

EXTENSIVE SHEEP FARMING.

Australian Breeder Will Sheer Over 1,250,000 Animals This Season.

Samuel McCaughey of Coonong, Rivcrina, Australia, is the largest sheep farmer in the world, both as regards numbers and, what is more important, quality. He is the most progressive sheep farmer of the age, and has brought his stock to great perfection. He shears 1,250,000 sheep this season, and would have had more, but lost 250,000 in the drouth two years ago, but thought nothing of it, as every year he has between 300,000 and 400,000 lambs. At Toorak and Dunlop, his stations on the Darling river, he shears 500,000 sheep this year. He bought them from his uncle, Sir Samuel Wilson, and has developed them magnificently. There is literally "water, water, everywhere," what, with dams, tanks and artesian wells; and all is fenced in and sub-divided into paddocks. The area is about 1,500,000 acres in a ring fence. He has also a fine property in Queensland, on which he is shearing 400,000 sheep. His Coonong station is only his stud farm. It is only 41,000 acres in extent, and he has upon it 15,000 sheep of very high quality, from which he sends annually large drafts to improve the breed on his other properties.

Mr. McCaughey is able to boast, as one result of long-continued efforts, that he has increased the yield of each of his own sheep yearly to the extent of one pound of clean scoured wool. Now, even at the present low range of prices, a pound of clean scoured merino combing is not worth less than 18 pence, so that it follows that this enterprising man has increased his wool returns by upward of £100,000 per annum. These victories of Mr. McCaughey are not merely "no less," but "much more" renowned than the sort of victories that are now being gained on the northwest frontier of India.

It was only fourteen years ago that the owner of Coonong first became convinced of the value of the Vermont breed of merino sheep. It was in 1883 that he purchased about a dozen of this breed of rams, which had been imported into Sydney. So convinced was he that he had, as it were, struck oil, that three years later he visited the states and selected for himself 160 of the finest rams in that state and the following year the flock was added to by a further importation of 300 more. From that time to the present almost every year has found Mr. McCaughey importing more of these wonderful creatures.

How Escallop Beds are Discovered.

It may be a source of wonderment to one not familiar with the habits of the escallop to read, as he does at intervals, that a great bed of them has been found—as, for instance, recently in Great South Bay—in waters that are well known, that are constantly fished, and that have been regularly fished for years. The wonder is that the escallops there were not discovered before. The fact is that they were not there, and the explanation of that is found in the fact that the escallop has the power of locomotion. The oyster in the early stages of its existence is a free swimmer, but from the time that it attaches itself to something and begins to grow into its final and familiar form, which it does when it is still very minute, it remains fixed. The escallop, however, is able to move about, and sometimes it comes to the top of the water. It could do this easily in four or five feet of water; it might reach the top from two or three times that depth. It is sometimes taken in nets, the escallop being off the bottom and higher above it than the lead line of the net in which it is taken.

The escallop moves itself by expelling a column of water from its shell. It can open and close its shell freely. It takes in water, which it forces out again against the surrounding water. It moves about, and beds are found in various places, and escallops bedded here to-day might be somewhere else to-morrow. Fishermen taking escallops and holding them for the market, if they keep them in the water, put them into crates with slats close enough together to keep them in. There is a story of a man not yet acquainted with the habits of escallops who, fishing for them one day, planted them as he gathered them in the water around a stake, where they would keep in good shape and be all together and handy to take up when he wanted them to carry to market in the morning. But in the morning when he went to take them up, every escallop was gone.

Housewives of the Ottoman Empire.

"Women in Turkey," says a recent traveller, "are not so sadly lacking in domestic virtues as the American housewife thinks, and it must be confessed that in some things they can even give points to their sisters of the complex civilization. If it is washing day, the hanum, however high her rank, attends personally to all the rinsing of her husband's garments, though it must be confessed that this is not so much from a fear that his flannels may shrink as from a belief that a spell could be cast upon them by any designing slave who wishes to supplant her in his affections. Although every Turkish family, however humble, has at least one black slave, to do the ordinary washing, cooking and scrubbing, every mistress, even to the highest in rank, prefers to give her individual attention to all delicate and special culinary ventures.

"Extraordinary Fire Sale," read the advertisement. "Customers are invited to call and examine goods, which will be found still warm."

CHEAP SEWING MACHINES

Trick Two Sharpers Played on the Gulleles Sioux and Chicago White Men.

Two months ago two young men giving the names of Paul Ray and John D. Jones, of Chicago, went to Rushville, Neb., as agents for a well-known sewing machine company. They were apparently selling a high-grade machine for \$10. They declared that this was an exclusive offer made to the Sioux Indians and would not apply to the whites. They explained that the scheme was promoted by a religious society in the East, which was paying the difference between the manufacturers' cost and the price demanded of the Indians for the machine.

One hundred and sixty fine sewing machines were sold by the enterprising swindlers. For each machine \$10 was collected. Now a collector of the company has arrived to investigate the situation. He has 160 leases for as many machines, on each of which \$10 has been credited as first payment. Fifty dollars is still due on each.

The swindle was a very smooth one. In each instance the Indian purchasers were required to sign a "testimonial" in order that the religious society might have evidence that the machines had been placed according to the salesmen's statement. These testimonials now prove to be the leases which the investigating agent is looking up. They are the regulation leases that go with all machines throughout the country where they are purchased on time. No title is vested in the holder of the machine under this form of lease. The Indians who secured machines under the deal merely rented them, signing a contract with the company by which they were to secure full title whenever the money paid in rent, from month to month, equalled the full selling price of the machine. Now the agent has the worst contract of his life trying to explain the situation and secure the return of the machines. Under the company's rules the first \$10 collected on the sale of a "time" machine always goes to the selling agent, so the headquarters agent shipped the whole carload of machines, the young swindlers delivered them, collected their \$10 on each machine, and immediately disappeared.

The Leaky Missouri River.

F. R. Spearman writes of "Queer American Rivers" in St. Nicholas. Mr. Spearman says:

With all its other eccentricities, the Missouri River leaks badly; for you know there are leaky rivers as well as leaky boats. The government engineers once measured the flow of the Missouri away up in Montana, and again some hundred miles further down stream. To their surprise, they found that the Missouri, instead of growing bigger down stream, as every rational river should, was actually 20,000 second-feet smaller at the lower point.

Now, while 20,000 second-feet could be spared from such a tremendous river, that amount of water makes a considerable stream of itself. Many very celebrated rivers never had so much water in their lives. Hence there was great amazement when the discrepancy was discovered. But of late years Dakota farmers away to the south and east of those points on the Missouri, sinking artesian wells, found immense volumes of water where the geologists said there wouldn't be any. So it is believed that the farmers have tapped the water leaking from that big hole in the Missouri River away up in Montana; and from these wells they irrigate large tracts of land, and, naturally, they don't want the river-bed mended. Fancy what a blessing it is, when the weather is dry, to have a river boiling out of your well, ready to flow where you want it over the wheat-fields! For of all manner of work that a river can be put to, irrigation is, I think, the most useful. But isn't that a queer way for the Missouri to wander about underneath the ground?

Some Common Mistakes.

It is a mistake to work when you are not in a fit condition to do so; to take off heavy underclothing because you have become overheated; to think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become; to believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more they study the more they learn; to go to bed late at night and rise at daybreak and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained; to imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better; to conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

Confession Arouses Suspicion.

"I dunno," remarked Plute Pete. "I'n beginnin' to feel kind o' doubtful about that case."
"Ye mean about that boss thief we jes' tended to?"
"Yes."
"But he confessed."
"I know it. An' it wasn't tell he confessed that I had doubts. There ain't no circumstances whatsoever under which I'd take his word for anything."

Sure Enough Love in Malice.

Do you want to know what true love really is? Just interview that Augusta (Me.), young woman who recently called on an Augusta dentist and requested him to extract as fine a set of teeth as one generally sees, explaining this strange request by remarking that her lover wore false teeth and she wanted to do the same.

Rudyard's Name.

Mr. Kipling's Christian name, Rudyard, is obtained from the charming Staffordshire lake around which his parents did their courting.

A STEER'S STRANGE DEATH.

His Horns Grew Through His Eyes and Killed Him.

A squatter in the back blocks of New South Wales had a young steer with horns so perfectly looped that they formed two artistic loops at the sides of his head. One day "Boss" strayed with a mob of store cattle into a piece of wild country infested only by kangaroos and the out-station boundary riders' families.

These cattle are rounded up and otherwise handled but once a year. Before this annual yarding took place "Boss" had become a fractious terror to every animal and man in that range. He had terrified and scattered the herd that was once his mates; he had charged madly every kind person who was wont to pat him. Because his horns curled like those of a sheep he was called "Sheep Head." His mild, tractable nature added to this delusion of likening him to a lamb. Six months after his entrance upon the range he began to act strangely. A wild look shot out of his eye under the points of the ingrowing horns, whose shadow fell heavier and heavier upon the retina. He constantly shook his head, as if trying to rid himself of some annoyance. Then "Boss" would stand and stare at the points which were pressing the pupils nearly up against the sockets. He became more irritable and unfriendly. He roared, stamped, shook his crazed head and stared at the creeping things before his vision.

At last "Boss" went mad and belowered through the night like an enraged demon. He chased everything in sight, and viciously dashed himself against the forest trees. The mere tramp of a foot angered him. The points of the horns were cruelly pressing his helpless eyes back in their sockets, and every jar upon the ground tortured his brain and enraged him. "Boss" had scattered the mob of his ruminating mates and had so terrorized the few people about that fences did not give a sense of security. Women and children lived in mortal dread of the unfortunate beast.

At length his maddened roar was heard no more. About a month after that the out-boundary rider went out with dogs and a Winchester rifle to end the suffering of "Sheep Head Boss." After searching for two days the bullock was found. "Boss" was dead. He was lying under a clump of acacia, less sweet than their blossoms. He had evidently been dead for a week or more and had been blind for months. The horns had grown into his eyes and almost touched the bone of the skull behind. The head of the poor beast was as strange an object as ever was seen.

The horns of "Boss" were never curved by any art. They grew as nature directed their fatal tips, and, unless sent to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England, the preserved head still hangs upon the door of the Darling out-station, where "Boss" lived and died.

One Man Builds a Church.

Religious enthusiasm in the case of Andrew Bonner, a Georgia colored man, is manifesting itself in a unique but substantial way. His ambition for years has been to build a church for the benefit of some of his own race, the material used to be procured with his own earnings, and no workman to assist him in the rearing of the edifice.

Andrew Bonner is a simple-minded negro, filled with overflowing with what his admiring wife terms "de ol' time religion." He resides with her in College Park, a village only a few miles from Atlanta.

With utter disregard of legal measures, Andrew selected, two years ago, a site for the church of his dreams, which he expects to be a monument to his memory long after he has returned to dust. The fact that he does not own the ground has never disturbed him. When far sighted white friends urged him to wait until ground could be bought for the purpose he paid no heed to the proposition but kept on in his original purposes.

Every spare penny was spent by him for lumber and nails. The work has necessarily been slow, but now, after twenty-four months of patient labor, Andrew gazes with pride upon the building, which is almost covered.

It is rumored that the old darkey has sometimes denied his family bread that he might save money for this pet project.

This Burglar Used a Hook and Line.

With a fishhook and line the safe at the barn of the Stockton, Cal., Electric Railroad Company was cleverly burglarized the other night. The money taken in on the cars at night is deposited in bags, which are placed in the safe through an aperture at the top, and forced down through a slide running at an angle. By the exercise of skill and patience the burglar succeeded in fishing up three bags, securing about \$20.

Get More and You Get Less

Why is it every sarsaparilla which tries to sell itself, ranges itself against Ayer's as the standard? Why is it that all have to offer extra inducements—bigger bottles, fancy wrappers, cheaper price—anything, everything, but the one inducement of quality?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has never been equaled by any cheap imitation of it, and quality tells, just as blood tells.

It is the Standard.

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than twenty-five years, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. A preparation must possess great merit to maintain such a reputation. I believe your sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has ever been introduced to the general public. I often hear other manufacturers say that this is 'as good as Ayer's,' but no one ever yet heard it said that Ayer's was 'as good' as any other kind. They always set Ayer's up as the standard of excellence."—S. F. Boyce, Duluth, Minn.

GOSPEL GLEANINGS.

FAITH.

I may not pause to reckon present loss, Nor fear me what a true resolve awaits;

For Faith looks boldly over and across, Past the dark gates.

Frank Walcott Hutt.

WHO IS JESUS?

The spirit to which Christian truth in its fulness is exclusively revealed is that of humility. The docile mind learns of the doctrine. Nothing spiritual can be mastered unless there is first a willingness at least to be in sympathy with the spiritual. It is so with respect to any particular doctrine and to all doctrines. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, of Brooklyn, in discussing recently the question "Who is Jesus Christ?" has pertinently observed that the moment a suspicious or critical attitude is assumed to Jesus Christ, He becomes "a psychological riddle and an historical enigma." For without sympathy even men cannot be understood. "Love need not be blind," but suspicion on the other hand "always distorts the judgment." The man who does not believe in Jesus Christ "makes it impossible to form a consistent and satisfactory estimate of Him." There is sound sense in these observations. In popular usage the very term critic seems to imply a measure of preexistent prejudice and antagonism. A man who is obstinately of such a temper cannot be critic of the Christ and at the same time really know Christ. They who assume a patronizing attitude toward Jesus by that very act throw away the key of knowledge.

Relief of Aged Ministers.

"Schemes for the relief of aged ministers are frequently proposed," says the Standard (Bapt.) of Chicago. "It is suggested by a contributor to the Outlook that each church should maintain for the benefit of its pastor an endowment life-insurance policy, the surrender value of which, at the age of sixty-five or seventy, should be sufficient to provide for his wants during the remainder of his life. It is suggested that the annual premium on a \$5,000 policy of the sort named would be but a slight burden on most churches, though too great for many pastors to deduct from a small salary. The point is made that in the end the churches would actually save money in this way. We doubt if the scheme could be easily applied in the smaller churches, where it is most needed. But it does emphasize the truth (which, we must insist, is not sufficiently appreciated among Baptists—not to speak more generally), namely, that, since the churches so largely demand young or middle-aged men for their work, and pay them no more than is necessary for their current expenses, and object strongly if the pastors engage or invest in any business enterprise, it is their duty—not charity, but duty—to provide for old-age pensions when such are needed."

An Englishman named Bateman, who has been collecting statistics of the drink bill of various countries, reports the reassuring fact that the Americans are growing more temperate than any of the European nations.

Something to know!

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Full suits \$18.00. Woven wire springs, \$1.75. Soft top mattresses, good ticks, \$2.50. Feather pillows, \$1.75 per pair.

COD CANE SEAT CHAIRS for parlor use 3.75 set. Rockers to match, 1.25. Large size No. 8 cook stove, \$20.00; red cross range, \$21. Tin wash boilers with covers, 49c. Tin pails—14qt, 14c; 10qt, 10c; 8qt, 8c; 2qt covered, 5c.

Jeremiah Kelly, HUGHESVILLE.

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