

THE PRESS

**Butter Factory.** Among the embryo enterprises at the village of Wilton that will eventually be a source of revenue to the farmers of that and the surrounding towns, and doubtless profitable to the owners, is the butter and cheese factory of Messrs. David Whiting & Sons. It is located on the bank of the Merrimack river, near the Peterboro' railroad track and on the opposite side of the street from the steam mill owned by the same company. The building when completed will be 100 feet in length by 40 feet in width, two stories on the street and one on the river side. It will have large stables for their business and a cellar tank of immense capacity for the storage, in bulk, of sour milk. At the present time but forty feet of the proposed building has been com-

The milk and cream only is hauled to the factory, the cream being supplied by an underground shaft from the steam mill—such that nearly all the manual labor that is attended buter making in y old times, as is even now endured at many a farm house, is done away with and its manufacturing reduced to science. The milk is delivered in eight-gallon cans at a platform on the railroad side of the factory and poured into tin conductors on the outside of the building, being filtered or strained as it passes to the pans in the receiving room.

The pans, twelve in number, are three by seven feet and hold one hundred gallons.

Each pan sets in a jacket through which are coils of pipe so arranged that hot or cold water can be passed through the milk to obtain desired temperatures. In winter, when the temperatures are in any weather, a temperature of about 60 degrees, this being the required temperature to force the cream to rise in the best possible condition and in about thirty-six hours. At the proper time the cream, which averages about three-fourths of a pound to an eighth of a quart can, is taken off and stored in a huge closet within the basement and the sour milk is passed through tin pipes to the cellar tanks from which it is pumped by power into barrels.

The Messrs. Whiting have recently purchased from the manufactory in Concord a "Blanchard Factory Churn" of mammoth size. It is operated by steam or water power, according to convenience and has a capacity of one hundred gallons. One hundred and seventy pounds of butter per day is the average at this season, although on one or two days it has reached one hundred and twenty pounds.

The business was partly experimental with the Messrs. Whiting and was established to consume any surplus of milk beyond their sales in Boston, and hence, at the present time, is not approximate to the quantity for which they have facilities for manufacturing. The facilities are am-

placating, when tempted by the prospect of giving their attention to the manufacture of cheese in connection with butter. It is hoped the business will prove satisfactory to them and that it will increase until the Soubehan Valley shall be as famous for this product as some portions of Vermont and New York. The Messrs. Whiting have capital and experience to make the business pay if any men can in this locality. They have certainly made a good beginning and the outlook is that of prosperity.—*N. H. Telegraph.*

**Orchard Management.**  
A successful Michigan orchardist gives his method of cultivation, in a communication to the Pomological Society, as follows: I manage the field as though there were no trees—plowing, cropping; seeding to grass, mowing, pasturing, &c.; but I do not forget my trees nor allow them to take care of themselves. I do not allow a living thing to grow under them—grass, weeds or grain.  
When the field is plowed, the plow is allowed to skim lightly over the roots, with care

particular to keep the trees well mulched with straw or straw-stalks; the latter is preferable, as it is so apt to be mixed with weed-seeds, and not so rich as the former. Too much manure will not be applied to fruit trees for their good; but straw entirely clean and unbroken is a capital application—if a little fine and slightly mixed with the droppings of stock as they feed on it, all the better. Beneath each tree feed as wide as the branches spread above; and (wider if the trees are young) apply the cleanest (washed and dried) horse-droppings as a top-dressing.

In this practice, here is my theory for success in raising fruit: Plentiful mulching serves the tree in many ways. First, it is a fertilizer; second, it always keeps the root-bed soil mellow and moist; third, it operates as a sponge, by catching and retaining the water which falls off-times in summer in heavy dashing showers, until it gradually sinks away beneath the tree root-bed, where it is always much needed in the hot fruiting season, but where it seldom gets when the

is allowed to form—often and nearly always before it is running off, and not wetting half an inch of the ground deep during a good average shower the littlest knoll on which an apple tree is too apt to stand, so the roots do not get a taste of that soil for which they are the most thirsting, and which they must have to do well.

Lastly, I think in some way it favors the destruction of the apple worm, which thrives by the thousands and millions in some orchards and I have not seen a single nest or worm in my orchard this season, nor do I remember of seeing any last year; though I have had a

few years before, but never many. I have seen this year in a neighboring orchard ten to thirty nests to a tree throughout the orchard, and it looked nearly ruined. This orchard is often cropped but never mulched. I have yearly uniformity in bearing, and enough in abundance to occasionally break the branches.

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### Recent Publications.

DR. ON AND OTHER STORIES. Translated from the French of Jules Verne by George M. Towle. Boston, 1897. 12mo. 250 pages. \$1.00.

ton: James R. Osgood & Co. For sale by Loring Short & Harmon.

The small book bearing the title of Dr. Oz is a collection of a number of Jules Verne's short stories, which it seems to us had better never have been published, for in comparison with his former brilliant and exciting productions, they are witless and flat, nor can we discern that the author had any particular object in view when writing them, either moral

or instructive. Nevertheless, the book will probably have a ready sale, on account of the prestige of Jules Verne's name as an author, and of course all those desirous of having a full collection of his works will find it necessary to procure this book to complete their set.

**THE ERA OF THE PROTESTANT REVOLUTION.** By Frederic Seebohm. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale by Loring, Short & Hammon.

The "Epochs of History," a series of his-  
toric manuals edited by E. E. Morris, M. A. Morris, M. A.  
has been for some time past announced as in  
preparation by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.  
The design of the series is a creditable  
and the two volumes already published cer-  
tainly make an admirable beginning. The  
plan is to furnish the reading public with  
number of compact, handsomely printed  
manuals, prepared by thoroughly competent  
hands each volume complete in itself and

sketching succinctly the most important epochs in the world's history, always making the history of a nation subordinate to this more general idea. The aim is to bring out in the clearest light the salient incidents and features of each epoch. To make the text more readily intelligible outline maps are given with each volume. Their possible use as text books has been distinctly kept in view in their preparation. Each volume is a 16mo.

The first volume of the series now before us, sketches boldly, understandingly and picturesquely, the era of the Protestant Revolution, that most remarkable time which gave birth to modern thought. Appropriately enough the manual begins with the fall of Constantinople, and the consequent almost unbounded sway given to Catholicism in Europe by the *deceance* of the Greek church

and with the invention of printing which unfettered thought. A rapid but comprehensive view is given of the ecclesiastical, scholastic, and feudal systems which dominated Europe. The first mutterings of reform heard in the war of [the Lollards and the Hussites, the revival of learning in Florence

and the advent of Savonarola, are described, and the reformers of Oxford and Wittenberg understanding thereof. This prelude to the Reformation takes up 111 of the 288 pages. The remainder is given to the struggle to a worthy and eminently reasonable treatment of the great drama of political and religious reform. In every respect the manual is worthy of high praise.

**A MANUAL OF METALLURGY.** By William Henry Greenwood, F.S.C. Volume 1. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Loring, Short & Harman.

This number of "Putnam's Advanced Science Series" will be found to be an admirable manual of metallurgy, well adapted to the wants of the advanced student. It is largely upon the metallurgical syllabus of the Island of Rhodes. The second and third of the Royal School of Mines, and is a condensed and succinct account of the theory and practice involved in the varied operations comprised in the metallurgy of those metals which are of general application to the arts and manufactures. The present volume is devoted to iron, steel, tin, antimony, arsenic, bismuth, and copper. The second and third of the volume, which are devoted to the treatment of copper, lead, zinc, silver, gold, mercury, nickel, cobalt and aluminium.

**AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF GENERAL HISTORY.** By Thomas C. MacGinley. New York: Putnam's Sons. For sale by Loring, Short & Harman.

Another volume of Putnam's elementary science series will be cordially welcomed by all junior science students. The study of the history of life cannot be else than interesting, and to many, perhaps, more interesting when presented by so competent an authority as Mr. C. MacGinley. The aim of the author is to thoroughly acquaint the student with the characters of a few well-marked typical beings, and with which all others may be compared, and around which, as centres, they may be conveniently grouped. With this object in view, the illustrations are introduced, which render the study of anatomy and physiology more intelligible and more easily remembered.

**THE CRUSADES.** By George W. Cox, M. A. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale by Loring, Short & Harman.

The second volume of the "Epochs of History" series admirably assists in carrying on the plan so successfully entered upon in the first. The epoch of the crusades is the most brilliant and bewildering period of European history. It is difficult for us to understand this late day that utter absence of feeling which combined to carry out the designs of potentates of Europe to Asia to fight, for the recovery of the sepulchre of Christ. The establishment of the principality of Antioch and of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, is the most romantic episode in modern history. The period of two hundred years, from the capture of Jerusalem to the downfall of Acre, is undervalued, treated and clearly and vividly described. By way of prologue we have the Persian and the Arabian conquests of Jerusalem, and in the way of epilogue the suppression of the military religions order of the Temple. The value of the volume is increased by the outline maps and by the marginal notes freely strewn along the nearly printed pages.

**REVIEWS OF NONSENSE, TRUTH AND FICTION.** By Prof. Chauncey Jones, W. H. B. With illustrations by Sir Michael Angelo Raphael Smith, G. B. L. New York: W. Carlton & Co. For sale by Loring, Short & Harman.

This is one of the most delightfully absurd books possible, rivaling the famous Edward Lear's "Nonsense Book"—dear alike to children and age—and in many respects superior to it. The pictures, which are, for instance, are much funnier than Lear's are; they are more elaborate, give more attention to facial and attitudinal expression and are less violently extravagant—although no one can claim that these lack extravagance. The caricatures of the author and illustrator, who detects W. H. Beckett and C. G. Bush two merry fellows, well known and known, and leaders in all follies. Some of the rhymes have a local application which will be recognized by those who know the parties concerned. The pictures are well defined caricatures of the author and illustrator, who detects W. H. Beckett and C. G. Bush two merry fellows, well known and known, and leaders in all follies. Some of the rhymes have a local application which will be recognized by those who know the parties concerned. 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POETRY.

Seaside Golden Fol.

BY CELIA THAYER.

Grateful, glowing plumes of glowing gold,  
Waving lonely on the rocky ledge;  
Lending seaward, lowly, lowly,  
Clinging to the high cliffs' rugged edge.

Burning in the pure September sky,  
Styke of gold against the stainless blue,  
Up to you the waves drift in the air,  
Does the quiet day seem long to you?

Up to you I climb, oh perfect shape,  
Bathed in light, in the sun's rays;  
Looking out o'er headland, crest and cape,  
O'er the ocean's vague immensity.

Up to you my human thought I bring,  
Up to you my mortal wish and care.  
How much the waves below me sing?  
Feel you the soft fainting of the air?

How much of life's rapture is your right?  
In earth's joy what may your portion be?  
Rocked by breezes, touched by radiant light,  
Fed by new and sun and sea?

Something of delight and of content  
Must be yours, though you are lonely;  
And your beauty makes the rock a throne.  
Matters not to you, O golden flower!

That such eyes of worship watch you sway;  
But you make more sweet the dreadful hour,  
And you crown for me the tranquil day.

(Continued from last week)

"Tricks that are Vain."

CHAPTER III.

It has often been remarked that great minds run in the same channel, or words to that effect, and we shall notice in the present instance a striking and beautiful illustration of that wise saying in the fact that Captain Obidiah Skilkins and Mr. Detective Sharpey had each in his own mind, privately, determined to outwit the other, and at the same time to circumvent the pirate Baker. With this laudable object in view, each proceeded to lay his plans to conduct in such circumstances.

Captain Skilkins was early astir on the following morning and having refreshed his outer man by a vigorous splashing and blowing in a bucket of water, followed by a nip of his favorite Holland's to equalize the temperature—proceeded to arouse Mr. Pendergrast and invite him to a council of war in the little cabin.

Long and earnestly they consulted and the result appeared to be highly satisfactory to both parties, inasmuch as Obidiah, then and there, indulged in the unprecedented extravagance of treating his guest to a glass from the case bottle and joining him in the convivial dose.

"Now Jake," said Obidiah wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "you are sure you have got your bearings and no mistake?"

"All right," said Jake.

"And you have sounded on the whole scheme," pursued Skilkins with a wide grin.

"Correct," said Jake.

"Well, have nothing to do with it no how. Think it is all gammon, don't ye?" pursued Obidiah with a wider grin.

"Aye," said Jake stolidly and with a perfectly serious countenance.

"Wall, wall, your a queer one, you be Jake to go back a speck like this and go to steverd in," pursued Obidiah, his face now stretched into a shark like grin, most marvelous to behold.

"However," he continued, "have your own way—have your own way Jake and I shan't agin it, but with a sudden assumption of the severest gravity he arose and proceeded on deck.

Casting his eye up the wharf he saw a man approaching whom he at once recognized as Sharpey.

Turning on his heel he walked back to the companionway and doubling himself over the bulwark he turned his head and the ladder till he caught a view of Jake still seated at the table, when cocking his eye into an unaccountably wink, he immediately disappeared from the view of that gentleman.

Jake at once made his appearance on deck, and the two stood ready to receive the detective.

"Mornin', cunnel," said Obidiah, as Sharpey stepped aboard.

"Good morning, Captain," responded the detective.

"Nothin'—nothin' at all, only—see here, Cunnel, set this way a minnit," said Obidiah, somewhat nervously, and taking the detective by the arm he led him forward out of ear shot of Jake, who was with great apparent unconcern preparing for the day's work.

The two men conversed in low tones for a few moments, anon casting glances in the direction of the wharf, which pursued his work, when Sharpey, walking across the deck, took Jake by the arm and glancing keenly into his face, said:

"So Mr. Pendergrast, you decide to abandon us, do you?"

"Aye," responded Jake, looking the detective in the eye with careless indifference.

"Why, may I enquire?" said the colonel.

"Gammon," responded Jake.

"What?" said the detective, in some surprise.

"Gammon?" repeated Jake in the same tone and regarding Col. Sharpey with perfect composure.

"See here, my friend," said the colonel, in some heat, "what in the devil do you mean by gammon?"

"I mean," said Jake, quietly rolling his eyes into the opposite cheek, "I mean gammon."

"He means, Cunnel," said Skilkins, hastily interposing to prevent the angry outburst which he saw in the colonel's eye, "he means that he sees scheme of our is gammon, and for that reason he don't want no part in it. That's about the figger, ain't it, Jake?" turning to that individual for confirmation.

"That is about it," said Jake, and resumed his work without further remark.

Col. Sharpey regarded him for a few moments with a look between suspicion and anger, but, apparently, thinking it best to drop so unpromising a customer, turned away from the condition of the vessel and other matters as a preliminary to laying out his plan of operations. He asked many questions of the captain and made note of remarks in his pocket book, but made no remarks which would enlighten Obidiah as to the results of his observations, although repeatedly invited by that worthy to confide in him. Obidiah watched his every movement narrowly, however, and no sooner had he taken his leave, after making an appointment for a meeting that night, than the two mariners proceeded to take observations on the detective in precise imitation of each other in every manner, the result of which Jake noted down in a huge pocket book which he afterwards consigned to the depths of his inside shirt pocket.

The good captain was in high glee over the result of his morning's work, and as a relief to his feelings invited Jake down to another interview with the case bottle in the cabin, after which he broke forth into song in these words, (and no trace in particular):

"O, a hogs-eye and a hogs-eye crew,  
And a hogs-eye and a hogs-eye crew,  
O, a railroad nigger and a hogs-eye crew,  
O, a railroad nigger and a hogs-eye crew."

This sentimental ballad he accompanied by a wail and a wailing of his own invention, and Mr. Pendergrast, catching the enthusiasm of the hour, joined in the chorus and patted his leg and stamped his foot to assist his superior officer in making the time.

"Now," said Obidiah, when this performance had been satisfactorily concluded and the case bottle safely locked up, "you can proceed to your work while I keep old Sharpey quiet. Let me know how you get on and I'll keep your posted and mind, now, it is a figure track. If you track the case Baker and nab him, on your own hook—no more."

"Aye," said Jake.

"Of course," pursued Obidiah, "I shall be able to help you a great deal as you go along, by tellin' you what old Gimlet-eye is doin' of; and if worst comes to worst, and he gets in ahead, why then we have quarter a-piece, and that is something."

"Anything more to say?" inquired Jake.

"No," said Obidiah.

"No," said Jake.

"No," said Obidiah.

"No," said Jake.

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POETRY.

Seaside Golden Fol.

BY CELIA THAYER.

Grateful, glowing plumes of glowing gold,  
Waving lonely on the rocky ledge;  
Lending seaward, lowly, lowly,  
Clinging to the high cliffs' rugged edge.

Burning in the pure September sky,  
Styke of gold against the stainless blue,  
Up to you the waves drift in the air,  
Does the quiet day seem long to you?

Up to you I climb, oh perfect shape,  
Bathed in light, in the sun's rays;  
Looking out o'er headland, crest and cape,  
O'er the ocean's vague immensity.

Up to you my human thought I bring,  
Up to you my mortal wish and care.  
How much the waves below me sing?  
Feel you the soft fainting of the air?

How much of life's rapture is your right?  
In earth's joy what may your portion be?  
Rocked by breezes, touched by radiant light,  
Fed by new and sun and sea?

Something of delight and of content  
Must be yours, though you are lonely;  
And your beauty makes the rock a throne.  
Matters not to you, O golden flower!

That such eyes of worship watch you sway;  
But you make more sweet the dreadful hour,  
And you crown for me the tranquil day.

(Continued from last week)

"Tricks that are Vain."

CHAPTER III.

It has often been remarked that great minds run in the same channel, or words to that effect, and we shall notice in the present instance a striking and beautiful illustration of that wise saying in the fact that Captain Obidiah Skilkins and Mr. Detective Sharpey had each in his own mind, privately, determined to outwit the other, and at the same time to circumvent the pirate Baker. With this laudable object in view, each proceeded to lay his plans to conduct in such circumstances.

Captain Skilkins was early astir on the following morning and having refreshed his outer man by a vigorous splashing and blowing in a bucket of water, followed by a nip of his favorite Holland's to equalize the temperature—proceeded to arouse Mr. Pendergrast and invite him to a council of war in the little cabin.

Long and earnestly they consulted and the result appeared to be highly satisfactory to both parties, inasmuch as Obidiah, then and there, indulged in the unprecedented extravagance of treating his guest to a glass from the case bottle and joining him in the convivial dose.

"Now Jake," said Obidiah wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "you are sure you have got your bearings and no mistake?"

"All right," said Jake.

"And you have sounded on the whole scheme," pursued Skilkins with a wide grin.

"Correct," said Jake.

"Well, have nothing to do with it no how. Think it is all gammon, don't ye?" pursued Obidiah with a wider grin.

"Aye," said Jake stolidly and with a perfectly serious countenance.

"Wall, wall, your a queer one, you be Jake to go back a speck like this and go to steverd in," pursued Obidiah, his face now stretched into a shark like grin, most marvelous to behold.

"However," he continued, "have your own way—have your own way Jake and I shan't agin it, but with a sudden assumption of the severest gravity he arose and proceeded on deck.

Casting his eye up the wharf he saw a man approaching whom he at once recognized as Sharpey.

Turning on his heel he walked back to the companionway and doubling himself over the bulwark he turned his head and the ladder till he caught a view of Jake still seated at the table, when cocking his eye into an unaccountably wink, he immediately disappeared from the view of that gentleman.

Jake at once made his appearance on deck, and the two stood ready to receive the detective.

"Mornin', cunnel," said Obidiah, as Sharpey stepped aboard.

"Good morning, Captain," responded the detective.

"Nothin'—nothin' at all, only—see here, Cunnel, set this way a minnit," said Obidiah, somewhat nervously, and taking the detective by the arm he led him forward out of ear shot of Jake, who was with great apparent unconcern preparing for the day's work.

The two men conversed in low tones for a few moments, anon casting glances in the direction of the wharf, which pursued his work, when Sharpey, walking across the deck, took Jake by the arm and glancing keenly into his face, said:

"So Mr. Pendergrast, you decide to abandon us, do you?"

"Aye," responded Jake, looking the detective in the eye with careless indifference.

"Why, may I enquire?" said the colonel.

"Gammon," responded Jake.

"What?" said the detective, in some surprise.

"Gammon?" repeated Jake in the same tone and regarding Col. Sharpey with perfect composure.

"See here, my friend," said the colonel, in some heat, "what in the devil do you mean by gammon?"

"I mean," said Jake, quietly rolling his eyes into the opposite cheek, "I mean gammon."

"He means, Cunnel," said Skilkins, hastily interposing to prevent the angry outburst which he saw in the colonel's eye, "he means that he sees scheme of our is gammon, and for that reason he don't want no part in it. That's about the figger, ain't it, Jake?" turning to that individual for confirmation.

"That is about it," said Jake, and resumed his work without further remark.

Col. Sharpey regarded him for a few moments with a look between suspicion and anger, but, apparently, thinking it best to drop so unpromising a customer, turned away from the condition of the vessel and other matters as a preliminary to laying out his plan of operations. He asked many questions of the captain and made note of remarks in his pocket book, but made no remarks which would enlighten Obidiah as to the results of his observations, although repeatedly invited by that worthy to confide in him. Obidiah watched his every movement narrowly, however, and no sooner had he taken his leave, after making an appointment for a meeting that night, than the two mariners proceeded to take observations on the detective in precise imitation of each other in every manner, the result of which Jake noted down in a huge pocket book which he afterwards consigned to the depths of his inside shirt pocket.

The good captain was in high glee over the result of his morning's work, and as a relief to his feelings invited Jake down to another interview with the case bottle in the cabin, after which he broke forth into song in these words, (and no trace in particular):

"O, a hogs-eye and a hogs-eye crew,  
And a hogs-eye and a hogs-eye crew,  
O, a railroad nigger and a hogs-eye crew,  
O, a railroad nigger and a hogs-eye crew."

This sentimental ballad he accompanied by a wail and a wailing of his own invention, and Mr. Pendergrast, catching the enthusiasm of the hour, joined in the chorus and patted his leg and stamped his foot to assist his superior officer in making the time.

"Now," said Obidiah, when this performance had been satisfactorily concluded and the case bottle safely locked up, "you can proceed to your work while I keep old Sharpey quiet. Let me know how you get on and I'll keep your posted and mind, now, it is a figure track. If you track the case Baker and nab him, on your own hook—no more."

"Aye," said Jake.

"Of course," pursued Obidiah, "I shall be able to help you a great deal as you go along, by tellin' you what old Gimlet-eye is doin' of; and if worst comes to worst, and he gets in ahead, why then we have quarter a-piece, and that is something."

"Anything more to say?" inquired Jake.

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Up to you my mortal wish and care.  
How much the waves below me sing?  
Feel you the soft fainting of the air?

How much of life's rapture is your right?  
In earth's joy what may your portion be?  
Rocked by breezes, touched by radiant light,  
Fed by new and sun and sea?

Something of delight and of content  
Must be yours, though you are lonely;  
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