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ORCHARD & GARDEN.

FRUIT TREES FOR SHADE.

The Pear One of the Most Satisfactory for That Purpose.

The denizens of towns find the pear one of the most satisfactory fruit trees for shade. It is deep rooting and many other things may be successfully grown right up to their trunks. Insects trouble them little. They grow rather fast, but it is many years before they get an objectionably large size. The apple makes a spreading head, and there is soon shade under its branches, and besides, the beauty of its blossoms in spring makes the tree appreciated fully equal to a mere ornamental one. It is not a very serious robber of the soil. The cherry makes a desirable shade, but birds make too fre with the fruit, and there is the temptation to break branches. The sour or pie cherries are, however, not relished by birds. European walnut trees grow rather slowly. It is usually ten years before they can produce nuts in any quantity, but after this they are regarded as treasures with which their owners will not willingly part. For utility and grateful shade combined few trees can rival them.—Thomas Meehan in Ladies' Home Journal.

Lesson for Apple Growers.

A Lesson for Apple Growers ought to be learned from 1896. The best apples were worth $2 a barrel—or more. This is for the well selected stock—having been properly stored. The first need is a good cold storage room. This any farmer can have. It is not so costly an affair as supposed. Construct a cellar under your barn or carriage house Make the walls frost proof. Double the floor above with tar paper between Do not grout the bottom, for apples need moisture. Close the windows and bank in leaves in November. Keep the fruit in bins about one foot deep If properly picked and handled and sorted, apples will keep in such a cellar with very little decay, all winter. Those who threw away their apples last fall, had they placed them in careful storage would have received a fair compensation.

A GHOSTLY STORY.

Judge Phillips, of the Illinois Supreme Court Saw His Dead Friend.

Jesse J. Phillips, one of the judges of the Illinois state supreme court, re-elected recently, told a strange story not long ago of his experience with a "spook." It was told at Hillsboro, Ill., his home for many years, and which is situated not far from the uncanny place where the spirit from the other world appeared. Many years ago he had a friend who was to him as Jonathan to David. Together they discussed almost every theme of science, philosphy and ethics. On one occasion the judge noticed that his friend seemed to be in unusually robust health, and he remarked about it. He was much surprised to see his friend grow suddenly serious, and say, "I shall look you in the face again before I die." "Nonsense! replied the judge, don't talk of dying!" You are good for a dozen years yet. I'm more likely to die than you are." His friend smiled and began a more cheerful subject of conversation, but as the time came to say goodby he repeated his remark. "Remember," he said, "I have promised I will look you in the face again before I die."

Days and weeks passed on, and Judge Phillips soon forgot the speech, for he was not a man who placed much faith in warnings, signs and the like. One summer day his thoughts were far away from death or ghosts. He was riding with a friend over the smooth country roads of Montgomery county. They talked of the beautiful landscape, of golden wheat, green waving oats and forest trees beyond. The judge was driving. His companion was in the midst of a remark when suddenly the judge dropped the lines.

"Look!" he whispered. "There, over the dashboard!" he said.

"I see nothing," said his companion. "What do you mean?"

Judge Phillips sat as if spellbound, though his companion was unable to see anything but the empty air. Before him, for several minutes, there stood the image of his old friend who had said, "I shall look you in the face again before I die." He was there, life size, face arms and shoulders, as if he were standing on air, just in front of the dashboard.

Judge Phillips does not often tell the story, but when he does he says, "I never saw a human being more plainly than I saw him standing there before me and looking in my face." How long the vision lasted he could not tell, but at last it seemed to melt into air, and the judge picked up the lines and drove on.

His friend was inclined to laugh at him, and he himself made no attempt to account for the strange happening. But early next morning he received a telegram announcing that on the day before, at the very time when he was taking his drive, his friend had died suddenly.

A Sensible Singer.

Mme. Materna, the great Wagner singer, will not appear again on the concert stage, preferring to retire when her fame is at its height, so that there may be no memory of failing power in the future.

Corn as Fuel.

A Minnesota farmer insists that corn makes a better and cheaper fuel than coal. He raised enough corn on ten acres to heat his house and feed two horses and a cow through the Winter.

Save The Children.

When children are attacked with cough, cold and croup, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will prove a quick and sure cure. Mr. Elmer E. Baker, Blandon, Pa., writes: "We have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for cough, cold and croup, and found it the best cough medicine and cure for these affections. We never run out of it, but always keep it on hand." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold everywhere for 25 cents. Insist on having it.

ETHER DRINKING.

A VICE THAT BEGAN IN IRELAND AND HAS SPREAD ALARMINGLY.

The Habit, Because it is More Refined Than the Passion for Alcohol, is Beginning to Claim Many Victims—It Soon Leads to Insanity and Death.

The recent death from an overdose of ether of the celebrated Dr. Luys, of Paris, has brought once more into prominence the question of etheromania. A few years ago this vice was limited to England, but now it has reached the Continent. The ether habit, more refined perhaps than the passion for alcohol, is beginning to make many victims. We can count by hundreds now the people who take ether every day. They mix it with alcohol, and in that way obtain a drink that intoxicates rapidly. The confirmed ether drinkers take it in its purity, and in ordinary doses of from eight to fifteen grammes. The beginners take water before and after their ether, but the hard drinkers neglect this precaution, which diminishes the burning sensation in the stomach. There are some ether drinkers who take 150 grammes at a time.

Drunkenness comes on rapidly, and also passes away in a comparatively short time. The first symptom is violent excitement with abundant salivation. Sometimes epileptiform convulsions are observed, and when the dose is too strong they are followed by stupor. Nothing in the effects has been observed which resembles delirium tremens, except in cases in which whiskey and ether are blended.

But if drunkenness from ether is less degrading than drunkenness from alcohol, it is far more dangerous. It leads to insanity and death, and soon brings about marked changes in the temper and in the health of the etheromaniac. Take this portrait of the ether drinker and you will find serious motives for avoiding the drug. "The ether drunkard is quarrelsome and untruthful. His condition of mind resembles that of people afflicted with certain nervous diseases. He suffers from gastric troubles and nervous prostration. He becomes the slave of his passion, like the opium smoker; and the cures of the passion are rare. It is impossible to save a person afflicted with this malady, except on the condition of his renouncing completely the ether habit, and this seldom happens. As a rule, an etheromaniac is never cured, except by the impossibility of satisfying his passion. There is no other remedy but confinement and the closest guarding at all times."

Like the morphinomaniacs, the slaves of ether may become addicted to their vice after certain maladies. Sometimes when a patient suffers from headache a handkerchief steeped in ether is put under his nose. Relief comes quickly, and he inhales the drug with delight. After a few inhalations great freshness in the face and in the respiratory organs is felt. The dose is doubled in order to double the agreeable sensation, with the result that a delicious ecstacy is experienced, and gradually the habit is acquired and continues until at last an overdose results in death.

The origin of this singular vice in obscure. Some say that the Irish peasants began to drink ether in 1840 at the time when Father Matthew was preaching the crusade against alcohol. Others accuse the doctors of having prescribed ether too liberally. Finally, the question of price has its importance, especially among the poorer classes, for ether produces intoxication easily and is cheaper than alcohol.

Thank heaven, the ether drunkards are at present relatively rare in Paris. In London the keepers of the various squares and parks often find under the trees empty vials labelled "ether" that have been thrown there by the maniacs who quit their homes in order to indulge their favorite passion at their ease. At Epsom after the races many flasks of ether are picked up among empty champagne bottles.

But it is in certain portions of Ireland that the vice of ether drinking is most common. There are regular ether shops, the oldest of which was established in 1840 at Draperstown. There they drink a mixture of alcohol and ether, fifteen grammes of which are sufficient to put any one in a revery. The railroad in the little district of Crookstown carries every year 2,000 tons of ether, and an equal quantity at least is brought there by other roads. Two merchants of the neighboring villages sell every year 4,500 pints of ether. At Draperstown and at Crookstown the air is charged with the vapors of ether on market days, and this same odor is present constantly in the third-class carriages of the Derry Central Railway. Everybody in that part of Ireland drinks ether.

A Considerable Echo.

At a watering place in the Pyrenees, says a French journal, the conversation at table turned upon a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off on the Franco-Spanish frontier. "It is astonishing," said an inhabitant of Garonne. "As soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier the echo assumes the Spanish accent."

Queer Facts About Spiders.

The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of holes, imperceptible to the naked eye, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the number of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united.

Fine Fruit.

A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortune and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make make you so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered the friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry, and I am never troubled with indigestion."

EXCELSIOR.

A Manufacture of Wood That Has Many Uses and is Sold in Great Quantities.

The material known as excelsior is not refuse, nor is it made of shavings; it is an article of regular manufacture. Excelsior is of American invention and it was first made in this country thirty-five or forty years ago, the present output amounts to thousands of tons annually, and the use of it is all the time increasing.

Excelsior is made in many parts of the country, almost always in mills that are in close proxmity to the forests from which the supplies of wood are taken. A considerable amount of excelsior is made in conjunction with other manufactures; for example, it is not unusual to set up a few excelsior machines in a lumber mill; but there is at least one concern in the United States that makes nothing but excelsior, and has, at a number of different points, mills devoted solely to the production of these curling fibres of wood.

Basswood and poplar are the woods used in the production. The logs are sawed into lengths of eighteen inches, which is the length of a fibre of excelsior. These blocks are split into halves and the wood is properly seasoned. Excelsior is made of different degrees of coarseness and fineness of fibre. In the manufacture a series of knife points run down the face of the block cutting into the wood in parallel lines that are spaced according to the width of the fibre to be made. A following knife slices off the whole face of the block thus scored. The fibres curl and commingle as the knife sets them free. An excelsior machine makes 200 to 300 strokes a minute, every stroke cutting off a tier of fibres across the face of the block. The usual commercial package of excelsior is a bale weighing about 250 pounds. At wholesale excelsior sells at $16 to $40 a ton.

Excelsior is extensively used for packing purposes, and in the manufacture of bedding and in various other upholstery uses. It is also largely used for filtering purposes, and it has various other uses. Excelsior is now manufactured in Germany and France, where it is called wood wool. The wood used in the manufacture in those countries is brought from Norway and Sweden, and the manufactured product costs more there than it does here.

American excelsior is exported to various foreign countries. The export demand has not been great, but it is now increasing.

Work for Shetland Ponies.

H. A. Ross, the well-known farmer of this place, has in contemplation a novel enterprise, which if carried out is likely to pay well and introduce into the carrying trade of Alaska a new factor.

Mr. Ross, as every one in the vicinity knows, is the owner of a large herd of Shetland ponies. He has always enjoyed a handsome revenue from this source by selling ponies to wealthy people in various parts of the State for use by their children. The original pair from which the herd sprang were imported from the Shetland Islands by the late George McKinley. These islands are located off the coast of Scotland and are very cold and bleak.

To guard against the severity of the climate the ponies have a thick and shaggy coat of hair, and as it has been a clear case of the survival of the fittest, they are far more hardy than the average horse, mule, or burro. In their native land they are employed for both riding and carrying purposes, bearing the heaviest man or an equal amount of goods with ease. They are adapted for use in the mountains, as their island home was mountainous and rough in the extreme. They are more rapid in their movements than larger animals, and as they require little feed or care, they are suitable for use where very little of either is possible.

Due consideration of all these facts has given Mr. Ross the belief that the little animals would be admirably adapted for use in packing goods over the desolate mountain passes of Alaska, and acting on this belief he will take a portion of his herd, which includes 100 head, to Juneau in the spring. That city is the distributing point for all the mining camps, and he feels certain that he will be able to dispose of the ponies at a good price. His experiment will be watched with interest, as his plan is a complete reversal of public opinion in regard to Shetland ponies. They have always been regarded as the pampered pets of wealthy homes, and to divert them into this channel of usefulness, and under circumstances so severe and trying, is as startling as it is novel.—Dixon (Cal.) Tribune.

A Little French Trick.

An Englishman recently took a seat at a cafe table in Paris. A Frenchman sat on the other side of it. He began to play with the lever of a seltzer siphon, when suddenly, and seemingly by accident, a stream of the aerated water struck the Englishman in the face. The Frenchman apologized profusely and wiped off the water with his own handkerchief. After the polite Frenchman had gone the Englishman discovered that his purse, containing nearly $15 had also disappeared.

Milk Bricks.

Milk bricks are now sold in the warmer countries of Europe. It is frozen solid, and is broken off in pieces as required. In Copenhagen, Denmark, a company has been formed and arrangements have been completed for the export of frozen milk. Contracts are already made for the delivery of 110,000 pounds per week.

Without the Sense of Touch.

Hvatimo Tardo, a young widow in the West Indies, at the age of five, was bitten by a cobra. The bite paralyzed her sensory nerves, and the consequence is that she is utterly without the sense of touch. She has no idea of pain, although every kind of torture has been applied to her. She can also swallow deadly poison without harm.

The Swiss Landstrum.

Switzerland, though she spends only half a million dollars yearly on her army, can turn out 100,000 trained men in two days in case of need, and has a reserve of 100,000 more and a landstrum of 270,000.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

[From Our Special Correspondents.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents will please bear in mind that all communications should be received at this office not later than Wednesday morning.

Willard.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Murphy have left Willard and gone to Ogdensburg to reside. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were employed at the hospital for the past three years.

On Monday 5th, inst, 150 patients were transferred to the Buffalo State Hospital. A corresponding number was received from Manhattan Hospital on the following Wednesday.

The members of the A. O. H. here turned out in a body to attend the funeral of Owen McCarragher at Ovid, on the 2nd inst

Miss Lizzie Ryan spent last week at her home at Ovid.

Miss Margaret Collins is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. James Flannigan who has been very ill is convalescent.

Dr. F. Bowlby, physician in charge of the women's infirmary at present, but formerly at branch D. B. Q. was presented by the nurses of the latter place with a handsome set of surgical instruments, in appreciation of the respect and good will, with which the doctor was regarded by all those connected with him.

Lima.

Last Thursday John Whalen, Jr., son of John Whalen of this place, was killed in Chicago, by falling off from the top of a train on the elevated railroad. The remains were brought to Lima on Sunday morning, and the funeral took place Monday from St. Rose's church at 10 o'clock.

George W. Terry, of Auburn, is in Lima organizing a branch of the C. K. & B. A. The branch will be known as branch 53 and will have a reading circle attached.

Rev. S. FitzSimmons of Lima, gave a lecture Monday evening before the Cardinal Newman Reading Circle of St. Bridget's church, Rochester, on the "Genius of Shakespeare."

Honeoye.

Last Friday evening a surprise party was given to Miss Lucy O'Neil. All had a pleasant time.

Miss Jennie Costello who is attending school at Geneseo, visited friends in town.

Mr. William Toomey, of East Bloomfield, was in town last week.

Miss Jennie Ross visited friends at Livonia Station last week.

Richard Leahy is working at the blacksmith's trade at Hemlock.

Mr. P. R. Reed is very sick and recovery is doubtful.

Shortsville.

We wish to correct the error we made in regard to Mrs. Grace's death last week. Mrs. Grace is not dead but is very ill at this writing.

Mrs. Quinn, of Auburn, spent Monday with her mother, Mrs. Kinsella.

Misses Anna and Margaret Dunn, spent Sunday at Clifton Springs.

Ovid.

There was solemn high mass for Father Stewart at Holy Cross church. The mass was said by Rev. T. J. O'Connell. There will be another mass for Revs. M. J. Seymour Biggins and Patrick McManus.

The funeral of Chas. Doonan, an old pioneer of Ovid parish, was held on Tuesday.

Corning.

On Wednesday the 1st inst. occurred the death of Thomas Dwyer, one of Corning's oldest and most respected citizens. He had been a sufferer from Bright's disease which caused his death. He passed away quietly Wednesday afternoon, surrounded by his family. He leaves a wife and two daughters, Mrs. John McGannon and Miss Nellie Dwyer, of this city. The funeral was held Friday morning and a solemn high mass of requiem celebrated by Revs. Father Dunin, with Rev. Father Lee as deacon, and Rev. Father Rogers of Cuba, as sub-deacon. The pall-bearers were John W. Lynskie, Joseph Eggleston, Thomas McAvoy, Joseph Deegan, E. J. Kelly and David Rogers. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery.

On Saturday morning the funeral of Mrs. John Bray was held from St. Mary's church. A high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Dunin. The following were the pall bearers. Philip Farley, Joseph L. Sacia, Thomas Hallernah, Thomas Dillon, David Poland and Jeremiah McCarthy. Deceased who was an old resident of this place had resided lately in Cleveland, Ohio, with her daughter, Mrs. Donovan. She is survived by a husband and several children. The interment took place in St. Mary's cemetery.

Mrs. J. W. Lynahan spent Wednesday of last week in Addison where she gave a recital at a hall which was given by St. Catharine's church.

Mrs. Jerry McCarthy and daughter, Bessie, returned home during the past week from a visit at Pittsburgh and Jeanette, Pa.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the Alliance Minstrel show which is soon to be organized in this place and expects to visit Elmira and many of the surrounding towns. Special music and new and handsome costumes and bright new jokes may be expected, as William Nesbitson, who is to be interlocutor, has lately been in New York and Philadelphia, in search of new ideas, combinations and catchy strains.

Miss Maggie Callahan returned during the week from a visit with friends at Elmira.

Mr. Holland of Boston, Mass, was greeted by numerous Corning friends during the week.

Miss Clara Kelly has lately returned from an extended visit with friends out of town.

Without A Rival.

As a positive cure for sprains, bruises, and pains of all kinds, Salvation Oil has no equal. Mrs. Frank Juif, 518 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Mich., writes: "I used Salvation Oil in my family and can say it has no rival as a liniment; it certainly cures pains. I sprained my ankle and it cured me and since then I have always used it for any pains and bruises." Salvation Oil is sold for only 25 cents. No other remedy will do the work so promptly.

Help

Is needed by your blood when it becomes worked and hardened, with [illegible] tained and run down [illegible] and impoverished blood. [illegible] by the nervous system, the [illegible] women, teaming with [illegible] fatigue, dyspepsia, scrofula, [illegible]

Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla [illegible] rich, purity and vitalize the blood. It sends it in a healing, [illegible] orating stream to the nerves, [illegible] organs of the body. [illegible] builds up the weak and [illegible] tone, and cures all blood diseases, [illegible]

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Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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