

Seeds! Seeds!

Now arriving our usual supply of

Garden & Field Seeds.

BEST NORTHERN TIMOTHY.

BEST NORTHERN CLOVER

All kinds of

Agricultural Seeds

AT

JOHN M WILEY'S

196 QUEEN ST. F.TON.

GAS FITTING

-AND-

PLUMBING

I am in a position to give estimates on all classes of Plumbing and Gas-Fitting and to perform the work satisfactory and promptly. I make a specialty of fitting up Bath Room Hot Air Furnaces, etc.

A. N. LaFOREST,

Tinsmith, Plumber, &c

Adams Brothers,
PRINCIPAL
UNDERTAKERS.
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQ.,
OPP QUEEN HOTEL.

MUNN & CO
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
AGENCY FOR
PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

1891 APRIL. 1891

OWEN SHARKEY

Has lately secured a full stock of spring and summer goods, comprising the following lines, viz.:

Ladies Dress Goods

In Cashmeres and other stuffs, in all desirable shades and colours. PRINTS, a choice lot and excellent value. Jersey Jackets, Hose, Gloves and Corsets also,

Mens, Youths & Boys Clothing.

Mens suits from \$4.50 to \$15.00. Youths and Boys equally as cheap. Hats, Caps, Shirts, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Underwear and Furnishings, Goods; also Table Linens, Tickings, Towellings, Flannels, Cretons, Lace Curtains, Curtain Nets, Hamburgs and Laces, Grey and White Cottons. Wool and Hemp Carpets, Table and Floor Oil Cloths. Trunks, Valises and Satchels. Remnants—a large lot always on hand. Prices as low as any in the Trade.

OWEN SHARKEY

The Pug Nose.

I sing the nose that seeks the skies,
In wild and mad endeavor,
To leave its place between the eyes
And mount above the earth forever,
As if it had quarreled with the chin,
And up the face had lifted,
To where the bridge had caved in,
To sit and look tip-tilted.

Let other poets rave about
The red or Roman-nosed ones,
I maintain there's never a doubt
Their virtues are supposed ones,
And that the turned-up nose has cause
For all its seeming scorning
Of any nose that bides the laws
Of simple face-adorning.

I celebrate the piquant nose,
That ever is aspiring,
Yet neighbors with a mouth that shows
A tongue can be untiring.
The flirting nose so debonair,
All grave affairs a-spurning;
Long may it seek the upper air,
And persevere upturning.

A PREACHER'S FRAUD.

The Rev. John Jones was an undoubted success. His uptown church, was crowded Sunday after Sunday with an appreciative congregation. So much did people desire to hear him and bathe in the flood of his eloquence that it became necessary to auction the sittings, for which there were always the most spirited bidding. Like all phenomenal parsons, his most earnest and enthusiastic admirers were to be found in the emotional sex.

Though the reverend gentleman was endowed by nature with lofty status, an excellent voice and a good delivery, he was unfortunately not prolific in ideas. He discovered this early in his career. He had tried valiantly to write his own sermons, but had finally drifted into another method, which had one great justification in the magnificence of the result. He had got into communication with a religious publisher not forty miles from Lafayette place, who always keeps a varied supply of manuscript sermons in stock. The Rev. John took these Sunday after Sunday as the skeletons of his discourses.

By a method of simplification he turned them into homilies, which were the very thing liked by the flock of which he was the venerated shepherd.

The Rev. John often noticed that these sermons were written in a very unmasculine hand. He had, occasionally, also to rectify the sentiments when his trained nose scented the traces of a faintly suggested heterodoxy.

One evening at a quiet tea party he met a young woman whom he had never seen before. The eloquent parson, who had escaped all the pitfalls laid for his capture by his own maiden parishioners went home deeply in love with a girl who had scarcely noticed his presence. A friend, to whom he spoke about her a few days after, told him she was a clever girl, with rather unsettled opinions on religious matters and rather poor. The Rev. Jones had many opportunities of marrying money, but he resolved, everything notwithstanding, to have nobody but her.

Fortune smiled on his suit, and before six months the lady had almost capitulated, and the pair were trembling on the verge of an engagement.

Though Mr. Jones did his best to keep the matter secret until the latest possible moment, it leaked out as such things always do. There was real though concealed indignation among the slighted beauties of his congregation. Miss Briggs, the daughter of his principal elder, was ambitious to benefit humanity as a clergyman's wife in general and Mr. Jones's wife in particular. Her papa had fostered the ambition. The Briggs family solemnly came to the conclusion that their pastor was a deceiver.

In the meantime Mr. Jones had been devoting so much time to Miss Everett that he sometimes found little time to devote that consideration to his bought sermons which had been his custom heretofore. He sometimes even had to preach them just as he bought them.

The first Sunday that he ever had Miss Everett to hear him this was particularly the case. In the middle of the sermon he chanced to look down at her, where she sat close to the pulpit. He noticed with apprehension that the girl had become deathly pale. He had almost to stop, but the next time his eye caught hers she had recovered her ordinary composure.

The next time Jones saw her her manner towards him was marked by a chilling coldness. He used all his wiles, but was not able to drag from her the cause of the change.

The sermon of the preceding Sunday had made a great impression. An enthusiastic admirer of the preacher had taken it down in shorthand as it fell from his lips. There was a meeting of the committee, at which the discourse became the subject of remark, and a prominent pillar of the church offered to get it printed at his own expense from the said manuscript, as a delicate compliment to the pastor. It was resolved to keep this step secret from him till the dainty pamphlet was in the hands of the public.

Jones had come home from seeing Miss Everett one evening. He was feeling very much depressed on account of the unsatisfactory couple of hours which he had just passed, when the servant brought in a parcel that had just been left for him.

He opened it, and his hair almost stood on end with amazement when he saw what it contained.

There was his bought sermon staring at him like a guilty thing surprised. There was the horrible laudatory notice on the title page, which seemed to be trumpeting his shame for the whole world to hear. He sat down in his chair and covered his face with his hands. What would Miss Everett say if she knew what manner of man he was? If he had not been a clergyman he would have cursed the well-meaning fools who had betrayed him.

Yet, how was the fault theirs? Had he not preached the hateful thing as his own, and held them spellbound with it?

Just then the thought came, who will ever know! He went to bed with his mind made up to simply do nothing, for he felt nothing could be done.

For a week he carried his secret about with him. Was it the love of this woman that had given things a different complexion from what they had formerly had? He had not seen her during that time. Everything had become so unbearable that he finally made up his mind to go to her with the whole truth.

That evening he put one of the printed copies in his pocket and went to her house.

He found her in the drawing-room alone. They had not been talking five minutes, during which time he felt like a man going to be hanged, drawn and quartered, when he drew

the little booklet from his pocket.

"Have you seen this?" he asked. "Yes," said the girl, coldly.

"Well, I wish to tell you something about it which will probably make you give me up, just as it will make it necessary for me to leave my congregation when I tell them."

He paused for a moment and then continued: "That sermon is not mine—I bought it."

"I know it," she answered, "for I wrote it."

"You wrote it?" he burst in.

"Yes," she continued; "you know I am poor. Well, I have a gift that way, at least Smith & Folio think so, and I have written bundles of such things for them."

"My fault is all the greater," he said, putting out his hand. "Goodby."

"If you go," she said, slowly, "it is not because I have sent you away." She stopped and then continued. It was because I thought you a coward and were going to let the lie stand that I got almost to, well, hate you."

The Rev. John Jones did not go.

"But," he said suddenly, as if remembering something, "what will happen when I tell he people at the church? I shall have to give it up."

"No, you need not," she answered, "because—because when we are married, if I write the sermons and you preach them, they will be yours all the time. For are not husband and wife one person?"

Varsity Gallantry.

Cumso (in chapel)—Do you believe in "Looking Backward?"
Bumso—Yes, when there are girls in the gallery.

How Books are Made in Japan.

The Japanese author does not write books. He paints them. As soon as he reaches the indispensable minimum of ideas he shuts himself in his study, brightened slightly by a soft light from a four-cornered white paper lantern. He has before him a polished table, one foot high, on which lie his idyllic writing materials. The paper is of an agreeable yellow and is marked with perpendicular and horizontal blue lines. His ink is held in a rich ebony plate, elaborately carved and with a depression in which the black tablets are rubbed to nothing. The plate carries also five bamboo brushes which serve as pens.

As the spirit moves the author begins painting at the back end of all the pages that are to swing Japanese hearts and heads. From the left to the right of each page his brown hands sweep the brush up and down the perpendicular blue lines. With inconceivable rapidity the pages are covered with delicate and varied marks from the brush. To a foreigner a volume just fresh from such a hand is one of the prettiest things in the world, and exactly the article to be presented to a friend or patron as an edition de luxe. But the first success of a work in Japan depends so extensively on the artistic execution of the brush that no author would think of letting an autograph work leave his hands. When finished the painted history, poem, or novel is intrusted to a professional copyist, who knows above all others how to paint words with skill. Besides the expertness of such a book painter the scratching of a European pen or the click of a typewriter seems as indelicate as spitting wood.

The next step of the author with the indispensable minimum of ideas is to send the artistic reproduction of his painting to the engraver, who prepares the blocks, wets them with ink, lays on the paper sheet by sheet, and finally presses it down, so that it may take the figures, with a great palm leaf pen. The leaves are fastened together and bound in simple paper covers. Unlike the Western book fancier, the Japanese book fancier cares little for the exterior of his volumes. He wishes no ornament on the binding, aside from the marks of the title in the upper left-hand corner.

The arrangement of a Japanese author with his publisher is astonishingly simple. One recently answered the question of a European on the subject thus: "I myself pay my publisher. I take all the risk of losses from my works. I could not allow, on the other hand, that any one should profit from my labor."—New York Sun.

A Good Man Rewarded.

He was a good man. He threw a sealskin sash over the shoulders of a fainting girl on Niagara suspension bridge. The distraught creature wore it on to Niagara Falls, where this Samaritan relieved her of it and wended his way. And verily he had his reward, being richer by \$50 custom duties, which his benevolence had evaded. To importers of sealskin, the humor of this proceeding may be distorted, viewed through the refractive medium of personal interest. The other 66,000,000 may be permitted to pay tribute of delight to a nimbleness of wit that accredits civilization. For civilization has been defined "the triumph of man over his accidents."—New York Evening Sun.

The Oldest Tree on Earth.

The oldest tree on earth, at least as far as anyone knows, is the "Boo" tree in the sacred City of Amarapura, Burmah. It was planted, the record says, in the year 288 B.C., and is, therefore, nearly 2,300 years old. Its great age is proved according to historic documents, says Sir James Emerson, who adds: "To it kings have dedicated their dominions in testimony of a belief that it is a belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Uru melva when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away by pilgrims as relics, but as it is too sacred to touch with a knife, these leaves can only be gathered after they have fallen.

Antiquity of the Indians.

Henshaw, of the Anthropological Society of Washington, declares that the languages of the Indians of this country, of which there were fifty-eight linguistic families and 200 languages and dialects, north of Mexico, at the time of the discovery of America, are none of them related in any way to Asiatic tongues; also as to the origin of the Indian it must have been in ages so far removed from our own time that the interval is to be reckoned, not in years of chronology, but by the epochs of geologic time.

Household Hints.

The Household.

To obviate the shiny appearance of silk sponge with unsweetened gin.

Grease may be removed from silk by applying magnesia to the wrong side.

A couple of figs eaten before breakfast is an excellent laxative, especially for children.

Even the broken tacks are helpful in this utilitarian age; they are excellent for cleaning bottles.

Lemons will keep fresh for weeks if covered with water. A small glass jar is a convenient receptacle.

For a slight cut bind on a piece of common brown wrapping paper such as butchers use for wrapping meats.

Mildewed linen may be restored by soaping the spots and while wet covering them with powdered chalk.

Paint splashes may be removed from window panes by a very hot solution of soda, using a soft flannel.

A tea made by pouring boiling water over sweet flagroot will relieve worm sickness in children and is also good for colic.

If dust has settled in the carving of furniture wash the wood with kerosene oil and dry well. The oil will not injure the wood.

To remove spots on velvet the trimming must be unpicked on one side and put over hot water to steam, then brush up the nap.

When washing fine white flannels add a tablespoonful of pulverized borax to a pailful of water; this will keep them soft and white.

To clean paint so that it will shine like new mix whitening with water until it forms a soft paste; rub the mixture on with a cloth and then cleanse thoroughly with warm water.

Take blood stains out by saturating the spots with kerosene, then wash out with slightly warm water. Repeat the operation if stains do not come easily.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soapsuds.

If the complexion is greasy and thick soap, with carbonic acid or sulphur, is excellent, and flour of sulphur, a teaspoonful to a basin of water, should be used for washing.

If lace is narrow wind it tightly around a bottle and pin it on. Wet it thoroughly with alcohol and let it remain until perfectly dry. It will be like new. If the lace is wide take the wooden roller from a window shade to roll it on.

A magic preparation for keeping frizzes "in" is found in mixing equal parts of glycerine and rose water and anointing the hair freely with it before curling, or an equally good mixture is made of perfumed olive oil with beeswax dissolved therein.

If ink is spilled on the carpet throw a quantity of salt on it, which will quickly absorb the ink; take this up and put on more salt. Keep repeating this, rubbing it well into the ink spot until the ink is all taken up by the salt, then brush the salt out of the carpet.

To take coal oil out of a carpet saturate with benzine and then rub dry with a clean white cloth. If the first application does not take it out go through the same process until it is out. As benzine is very explosive be careful not to have a light in the room nor a hot stove.

Always wash baby's mouth and gums every morning with water in which you have put a pinch of borax. It keeps the mouth fresh and sweet and prevents that uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth, with which so many poor babies are troubled when their mouths are not kept perfectly clean.

To drive away roaches take three pounds of oatmeal or meal of Indian corn and mix it with a pound of white lead; moisten with treacle so as to form a good paste and put a portion down in the infested building. Repeat for a few nights alternately, and in the morning remove the paste and the corpses to a convenient place.

Any sort of dark wood may be freed from all traces of dirt and grease by a good sponging of strong tea, just warm; it will not, however, answer for light, unpolished furniture, as it would stain it. Very old furniture that is becoming wormeaten may be greatly preserved and improved if some carbonic oil is poured into the wood.

Salts of lemon and oxalic acid are doubtless excellent for removing stains from linen, but they are such deadly poisons that one dislikes to think of their use even in the most careful of hands. A little common salt sprinkled on an ink spot, iron rust, or other stain and then thoroughly wet with lemon juice and exposed to the sun will do as effective work as the poisons. Renew the application if required.

Agricultural.

Frequent Cultivation.

The advantages of thorough and frequent cultivation are apparent under all circumstances. In dry weather the fine, loose soil makes a non-conducting covering which preserves the subsoil moist and prevents injury to the plants, in wet weather it absorbs and holds the rain which would otherwise run off without doing all the good it might. Two or three inches of fine, pulverized soil is a mulch, and, holding a large quantity of air among its particles, cools the lower soil and prevents excessive evaporation. When a rain comes, then is the time to run the cultivator through the crops and loosen the crust which is apt to form the first hot day afterward. In a dry time the evaporation from the soil is prevented by frequent stirring of the surface and the fine porous layer at every change from hot to cool and from cool to hot again has currents of air passing in and out as the expansion and contraction alternates, with the more decaying vegetable matter in the soil, the moisture is absorbed from the pight dews, and the more oxidation and vitrification goes on as the moisture and heat are absorbed by the porous service. Never mind how clean and clear of weeds the soil may be; killing weeds is only a side issue in the work of summer cultivation of crops.

Look out for the currant worm and give it hellbore.

Toads are insect destroyers and should be protected.

Bell your sheep. It gives warning in case of attack by dogs.

It is almost impossible to break a sheep-killing dog of the habit.

Now is the time to nip the bugs in the bud and not let them get the start of you.

Cows in milk need plenty of sweet water, as they put 87 per cent. into their milk.

A good laying hen, it is said, will lay enough eggs in 30 days to equal her own weight.

All plants started in hot beds should be exposed to the air a few days before transplanting.

Give the chickens chopped raw onions a couple of times a week. Onions are cheap and beneficial.

Don't keep your superannuated hens for breeding purposes. After the third year they usually begin to "eat their heads off."

The quietest cows are the most productive and profitable, and are reared from calves which have been hand-fed, and made perfectly docile by gentle training handling up to the time when they come into profit. This gentle disposition and docility are inherited.

Potatoes and tomatoes belong to the same family of plants and have many diseases common to both species, therefore they should not be planted near each other. It is the tomato that usually suffers most. Spraying with weak fungicides like modified eau celeste and other solutions of copper salts are of great benefit to both.

Yellow legs and yellow skin are what sell poultry in the market. To obtain these, breed the brightest yellow legs together and to be sure to have a good yellow-legged male, which is always figured as half a breeding pen. Any cross that gives a plump, full-breasted, yellow-legged, and yellow-skinned chick for market is desirable. Wyandotte or Plymouth Rock males crossed with Cochins or Brahmas females produce good heavy chicks and they mature rapidly.

Farm Hints.

Early teach colts and calves to lead with a halter.

Feed a little dry hay to your cows all summer.

If you have a crop of weeds, plow it under before it seeds.

Don't stuff your pigs or hogs with corn. It is better to pasture them on clover.

The earlier the application of fertilizers to strawberries the better.

Soil your pigs, if you cannot give them a pasture to run in.

Cracked corn is good food for fowls but should not be made an exclusive one.

Keep the heads of your fruit trees open so as to let in the air and sunshine.

If the soil is dry, plant deep; if it contains plenty of moisture, plant shallow.

Keep the suckers on the fruit trees rubbed off while they are green and soft.

Every man makes mistakes. The difference is that some men learn by them, while others do not.

Oats cut in the milk and cured as hay make excellent feed for almost any kind of stock.