

FARMER'S COLUMN.

Preparations for Spring Work.

The present is the farmer's time to arrange his plans for the coming year, and on this being carefully done depends greatly the success of future operations.

He has gathered the experience of the past to aid him and if one or more crops have failed, now is the time to consider the cause.

Has he been unprofitably stunted in the necessary amount of labor? has any other than the best seed been sown or planted? have weeds been allowed to grow unchecked? has work been performed too much in a hurry? have the most approved implements of all kinds only been used?

Trade and business in the cities have been depressed the past season, as well as the prices of produce in the country. Let not the farmer be discouraged.

Is the working stock of the farm sufficient? has there been false economy in the use of manures? has there been room to store the crop?

All these questions should now be asked and answered; recollecting that the most improvident of all kinds of farming is the raising of half crops, and that poor stock is always the most expensive, he should map out his plans for the year 1879, so as to avoid all these errors, and, with the aid of agricultural papers, to introduce an improved system of management.

The increase of railroad facilities may bring his farm within market distance of large cities or manufacturing centers, so that his whole system should be changed—and perishable articles, such as butter, milk, small fruits, vegetables, be cultivated instead of beef and grain, with which he has been striving in an unequal competition with the cheap lands of the West.

Let the farmer now consider and digest the tried capacities of his soil and its adaptation to particular crops. Has he generally succeeded with corn or potatoes, or carrots, or cabbage, or broom corn, or hops, or pasturage?—let him not suddenly change his system on account of temporary depression in prices.

"Time and chance happeneth unto all," and with patient industry and perseverance, every man in his proper calling, (not forgetting the performance of moral, social and religious duties) will find that for him "seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease, nor the early and the latter rain."

"Let us then be up and doing, With a heart for any fate— Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait."

A Butcher Story. The Bradford Reporter, published at Towanda, Bradford county, tells a curious story about a frkin of butter, as follows:

About 1833 a family named Slicker, or Van Slicker, moved into Towanda, and took up as a residence a place formerly occupied as a hotel. On the premises was a deep well, originally dug by, or for, Mr. Means, the hotel-keeper. At the time of building or stoning up the well a stone shelf was inserted, by order of the land-lord, about ten feet down, for the purpose of depositing in a cool place butter, beef, and such articles as might be considered necessary to its preservation.

The new-comers, the Van Slickers, soon detected, or thought they did, the presence of decaying wood in the water, and it was decided to have the well cleaned out. Accordingly two old patriots were detailed for the work. Their combined efforts after a few hours' labor, resulted in fishing up a butter frkin, tightly sealed, but black with age, and it was nearly rotted through. Mr. Means, the old landlord, then rising retired from business, and then residing a short distance from the place, was sent for and came down to the bottom, and venerable, leaning on his cane. After looking at it a moment, the old man said he could explain the whole matter. The tub had been let down on the stone shelf, long years ago when he kept the hotel. As near as he could remember, it was over thirty years previous. The tub had disappeared in the night, and it was supposed that it had been stolen. The well had never been cleaned out before to his knowledge. The tub was now opened in the presence of the little crowd that had gathered. The lid was removed, the white linen cloth taken off, and there was the butter, yellow as gold, and, as it proved on tasting, as rich as made yesterday, although thirty years had elapsed since it first went to the bottom of the well, where it was now found, like Truth, unimpaired by its long residence. The old man claimed the prize, and carried it off rejoicing. Witnesses are still living who were present at the time, who will, with our informant, make affidavit to the truth, in every particular, of this butter story. In those days butter was only worth from six to twelve cents per pound; now see the difference—thirty-five to fifty cents, and not the best at that.

Out Food for Horses. An accurate farmer has furnished the Country Gentleman a statement of his experiment with feeding cut feed and meal to his horses, accompanied with weighing and measuring. He cuts out straw about an inch long with a sawlike cylinder machine, and this chopped straw is then treated with corn meal and bran mixed in about equal quantities as to weight, so that each horse has about a bushel of cut feed and three quarts of the meal or bran twice in each day. Sometimes hay is cut instead of oat-straw, or both are mixed. It is found that two hundred pounds per week of this mixture of corn-meal and bran added to the cut feed, will keep a pair of working horses in the best condition. This, he is satisfied from experiment, is less than two-thirds cost of keeping them on usual dry hay and no grain. The corn-meal alone is not so good for horses as meal mixed with bran. An excellent meal is made of ground oats. The fodder is cut by horse-power, on large or spaw days, and stored in stony bins, so as to furnish always a surplus on hand.

A cold liquid glue, said to be of excellent domestic application, and especially suitable for uniting articles of stone, glass and china, as well as of wood is prepared by breaking up three parts, by weight, of the best white glue into small pieces, and allowing them to remain in eight parts of soft water for several hours, then adding half a part of hydrochloric acid and three-quarters of a part of sulphate of zinc, and keeping the whole for ten or twelve hours at a moderately high temperature, and is always ready for use.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

"La Mort."

A spider had spun her web across the bars of a small trellis, at the corner of the front verandah of our Summer dwelling. It was in the great highway of insect life, where they swept along from the thicket of evergreens down to the garden lawn, and its gossamer swung in the sun and rain, finer than any web ever woven by mortal hands.

Back in the furthest corner, and behind the angle of the slat in the eaves, she had fashioned her own nest, curiously woven, and from out which unscathed she could watch all of her own preserves and hear the faintest and slightest noise made by any unfortunate who, in his unlucky flight, should become entangled in her wide spread net.

A wasp came sailing swiftly and gracefully through the air. He was an elegant and splendid one, full of rare beauty, with his long delicate wings and needle waist, and of a rarer blue than ultra-marine, or the splendid color of finely tempered steel in the watch spring.—He darted through the verandah, out by the horse chestnut, took a small of the newly ripened cherries, without rousing the robin who was feastingly filled with the truth of the adage about stolen fruits and their sweetness, and starting with a sweep to cross the drive toward the honeysuckle on the sloping lawn, he dashed like a wandering comet into the spreading net of our watching and patient friend the spider.

He was caught at the first, but in a moment his struggles to be free had ensnared three or four of his feet, and every effort seemed only to entangle him more and more.

The spider ran partly out of her nest, at the first shock of collision with the net, and quietly watched his frantic efforts to disentangle his limbs, moving only a few steps at the first, but regarding it all with watchful looks, that clearly indicated she meant to have a part in the struggle yet to come.

She was very small indeed and young, and this was her first attempt at house-building and housekeeping, and she could not very long have escaped from parental trammels and restraints; she was not really so large as a house fly, and her little round body was not more than one-eighth of an inch in diameter, while her legs were not quite half an inch long.

The wasp, on the other hand, was one of the finest and largest of that species of blue wasps that boys have learned to dread, as they are the fiercest and their sting the most poisonous of any of the great family of wasps, bees, or hornets.

The little spider, however, while she watched the struggles of her formidable quarry and no doubt reflected on his dangerous fighting qualities—provided spide ever reflex (which few who have studied their lives and habits will doubt) gradually drew near the imprisoned wasp, with an evident purpose of attacking him.

She felt that all was fish that came into her net, and while she had not spread it on purpose for this exact kind of game, she had no idea of allowing this one to escape because only he was large and dangerous to attack. She ran down along the web to the wasp and circled him, plainly looking for some point where she could attack to advantage, but his struggles and his relative size made actual collision a dangerous experiment, and one that she evidently wished to avoid. After a moment, quick as a flash she darted in, and seizing one of the legs of the wasp bit it cruelly hard, and sprang back out of his reach. The attack was a complete surprise to the wasp. He had been devoting himself wholly to the conquest of his prey, but he bit "entangling alliances," but her bite not only hurt him most intensely, but roused at once all the fight that was in him, and his frantic endeavors to clear himself, and to retaliate on the spider, were redoubled but without success.

It would have been better for the spider if she had not declined the battle, but she was plucky and full of fight and she hung around him just out of his reach, watching like a panther for a chance to spring in and strike where she could find an exposed point, but the wounded wasp was no dealer for her now, and his watch was as sharp and his guard as vigilant as was her own.

His anger had lasted some little time, the spider unable to find an exposed place, until at last, as if impulsively and out of all patience, at a venture, she sprang at a leg and seized it in her sharp and poisonous teeth.

It was the rashness of youth, for the wasp brought her to close quarters and hand-to-hand fighting in an instant. An older head would have never accepted such a wager of a battle as this. It was now "a life for life," "a la mort," and the fight must be "to death," and while this close struggle was what the wasp desired, and the spider had apparently tried to avoid, she did not shrink from the work of her rashness, but sprang like a man full of the throat of her gigantic foe.

So long as the battle was of biting, I thought the game little spider would have held her own with her dangerous antagonist, but as they were grappled—the spider biting with fury at the head of the wasp—he turned his long body nearly double, and commenced to sting her fearfully, stinging her through and through. You could see by the quiver of her little body that she suffered terribly from these wounds, and that the contest must be short, sharp, and decisive. The spider's last quick grasp at the mouth of the wasp and his biting with all her force. He showed plainly by his contortions that he suffered from the bite, but he was not to be deterred. He resorted as before to his sting, which he again and again used to his grasp on his head loosened, her body quivered, and she flew away showing that she held, and after one great spasm, which seemed almost a throbbing agony, she let go her hold on the wasp, and her limbs dropped listlessly down. The game little spider was dead.

The wasp had, in the contest, become well nigh clear of the net, a few fortunate struggles relieved him entirely, and he flew away showing that she held, and after one great spasm, which seemed almost a throbbing agony, she let go her hold on the wasp, and her limbs dropped listlessly down. The game little spider was dead.

Here was not exactly the end of Haman, dying on the gallows, he had crested for the righteous Jew, but the meshes of her own winding sheet and shroud, and the lonely and deserted chambers of her dwelling place are the only monuments of her life, and of her death. She had fallen and perished there.

Stoves and Tinware.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

TRAHAI HAGENBUCH, Main Street one door above E. Mendenhall's Store.

A large assortment of Stoves, Heaters and Ranges constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest rates.

The work of all kinds wholesale and retail. A trial is requested.

APR. 29. 79.

STOVES AND TINWARE. A. M. ROBERT announces to his friends and customers that the above business at his old place on Main Street, Bloomsburg.

Customers can be accommodated with the best of goods at the lowest prices.

FANCY STOVES of all kinds, Stoves, Pans, and every variety of articles found in a Stove and Tinware Establishment in the city, and on the most reasonable terms.

Repairing done at the shortest notice.

25 DOZEN MILK-PANS on hand for sale.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP. OF MAIN STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S.

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A. The undersigned has just fitted up and opened his new

STOVE AND TIN SHOP. in this place, where he is prepared to make up

NEW STOVES of all kinds in his line, and do repairing with neatness and dispatch, upon the most reasonable terms.

He also keeps on hand STOVES OF VARIOUS PATTERNS & STYLES, which he will repair and put in order.

He gives a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage.

JACOB METZ, Bloomsburg, April 28, 1879.

Foundries.

SHARPLES & HARMAN, RAZOR FOUNDRY AND MANUFACTURING SHOP, STOVES & PLOWS WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

THE CELEBRATED MONTGOMERY IRON BEAM AND THE HETTON WOODEN BEAM PLOWS.

Castings and Fire Brick for repairing Stoves, Kinds, Boilers or Iron castings made to order, upon short notice.

BLOOMSBURG, PA. SHARPLES & P. S. HARMAN, Proprietors, Mar. 19, 79.

ORANGEVILLE FOUNDRY.

MACHINE SHOP AND AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

The undersigned desires to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his foundry and machine shop, and is now located at Orangeville, Pa., where he has also a large stock of machinery, and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.

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Drugs and Chemicals.

PHENIX PECTORAL CURE COUGH.

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Rail Roads.

LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD.

On and after Jan. 15, 1879, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Going North. Arrive at Lackawanna 8:45 a.m. Leave at 9:15 a.m. Arrive at Bloomsburg 11:30 a.m.

Going South. Arrive at Bloomsburg 8:45 a.m. Leave at 9:15 a.m. Arrive at Lackawanna 11:30 a.m.

On and after Monday, Sept. 6, 1879, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Going North. Arrive at Lackawanna 8:45 a.m. Leave at 9:15 a.m. Arrive at Bloomsburg 11:30 a.m.

Going South. Arrive at Bloomsburg 8:45 a.m. Leave at 9:15 a.m. Arrive at Lackawanna 11:30 a.m.

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