H O Hinds Lewiston

THE NEWS AND CITIZEN.

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St.J.&L.C.R.R. Time Table

EAST. TRAINS LEAVE: Mixed	Mail	Express	Mixed	STATIONS.	WEST. TRAINS LEAVE: Mixed	Express	Mixed	Mail
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
2.05	6.45	1.00	9.00	Swanton,	7.45	11.55	5.37	10.50
2.10	6.50	1.05	9.05	Highgate,	7.40	11.50	5.32	10.45
2.45	7.20	1.40	9.40	Sheldon Jct.,	7.15	11.26	4.56	10.00
2.55	7.30	1.50	9.44	Fairfield,	7.03	11.11	4.31	9.47
3.43	7.51	2.19	9.57	Fairfax,	6.45	10.53	4.13	9.29
4.21	8.36	3.03	10.08	Fletcher,	6.39	10.41	3.59	9.15
5.00	9.20	3.50	10.20	Cambridge Jct.,	6.26	10.35	3.50	8.55
5.30	9.50	4.20	10.30	Jeffersonville,	6.20	10.30	3.40	8.45
5.35	9.55	4.25	10.35	HYDE PARK,	6.02	9.53	3.20	8.05
6.10	10.26	5.12	11.20	MORRISVILLE	5.44	9.40	2.56	7.25
	4.10	9.25	7.15	Wolcott,	4.30	9.10	12.05	6.15
	4.40	10.00	7.50	Hardwick,	4.00	8.50	11.35	5.45
	5.45	11.40	8.51	Hardwick,	3.05	8.00	10.40	4.50
	6.00	12.05	9.20	E. Hardwick,	2.37	7.32	10.14	4.23
	6.25	12.30	9.50	Greensboro,	2.09	7.05	9.47	3.55
	7.05	1.10	10.30	St. Johnsbury,	1.30	6.15	9.00	3.00

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Having fitted up the store in
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and stocked the same with a full line of
GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS,
I am now ready to supply the people of Morrisville and vicinity
At the Lowest Cash Prices!
A good line of Cigars, Fruits, Vegetables and Confectionery. Fresh Oysters constantly on hand.
Oyster Stews Served at All Hours.
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— A FULL LINE OF —
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suitable for spring & summer wear.
— NOW IN AT —
Woods' Tailor Shop.
Clothing made up in the latest and most approved styles, and at reasonable prices. Satisfaction every time.
O. L. WOODS. Morrisville.

Cherokee Chief

Cherokee Chief is entered for the races at Mystic Park next August. On account of this engagement he will make a short and limited
Season at Utton Bros'. Stables.
First come, first served. Positively but one mare served in one day.
UTTON BROS., Managers, Morrisville, Vt.

NEW GOODS!

We have the Largest Assortment of Cotton and Wash Goods ever shown in this place. Also a FULL LINE OF

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

BOOTS, SHOES, &c. A fine lot of Gent's Neck-wear. Our Grocery Department is well stocked. Call and see us.

Welch & Farrington, Johnson, Vt.

Geo. K. Currier.
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Parasol Opening!

In connection with our Great Sale of Dress Goods, we open this week a full line of Parasols and Sun Umbrellas in choice styles, and latest novelties in handles, gold and silver material. Rock Bottom Prices.

Spring Jackets & Capes. This season we are having such an unprecedented large sale of Spring Garments. We have the Correct Styles made expressly for us, and you will be pleased with the prices.

CHILDREN'S GARMENTS. White embroidered Cashmere and colored French Flannel Outside Garments for children. Sizes from 1 to 5 years.

We put on sale this week a large stock of black, white, and colored Cashmere Shawls at the very lowest prices. Try our Gordon Dye fast black Hose, every pair warranted. Black Silk Chantilly Lace Flouncing, special value.

DRESS TRIMMINGS. White and Black Van Dyke Point Lace. Also large assortment Black and Colored Silk Velvet Ribbons for Dress Trimmings.

Trunks and Valises at
CURRIER'S,
MAIN STREET, - - - MORRISVILLE.

New Store, New Goods
—AND—
NEW PRICES.

Having placed on this market a large stock of

Dry Goods, Underwear,
BOOTS and SHOES!

&c., we wish to call your attention to the fact that we will make it worth your time and trouble to give us a call. Our departments are all complete and will be sold at prices to meet all competitors.

We are Head-quarters for

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Also Lime Cement, Salt of all kinds, Clover and Grass Seed, Paints and Oils of all kinds, also a complete line of

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Look out for low prices and give us a trial. Yours,
CHAS. CRANE & SON,
Hyde Park, Vt.

☞ Maple Sugar Wanted.

WATERMAN

is now showing the finest line of

New Suits, New Over Sacks, New Pants and New Furnishings at the

LOWEST PRICES!

Ever shown in Lamoille Co. Call at the Clothing Store, Champeau Block, and see if it is not so.

O. M. WATERMAN, Morrisville.

LEAN DOWN AND KISS ME.

Lean down and kiss me, O my love, my own;
The day is near when thy fond heart will miss me;
When o'er my low green bed, with bitter moan,
Thou wilt lean down, but canst not clasp or kiss me.

How strange it is that I, so loving thee
And knowing we must part, perchance to-morrow,
Can comfort find, thinking how great will be
Thy lonely desolation and thy sorrow.

And then, and then, O mine own other part,
Why should I grudge thee some surcease of weeping?
Why can I not rejoice that in thy heart
Sweet love will bloom again when I am sleeping?

Nay, make no promise; I would place no ban
Upon thy future, even wouldst thou let me;
Thou hast most truly loved me, like a man,
And, like a man, thou wilt, indeed, forget me.

Why should I care—so near the infinite—
Why should I care that thou wilt cease to miss me?
Ah, me! these earthly ties are knit so tight!
Quick, quick, lean lower, O my love, and kiss me!

—George Newell Lovejoy in New York Ledger.

THE NIGHTMARE.

By the house in which I spent my childhood years was a large, wild garden, stretching as far as the crumbling ivy covered city wall, and was called the convent garden. Probably the piece of ground had an owner, but I did not know him. I considered the garden my hunting ground, gayly chased the rose bugs, which swarmed about the elderberry bushes, and with a net captured swallow tail butterflies, which sunned themselves on the blossoming onion stalks.

But there was something more that drew me to the convent garden. Leaning against the city wall, and glued to it like a chimney swallow's nest, was a little dilapidated house. The mortar had fallen away from the walls here and there, showing the framework. House leeks grew on the roof, and on the walls hung wire cages, in which finches sang their plaintive wood songs and big cross bills climbed restlessly up and down. In front of the house a magpie, which had lost its tail feathers, was usually hopping about.

In this little house lived the old Zapf, and the old Zapf and I had struck up a friendship.

Who was old Zapf?

Properly speaking he was a shoemaker, but he had not worked at his trade for a long time.

Having become poor and needy, he trained bullfinches, linnets and other birds, made wire cages and prepared bird lime. But that brought him only a sorry profit; and if it had not been for his wife he would have been obliged to go hungry oftener than he really did. Mrs. Zapf was in great demand. Nobody in the city could do fine washing as well as she. Besides she cleansed gloves and removed grease spots from wearing apparel with a fluid of her own invention. She was a strong woman, with broad hips, a very ugly face, and she could scold like a Turk. But one did not notice that, for, as has already been said, she was a clever woman. She worked early and late, but still there was often enough a very scanty supply of food in the house, and the poor old Zapf had few happy days.

My mother occasionally would send him something from the pantry, and at such times I was the bearer. Then I would sit down in a rickety wooden chair, and the old man would bring out one of his trained birds, or tell me a ghost story, which I liked still better. What lent to these ghost stories a peculiar charm was the fact that the narrator had experienced them all himself. But if I should write down the tenth part of them, it would make a book larger than the Bible.

One day, in the late autumn, old Zapf looked out of the window, beckoned to me and said: "If you did but know it, neighbor, today is my seventieth birthday; but don't tell a human being"—whereupon I ran straight to my mother to tell her the news. My good mother smiled, and a little later I was hurrying through the convent garden toward the old man's house, laden with a loaf of bread, a little bottle of cherry brandy, a package of tobacco and a little sum of money.

The old man scolded me snilingly on account of my tattling, tasted the drink, nodded his gray head with satisfaction and turned to his work again. That consisted in plucking some gold hammers whose necks he had wrung. "Really," he said, "it is a sin to take a singing bird's life, but this one is a very common nuisance, so there is no harm in it. When he no longer finds anything to eat in the fields, he flies to the barns screaming: 'Hire me! hire me!' And after he has spent the whole winter long fattening with the farmers, and spring comes, then he flies away, crying: 'Farmer, keep your wages.' So I have no scruples about wringing the mean little creature's neck, and besides the fellow tastes very good. But I need a little butter or fat for broiling them. How would it do, neighbor, if you were to go to your mother and ask her for a little butter; she would not deny you?"

I brought what was required; the birds were broiled and a half hour later we sat opposite one another at the festival meal and were in high spirits.

"Don't eat too much brown bread!" admonished the old man. "It is too heavy for your delicate stomach, and if you should overload it the nightmare would come and oppress you. Do you know it?"

"Of course I do. When you are lying in bed asleep, it crouches on your breast, so that you can't get your breath, and it looks like a black cat with fiery eyes."

"Is that so?" said old Zapf. "Does it come to you like a black cat? When it comes to me, it looks quite different I assure you."

"Tell me about it, neighbor," I begged, and Mr. Zapf, after a sip of the brandy, began:

"I was working for a master shoemaker in this place and was a healthy young fellow. One night the nightmare came to me, and when I told the master and apprentices about it the next morning, the master said: 'Don't eat so many potatoes for supper, and drink a little less beer, and the nightmare will let you alone.' The others laughed, and I was silent, for an apprentice must not contradict the master. Now among the journeymen was a very old man, who seldom stayed long with any one master, and had spent half his life on the road from one place to another. He had traveled about the world a good deal and had advice to give for everything. One evening he said to me:

"'If you want to be free from the nightmare, you must stop up the keyhole of your chamber door before you go to sleep, for the nightmare comes through the keyhole and has to go out the same way. If she is outside when you fasten up the door she will have to remain outside, but if she is already in the room, she will become visible. I knew of somebody who had a strange experience with the nightmare, and the story is true, for it has been printed. Because this person was frequently troubled by the nightmare, he had filled up his keyhole and really caught her. She was formed like a beautiful maiden and they stayed together and lived happily with one another for a long time. One day the man was tormented with curiosity. Was it possible, he thought, that a woman could come and go through a keyhole? He drew the wadding out of the keyhole and what happened? The woman grew smaller and smaller and finally floated like a feather in the air. The man tries to catch the feather, but she escaped him, and like a cloud of smoke slipped through the keyhole. Then he had to sit down and quietly swallow his disappointment.'

"This was the old journeyman's story. But I followed his advice and stopped up the keyhole, and from that time I had no more trouble."

"And is that the whole story?" I asked.

"No, this is only the beginning.

"Listen and I will tell you the rest.

"One Sunday afternoon I was alone in the workshop.

"When the master and the journeyman went for their beer and to the bowling alley I preferred to stay at home and stretch myself on the stove bench, while I read a story of some robbery or else an instructive book, and this was what I was doing that afternoon. But while reading I fell asleep, and really the nightmare came to me again, and she looked like a pretty buxom lassie. I aroused myself and rubbed my eyes, but the nightmare did not disappear, but began to speak! 'Will you not be so kind as to put a patch on my shoe?'

"'With pleasure,' I answered. 'To be sure it is Sunday, but it shall be done.'

"And then I looked at the maiden.

"Oh, but she was pretty as a picture, about twenty years old, and when she looked at me with her great black eyes—but you can't understand about that, neighbor.

"She took off her shoe, and I went to work. Then she told me that she had come from the metropolis and worked in a linen establishment, that she did not know anybody in the city, and so forth, and so forth.

"The hole in the shoe was soon mended, and when she found I would take no pay, she smiled like May sunshine, pressed my hand and away she went.

"The affair turned my head, and the next week I did not miss a single dance, for I hoped to meet the strange young woman again, but I did not see her anywhere. An extraordinary thought came into my mind. What if after all she was the nightmare, I thought.

"Soon after a little property fell to me, so that I was able to become a master shoemaker. I established a work shop in the shoemakers' street, and when I had everything in order I invited the masters of the art to a dinner. We had a high time. We had beer soup and roast pig with vegetables in abundance. Besides we had Bavarian beer to drink, and at last when we were all right merry I placed before my guests—there were eleven of them, and I made the twelfth—two bottles of wine. Then their eyes grew as big as saucers."

Here Mr. Zapf stopped in his account and took a swallow of brandy.

"Go on," I urged, "go on."

"When the shoemakers had gone," continued the narrator, "I sat down in my easy chair, to rest from the excitement and fell asleep."

"Aha!" I exclaim excitedly, "I know now comes the nightmare."

"Quite right," affirmed Zapf. "Suddenly there stood before me, as if she had grown up out of the floor, the one of whom I had constantly thought in my waking and my sleepy moments.

"She carried a bundle in her hand and said:

"'Don't take it amiss, master, that I give you a call.'

"'But miss,' I asked, and my heart was beating like a fire bell, 'how did you get in?'——

"The door was locked.

"'Oh,' she answered with a laugh, 'through the keyhole,' and at the same time she showed her little pearly teeth, till my head was completely turned. Then she continued: 'I have left my situation and am going back where I came from, and as I was passing by your house, I saw you sitting here, and came in.

"'You are not offended, are you? I only came to bid you farewell.'

"'To bid me farewell?' I cried, grasping her hand. 'That shall never be. You are mine, and mine you shall always be. And I will take care that you do not escape me through the keyhole.' Having spoken thus, I sprang toward the door and pushed a tightly rolled wad of newspaper into the key hole——

"Then she was imprisoned."

"And what then, what then?" I urged. But the old man pricked up his ears, hastily seized the brandy bottle and pushed it into his pocket. "Hush, she is coming," he said apprehensively.

The door opened and in pushed the broad form of Mrs. Zapf. She threw a heavy bundle of washing on the floor, making the house tremble, and lifted her nose sniffing the air. "It smells of cooking here," she said.

"It was only a pair of poor little gold hammers," explained the master of the house, timidly.

"Indeed?" continued the woman. "While I am out at work and drudging till the blood bursts from under my nails, the old good for nothing sits at home idle, cooking birds and living like a prince! Of course, everything is eaten up but the bones. Oh, you glutton! And you," turning to me, "you are as bad as he is. Instead of poring over your school books, you are idling with the old lazy bones and listening to his lying stories. No good will ever come of you; remember now what I say!"

"Wife," said the old man pacifyingly, "see here, what he has brought us." And with these words he handed her the little sum of money which I had given him as a birthday present.

Then Mrs. Zapf grew more mild. She muttered something that sounded like "Thank you kindly." Then she took a market basket and went out to make some purchases for the household with the money.

"And now you will tell me the end of the story," I begged, when the disagreeable woman had gone.

"That is all there is," said old Zapf.

"But what became of the nightmare you imprisoned? Did she afterward get away from you?

Mr. Zapf shook his head sadly. "No," he said, "she never has gone away from me, she stayed with me, and always will stay with me till I am in my grave. You have just seen and heard my nightmare."

I remained silent and old Zapf too relapsed into silence. At last I cleared my throat and said:

"Do you know, neighbor, what I would have done in your place! I should have taken the wadding out of the keyhole again."

"Oh, you old saucebox!" said Mr. Zapf. "I was as clever as you are, and only fourteen days after I imprisoned the nightmare, but it was of no use. And besides, later on, after we were married, I began to doubt whether my wife really was a nightmare. For then she actually brought with her her certificate of baptism, and a true ghost has neither baptismal certificate nor any other papers. And besides, some of her relatives, as long as I was prospered, came to visit me off and on. In short, I doubt whether she can go in and out through keyholes. But at any rate it is well to take precaution, and if, as it is to be hoped, I die before my wife, I shall ask St. Peter for the privilege of stopping up the keyhole of the heavenly gate. Perhaps that will be of some avail, and I shall be able to enjoy eternal bliss without my nightmare."—Translated for "Short Stories" from the German of Rudolph Baumbach by Mrs. Nathan Haskell Dole.

SWALLOWED BY AN ALLIGATOR.

A Human Skull and a Watch Found in a Saurian's Stomach.

Tim Smith, a colored laborer working on W. F. Fuller's orange grove at Edgewater, comes to Palatka nearly every day in a rowboat. To do this he is compelled to pass Buzzard Island, a dark and lonely place, grown up with brush and inhabited by all sorts of wild birds, and may well be termed the home of the alligator, owing to its quietness and dark waters, which are seldom disturbed beyond the ripple of an oar manipulated by the huntsman.

For several weeks Tim Smith noticed a particularly large alligator, whose back was filled with barnacles and long green moss. The alligator was never known to demonstrate any fear, and would not get out of Smith's way under any consideration, allowing him to row rather close toward him.

Recently, when Smith started for town, he put a Winchester rifle in his boat for the express purpose of giving his 'gatorship a load of cold lead. When opposite Buzzard Island the alligator reappeared, and, rowing to within easy range, Smith fired five shots at the saurian, all of which seemed to take effect, for the alligator made a terrible flutter in the water, and turned over on its back.

Three days later Smith found the dead alligator floating near by, and, tying a rope about its head, towed it to the Edgewater grove, when the alligator was found to measure 16 feet 3½ inches in length, two balls having entered the skin just back of the head.

Smith then set to work and skinned the saurian for market, when to his great surprise the darky came across a human skull, perfectly formed and unbroken, but owing to the superstitiousness of the negro he stopped skinning the alligator, which operation was finished by a white employe on the grove. Further dissection brought to light a gold watch bearing the initials "G. L. T." The skull and watch are now on exhibition at Fry's taxidermy store.

Who the unfortunate man was no one seems to know, as the initials are not familiar about here, but it is supposed that he was some sportsman, who, alone, was attacked and devoured by the alligator, as is quite often the case with northern tourists who come to Florida and navigate its streams without a guide to keep them from the dark and dangerous tributaries that empty into the St. John's.—Palatka Herald.

Bill Neff and the Lynx Both Surprised.

A large lynx made a visit to Bill Neff's cabin on the Emerald and made a lengthy stay—in fact, Mr. Lynx is there yet. The animal was attracted by some meat that was hanging outside the door of the cabin. There was no lock or bolt to secure the opening, and while it was climbing up to reach the meat the door swung open and allowed the lynx to flounder in, where he proved a genuine surprise party to Bill, who was whiling away the hours by reading tiger stories. It was hard to tell which was the most surprised, the lynx or the man, but the former evidently thought Bill meant business when it saw him reach for the ax, and at once made a spring.

For several minutes they fought at close quarters, and at last Bill broke away from the beast and climbed up on the sleeping bunk, where he could get elbow room to swing his weapon. On came the lynx, but missed his footing. This was Bill's time. As the animal made another spring for the bunk, the ax was swung aloft and the pole was brought down on the skull of the animal with the usual "dull, sickening thud." The lynx dropped in a heap, and Bill came down from his perch to find that his blow had smashed the skull. The animal was stone dead. Neff's clothes were torn to tatters, and he says the lynx weighed 150 pounds. We are promised one of the paws, which covers a surface larger than a man's hand, and shall be pleased to show it to any one who doubts the story.—Silverton Miner.

This year's River and Harbor bill, reported to the House, provides for appropriations amounting to nearly twenty-one millions of dollars. Much of this is for work already under way, the stoppage of which would cause heavy loss. This State will get, if the bill becomes a law, $1,729,500 of the aggregate. This includes $150,000 for the Hudson river, and provision is made for a survey of the stream to the State dam at Troy. There is appropriated for Rondout harbor the sum of $5000, and for Saugerties creek $10,000.

A CRAB'S SUMMER SUIT.

How the Luscious Mollusks Get New Shells Every Spring.

This little town furnishes most of the crabs all the year around for the markets of the leading cities of this country. The crabs are caught in Chesapeake bay, and are packed in crates or barrels for shipment. Over half the inhabitants of the town make their living out of crabbing. There is a secret about the success of Crisfield crabbing. The crabber here never ships a female crab. When one of the female sex is scooped up in the crabber's net it is always thrown back into the bay. Crabs are caught every month here in the year and in all stages of development.

The crabs are dormant from fall until spring, even in the Gulf of Mexico, where they are more abundant than anywhere else on this country's coast. In the spring, when they come out of the mud and masses of seaweed, they go right into the business of shedding. Really, it seems as if the crab had little else to do in summer but shed his shell and get a new one of larger caliber. The hard crab first puts on a leathery undergarment, and while it is growing he is known as a "comer." In a day or two, when this under skin is completed he is known as a "shedder," and then he is best fitted for bait, because his hard shell can then be stripped off, leaving the leathery integument entire.

In a single day the "shedder" parts his shell and becomes a "buster," and in a few hours he will throw off his shell, crawl out of it entirely and commence to swell and stretch out his elastic covering. Then he is a soft crab par excellence. On the night of the day the crab divests himself of his misfit shell he is in the best condition for frying. In another day, if he is not taken from the water, his new covering becomes like parchment, and in twelve hours more the parchment hardens so that it just yields to pressure. Then he is known as a "buckler," and is of little use except as a broiler.

The crab fishing business is put down at half a million dollars per year by the fish commission, and probably the estimate is by no means complete.

The crabs are caught in summer by baiting set lines with tripe or fish, and the catch per man will average sixty dozen a day. All the soft crabs taken during the summer are sent to market and in May and early June the only soft crabs found in New York come from Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. In the latter part of June soft crabs begin to be caught in Jersey waters and the price then declines. Taking a crab out of water arrests the process of development and packed in sea weed in a cool place the shedder or soft crab will remain alive for several weeks without undergoing any change. —Crisfield (Md.) Letter.

Foot Prints Made by Jesus.

In the church of Domine Quo Vadis, Rome, carefully preserved under a plate glass, bell shaped dome, 3½ feet high and 4 feet in diameter across the bottom, may be seen the last foot prints made by Jesus on this earth; those made by him the night he appeared to Peter when the latter was leaving Rome in hot haste on account of Nero's persecution of the Christians. After the burning of Rome, Nero threw upon the Christians the accusation of having fired the city. This was the origin of the first persecution, in which many perished by terrible and hitherto unheard of deaths. The Christian converts besought Peter not to expose his life, and he started to leave the city. As he fled along the Appian Way, about two miles from the gates, he was met by a vision of our Saviour traveling toward the city. Struck with amazement, Peter exclaimed, "Lord, whither goest thou?" (Domine quo Vadis?) to which Jesus, looking upon him with a mild sadness, replied, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time," and immediately vanished.

Peter, taking this as a sign that he was to submit himself to all manner of suffering for the sake of his religion, retraced his steps to the city. He told the story of meeting with Jesus at the divide in the roads. Some of the faithful repaired to the spot, cut out of the damp clay the holy foot prints, and preserved them as above stated.—St. Louis Republic.

A Bright Outlook.

There was once upon a time an old lady who had known many sorrows and heartaches, who had lost children, husband, friends, and who was alone and poor in her old age. One day a lady who had gone to see her, pitying her sad fate, said: "Why, grandma, what a dreary outlook there is from your window—only barns and back doors." "Yes," said the old lady, cheerily, "but there are people who are blind, and who, although they live always by the ocean, cannot see it. There is always a bit of sky for me to look at, and when it is very blue and sweet I always think of the blind people and pity them, even though they be rich and I poor."—West Shore.

Iron Refuse for Manure.

Many readers have doubtless heard of the "Thomas-Gilchrist process." It consists in lining the Bessemer converter (the vessel in which the molten pig iron is subjected to the blast of air) with a basic material which combines with the phosphoric acid formed by the oxidation of the phosphorus contained in pig iron made from the most abundant and cheapest iron ores. The phosphate thus obtained should be useful as a manure, and M. Fleischer has for some time past been working on the subject to determine whether such theoretical anticipation is verified in practice.

Numerous experiments made at various experimental stations show very good results when this slag, ground to powder, was tried against other manures, and, although M. Fleischer thinks it premature to give a definite opinion, he believes that there is a good future for this material. Deep cultivation and mixture with the soil for tillage, and early top dressing in meadow land, is recommended.—Christian at Work.

Hitting the Public.

A grocer in Racine began advertising twenty years ago: "Going out of business; stock and fixtures for sale; store to rent"—and has kept it up ever since. He says it hits the public right between the eyes and makes everybody think his prices are the lowest in town.—Detroit Free Press.

A SENATOR'S REMINISCENCES.

Murderers Set at Liberty in Dakota—One of Them Becomes a Legislator.

"A tenderfoot judge from the east, when I went out to Dakota fifteen years ago," said Senator Pettigrew, "was holding court on the extreme frontier in a town on the banks of the Missouri river, when it chanced that an indictment for murder was brought against three men who had hanged a horse thief to a telegraph pole. The accused were released on a their own bonds, and when the day came for their trial they came into court, unaccompanied by an attorney, and advanced toward the judge, each one of them with his hand on a brace of 44 caliber revolvers, and moved that the case be adjourned for a year, during which they should be released as before on their personal bonds. The judge promptly granted the motion, remarking subsequently that the argument in its behalf was the most powerful he had ever heard in a court of law.

"When the year had gone by no further action was instituted, until it happened that one of the three men was elected to the legislature. His seat was contested, and the contestant, wishing to throw odium upon his adversary, had him arrested under the old indictment for murder and confined in the jail, which was immediately beneath the room in the court house where the legislature met. The county was not willing to pay the prisoner's board, nor would the town or territorial authorities, and so the contestant paid it. But he lost his case and thereupon announced that he would not pay for his opponent's support any longer. So, inasmuch as no one else would become responsible for it, the man was liberated, walked up stairs and took his seat in due form in the legislative body, of which I was myself a member."

Senator Pettigrew had some account to give of the town of Bismarck, which was in those days the terminus of the Northern Pacific railway. That center of population was then composed of seventeen saloons and gambling houses and thirteen other buildings. When Mr. Pettigrew arrived a variety show, admission fifteen cents, was being given in the middle of the principal street in a big tent. A parson, one of the enthusiastic missionaries which such an exigency in civilization's advance brings into being, was mounted on a box outside the tent declaiming on the advantages of salvation for the benefit of a gathering of gamblers and other rough characters of all degrees. This distraction annoyed the manager of the variety show, and presently he came out, and mounting upon another box shouted:

"Gents, salvation is free all the year round; this show is free for precisely thirty minutes."

And every man in the preacher's audience, without a moment's hesitation, deserted the parson and walked in to see the show.

"Nevertheless," said Senator Pettigrew, "my observation has been that the gamblers and roughs of a mining camp have a very great respect for the cloth. In any wild western town they are the ones who contribute most to the support of religion. In this they are influenced in two ways. Primarily they were born more or less under the shadow of Christianity, the influence of which is never altogether lost, and, secondly, they have an instinctive belief in the propriety of giving what they call a fair deal to any man who is trying to do his level best. In a town like Bismarck in its early days it is a usual thing for a clergyman to ask the privilege of speaking in a gambling house. And as a rule not only is the privilege granted, but the game is suspended until the preacher has been heard, and not infrequently a collection is taken up for his benefit at the end of the performance."—Washington Star.

The Necessity of Tolerance.

Much of the discomfort and unhappiness of life, in school, in the family or in a community comes from our inability to understand or tolerate the qualities of character in others which we do not possess ourselves.

No man can live long in the world without knowing that there is a kinship, not of blood, but of education, feeling and habits which allies him to certain men and women. They read the same books, think as he thinks, amuse themselves in the same way; in a word, they understand him and he them. This is the basis of most of the comradeship, the friendship and the distinction of caste in the world.

Nothing can be more reasonable or right than that men thus allied by nature should form the comradeships and friendships, or even classes.

But nothing can be more unjust and petty than their prejudice and hate for people outside of their set or class or race.—Montreal Star.

How It Is.

"You take your life in your own hand when you travel on this street car line," said one passenger to another.

"Why, the cars travel so slowly I can't see how fatal accidents can occur."

"That's it, exactly. You are likely to die of old age before you reach the end of the line."—Haper's Bazar.

Consistency.

"I consider it a burning shame," remarked a lady, "that the overworked clerks of this city are not allowed a half holiday on Saturday."

"I see that Smith & Smith close at noon," said another lady.

"I know they do. I went down there last Saturday afternoon and found the place closed. I was too provoked for anything."—Texas Siftings.

Finally Accounted For.

Logician—I think I know why men that claim to have invented a flying machine are always laughed at.

Quesist—Well?

Logician—It is because the chief motive of their invention is to overcome the force of gravity.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The record for the largest amount of butter produced by a cow in one year has been broken by a cow owned by D. F. Appleton, of Ipswich, Mass., who, with three days to spare, produced 941 pounds, 11 ounces, The previous record was 936 pounds 11¼ ounces, held by Landseer's Fancy, owned by Dr. William Morrow, of Nashville, Tenn.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A real estate and trust company in Lynchburg, Va., composed of colored men, has declared a dividend of 10 per cent.

On the west coast of Africa there are now 200 churches, 33,000 converts, 100,000 adherents, 2,750 schools and 30,000 pupils. Religious books have been translated into 35 dialects of the section.

It was while Gibbon was sitting in the ruins of Rome, in 1764, that he saw and heard barefooted friars singing in the temple of Jupiter. The idea came to him at that hour to write the history of the decline and fall of the empire.

In Paris the horse is a behest of fashion rather than a source of pleasure. Few French women ride well, and the Frenchman, as a rule, looks upon the animal as a difficult and dangerous article to navigate, a ship whose rudder is in the wrong place.

The lace owned by the feminine members of the Astor family is said to be worth at least $300,000. That which the late Mrs. Astor bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art was valued at from $40,000 to $50,000.

There are three men in the Oregon State prison, each of whom cut off a hand to avoid work. They are confined in solitary cells. Two others cut off the ends of their fingers.

Postmaster General Wanamaker considers the proposal to make eight consecutive hours' labor a day's work for postoffice clerks, etc., impracticable, and estimates that the cost of doing this would be $3,378,727 a year.

Not less than fifteen parishes, or one-fourth of the state of Louisiana is affected by the present flood, and the damage is almost incalculable. In 1882 it is estimated that the loss was $15,000,000. It will probably exceed half that amount this year.

Last year sixty-seven persons in the Loochoo islands of Japan were bitten by the poisonous habu snake, twelve of whom succumbed and fifty-five recovered. Forty-two of the victims were males and twenty-five females, but the greater proportion of deaths occurred among the females, seven out of the twenty-five cases ending fatally.

As a curiosity the sensitive plant (mimosa pudica) is well worth cultivating in the window garden. The leaves of this plant are very ornamental, and so sensitive that when touched with the hand they immediately droop and fold up, regaining their former position, however, within a quarter of an hour or so after. A breath of wind will also cause the leaves to act in a similar manner. Hence its common name.

An example of "English as she is wrote" is found in an interesting Portuguese official document. The leaflet contains "instruction concerning tobacco," and is issued by the custom house authorities. Here is one of its clauses: "All tobacco the said visit may find on board, besides what may have manifested in this transgression, will be subject to imprisonmente and other penalties the law imposes."

One of the most extraordinary of African trees is that known as the baobab. It is almost a forest in itself, and serves as a complete sylvan palace on the largest scale. Rarely growing more than seventy feet high, its branches extend horizontally, supported by a trunk which has a girth greater, it is believed, than that of any other known tree. One of these extraordinary trees was found on measurement to be forty feet in diameter. The age of another, counting the concentric rings, was found to be 5,000 years at the very least.

Ex-Policemen's Occupations.

I asked a policeman who had four blue stripes, representing twenty years service, upon his sleeves why he did not retire upon the pension of $600 a year, to which he is entitled. "Because I am waiting for something better," was the reply. He is a big, hearty man of 45 years, with tw