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[March 21,'67

FARM, HOUSEHOLD &C.

—In primative times bread was made of whole grain soaked in water, subjected to pressure, and then dried by natural or artificial heat.

☞The Bloomington (Ill.) *Pantagraph* says, four years ago Jacob Zeigler went from Normal into Dewitt county and rented Judge Davis's 1,700 acre farm, near Clinton. His worldly possession at that time consisted of eleven head of horses, a few family utensils, and about $500 in money. Last year he raised 18,000 bushels of corn, has 235 head of cattle, 30 head of horses, and about 400 hogs, showing in all stock on hand amounting to at least $100,000. The *Pantagraph* intimates that Mr. Ziegler made his money by minding his own business.

RADISH GROWING.—Some of your correspondents may have difficulty in growing crisp and tender radishes free from worms, as most growers advise good rich soil, &c. To make a success go to a sand bank or loam bed draw sufficient for a bed, free from weeds and grass; drop on top of soil and level off, and sow the seed, without addition of manure or spading up. For succession, sow once in three or four weeks as long as radishes are wanted. A trial will convince the most skeptical.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO SET BEE HIVES.—Taylor Brown, Franklin, one of Chester county's successful apiarists has forty-eight stands of bees and gets a large yield of honey from the busy bee. He has changed his mode of arranging the hives, to one learned by experience. Formerly he put his on a bench some inches from the ground, to avoid the ant and miller, but has always great difficulty in escaping them, losing swarms every winter by their ravages, until now he finds that by setting his hives flat on the ground, with only a board under them, he has no trouble, and loses no bees from these destroyers.

☞A West Chester Co., N. N., farmer is in the habit of sowing yellow Aberdeen turnips among his corn at the last passage of the cultivator, when the plants are about five feet in height. The turnips do not make much growth until the corn is cut, after which they swell rapidly. The cost is nothing except for seed and harvesting, and corn being already cut, is not injured when the turnips are gathered in. From one to four hundred bushels of turnips per acre have been thus obtained without lessening the corn crop. Weeds are not tolerated, and the whole strength of the land is devoted, as it should be, to useful crops.

A COUPLE OF USEFUL HINTS.—Very often a screw hole gets so worn that the screw will not stay in. Where the glue is handy the regular carpenter makes the hole larger and glues in a large plug, making a nest for an entire new hole. But this is not always the case, and people without tools and in an emergency, have to fix the thing at once. Generally leather is used, but this is so hard that it does not hold well. The best of all things is to cut narrow strips of cork and fill the hole completely. Then force the screw in. This will make as tight a job as if driven into an entirely new hole.

Another hint of a similar character may be useful One often desires to put a staple into a block of stone—The hole is made, the staple inserted, and lead melted and run in. But unless the hole is made with the bottom larger than the top, the lead will in time work out, if there is much jar or side strain on the iron. Besides, the lead is liable to some compression, which admits of looseness, especially after being subjected to very hot fires. A much better article is sulphur. If this be melted and poured in around the staple instead of lead, it makes a much more durable job, besides, it is often more easy to procure sulphur than lead, as every store keeps it that deals in general variety.—*Am Builder.*

EARLY OR LATE PLANTIG.—Is it best to plant as early as possible or to defer this work as long as can be safely done? This is a question in which all farmers are interested and to which each year they are practically obliged to reply. While there are many advocates for each of these extremes, I think there is a "golden mean" which will lead to much better results. Either of the extremes is open to grave objections, which do not lie against a time half way between. It is true, as the advocates of early planting claim, that if the seed is got into the ground very early, the work is done and out of the way of other things which then need attention. But the objections of this course are that the ground and weather are so cold early in the season that the seed either rots in the ground or else is a long while in coming up; often falls a prey to wire worms; the plants; if any appear, are tender and grow very slowly, while the weeds, which are more hardy, at once go in and possess the land. Late planting is not open to these objections, but it is open to some which are quite serious. If the season is backward, and the planting is put off as late as possible, the plants are not large enough to be hoed more than once before haying time, and there is danger that the crop will not be fully matured before the autumn frosts. I think the best way is to begin the preparation of the land quite early, plow and get it nearly fitted to receive the seed Keep plowing and fitting, but do not put in the seed until both ground and weather are warm. Then go over the land with a harrow, in order to destroy the weeds which have started up, and also to make a fine bed for the seed, and do the planting as soon as possible. Then the crop will get as good a start as the weeds, grow rapidly, be ready for the second or third hoeing before time for getting hay, and have abundant time in which to get perfectly ripe.—*Country Gentleman.*

Poetry.

All The World.

All the world is full of babies,
Sobbing, sighing everywhere,
Looking out, with eyes of terror,
Beating at the empty air,
Do they see the strife before them,
That they sob and tremble so?
Oh, the helpless, frightened babies—
Still they come and still they go.

All the world is full of children,
Laughing over little joys,
Sighing over little troubles,
Fingers bruised, and broken toys;
Wishing to be older, larger,
Weeping at some fancied woe,
Oh, the happy, hapless children,
Still they come, and still they go,

All the world is full of lovers,
Walking slowly, whispering sweet;
Dreaming dreams, and building castles,
That must crumble at their feet;
Breaking vows, and burning letters,
Smiling, lest the world shall know,
Oh, the foolish, trusting lovers—
Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of people,
Hurrying, rushing, pushing by,
Bearing burdens, carrying crosses,
Passing onward, with a sigh.
Some there are, with smiling faces,
But with heavy hearts below,
Oh, the sad-eyed, burdened people,
How they come, and how they go.

All the earth is full of corpses;
Dust and bones laid there to rest;
This the end that babes and children,
Lovers, people, find at best.
All their fears, and all their crosses,
All their sorrows, wearing so,
Oh, the silent, happy corpses,
Sleeping soundly, lying low.

Miscellaneous.

Under the Bed.

Before I commence my story I will introduce myself to you. My name is Augustus Evergreen, and though don't know what your name may be, it is no more than fair that you should know who is telling the story you are going to read, as it is a true one.

My wife has a peculiar habit of looking under the bed each night before retiring and what I am going to tell you is how I found it out before we were married, and without her knowing it.

I was not bad-looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believe that I could have had any of them "for the asking." Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and so I will indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any of the Oakville girls, however, and I might have kept my heart whole to this day if it had not been for the circumstances which I am about to relate.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make a visit at Oakville for "a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about a little among the "young ladies." When that time had expired Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of his long absence; but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by a letter and sending for his trunks. I knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his five senses. Fred tried to put it on the "country air and the quiet which was benefitting his health, etc.," but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he owned up frankly, and I promised to help him all I could, if he required any help in the prosecution of his suit. I never thought Belle a flirt, or that she would willingly distress any human being; but she had a way of looking in one's eyes as if to captivate them, for her mere personal amusement. At any rate she had a larger share of beaux than the other girls, but all their attentions came to nothing. I feared it might be so with Fred Evans, and warned him accordingly; but Fred said he'd 'have her if he tried all his life," that "without her, life was naugh to him;" that "she was the only living being who had ever awakened a real emotion in his breast," etc., etc. After that I said no more, but closely observed the lovers, and soon came to the conclusion that Fred was by no means disagreeable to her. Things went on in this way without any definite result until Fred received a sudden summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit he insisted upon staying at the Oakville Hotel rather than wear out his welcome at our house, and finding remonstrances unavailing, there he went. The landlord (honest old Drwnsbury—I wonder if he yet lives) gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best bed-room "No. 20"—I am particular in mentioning the number. "He shall have No. 20," said Downbury. "Any friend of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best I have to give as long as I'm landlord." It was a pleasant room, looking out on the distant hills and the beautiful winding branch of the Blackwater; but what cared Fred for scenery? he was in the hands of the blind god, and could not see even as far as his nose, except in the direction of Belle's cottage. I used to go over to Fred's room and smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch expatiated on his sufferings, doubts and solicitudes. Did she love him? that was the question which disturbed every moment of his existence, and to which, with the closest reasoning, he could not bring himself a satisfactory reply. Sometimes he thought a word or a sign settled the point beyond a doubt in his favor; at others he fancied he read a coolness and indifference in her eyes.

In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question lest a hasty step might bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation I promised to sound Belle as to her sentiment if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know, in an indirect way, that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery. It so happened, however, that my services were not called into requisition. But Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousins, was obliged to give up her room—her mother's cottage being a small one—and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We could cheerfully have offered her guests accommodations at our house, but we were in the same predicament. An agricultural fair in the village had brought many strangers into the place, and our own guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone or suspect the fact, which afterward became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guests for this night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up I took a book to await his return, and hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke upon him I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal I knew he had a detestrtion) so soon as he entered the room. The door opened, and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquial faculty by giving a long-drawn *mieow*, when from my hiding-place I beheld Belle Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment.

My astonishment was great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not, as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost. I dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and so facilitate my escape. She, however, locked the door, removed the key, and, as I knew by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally she kneeled down beside the bed, and clasped her hands and bowing her head (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my very ear,) she offered up her evening prayer in a manner so full of feeling, and with such sweet accents of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. That prayer went to my heart; but one portion of it went through it and held it captive. Never shall I forget my feelings of surprise and deep emotion when I heard her utter these words "bless my dear mother, sisters, and friends; bless all around me, and O God! bless him I love, Augustus Evergreen, and shower down thy mercies over him. Amen." "Ah, Augustus," said my divinity to herself, as she arose from devotional attitude, "if you but knew that I named your very name in my prayers, you would be less indifferent to me!"

If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle, pure as an angel to me then, and white as a snowflake, proceeded to turn off the gas and get into bed. I felt her soft pressure over my head and shrunk closer and closer to the hard floor upon which I was extended. What thoughts rushed through my brain! Above me lay a young and unsophisticated girl wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay so closely to her, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him, by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven! I knew that the night must pass away, and the morning come, and that Belle must first leave the apartment before I could venture to change even my position.

Belle had lain perfectly motionless for several minutes and was, I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep. "There—I haven't looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me; all is lost; what shall I do? Belle rose and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving toward the gas-light, when lucifer went out, leaving all darkness again. Blessed relief; but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and trying to light one after another, as they failed to ignite; then an "Oh dear, there are no more!" escaped from her lips. "Safe! Safe!" whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God in silence for my deliverence. Belle groped back to bed, but did not immediately get in; she stooped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far as her arm could reach. I almost felt her finger graze my face as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far just too far for her reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near her, she lay down in the bed again and I counted her respiration till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was utterly out of the question I never was so wide awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought of myself, and my love for her. Yes I was convinced from that moment that the hand of destiny was in it, and that a benign and all wise providence had seen fit in this extraordinary way to open my eyes to the path of happiness and peace.

With the morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious room mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousins at an early breakfast, and she had overslept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door, and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of concealment and escaped from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred coming out of his room, who exclaimed.

"Why, what's the matter with you old fellow. You look like the last days of an ill-spent life. And your coat, too—why it's all over feathers and dust. Where have you been?"

"Why I slept out last night; that's all. Our house is full, and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just going home to dress."

"I should say so, decidedly. I see it all old fellow! You've been on a lark, and had to be put in the watch-house; come now, own up and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind I assure you."

"Well, if not a lark, what kind of a bird was it? From the looks of the feathers I should say it was a goose."

"You're a goose, Fred. But, seriously, I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. Be a man, Fred, and make up your mind to hear something excessively disagreeable. It must be told you sooner or latter; and I may as well tell it now.

"Good Heavens, Gus! how earnest you look at me; you don't mean to say that anything has happened to Belle Bronson?"

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she'll never be anything to you I have it from one who knows all about it that she has long been attached to somebody else and that somebody else, means to marry her. There is no mistake about it; so bear up and try your luck elsewhere.

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by mere heresay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville and I did not see him again for several years, when meeting him in town one day, I insisted on bringing him home with me and presenting him to his old flame Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Gus!" said he after dinner, when my wife and little Evergreen had left us to ourselves—"Ah, Gus you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to loose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you!"

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence of course, as I tell you reader) all about the bed-room affair at Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

DARK BRAHMA HENS.—A writer in the "Rural New Yorker" has this to say for the Brahma hen:

She will rear a brood of chickens which, if hatched no later than any time during the month of May or June, will bring 40 or 50 cents a piece before Thanksgiving day, and will lay twelve dozen eggs besides, worth from twelve to twenty five cents per dozen. They are often taken advantage of by some of the farmers good wives, who always, after the warm weather sets in, manage to set two hens at one and the same time, and afterwards, when the chicks are hatched give both broods to one hen. In course of a few days the robbed hen begins to lay, and so as the good fortune after all, of hatching twice the number of chicks of the hen upon which her first family was imposed—thus making herself also more profitable to the farmer than if she had been left to rear her first brood. This breed is found fault with for wanting to set too frequently, but that is their nature and a part of their most paying business; for a Brahma hen will often hatch and rear a dozen or more of fine chickens. The Brahmas are seldom inclined to frequent setting before the warm weather sets in, when it will pay you four times as well to give a hen a nest full of eggs, than to break her up, though she was the best laying hen in the world—for at this season eggs are cheap, though a dozen of them put under a hen may bring $3 in less than three months or $5 in less than five months, as this breed matures, if well fed, at from four to five months.

A Man Drugged, and Then Tied to a Burning Bed.

At Swander station on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad, forty one miles from Dayton, Ohio, is located the sawmill of D. Garrett & Co., the junior member of which firm is our informant. The foreman of that mill was a young married man named William Burrows, who resides about one mile from the station. On the night of the 5th ult., he was alone in his house, his wife being away on a visit What occurred that night we leave Burrows to tell himself. The following is his story told one week ago.

He spent the early part of the evening among the neighbors. He left his brother's house at about seven o'clock went home and wrote until ten o'clock. After he had retired he heard a noise around the back part of the house. He supposed hogs got into the yard and got up, but saw nothing. He thinks that at this time two men were in the house and secreted in the bed room, having effected an entrance through the window by removing the lower sash He had scarcely got in bed again and asleep when he was awakened by some means.

Looking up he saw two men standing over him, one on each side, they pointing revolvers at him and threatening to shoot him if he made any noise. One said, "Give the s—of a b—— a blast" They poured something down his throat out of a vial which tasted bitter. The effect of the liquid they forced him to swallow made him very dizzy, and he finally vomited. They tied his hands over his head, fastening them to the rings of the headboard, one of the men in the meantime bearing on his breast with his knee.

They then poured something on the bed and set fire to it. Mr. Burrows was unconscious for some time, but remembers turning on his face to protect it as much as possible, and pulling the bed clothes over his head. The cords holding his hands at last burned loose, and he got out just as the whole house was in flames.

The robbers got 985 in money, which Mr. Burrows had raised on collections, intending the next day to make remittances through the banks.

As stated, Mr. Burrows managed to get out of the house while he, as well as the building, was in flames. He was picked up on the street by some friends and taken to his brother's house. The building was burned to the ground.

Burrows was so fearfully burned that it was evident from the first that he could not live. He remained unconscious for over a week, when his mind was restored, and he made the statement of the affair given above. The poor fellow, however, gradually grew worse and died last Thursday, being buried on Saturday.

No clue has been obtained to the perpetrators of this foul murder, and the country about the scenes of the tragedy is wild with excitement A reward of $700 has been offered by the county commissioners for the arrest of the murderers. Burrows, before his death, said one of the men was small, young and well dressed. The other was large and rough looking. He would have known him if he had seen him before his death, and is satisfied that the same man called at the saw mill a few days previously and applied for work.

Suicide for Love.

A tragic occurrence in San Francisco was founded on inconstancy in love, but the usual conditions were reversed. D. K. Meek, an insurance agent did not believe in formal marriage, but held that the mutual consent of the parties was a sufficient marital bond. He formed a union upon that basis with Miss Laber, the daughter of his business partner, and during two years they lived affectionately together.—Not long ago the wife left their home without warning of her intention, and declared that as there had been no marriage ceremony and as she had ceased to love her husband, she was not bound to live with him any longer. Meek was heart broken. He implored her to return, but she coolly retorted that she was not his wife. He consulted lawyers as to the possibility of compelling her to be faithful, but they told him that although the marriage was as binding as any in the regard of the law, a wife could not be forced to live with her husband. He thereupon swallowed laudanum, and the first dose being pumped out by a prosy doctor, took another and died. He left his sentiments in a letter, as follows:—'I staked my all on your promise to marry me, and I have lost. I do not charge you, my dear, but forgive you with all my heart. I will be charitable with you, and think you thought and believed it was for the best. I only hope such is the case. Oh, my darling: never do with another as you have done with me. Never again promise to marry a man unless you intend to do so. Only think of me, who loved you so dearly, and would have died, and do for your sake. I leave my best wishes for your future welfare and happiness May God bless and protect you and keep you from sin and harm."

Why is a newspaper like a tooth brush? Because every one should have one of his own, and not be borrowing his neighbor's

☞It is demonstrated that the weight of the earth is 5,852,000,000,000,000 tons. Yet "Gath" tilts it in whatever direction he walks.

Pennsylvania has 12,320 school-houses, of which 1,704 are unfit for use. 4,681 are incomplete, and over 5,000 are badly ventilated. Only 2,000 are accepted as first-class and perfect.

Advertising Rate

One column one year,	$60
One-half, column, one year,	30
One-fourth column, one year,	15
One square (10 lines) 1 insertion	
Every additional insertion,	
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year,	5
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices,	
Editorial notices per line,	

All advertisements for a shorter riod than one year are payable time they are ordered, and if the person ordering them will responsible for the money.

A Struggle in the Dr

Burglars interrupted in thei
Brave Young Clerk—A Te
Wounds that will probabl

Divine, Dubois & C
sive business as g
agents at Morsston,
on the line of the M ay.
They have in their clerk a
young man named ha n —
The nearest bank to ston is at
Ellenville It often ons in their
business transactions that Divine,
Dubois & Co., have charge of large
sums of money which they are unable to bank at once, and are obliged to keep it in the safe in their store. This fact is well known, and has no doubt led to the probable murder of young Denham, the clerk.

Denham has always slept in a room over the store. On Saturday night, June 5, about midnight he was aroused by a noise in the store. Knowing that there were several thousand dollars in the safe, Denham at once sprang out of bed, and taking his revolver and dirk knife, started down stairs. As he opened the door at the foot of the stairs, he saw a man making his exit through a panel which had been taken out of the front door of the store. Young Denham took aim at the man and fired. The man was undoubtedly hit, for he uttered a loud cry as he disappeared. The clerk took a step forward, with the intention of following the man, when he received a blow on the back of the head, which would have felled him to the floor if he had not grasped the counter. It was now evident that there were two burglars, and Denham, though somewhat confused by the blow he had received, determined to capture the one remaining in the store, if it were possible. For some time not a sound was heard. Everything was wrapped in darkness, a patch of moonlight that came thro' the broken door and shone on the floor being all the light that could be seen. Presently the clerk heard a stealing from near the stair door toward the front door. He had gone but a few steps, when he ran against a stove that stood between the counter and the door. By this time Denham had recovered from the effects of the blow, and when the burglar fell against the stove the clerk sprang upon him. He seized him by the throat, and struck him with all his strength a blow with his revolver in the face. The burglar at once grappled with him, and in such a manner that he could not use his weapon. After a fierce hand to hand struggle, lasting a minute or so, Denham succeeded in tripping the burglar, and throwing him heavily to the floor.—The clerk found, however, that he had not only a desperate but a powerful man to contend with. He had scarcely been thrown before he turned with Denham, and getting astride of him pinned him to the floor. He then rained blows with a billy upon the clerk's face and head. The latter placed his revolver at the burglar's side and fired. The man uttered a cry and threw up his hands. The billy dropped to the floor, and Denham inflicted a death wound on his antagonist. The burglar did not relax a muscle, however, but cocked a pistol and exclaimed, "If that's the game, we'll end this, d——d quick!" Denham threw up his hand and struck the barrel of the pistol just as the weapon was discharged. The ball missed its mark, but entered Denham's hand at the middle finger, and tore a passage through to the upper part of the wrist. The burglar's pistol was only a single barrel one, and he flung it away. He then attempted to wrench Denham's revolver away from him. The clerk, after discharging it once more, without effect, threw it from him, and it fell on the opposite side of the store. Denham seeing that he was now entirely at the mercy of the burglar, began to shout for help. He felt himself growing weak from loss of blood and exhaustion. His antagonist then drew a knife and buried it to the hilt in the fleshy part of the young man's shoulder, and twice in his breast. Not satisfied with his work, he then deliberately plunged the knife into Deham's side. It entered only a quarter of an inch below the heart, and struck a rib, which turned it from its deadly course. The burglar thought, no doubt, that he had accomplished his purpose, for he kicked Denham several times in the ribs. From that time until daylight Denham was unconscious.—When he recovered his senses he was so weak he could scarcely move. After a time he managed to drag himself to the Morsston Hotel, and succeeded in arousing the landlord, who summoned a physician at once. Denham told the above story, and soon afterward became delirious, in which condition he was at last accounts, and very little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

☞A Milwaukee chap kissed his girl about forty times right straight along, and when he stopped the tears came into her eyes and she said in a sad voice: "Ah! John, I fear you have ceased to love me"

"No, I have not," replied John, "but I must breathe."

☞The latest cable dispatches give intelligence of a terrible earthquake in New Grenada, South America, which has destroyed about 16,000 lives.