
Joseph Dossan, the man who has been sending threatening letters to Vice-President Stevenson, Secretary Lamont, Senator Mills and other prominent public men in Washington, has been arrested.
Secretary Gresham has instructed Minister White at St. Petersburg to inform the Russian government that "assisted" immigration will not be allowed to land in the United States.
The Treasury Department is officially informed that the net increase during the year ended Jan. 31, 1893, over the year 1892, of exports from Mexico, amounted to \$12,041,506. The exports aggregated \$7,999,000 of which \$5,000,000 was in products metal and \$3,000,000 in other articles.

Foreign.
Russia and Germany have come to an understanding in regard to a commercial treaty. Each country makes some important concessions to the other in the matter of Custom House duties.
The foreign consuls at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, have decided not to recommend that belligerent rights be granted to the insurgents.
Matabele, of South Africa, have been completely subjugated by the British.
Published statistics of British trade show a heavy falling off for eleven months as compared with the same period of 1892.
Fetters—Details of the anti-tax riots in Sicily show that six of the mob were killed and twenty-four wounded at Lercara di Freddi.

Prominent People.
Henry George is on a lecture tour.
Senator Dyer B. Hill, 81 years old.
The King of Italy eats only one commercial treaty. Each country makes some important concessions to the other in the matter of Custom House duties.
The foreign consuls at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, have decided not to recommend that belligerent rights be granted to the insurgents.
Matabele, of South Africa, have been completely subjugated by the British.
Published statistics of British trade show a heavy falling off for eleven months as compared with the same period of 1892.
Fetters—Details of the anti-tax riots in Sicily show that six of the mob were killed and twenty-four wounded at Lercara di Freddi.

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