The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXV.—NO. 17. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891. $1 50 PER YEAR.

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It is a brave man who can refuse English breakfast tea at the swell hotel. English breakfast tea, as every one knows, has a flavor that cannot be distinguished from boiled hay; but as Oolong is considered vulgar in the best society, of course the average man will swallow his hay water, and swear it is splendid.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Come! For awhile put work away,
The very winds keep holiday.
Come! Let us breathe the eager air,
Above the world of care and care,
Upon the mountain top.

The rustling leaves the roadway spread
With puce and russet; gold o'erhead,
Orange and green glow in the sun,
Whose rays through clouds their way have won,
To touch the mountain top.

The merry rushing stream doth flow,
Across the path as up we go,
In the wood plays at hide and seek,
Laughs to itself at each new freak,
Sings of the mountain top.

And sudden through the twisted trees,
A blue and purple land one sees,
Misty and faint, as in a dream,
Through which there winds a silver stream,
We near the mountain top.

And now at last we throw us down
Upon the rocky root-fast crown,
Which towers aloft 'mid shine and shade,
While at our feet the world seems laid,
Far 'neath the mountain top.

A new world this of calm and peace,
When hearts grow light and troubles cease,
And larger ways than ours we see;
A little nearer heaven are we,
High on the mountain top!
—*W. H. Winslow, in Youth's Companion.*

AT THE JUNCTION.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"I'm worn out!" Isabel cried, throwing herself into the easiest chair in her younger sister's room, half laughing and wholly vexed.

"What?" said Carrie, vaguely.

She stood at the window, looking down upon the customary panorama of a good-sized summer hotel—the pretty view, the wide lawn, the rustic seats, and the tennis court and the croquet ground.

"Mrs. Mitchell, of course," said Isabel, warmly. "She's been at it again. It's absurd, Cad—it's ridiculous! She's talked about nothing and nobody but that nephew of her's since we've met. Her nephew! What do I want with with him? I shan't speak to him when he comes."

"But supposing he is nice?" said Carrie, encouragingly.

Carrie was fifteen, and mild dispositioned.

"Nice!" Isabel's very pretty face was flushed beyond its usual warm brunette coloring. "He's horrible, and I know it; and I'm just sick to death of him. His looks and his age, and his education and his habits, and his money and his business, and his yachting and his shooting and his driving—I know them all, I know them thoroughly, and I know them in detail!"

"But you know why she does it," Carrie ventured, soothingly.

"Why?" Isabel demanded.

She knew why, and therein lay her wrath.

"Because she has taken such an awful fancy to you."

"I don't want her taking a fancy to me!"

"But she's nice and agreeable, Isabel—everybody thinks so," Carrie protested.

"Well, and she thinks there's nobody like that nephew of hers that's coming, and so of course—"

"So she wants me to marry him," said Isabel, scorn in look and gesture. "She wants me to be dazzled beforehand, petrified by all his advantages and possessions and utter perfections, and then when he comes to fall straight in love with him, and follow him around smirkingly, and say: 'Yes' before he's got the question out of his mouth!"

"But it's a compliment, Izzy," Carrie pleaded, laughing. "Mrs. Mitchell is paying you a great compliment. Why, she thinks you perfect. She told mamma—"

"But she needn't be trying to dispose of me to her nephew or anybody else," said Isabel, less warmly but with cold decision. "Of me! Why, it's atrocious! Me to be badgered and persecuted, and then presented to him for leisurely inspection and approval, and—I can't talk about it, and I won't; nor think about it. Mrs. Mitchell is too bad. As to her nephew, I know he's abominable—I feel it. I shan't look at him when he comes. I don't think I shall allow myself to meet him at all," said Isabel, calmly.

Carried swallowed a giggle.

"What's his name?" she wondered.

"James Osborne."

Isabel's tone was frigid.

"When is he coming?"

"In two weeks. Don't mention him again. I'm going for a drive, if Cæsar and the dog cart aren't in use, and struggle to forget about him. Will you go?"

No, Carrie had engaged to make a fourth at a feminine tennis game.

She watched her sister with gentle smiles as she snatched her hat—a marvelous, broad, beflowered affair—threw on her jaunty blazer, and marched off, her head haughtily high.

Carrie supposed that it was allowable for a queenly girl, with starry, dark eyes and rich, dark roses in her cheeks, and a wonderfully cut mouth and chin, and a naturally high-headed manner—that it was fitting for such a person to be easily displeased and proudly resentful, and altogether prettily unreasonable, when she chose to be.

And Carrie felt some pity for Mrs. Mitchell and her ill-fated favorite nephew, James Osborne.

Isabel sought the hotel hostler. No, the dog-cart and Cæsar, the handsome chestnut, were free; and five minutes later the hostler was standing in staring admiration to see the prettiest girl the Claremont House had boasted for many summers, driving off in the nattiest rig it could produce.

The day was fine, and Isabel's spirits rose with every rod down the winding, grass-edged, bough-shaded road.

She looked eagerly and enjoyingly this way and that, far and near, and smiled and hummed and admired everything, and was glad she had thought of coming.

Her rebellious annoyance as to Mrs. Mitchell's obnoxious relative sank peacefully into past; the taint frown which had lingered in her brown eyes disappeared by gentle degrees.

Where was she? She had driven contentedly on and on, till things began to look unfamiliar. It was charming her, though.

She keep on, up a curving road, till the whistle of a locomotive startled her. A clump of balsams had hidden the railroad, upon which she presently came plump. A short train of cars was just pulling away, not from a station, but from bare loneliness.

"Oh, yes—McCoon Junction," Isabel mused. "Have I come four miles?"

It was not entirely lonely at McCoon Junction, though, on a second inspection.

Rather a remarkable sight saluted Isabel's gaze.

A young gentleman, clad well and correctly, from his pale-brown derby to his shining shoes, was holding converse with a native in soft hat and muddy boots and checked shirt, and a trunk stood between them.

Isabel forgot her dignity and stared. The chestnut, feeling the laxity of the reins, and apparently affected by a like curiosity, almost stopped. And the native promptly came forward. What he said, as near as Isabel could ascertain, was:

"Hi!"

But the young gentleman followed him hastily, with:

"I beg your pardon!"

She halted.

"Be you from the Claremount House?" the native demanded, abruptly.

But his companion supplied the element of suppliant respect. He lifted his hat and looked apologies.

"I'm so very sorry—" he began.

"I am," said Isabel.

"Reckoned so, reckoned that air was a Claremount House turnout you got. Wal, this feller's bound for there, but he didn't seem to know enough to git there. He got off here to the Junction, bag and baggage, goodness knows what fer—"

"I've explained," the young man remonstrated, mildly. His eyes sought Isabel's in smiling, droll appeal. "I had an idea the train was not yet running to the Claremount Station—"

"It was runnin' three hull weeks ago," said the native.

"My time-table says," 'continuing to Claremount from such date as shall be appointed,' and that's a little vague," said the young man, firmly. "I didn't suppose that the date had been appointed."

"You might 'a asked," said the native, with sternness.

"Yes, I might," was the meek response.

"Where did you reckon the train was a-goin' to, anyhow, when she pulled out, and you a-standin' here?"

"I didn't know, I didn't imagine it was to Claremount."

He was crushed, wilted; but his twinkling eyes were on Isabel, whose lips were quivering in a smile. They laughed.

"Humph!" said the native, with open scorn.

"Don't be hard on me," said the young man, timorously. "I'm not used to the steam cars."

The native softened to a grin.

"I've never been off the farm till this year," the young man pursued, his expression pensive. "But we had a middling good onion crop, and I thought I'd strike out a little. I got all mixed up, though, on the steam cars. The tooting scares me, and the way the cars rattle and—"

"Let up!" said the native, reddening a little under his tan, while his grin broadened. "Mebbe I was rather rough-spoken. But land! think o' anybody's gettin' off here to the Junction without no stage nor nothin' to meet 'em. Why, there ain't no house within quarter of a mile, there ain't."

"If you will assist me in getting my trunk on my shoulders, I will set forth for the Claremont House at once, then," said the victim, gravely.

Isabel was laughing almost mirthfully. It struck her, some time afterward, as being strange that she had not driven on with indifference and dignity—her proper course, she afterward reflected.

But she sat frankly absorbed in the unique humor of the situation—candidly interested and sympathetic.

Beside that, Isabel was not accustomed to being immediately well impressed by young men; but something there was about this one that gratified her exacting tastes.

Looking at him reflectively, while she appeared to be looking at the native, she came to the astonishing conclusion that this was everything about him—his good looks, his well bred air, his cleverness of tongue, his good nature, his ready humor, his gentlemanly attitude of deep respect toward herself.

She cast her pretty eyes down, for fear she should smile too frequently and brightly.

"Wal, guess it needn't come to that," said the native, restored to good humor. "I stopped ye, miss, to find out whether you can't be so 'bliging as to send somebody round here fer this trunk when you git back to the Claremont? You hain't no objection?"

"None," said Isabel, sweetly. "I'll be glad to be of use. It is an awkward situation."

"I am too grateful to you both to be able to express myself in coherent words!" the young man cried, fervently. "I owe you a debt I can't repay. It was good of you to think of it," earnestly, to the native, "and good of you to consent," warmly, to Isabel.

"But"—his humorous twinkle returned; he looked anxious and coaxing, stammering and reddening the while—"but why can't I go with you and give the order? I don't believe my trunk will walk away."

The native coughed and chuckled.

"No, 'twont. I can keep an eye on it from where I'm choppin' yander, an' I will."

He shook hands with the object of his displeasure, and winked his impudent congratulations.

Isabel moved to the other side of the seat, and the martyr to his own heedlessness stepped in. He took the lines with a practiced, easy air, and rested one elbow on his knee, and gave himself to the occupation of entertaining his rescuer.

Her eyes looked forth darkly from the depths of her flowery big hat; her cheeks were beautifully pink, and she was smiling.

The loveliness of the day seemed to have increased, the sunlight lay in glinting yellow bars, and the breeze was refreshing, and the scent of many roadside flowers was sweet.

Carrie was just finishing a set; Mrs. Mitchell was reading on the plazza. She threw her book into an oleander tub, and gave a high-pitched little shriek as the dog-cart came up the drive—a shriek of joy.

"There you are!" said Isabel's passenger, jovially.

And he sprang to the ground, entwining Mrs. Mitchell in a strong arm, and gave her two sound kisses.

She was a portly, comely woman, in a highly becoming lavender challis gown with black ribbons—a handsome and distinguished looking matron.

"Jim!" she cried, repeatedly and blissfully, "how did you happen to come so soon? You said in two weeks. And where did Miss Hatton come across you? I can't understand it! I never heard of anything so delightful—never.

She was beaming at them all. And Isabel was widely staring.

"I got through with the work that was keeping me, and came right along to my dear aunt," said Jim, gallantly. "And about Miss Hatton—this was how it was."

He told the tale. But it was doubtful whether Mrs. Mitchell heard it. She kept one hand on Isabel's and the other on her nephew's shoulder, and looked the picture of happiness.

"I don't know why you're giggling so, Cad," said Isabel, severely, half an hour later, in the privacy of her room.

She was putting on a white dress for dinner.

"I—I—because, you know," Carrie murmured, faintly, and giggled again.

"People alter their opinions, don't they!" Isabel demanded, fastening a flower in her belt. "Besides, I didn't have an opinion. How could I? I'd never seen Mr. Osborne. It was prejudice simply—unreasonable prejudice. I don't know how I could have been so absurd. I—I ought have been glad to hear about him! He is very agreeable. I like him very much indeed," Isabel remarked, looking flushed and very pretty as she walked away.

"And he likes you," Carrie mused, with emphatic strength of certainty. And added, with far-seeing shrewdness: "How—how tickled Mrs. Mitchell will be!"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A good character shines by its own light.

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.

If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

The frown of a friend is better than the smile of a foe.

Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge.

He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own.

A man is little the better for liking himself, if nobody likes him.

Denial is based on ignorance. To the informed mind possibilities are unlimited.

It is well to be dethroned before one has done anything to deserve dethronement.

Talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak, and to speak well are two things.

There is a brand of humility more offensive than the arrogance it usually accompanies.

Avoid circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark.

Enough discomfort may be gotten out of almost any proposition to meet the absolute necessities of life.

Tears alleged to flow from material causes occasion no discomfortable surprise among the materialists.

The verb "to be happy" has neither present, past nor future. It should be conjugated in the conditional.

As birds traverse the air and poets speak in rhyme and rhythm, so nature performs her daily acts in miracles.

The silent man may be a reservoir of experience and knowledge, but the world will be no wiser for having him in its midst.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people and abominable to the good.

There is nothing which helps us to feel that our lives have been worth living so much as the humble but grateful consciousness that we have helped some other soul to fill its destiny.

Banana Flour.

The scarcity of cereal grains in Europe has been fruitful of suggestions pointing to one or another substitute for the usual food of the poor. Potatoes are the usual refuge, but this year the potato crop, notably in Ireland, is as short as any other. The West Indian Islands afford a number of cheap and succulent tubers not much used for export hitherto, but, as was pointed out in a recent essay in the *North American Review* by the Hon. Benjamin Peters Hutchinson, quite available in case of necessary.

The ingenious German is never found wanting in such exigencies as the present. Dr. Karl Schwalbe, as we are informed by cable, has proposed to employ the banana as a food of nutritive value quite equal to milk. Dr. Schwalbe declares that the African banana may be cut into slices, dried and ground into a flour which, if carefully prepared and kept dry in export from its tropical home, might avail to feed all Germany. The suggestion has a double attraction for the Germans, not only as containing a possible solution of the impending food question, but because it is the first promise of any appreciable good coming out of the German possessions in Africa.

Henry M. Stanley, in his tour through Darkest Africa, anticipated this German doctor's discovery. The explorer, as is too well remembered, suffered cruelly from starvation and from resultant fevers, etc. In the extremity of his distress he found no food so grateful to his improvished digestion as a meal of bananas prepared in the manner indicated by Dr. Schwalbe. In his latest book Mr. Stanley predicted that banana flour would eventually become a staple product of Africa and a welcome addition to the regimen of the civilized world.

Probably no nation living in a temperate climate uses one quarter as many bananas as does the United States. The fruit has hitherto been cheap and abundant in its natural state, because we are near to the South and Central American sources of supply. This is no reason, however, why the experiment of the banana flour should not be tried with us. The product is said to be especially grateful to children and invalids. We offer the suggestion free to some enterprising genius.—*Chicago Post.*

Surprising Results in a Prune Orchard.

Colonel A. E. Cochran, a San Diego (Cal.) lawyer, owns a prune orchard in Sonoma County, near Healdsburg, which has astonished him. He told about it at the Palace Hotel:

"I have discovered that by cutting prune trees back in a new and rather peculiar way it is possible to get a tree which will live twice as long as an ordinary tree and bear heavily every year. I learned this secret from a gardener who had been employed during most of his life in the best prune district in the old world, and who was here only for a visit. I have eleven acres on my ranch which show well how the experiment succeeds. Ordinarily, of course, prune trees bear in the third year. But these were not permitted to produce fruit at all until the fourth year, and then only a small quantity. This is the fifth year, and off the trees on the eleven acres I take more than twenty tons of prunes. But this is nothing to what I expect next year, for if the season is a good one those trees will yield not less than sixty tons.

"The secret is all in cutting back to get a large trunk. The trunks on the prune trees on that eleven acres of land are all half again as large as one would expect. The object is to give the tree body and power so that it will not die easily, and will be capable of supporting an enormous yield. The cutting is done from the centre, the large limbs being cut off close to the trunk. The tree is not clipped at all on the top, and a little on the sides. I am convinced that if the prune raisers of this State would use the method the prune crop of California would soon be doubled on the present acreage.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Disappearance of Birds.

Attention has been called to the serious diminution of birds in France through the destruction of the nests. Some insectivorous species are becoming very rare, while plant parasites are increasing. Cats and boys are the chief destroyers, and it is suggested that the boys be punished by law, that the keeping of cats be made illegal, and that prizes be offered for killing animals that prey on eggs.—*Trenton (N. J.) American.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The Other Beat a Retreat—An Hundred Fold—A Judgment—Of Another Feather—Our Copper-Faced Racial Type, Etc.

Two hearts that beat as one—
A heavy step—a scare—
And when her pa arrived
One heart alone was there.
—*Oakland Tribune.*

AN HUNDRED FOLD.

Visitor—"You say you are here as the result of sowing wild oats. What did you raise?"

Prisoner—"Cheques."—*Puck.*

A HAPPY MEDIUM.

"Pillsbury isn't as black as he is painted."

"That's true; but neither is he as white as he is washed."—*Judge.*

EMBLEM OF TACITURNITY.

Robby—"How did the Sphinx get the credit for being wise, papa?"

Mr. Norris—"By keeping his mouth shut for three thousand years."—*Life.*

REFERRED TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Poet—"I have a little poem here, sir, that has been indited—"

Editor—"Well, sir, I would be glad to see it convicted, but I can't try it."—*Life.*

A JUDGMENT.

Tramp—"Madam, I'm slowly starving to death."

Hired Girl—"Serves ye right. Ye hain't fit to die all tu once like decent folks."—*Life.*

OUR COPPER-FACED RACIAL TYPE.

Mrs. Bacon—"Here's a paper speaks of 'our copper-faced type.' What does it mean?"

Mr. Bacon—"Oh, it's referring to the Indians I suppose."—*Statesman.*

OF ANOTHER FEATHER.

Maud—"George has the oddest terms of endearment; last night he called me his little duck."

Marie—"Well, my dear, you know that you are no chicken."—*Puck.*

A FACULTY FOR DISTANCE, NOT TIME.

"Look here, barber, you've cut a piece out of my ear."

"Yes, sir. But it's all right. It isn't lost. Here, boy, wrap up this lobe in a piece of paper, and be quick about it."—*New York Sun.*

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

Mr. Weari—"Why in creation don't you go to bed?"

Mrs. Weari—"I must wait up for the girl."

"Why don't you look her out?"

"I'm afraid she'd stay out."—*New York Weekly.*

NO MORE SALES.

Confectionery and Ice-Cream Man—"We'll lose ten of our best customers next week."

Assistant—"We will? Are they going to Oklahoma?"

"No; they're going to get married."—*Good News.*

UNWELCOME.

Peddler—"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I am agent for Doctor Feeder's Spice Root Bitters, and I'm sure if the members of your family would try them they would soon have the finest appetites—"

Lady at Door (severely)—"This, sir, is a boarding-house."—*Good News.*

WOULD THIS BE THE CASE?

Bunting—"There is one objection to the adoption of the legal profession by women."

Mrs. Bunting—"Name it."

Bunting—"When elevated to the bench a female jurist would find it necessary to add postscripts to her opinions."—*Judge.*

A DISINTERESTED CITIZEN.

"How does it happen," inquired the stranger, "that all the improvements are being made on this one street?"

"It doesn't happen at all, sir," replied the citizen, who was showing him about the village, majestically. "This is the street I live on. I am president of the town board, sir."—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHAT DID THE FARMER SAY?

Hired Man—"May I have a horse to ride to town?"

Farmer—"I don't know; we're pretty busy now, and I hate to spare one."

Hired Man—"I'll ride awful fast and get back like a flash."

(Thoughtful Reader, we failed to obtain the rest of this conversation, and we must leave you to satisfy your own mind as to whether the Hired Man got the horse or not.)—*Puck.*

WOMAN'S INCONSISTENCY.

A well-known St. Louis man gave vent to the following philosophical reflections:

"Call a girl a spring chicken and she will laugh; call a woman a hen and she gets mad.

"Call a young lady a witch and she will enjoy it; call an old woman a witch and your life will be in danger.

"Call a girl a kitten and she won't take it unkindly; call a woman a cat and she will hate you. Remarkable sex."—*Chicago News.*

TRUE TO HER SEX.

Ranchero—"I can tell you, we see some mighty curious sights out West. Before I left a woman was arrested for poisoning her husband and several small children. She was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. She mounted the scaffold with a firm step. Before the black cap was drawn over her head, the sheriff asked her if there was any last word—"

Listener—"Well?"

Ranchero—"She hadn't finished when I moved away."—*Life.*

WHY THE ENGAGEMENT IS OFF.

"The engagement between Freshly and Miss Jones has been broken off. What was the cause, do you know?"

"Well, Miss Jones, although quite pretty, has rather a large mouth."

"Yes, I know."

"Freshly took her to the horticultural show, and while there bought a prize peach, which weighed over a pound, and was about as large as a pumpkin. He intended it for Miss Jones, and on the way home, wishing to give it her, said playfully:

"'Open your mouth and shut your eyes. And I'll give you something to make you wise.'

"Then he gave her the peach."—*New York Press.*

HE GOT A TIP FROM HIS FATHER.

A fourteen-year-old boy at school wrote this sentence in an exercise: "Ten men and four woman." His teacher pointed out to him the sentence with the remark:

"Is it possible that you do not know, after all these years at school, that the plura' of woman is women?"

The boy scratched his head in a somewhat disconcerted way.

"Well," he said, "I've often heard my father say that woman is a singular creature, and I guess he knows!"—*New York Mercury.*

SOMETHING OFF.

A Maine man, notorious for his "nearness," lately went into a meat shop and inquired the price of a certain soup bone.

The proprietor of the shop is a generous fellow, and in answer to the old man's question he said:

"Oh, I'll give you that."

The customer put his hand to his ear. He is hard of hearing, and had missed the reply.

"Can't you take something off of that?" he asked.

The dealer took pity on him.

"Yes," he said, "call it ten cents."

And the old man went home with a comfortable sense of having driven a good trade.—*Kennebec Journal.*

WHERE WORK IS PLEASANT.

"Neglected Wife—"Why don't you go to work?"

Husband (a ne'er-do-well)—"I ain't got no tools."

Neglected Wife—"Deacon Smith offered you five dollars to fix his fence, and you have a saw, and a plane, and a hammer, and nails. What more do you want?"

Husband—"The saw ain't no good, and I ain't got no file to sharpen it. Ole Smith can fix his fence hisself."

Same Husband (ten years later)—"Hist! Say, wife, I've escaped from the penitentiary. Gimme some other clothes, so I kin light out again."

Wife—"My, my! How did you get out?"

Husband—"I dug 40 feet underground with a two tined fork, and then cut my way through two feet of stone wall and ten inches of boiler iron with a saw made out of a tin dinner plate."—*Good News.*

A Millionaire's Fence.

The $30,000 wall around the Hopkins castle at Great Barrington, Mass., is not a new idea. About fifteen years ago Charles Crocker, one of the "big four" Central Pacific railroad magnates, made a similar "improvement." Crocker built himself a mansion on the brow of "Nob Hill," San Francisco. The palace covered almost an entire block. A gentleman whose name is lost to fame had a modest mansion in a corner lot of that block. Crocker coveted that lot, but could not get it at his own price. He was somewhat incensed because he, a millionaire, was balked in purchasing what he wanted at his own price. The people of that vicinity were astonished on seeing a board wall being built between Crocker's palace and the gentleman's modest two-story frame. The wonder grew with the fence, which was built to the height of the roof of the cottage.

This wall totally shut out the light from the west, also the sun after midday. The gentleman appealed to the courts, alleging that no person had the right to construct anything, even though upon his own premises, which would interfere with the rights and liberties of another. But the courts held differently, though it was admitted by Crocker that the fence was useless and he could give no other reason than spite. The gentleman removed his laundry from the back yard to the roof, and every day the family linen was flaunting in the breeze from his own housetop, which somewhat spoiled the view of the Crocker family as they gazed out upon the bay and dispelled the romance of their evening promenades on the eastern piazza. Under the ruling of the court the gentleman had the right to make an unsightly nuisance of the roof of his house. But he proposed to do no more. He inscribed on his banner "No compromise" and refused to sell at any price. He was on the eve of renting his house to a Chinese theatrical company when the proud Crocker ordered his wall to be torn down.

This wall, known as "Crocker's Folly," was one of the objects of curiosity of the city and was on the list to be shown to tourists. It was visited by thousands of citizens also, and was opportunely torn down just before the Dennis Kearny communistic uprising.—*Chicago Times.*

Chestnut Culture.

Cultivation of the chestnut is often advised as a source of profit from the fruit and wood, but chiefly from the former, for there is always a large demand, which trees growing naturally in the forests and fields do not fully supply. The tree is rapid in its growth and is easily propagated from the seeds, and it would seem that a very considerable increase in the number of bearing trees might be profitably made, especially on rough pasture lands where the soil is not unfavorable to their growth.

In a bulletin published by the Pennsylvania station, Professor W. A. Buckhout, the botanist, gives some information relative to the habits of this tree. It is said the chestnut cannot be grown successfully on heavy clays, wet soils or limestone land. It prefers loose, sandy soils, or such as have been derived from the decomposition of slates or shales. In Ohio it is found native on the sand ridges which border on the lake shore and on the shady hillside of some of the hill counties in the southern portion of the State, but never on the limestones which cover the western and southwestern portions of the State, nor can it be cultivated in this region with any prospect of success.

The chestnut grows readily from the seed, but great care must be exercised not to permit the nuts to become dry. They should be planted as soon as gathered, or else must be kept in moist sand until ready to plant. If possible plant in the place where the tree is to stand, as the chestnut has a long tap-root which renders transplanting difficult.—*New York World.*

Two Glaciers in Wyoming.

Wyoming boasts two glaciers equal in surroundings and beaten only in extent by the famous icy formations of the old world. The first is found in the ascent of the highest of the three Teton Mountains just outside the National Park in Fremont County. It was discovered but a few days ago by W. O. Owen, a civil engineer visiting that section for pleasure. It is of a smooth surface except for a few great seams. The second glacier is reported by G. W. Johnson, a Government geological surveyor, whose investigations have been cut short by an order taking him to California. This Rocky Mountain freak is on Cloud Peak, forty miles from the town of Buffalo, and at one point on the ice field Johnson looked down a sheer twelve hundred feet. A basin filled by seepage gives this glacier a lake attachment.—*Chicago Herald.*

Russia is behaving in a very warlike manner.

THE NEWS.

The New York Presbytery of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, investigated the charges of heresy against the Rev. J. C. K. Milligan and the Rev. J. T. Carson, that they urged members of their congregations to vote and participate in politics, and passed resolutions declaring that there were no grounds on which to base a libel against the clergymen named.——The Metropolitan Job Printing Company, of New York, obtained an attachment against Geo. Barrett, the actor, a brother of Wilson Barrett, for $1,700 for services rendered. Mr. Barrett has been starring through the United States with Miss Eastlake, but their venture was a failure. When Mr. Barrett was about to sail for Europe, his effects were seized by a deputy sheriff.——At Springfield, O., the great East street shops, built by William N. Whitely at $1,500,000, and which caused his failure shortly afterward, were finally sold at public sale on being offered the third time to Scott Bonham, a well-known Cincinnati attorney, for $630,000. Mr. Bonham is believed to represent a syndicate. Mr. Whitely expects to get a part of the plant to renew business.——At Hartville, Mo., during a quarrel Sol Johnson shot and killed his son Bill.——William Elliott and his wife, both about eighty, were burned up in their house near Sheals, Ind.——At Youngstown, O., the glaze mill of the Ohio Powder Works exploded, killing two men, Jos. Maag and Ben Somans, and completely destroying the mill. At the time the mill contained 500 kegs of powder, and the mutilated remains of the men were scattered over a ten-acre field. The mill has been running four months and is comparatively new, and the men killed were the only two employed in the mill.

Warrants were issued in St. Joseph, Mo., for the arrest of William Springer, B. Blenkemburg and A. Goldberg on the charge of obtaining merchandise under false pretenses. The three men named are said to have obtained $3,000 worth of goods from wholesale merchants of Chicago, Des Moines and Ottumwa, for which they have not paid a cent. Last August the first-named two men opened a clothing and furnishing store at Osceola, Ia. In the front part of the store-room a display of cheap goods were made. The firm represented to commercial agencies and wholesalers that their stock was worth $2,800, that they had several hundred dollars in cash and only $50 liabilities. Large consignments of goods were bought on one-third cash upon delivery, the balance in sixty and ninety days. When the goods were shipped to the firm, the boxes containing the merchandise were taken into the rear apartment of the store, and all marks were removed, and the goods were then reshipped to A. Goldberg, St. Joseph. When the creditors were about to close in upon the firm, the store was suddenly closed, and the members of the firm took their departure.——In accordance with the anti-trust law, United States District Attorney Reynolds, of St. Louis, has decided to commence an active campaign against the St. Louis Apothecaries' Association, or "Drug Trust."——On the Birmingham and Atlantic Railroad a passenger train of two coaches went through a burning trestle twenty feet high, and was entirely consumed. All the passengers broke through the windows and escaped unhurt. Engineer Northcutt and the fireman were pulled out of the wreck by the passengers. Northcutt and his brother, the conductor, were both hurt, but not dangerously so. A tramp had slept in a cabin near there, set it afire, and left it so, and the trestle caught from the cabin.

At Chicago John W. Cells, the book-keeper of the county asylum, was indicted for conspiracy to defraud. He was arrested and released under $3,000 bond.——President Sam'l. Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, issued a call to the Electrical Wiremen's and Linemen's Unions of America to meet in convention in Lightstone Hall, St. Louis, November 21st, for the purpose of organizing an International Electrical Wireman's and Linemen's Union.——At Hartville, Mo., during a quarrel Sol Johnson shot and killed his son Bill.——William Elliott and his wife, both about eighty, were burned up in their house near Sheals, Ind.——At Youngstown, O., the glaze mill of the Ohio Powder Works exploded, killing two men, Jos. Maag and Ben Somans, and completely destroying the mill. At the time the mill contained 500 kegs of powder, and the mutilated remains of the men were scattered over a ten-acre field. The mill has been running four months and is comparatively new, and the men killed were the only two employed in the mill.

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