Butler Citizen.

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BUTLER, PA.

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Just opened, a Splendid Stock of all kinds and styles of Embroideries in Swiss, Nainsook and Hamburg and Inserting to match, and we are offering the whole lot at astonishing LOW PRICES.

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Is made of the best material, by skilled mechanics, under the supervision of Mr. T. M Bissell, a veteran plow manufacturer and inventor, skilled in his art, and after 38 years' experience he feels justified in claiming for these plows that they are more nearly perfect and have more points of improvement than any of their predecessors. Mr. Bissell is the patentee of the Oliver Chilled Plow, the South Bend Chilled Plow, and the Bissell Chilled Plow, which is his last and best. We also sell the Diamond Iron, North Bend and Hillside Plows.

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The Hoosier Grain and Corn Drills, the best Fertilizer Drills in the market, Victor Horse Dump Wheel Rake, Starr Hand Dump Rake, the Western Washer—the best in the world—the Champion Separator and Clover Huller, the Harrisburg Traction & Portable Engines.

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Acknowledged by farmers to be the best. Also, a line of Builders' Supplies, Blacksmiths' Supplies, and House Furnishing Goods

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DRESS SHIRT

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This wonderful invention gives a Bosom handsome shape & latest style, and is so placed on the Shirt that it can be worn for a week without break or wrinkle. Made from 2100 linen, Wamsutta Muslin, and Bosom lined with heavy Butcher Linen.

All BOSOMS GUARANTEED TO OUT WEAR THE SHIRT.

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BOOTS AND SHOES,

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NEVER FAILS.

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NERVE CONQUEROR

The only known *specific* for Epileptic Fits.
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness.
Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured.
Equalled by none in delirium of fever.
Neutralizes germs of disease and sickness.
Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores.
Cleanses blood, quickens sluggish circulation.
Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds.
Permanently and promptly cures paralysis.
Yes, It is a charming and healthful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers.
Changes bad breath to good, removing cause.
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Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates.
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Restores life-giving properties to the blood.
Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders.
Reliable when all opiates fail.
Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body.
Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.
Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand Leading physicians in U. S. and Europe.
Leading clergymen in U. S. and Europe.
Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror.
For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Medical Co., Props., St. Joseph, Mo. (2)

Chas. N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City.

Put a Brand on Him.

"Woman are a necessary evil," he said, bringing down his fist hard on the hard counter to emphasize the heartless remark. It was in the village store at West Milton, Saratoga county, and the speaker was the central figure of the group of bucholic philosophers. he was homely, slovenly and sixty"

"There's where I differ from you altogether," said Mr. George T. Graham, of this place. "Women are mostly what men make 'em. When husbands are brutes wives will fall into submission er make home hot for the men; and they're unnatural in either character. Love them, and especially be good to them when they're sick, and you'll have no trouble. There's my own wife, now She's suffered a good deal with dyspepsia, nervous prostration and other ailments that took the bloom off her cheek and the spring out of her step. Well, who saw an advertisement of PARKER'S TONIC, and thought it would be just the thing for her case, Gentlemen, I sent five miles after a bottle. She took it. I sent again after more. So several times. Trouble? Why, if you could see how much good it has done her you would say that women are the greatest of God's blessings, and Parker's Tonic is the next."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKERS GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. This change has been rendered necessary by substitutes imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealer, under the name of ginger; and as ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itsself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of "Parkers Ginger Tonic" contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of HISCOX & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company*, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

The best family pill made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

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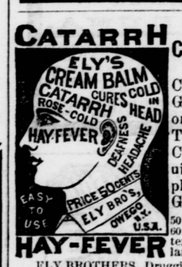

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Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply with Finger. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Send for circular.

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Hard Wood Furniture

for sale at extremely low figures, A great variety of Beds, Tables, Chairs, Childrens' Chairs, Ladies' Rockers, Extra Heavy Arm Rockers, Marble and Wood Top Parlor Tables Bureaus, Stands, Double and Single Lounges, Spring Mattresses, &c., &c., at

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FACTORY ON WASHINGTON STREET. d12'83-tf.

JOSEPH B. PIZER,
PLASTERER & CONTRACTOR,
Butler, Pa.

Having removed to Butler, from Portersville, I hereby inform the public that I am prepared to execute all orders and take contracts for plastering, stucco and mastic work in all its branches, and I will guarantee satisfaction and give references if necessary. Orders can be sent through the mail or left at my residence in Springdale, on Centre avenue, nearly opposite the grocery store

J. B. PIZER

Salesmen Wanted ON SALARY.

RELIABLE MEN, having good natural abilities and pluck, to sell NURSERY STOCK. Such men are sure to succeed and earn liberal salaries from the start. Situations Permanent. Write for terms.

GLEN BROTHERS, Nurseymen, Rochester, N. Y.

Union Woolen Mill,

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H. FULLERTON, Prop'r.

Manufacturer of BLANKETS, FLANNELS, YARNS, &c. Also custom work done to order, such as carding Rolls, making Blankets, Flannels, Knitting and Weaving Yarns, &c., at very low prices. Wool worked on the shares, if desired. my7-1y

TO SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

By authority of the Executive Committee of Butler County School Directors' Association, I call a meeting of said Association to be held in the Court House in Butler, on Tuesday, May 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. All the Directors in the county are earnestly invited to attend to perfect a full and permanent organization. Teachers, candidates for Superintendent and all friends of popular education are cordially invited to be present. All questions relating to the duties and work of School Directors will be open for discussion. The object of the Association is to afford opportunity for comparing ideas and plans. The public discussion of candidates for County Superintendent will not be in order. Turn out in force, come early and let us have a good meeting in the interest of education. BY ORDER OF COM.

FRANK M. EASTMAN, Chairman. apr16.3t

The Inspiration of the Bible.

A lecture by H. L. Hastings, before the Massachusetts Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. Associations, at Spencer, October 13, 1881.

The question as to the inspiration of the Bible is not a question raised by me. It is a question that is already up for discussion through the length and breadth of the land. What are we to do with the Bible? How are we to regard it? Is it the best book in the world, or the worst? Is it a true book, or is it a false book? Is it God's book, or is it man's book?

We find men on all sides of the question. There is one person who tells us this book is a good book—but then, there are others just as good. The Bible is inspired, and so was Plato inspired, so was Socrates, and so is the almanac inspired; in fact, everything is inspired—The book of Mormon, the Koran of Mahomet, the sacred books of the Hindoos and Chinese;—they have their Bibles, you have yours; all are good, and one is about as good as the other. Shakespeare was inspired, Milton was inspired, Thomas Paine was inspired, and everything and everybody is inspired.

It is not worth while to waste time on false issues. When I open Shakespeare's play I do not read at the commencement, "Thus saith the Lord God of hosts;" when I turn to Plato's writings I do not read, "Hear ye the word of the Lord;" when I peruse the almanac I do not read, "The word of the Lord cometh unto me." Hence, you see that this book must be judged by a standard different from all other books. Over and over again this book says, "Hear ye the word of the Lord." Now, the message is the word of the Lord, or it is a lie. It is the word of the Lord, as it professes to be, or it is a cheat, a swindle, a humbug, a fraud.

To illustrate: A man tells me that Jesus of Nazareth was a good man; but then, there were other men just as good. He was a spiritual medium; but there are other mediums equally powerful in these days. To be sure, I do not remember any spiritual medium giving a public dinner, for nothing, to five thousand hungry people! You may have heard of such a "manifestation," but it has not fallen under my notice. I have not heard of a spiritual medium hushing the winds or calming the sea. I have heard of dancing tables and similar operations. I prefer to have my tables stand still! [Laughter and applause.]

But while you say, "Christ was simply one of many remarkable men," He says, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world and go to the Father." He says, "O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." Now do you say he was a good man, and yet he told lies? What is your idea of a good man? I do not believe that a good man lies; and I do not believe that a man who lies is a good man. Perhaps you do, but if so, you were brought up in a different way from that in which my father brought me up. So I do not believe that a book packed with lies from one end to the other is a good book; and I do not want any one to come and tell me that Jesus Christ was a good man, and the Bible is a good book, but neither of them tell the truth. I join issue there. This book is what it professes to be or it is a swindle; Jesus of Nazareth was what he professed to be, or he was an imposter.

Suppose a man comes to town and represents himself the son of a British nobleman. He is well dressed, has plenty of money, turns the heads of half the young ladies in the town, and makes himself at home generally; but after a while they find out that he is the son of "old Jinkins, the blacksmith," down in the next town. Now I do not want you to tell me how prettily he behaves, what fine broadcloth he wears, or what a perfect gentleman he is in all his deportment. The fact is, he is a liar, a fraud and a scamp. he has come under false colors, and palmed himself off on the community under false pretenses; and the more good things you say about him the less I think of him, because, if he is such a well-educated gentleman, he knows better than to be going around as a fraud, and deceiving the people. So we must accept Jesus of Nazareth and his claims entirely, or else we must reject the whole gospel as an imposter, and as the grandest, most stupendous fraud the world has ever known.

Now, do not be fooled by this soft talk about the Bible being "a good book," and yet like many other good books. There is not another like it in the world. Let us look at some of its peculiarities:—

Here is one. The Bible is a book which has been refuted, demolished, overthrown, and exploded, more times than any other book you ever heard of. Every little while somebody starts up and upsets this book; and it is like upsetting a solid cube of granite. It is just as big one way as the other; and when you have upset it, it is right side up, and when you overturn it again it is right side up still. [Applause.] Every little while somebody blows up the Bible; but when it comes down it always lights on its feet, and runs faster than ever through the world. They over threw the Bible a century ago, in Voltaire's time—entirely demolished the whole thing. In less than a hundred years, said Voltaire, Christianity will have been swept from existence, and will have passed into history. Infidelity ran riot through France, red-handed and impious. A century has passed away. Voltaire has "passed into history," and not very respectable history either; but his old printing press, it is said, has since been used to print the Word of God; and the very house where he lived is packed with Bibles, a depot for the Geneva Bible Society. Thomas Paine demolished the Bible, and finished it off finally; but after he had crawled despairingly into a drunkard's grave in 1809,—There lies before me a letter written to me by Mrs. Mary Benjamin, who at the age of eleven years was an eye-witness to the death-bed agonies of Thomas Paine. She writes from Williamsport, Pa., April 25, 1876: "I was invited by a distant connection . . to go and see T. Paine on his death bed . . . The scene to me was appalling, and I wished to leave at once. I remember him as he lay, his head near and close to the door we entered, his glaring, rolling eyes; uttering imprecations, apparently in agony of body and mind, his screams could be heard at a great distance. As I shrank back they said (there were many there) he called on Jesus Christ for mercy, and next blasphemed." This independent witness simply confirms the testimony of other respectable persons; whose veracity is only impeached by infidels who were not present, and who know nothing of the facts, but who with characteristic candor expect us to believe their testimony concerning events which occurred years before they were born!—the book took such a leap that since that time more than twenty times as many Bibles have been made and scattered through the world as ever were made before since the creation of man. Up to the year 1800, from four to six million copies of the Scriptures, in some thirty different languages, comprised all that had been produced since the world began. Eighty years later, 1880, the statistics of eighty different Bible societies which are now in existence, with their unnumbered agencies and auxiliaries, report more than 165,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture, with 206 new translations, distributed by Bible societies alone since 1804; to say nothing of the unknown millions of Bibles and Testaments which have been issued and circulated by private publishers throughout the world. For a book that has been exploded so many times, this book still shows signs of considerable life.

I have heard of a man travelling around the country exploding this book, and showing up "the mistakes of Moses," at about $200 a night. It is easy work to abuse Moses at $200 a night, especially as Moses is dead and cannot talk back. It would be worth something after hearing the infidel on "the mistakes of Moses," to hear Moses on "the mistakes of the infidel." When Moses could talk back he was rather a difficult man to deal with. Pharaoh tried it, and met with poor success. Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, and it is found a grave in the Red Sea. Korah, Dathan and Abiram tried it, and went down so deep that they have not yet got back. But now Moses is dead, and it is easy to abuse him. It does not take a very brave beast to kick a dead lion. It would be interesting to hear a military leader and legislator, like "Moses the man of God," who, after he was 80 years old, commanded for 40 years an army of 600,000 men, emancipating, organizing, and giving laws to a nation which has maintained its existence for more than thirty stormy centuries, give his candid opinion concerning "the mistakes" of a "Colonel" of cavalry, whose military career is said to have included one single engagement, in which "he was chased into a hog-yard, and surrendered to a boy of sixteen;" after which, as soon as exchanged, he heroically resigned his commission in the face of the enemy, subsequently turning his attention to managing swindling whisky rings, discussing theology, defending scoundrels, blaspheming God, and criticising dead men who cannot answer him.

But, after all, this book seems to stand abuse, and thrive upon refutation. A few months ago some learned men, after working for a number of years on the revision of the New Testament, finished their work. Having inserted a few modern words instead of others which had become obsolete, made some slight corrections of errors in translation, and rectified from ancient manuscripts some little errors that had been made by copyists in transcribing the New Testament, at last the book was announced as ready to be issued on a certain day. What was the result? Why, men offered five hundred dollars to get a copy of that book a little in advance of its publication; and the morning it was published, the streets of New York were blockaded with express wagons backed up and waiting for copies of that book which had been refuted, exploded, and dead and buried for so many years. Millions of copies of that book were sold as fast as they could be delivered. They telegraphed that book, from the first of Matthew to the end of Romans, from New York to Chicago, about 118,000 words—the longest message ever wired—for the sake of getting it there twenty-four hours sooner than steam could carry it, to print in the Sunday newspapers

A dead book, is it? They would not pay for telegraphing the greatest infidel speech ever delivered in this country from here to Tophet. This old book seems to show some signs of life yet. It is like Aaron's rod that budded and blossomed, and it is being scattered all over the world.

This book outlives its foes. If you could gather all the books written against it, you could build a pyramid higher than the loftiest spire. Now and then a man goes to work to refute the Bible; and every time it is done it has to be done over again the next day or the next year. And then, after its enemies have done their worst, some of its professed friends torture and twist and mystify and misrepresent it. Surely it is no fool of a book if it lives through all that. Infidels have been at work nearly eighteen hundred years, firing away at it, and making about as much impression on it as you would shooting boiled peas at Gibraltar.

The fact is, this book has come into the world, and it seems to have come to stay. It is in the world, and I do not know how you are to get it out One hundred years ago you might have found that book in twenty or thirty translations; but now you can find it in between two and three hundred different versions, most of which have been made in this last progressive, intellectual nineteenth century. All over the globe it goes; touch any shore and you will find that book there before you.

And it is a curious fact that most of our skeptical friends contrive to keep very close to where its shadow falls. It does not take a great while to get out of sight of the Bible. You can go in a very few days, where there are no churches, Sunday schools, Young Mens' Christian Associations, preachers, deacons, or anything else of the kind—you can "go West." There is little difficulty in getting beyond the reach of the Bible. Your scalp might not be very safe, but you can easily get away from the reach of the Bible. But the infidel, while finding fault with the Bible, takes good care to stay where the Bible is. Why is this?

There was once a vessel wrecked on one of the South Sea Islands. There was on board a sailor who had been there before, and who knew that the people where cannibals. And when the ship was wrecked, and they were cast away on this shore, they knew there was no hope for them, for they saw no way to escape. The sailor, however, climbed up on a hill-top to reconnoitre a little. Presently his shipmates saw him swinging his arms in great excitement, and inquired what was the matter. He had just seen over the hill the *steeple of a meeting-house!* [Applause.] That was what took all the fear of trouble out of his soul. He knew that church spire made his neck safe on that cannibal island.

Now infidels know that fact just as well as he did. Years ago, a young infidel was traveling in the West with his uncle, a banker, and they were not a little anxious for their safety when they were forced to stop for a night in a rough wayside cabin. There were two rooms in the house; and when they retired for the night they agreed that the young man should sit with his pistols, and watch until midnight, and then awaken his uncle, who should watch until morning. Presently they peeped through the crack, and saw their host, a rough-looking man, in his bear-skin suit, reach up and take down a book—a Bible; and reading it awhile he knelt and began to pray; and then the young infidel began to pull off his coat and get ready for bed. The uncle said, "I thought you were going to sit up and watch." But the young man knew there was no need of sitting up, pistol in hand, to watch all night long in a cabin that was hallowed by the word of God, and consecrated by the voice of prayer. Would a pack of cards, a rum-bottle, or a copy of the "Age of Reason," have thus quieted this young infidel's fears?

Every one knows that where this book has influence it makes things safe. Why is this? If it were a bad book, we should expect to find it in the hands of the worst men. In New York there was once a kind of rogues' museum—a place where they had all kinds of skeleton-keys, and jimmies, and brass-knuckles, and dirks, and pistols, and implements of mischief, which they had taken away from roughs and criminals. Do you suppose there was a single New Testament in the whole kit? Why not? If it were a bad book you would expect a man to have a revolver in one pocket, and a New Testament tucked away in another. There was a row the other night, and a man broke his wife's head with a—Bible? No! it was a *bottle* Where the Bible bears sway, the rows and quarrels do not come.

(Continued Next Week.)

How Gosh Originated.

A learned Bostonian writes: "Although the Indians did not know how to swear when the white man came they soon learned to swear, and had sufficient words in their language for the purpose. Eliot, in the Indian Bible, used the Indian word Osh (my Father) for Creator, etc., and the early missionaries, when addressing the Indians, used Gosh (your Father.) The Indians soon saw that that was the necessary word for profanity and adopted it. Gosh is in use to some extent now, and perhaps some pious people who say 'gosh' are not aware that it is downright swearing in the Indian language."

Glucose in Leather.

According to the *Shoe and Leather Review*, the falsification of the weight of leather by adding glucose, or grape sugar, appears to be carried on rather extensively in Germany, and the shoe trade societies are taking steps to protect themselves from the imposition. A simple test is recommended, which consists in placing pieces of leather in water for the space of twenty-four hours, when the glucose will be dissolved by the water, and the result will be a thick sirupy liquid. When two pieces of the leather are placed together and left in that position for a time, it will be found difficult to separate them, as the gummy exudations will stick them together. It is stated that some samples of samples of sole leather were found to contain as high as 30 to 40 per cent of extra weight. Another test recommended is to cut off small pieces of the leather, and, wrapping them up in a damp cloth, lay them away for a few days in a temperate place. If the leather is adulterated, the pieces will be found to be stuck together, and surrounded by a sirupy substance in proportion to the quantity of the adulterant used; and the peculiarity about leather treated with grape sugar is that, after wetting, it is difficult to dry, and resembles gutta percha or untanned leather more than the genuine article.

☞You will be Happy. Make your old things look like new by using Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10c. at the druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The Burning of the Bauer and Oesterling Mill.

From the Allegheny Mail of the 23rd inst.]

A destructive fire occurred in Millvale just outside of Allegheny, this morning, by which the extensive planing mill of Bauer & Oesterling was totally destroyed. The mill was situated a forth of a mile from Bennet's station, West Penn railroad, in the valley through which the historic Girty's run flows. In a depression between the stream and the Evergreen railroad tracks stood the mill, a large two-story frame building, sixty-two feet square. Along side of it it was a shed one hundred feet, and near by was a two story building 16x20 formerly used as a stable. All of the buildings., the mill included, were filled with finished stock, and bill stuff, sash, doors, moulding, flooring and seasoned lumber. In the mill yard were eight or ten piles of lumber which had been seasoned for the last year. In the mill and other buildings and the yard there were at least 600 000 feet of lumber, according to Mr. Bauer,s estimate.

The origin of the fire was enveloped in mystery, but after-discovered circumstances surrounding gives an almost certain clue to the cause. At half-past five o'clock Gus Munz, the engineer, started the fires under the boilers; also the stove in the office at the corner of the mill. He left the office for a short time to get some coal ashes, and had not been gone more than five minutes when he saw the flames bursting out of the second story of the mill. An alarm was given at once, but as it was just the hour when very few men were around, not being out of bed yet, nothing could be done to check the progress of the flames. There was a large tank of water near the mill and a supply of hose, but this was found to be almost useless. The fire was raging fiercely all the time, being fed by the dry material in the mill and a strong wind that was blowing After considerable delay the Millvale Fire Company with a large Babcock extinguisher mounted on wheels appeared on the scene. No attempt was made to save the mill as it was futile, but every effort was directed to saving a number of frame dwellings near by.

Some one saw that more assistance was needed and ran across the Forty-third street bridge and called out engine companies Nos. 6 and 7, of Pittsburgh, which hurried to the place at once. Great difficulty was found in keeping up the supply of water, as Girty run was the only place where it could be obtained in sufficient quantity. A temporary dam was constructed, and from this the engines obtained a fair supply of water.

In less than one hour after the fire started the mill and outbuildings were in ruins, nothing being left standing but the engine and boilers. The heat was so intense that the attempt to save anything was given up shortly after the fire started. All that was saved was a small lot of finished stuff, and a few hundred feet of hemlock lumber. Mr. Bauer states that he had no doubt the fire started on the second flood from shavings around the office stove pipe. He had warned his men over and over again to clear the shavings away from the pipe in the evening, but his warn had not been heeded. A pattern maker had been working beside the pipe yesterday, he understood, and no doubt he left the shavings scattered about when he went home last night. Mr. Bauer lives on the hillside above the mill. When he arose this morning he saw the smoke from the furnace stacks, but noticed nothing wrong. He went down stairs for a moment, and when he returned the flames were bursting from the second story windows. This shows the great rapidity with which it spread.

The loss will be very heavy, as the mill and outbuildings were not a year old, and all that was saved does not amount to much. Mr. Bauer thought his loss would not fall short of $25,000, on which there is not one cent of insurance. Said he: "I have been in the business twenty-five years and never expected anything of this kind, as I thought the tank and hose sufficient protection."

Two frame dwellings, two stories each, near the mill were badly scorched and great trouble was had in saving them. The buildings are owned by Mrs Kenells and are occupied by Fred Braun. a shoemaker and Wm. Pflangle, a roller in Bennet's mill. The houses were damaged to the extent of about $300; covered by insurance.

A rumor prevaled that a man had been burned to death, which was unfounded, but had its origin as follows: One of the men working the Babcock was splashed all over by the chemical, and some one made the remark that he was burned. This was repeated until it assumed the form of the rumor. A man named Cornelius had his coat burned and his body slightly singed while trying to save some property but outside of these there were no accidents.

The Mahdi and the Nun.

When Mohammed Ahmed made his triumphant entry into El Obeid he called on the Christians to change their religion and acknowlege him as the Messiah whose coming was foretold in Holy Writ. One of the French Sisters of Mercy, stepping forward, replied that it was said in the Bible that the Messiah would make himself known by his miracles, and he would remove all doubt as to his indentity by kindly performing one for the benefit of herself and her colleagues. The Mahdi answered that the request was perfectly reasonable, but that the time for the working of the miracles had not yet come. Meanwhile, however, he would take the missionaries under his protection, with a view to preparing them for conversion pending the day when he would dazzle them all by his exploits. The courageous nun, in all probability, saved herself and her fellow Christians by this clever reply, which placed Mohammed Ahmed in an awkward dilemma.

MORNING.

I lay awake and listened, ere the light
Began to whiten at the window pane;
The world was all asleep; earth was a fane
Emptied of worshipers; its dome of night.
Suddenly from the tower the bell struck four,
Solemn and slow, how slow and solemn! o'er
Those death-like slumbers, each within his room,
The last re-verberation pulsed so long
It seemed no tone of earthly mould at all,
But the bell woke a thrush, and with a call
He roused his mate, then poured a tide of song;
"Morning is coming, fresh and clear and blue,"
Said that bright song, and then I thought of you.

Orchard and Fruit Garden.

TREES that have been heeled-in may be retarded by shading them. Planting should be finished as soon as possible. If the trees have started, great care will be needed in handling them. Such trees should not be trimmed at planting. Grafting for the renewal of old trees may continue, taking great care in cutting away the branches to make no bad wounds, as the bark now peels readily.

GRAFTING-WAX.—Four parts of rosin and one part each, bees-wax and tallow, make a good preparation. If too hard, add more tallow, or if too soft, take less. The best way of using it is upon cloth. Take an old sheet or the skirt of a well-worn dress; tear it into strips two inches wide, make the strips into rolls, and let them remain in the melted wax until thoroughly soaked through; remove and let them drain and cool. This waxed cloth may be torn off in pieces of convenient size to cover the wounds, and can be applied to make a complete covering. Squashes are a good crop for a young orchard. Potatoes, mangels, turnips, or other roots may be grown between the rows of fruit trees.

TENT-CATERPILLARS.—If any eggs escaped, their "tents" or webs will soon appear in the trees. Remove them while small. Curculios attack the young plums soon after the blossoms fall, and the thorough jarring of the trees should begin early.

MULCHING is far better than watering to save newly planted trees. Cover the ground over the roots with bog hay, old straw, or litter of any kind.

STRAWBERRIES.—Beds that were covered last fall should have the straw left on them until after the fruit is picked. The straw should be pulled away just over the plants. Pull up such coarse weeds as appear through the mulch of the bed.

Watch for the first appearance of holes in the leaves of Currants and Gooseberries, and use White Hellebore dusted on, or better mixed with water, a large tablespoonful of the powder in a pailful of water, and apply with a syringe or pump. Repeat a few days later, to destroy those which escaped or have hatched since the first application.

Young grape vines set this spring, should be allowed to push but a single shoot. If two or more buds were left, to guard against accidents, rub off all but the strongest, and keep the shoot from this tied up to a stake. Rose bugs destroy the flowers of the grape, shake off these pests in early morning, catching them in a pan in which there is a thin film of kerosene floatingon a little water.

A Hybrid Tree.

A few days ago Dr. Halderman, of Franklin, was examining the timber on his tract of land in Forest county, which adjoins the Warren county line, and discovered a tree that is a curiosity and puzzle to naturalists, in the shape of a pine and hemlock tree growing from one stump. The stump or base of the tree is about five feet through or fifteen feet in circumference, and the forks of the tree are about six feet from the ground. The line of demarkation between the two trees springing from the same stump can only be traced with the eye by the difference in the wood, one-half of the stump being hemlock and the other pine. Each of the tree is fully two feet in diameter, equal in size and about eighty feet high. The joint tree stands on the top of a hill just below the Warren county line, above Donaldson's Mill, a short distance below the mouth of Queen Creek, where it joins Hickory. In a thickly settled country this tree will be a great curiosity.

They are not Laboring Men.

Judge Pershing, of Pottsville, has decided that base ball playing was not business under the meaning of the wages act of 1872, and that the players' salaries are not to be placed on the same footing as the wages of ordinary working people. The question came up on a case stated in which the players of the late Anthracite Inter-State base ball club claimed priority to the funds in the hands of the sheriff from the recent sale of Anthracite Park.

—Several Hungarians are employed at Locust Gap, Columbia county, at 10 cents a day and board.

—The fat boy, Warner Williams, who died at Anita, Iowa, weighed 200 pounds, although only 6 years old.

—Forty-two Cuban insurgents under Duran, who intended to join Aguero, were attacked by troops and 38 men killed.

—Connecticut is being flooded with pauper immigrants forced out of Castle Garden, N. Y., by the steamship agents.

—A Western man with $1,000 capital is hunting for some town which will give him a site for a nail works and put in $49,000 in cash.

—All the crimes on the earth do not destroy so many of the human race nor alienate so much property as drunkenness.

—Every woman has an undoubted right to a house, a husband and a half dozen babies—if she can get them. This is leap year, and if she don't make a vigorous jump after her rights she deserves to get left.