John Jones' New Leaf.

It was a dreary kitchen—the walls were dirty and smoky, the breakfast dishes on the table in the middle of the floor, the cooking stove was open, with kettles and pans on it, and cold ashes on its hearth, its sooty plates awry, a pot of dish water standing on top of the stove, and the broom and poker and tongues lay where the little riders had left them when they were called to prepare for school. Johnny had gone off crying and his whine could even then be heard coming up the hollow, in the direction of the school house. The milk had been strained, and the flies were buzzing about it as they sat on the edges of the two briming pails, slipping and rubbing their hands together in a satisfied way. The baby was teething and cross, and the one pair of hands that could have brought order out of this disorder was trying to sooth it.

Is it any wonder that tears were in the mother's eyes, as she cuddled her baby to her bosom, and walked across the floor trying to still its cries.

"Oh, dear, what a life! what a life!" said she; "I try to be patient and make the best of it, but it does seem hard!" Just as the babe was growing quiet, and as his little blue hands had fallen listlessly upon his bosom, a shadow fell across the doorway, and the husband entered, saying, "Jane, can you tell me what the children did with the hatchet yesterday?"

"It was out on the rock, behind Johnny's wagon," said she, speaking low, and gently laying the baby down in a bed that had not been made up yet.

"Seems to me you're a good while gettin' your chores done; you havn't the knack of gettin' along like Mrs. Levondike—her work is done up long ago, and she's busy in the garden. Tell you, she's a nice garden, don't look much like our'n; you don't put the time on our'n that she does on her'n."

"Oh, John," said the little woman, slipping back her sleeves and tying on a big apron, and trying to keep her face turned away to hide the gathering tears, "with four little children, and baby sick, and three cows to milk and calves to feed, and hands to cook for, and all the other work to do, I only wonder that I get half my chores done in a whole day."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how it is," said he; "my mother had ten living children, and she managed to get along first-rate, and do all her own weaving, besides taking in weaving for the neighbors. You have more room than she had, and you don't have to carry water forty rods, like she did—here it is right at the foot of the hill; and you never have to cut your own fire-wood, unless it is in the midst of harvest, and I think you shouldn't complain. If there is anything I hate to hear, it is a growling whining wife. Now I have to be out o' doors all the time, no matter how the sun shines, or how cold the wind blows, while you are in the shade and comfortable—if you only knew it. Ah, you have an easy time of it, you women, if you only knew it; so, cheer up, I married you for a helpmate, don't you know? The girls will be big enough in three or four years to help you, and then you can make times easier, and may be by that time the bottom farm will be paid for, and we'll be able to ride in a carriage like the Levondikes."

"How long since you brought this water?" said he, as he took a drink from a tin dipper, and finding it not fresh he squirted it out coolly on the floor among some pans that had slipped down off a shelf.

As he took the hatchet and started out to the wagon to fix the hay rigging on it, he said, "Jane if you can as well as not, sposin' you have some o' them new beans that grow in that far lot for dinner?"

"Well I'll try," said she hopelessly, as she slipped her shoes off so she might step softly and with more comfort. All we working women know what a task it is to bring a disordered kitchen into neatness, especially when little children have been about. First she strained the milk saving one quart, with which to mix the bread, for the yeast was set the night before, and had been bubbling for two hours; she mixed it and set it in the warm sunshine, and then started a fire and made feed of skim milk and meal for the noisy, frolicsome calves that ran in the dooryard. Then she swept and picked up playthings after the children, hung up their coats and aprons, and set their old shoes away; and moved their sleds and wagons from about the doors.

While the dish water was heating she hurried up stairs and made the beds; then washed the dishes, and went to the cellar and skimmed the milk. There was cream enough for a churning; the churn was scalded, and then left standing in it, so as to be fresh and ready. By this time the baby woke and cried, and the tired little mother was compelled to sit down and take him in her sheltering arms.

In half an hour or so he was ready to sit down on the floor on a quilt, and she left him long enough to carry three or four pailsful of the skimmed milk to the pigs—two pailsful at a time, and she went on the run. She always fed the pigs; when she asked her husband once to carry the milk to the pen, on his way out to his work, he said, that belongs to a woman's work; a man whose name is out for commissioner shouldn't be asked to slop the pigs—that's a little too steep.

It was no trifling job to feed those pigs; the pen had been made out of some old house logs, and the opening through which the pails had to be lifted before they could be emptied was so high up that it just came even with her neck, and was only wide enough to admit the pail with the bail lying down. Twice when she dressed up clean had the unsteadily poised pail tipped back and poured the contents upon her, from the neck down to her little feet, as by a waterspout.

Withal the little mother was quite patient and almost every day could her untrained voice be heard, even down to the lower field and the school house, singing: "A charge to keep I have," or "God moves in a mysterious way."

But before another year a change came. The strong, hard man, her husband, was stricken down with typhoid fever, and for long weary weeks he lay balancing between life and death. His recovery was very slow and his confinement irksome; no prison walls could have been gloomier than were the home walls that held him a prisoner. Day after day the patter of his wife's patient little feet fell upon his ear; he could hear them up stairs and down, now here now there, her voice was always kind and tender, her hand ever ready to minister to her dear ones, her words full of consolation ond love and cheer.

John Jones was not wholly unimpressible; slowly the scales fell from his eyes, the light came, and he was as one born into a higher and better life. He drew his bony hands across his eyes, often the sobs made him catch his breath suspiciously, and he marveled much that he had walked beside his little woman fourteen years and not known that he was mated with an "angel unaware." His voice grew softer, tenderer, his great talony hands touched her forehead and her hair lovingly as would a woman's—touched her as though he were afraid she would fade away into a white mist.

Weeks afterwards, when he was able to ride out, the old whimsical buggy that had done good service in the days of his church-going parents, was made comfortable by a soft woolen blanket and an armful of sweet-smelling oat straw. John didn't tell where he was going, but he looked wise, and his mouth had a perky look about the corner that seemed to say: "Just le' me alone, I know what I am about!"

It was evening when he came home. He was still as wise as when he went away. His cup of tea was waiting, and his toast and the tender little pullet fried nice and brown. He seemed really happy—jolly. He trotted the baby on his foot that night, and he called his wife, Jenny, as in the days when he won her, and he let Johnny play horse with his boots and there was such a contented, rich man expression on his face, that his wife couldn't help wondering what made such a change in him.

The next morning the crazy old rig was called out again; and the soft blanket spread in it, and John Jones took the lines in his emaciated hands and drove off in the same direction as he did the day before.

When he returned, he was accompanied by a broad shouldered, good-looking German girl whom he introduced to his wife as "our girl."

She looked with amazement upon "our girl," and then stared at John. He soon explained things to her satisfaction.

"The upshot o' the matter is Jane, that I've abused you long enough; the Lord helpin' me, I'll never see you make a drudge o' yourself ag'in. It's a burnin' shame for any great lout like me to expect a frail little body like you to be a man, an' dog, an' wife, an' mother, an' nigger, an' me a slavin' an' a hoardin' up money and means to leave the Lord only knows who. I beg your pardon Jane; and now you'll tell this girl, Barbara Groetz, how you want things done, an' let her take your place and work in your stid, an' you'll live hereafter like a human man's wife ort to."

By the time his speech was made, the poor weak fellow was blubbering like a whale. Poor little surprised wife! She flew to his neck, and laid her head on his bosom, and cried like a baby, as she said: "John Jones! you darling."

"No, not a bit of a darlin', just an old bear, a regular old heathen, to sacrifice the best little woman under the sun, inch by inch, this way that's been a goin' on for years an' years," snuffled he, as he fumbled over her face in an aimless, loving way."

Then "our girl," Barbara went into Jane Jones' harness, and it fitted her to a fraction.

"Now we've turned over a new leaf, go and dress up, Jenny, bless you!" said the new convert.

So, with the memory of lang syne warming her heart, Jane unearthed her wedding dress in the afternoon, and put it on with a pretty, old-fashioned collar, and brushed out her nut brown hair that once upon a time curled beautifully. Perhaps she felt foolish, and out of her sphere, but she looked sweet enough to make up for all discrepencies.

She sat sewing, putting a new band on Ruby's new skirt, when the children came home from school, her back was toward the door. Tom came to a dead halt as he stepped on the sill, and then ran around the lean-to to find his mother. No mother there, but the smiling pink-faced German girl, who was preparing potatoes to bake for supper.

Tom bawled out: "Is mother dead? O, I wan't my mother!" and circled around the house and peeped in with wet eyes.

Was that lady in a soft gray merino dress, wearing an embroidered collar and gold ear drops, his mother? That pretty woman! surely it was, for Nettie was feeling her face, and was sparkling over and saying: "Is this you mother? Why where have you been?"

"Oh, ma!" said Tom holding her around the neck as though she might flit away the next minute, "why where did you go, and when did you come back?"

Poor little ones, how proud they were of the household drudge in her new and beautiful transformation!

But this is not all. Before the first cold blast of winter came, steps were taken to lighten the labors of the feminine portion of the farmer's household. An addition was built to the house, new siding was put on and painted white. New windows were added, and green blinds and spouting, and a big cistern close to the door, and a wide, long, roomy porch.—Closets were put in all the rooms; the old verminy bedsteads split up and used for kindlings; new chairs were bought, including a new rocking chair and sewing chair for mother, a new sewing machine, that was a love of a friend; the door-yard paled in, and the calves and colts kept where they belonged; and evergreen trees, and flowering shrubbery, and rose bushes, made beautiful the new yard. An easy chain pump took the place of the old moss covered bucket that held as much as a churn. It was packed off to the barn to out cloverseed in, and the heavy windlass was borne away forever from the little arms that had tugged at its ponderous weight with a sick weariness many and many and many a year. The big well rope made a nice swing under the oaks for Tom, Belle and chubby Harry.

Now that the no longer enslaved mother has leisure to mingle with her growing children, as teacher, and companion and friend, they grow more loveable and intelligent, and they cling to her like vines. They see so much in her to admire and emulate.

And John Jones? That spell of fever was the Aaron's rod that smote the lock of his soul and opened it for the outgushings of love, and sympathy, and charms and graces of the human heart; and to-day, growing broader and ruddier, and riper and better. There lives no happier farmer than dear old renovated John Jones.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

"The one thing," says Jean Paul, "which a maiden most easily forgets is how she looks—hence mirrors were invented."

A burglar who was found under a man's bed in Philadelphia excused himself on the ground that he was looking for his dog.

Agriculture in the United States.

From the interest that is being awakened throughout the country in regard to the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia in 1876, the statistics which will be produced upon all subjects of a practical character will be of greater interest than were before presented to the world, when the progress which has been made in this country during the period since we became a nation, will be astonishing to the whole world. Upon those anticipations of this event, at a late meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, Mr. Chas. L. Flint, Sec. of the board of Md., read a very interesting report on the progress of American Agriculture during the past century, which we wish we could give entire. He quoted from Daniel Webster when he said the various branches of business followed by men are "like pillars standing in a cluster, the largest in the centre, and the largest is agriculture. They had the forest to clean, and wild beasts to destroy."

Previous to the revolution no attempt was made to save manure. Nor at that time had the idea of sowing grass seed and raising hay as a cultivated crop been thought of. Red clover was introduced into England in 1733, white or dutch clover in 1794, perennial rye-grass in 1777, at which time dates the cultivation of the grasses. With the improvement of grass dates the improvement of our cattle.

The early colonists were very poorly supplied with tools. Steel at that time was unknown, and after the process of making it was discovered it was kept a secret in the hands of a few. The first ploughs were of wood, with pieces of iron or other metal nailed on the mould board. These were very hard draught, requiring double the teams and doing very poor work compared with those of the present day.

They were also very costly, and but few were owned in a town. It was unusual for towns to pay a bounty to persons who would keep a plough team. The list of other farming tools was also very meagre. It was often the case that a strong man could carry on his back all the tools to a farm, except the plow and harrow.

From the Indians they learned to grow corn. The holes were dug in the ground with a clam shell, although our people soon made an improvement by using an iron scoop instead. A step in advance was made when a spade was put in the hill, by which corn was increased two or three fold.

Wheat was cultivated to a very limited extent. It blasted then as now, and was never a very popular crop in New England. Corn and potatoes were raised in preference to wheat.

It was not until 1830 that the first horticultural society was organized. Indeed it was an age of poor tools, profitless cattle and few books. Before 1750, stages were unknown, and the means of communication were very limited. The policy of the Government of the mother country was to make the colonies a source of profit. Manufacturing was forbidden, as was also trade except with England.

The early societies for promoting agriculture were rather city than country societies. They were not composed of farmers. With them, theory and investigation would not go down. Old customs and methods of thought were bred in the blood. Common law was the guide and the rule, not principles but practice was what they believed in. The war with its various influences broke up this state of things. The farming interests began to improve. In 1810 was held the first Agricultural Exhibition in the country. The Berkshire Society was organized in 1811. Improved patterns of plows came into use, although many were afraid that the iron ploughs would poison the ground. The improvement of the plow has saved to the country annually, millions and millions of dollars. The better pulverization of the soil, the lightness of the draughts, the care with which weeds and grass are turned in and covered, are among the advantages gained by the use of the improved plow.

We cannot at present follow Mr. Flint in showing the wonderful improvements which have been made, and more particularly within the past fifty years. From 1740 to 1860 the increase of the production of Indian corn was from 377 million busels to 838 millions; and of wheat, the brain food of the world, we are growing at the rate of 200 millions of bushels a year. The cotton crop has grown to immense proportions within the century, and was certainly unknown a hundred years ago. At first it took a man one day to pick the seed from a pound of cotton; now by the use of steam and the cotton gin, 2,200 pounds can be picked in a single day.

The importation of improved stock has increased very much within a few years. In 1852 there were not seventy-five pure Jersey animals in the State of Massachusetts. The same may be said of the Ayrshires. Now many single herds exceed that number. He also alluded to the pork-packing business, that is now so thoroughly systemitized; the improvement of sheep and horses; also to the increase of agricultural literature. Previous to 1790 we had no mails. Before the revolution there were but four essays on agriculture published in America. The *American Farmer* was first started in Baltimore in 1819. Now the circulation of agricultural journals exceeds three hundred thousand copies; two hundred thousand volumes of agricultural reports are distributed annually, besides the reports from the government at Washington. Agricultural colleges are also the growth of the past few years; but now there is something of the kind in every State in the Union.

What School Girls Want.

A system of higher education for young women should, first of all, and I had almost said above all, guard her health, invigorate her constitution, develop her form, animate and irradiate her features, give color to her cheek, light to her eye, music to her voice, elasticity to her step, grace to her motions, the native hue of health, life and joy to her whole person. To this end, her education should be exactly gymnastic, although a well applied and wisely conducted gymnasium is quite essential, but it should be largely calisthenic in the widest and best sense of that expressive word, so that the result shall be strength clothed with beauty, and beauty informed and enforced by strength. Give us one generation of such women, and Dio Lewis and Dr. Allen will both lose their vocation together, and the millenium, not of muscular Christianity, but of physical perfection, will already have begun.—*Scribner.*

[Communicated.]

Lime.

Lime, commonly called calcareous earth, is never found naturally in a pure state but in combination with the acids, chiefly with the carbonic, for which it has so strong an affinity that it attracts it from the atmosphere. The burning of limestone is undertaken for no other purpose than to expel by heat this gas, and reduce the base to a caustic powder, in which state it has a strong tendency to absorb first moisture, and then the carbonic acid of which it had been deprived. Lime blends the quality of clay and sand, occupying a middle place between the two. In its caustic state it is a powerful promoter of putrefaction, or decomposer of animal and vegetable matter, to which circumstance is owing, to a certain extent, its efficacy as a manure. Lime also helps to fix the carbonic acid which is generated by the fermentation of putrescent manures in the soil, which floats in the air on the surface of the earth, and it freely imparts this gas, in union with water, for the nourishment of plants. Lime is therefore, an exceedingly valuable ingredient to the farmer, and accordingly, wherever agriculture is carried on with spirit, it is largely sought after, though it sometimes brings a very high price.

Percheron and Norman Horses.

M. Simons, of Orne, France, connected with the Dapartment of Agriculture and Commerce. in that country, in a letter written to Mr. J. J. Parker of West Chester, Pa., states that the true Percheron horse is now very scarce; that those who raise horses for sale as Percherons in the neighborhood of Chartres—the centre of the Percheron horse trade—purchase foals in Belgium, Flanders and other places, and after feeding them until old enough, sell them as Percherons. But these are far from being the true race. This is but an enlarged Arab, with all the good qualities, the soundness and endurance of the original race from which he springs. His color is a gray white or a silver gray. He must be kept under nearly the same condition or climate as in the Percheron to do well. Being gentle he must have gentle treatment. He must be well fed. His rations are 17lbs. straw 22lbs. of hay and twenty quarts of oats. These remarks which we know are well founded, are worthy of notice by those who are purchasing heavy, coarse blooded, large footed, lymphatic and necessarily dark gray horses, which are called Normans or Percherons, at high prices, with the certainty of future disappointment. Not long ago we saw an importation of several so-called Percherons, of which only two could claim the title, and the difference between the true and false Percherons was abundantly clear. For the improvement of our native races we must have animals of pure breeds, or we make a failure.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

A Sparrow's Observations.

Usually, about the last of April, one hears from among the bushes the notes of the white-throated sparrow. This bird, too, is a sojourner. It is not far from the size of our song-sparrow, but with none of that bird's cheerful ways. It wanders shily through the bushes, occasionally giving its plaintive notes, so subdued, that it seems as if the bird thought should he give them full voice, he would betray himself.

The song begins clear and sweet, like the highest notes of an octavo flute, but falls away in an indifferent, tired way. As they travel farther north, they grow more cheerful; and the farmers think the bird admonishes them to plant their spring wheat, interpreting their song: "Plant your wheat Peabody, Peabody, Peabody!" In the logging regions, where these birds visit, when the logs jam on their way down stream, and strong men are wearied and discouraged in their attempts to move the mass, the loggers say this bird will sit in a tree near by, singing most provokingly: "All day quiddling, quiddling, quiddling." Wherever this bird visits, it seems to be a favorite; but while here, its stay is so short, and manner so retiring, that it is not often seen.—MISS HINCKLEY, *in* OLD AND NEW *for April.*

Manuring with Brush.

Mr. Clark writing to the Germantown Telegraph, says: My idea was that one great cause why we could get as good crops from old fields as when they were first cultivated, was owing in a great part to the density of the soil. I had observed that the first eight or ten years after clearing off the forest the land would give good crops with very little care in plowing; the reason of this, I argued, was the decaying of innumerable rootlets of the trees cut down. In order to test this theory I cut about two cords of water-brush, hardback and other small brushes, and let them lie on a pile exposed to the weather a year and then applied barn-yard manure to another half acre adjoining. The result proved the manure to be a little the best the first year for corn. Sowed grass seed the fall after harvesting the corn. The manured place did pretty well for about five years, the brush place did well for about ten years, proving the theory to be correct. I used two tons of manure as a balance for the two cords of bushes; the plowing was six or eight inches deep. I have repeated the experiment since, with the same result.

Measuring Lightning.

The length of a flash of lightning is generally greatly under-estimated. The longest known was measured by M. F. Petit, at Toulouse. This flash was ten and a half miles in length. The longest interval ever remarked between a flash and a report was seventy-two seconds, which would correspond with a distance of fourteen miles. Direct researches have shown that a storm is seldom heard at a greater distance than from seven to ten miles, while the average are barely heard over four or five miles off. This fact is more curious as a cannon may be heard double or treble that distance, and in special cases much farther.

How to Choose a Good Cow.

A writer in the *Northwestern Farmer* says: The crumpley horn is a good indication; a full eye another. Her head scould be small but short. Avoid the Roman nose; this indicates thin milk, and but little of it. See that she is dished in the face—sunk between the eyes. Notice that she is what stock men call a good handler—skin soft and loose, like the skin of a dog; keep from the loin to the udder, and a very slim tail. A cow with these marks never fails to be a good milker.

By request.]

A Scathing Rebuke.

We omitted last week to narrate an incident that occurred at Harrisburg a fortnight since, on the occasion of the liquor men's hearing before the committee on Vice and Immortality. It happened that the temperance men and women of the city filled the Hall, and when the liquor reformers with their paid attorneys, Charles H. Pennypacker of West Chester (a bogus and renegade temperance man) and another from Williamsport, undertook speeches the audience gave them rheumatic spasms, and they had to quit abruptly after making a dead failure by the effort. Pennypacker, who is about the meanest man in the state, got off some slanders for which the editor of the West Chester *Republican* gives him the following scathing rebuke:

"The editor (of this paper) is not a temperance man either in profession or practice, nor is this a temperance paper, but when Mr. Pennypacker publicly asserts that there is as much liquor drank in Chester county since the passage of the Local Option Law as there was before, we cannot refrain from stating that he is simply groosly *misinformed* as to the facts. There is not a tithe of the liquor drank in Chester county that there was three years ago, nor has there been at any time since the "Local Option" law was passed. There has been more or less liquor drank, it is true, and some drunken men occasionally appear upon our streets, but we have none of that indiscriminate public drinking that used to be witnessed every day of every week. We do not say this as an argument against the repeal of the law, but simply to vindicate the *truth.*"—*True Witness, Norrisiown, Pa.*

Steering a Steamer by a Dog's Bark.

A few months since, writes a correspondent, in coming down the Ohio river, a gentleman on the steamer informed me that a short time previous he was passing over the Grand Chain, a rocky shallow on the Ohio, near its mouth. He was conversing with the pilot. The night was dark; the shore could not be seen. The boat was moving slowly—feeling her way. The pilot became restless and uneasy, and ceased talking. Suddenly, however, the barking of a dog was heard far away on the shore.

"There" said the pilot, brightening up and quickly giving the wheel two or three turns, "I'm all right. I've steered by the barking of that dog every night I've passed here for five years." The cackling of geese saved Rome, and the barking of a dog told this pilot just where he was, and what direction to head his boat to avoid rocks; and this dog was the only beacon light or buoy to show the faithful pilot how to direct his course to save his valuable cargo and still more valuable lives. A few weeks after this conversation the Probasco, one of our finest steamers, struck on these rocks, sank, and vessel and cargo were lost

Trades of Animals.

It has been well remarked by a clever author that bees are geomatricians.—The cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and the least possible interstices.

The mole is a meterologist.

The torpedo, the ray and the electric eel are electricians.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians.

The beaver is architect, builder and wood-cutter. He cuts down trees and erects houses and dams.

The marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The ant is a soldier, and maintains a regular standing army.

Wasps are paper manufacturers.

Caterpillars are silk-spinners.

The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip or a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream.

Dogs, wolves, jackals and many others are hunters.

Black bears and herons are fishermen.

Ants are day-laborers.

Monkeys are rope-walkers.

A Cruel Custom.

Herodotus in his history, tells of a custom of the Egyptians, which seems so incredible, that critics have agreed in thinking the credulous traveler imposed upon. He says that when provisions were exhausted in traveling, the Egyptains were accustomed to cut a slice or two of meat from a living cow or bullock, sew the skin over the wound and leave the animal to recover from the injury by the healing of the flesh. The inference was a natural one, that the natives were hoaxing and good-natured historian. But James Bruce, the African traveler, says that he saw a similar act performed. While journeying from Adowa to Gondar, he saw three men trip up a cow. One of them set across the back of the fallen beast, another twisted the halter about her fore feet, while the third, getting astride, cut a couple of large beef stakes from her side. They then fastened the edges of the skin together with small skewers, made her get up, and drove her along as if nothing had happened.

OUT in Toledo, Ohio, the other day a well known citizen received a box, which, upon being opened, exploded. It was an infernal machine sent to him by an enemy. Of course, every body has been scary since then and the impression prevails that this kind of thing is becoming too common. Mr. Conroy, of Toledo, received another one last week. The express company brought to his house a small wooden box, he knew at the first glance it was an infernal machine. He carried it out in the most gingerly manner to the yard and but it on the bottom of an inverted bucket and laid a train of powder about one hundred yards to the door of the kitchen. Then Conroy lit a match in the kitchen and after lighting the train he dodged quickly in behind the door. The whole family stood at the window to see the infernal thing explode. It did so with terrific violence and the next moment there was a ring at the door-bell. It was the postman. He brought a letter from Mrs. Conroy's aunt informing her that she had just sent her a box full of jars of raspberry jam and mince-meat. In an agony of dread, Conroy rushed to the scene of explosion He found mince-meat and fragments of glass lying around the yard, while raspberry jam was smeared all over the door of the wood-house. The manner in which Mrs. Conroy carried on about her aunt's preserves is said to be dreadful; but Conroy maintains a dignified silence. It pains him to bear the slightest reference to raspberry jam and mince-meat.

Miscellaneous.

New Firm.

SHOE STORE.

SNYDER & UHL,

Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by H. C. Beerits,

We take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to the fact that we have now and expect to keep constantly on hand as complete an assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,

BOTH OF

Eastern and Home Manufacture,

as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of

SOLE LEATHER,

MOROCCO,

CALF SKINS,

KIPS,

AND LINING SKINS

Of all kinds, with a full line of

Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

N. B. Snyder, Esq.,

Whose reputation for making

Good Work and Good Fits

Is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best and sell at prices as low as the lowest.

SNYDER & UHL,

dec24

This space is reserved for J. F. Blymyer, who has removed his stock into the most magnificent hardware room in this place. He can be found in Room No. 3, Baer's Block.

JACK, PAINTER & CO.

Dealers in

PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS,

Decker Bros. and Bradburry Pianoes;

Mason & Hamlin, Taylor & Farley, and Shoniger's Eureka Grand Organs,

Esty & Smith's American Organs.

Instruments sold on moderate Monthly Instalments

SOMERSET, PA.

dec17

$72 00 Each Week.

Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. may14

Miscellaneous.

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Navada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably as during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

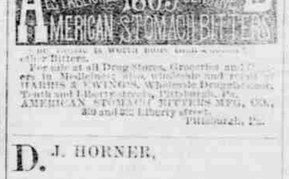
For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.



For sale at all Drug Stores, Groceries and Grocers, Hotels, Saloons, Steamboats and Depots. HARRIS & SWINGS, Wholesale Druggists, Tenth and Liberty streets, Pittsburgh, Pa. AMERICAN STOMACH BITTERS MFG. CO., 89 and 91 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

D. J. HORNER,

Buggy, Carriage AND LIGHT WAGON

MANUFACTURER,

SOMERSET PA.,

Is now prepared to manufacture to order every description of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, SPRING WAGONS, HACKS, SLEIGHS, &c., &c.,

In the latest and most approved styles, and at the

Lowest Possible Prices.

ALL IN WANT OF A

First Class Carriage,

Or any other vehicle, are respectfully invited to call and examine his work. None but the very best material will be used in the manufacture of his work, and none but the

BEST WORKMEN

Are employed in his establishment, some of whom have had an experience of over twenty years in the business. He is, therefore enabled to turn out a first-class vehicle, both in point of material and workmanship. All work warranted to be as represented when leaving the shop, and satisfaction guaranteed. All kinds of

REPAIRING AND PAINTING

Done in a neat and substantial manner, and at the shortest notice. He is determined to do all his work in such a manner, and at such prices as to make it to the interest of everybody to patronize him. Call and examine his work before purchasing elsewhere.

jan29 D. J. HORNER.

Groceries and Confectioneries.

This space is reserved for C. P. Rhoads & Bro., who have moved into the most magnificent grocery room in the place. They can be found in Harper's new building, next door from the corner.

W. W. DAVIS & BRO'S

CHEAP

Grocery and Confectionery,

SOMERSET, PA.

We desire to inform the people of this community that we have purchased the Grocery and Confectionery of H. F. Kuepper, Esq., opposite the Barnet House, and have made valuable additions to the already large stock of Goods. We sell at the best brands of

FLOUR, AND MEAL, COFFEE, TEAS, SUGARS, RICE, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, FISH, SALT, SPICES, APPLES, FLAVORING EXTRACTS, DRIED AND CANNED FRUITS, ALSO, COAL OIL, TOBACCO, CIGARS, SNUFF, BROOMS, BUCKETS, TUBS, &c.

All kinds of French and common CANDIES, NUTS, CRACKERS, FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY, AND TOILET ARTICLES, COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAP, &c.

Also an assortment of Toys, &c., for the little folks.

If you want anything in the Grocery and Confectionery line call at

Davis' Cheap Grocery,

OPPOSITE THE BARNET HOUSE.

nov.9-ly.

FURNITURE.

LEMON & WEISE,

The old and well known firm of Lemon & Weise, of Pittsburgh, Pa., manufacturers of

Cabinet Furniture and Chairs,

HAS REMOVED TO

No. 111 Fourth Avenue,

(opposite their old stand,)

Where they continue the business in all its branches. may4

JOHN P. DEAN,

Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools Hovels, Spades, Scythes, Snathes, Hoes, Forks and Rakes, together with a large and varied stock of Hardware and Cutlery, suitable for the trade, at greatly reduced rates.

aly9

$10 to $20 per day. Agents wanted everywhere. Particulars free. A. H. Blair & Co., St. Louis, Mo may14

Miscellaneous.

C. & G Holderbaum

Have now opened

A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

Fall and Winter Wear

They have a complete assortment of

Ladies' Furs,
Dress Goods,
Felt Skirts,
Hoop Skirts,
Bustles,
Gloves,
Shoes,
Gum Sandals,

And Felt Over Shoes

MEN AND BOYS'

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes

HATS AND CAPS,

GLOVES, &c.

Underclothing for Men and Women

A large assortment of

HARDWARE AND QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of nails on hand.

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 28.

Men's, Youths' and Boys'

CLOTHING

FOR

Fall and Winter Wear.

Having greatly increased our facilities during the past year, we are now prepared to offer our patrons a decidedly improved article in Style, Workmanship and Material. We give especially our

FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING

Fully equal, if not superior, in Cut and Finish, to the best custom work, and at one-third less than for all wool goods of the same grade. We have an extensive Custom Department constantly supplied with the latest goods in large lots of their Annual Custom.

CLOTHING

Of Our Own Manufacture.

Which we guarantee to be as better quality and cheaper in the long run than any other house in the county.

SCHOOL SUITS

For Boys of All Ages.

Good and very Cheap!

ONE PRICE!

NO DEVIATION!

All Goods Marked at the very Lowest Figure.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.

121 Wood St., Cor. Fifth Ave.

PITTSBURGH PA.

Oct. 28

Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY

Flour and Feed

STORE.

We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened a Store on

MAIN CROSS STREET,

And in addition to a full line of the best

Confectioneries, Notions,

Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.

We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the

BEST QUALITY OF

FAMILY FLOUR,

CORN MEAL,

OATS' SHELLED CORN,

OATS & CORN CHOP,

BRAN, MIDDLINGS,

And everything pertaining to the Feed Department, at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

FOR

CASH ONLY.

Also, a well selected stock of

Glassware, Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of all kinds, and

STATIONERY

Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, be satisfied from your own judgment.

Don't forget where we stay—

On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 2, 1872.