DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects.—Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1893.

VOL. 47. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1893. NO. 37.

Jarrell-Godwin Co.

NEW STORE NEW GOODS.

Why Is It We Are Selling so Many Dress Goods, Carpets, Mattings, Men's and Boys' Clothing, &c?

Because we have an entirely new stock to select from, and having bought them from some of the largest manufacturers and paid the Spot Cash for every Dollars' worth of goods in our house, we are enabled to give you bargains that you can't find anywhere else. We don't offer special prices and bargains for only a few hours, but we have made up our mind to give our customers Bargains at all hours.

We simply ask you to call and get our prices on

DRESS GOODS, CARPETS, MATTINGS, CLOTHING,

Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Umbrellas, Muslins, Towels, Window Shades, &c.

A call will convince you that we have bargains for you every hour in the day. We will positively meet any cuts on any goods that our competitors make, no matter what it is. Be it Dress Goods, Notions, Clothing, or what, you will always find goods at our counters as cheap as anywhere.

You don't have to go to the city to find bargains. It will pay you to examine our Dress Goods, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Carpets, Matting, &c., before buying.

We will close our entire stock of Spring Wraps out at cost from to-day.

Bargains every hour in the day at

JARRELL-GODWIN CO'S NEW STORE,

At J. J. Jump's Old Stand, Opposite Brick Hotel, Easton, Md.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS,

TUNIS MILLS, MD.

The Largest Plant on the Eastern Shore.

LUMBER

—AND—

BUILDING MATERIALS.

Offers

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

FLOORING, SIDING, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, AND EVERYTHING IN THE

LUMBER - BUSINESS

Estimates given and orders filled promptly.

Those who expect to build will find it to their advantage to deal direct with us. Our treasurer, R. S. Fountain, will call to see you and give an estimate any time if you so desire.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER CO.

BALTIMORE COAL TAR AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Roofing Materials, Building Paper

Tarred Felt, Coal Tar, Two and Three-Ply Felt, Red Rosin, Sized Paper Roofing Paint, Concrete Block Pavement for Cellars, &c.

Estimates Furnished.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, SAMPLES AND PRICE LIST.

16 W. CAMDEN STREET. BALTIMORE, MD.

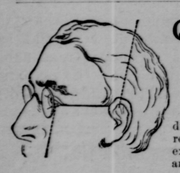
J. H. MEDAIRY. GEO. K. MEDAIRY.

J. H. MEDAIRY AND CO.,

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, LITOHGRAPHERS AND PRINTERS.

No. 5 North Howard Street, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Bank Books Made to Order in any Style.



QUEEN & CO. of Philadelphia WILL SEND THEIR EYE SPECIALIST To Denton on Monday, June 5.

He will be found at Choptank Hotel From 8.30 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Persons who have headache, or whose eyes are causing discomfort, should call upon their specialist, and they will receive intelligent and skilful attention. No charge to examine your eyes. Every pair of glasses ordered is guaranteed to be satisfactory.

LOOK

Well to your interest in buying LUMBER!

HARRY A. ROE

Denton Bridge, sells at LOW PRICES!

Siding, flooring, shingles, laths, etc.

"WELL BRED SOON WED" GIRLS WHO USE

SAPOLIO

ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING. 7 16 yr

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

OUR SPLENDID

SPRING STOCK

Is bigger, better, brighter than ever before, and equal in variety and extent to the combined stocks of any three houses, and what is best of all—Prices are lower than ever before. A man with a slim pocket-book this year can dress like a king.

MEN'S SUITS.

Ours are perfect marvels of the tailor's art, full of superior style and durability, yet they cost less than the same qualities are sold for elsewhere. Extensive lines at $10, $12, $15, $18.

GEMS FOR JUVENILES.

Boys' & Children's Suits, Hats and Furnishing in the most charming styles cutely and prettily trimmed, and made with all the careful attention devoted to gentlemen's fine garments. Boys' Suits from $1.98 up to finest at $15.

WE ARE ON TOP

again with the largest line of Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps ever displayed. All the leading shapes and new colors represented in our colossal stock. Men's Hats from 59 cts. to $3. Boys' Hats from 14 cts. to $2.50.

FINE FIXINGS.

Everything that is bright and new is shown in our immense Furnishing Department. Many exclusive novelties in Neckwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Underwear, &c., to be seen here at price full 25 per cent. less than elsewhere.

Write for samples and Price List.

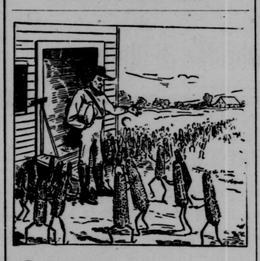
OEHM'S ACME HALL,

Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,

5 and 7 West Baltimore Street,

ANNEX,

6 and 8 S. Charles Street.



Corn Talks.

ORCHILLA

or nothing for us. That seems the verdict of the Corn makers, because the Corn itself says so.

ORCHILLA

put on the ground in early winter, means putting money in bank next summer.

ORCHILLA

stengthens the ground, increases the ears, multiplies the grain, improves the flavor and satisfies the grower.

ORCHILLA

is a magnificent solid stock straight fertilizer. It's rich food for needy ground, and makes rich food for the world's needy mouths.

ORCHILLA

should be ordered and applied NOW. Write us.

THE WOOLDRIDGE FERTILIZER CO.

High-Class Fertilizers. 212 Buchanan's Wharf, BALTIMORE, MD.

W. A. STEWART, Agent, Denton.

For Rent,

A good stable, with feed loft, feed-room and carriage house attached.

DR. G. M. FISHER.
Denton, Md.

I have a good second-hand carriage for sale.

For Rent.

The Brick Hotel, Denton, is for rent for the year 1894. Possession will be given before if desired. J. H. VAN GESEL.

CROCUSES.

I am a little crocus, don't you see!
And all these fellows that come with me,
Way, they are crocuses, too, I say.
We come to tell you that some time—today
Or tomorrow, we can't say just when—
My Lady Spring will be with you again.

We are brave little messengers; that I know.
What other fellows would dare to show
Their faces in such a wintry air?
They're afraid of the cold, but we don't care,
For we wish to be first to bear to you
A message which may or may not be true.

But we're prudent; we wear our coats of fur,
For to tell the truth, though we're fond of her
We can't always trust my lady's word.
Just the other day I heard a bluebird
Declare that he'd sung, "The spring is here!"
A thousand times before she'd appear.

My lady whispered to us in our sleep
And waked us out of our slumber deep.
How we did hurry! We thought, "We're late,
And our message will be quite out of date!"
So we dressed in haste, and here are we,
But what of my lady, where is she?

—St. Nicholas.

THE WRONG VALISE.

It was certainly an odd adventure, and one in which I exhibited a degree of audacity that I can scarcely credit now, but it brought me such good fortune that I never regretted it, especially with such a reputation for dignity as I now enjoy. It is not a very long story, yet I think it will interest you. My wife says I have told it too many times, but I believe it will bear one more repetition.

It was in the year 1850. I was in the employ of a large mercantile house. I had begun with them six years before, fresh from a country town, and had gradually been promoted until I was confidential clerk and had charge of the corps of bookkeepers which the business demanded. I was of a reserved disposition, of studious habits and was fast becoming a confirmed bachelor when the events I shall narrate occurred, changing the tenor of my life.

It was the month of December. I remember the evening as distinctly as though it were just past. The snow was several inches deep, and the sky was filled with the small white messengers. The gaslights glimmered feebly, the shop windows were obscured, traffic in the street had nearly ceased, while the few who were out hurried as fast as possible to their respective destinations.

Important business demanded my attention in Glasgow, and I was to leave by the midnight train for that city. I had taken my supper, or, more properly speaking, a light lunch near the office, where I was employed until 10 o'clock with the accounts and papers which were necessary in the transaction of the business which called me away. I looked at my watch and found I had but scant time to go home and get my valise, which I had unfortunately (as I then blindly hoped) forgotten to bring with me.

As I stepped out into the wintry air and breasted the storm the sensation, instead of being unpleasant, was rather exhilarating. I found in a few moments, however, that the storm was more severe than I had imagined, and my progress was very difficult. It took me much longer than I anticipated, so I was in a great hurry.

I lived in a long row of houses, all just alike. I knew nothing of those who lived upon either side, for I was away early in the morning, was gone all day, and after I got back at night devoted myself to my pipe and books, very rarely going out again.

The storm seemed to have redoubled its fury as I went up the steps and opened the door. I was almost blown into the hall, and the door swung behind me with violence. All was dark, but I knew just where my valise was, all ready. So I crept up stairs cautiously to avoid further disturbance, found my room door open and in the corner where I expected my valise.

Without an instant's delay I rushed down stairs and was soon out in the blinding sleet. I was really exhausted when I got to the station, and to add to my trials I was just in time to see the train slowly moving off.

After a sharp run I caught the last carriage, recovered my breath as soon as I could, put my valise into a rack and settled myself for a nap. When I awoke, it was morning, and I found to my dismay that we were snowbound and had made but little progress on our way.

There was nothing to do, however, but make the best of it. I read awhile, smoked awhile, even lent them a hand in clearing the line, and after other devices to kill time thought I would look over my business matters. As I took down my valise it felt so light it attracted my attention at once, so I involuntarily looked it over attentively. It certainly appeared right, and there were my initials, C. S. R., in the proper place.

Something instinctively told me I had made a mistake, and before opening I tried to think how it happened. Although I had taken it in the dark, I recalled the stairway, the room at the end of the upper hall, the position of things as they appeared in what little light there was and the valise in the corner whence I took it. There could be no mistake, and yet this valise seemed only about half as heavy as it ought to be.

It may appear strange that I had not noticed it before, but in my hurry to the station I doubt if I should have noticed it had it been empty.

To solve the mystery I opened it, and the contents certainly were not mine. Perhaps some of the fellows in the house had played a trick on me. I found some toilet articles, some apples, a book, and at the bottom a roll which appeared to be my papers, but which proved to be a lecture in manuscript upon "Grecian Art," with the name Chester Sylvanus Richardson at the end. Who the dickens he was remained a mystery, and how I came by his valise is a still greater problem.

After more study over it it flashed upon me that I must have gone into one of the other houses in the row. This eased my mind a little, though I still felt anxious about my papers. There was nothing to do but exercise patience, and so I began reading the lecture. Although somewhat beyond my acquirements, I found it interesting and instructive.

Toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Carlisle. As it was impossible to transact my business in full without my papers, and I was weary with the slow progress I had made, I formed a sudden resolution to stop over night in Carlisle, telegraph for my valise and go to Glasgow some time the next day when it arrived.

The snow about the town was fairly beaten down, considering the fierceness of the storm and the short time it had begun to abate. As I getting out of the train I did in hurry, but leisurely passed along the platform in the rear of the other passengers. As I was about to step on the platform, to my surprise two gentlemen of nice appearance seemed about to accost me, but as they were total strangers to me I of course supposed myself mistaken and passed on.

In a moment they were by my side, and one of them said very politely:

"Excuse me, professor; I thought it was you, but did not feel sure until I saw the initials on your valise. I am sorry you have had such a rough journey, but I can assure you a good audience despite the storm."

I was so dumfounded that I could not resist his efforts as he and his friend escorted me to a carriage, placed me in it and then entered themselves. Before I had a chance to speak the elder gentleman said:

"I trust, professor, you will at once feel at home with us. You have many warm friends in the town, though you are a stranger personally to us."

"Yes," broke in the other man; "I am Mr. Ackerman, chairman of the lecture committee, and my friend here is Mr. Lincoln, who would insist you should make your headquarters at his house."

I saw what their mistake was, but how to get myself out of the matter caused me to fall into a reverie, during which my companions ceased to talk to me. A few moments' thought, and I determined to perform the part so unexpectedly thrust upon me and give the lecture as best I could. Thanking the gentlemen, and fearing the conversation might drift into channels where I could not sustain it creditably, I begged permission to remain quiet, as my journey had been very fatiguing.

We speedily arrived at a handsome residence, into which I gladly entered. I was ushered into a warm, pleasant sitting room, and when left alone my conscience began to smite me. I had not long to reproach myself when I heard the sound of a woman's voice, and Mr. Lincoln's wife entered and cordially bade me welcome. In conversing with her I discovered that I was a very learned and eloquent professor, and that the public were very eager to hear me.

I trembled at my audacity, but I could only carry out the character I had so rashly assumed. The lady informed me that her son, who was very intimate with me (then I shuddered), was away (here I breathed freely), but I should meet her daughter Lily.

The lady left, and after a brief quiet, which seemed hours to me, I heard voices in the hall. There was evidently an intention to speak in a low tone, but nevertheless I heard all that was said distinctly, as the door was slightly ajar.

"What is this wonderful prodigy of learning like, mamma? Is he a solemn faced man, with sleek hair, spectacles and erudition written on every feature? Have I drawn a correct picture, mamma!"

"Oh, no, indeed!" was the answer. "He is much unlike what Charlie's letter had led me to expect. He is really a fine looking man, very gentlemanly and very pleasing to converse with, but I must say I should never suppose he was such a learned man as he undoubtedly is."

I began to feel doubly guilty and had not recovered my composure when Miss Lily entered the room. She was such a vision of loveliness that my discomfiture was increased. I know I must have seemed really stupid, but my supposed wisdom doubtless encouraged her to overlook it, and the grace of her welcome completed the fascination her first appearance had created.

We were soon talking so eagerly that I forgot my embarrassment. I was delighted to find that her range of reading and thought were such that we could talk very intelligently together. I pretended to be a great lover of music, and our conversation turned upon that topic, so that when her mother came to call us to tea we were singing together and enjoying each other's society as though we had been friends for years.

Tea was soon over, and the eventful moment was near. I overheard Miss Lily say to her mother in a whisper, "Mamma, he is splendid." This infused me with fresh courage for the ordeal. Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Lily and I drove together to the hall.

The sight of the brilliantly lighted room and the expectant people made my knees tremble and my heart beat quickly, but I left my companions and made my way to the anteroom, where I found my friend, the chairman, facing a hall full of intelligent looking people and conspicuous among them the bright eyes and charming face of Miss Lily.

I do not know what it was the chairman said. I only know it was a panegyric upon me, and that when he said, "I now have the honor and the pleasure of presenting to you the celebrated lecturer and scholar, Professor Richardson," I arose and stood before them, undecided whether to speak or to turn and run.

The applause which followed gave me a little time to brace up. So, spreading the manuscript upon the desk, I began. I had devoted a little time to elocution and had looked over the manuscript in the train, so I was fairly familiar with it, and as I proceeded I kept gaining additional courage, and the lecture was delivered in a way that astonished myself and won repeated plaudits.

A vote of thanks to me was unanimously passed, the audience dispersed, and I was soon seated in Mr. Lincoln's pleasant home, where he poured out a stream of congratulatory remarks. Miss Lily was silent, but I thought her looks indorsed her father's speech. I was much tired by my exertions and gladly availed myself of the excuse to retire.

Alone in my room, the possible consequences of my evening's lecture troubled me. I was deeply impressed by Miss Lily's beauty, culture and bewitching manners. But how could I continue the acquaintance? I could not long remain in the character of professor, and an attempt to explain might complicate matters the more. The only way open was to leave without explaining and contrive some way in future to atone for my folly.

So after breakfast I took a long walk, during which I considered matters, and at last stepped into a telegraph office to send for my valise, which had almost escaped my recollection. While standing in the office preparing my message, a man came in and began chatting with the operator. Just then the instrument began to click. The operator heard the message and gave a cry of surprise.

"Look here, Bill," to the other man, "didn't Professor Richardson lecture here last night?"

Oh, what should I do if recognized as the impostor!

"I don't know," was the answer. "I heard he did, though."

"Well, here is a message to Mr. Lincoln from him, which says he couldn't come on account of the storm. Something funny somewhere. I'd better get this up to him as soon as possible."

So off he started to find a boy to carry the message. Whatever I did must be done quickly. I found that a train left in 20 minutes. I rushed back to the Lincolns' house, got in without being seen, grabbed my valise and was soon on my journey to Glasgow, whence I telegraphed for my proper valise.

My heart smote me for treating my host so, but I felt the worse at not being able to bid adieu to Miss Lily. As soon as I arrived at my hotel I sent the following note to Mr. Lincoln:

DEAR SIR—Unexpected circumstances forced me into assuming the character of one far more wise but I trust not more deserving than myself. I shall renew our acquaintance in propria persona in a way that I hope will entitle me to your confidence and excuse the deception I have practiced. With much esteem and respect, yours, C. S. ROCHESTER.

I heard afterward what excitement followed the delivery of the telegram and the discovery of my absence. Mr. Lincoln and his wife were furious, but Miss Lily was confident it would come out all right. Somehow, when my note was received, it tended somewhat toward softening her father's anger, but it was a mystery for some time to them all.

The professor made a trip to the place to investigate the matter and was invited to lecture. I am vain enough to be pleased with the fact that the people declared the false professor was the more eloquent of the two.

Later I called upon the professor and told him the whole story. He laughed heartily at my venture and proved to be a capital fellow. Our acquaintance ripened fast, and it was not long before I was in S—— again with a cordial indorsement from him. Miss Lily answered my ring herself, and her look of astonishment I shall never forget.

The reading of the professor's letter made everything satisfactory. Mr. Lincoln laughed loud and long as I told him how I felt upon my former visit. I called again and very often, and one day there was a wedding in that pleasant town, at which Miss Lily became Mrs. Rochester.—Exchange.

Ancient Soldering.

The introduction of the blow pipe and soldering is veiled in obscurity, though specimens of ancient work have come down to us, especially the delicate grain work of the Etruscans, where the soldering is of the finest description.—London Times.

An Ideal Union.

I have come to think that the highest reach of art will be the joint achievement of a man and a woman working together as a completed individual representative of the human race. This is the only collaboration worth trying, the collaboration of man and wife under circumstances of peculiar happiness, as when genius weds genius and when love, health and mutual confidence combine to urge their joint lives into a single bloom of art. Like two birds that are mates, building their nest in perfect community of labor, these happy married poets might blend their natures in a poem impressed with all that the noblest and purest impulses and aspirations of humanity can mean.—Maurice Thompson in New York Independent.

A Suicide's Text.

A romantic suicide was committed by M. V. H. Cruse, a civil engineer of Russian nationality, but educated in England. The deceased, who put an end to his life by firing a revolver at one of his temples, wrote a letter to a friend shortly before the fatal deed asking him to advise the family at St. Petersburg of his suicide. In this letter he, however, offered no explanation of his action, merely inclosing a leaf from a French edition of Shakespeare with the words, "To be or not to be," in Hamlet's soliloquy, underlined.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A TRIPLE DENSE.

A Drummer's Adventure In the Eastern Kentucky Hills.

"You may talk about your Georgia crackers if you want to!" growled the man who represents the "gents'" furnishing goods firm as he crossed his legs and began picking yellow clay from the cracks of his shoes, "but I'm here to tell you that the eastern Kentucky hilligan is a dodo compared to them!"

"What's soured on your appetite now?" grinned the shoehouse drummer, as he affectionately patted his pile of sale bills and looked at the scenery through the gloom of Friday evening.

"Well," said the g. f. g. man sourly, "I left Greenbrier Monday for some new territory, which I had been told was very promising. It was—it promised—and that's all it did. Nothing but hills and mud—high water had wiped out the roads so completely that we were lost half the time—and worse than useless to seek information from the natives—their 'general intelligence' is so densely ignorant that they don't know in which direction to look for the seats of their breeches. At first I thought it was simple, unadulterated cussedness, but at last I had to list it as sheer density."

"Why?" asked the shoehouse man as the speaker paused.

"Why? Why, by Joe! I was recommended to call on a merchant named Giles at a little place half way between Webbville and the other side of nowhere, and when I reached the place I stopped at the first house I came to and asked for lodging, as it was raining and dark as a stack of black cats. 'All right,' said the man, 'come in.' Supper was ham and eggs and biscuits yellower than the butter. And then I asked if he knew any one by the name of Giles thereabouts. 'No-o,' says he, with a puzzled drawl, as if he was trying to recollect something. 'I ain't heerd of nobody hereabaouts by th' name of Giles—leastways I don't think I has—but take a cheer and rest yer hat a bit, and I'll go and ask the postmaster or some of the folks,' and off he went through the rain, scratching his head as if bewildered about something.

"In—well, say about 15 or 20 minutes, he came back with a look on his face of the blankest amazement I ever saw on a mortal man. 'Why,' said he, with a foolish grin and a sheepish tone, 'postmaster says as how my own name is Giles, and, come to think about it, mister, danged if I don't believe it is. Well, this is a go, ain't it?'"

The drummer paused and kicked his sample case savagely, and then remarked, with an inflection that defies description:

"And I was recommended to sell that man a bill of goods!"—Cincinnati Commercial.

Strange Incident of a Funeral Procession.

A curious incident in connection with a French-Canadian funeral took place recently at Putnam, Conn. The funeral was that of a beautiful little child. The train, a very large one, with many carriages, had gone a little way down the main street of Putnam when it came to a halt in front of Benoit's photograph gallery. The mourners alighted from their vehicles and gathered about the hearse, and the pallbearers then removed therefrom the tiny white coffin and carried it up stairs into the gallery, the mourners following them. The coffin was set upright on a table in the middle of the room, and Mr. Benoit took a photograph of the dead child's face in its diamond shaped coffin frame. Then the coffin was returned to the hearse, and the train went on to the cemetery.—Cor. New York Sun.

Some "Imported" Cigars.

Si Drukker, Lou Moore and M. S. Drukker have a lot of cigars on hand. Not long ago a Spaniard came into their office and offered some cigars for sale. He said that they were very cheap, as he had smuggled them through. He acted in so mysterious a manner that the boys were induced to look at his cigars in the hope of getting a bargain. He asked $9 a hundred, and finally came down to $3.75. The boys bought 500. As soon as the Spaniard disappeared, they each smoked a cigar, congratulating one another on their bargain. But they all got deathly sick. Upon examination, it was found that the cigars were made of colored paper, with tobacco wrappers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Last of Jules Ferry.

The room in which M. Jules Ferry died was transformed into a mortuary and hung with draperies worked in silver. The senate voted 20,000 francs to cover the expenses of the public funeral. A part of the great Frenchman's will read as follows: "I order the interment of my body in the St. Dié cemetery, where repose my mother and sister, with my face turned toward the blue line of Vosges, whence I heard the cries of the vanquished."—Paris Letter.

A Promoter From China.

Toy Wing Sang, a hustling promoter from China, has succeeded in getting subscriptions of $14,000,000, it is stated, from American and Chinese capitalists for the building of electric roads and lighting plants in Chinese cities.

A Singular Division of Religious Faith.

The women in the family of Minister Eustis are Catholics, while the men are all Protestants, an unusual division of faith to be carried out so completely. Miss Eustis told me once in speaking of it that there was never a dissension over the matter, although the ladies are all devout adherents of the faith in which they have been brought up.—Boston Globe.

GOOSE LORE.

How and When to Pluck the Fowls—Care of the Goslings.

In answer to the query, "How often in one season ought geese to be picked?" a farmer with 14 years' experience answers in the Philadelphia Farm Journal that it depends entirely on the feed and run and explains the whole situation as follows:

They feather out quicker where they are permitted to run on green pasture and have abundance of good water to drink. Every 10 weeks should find them under such treatment, with a good coat of feathers. Do not pick them until the laying process is over. Geese cannot be artificially molting and laying strong eggs at the same time. Never pick in cold weather. When ready to pick, which the experienced geese raiser can tell by the color of the plumage (if ready there will be no yellowish tinge on the white feathers, but to be sure pick a few feathers from the breast of the goose), the feathers come easily and are dry at the quill end. If not ripe, they are soft and bloody. And this is one of the reasons that store bought feathers sometimes have such a disagreeable odor.

Our best guide, experience, tells us to take only a small pinch of feathers in the fingers at a time, and with a quick downward jerk, from tail to neck, displace first one coat of the feathers, and only very little of the second coat, the down. Do not pick the bolsters, those large feathers under the wings. If you do, the poor creatures' wings will droop continually. When dead, we can strip the feathers from the center stem for filling pillows for home use. But never take them from the geese while living.

I remember shuddering slightly as I walked out with a friend in a neighboring goose run to see the almost naked, bewildered appearance of the geese, breasts and thighs bare and sunburned, wings drooping, almost no plumage save a little headgear and strip down the back. At my horrified expression my friend laughed. "Oh," said she, "this woman gets them ready for the oven while she is at it." And of course she waited just so much longer for her next crop of feathers than the neighbor who picked in moderation.

And as to the goslings the authority quoted says: Cease at once to run after them. The old goose will lead them to pastures new, select tiny stones for their digestive organs, turn them over when they wabble onto their backs, or shriek so loudly that you will divine their anguish, rush out and aid them once in awhile. If you feel as if you must coddle them a little, a portable pasture fence made of four panels of fence, two long and two short ones nailed together and moved whenever the pasture is needed, will answer. But geese are geese, so don't be surprised if you go out and find a gosling hanging with broken neck through the panels. Better after the first day or two to turn them loose with the old goose. If more than one goose is sitting, keep the one first hatched out of sight of the remaining sitters, or every sitting goose will leave her nest and run after the yellow goslings at the risk of losing her own eggs.

It Is Time to Spray.

For apple scab, various leaf diseases of fruit trees and grape rot, the following are used and advised at the Ohio experiment station:

Bordeaux Mixture—Copper sulphate, 4 pounds; quicklime, 4 pounds; water, 50 gallons. Dissolve the copper sulphate and lime separately and mix when cool.

Copper carbonate solution is made by dissolving 6 ounces of copper carbonate in 3 pints of ammonia and diluting to 50 gallons with water.

The bordeaux mixture is to be applied to fruit trees four times, twice before and twice after blooming, and 4 ounces of paris green are added to the third and fourth times to kill insects. Potatoes should be sprayed with the same mixture five or six times. Grapevines are treated the same way, except that six applications are given and copper carbonate is substituted for the bordeaux mixture for the fifth and sixth, and no paris green is used. To apply these mixtures a good force pump mounted on a tank or barrel, which may be placed on a wagon, is needed.

Stable Manure.

Stable manure is a complete fertilizer in the highest sense, having all of the elements of plant food, and yet it is rarely worth over $2 per ton. So you might take a high grade, complete fertilizer and add to it an equal bulk of sand or brick dust, and it would still be a complete fertilizer, because it would still contain the three valuable elements of plant food and in the same relative proportions, says Southern Farmer.

Things Every Farmer Wants to Know.

Sioux City, Ia., has achieved distinction in times past with her corn palaces, but it is proposed that the Columbian year shall witness the greatest triumph in this direction. A "corn festival" has been fixed for opening at Sioux City on the 20th of September next, to continue until Oct. 18.

Europe has awaked to the knowledge that corn is a fit food for man, and there is consequently a growing demand for American corn abroad. At present Europe imports each year 64,000,000 bushels. Of this the United States send 55,000,000 bushels, the balance coming from Egypt and Argentina.

To polish horns for ornament, boil until the inside can be easily removed, scrape with glass and rub down with powdered pumice stone and linseed oil.

The best way to make a cistern, according to a correspondent in the Philadelphia Farm Journal, is to dig it oblong, wall up as usual, and at the same time run up a partition wall in the center of one brick wide, good bricks laid in cement, but not to cement the sides of partition. Then flow all the water in one section. It will filter through and give you pure water.

Some gardeners plant beets two feet apart and sow the intervening row with radishes.

The Result of a Threat.

When John L. Sullivan was here recently, he succeeded in thoroughly frightening the property man at Havlin's by telling him that if he didn't get a new valise to be used in his play he would throw the "teater blokie" and the old gripsack out into the audience on the following night. The next night the stage was covered with all sizes and shapes of traveling bags for the big un to select a suitable one from.—Cincinnati Enquirer.