AND GARDEN.

...MATION RELATING TO THE VA-...ED INTERESTS OF THE FARM.

An Illustrated Description for the Home Manufacture of a Cheap and Very Convenient Hand Roller for Lawn and Garden Use.

The hand roller represented in the annexed cuts is, according to Rural New Yorker, not only cheap but exceedingly convenient for use in lawn and garden.

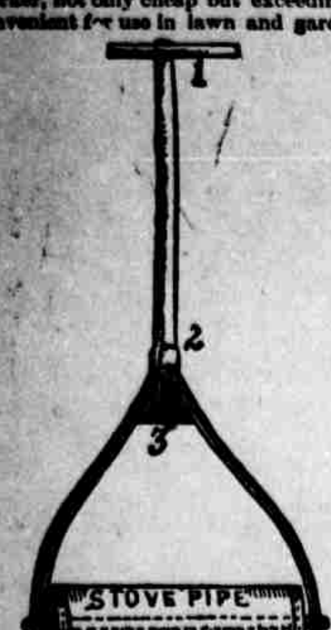

FIG. 1—A HOME MADE HAND ROLLER.

It is made of a piece of stove pipe, say three feet long and from five to eight inches in diameter. Circular pieces of wood, the heavier the better, are fitted in both ends, and the pipe is filled with sand or old pieces of lead and dirt well rammed down to keep it solid. The handle is a heavy oak or hickory sapling, split up far enough to make the bow as shown in the cut. An axle may be made of an iron rod running through the blocks in the ends of the pipe and completely through the cylinder, or they may be screw bolts running into the blocks. The block should be put in one end of the pipe and securely nailed; then the pipe should be filled with sand, or other heavy matter, and then the block should be put in the other end, and this shoul/ also be well nailed.

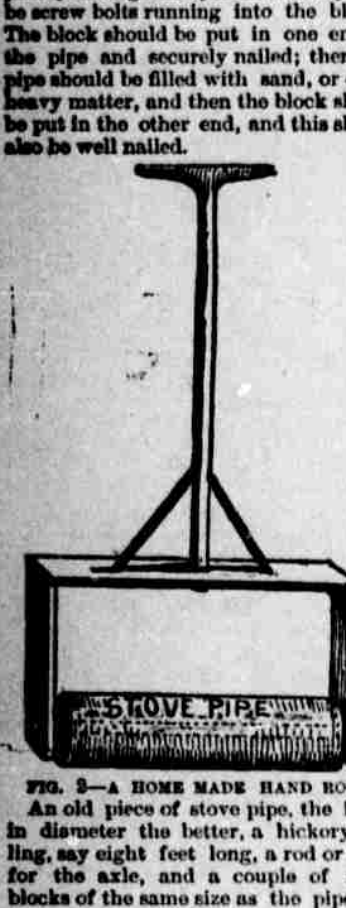

FIG. 2—A HOME MADE HAND ROLLER.

An old piece of stove pipe, the larger in diameter the better, a hickory sapling, say eight feet long, a rod or bolts for the axle, and a couple of round blocks of the same size as the pipe, and an hour's time, will make as good a hand roller as can be bought for $4 or $5 at the hardware store. The roller may be put in a framework made of old boards, and an old lawn roller handle used instead of a sapling. Fig. 1 shows the way the handle is made with a sapling, in which 1 is the sapling divided at 2 with a three cornered piece, 3. Fig. 2 shows a handle made of a frame of boards.

Applying Lime to the Soil.

An important point to observe in the application of lime to land is to have it well pulverized so as to be easily spread and finely diffused through the soil. It must, therefore, advises Country Gentleman, be slacked into fine and dry powder by applying about one-third as much water as there is lime before spreading. If it has been air slacked, it is thus already reduced to powder. A good way to slake the fresh or stone lime is to place it in heaps and then cover it thickly with earth, which gradually reduces it to powder, when it may be spread from the wagon. It is common in some places to put it when fresh in small heaps over the field, left to slake by rain and air, and then evenly spread from the heaps. The quantity to the acre must vary considerably with the condition of the land, some needing more than others, and experiment is required to determine this point—usually from twenty-five to fifty bushels to the acre. Formerly much larger quantities were used, and on the other hand smaller amounts have sometimes been as successful. The mode we recommend for all special fertilizers is commonly safest—namely, the application to small measured areas, to determine the best course and quantities by actual experiment.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

Trees That Are Not Readily Transplanted. Care of Seedlings.

The home nursery becomes a necessity when trees difficult to transplant are to be grown. All the hickory sub-family should be planted where they are to stand, if long lived trees are required. The pecan is no exception to the rule. The black walnut and the butternut never succeed transplanted, if large. They are better planted as nuts where they are to stand. All the oaks, of whatever kind, should be sown where they are to grow. The chestnut, if nursery grown, may be transplanted.

Our advice is to sow the nuts, if possible, where the trees are to stand. The same rule will apply in a great degree to the beeches, chinquapin and even the hard maples, reasonably, that is, the best trees will be those left in the rows after thinning. Nevertheless, the trees last mentioned are contained in the list of transplantable trees, and even kindly transplantable. When young they may be readily moved, also the hard maples, even when of considerable size, if care is used.

The above views are from Prairie Farmer's special seed and tree planting number, as are also the following notes on transplanting seedlings:

It is cheapest for the general planter to buy the seedlings of responsible nursery men when possible. If small, and they should be, do not forget after transplanting to shade the trees. If the rows are perfectly straight and row both ways, as they may be made to with a marker, with pegs at regular distances, a common table knife with the point turned up one and one-half inches will do the most of the cleaning. When transplanted in field rows, let them be three feet apart by one foot in the row. Now you will have 14,520 trees per acre. As they begin to crowd again, take out two-thirds of the plants in each row, and your trees stand 3x3 feet apart, and you have 4,840 trees per acre.

At this distance the trees may be economically transplanted. When they begin to crowd take out every other row, and you have your plantation 6x3 feet, or 2,420 plants per acre. After this, when the plantation requires thinning, those cut away will be valuable for stakes, handspikes, poles, etc. When thinned to 12x12 feet the timber may stand until it is valuable for many purposes.

Varieties and sub-varieties of a species are propagated by grafting, budding or layering; deciduous trees by grafting or budding, and coniferous trees by layering. It is only practiced in the case of plants valuable either for ornament or for the fruit, and belongs more to the professional nurseryman and amateur than to the practical tree planter.

YOUNG TURKEYS.

Special Dangers to Be Guarded Against in Raising These Fowls.

Young turkeys are subject to two special dangers—(1) a peculiar susceptibility to wet and (in less degree) to cold, and (2) a great liability to diarrhea. For the first week, American Poultry Journal says, the young bird should have little beyond hard boiled egg minced up with dandelion leaves, or a little bread crumb may be added. All through dandelion leaves make far the best green food, but if they cannot be had, chopped boiled nettles or onions chopped fine are the next best. As they get older, they are fed on good barley meal or oatmeal, and may also have almost ad libitum fresh curd squeezed dry from the whey, but buttermilk is about as likely to cause trouble as anything can be.

The egg for a week is of very great importance, to prevent a slight tendency to diarrhea from the first which often sets in, and gets worse, and carries them off later on. While young turkeys require the utmost care when very young, and should be confined for awhile, let it be known that they will not thrive unless they have the benefit of a range as they become larger. They are active foragers, and must have a chance to exercise that peculiarity, but in so doing they will pick up the greater part of their food. Those who grow tobacco should always keep a flock of turkeys, as they are very destructive to the large green worms that do so much damage to that crop. If allowed a range and fed on grain at night, they can easily be taught to come up at regular hours.

Safe Rules for the Poultry Yard.

The following rules, if systematically carried out, will insure successful poultry raising:

In buying fowls or eggs go to some trustworthy breeder who has his reputation at stake. Culls are not cheap at any price.

Do not breed too many kinds of fowls at the same time. Until your experience and accommodations warrant it confine yourselves to one or two well known varieties.

Introduce new blood into your stock every year or so, by either buying a cockerel or setting of eggs from some reliable breeder.

Let old and young birds have as wide a range as possible, and do not crowd too many in a house. If you do you will have disease.

Construct your house good and warm, so as to avoid damp floors and afford a flood of sunshine. Sunshine is better than medicine. Give plenty of fresh air at all times. Above all things keep the house clean.

Clean roosts and bottom of laying nests, and whitewash often enough to keep all sweet and clean.

Provide a dusting and scratching place where you can bury wheat and corn and thus induce the fowls to take the needful exercise.

Give plenty of fresh water daily, and never allow the fowls to go thirsty.

Feed them systematically twice a day; scatter the food so they can't eat too fast or without proper exercise. Do not feed more than they will eat up clean, or they will get tired of that kind of feed.

Give them a variety of both dry and cooked feed; a mixture of cooked meat and vegetables is an excellent thing for their morning meal.

Give soft feed in the morning and the whole grain at night, except a little wheat or cracked corn placed in the scratching places to give them exercise during the day.

North and South Slopes.

There is a wide difference of opinion as to the best aspect for fruit. Some contend for northern slopes, some for southern, and both are right, says a correspondent in Garden and Forest. The decision turns upon locality and varieties of fruit. Near large bodies of water late spring frosts seldom do damage. Spring comes on more gradually, evenly, and plants do not start so early. In such localities southern slopes are usually preferable. But away from such bodies of water spring temperatures are commonly more fluctuating and plants start relatively earlier. Here northern slopes are usually best, as blossoming is retarded. This is particularly the case with early blooming varieties. I often hear people remark that in certain years the only peaches they had were on trees standing on the north side of a building. The reason is that these trees had blossomed late and had escaped late frosts. In many localities late frosts are more to be dreaded than severe winters, and the only successful practice comes from close study of one's individual conditions.

Potato Scab.

A Wisconsin grower says: I made an experiment in fertilizing potatoes some years ago. I put on so many rows and plow under green manure, then on so many more rows I put manure scraped up the summer before. Then on so many more, I put rotted sawdust. My idea was to find out a little about this scab. I found where the green manure had been put on the scab was very bad. Where the ground had been manured the year before, the scab was less, but bad, but where the rotted sawdust was put on, the potatoes were just as clean as could be, not a particle of scab. If we will make such experiments, I think we will find them valuable.

Progressive eastern growers are about agreed that fresh barn yard manure is prolific of scabby potatoes, and that potatoes grown with a special commercial potato fertilizer are most liable to be free from disease and present clean, smooth skins.

A Hot Day.

The hottest day that I ever experienced was during the summer of 1859, while aboard a ship at Key West, Fla. The sun beamed down upon the deck of the vessel and seemed to be so close that it would almost raise blisters. The fires had gone out in the kitchen, and, as I was hungry, I procured several fresh eggs and put them on the deck. The deck was covered with pitch, which was boiling with the heat from the sun. In less than five minutes my eggs were cooked hard. This story may seem incredible, but it is true.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.

THE LIGHT WHICH ILLUMINES WITHOUT CREATING HEAT.

The Glowing Inhabitants of the Sea—The Fatal Gleam of Mackerel—The Fireflies of South America and the "Lightning Bug" of the Northern Section.

There is no subject which the researches of scientists have more completely failed to elucidate than that of the cause of animal, mineral and vegetable phosphorescence—the light which, unlike all other lights, illumines without either consuming or giving out any perceptible heat. The ocean is the great storehouse of phosphorescent light. On its surface myriads of noctilucæ (little creatures just visible to the naked eye) are often seen lighting the waves for miles, and presenting wonderful effects when the water is broken by the bow of a ship or the oars of a boat. Persons who have passed through a stretch of water crowded with noctilucæ say that the light they give dims that of the stars, and makes the sea look as though it were a vast heaving mass of metal at white heat.

The intensity of the light is explained by the immense quantity of the little animals, which are computed to number thirty thousand or so to the cubic foot. Bathers in waters where they abound have often been amazed to find, on emerging, that their bodies are rendered luminous by the noctilucæ that cling to them.

A kind of sea slug that is met with in the Mediterranean and the Pacific emits light from certain spots in the body. It is capable of being kept in an aquarium, and there are usually some specimens in the famous one at Naples. When disturbed or swimming the light makes it look like a flame in the water.

PYROSOMÆ.

The most splendid of the many luminous inhabitants of the sea are the pyrosomæ. At night they look as though made of glowing white hot iron; diffusing so strong a light that other fishes are rendered visible when they happen to swim within the sphere of their radiance.

A distinguishing feature of the pyrosoma is the variety of tints that it gives forth—orange, green, azure, blue, white, and various shades of dark red having been all noticed by various observers. A tiny kind of shark that is met with off the shores of the southern states of America is a noted light giver. Specimens captured and taken into a dark apartment present an extraordinary spectacle. The entire surface of the head and body emits a greenish gleam that is constant, and is not, as in the case of most of these luminous inhabitants of the sea, increased by friction and agitation.

The smallness of the fins of this fish show that it is not an active swimmer, and the assumption is that its light is useful in attracting its prey, on the principle of the torches used by many savages in fishing. Several kinds of crabs are luminous. One named the sapphirina is noted for the intensely vivid character of the light that proceeds from it. So brilliant is it that it does not need darkness to make its presence known, but corruscates blue, purple, green, gold and sapphire rays in full daylight. The presence of a school of mackerel is often indicated by the phosphorescent gleam which these fish produce. Fishermen often descry them at a great distance by this light, and hasten to surround them by their nets. It is thought that mackerel make a secretion which gives the light, as after they are captured a gleaming fluid is noticed running off their bodies, and sometimes covering the hands of the men who toss them from the boat.

FIREFLIES.

It has been urged that the poet was guilty of an exaggeration in describing the fireflies as giving sufficient light to be of any service; but the accounts of travelers in South America, who tell us that the natives light their path while journeying by a couple of these insects tied to their feet, show that he was speaking quite within the bounds of possibility. At evening entertainments in that part of the world it is customary far ladies to decorate their hair and dresses with fireflies, confined by delicate silken threads.

The natives of Vera Cruz do quite a large trade in fireflies, which they catch by waving a blazing coal at the end of a stick. The insects fly toward the light, and are captured in nets. The fireflies of Northern America differ from those just described in the fact that they emit their light in capricious flashes, instead of with a steady, uniform glow. This peculiarity has gained for them the name of "lightning bugs." Their light is very similar to that of our glowworm. A story is told of some French peasants who were returning home one night and saw a meteor fall through the sky in front of them; about half a mile further on they came to a glowing mass in a ditch and rushed away terrified, declaring that a star had fallen upon the earth and was burning it up. On investigation it was found that this burning star was nothing more uncanny than a mass of frogs' eggs that had developed phosphorescence.

Several varieties of the vegetable kingdom are luminous in a greater or less degree. One of the fungi, which is not at all uncommon on the walls of damp, dark mines, caverns, etc., occasionally emits sufficient light to admit of the reading of ordinary print by it. The emission of light from the common potato when in a state of decomposition is sometimes very striking. Several of the Indian plants and grasses are also luminous, and it is said that in 1845 the mountains near Syree were nightly illuminated by their means. The root stock of a plant from the Ooraghum jungle, supposed to be an orchid, possesses the peculiar property of becoming luminous when wetted, while, when dry, it is quite lusterless. The hairy red poppy, the nasturtium and the double marigold are also luminous to a certain degree.—London Standard.

Monkey Discipline.

Few persons ever have a chance to watch the actions of monkeys in a wild state, and tame ones mimic the life going on about them to such a degree that we can never feel sure their actions are not a reflection of our own. Mr. Gordon writes of them in India:

They were really very like human beings. I was one day watching an old female who had a young one by her side to whom she was giving small bits of bread which she had evidently just received from my cook room, and with which she was regaling herself at the same time.

Occasionally the little monkey would endeavor to snatch a bit of the bread before the mother was ready to give it to him, when she would administer correction in the shape of a gentle box on the ear.

She was in the act of doing this when one of my servants happened to come out. At once her demeanor changed. She snatched the little one to her bosom with every appearance of maternal solicitude, and did not put him down again until the man had retreated.—Youth's Companion.

HER SLIPPERS.

Ah, those dainty little slippers,
Which encase her shapely feet,
Have cast lasting spells upon me
And my wild heart caused to beat
In time to their dulcet music
As they patter down the street.

'Neath her snowy skirts' chaste folds
They alternately peep,
And her pure Castilian instep
In my longing sight I keep,
As she glides along the pavement
With such free and graceful sweep.

Ah, how happy are those slippers
To enclasp in close embrace
Such exquisite little feet,
Gifted with such witching grace!
I envy the incensed earth
The track of their lightsome place.

Every week I hear those footfalls
Gently up the hall steps patter,
Filling all my heart with gladness
As I list to their sweet clatter—
For she's bringing clean clothes to me,
My washerwoman's daughter!
—George Austin in New Orleans Picayune.

Untimely Rain.

"I saw,' said a friend of mine, "you had something in about the grangers a week or two ago. I think it very funny. You know when that rainy spell came on I was up in the country staying on a ranch. We used to get the San Francisco papers, of course, every day, and every one of them was whooping up the rain. 'The farmers are now jubilant. This God sent rain means millions of dollars to the state, and the granger gazes over his fields happy in the prospect of a big harvest,' and all that sort of thing. It used to amuse me."

"Why?"

"Why? There wasn't a granger within fifty miles or a ranch hand or anybody else who wasn't cursing that blamed rain."

"The country needed it."

"Yes; but there was to be a big dance in the town, and every mother's son and daughter was going to it, and the rain came and knocked it endwise. They'd rather have had the crop ruined than miss that dance."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Public Readings Pay.

What emoluments do public readers receive? They are generally well paid. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, for instance, makes more money than any one else in the profession, and has returned to Europe with $20,000, her net receipts for a season's readings. She receives from $100 to $200 a night.

Locke Richardson gets even higher pay. For a course of six readings he would receive about $1,000. When he reads before one of the clubs he gets from $100 to $200. Sydney Woollett has the same repertoire; he, too, is a very busy man.

The demand nowadays is not so much for professional readers as for authors who read from their own works. Cable, for instance, is a great success. He never gives a reading for less than $100. He is in great demand for young ladies' schools and seminaries.

Thomas Nelson Page is also a great platform success; he never goes for less than $100.—Philadelphia Times.

The "Spring Fever."

I have had many people ask me for a remedy for the ills which usually visit the human body in the spring, causing the well known complaint of "spring fever." My experience has been that the best cure for this malady is plenty of healthful and invigorating outdoor exercise. The most pleasant of these is horseback riding. When one is on a trotting horse, which I prefer, every muscle is brought into play and exercised. There are other outdoor amusements which are equally beneficial. There is one prevalent form of pastime which I consider injurious, and that is bicycling. When one is astride a wheel he is bent forward, and, I am convinced, is placed in a position which has a tendency to contract the chest. This is, of course, exactly the opposite effect to be desired or expected from outdoor amusements.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Artists' Canvas.

Canvas, regarded from an artist's point of view, is the principal material upon which oil paintings are made. Two kinds are prepared for this purpose, of which the best is called ticking. Before it is put into the artist's hands it is usually primed or grounded of a neutral gray or other tint. Certain sizes of canvas being in greater request than others are kept ready stretched on frames. Those used for portraits are known by the names of kit cat, which measures 28 or 29 inches by 36; three-quarters, 25x30 inches; half length, 40x50 inches; Bishop's half length, 44 or 45x56 inches; Bishop's whole length, 58x94 inches.—New York Telegram.

Miss Maud Howe recently met Eugene Field and expressed her feeling in this outburst, which he takes pleasure in recounting: "Mr. Field is the most charming literary man I met in the west, but he looks like a convict."

Those Happy Days.

Young Man—Don't you remember me?

Old Gentleman—Can't say that I ever saw you before.

"Don't you remember little Sammy Bambry, who used to steal your peaches and break your windows, twenty years ago, right here in Austin?"

"Why, certainly, I remember you now very well, how you used to steal my peaches, and don't you remember how I caught you just as you were getting over the fence one day, and how I tanned your little hide for you?"

"You bet you did! Ah, those happy days will never come again."—Time.

Transforming a Dunce.

The teacher who can extract an answer from a dullard and draw a dolt from the dunce's block into the scholar's seat has the rarest gift for his vocation. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, in an essay on "The American Boy," published in The North American Review, tells the story of a schoolmistress' success in drawing out the latent genius of an intractable pupil.

Nobody had been able to do anything with him. Punishment had no effect; appeals to his pride and notes to his mother were unavailing. The teacher studied the boy, watching him closely that she might find the key to his character.

One day she saw him catch a fly. His dull countenance lighted up, while with the keenest interest he for fifteen minutes examined the insect. The teacher had discovered one road to the boy's mind.

"Boys," said she not long after, "what can you tell me about flies?"

The brightest boys could tell very little. Then she turned to the dolt, and saw that, for the first time, his enthusiasm was kindled by something going on in school. He forgot his indifference, and became eloquent in describing the wings, feet, eyes, head and habits of the fly. Both teacher and scholars were astonished.

The teacher saw the bent of his genius and put books of natural history into his hands. Then she led him by degrees to see the necessity of preparing himself for his favorite pursuit by learning something of grammar, geography and mathematics. The dunce of the school became one of the best scholars, and in later years an eminent naturalist.

BUTTONS.

"Where's Buttons, Mary?" said little Alice Smith, the cash girl in a Fourteenth street dry goods store to her friend, Mary Simmons.

Mary blushed and looked guilty, although she hastily disclaimed any knowledge of the person alluded to.

"How should I know where he is? I don't even know his name. I can't imagine why you girls are always teasing me about him." And Mary petulantly went on with her work of rearranging the disordered showcase and with feminine tact displaying the newest goods in the most conspicuous places.

But, despite her disclaimer, pretty Mary was thinking more about "Buttons" than she was willing to confess. In fancy she could see his broad shoulders and the half bashful, half conscious smile on his face as he appeared before her counter on the previous week. He certainly was a strong young man. She could tell that by his brown, muscular hand. And besides there was such an honest look in his eyes. She recalled his hesitation, too, when he asked for the buttons, from which the girls had nicknamed him, and Mary argued from his ingenuousness and his respectful manner that he must be entirely different from the young men whom she encountered on her way home at night and whose bold glances of admiration always made her blush.

A hundred times a day Mary found herself looking down the long store toward the door, expecting and even hoping, although she did not confess the hope to herself—that he would come again. Twice he had been there already, and, to tell the truth, he had bought enough buttons to keep him in those useful articles for five years. What he could want with so many buttons was more than Mary could divine.

In anticipation of his coming Mary arranged and rearranged the buttons in the case. There was an almost endless variety of buttons. China shirt buttons, bone coat buttons, wooden buttons covered with cloth; glass buttons, iris tinted, reflecting the gaslight in gleaming rays. But not one of these shone so brightly as the eyes which had met hers over the counter for one brief moment and then had been hidden by the long lashes which dropped over them.

The chances of his coming back seemed very small indeed to Mary when she remembered that he had bought two cards of shirt buttons and enough trousers buttons to start a small store.

"I wonder if he is going to sew them on himself?" said Mary to herself, a smile indenting two dimples in her cheeks. "If he does, he will have buttons all over him.

In fancy Mary could see him sitting in his shirt sleeves with a slender needle between his clumsy thumb and forefinger, trying to fasten a button on his shirt. She could see it all. The compressed lip, the slip of the needle as it stole under his thumb nail, the muttered imprecation; and she laughed at her thoughts in such a merry way that the floor walker censured her, and she resumed her work with a conscious blush.

But the memory of "Buttons" gradually faded from Mary's mind as the weeks went by. He did not put in an appearance again, and as the girls stopped their chaffing there was nothing left for the interest to feed upon. Then came the anti-poverty fair, in which a great many of the girls were interested. Their sympathetic hearts were attracted by the golden hopes of a possible era when all want, all misery, all poverty would be done away by the new theories which were so rife in this city. What comforts, new dresses, unlimited ice cream and peanuts were contained in those magic words "anti-poverty!"

And so, urged on by her desire to help the community at large, and perhaps hoping just a little that she was going to be benefited personally by the movement, Mary entered into the fair with all the zeal of a zealot.

She was assigned to take charge of a stand containing articles of vertu and bric-a-brac, and in addition to these was an assortment of sleeve buttons, a most beautiful array, made of gold, pearl, onyx, and some inlaid with precious stones.

Every night after the store closed Mary hastened, sometimes very tired and footsore from standing all day, to Madison Square garden. There were prettier girls than Mary behind some of the counters, but none with a more demure and winning manner, none with a more sunshiny smile or brighter eyes, and so the table over which she presided had no lack of customers.

One night when the band was playing and the bunting shining in the gaslight Mary looked up and found "Buttons" confronting her. As their eyes met he stammered:

"Oh, excuse me, miss. I didn't know it was you. I just called around to see if—if"——

"If what?" said Mary, kindly, anxious to relieve his embarrassment.

The young man fingered his cane uneasily, and carefully averted his gaze from Mary, for he could feel that she anticipated his want. Then he mustered up courage and blurted out:

"If you had any buttons!"

Before she could reply he added hastily:

"The fact is that those shirt buttons I bought of you down at the store had such small eyes that I could not get the thread through them. It may be that the thread was too coarse. But, confound it all," he continued, his embarrassment melting away before her assuring and sympathetic smile, "I've had to pin my shirt collar together ever since I came to the city. Besides that, you can imagine what a job it is for me to pin one of these stiffly starched collars around my neck!"

"But I thought gentlemen were in the habit of wearing collar buttons," said Mary, with a reassuring glance.

"So they do here in the city. But when I left Otsego county my mother made me half a dozen new shirts in the old fashioned way, and perhaps I—I—I"——

Here he colored up again, and Mary came to the rescue with:

"Of course, you like to wear the shirts because your mother made them. I'll tell you how you can fix it. Bring the shirts down to the store to-morrow and I'll get a poor woman to fix button holes in the shirt so that you can use collar buttons."

He stammered out his thanks and, bewildered by the glamour of the bright eyes which beamed so kindly upon him, he bought a $3 red velvet album, for which he had no use and which suggested each time he looked at it as it lay in his bedroom the dainty hands which had wrapped it so deftly in the paper parcel, the string and the paper of which he had hidden away in his valise.

Mary was not aware of it, but that night when she boarded a Madison avenue car to go home, a tall, swarthy young man, with a bundle under his arm, stood by the driver on the front platform. When she alighted at Grand street she was unaware that behind her, dodging along in the shadows, came the young man and the bundle.

How her heart would have fluttered had she known that when she lit the night lamp in her chamber its gleam was watched by a pair of dark eyes in the street below, and that only when a puff of breath from her rosy lips put out the shimmering flame did lingering footsteps die away upon the pavement in the direction of the Bowery.

But the next night found "Buttons" at the fair. This time he brought the shirts with him, and was even bold enough to ask Mary to go to supper with him. But he had not courage enough to ask if he could accompany her home.

Did Mary send the shirts to the poor woman whom she had spoken of? Oh, no; as tired as she was on arriving at home she sat up until 1:30 making button holes in "Buttons'" shirts. And while she was snipping with her scissors, and her needle was flying in and out, her lover was pacing back and forth on the opposite side of the street, his heart on fire with the delirium of love.

Those were pleasant days for Mary. Her eyes took on a new luster, her cheek assumed a [illegible] of love had animated her with new life. All day she hummed under her breath:

Just a little sunshine,
Just a little rain;
Just a little happiness,
Just a little pain.

At last, one night just before the fair closed, "Buttons" mustered up enough courage to ask if he could accompany her home. His excuse was that the night was wet and she had no umbrella, and she consented, so shyly, oh, so shyly, and suggested that as the fair closed early they should walk. As they went down the Bowery with its brilliant shop windows and the sidewalks shining in the light it was necessary to walk close together because the crowd was so great and the umbrella was small.

It was curious, but neither had eyes for the dazzling scene along the route. "Buttons" beguiled the way with the story of his life. He told her—and she listened carefully fearful that she might lose a word—how he had come to the city from Otsego county and was fortunate enough to secure a job as a blacksmith in a railroad car shop. His name was Tom Murphy. He had a good trade, and one of these days he intended to get married if he found a girl who was willing to take a homely fellow like him. Here Mary archly said:

"Why, I don't think you're homely."

Tom gave her hand a squeeze, just a little one, and then they walked in silence for awhile and at last arrived in front of her father's house.

"I can't ask you to go in," she said, in a deprecating manner, "because it's too late. But can't you come around some other night?"

Could he! Could the stars shine! Could a duck swim! Well, he should rather guess he could! But there was a little matter he wanted to mention. Here he became strangely silent, and held her hand while the rain fell with a slow drip on the umbrella.

"What is it? she said, palpitating like a frightened rabbit.

A big lump came up in Tom's throat and a mist swam before his eyes. He turned pale as he placed his hand beneath her chin and raised her drooping head so that he could look into her eyes.

"I was wondering," he continued, in an unsteady voice, "if you would be willing to give up selling buttons and devote your whole time to sewing buttons on my clothing!"

"Oh, Tom!" she said, struggling to get away. But he held her fast and for an instant the Irish frieze overcoat and the waterproof were pressed close together by a sturdy blacksmith's arm. A gust of wind came around the corner and carried the answer away, but it must have been favorable to his wishes, for Tom astonished the Italian chestnut vender on the corner by buying out his whole stock and otherwise acting like a good natured lunatic.—New York Evening Sun.

Seemingly Eradicated

With repeated and powerful doses of quinine, chills and fever, in some one of its various forms, springs into active existence again, often without the slightest apparent provocation. To extinguish the smouldering embers of this obstinate and recondite malady, no less than to subdue it when it rages fiercely in the system, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is all sufficient. When every resource of the pharmacopœia has been exhausted against it in vain the Bitters conquer it—will remove every lingering vestige of it. Nay, more, the Bitters will protect those brought within the influence of the atmospheric poison that begets malarial disease, from its attacks. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels are among the complaints to be apprehended from the use of miasma-tainted water. These are both cured and prevented by the Bitters. Rheumatism, constipation and renal complaints, yield to its action. m13-20

Special Notices.

The New Tricycle.

This machine is propelled by steam, and will carry two people twenty miles in an hour, it is said. It is quite an invention but does not compare with *Burdock Blood Bitters*, which will carry the invalid along the road to health to beat all. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (5)

Helped Her Out.

"For years have been a sufferer from pains in the back. Tried various applications. One bottle of *Thomas' Eclectric Oil* entirely cured me. Cured others equally quick." Mrs. Benning of 14th street, Buffalo, wrote this. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Would Have Been Set Upon.

Had not *Burdock Blood Bitters* been a remedy of unquestionable merit they would have been set down upon by the public as thousands of medicines have been when their worthlessness was discovered. "Burdock Blood Bitters" have received unbounded praises from the sick, thus establishing their merit beyond dispute. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing, you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (1)

What Is It Good For?

Let us tell you what *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is good for. It is death to rheumatism and neuralgia. It will cure a burn, bite, or pain, and is equally good for sprains. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. june27-lyd

Has Confidence.

"In one case personally known to me the success of *Burdock Blood Bitters* was almost incredible. One lady described them as worth hundreds of dollars. I myself have the greatest confidence in them." F. S. Scratch, Druggist, Ruthven, Ont. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

The People Astonished.

Many people are astonished when they discover the wide circulation of *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. There is hardly a drug house in the country that does not have this remedy upon its shelves. The public have found it is a good thing and stick to it. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle. may19-lyd&w

Bicycles.

BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, TANDEMS.

COLUMBIA

Bicycles, Tricyles, Tandems,

DURABLE, SIMPLE.

GUARANTEED HIGHEST GRADE.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

POPE MF'G CO.,

79 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

BRANCH HOUSES—12 Warren St., New York. 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

For Sale by JOHN S. MUSSER, No. 2 North Street, Columbia. aus-lydeod

Travelers' Guide.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD

READING & COLUMBIA DIVISION.

On and after Sunday, May 12, 1889, trains leave Lancaster (King street), as follows:

For Reading and intermediate points, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 3:35 p. m.; Sunday, 8:05 a. m., 3:55 p. m.

For Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 3:35 p. m.; Sundays, 3:55 p. m.

For New York via Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 3:35 p. m.

For New York via Allentown, week days, 12:35 p. m.

For Allentown, week days, 7:30 a. m., 3:35 p. m.; Sunday, 3:55 p. m.

For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 3:35 p. m., Sunday, 3:55 p. m.

For Lebanon, week days, 7:00 a. m., 12:35, 5:42 p. m.; Sunday, 8:05 a. m. 3:55 p. m.

For Harrisburg, week days, 7:00 a. m., 12:35, 5:42 p. m.; Sunday, 8:05 a. m.

For Quarryville, week days, 8:55, 9:30 a. m., 3:00, 8:00 p. m.; Sunday, 5:10 p. m.

TRAINS FOR LANCASTER.

Leave Reading, week days, 7:20, 11:55 a. m., 5:55 p. m.; Sunday, 7:20 a. m.; 3:10 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, week days, 4:15, 10:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m.

Leave New York via Philadelphia, week days, 7:45 a. m., 1:30, 12:00 p. m.

Leave New York via Allentown, week days 4:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m.

Leave Allentown, week days, 5:52 a. m.; 4:30 p. m.

Leave Pottsville, week days, 5:50 a. m., 4:35 p. m.

Leave Lebanon, week days, 7:12 a. m., 12:30 7:15 p. m.; Sunday, 7:55 a. m., 3:45 p. m.

Leave Harrisburg, week days, 6:25 a. m.; Sunday, 6:50 a. m.

Leave Quarryville, week days, 6:40, 9:25 a. m., 2:45, 4:53 p. m.; Sunday, 7:10 a. m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut street wharf, and South street wharf.

For Atlantic City, week days, expresses, 9:00 a. m. and 4:00 and 5:00 p. m.; Accommodation, 7:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.; Sunday, Express, 8:00 and 9:00 a. m., Accommodation, 8:00 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

Returning leave Atlantic City, depot corner, Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues. Week days.—Express 7:00 and 10:12 a. m. and 4 p. m. Accommodation, 8:05 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. Sundays—Express, 4 and 5:30 p. m. Accommodation, 7:30 a. m. and 4:05 p. m.

Detailed time tables can be obtained at ticket offices.

A. A. McLEOD, Vice Pres. & Gen'l M'gr. C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In effect from November 26, 1888.

Trains LEAVE LANCASTER and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows:

WESTWARD.	Leave Philadelphia.	Leave Lancaster.
Pacific Express†	11:25 p. m.	1:25 a. m.
News Express†	4:30 a. m.	6:25 a. m.
Way Passenger†	4:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Mail train via Mt. Joy†	7:00 a. m.	9:31 a. m.
No. 2 Mail Train†	via Columbia	9:35 a. m.
Niagara Express	8:50 a. m.	10:55 a. m.
Hanover Accom.	via Columbia	11:00 a. m.
Fast Line†	11:50 a. m.	2:00 p. m.
Frederick Accom.	via Columbia	2:10 p. m.
Lancaster Accom.	via Mt. Joy	2:50 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom.	2:15 p. m.	5:30 p. m.
Columbia Accom.	4:40 p. m.	7:40 p. m.
Harrisburg Express	5:34 p. m.	7:50 p. m.
Western Express†	9:20 p. m.	11:10 p. m.
Lancaster Acco.		5:00 p. m. Ar. Col. 5:30

EASTWARD.	Leave Lancaster.	Arrive Phila.
Phila. Express†	2:20 a. m.	4:25 a. m.
Fast Line†	4:45 a. m.	6:50 a. m.
Harrisburg Express	8:10 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
Lancaster Accom.	8:55 a. m.	via Mt. Joy.
Columbia Accom.	9:00 a. m.	11:45 a. m.
Atlantic Express†	11:35 a. m.	1:25 p. m.
Seashore Express	12:58 p. m.	3:15 p. m.
Philadelphia Accom.	3:55 p. m.	6:45 p. m.
Sunday Mail	3:00 p. m.	5:45 p. m.
Day Express†	4:45 p. m.	6:50 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom.	6:45 p. m.	9:35 p. m.
Mail Train†	8:35 p. m.	10:55 p. m.
Lancaster Acco.	6:15 a. m.	8:50 a. m.

†The only trains which run daily.

On Sunday the Mail train west runs by way Columbia.

J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.
CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.

LEBANON & LANCASTER JOINT LINE RAILROAD.

Arrangements of Passenger Trains on and after SUNDAY, May 12, 1889.

NORTHWARD. Leave	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Sunday. A. M.	Sunday. P. M.
King Street, Lanc.	7:00	12:35	5:42	8:05	3:55
Lancaster	7:07	12:43	5:50	8:13	4:04
Manheim	7:33	1:20	6:20	8:45	4:33
Cornwall	7:59	1:46	6:48	9:17	5:01
Arrive at Lebanon	8:11	1:58	7:00	9:32	5:15
SOUTHWARD. Leave	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lebanon	7:12	12:30	7:15	7:55	3:45
Cornwall	7:27	12:45	7:30	8:10	4:00
Manheim	7:58	1:16	7:57	8:40	4:30
Lancaster	8:27	1:52	8:23	9:12	5:02
Arrive at King Street, Lanc.	8:35	2:00	8:30	9:20	5:10

A. M. WILSON, Supt. R. & C. Railroad.
S. S. NEFF, Supt. C. R. R.

Harness.

HARNESS.

HARNESS.

HABERBUSH'S

30 Centre Square,

LANCASTER, PA.

Saddles,

Harness,

LAP BLANKETS,

Trunks, Bags, Harness Oil,

—AND—

General Stable Supplies,

—AT—

Chas. E. Haberbush's,

(SUCCESSOR TO M. HABERBUSH & SON.)

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN HORSE HEADS.

Hardware.

MARSHALL & RENGIER.

HARDWARE

Do you want to buy

A Lawn Mower,

A Refrigerator,

A Water Cooler,

OR AN ICE CREAM FREEZER?

IF SO GO TO

MARSHALL & RENGIER,

9 & 11 South Queen St.,

LANCASTER, PA.

—ALSO—

WIRE NETTING AND BARB FENCE WIRE.

Paints, Oils, White Lead, Varnishes,

And a full line of General Hardware.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Royal Ready Mixed Paint.

feb8-lyd

Photographs.

ROTE.

I JUST RECEIVED

— FROM —

Kœnigsburg, Prussia,

Two Backgrounds made especially for Bust and Three-quarter Length Photographs.

✦ROTE.✦

50 1-2 NORTH-QUEEN ST.,

Next Door to the Postoffice.

jan7-6md