THE CLIMAX.

FRENCH TIPTON, Wm. G. WHITE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1887.

TWO OF A KIND.

The prettiest girl I ever saw!
Well, I declare, upon reflection,
Dropping from out the case, of course,
The prejudice caused by reflection,
I think that I can truly say,
Altho' in fashion's haunts I've tarried,
The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was Marguerite when we were married.

But that was long ago, you say,
And time and care do dim the brightest
Of eyes, and fill with embonpoint
Figures erstwhile the lithest, slightest.
The prettiest girl I know to-day?
Well, honor bright, the truth's my duty,
Of all the belles, blonde or brunette,
My Marguerite she is the beauty.

Ah, Marguerite, she is the pearl
Of all the world, the dearest daisy;
Come, now, you needn't look at me
As if you thought I had gone crazy!
My Marguerite is fairer far
Than any fair—I wish I'd brought her—
I'm sure you would agree with me
There's none like Marguerite, my daughter.
—*Boston Globe*

HER SECOND CHOICE.

Mrs. Wallace's "Miserly Old Brother-in-Law."

"What a pity it is that this sort of life can't last forever," said the Widow Wallace, with a sigh and a smile.

The picnic in the woods had proved a perfect success. The ice-cool drinks were delicious, the cold fowl was perfect and the lobster *mayonnaise* couldn't have been exceled by Delmonico himself. And the sponge cake was lighter than golden feathers; and the chicken pie was flavored to a nicety, and there were forks, spoons and napkins enough for every body—a thing that seldom happens at a picnic.

And the dancing was going briskly on in the covered platform to the music of two fiddles and a harp; and Mrs. Wallace leaned over the edge of the little rippling brook, her fair fingers in the water, her straw hat garlanded around with fern leaves and wild roses.

Mr. Madison watched her, with dark eyes of languid amusement, as he sat reclining against the trunk of a giant oak, with his hands clasped on the top of his head, in an attitude of not ungraceful *dolce far niente*.

"Well, why can't it last forever?" said he, slowly.

Mrs. Wallace made a slight movement of impatience.

"Why?" said she—"*why*" can't it? That is a man's question for all the world. When you know perfectly well that I have *got* to go to work, teaching, in the autumn."

She looked such a child, herself, with the loose brown curls blown about her sweet, dimpled face: and, after all, she was only nineteen.

"Ah, yes, I remember," said Mr. Madison, rousing himself up into something like active interest. "You were left unprovided for, by the death of your husband."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wallace, with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "We were two Babes in the Woods—Charley and I. I didn't understand economy, and Charley didn't know how to save; and when he died there was nothing left but debts."

"But there was a rich brother—a half brother—a something—wasn't there?"

The Widow Wallace's bright brown eyes sparkled with indignant fire.

"Yes," said she. "Charley made quite sure that he would provide for me. But he hasn't."

"Have you asked him?"

"No; of course I haven't," retorted the widow. "It is his business to come to *me*. And, besides, I have been told that—that he was not quite pleased when Charley married a poor little district school teacher like me. And I'm not a beggar," added Mrs. Wallace, with spirit.

"He may be a very good sort of fellow," suggested Madison, sleepily.

"But he isn't," said the widow. "He's a miserly old crab. And I hate him. And I'd sooner starve than apply to *him* for help. He knows perfectly well that I was poor, and he has never volunteered to help me."

"What a savage he must be," said Mr. Madison.

"I can teach," said Mrs Wallace; "that is, if I succeed in getting a school; or I could give music lessons, only it is so impossible to obtain scholars nowadays. And I can do very nice silk embroidery and paint on china, and I learned to mend point lace beautifully when I was in the convent."

"But all these employments are difficult to obtain, and poorly paid when you secure them," suggested Mr. Madison.

"Please don't discourage me," said the Widow Wallace, looking up with bright, plaintive eyes, "because I've *got* to work for my living now. I've got just enough money to pay my board here until the first of September, and then—then the world begins in good earnest for me—the real, hard, work-a-day world."

And there was a suppressed sob in the poor, forlorn little creature's voice that went to Madison's heart.

"Do you know," said he. "I'd try that brother-in-law again, if I were you. He may not be as black as he is painted."

"Never!" said the widow. And then, as if with an after thought, she added:

"Mr. Madison, please don't think me too communicative in telling you all this. Of course I can't expect the world to be interested in my affairs; but when you showed real sympathy, I—I couldn't help telling you all. It's a year and a half now since poor Charley died, and I'm very lonely, and—"

"Mrs. Wallace," said Madison, abruptly.

"Well," said the widow in a low voice.

"Did you ever think of marrying again?"

"Y—yes, once or twice," confessed the young widow. "I'm not very old, you know, and I don't think Charley would have objected if—"

"Exactly," interrupted Mr. Madison. "Will—would you take me?"

"Oh, Mr. Madison!"

"For a husband, I mean," said he, bluntly. "I believe I am nearly forty, and I am not what the ladies would call 'a perfect Adonis.' But I have learned to love you; and I believe, if you would allow me, I could make you happy."

The pretty little widow drew a long, sobbing breath. Beneath the shadow of her fern-garlanded hat he could see that her liquid-brown eyes were full of tears.

"I think," she said, in a low voice, "that your wife would be perfectly happy, Mr. Madison."

"Will accept the situation, then?"

And Mrs. Wallace said: "Yes."

And there was no further question of teaching, or doing embroidery for the fancy stores, or grinding out a livelihood by any of the orthodox methods. There is no doubt but it was an immense relief; for, after all, Mrs. Wallace was not yet twenty, and she had a vague horror of coming to too close quarters with the world of which she knew so little. Mr. Madison, too, was wealthy; and Mrs. Wallace had experienced enough of poverty to enable her to value a competence at its full worth.

"Altogether," she said, radiantly, "I am the happiest woman in the world."

She walked home from the picnic, leaning on Mr. Madison's arm, and thinking to herself that surely never the moon had risen so like a shield of ruddy pearl, never the whip-poor-wills had sung so delightfully as now.

To her surprise and gratification, when she reached the little mountain hotel on the shores of the lake, the evening stage had brought a relay of new guests, and among their number was old General Trafton, who had been one of her dead husband's most faithful friends. She ran, girl-fashion, to meet him, with extended hands.

"O, General Trafton!" she cried. "I am so glad to see you here, now of all times in the world."

"Are you, puss?" he said, with a paternal kiss. "Well, I'm glad to see that you have at last made friends with your brother-in-law."

"My brother-in-law!" cried Mrs. Wallace with a puzzled face. "I don't know what you are talking about, General. But, pray," her dimpled face brightening as Mr. Madison advanced to her side, "let me introduce Mr. Madison to you. Mr. Madison," with a shy, pretty drop of her eyelashes, "this is General Trafton!"

"Child, child," quoth the old General, "I knew him before you were born. We called him Ned Wallace then—that was before the Madison fortune came to him, and compeled him to become Edgar Wallace Madison. Why, he's the very brother-in-law you've been afraid of so long!"

The little widow turned, with sparkling eyes, and color as deep as a rose, to her *fiance*.

"Is this true?" said she. "Then you have been deceiving me all this time."

"It is true," he answered, half laughing; "and I have *not* been deceiving you. Didn't you know that my name was Edgar *W.* Madison?"

"But I didn't know that the 'W. was for Wallace," she cried.

"My own darling," he whispered, softly, "we were so prejudiced against each other. When I saw how sweet and innocent you were, I resolved to win your heart, if I could. Now that I have done so; you will not let an initial part us, will you?"

And Mrs. Wallace allowed her hand to remain in his while she answered, half laughing:

"No."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

MONKEYS ON WIRES.

Some of the Trials of Telegraph Linemen Employed in Yucatan.

Picture to yourselves a country of impenetrable vegetation, with gigantic palms and plantains, with jungles so dense that it is hard work with a stout and sharp machete to make a path through them, a country of intense heat, of innumerable mosquitoes, and ticks, and malaria, and snakes and vegetation that grows up in a day to a height that interferes with the labor of man. Such are some parts of the Mexican State of Yucatan, and it is through such regions that the telegraph which connects the Mexican capital with important points like San Juan, Bautista or San Cristobal must penetrate. This is a country where the linemen go in couples, and armed with rifles to fight off the fierce "puma," or Mexican tiger (tigre), who assaults man and is especially ravenous for telegraph constructors! Linemen are often attacked by these formidable beasts, whose stuffed skins one sees in museums in the City of Mexico. No, I should not want to encounter a puma if I were alone and unarmed. It would be of no use to take to a tree, for the puma would get there, too, and he can shin up a telegraph pole with neatness and dispatch. The Mexican linemen down in the hot coast country shoot many a puma while out attending to their lines.

A scarcely less formidable antagonist is found in the monkey tribe who inhabit the jungles and chapparal of Tabasco. Literally the "woods are full of them." Their favorite diversion, when not in quest of food, is to betake themselves to the telegraph line for gymnastic exercises, and lineman assert that often one hundred able-bodied monkeys may be seen swinging on the wire, or festooned, monkey-fashion, by looping their tails. The continuous vibration of these forest gymnasts starts the iron nails used on the cross-arms, and these often come down, bringing the wire with them.

And it is not a safe matter to undertake to disperse these robust monkeys who play the dickens with the telegraph lines in the sparsely inhabited State of Tabasco. Linemen have found that on shooting a monkey swinging on the wire they have been pursued by a whole regiment of monkeys, who, with stones and nuts, have pelted them severely. "It is no joke (*no es bromo*)," said a lineman recently, "to have a tribe of monkeys pursue one; they are very strong (*muy fuertes*), and can hit with a stone or a stick in a fashion to make a man howl with pain, a thing the monkeys enjoy hugely. They keep up an incessant chattering when pursuing us, and the noise is enough to frighten one out of his wits." Here is a point for telegraph linemen in the United states to consider when offered a position down in the Mexican hot lands. One should be monkey proof, and a coat of mail would be a very good protection did not the heat of the coast climate make it impracticable. "Monkeying with the telegraph" is a phrase which a Mexican lineman can appreciate. And not to monkey with monkeys he has found to be a safe rule it he wants to keep a whole bone in his body. It may well be imagined that when a wire gets down in the hot country that it is no small affair to pick it up again, for, what with fighting tigers, monkeys and mosquitoes, not to mention the cheerful jigger or borer who works his way under one's skin and sticks there, the business is not at all a monotonous one, and may be safely recommended to youthful readers who are dreaming of the Mayne Reid sort of adventure in tropic lands.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

How Volapuk Sounds.

Much as I have heard and read about Volapuk, the new language which M. Schleyer hopes to make universal, I never heard it talked until last week, when, among the guests at the hospitable table of a well-known medical man of literary tastes, there were two guests who had actually sat at the feet of the inventor of Volapuk, so to speak, and started that tongue under his personal direction. To oblige the rest of us, these two visitors—one was a Russian and the other a cosmopolitan—engaged in a conversation in Volapuk for our edification. I would rather not write down in black and write my impression of what I heard. One of the guests suggested that Volapuk sounded like double Dutch spoken by a Choctaw Indian suffering from a chronic croup, while another suggested it was more like a Welshman trying to cough in modern Greek; but it must not be supposed that I indorse their evidently exaggerated statements. Seriously, however, I do not think that Volapuk sounded like the universal language of the future, though I must say that many of its words seem taken from roots common to our own and the G[illegible] language.—*London Figaro.*

PACKING PICKLED PORK.

How to Prevent Its Spoiling During the Hot Days of Summer.

No amount of writing or lecturing will ever prevent pork from being the meat generally used on farms during the warm months of the year. Hogs are raised on almost every farm in the country, and they contain facilities for slaughtering them and for preserving their meat. This meat is convenient for cooking in farm-houses where soft coal is generally employed for cooking purposes. Pork can be fried or broiled over a blazing fire, while coals are needed for broiling beefsteaks or mutton chops. The fat of pork is very convenient for frying fish, eggs, potatoes, mush, batter-cakes and many kinds of vegetables. Dried beans are cooked in no way so well as by soaking, parboiling and baking in connection with tolerably fat salt pork. For a steady diet for field hands or for men engaged in almost any kind of hard work there is no kind of meat that equals pork. It is preferred by laborers in all parts of the world. It is as generally eaten by out-of-door laborers in Cuba as in Iceland. European and American farmers who eat pork do four times as much work as the natives of India, whose principal food is rice.

It is practical to cure pork in more ways than beef and mutton, and thereby secure a greater variety of flavors. Pork is delicious and tender when cured and cooked in almost any manner. There is hardly any waste about a dressed hog. It is true that good soup can not be made of the bones and the meat that adheres to them, as is the case with fowls, beef and mutton, but the head and feet deservedly rank among the table delicacies. For eating during warm weather there are few kinds of meat that will compare with boiled ham, unless it be boiled shoulder, which is in some respects superior. For a breakfast dish there is no meat superior to side bacon, cut in very thin slices, and fried or broiled. It contains the desired proportions of fat and lean meat, is tender, and has an appetizing flavor. Sausage, which is generally made of scraps of pork and flavored with herbs raised in the garden, is one of the cheapest, as it is one of the best kinds of meat food. Pork can be prepared for the table with less trouble and cost than any kind of meat. A considerable amount of good butter must be used in cooking or flavoring a beefsteak or a mutton-chop, but ham, bacon, pickled pork or sausage is cooked in the fat it affords.

Though pork is more easily preserved for use during warm weather than beef and mutton there is some trouble in keeping it, if the heat is great. Farmers in the North may learn much from those in the South in relation to curing the flesh of the hog. The custom of smoking, as well as of salting and sugaring the meat, is general there. Almost every part of the hog is treated with dry sugar and salt and then hung in the smoke-house for additional curing. It is never placed in brine, and care is taken to get as much moisture out of it as possible. The dry salt and sugar that are applied to the the surface of the meat attract much blood and moisture, which are drained off before the pieces are hung in the smoke-house. In this building the process of drying goes on in connection with that of smoking. The weight of the meat is largely reduced, but nothing is lost except moisture. The smoking and drying continue for several weeks after the meat is first hung up, and are repeated at intervals throughout the year. Every portion of the meat is delicately flavored with the smoke produced by burning hickory bark or corn-cobs.

Pork cured in this way is not likely to spoil if kept for many years. The only danger arises from insects that may deposit their eggs in the meat during warm weather if they gain access to it. They will not enter a smoke-house if it is kept dark. If it is desired to take the meat from the smoke-house, it can be protected from insects by wrapping each piece in paper, or by covering it with cloth to which a coating of starch or flour paste is applied. The smoked meat covered as recommended can be hung in an open garret or placed on shelves, where it will keep an indefinite length of time without liability to injury. If it is placed in a damp or unventilated room or in a cellar it may absorb moisture, and have its surface covered with mold. In most European countries old bacon is preferred to new. It contains less moisture, is more tender, and has a better flavor. The smoked meat prepared in our great packing establishments does not possess good keeping qualities. It is salted by immersing it in brine, and is smoked only long enough to give its surface a light cinnamon color. Care is taken to keep all the moisture in it in order to give it weight.

Pickled pork is much more common than dry salted and smoked meat in the Northern States. If sufficient care is taken it is not very difficult to keep salt pork sweet. On account of lack of care and improper place for storage large quantities, however, are lost every season. The pork-barrel should stand in a cool cellar at some distance from the ground. If it is shaped like the kits in which fish are packed, the layers of meat can be better kept in place. It should have a tight-fitting cover that will keep out insects and currents of air. The pieces of meat should be cut with a sharp knife, so that they will be of uniform width and have no ragged edges. The bits of detached meat that become loosened as pieces of pork are taken out of the barrel and which float on the surface of the brine are almost certain to putrefy and to cause the entire contents of the barrel to become rancid or to acquire an unpleasant flavor. If every particle of pork is kept submerged in a brine that is a saturated solution of nearly pure salt there is no danger of its spoiling. The oil, blood and little fragments of meat that rise to the surface and come in contact with the air and putrefy are the chief causes of the loss of pork during warm weather

It is easy to pack each layer of pork in a barrel, especially if it is larger at the bottom than at the top, so that it will keep in position till it is broken. It is comparatively easy to so pack it that each piece in the layer will keep its place till it is drawn out for use. To do this each layer should be pressed into position and covered with salt. A new layer should be formed by pressing pieces against the side of the barrel and so continuing until the center is reached. In taking out the pork the center piece should be first removed, the other pieces remaining undisturbed. Some careful housewives never return a piece of pork to the barrel. They have a crock or firkin filled with brine in which they keep the piece from which they cut slices for daily use. This plan is a good one to pursue, especially during warm weather. About the 1st of May the pork barrel should be most carefully examined. If there is a scum on top of the brine, or fat or particle of meat floating in it, it should be poured out, boiled, allowed to cool, and then be put back. If the pieces of pork are not so packed that they will keep their places, they should be held in position by a weight, as a clean, flat stone.—*Chicago Times.*

REPTILES WORTH EATING.

Feeding and Marketing Terrapin in the Old Days and Now.

New Yorkers who were of the rising generation thirty years ago may recall the story told of an Anne Arundel County man in Maryland whose slaves rebeled because he fed them on terrapin instead of pork and ham. Delaware's big statesman, old John M. Clayton, once bought an ox-cart load of the palatable reptiles for $1. They may also have been told that Lafayette, Cornwallis and Washington helped to soften the asperities of Yorktown by dishes of terrapin, but, for all that, the use of terrapin as a food is of comparatively recent date. The gastronomic excellence of the reptile was almost unknown as late as 1845. Now it is said that nearly a million of them are sent to market every season. In fact, one of the foremost industries of the Chesapeake region is terrapin farming, and out of that bay and the waters tributary to it no less than $2,000,000 worth are taken every year. That the little reptile could be bought in ye olden tyme for a shilling may perhaps be true, but it is equally true that the present price is $30 a dozen. Orders for them in quantities come from all over the world. Regular shipments are made to England and France as well as to Germany and Russia, and an Annapolis firm is credited with sending them even to China and Japan.

Though plenty, it is probable the high price of terrapin is due as much to the care and experience necessary to catch them as the demand that there is for them. They feed chiefly on water-cress and roost in great numbers in coves and other spots where this grass abounds. The creature is remarkable for its torpidity and yet withal it is one of the most elusive known. The hunters for terrapin need to be adroit and quick. Curiosity is the terrapin's greatest weakness, and if they can be aroused sufficiently to make them come to the surface of the water to find out what all the trouble is about their capture becomes merely a question of skill. They are caught after the manner employed in crabbing, except no bait is used. The hunter usually raps sharply on the side of his boat to attract the attention of his prey, and when the terrapin comes to the surface a cleverly-handled net scoops them into the boat.

As to the best terrapin for eating, opinions differ. The most accepted one, however, is that those about six inches long are the best. The very large terrapin are coarse, besides which they are generally expensive. Of late years terrapin farms have been increasing in Maryland, New Jersey and Delaware, and yet it is said that the industry is not the success it might be.

President Cleveland is a great lover of terrapin, although Mrs. Cleveland, so it is said, has had considerable trouble trying to learn to eat them. From among the first received during the season a goodly supply is generally selected by a Baltimore firm and sent at once to the White House. There they are prepared according to the famous recipe of Sam Ward that made, in years gone, the Prince of Wales a devoted lover and judge of the little Chesapeake reptiles. They are served hot, and their way is made sure by numerous sips of good dry fizz.

To see a person attack a dish of terrapin for the first time is said to be an interesting study. The idea that they are about to partake of boiled fish-worms seems to be the first that strikes them. Then, after much persuasion, they taste. One taste is generally enough—not to sicken them, but to make them patrons and lovers of as fine a fish as ever came from the hands of any chef.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

PAPER PRODUCTION.

Methods by Which the Best and Most Durable Quality Is Made.

To properly mix fibres we must know the way they combine to produce paper, and the qualities which they should possess to that end. It was a generally accepted idea until very lately that the fibers of the paper sheet close or lock together in the same way as animal hair in felt. At the beginning of this work even, paper is described as a felted sheet. Dr. Wurster sent us at the beginning of the present year the following communication, from which it would appear that paper is not felt, in the hitherto acceptation of the word, but simply "a confused mass of fiber." Here is what Dr. Wuster says:

"However great progress may have been made in telling what paper is, we have yet no correct explanation of the origin and nature of the paper sheet. It has become a matter of course to consider paper as a felt of fibers, although at the beginning of the century the discoverer of the nature of the felting of animal fibers objected most decidedly to calling paper a felt. The peculiar clinging together, occasioned by the animal scales in the wood or hair felt, and the intertwining the hair more together by pressure and motion, making the felt thicker and smaller in its dimensions, are lacking in paper fibers.

Merely placing dry paper fibers on one another will not make a sheet of paper, as can be easily seen by using dry rag fiber or lint. Neither will short-cut wool or silk filaments make a sheet of any strength. The capacity for producing a consistent sheet of paper belongs solely to those fibers which lose their elasticity in water as they become softer, but recover that quality again in drying. In the moistened state the ductile fibers, aided by the shaking, settle down in all directions and form a confused fiber mixture. In drying, every fiber gradually recovers its original form and elasticity, and the individual fibers exert a certain pressure on each other. The longer the fibers and the more intricate the mixture of the fibers when wet, the stronger will be the sheet of paper when dry. When wet, or when its fibers have lost their elasticity by heat, paper can not be drawn in every way like felt, in which each hair is, so to say, anchored to another by its scales. A sheet of paper must no longer, therefore, be designated as a felt, but as a confused mixture of such fibers as are soft and pliable when moist, but hard and elastic when dry. The greater the shaking together of the wet fibers in both directions of the wire the firmer and stronger will be the sheet. The shorter the fibers the less pliable will they become with water, as in the case of ground wood, and the less will be the pressure which individual fibers exert on each other, and the more brittle will the paper sheet turn out.

Every strange material mixed with the fibers, and then placed between them in the formation of the sheet, prevents them from lying close together, thus lessening the solidity of the paper. We shall speak of the results of experiments in this line with sizing, mineral loading and ground wood in future issues.—*Praktisches Handbuch.*

—A floating exhibition of Spanish produce will make a tour of the South American ports with the object of opening new markets for Spanish goods.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—There is a rooster in Kentucky with three throats.

—People who keep dogs that dash out at passing teams should remember that in case of damage done they may be held liable in the courts.—*Live Stock Indicator.*

—The leading farm products of the United States amount to $4,014,000,000 annually. That alone, independent of manufactures, fisheries, etc., represents an average income of seventy dollars per year for every man, woman and child in the country.

—To avoid the forgetting of the practice of salting stock when it is given at stated periods, it is suggested that a lump of rock salt be placed in the manger, so as to have it within easy reach of the animal whenever it may desire salt.—*Boston Globe.*

—To preserve stakes.—To preserve stakes, posts, etc., placed in the earth from going rotten or decaying, one dips the ends of them in the following mixture: Heat three gallons of tar in an iron pot, then add one pound of lime and one pound of coal powder, and stir thoroughly.

—Farmers should co-operate in gaining a social standing commensurate with their importance in furnishing the supplies of the world. The moral force that would establish them in their true position is wanting, to some extent, in the rural districts everywhere.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—By plowing two furrows on each side of the hedge not only will the roots be shortened but the loosening of the soil will benefit the hedge as well as clean the surface of the ground. While a hedge fence well kept is very attractive, the harboring of weeds at its base makes the farm very unsightly.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—When hogs have the run of a field, it is rarely the case that they will get so feverish as to be foundered all over, but they will often get quite stiff. The corn should be mixed with bran or oats, and only half of the bulk of the food should be of the corn or carbonaceous sort. Such fevered pork is not the thing to eat. When hogs are fed all the corn meal they will eat, one-third of it is wasted.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—Fritters: To be palatable and digestible should be made and cooked very quickly. The lard in which they are boiled should be hot; the proper heat is indicated by a blue smoke arising from the surface. Batter for fritters is best made up several hours before using, and is made by beating six eggs, teaspoonful of salt, one and a half pints of flour and one pint of milk together. Drop in hot lard. Serve with maple syrup.—*Good Cheer.*

—Do not allow the calves to run down in flesh for want of good feed now. They will require as much or more feed to carry them through the winter, if allowed to become poor before winter sets in, and will be in much poorer shape to grow next summer. Good strong growth from birth to a rather early maturity is the most profitable, especially where meat is desired. Cramming or extra high feeding has been found to cost more per pound of product than straight-forward, every-day-good-growth feeding. But no one should make of this fact an excuse for poor feeding, as that was proven far more expensive than cramming or too high feeding.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—It is important to distinguish in plants the difference between what may be termed the vegetative and reproductive stages in plants, says Mr. Thomas Meehan. If a branch on an unfruitful tree be "ringed," or in some other way injured, that branch is at once brought to the fruit-bearing or reproductive condition. So far there is an antagonism between the vegetative and reproductive stages. When the reproductive stage is reached there is another sub-division. The part to which nutrition most freely flows produces chiefly female flowers, while the part to which nutrition flows less freely yields chiefly male flowers. Any one can see this who examines a larch, a spruce or a pine.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

MAKING SHEEP PAY.

The System of Feeding Adopted by Successful Flockmasters.

There are many farmers keeping sheep who care for them in such a way that they do not receive half the profit from them that they might. All stock-keepers aim at getting pay for their expense and labor. But the methods of doing this are widely different. There is quite a large class who seem to think that the profit is inherent in the animal, and that it only requires so many sheep on a farm to make a certain gain, and if the profit is not found, it is the fault of the sheep. This class never study the nature and wants of the animal, and then provide for them in a generous way, that they may produce a generous return. They often lay great stress upon the breed, but none upon the care and feed. This class will never make any thing by keeping stock of any kind. They believe something comes from nothing; in miracles, and not in works.

But the class that can make sheep pay, believe that every pound of mutton, and every pound of wool represents a certain amount of food and care. They believe much in breed, but that every breed has been produced by intelligent selection and generous treatment. They have no faith that any breed can produce a carcass of two hundred pounds weight and a fleece of twelve to fifteen pounds, without eating the amount of food required for that weight of carcass and fleece. They know that time is a most important element in the growth of all animals, and that the shorter the time required to reach a certain weight, the greater the profit. This principle once established, they are not looking for sheep that eat but little, but for those that can eat and digest the most. They naturally regard the capacity to eat and utilize food, as the miller does the capacity of his mill to grind. If it will grind thirty bushels per hour, he sees a much larger profit than in one that will grind only ten. It takes a certain amount of food to support the respiration and live weight of the sheep, without any growth, and the gain must all come from the food eaten beyond this; if it eats little it gains little, and what it does eat is mostly lost. If, by generous keeping, a sheep can reach the weight at twelve months that it would reach only in eighteen or twenty-four months with a meager diet, who does not see the advantage of full feeding; or that the flock-master will succeed best who produces a given amount of mutton and wool from the least amount of food.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

Tact and Talent.

Talent is power, tact is skill. Talent is weight, tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth, tact is ready money. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded, tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity that will never repay it, tact throws away no pains but catches the passions of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity, tact for a short lease, and gets good interest.—*Paul Chatfield.*

LOCAL DIRECTORY.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

Richmond Lodge, No. 25, meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday in each month.
J. SPEED SMITH, W. M.
B. J NEWLON, Secretary.

Richmond R. A. Chapter, No. 16, meets 3rd Tuesday in each month.
W. F FRANCIS, H. P.
D. P. ARMER, Secretary.

RICHMOND COMMANDERY, NO. 19.

Regular meeting first Tuesday in each month. Visiting Sir Knights are courteously invited to attend.
J. SPEED SMITH, Eminent Commander.
D. P. ARMER, Recorder.

Madison Lodge, No. 183, at Kirksville, meets Saturday evening before the full moon in every month.
T. E. SHANKS, W. M.
J. M. SMITH, Secretary.

Kingston Lodge, No. 315, at Kingston, meets Saturday evening before the full moon in every month.
JAMES M. BOEN, W. M.
J. C. WITT, Secretary.

Waco Lodge. No. 338, at Waco, meets 4th Saturday in every month.
D. G. MARTIN, W. M.
W. T. FIELDER, Secretary.

John D. Hamilton Lodge, No. 578, at Union City, meets 2nd Saturday in every month.
JOHN HILL, W. M.
JOHN G. TAYLOR, Secretary.

Daniel Boone Lodge, No. 454, at Foxtown, meets 3rd Saturday in every month.
SANTFORD OLDHAM, W. M.
JACOB H. SHEARER, Secretary.

Berea Lodge, No. 617, at Berea, meets 1st Saturday. WM. M. ADAMS, W. M.
J. C. DAVIS, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

Madison Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F. meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows Hall, on Main Street.
M. B. ARBUCKLE, N. G
L. J. FRAZEE, Secretary

Boone Encampment, No. 40, meets every first and third Thursday at Odd Fellows Hall on Main Street, Richmond, Ky.
W. L. FARLEY, C. P.
L. J. FRAZEE, Scribe.

Richmond Uniform Degre Camp No. 3 meets second Thursday in each month, at Odd Fellows Hall.
R. A. BARLOW, Captain.
L. J. FRAZEE, Clerk.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Amity Lodge, No. 515, K. of H., meets everly Friday evening in Odd Fellows Hall at 7 o'clock.
W. B. BENNY, Dictator.
JAMES TEVIS, Reporter.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST

Cane Spring, (Calvinist). 1st Saturday and Sunday. Pastor, Rev. William Rupard.

Drowning Creek, 3rd Saturday and Sunday. Pastor, Rev T. L Lawson.

Hays Fork, 3rd Sunday and preceding Saturday Pastor, Eld. A. J. Tribble.

Pilot Knob, 2nd Saturday and Sunday Pastor. T. L. Lawson.

Kirksville, (Brick Church). Saturday and Sunday Pastor, Rev. J. A. James.

Republican, 2nd Saturday and Sunday, and Sunday after 4th Saturday. Pastor, Rev.——

Richmond, 1st and 3rd Saturdays and Sundays. Sunday school 9 A. M. each Sabbath. Prayer meeting Thursday night. Pastor, Rev.——

Richmond, Predestinarian, Services 2nd Saturday and Sunday and 4th Sunday. Pastor, Rev. E. H. Burnam.

Silver Creek, 1st Saturday and Sunday. Pastor, Rev. B. S. Hunting.

Union, 1st Saturday and following Sunday. Pastor, Rev. John G. Pond.

Viney Fork, 4th Saturday and Sunday. Pastor, Rev. J. A. James.

Waco (United), 2nd Saturday and Sunday Pastor, Rev. ——

Richmond, (First United, colored), Services 3rd Saturday and following Sunday in each month, at 11 o'clock A. M., and also 3 and 7 P. M., on Sunday. Pastor, Elder M. Campbell.

CATHOLIC.

Richmond, Services, 1st and 3rd Sundays, 10 A. M. Pastor, Rev. Father Haley.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

Flat Woods, 3rd Sunday and preceding Saturday. Pastor, Elder J. C. Walden. 5th Sunday. Pastor, Eld. J. W. Harding.

Glade, 4th Sunday and preceding Saturday, Pastor, Elder Collier.

Kirksville, 2nd Sunday and preceding Saturday. Pastor, Elder Joseph Ballew.

Mt. Pleasant, 2nd and 4th Sundays and preceding Saturdays. Sabbath school, 10 A. M. Pastor, Elder B. C. Hagerman.

Mt. Zion, 1st and 3rd Sundays and Saturday preceding 3rd Sunday. Pastor, Elder L. H. Reynolds.

Richmond, Services every Sunday, Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evenings.

Union, 1st Sunday and preceding Saturday. Pastor,——

White Oak Pond, 2nd Sunday. Pastor, Elder L. H. Reynolds.

EPISCOPAL.

Richmond, (Protestant). Services every Sunday, morning and evening, and on Friday evening. Pastor, Rev. W. Y. Sheppard.

METHODIST.

College Hill, (Centenary M. E.), 1st Sunday morning, and 4th Sunday, morning and night. Prayer meeting every alternate Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday morning. Pastor, Eld. J. F. Grider.

College Hill, (M. E. South), 2nd Sunday, morning and night. Prayer meeting every alternate Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday morning. Pastor, Rev. D. P. Ware.

Kirksville. Pastor, Rev. S. W. Peeples.

Providence, 1st and 3d Sunday mornings. Pastor, Rev. J. A. Henderson.

Richmond, (South). Sunday-school 9:30, T. J. Scott, Superintendent. Services every 2nd and 4th Sunday mornings at 11 A. M., and every Sunday night at 7 P. M. Pastor, Rev. J. A. Henderson.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Bethel Meeting House, 2nd and 5th Sundays.

Forman's Chapel, 4th Sunday.

Kirksville, 1st and 3rd Sundays. Pastor Rev. Wm. Crow.

Richmond, (South), Services every Sunday. Prayer meeting Wednesday nights.

Richmond, (North), Services 11 A. M., and 3 P. M. Pastor, ——

Silver Creek Chapel, 1st and 3rd Sundays.

Ford, 2nd and 4th Sundays; 10:30, A. M., and 4 P. M. Sunday-school, 3 P. M. Pastor, Rev. L. H. Blanton, D. D.

MADISON COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge, J. R. Morton.
Commonwealth's Attorney, C. J. Bronston.
Master Commissioner, J. R. Burnam.
Clerk, W. H. Miller.

COMMON PLEAS COURT.

Judge, T. J. Scott.
Master Commissioner, S. E. Scott.
Clerk, W. H. Miller.

TIME OF HOLDING COMMON PLEAS COURT.

First Monday in January, 1st Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

TIME OF HOLDING CIRCUIT COURT.

Third Monday in March and September.

TIME OF HOLDING QUARTERLY AND COUNTY COURT.

Quarterly Court, fourth Monday in January, April, July and the 2nd Monday in October.

County Court of Claims, 2nd Monday in July.

County Court, first Monday in each month.

TIME OF HOLDING CITY COURT.

First Saturday in every month.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Judge, J. C. Chenault.
County Clerk, Thomas Thorpe.
County Attorney, J. A. Sullivan.
Sheriff, N. B. Deatherage.
Jailor, George V. Maupin.
Coroner, Alexander Norris.
Surveyor, B. F. Crooke.
Assessor, John W. McPherson.
Supt. Public Schools, Mrs. Amanda Million.

CITY OFFICERS.

City Judge, H. C. Rice.
City Attorney, A. J. Reed.
City Collector, R. A. Barlow.
City Clerk, Wm. G. White.

CITY POLICE.

J. D. Feeney and J. A. Mershon.

CITY COUNCIL.

J. D. Mitchell, Mayor.
First Ward, J. Stone Walker.
Second Ward, G. W. Evans.
Third Ward, Owen McKee.
Fourth Ward, J. W. Caperton.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE, CONSTABLES, AND PLACES AND TIMES OF HOLDING COURT.

MONTHS—FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST AND NOVEMBER.

Richmond District, No. 1 D. P. Armer, at Court House, 3rd Wednesday. Wm. Willis, at Court House, 1st Saturday. Lyman Parrish, Constable.

Foxtown District, No. 2. G. B. Million, at King's Store, 3rd Monday. Richmond Kanatzar, in Buffalo school house, 4th Saturday. J. S. Chenault, Constable.

Union District, No. 3. Albertis Parks, at Union City, 1st Saturday. John A. Turpin, at Doylesville, 2nd Saturday. R. N. Lanter, Constable.

Elliston District, No. 4. Wm. Benton, at Waco, 2nd Saturday. John W. Moores, at Waco, 3rd Saturday. Charles Oldham, Constable.

Yates District, No. 5. T. J. Coyle, at Kingston, 4th Saturday Leeland D. Maupin, at Speedwell, 2nd Wednesday. George Young, Constable.

Glade District, No. 6. James M Wood, at Berea, 3rd Saturday. John G. Galloway, at White's Station, 1st Saturday. R. G. Ballard, Constable.

Kirksville District, No. 7 J M Cotton at Kirksville, 2nd Saturday. Alexander, Ray, at Kirksville, 3rd Saturday. J. M. Fowler, Constable.

Poosey District, No. 8 J. N. Hendren at Cotton's Store, 3rd Monday. Wm. A., Chandler, at Reagan's Store, 3rd Friday. S. D. Carpenter, Constable

Million District, No. 9. J. M. Long, at Stapp's Store, 3rd Tuesday. A. B. Newby, at Holman's Store, 3rd Saturday. James A. Harvey Constable.

FOR RENT!

160 ACRES for corn and oats. Fine orchard.
J. L. McMURTRY,
n2tt Buena Vista, Garrard Co., Ky.

M. BARLOW

Is beating them all making the best grade of

FLOUR.

HE HAS A BIG STOCK ON HAND
—ALSO—
Meal and Coal.
Pays highest cash price for
WHEAT.
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BLUE-GRASS LIGHTNING ROD CO.,

FOUSHEE, MELTON & CO., Proprietors,
16 Market Street, - Lexington, Ky.
—DEALERS IN—
Lightning Rods, Iron Fencing, Cresting, etc., etc.

NONE BUT THE BEST MATERIAL USED.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Estimates furnished on application.
12-tf JAS. WILKERSON, Agent.

Pianos and Organs.

Steinway & Sons.,
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Christie,
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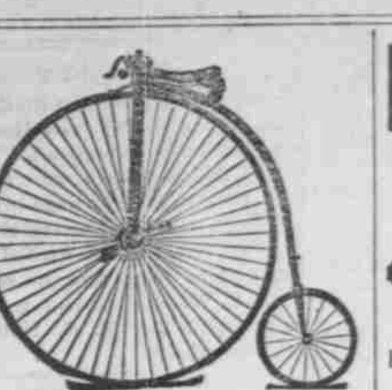
and other Pianos.
Chicago Cottage Organs.

PIANOS AND ORGANS FOR RENT.
Rent applied as part payment.
—WRITE FOR PRICES AND TERMS—
LUKE U. MILWARD,
8 and to W, Main St., Lexington, Ky
June 22 tf.

A. D. RUFF,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-ware, etc. Special attention given to
SETTING DIAMONDS
AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.
REPAIRING
Promptly done and in a workmanlike manner.
Cash Paid for Old Gold and Silver.
Don't forget the place—next door to the Post-office, Richmond, Ky.
june22 tf

WANTED—Your prescriptions at White's Drug Store. n9tf



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BUILDER
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CONTRACTOR,
—Is prepared to do all kinds of—
BUILDING AND CONTRACT WORK
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Reasonable Rates
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—DEALER IN FINE—
Whiskies,
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FOR **MAN** AND **BEAST!**
Mexican Mustang Liniment
CURES
Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Stings, Bites, Bruises, Bunions, Corns, Scratches, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores, Spavin, Cracks.
THIS GOOD OLD [illegible]
accomplishes for everybody [illegible] for it. One of the reasons for the [illegible] the Mustang Liniment is found in [illegible] applicability. Everybody needs [illegible]
The Lumberman needs it in [illegible]
The Housewife needs it for [illegible]
The Canaler needs it for his [illegible]
The Mechanic needs it always [illegible] bench.
The Miner needs it in case of [illegible]
The Pioneer needs it—can't get [illegible]
The Farmer needs it in his house [illegible] and his stock yard.
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his [illegible] friend and safest reliance.
The Stock-grower needs it—it will [illegible] thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.
The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and [illegible]
The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.
The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.
Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.
Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.
Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.
june22tf

DOUGLAS,

The Butcher,
Is prepared to supply his customers with the best
Steaks,
Pork,
Sausage
and Mutton
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
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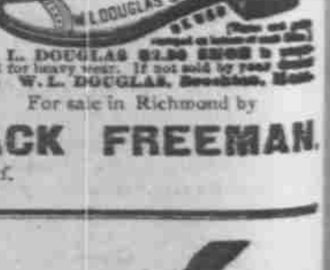
W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.
The only $3 SEAMLESS Shoe in the world, without tacks or nails. Finest Calf, perfect fit, and warranted. Congress, Button and Lace, all styles toe. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6. Boys all wear the W. L. DOUGLAS $2 Shoe.



W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear. If not sold by your dealer write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
For sale in Richmond by
JACK FREEMAN.
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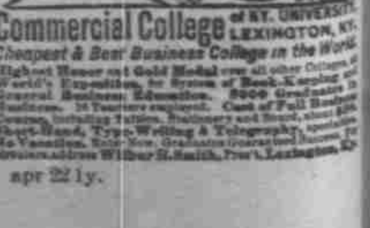

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