

Fall Wheat on Corn Grounds.

We wish to call the attention of our farmers to a rotation of crops, and to urge them to break from the old land-wearing practice of growing corn on the same land for many years. You can soon do this by sowing the wheat on the corn ground.

At the time of sowing fall wheat, presenting that you corn-meat through cultivation and is free from all noxious weeds, sow wheat evenly across the standing corn; pass through each row with a five-toothed cultivator, which will give a good, even depth covering to the grain.

When your corn is ripe, it should be pulled and the stalks not cut down, as the standing fodder will make a great protection to the wheat in winter. It will retain the heat in the soil that fall in the winter, and, in the absence of snow, will prevent the roots of the grain from being exposed to freeze and thaw, when the wind has blown the earth away from the roots of the plants.

When it is apparent that winter is about to set in, send your boys into the field with the heavy Dutch hoe to chop off the corn stalks close to the ground. This rubbish will be a benefit to the growing crop, acting as a mulch and in no way interfering with the harvesting of the wheat, and in the fall, when turned under, will greatly add to the fertility of the soil. A few fields of the best wheat seen this season were produced by this method of sowing. But to have favorable results the corn crop must have been well cultivated. Do not forget this—and if you do not succeed fully on corn land that is not mellow and free of weeds, do not condemn the plan.

Fall Hints to Farmers.

Fall work is sure to crowd. Give cows corn-meat mixed with cut feed.

Fall plowing is good. Fall following is better.

Corn should be cut as soon as the kernel is glazed and the grain is soft. Sheep will take care of themselves most of this month.

Feed young pigs skimmed milk with cooked corn-meat.

Sow grass seed in bare spots in the meadow and hallow it in.

Dressing sows should have the run of a good pasture or enclosure.

Dip sheep in a solution of carbolic soap to kill ticks, prevent scabs, &c.

Begin this month to give the cows a little extra food morning and night. It will pay.

Horses running at pasture should not be worked as hard as those fed on hay and grain.

Use cold manure this month in preparing fire wood for winter and in drawing out and spreading manure.

Make the weeds grow and then kill them next spring. To do this plow and harrow as much as possible.

Drilling is better than sowing wheat broadcast. It deposits the seed more evenly, and deposits it in the moist earth.

Salt on rich land often proves a good fertilizer for wheat. Sow two to five bushels per acre before putting in wheat.

The depth of sowing is regulated by the character of the soil. It would be well not to cover the seed more than an inch deep.

A Venereal Bridal Party.

The city of Mansfield, Ohio, will wear the brass collar this fall, for sending the sensational wedding party to the Cincinnati Exposition, and doing the thing up handsomely, too. On Friday they arrived in Cincinnati from the place named in the title, seventy-one years of age, with a brain splinter new bride, who doesn't blush much at the thought that sixty-seven summers have passed over her devoted head. A bridal tour, of course, was the prime cause of these venerable people leaving home, and a view of the Exposition, which occupied all the first day after their arrival, the secondary—and in the evening they remained at their hotel, too much fatigued to venture out in the city by gaslight. During the night the happy groom, who is a practicing physician of forty-five years' standing, was taken quite ill, and has been confined to his room ever since. The attending physician says it is a slight touch of bilious fever, but the patient says his illness was "brought on by too much excitement in the crowd at the Exposition." He is now doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Typhoid Fever and Infected Milk.

Frequent mention has been made within the past week or two in the cable dispatches of the ravages of typhoid fever in certain districts of London. The cause of the disease has been clearly traced to infected milk. The question of the dependence of typhoid fever upon the use of impure and contaminated milk is a deeply agitating one to the citizens of London, and in fact all the cities of Great Britain. In support of this assertion, a writer in the Philadelphia Bulletin says: "It may mention the fact that two recent successful epidemics of typhoid fever, one in the Medical Journal, which is the organ of the British Medical Association, contained one, six, and the other nine, articles on this single subject. The ease with which milk absorbs noxious effluvia of any kind is only too well known to housekeepers. The presence of a wooden refrigerator refrigerator will often impart to milk disagreeable odor and flavor to which has been kept in it over night that children, to whom it is offered without the disguise of tea or coffee, will reject it at once. Its capacity for taking up poisonous and infectious material floating in the atmosphere, and so introducing a deadly poison, is not less well established."

How Smoking Tobacco is Prepared.

The tobacco as it comes from the plantation is dried to the utmost, and passed through a mill in which a revolving cylinder armed with small projections, grates it into tiny particles. It is then by the same machine sifted through a series of sieves similar to those of a wheat fan, that which is left upon the upper and coarsest sieves being passed and repressed through the mill until sufficiently fine for use. For this it is unnecessary to stem the leaves, the refuse stems being used in the manufacture of the inferior grades, and the sweepings of the stemming room are devoted to the like purpose. These last are first carefully examined, to make sure that nothing is left in them to break the mill, no nails or stones to injure the machinery. A man on his hands and knees was picking over a pile of sweepings the day we visited the factory, seeming to take as much as a searcher for pearls in the oyster pits of Ceylon.

Down in Georgia.

To go from East Tennessee to North Georgia, you go from poor to poorer and poorest. This is not only as far as the land, but as the people are concerned. The people of East Tennessee are poor, but honest and hospitable; those of Georgia are poorer, but every whit as honest and quite as hospitable. The greatest fault is snuff-dipping. This abominable practice is quite prevalent, but only among the lowest classes. It is most disgusting to see them with their split sticks and little bags of snuff, rubbing their teeth and spitting like veteran chewers.

But with all their faults they take good care of their children. When they go out to work in the fields they leave the baby at home, but, as it would cry if hungry, they provide against that contingency. They tie a string to a piece of fat meat, and putting the meat in the young "Sand-lapper's" mouth, they tie the string to the end of the string to his big toe. If he should suck the meat down his throat and begin to be strangled, a naturally vigorous kick brings it out again.

The people would all leave here if they were not too poor to go, but all their efforts in these roads will not bring them far enough in advance of expenses to take them away. They eat corn bread and ham, and ham and corn bread all the year round; and seldom think of anything better. I heard of one fellow saying: "If ever I get fore-handed enough, I'll have as much sowing and molasses as I can eat for once, anyhow." "Sow-ins" is a sort of fried stuff made from the gluten of flour, and is a favorite dainty down here.

The names the people give to places and natural objects here are highly curious and interesting, because they illustrate the mental tendency of the common people. There is "Shinbone Ridge," and "Rattlesnake Holler," "Devil's Mouth," a gap in the mountains; "Whiskey Bottle" and "Moccasin Gap," names of particular localities. It reminded me of North Carolina names. There they have "Shinbone Miser," "Hell's Delight," and the "Bellyache," a swamp.

An Objectionable Juror.

In these latter times, in courts of justice, it has been difficult to obtain men of intelligence and impartiality to act as jurors, especially in capital cases. At a recent term of the Over and Terminus, held in this city, Mr. Justice Davis presiding, this difficulty presented itself. The trial impending was for murder, and the large panel summoned for the purpose was nearly exhausted. The name of an intelligent Hebrew gentleman was called, who took the stand, and was asked the usual questions as to whether he had read the papers and formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. He answered that he had. The District Attorney promptly objected to his being accepted, and the gentleman was about to retire, doubled gratified at not being compelled to endure the fatigue and anxiety of a long trial, when the counsel for the prisoner said: "Wait a moment if you please—You say you have scruples in reference to hanging for the crime of murder?"

"I leave," was the reply.

"What is the nature of your scruples?"

"Well, sir, I am strongly and conscientiously in favor of hanging people for murder!"

The prompt, blunt, altogether unexpected as well as unprecedented answer raised an audible smile throughout the court-room, and took judge, counsel, and audience by surprise. It was on the whole, however, the best statement of the name of his vessel, which he hauled at the fort, was not at all satisfactory; so a blank sheet was fired as a mild suggestion for him to stop. But he called for his revolver, and pointing it skyward, fired six successive shots.

Then a solid shot from the fort skipped across his bow, and another, better aimed, passed through his forehead. The fort and two shore batteries opened fire upon him, and several of his light spars were cut away.

But he held on his course rejoicing, loudly, in the imperial honors he finally reached quarantine and came to anchor just as his flying jib boom went by the board. He was then so near the other shipping that they dared fire on him no longer, and the police boat, the custom house boat and the health boat all boarded him, together with the Captain of the port, who, with more vigor than politeness, wanted to know "Why in—he didn't leave!" "Heave to—he didn't!" ejaculated the astonished skipper, "was that what you wanted? Good lord! I thought you was salutin' the American flag!" "Diab!" shouted the officers in chorus, and set the case down as additional evidence of the lunacy which they regarded as a necessary ingredient of the American character.

Madoc's Hilt Over the Board.

The San Francisco Bulletin of September 24th says: The project of preserving and exhibiting the remains of Captain Jack, the Modoc chief, now under sentence of death, has been abandoned by Mr. Sherwood, the embalmer, on account of General Schofield's recent order that the bodies of the Modocs must be buried as soon as possible after death. If the Modocs are allowed to follow the traditions of their tribe, they will burn the bodies of the executed warriors, and hold various savage ceremonies. The rumor that the Klamaths are angry at the course of the government is an absurd one. The Klamaths, as a tribe, have a strong dislike to Jack's Modoc, on general principles, the old hatred never having died out, and we would not expect the execution with as much satisfaction as any aggrieved settler of the Lost River basin.

How a Yankee Captain Sailed into Rio Janeiro.

A few days ago a most ridiculous affair happened in the harbor. An ice ship from Boston entered the bay, commanded by a Captain Green, in the South American trade. Fort Santa Cruz, not recognizing his house flag, hailed him, and ordered him to "heave to." But the worthy skipper didn't speak Portuguese, and the simple statement of the name of his vessel, which he hauled at the fort, was not at all satisfactory; so a blank sheet was fired as a mild suggestion for him to stop. But he called for his revolver, and pointing it skyward, fired six successive shots.

The Elements of a Home.

The following wholesome advice uttered by Theodore Parker is well suited to the present time of our country: "I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there was never a chair too good for a soldier, or cooper, or king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the greengrocers, the sky, the imperial crown, the head of a John barrel, or the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, then consume all myself before I get to a home and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty, worth, and style are the elements of a home, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for a whole nutmeg of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.

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