

A Year Without a Summer.

A correspondent of the Amherst, New Hampshire, Farmer's Cabinet, gives the following account of the terrible year without a summer in the earlier part of the present century...

While every one is speaking of the present season as being remarkable in its characteristics, I have gathered for your readers some reliable facts of the year 1816, known as the "year without a summer"...

January was mild; so much so as to render fire almost useless in the parlor—December previous was very cold.

April began warm and grew colder as the month advanced, and ended in snow and ice with a temperature more like winter than spring.

June was the coldest yet known in this latitude. Frost, ice and snow were common. Almost every green thing was killed.

August was more cheerless if possible than the summer months already passed. Ice was formed half an inch thick.

September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season.

October produced more than its share of cold weather, frost and ice particularly.

November was very cold and blustering. Enough snow fell to make good skidding.

December was quite mild and comfortable.

The above is a brief summary of "the cold summer of 1816," as it was called, in order to distinguish it from the cold season.

The winter was mild. Frost and ice were common in every month of the year.

Very little vegetation matured in the Eastern and Middle States.

The average wholesale price of flour during that year, in the Philadelphia market, was thirteen dollars per barrel.

The average price of wheat in England was ninety-seven shillings per quarter.

The Happiness of Shaking Carpet.

The annual ceremony of taking up, whipping and putting down a carpet is almost universal.

It is one of the ills which least is heir to, and cannot be avoided.

You go home some pleasant spring day, at peace with the world, and find the lady with a clean face, and get your favorite pudding for dinner.

Then you see a young girl, and she says she really hopes she can turn that walking dress she wore last fall, and give the expense of a new suit, and then asks you if you can't just help her about taking up the carpet.

If you are a fool, and that you are by that time, you tell her of course you can, just as well as not.

Then she gets a saucer for the tacks, and stands and holds it, and then you get the claw and go down on your knees, and begin to help her.

You feel quite essential in the matter, and the tacks, and take them out carefully and put them in the saucer.

Your wife is good about holding the saucer, and begins, like your interesting story she, how your neighbor's little boy is not expected to live till morning.

Then you come to the tack with the crooked hook, and you get the claws under it and the head comes right off, and the leather comes off, and the carpet comes off, and as it won't do to leave the tack in the floor, because it will tear the carpet, you get it out again, and you go to work and your knuckles, and you get a silver under your thumb nail, and tell your wife to shut up about that everlasting boy, and make up your mind that it doesn't make any difference about that tack, and so you begin on the corner where the carpet is tacked down with a shingle nail.

You don't care a continental about saving the nail, because you find it is not a good time for the practice of economy; but you do feel a little hurt when both claws break off from the claw, and the nail does not lodge a peg.

Then your manhood asserts itself, and you raise in your night and throw the carpet claw at the dog, and get hold of the carpet with both hands, and the air is full of dust and flying tacks, and there is a fringe of carpet you all along the mop-board, and the baby cries, and the cat goes anywhere, anywhere out of the world, and your wife says you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so—but that carpet comes up. Then you lift one side of the stove, and your wife tries to get the carpet from under it, but can't because you are standing on it; so you try a new hold, and just after your back breaks the carpet is clear.

You are not through yet. Your wife don't tell you any more little stories, but gets your old coat and hangs it on you, and opens the back door, and shows you out, and intimates that the carpet needs whipping. When you hang the tormenting living being on the clothes-line the wrong way, and get it righted, and have it slide off into the yard, and hang it up again, and get half a pint of dust and three broken tacks snatched out of the northwest corner into your mouth by the wind, you make observations which you neglected to mention while in the house.

Then you hunt up a stick and go for that cat, who has been hiding the dust and all the fair faces of nature behind a cloud of dust, and, right in the centre of that cloud, with the wind square in your face, no matter how you stand, you wield the endel until both hands are blistered, and the milk of human kindness curdles in your bosom.

You can whip the carpet a longer or a shorter period, according to the size of your mad; it don't make any difference to the carpet—after you have whipped it two hours as it was before you commenced. Then you bundle it up, with one corner dragging, and stowable in the house, and have mad frolic with the stove, and fail to find any way of using the carpet stretcher while you stand on the carpet, and fail to find any place to stand off the carpet, and then you get on your knees again, and your wife holds the saucer, and you make confidence lands you on broken tacks, white tacks, tacks with no heads, tacks with no leathers, tacks with the biggest ends at the points.

Finally the carpet is down, and the baby comes back, and the cat comes back, and the dog comes back, and back and you try to smile at your wife, and say she is glad that job is off her mind. As it is too late to do anything else, you sit by the fire and smoke, with the inner confidence that you are the meekest man in America.

The next day you hear your wife tell a friend that she is so fixed—don't sit to sleep, and put down that great heavy carpet yesterday—Ulla Herald.

To DRIVE OFF RATS.—Take a bunch of matches and soak them over night in a teacup of water; then take out the matches and thicken the water with Indian meal to a thick dough, adding a spoonful of sugar and a little lard. Lay about the premises where the rats are, and nothing will get it. It is decidedly the best exterminator extant.

Here's some original spelling. It beats phonetics: "80 you be—a tub. 80 oil? pea a-top. 80 salt. See oil—oil. 80 80—oil. 80 80—oil. See oil? double you—oil. See you be—oil. See a bee—oil. See eye are see you—oil. Be you double tea—but. See a double oil—oil."

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDING. JOHN D. THOMAS, Boot and Shoe Maker.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of every description, and to repair and renovate old shoes.

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THE NEW DISCOVERY In Chemical and Medical Science. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. DR. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES. Cure Impetigo Consumption. Cure Catarrh.

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BLIGHTED ASPIRATIONS. Mr. J. Augustus Tarbox was a sentimental man who yearned to be made famous by some heroic deed.

He longed by some brave exploit to fix the public eye. As when some blazing meteor has flashed along the sky.

But so far all his flashes had been flashes in the pan, and J. Augustus Tarbox was a disappointed man.

He blamed the fickle fortune that favored Washington, while it prevented Tarbox from being a big gun.

And wished with all the energy of his aspiring heart, that J. Augustus Tarbox had the luck of Bonaparte.

His spirit was too lofty to stoop to petty cares, and he scorned the sordid drudgery of everyday affairs.

"They also serve who stand and wait," it has been stated; such was Tarbox's service—he stood around and waited.

He waited till at length his chance to be heroic came. With the promise to write "Tarbox" high on the roll of fame.

He saw a female struggling in the liquid element; he recognized his opportunity—and in he went.

THOMAS CARLAND WHOLESALE DEALER IN GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE. WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, STATIONERY AND NOTIONS, FISH SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS, BACON, FLOUR, FEED AND PROVISIONS.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO. WASHINGTON STREET. Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY-GOODS.

MILLINERY GOODS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, IRON AND NAILS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM. WM. P. PATTON, Manufacturer and Dealer in CABINET FURNITURE.

ANDREW MOSS, DRESSER & TAILOR. JOHNSTOWN, PA. LOOK SHARP AT THIS!

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT! PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending friends to the Old Country ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO. WHOLESALE DEALERS IN MONSIEUR'S & OLD RYE WHISKY.

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HEATING PARLOR and COOKING STOVES, Sheet Metals, HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY. Jobbing in TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON.

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EBENSBURG BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE. HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY! HAVING introduced new machinery into our factory we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY. West Wall, Ebensburg, Pa.

W. M. LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA. Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale.

In the discussion of the Farmers' troubles before the House, the Hon. Mr. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, made a full and able statement of the condition of the "Patrons of Husbandry" in the various States.

There were not in the West, as has been carefully shown by the statistics of the census, more than 100,000 acres of land in the hands of the "Patrons of Husbandry" in 1872.

There are of course a grand number of the granges, and the statistics of the census are not a true representation of the number of granges in the West.

State granges are organized every year, and subordination is often or after, if not before, the year.

It will be seen, therefore, that the "Patrons of Husbandry" are not a new organization, but one that has been in existence for many years.

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