Interviewing a Ten-acre Hay Field.

A correspondent of the Reading *Eagle* professes to have been devoting a day to hard labor in a ten-acre hay field and has written for that paper the following amusing account of his experience. Whether strictly correct or not the intelligent reader will readily perceive that it represents what "might have been" under favorable circumstances. But we let him tell his own story. Here is what the reportorial haymaker has to say: "From time immemorial "country life" has been sung in song and story. The hay field has been pictured in as many bright and beautiful colors as the rainbow itself. As you well know I came out here in Alsace township, to get tanned. I thought I'd stay a week, but I guess they can get along with their haying without me. I arrived here on the farm Sunday evening. When the sun went down everything was delightful. As I sat on the broad porch and the breeze came in through the trees, I began thinking of buying a little farm, so pleasant it seemed. The cows had all been milked, the chickens were roosting the pigs were sleeping along the roadside, the crickets were chirping and several pretty dairy maids sat listening to wonderful startling stories of city life told them by the person who had come five miles to take part in haymaking. Bye and Bye I retired. Went to bed earlier than I had for years. The boss farmer said we'd have to get up long before the sun came peeping over the hill tops. I was sung to sleep by the gentle murmer of a musquito, and before I was aware of it another day had been born. It was four o'clock when I went out and bathed my head in fresh running water. I was the last on the ground. Five sturdy men with five sturdy scythes stood sharpening their blades with whetstones, and the song they scraped was decidedly novel and interesting to me. I was given a scythe and was assigned to the tail end. Then the first mower cut his measure, then the next, and the next and the next, until finally I followed in. I got in about ten feet, and when I looked back it appeared as if some one had been pulling off the grass. When we got to the other end of the field I came to the conclusion I had better drop mowing. I was promoted to the position of water-boy. I threw a little keg over my shoulder and went to the spring. The dairy girls were there and my errand was forgotten. The men said that the water was not as fresh as it might be. Then breakfast was announced. I had worked fearfully hard and a terrible appetite had crept over me. It was six o'clock. At half past we were in the field again. Eight o'clock found me with a rake tossing over the hay that had already become scorched under the hot morning sun. We tossed it over and kept the green side up. At nine o'clock we went over it again, while the men were mowing away over in another part of the field. The sun was fearfully hot; far worse than writing articles in a cool and comfortable sanctum. The perspiration figured a hundred little canals down my back and my eyes became blinded, and the men wanted water so often that I concluded a salt stone was in the throat of each. Finally at ten o'clock we stopped work and adjourned to the shade of a large tree. Our morning lunch had been brought. Strange to say the minds of the men never once left their work. They munched bread and drank milk, and between bites and gulps they talked hay and nothing but hay. They praised my endurance, while I in turn occupied my mind in inventing some sort of a story to get out of my haying job. Then we went to work again. The sun shone hotter than ever, and the men became thirstier. I tramped over the hot hay field until my feet became sore.—And we tossed the hay this way and that until it became as hot and parched as the dust in the road. At twelve o'clock I was tired, weary and foot sore. I thought farming the most miserable bore in the world. I could hardly see. My eyes were inflamed, and my whole body seemed to be steaming. And when the dinner bell rang I imagined I could not walk to the farm house. During the meal I hadn't much to say. In answer to questions, however, I stated I would like to be a boss farmer with haying left out. After dinner the men commenced speculating as to how soon they could haul that hay in. Finally the red clock in the kitchen struck one, and again we took to the field. First it was water carrying and then hay tossing. In the afternoon came the wagon. The hay was rolled on large piles by a large patent horse-rake, and the wagon was driven up through the rows of these piles. I got in the wagon to tramp the hay down. At first it was all right and easy, but when the men commenced tossing in great clouds of dry grass, completely covering me over, and filling my ears, eyes and mouth full of hay seed and almost strangling me at the same time, I thought I had struck one of the worst places in the world.—At one time I imagined the man on the wagon was working against me, for he several times rolled a mighty arm full over me and packed it down on me as if he wanted to preserve me for the season. Panting, perspiring, full of hayseed, scratched, nearly blind and boiled red like a lobster I sat down when the wagon was loaded. The ride under the hot sun to the barn was not as romantic as I had imagined it to be. Before we got there, my insides were nearly jolted out of me. After the horses took a rest, they made one tremendous effort and jerked the wagon up the hill on to the barnfloor. I was way up under the cross beams and it was as hot as a bake oven. The perspiration started from every pore. The more I wiped the worse it became. Down went the hay into the mow and up rose the dust in our mouths and ears. Little by little the load decreased, but at last the ladders came in sight and soon after the load had all been tossed into the mow. I felt literally roasted. My flesh was parched chafed and scratched. My tongue was thick and coated, and my legs nigh on bending in two. I sat down, called a mass meeting, and then and there quietly resolved to get out of the business. I told the men I'd wait until they brought in the next load. Between then and evening I passed the time in getting myself into shape. Finally at seven o'clock my breath came even and regular. The sensation was something similar to being boiled or stewed and then doused with ice water.

When the men came in they said it had been a terrible day. After supper they worked until dark and then came home, washed, and talked about hay.—They said I had done remarkably well and if I'd keep at it for several years I might earn my board on a farm. I sighed and said they might all have the best chances, own all the farms, make all the hay, and earn all the money as far as I was concerned. I had had an elegant sufficiency. Then an old neighboring farmer who had come over on a visit said to me that I had better give up farming, for it did not agree with me.—The next morning, stiff, weary and sore, I set out for home. So much for hay making; no more for me.

History of Stoves.

During the seventeenth century in England as well as on this continent, although great fires blazed in the royal chambers and halls, and parlors of the wealthy, the domestics were almost perished. This discomfort did not proceed from selfishness or stingy housekeeping, but rather from an affectation of hardihood, particularly among the lower classes, where effeminacy was reckoned a reproach. This may account, in part, for the slow introduction of chimneys. Walls were rarely lathed and plastered; ceilings were just beginning to be boarded in the best houses; doors, sash, and window-shutters were of the most wretched fit; and tongue floor boards did not come into use until 1670. About the same time, from Germany, came the grand invention of hanging, by a cord, weight, and pulleys, the lower sash of a window.

In 1658 Sir John Winter invented a fire box for burning coal or coke inside a chimney-place, with a hole above, covered with a movable plate. This was similar to one suggested by Savot, in France, and was probably the origin of the first coal grate. An improvement was made on this by Jorevin de Rochfard, in London, whereby greater economy was obtained, and the smoke better disposed of; but this was again exceeded by the one placed in his chamber by Prince Rupert, in 1768. In this, instead of a hole directly over the grate, the draught went out at the back, until the fire was well kindled, when a damper in the flue was pulled forward, which forced the smoke down a short distance, and then allowed it to rise in the chimney, behind a low partition in the middle of the flue.

The first of all our present coal stoves seems to have been one described by M. Justel to the Royal Society, as the invention of M. Dalesme, and which was exhibited at the fair of St Germain, near Paris, in 1680. It was made of wrought iron, and consisted of a deep basin or vase seated on, and connected with, a square box; and from the rear part of the latter a curved pipe rose into the chimney, at a height considerably above the top of the vase. On starting the fire, the iron pipe required to be first well heated, to make a downward draught through the coals. Justel is quite enthusiastic about it. Besides its ventilating a room, he says: "The most fœtid things, matters which stink abominably when taken out of the fire; in this engine make no ill scent; neither do red herring broiled thereon." That was the *experimentum crucis* verily, and we don't wonder he liked the new "engine."

Glauber who discovered the salt which bears his name, claims the discovery of the front cover or "blower" for a grate, leaving space below for the air to enter. This was a great triumph, and the vocation of the bellows was ended. He declared that so disgusted was he with the puffing of fires and the smells and drudgery of his laboratory, that he was about to discard it forever, when he made the happy discovery; and he ends with a devout prayer of thanks to Heaven for the same.

A Delaware Snake Story.

A curious and dangerous snake, the only one of the kind that has ever been found in this part of the country, was killed by some workmen on the farm of Francis Insley, near Wenpquin, Sussex county. It measured twenty-eight inches in length and two inches in circumference. Its color is black, striped with white, which when exposed to the rays of the sun, shine with the brilliancy of polished silver. It was provided with two rows of teeth, twenty-six on each side, very sharp, yet are different from those of the snake common to this country. About five inches from its tail are two thick, grizzly protuberances, about one inch in length, on one side of the body. Each protuberance contains eighteen horns, about one-eighth of an inch in length. They are hollow, and the poison is supplied to them by means of small ducts connecting with a thin, transparent bag, about one inch below the protuberances. We are told that some years ago a snake, supposed to be a horned snake, attacked a man in this same vicinity, and in order to escape he jumped behind a large tree, and the snake striking with such force, buried its horn into the trunk about one-eighth of an inch. In thirty minutes thereafter, a dullness in the leaves was perceptible; and, strange to say, in another hour they commenced falling off, and to-day it is nothing but a withered, naked trunk.—*Seaford Citizen.*

Waste of Wool.

The statement of the western paper that "a clip is worth as much per pound to the manufactures in June and July when newly shorn as when it has seasoned and dried out a few months," strikes me as conspicuously inexact. Any farmer who has weighed his fleeces at shearing time and again when they are sold—as every one should do—knows that a fleece will gain in weight from 10 to 20 per cent by absorbed moisture, and if stored in a cellar will gain even more weight. Wool does not dry out nor season in the least, but quite the reverse. This is no gain but a loss to the manufacturer, and few sheep men need to be told that there is a profit in thus adding to the weight of wool beyond which it is not safe to go, as it is refused by the buyer except at a large reduction. My observation has been that those who dispose of wool and get their cash when it is ready for sale do better than those who hold for higher prices and thus become speculators.

A New Game for Boys.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* writes to the editor: I propose by your kind indulgence, to lay before the "Boys in America" the synopsis of a game which ought in a short time to become as popular as the game of "Base Ball."

The game in question is known in Ireland by the name of "Scout."—But even there it is certainly not played in conformity with its original constitution. In an old French document on "Athletics," which I stumbled upon a short time ago under the caption of "La Chasse de Guerre," I at once recognized the constituents of its crude parody of the "Old Land" Scout. The Norman title, I think, ought to be retained, because "Chasse de Guerre" sounds good, and by that name I propose to present it.

The contestants consist of thirteen a side, which includes the "master" (or leader) of the company. The scene of action is a parallelogram, 220 by 50 yards. Each company with its chosen master takes position in the right and left corners at the head of the "place." Then one from each side goes out, and is placed by the umpire on the starting line midway between the parties, and likewise at the head of the grounds.—And the "winning-post is to be a small flag-pole, surrounded by a small pennant of the united colors of the contestants. The pole may be a neat lance wood stick about six feet high by an inch and a half in diameter, with a wedge-shaped bottom, which is to be inserted either in the ground or in the cleft of a small block of wood. The capture of this flag-pole, which should easily yield to a forward pressure of the hand, at once secures a "point" to the party whose man has taken it, and makes a "prisoner" of his unsuccessful opponent. The first twelve points decide the game. The second "master" will have charge of the flag-pole and readjust it immediately after each capture. Each winner is entitled to run again and again, as often as he takes the pole. But he must not do so until after the balance of his free companions have each had a "spin." If any one of the opposing parties should have the unprecedented good fortune to take a prisoner every race, it will of course win the game right off, making twelve consecutive points to nothing. But if instead of making twelve consecutive points, it should in the meantime have lost the prisoners, the "master" of the captured company is entitled to claim an exchange, and to continue the game with the three redeemed, and so on until no one to exchange remains at the losing side, and the game is *de facto* declared. No exchange is admissable while a contestant remains on either side. I strongly recommend this fine invigorating and inspiriting game to the boys, whether in transit or full grown, of America.

Two California Poets Try a Mule Ride.

Charles Warren Stoddard writes of going to the Grotto Ferati Fair from Rome with Jaoquin Miller, as follows: "Joaquin and I were secretly praying that we might have reserved to us a donkey each whereon we would make our entry into the fair ground in fashion befitting the time. We thought it but natural that all the desirable beasts had been engaged a week or more, yet we found a dozen of them sounding their lungs as we mounted the long stairs that led to the Frascati, and the small boys who had them in charge implored us in the name of the Madonna to mount and be happy! We easily struck a bargain, for nearly everybody preferred footing the two miles to the fair grounds. It is not considered immortal to walk in this country. Having mounted our diminutive donkeys, we signalled the kids—I mean the little engineers—to turn on the steam; they did it with a club. Off went Millers donkey, and his great-cloak fell over the tail of the little beast and was kicked up by those two small hoofs in the funniest fashion. My animal was less spirited. Perhaps he knew that I wasn't used to the circus, and had some considerations for my feelings as well as for his back; of course he was sore under the saddle. Joaquin dashed on. As he passed the throng of pedestrians he was saluted with much spirit. His tail, sugar-loaf hat scarcely overtopped the heads of the people whom he galloped amongst and I believe he could have walked over the ears of his donkey without much inconvenience. The youngster who ran me whacked away in the rear of my saddle, and kept up a continual fire of abuse that, however, had no sensible effect upon the four-footed martyr toward whom it was directed. We jogged along, smiled at everybody who smiled at us, and I think there was no exception in all that country; had many narrow escapes from being run down by carriages, the drivers of which had overlooked us until we were quite under their wheels; saw all the winding road alive with happy folk, who were as bright and cheerful as the day itself. Sometimes Joaquin was lost in the distance; sometimes he stood on a rise in the road and called for me to come on like a man, again he charged past a carriage full of ladies, hat in hand, and the effect was sufficiently sensational to add a new charm to the peasants fair. While he was thus careering, a swarthy Italian, flushed with wine and a long walk, saluted him as Don Quixote, and called him Don for the rest of the day."

Extraordinary Lassoing.

Messrs. Cox and Quinn own large ranges in Southeren California, and they do an extensive business driving cattle northward into Placer and Nevada counties, to be sold in the mining towns, principally Grass Valley and Nevada City. This winter they kept an immense herd in the foothills, and a few days ago they drove them out on the plains to select and brand them.

With the exception of two Mexicans, all of the thirty or forty men assembled were Americans. Most of the horses were half-breeds or full-blooded Americans, but in Southern California the mustang still prevails on the stock-ranch.

The great herd numbering about 3,000 head, is huddled in the middle of the open plain, and the proprietors and the vacqueros are riding around them. What few footmen there are present keep well out of the way, for these Spanish cattle have a great curiosity to inspect a man's heels. Their long, slender, shining horns are held aloft and with dilated nostrils they snuff the coming prey. One of the men says to a vacquero: "You see that big, black fellow, with a crop and a slit in the right and an overslope in the left? Bring him out."—The vacquero rides into the herd, gradually worms the animal to the outer edge of the band, then suddenly clapping spurs to his horse hunts him with the greatest swiftness out into the open; then the trained horse eager and delighting in the chase, follows his every motion so closely that the animal, though dodging like a wounded hare, finds itself driven straight forward. Another owner recognizes one of his animals, and the same process is repeated withi his one.

There are a few to be branded, and as there is no corral to confine them in they are compelled to resort to the Mexican plan. The animal is first separated from the herd, and then a vacquero rides him down and lassoes him by the horns. Another rides up and lassoes him by the hind legs, if he is skillful enough, or if not throws one side of the loop on the animal's back and the other on the ground behind him, and he presently backs into it, when it is quickly drawn tight. Then the two horses set out in opposite directions, the animal's hind feet are pulled from under him, and he comes down one would think at the immine t hazard of breaking his backbone. A man rushes up with the branding iron and claps it on his right hip, where it makes a cruel singeing and fizzing.

It is frequently a good deal worse business to get away from him than it is to catch him, especially if he has fight in him, and he generally has by this time. The brander gets out of the way; while the two horsemen are holding the animal tight with the lassoes around their pommels and the horses at a dead set, a third rides up, the lassoes are slackened a little, the one around the horns is slipped off, and the man instantly mounts his horse before the animal can rise, and flees, while the raging brute struggles free from the other lasso and perhaps gives chase. Thus both lassoes are recovered, and everybody gets off with a whole skin.

One of the most extraordinary feats performed consisted in the lassoing of a sucking calf with a loop fifteen feet across. It requires great skill to throw a lasso with such an enormous loop, and it has to be hurled a long distance to narrow down sufficiently to catch so small an animal. In Texas I have seen a man lasso a prairie dog, but he used a small rope and a very small loop.

One of the men executed a feat which would seem incredible to a person who had not witnessed it.—Riding at full speed across the plains, nearly abreast of a steer, he spun the the lasso ahead and took in both his fore feet, bringing him down with a raking plunge on his nose.

Waiting for a Shave.

A few weeks ago an easy-go-long auctioneer, who did not care whether he was shaved before or after dinner, found himself in a crowd of impatient patrons in Binder's, grand tonsorial palace." Combining speculation with amusement, the auctioneer offered to dispose of his "turn" at auction to the highest bidder. There was an instantaneous response, so he mounted a chair and auctioneered as follows:

"Gentlemen, my turn is next. Tony is now soaping the head of that gentleman, and as soon as he is through the turn is mine. Several of you are in a hurry, and I am not. I am willing to do one of you a good office by selling my turn. I knock down to the highest bidder. So pitch in. Who bids and what is the bid?"

"Three cents," sang out a merchant from the post office.

"There it is—who advances?"

"Five," responded a clerk from the Fidelity.

"Five is offered. Who goes higher? Be quick, gentlemen, for time is precious."

"Ten," shouted a livery stable keeper.

"Twelve," said a clerk from the Health office.

"Fifteen," said a merchant who had not received his letters.

"Eighteen," bid the landlord of a restaurant.

"Twenty," the stable keeper.

"Twenty-five," the merchant.

The tonsorial artist was just topping-off the customer in the chair, and but a minute more was to spare.

"I go thirty," responded the stable man.

"Forty," shouted the merchant.

"Five to that," excitedly exclaimed the saloon keeper, "and I'll have it if it costs me a day's receipts."

"So will I—fifty!" promptly responded the stable keeper, more excited now than the rival bidder.

The two merchants withdrew from the contest, and the auctioneer proceeded in a strictly business manner to urge on the remaining bidders. He used all the cunning and ingenuity of a man of the hammer.

The bidders became more excited, and bid against each other rapidly. The stable man bid one dollar and five cents, when Tony shouted:

"Next—who next?"

"Going, going," was the response of the auctioneer. "Going, going, and

"One ten," shouted the saloon keeper.

"And gone at one dollar and fifteen!" closed the auctioneer.

A hearty shout of laughter arose from the crowd in the barber shop, all of whom had become more or less interested in the rival bidding for the first shave.

The stable keeper promptly paid over the dollar and fifteen cents to the auctioneer, remarking as he did so:

"It's a dear shave, gentlemen, but I would have gone double rather that be beat."

"Pluck—call again next week," was the response of the auctioneer, and he pocketed the clear receipts.

"Dick, hand me a cigar," said the auctioneer, and spreading himself out on two chairs, he lazily awaited the defferred turn for a shave.

"Forgetfullist" Man in Baltimore.

If a premium was offered for the most absent-minded man in Baltimore it would, without doubt, be awarded to Dr. F. He called at a stationhouse the other morning and stated to Lieutenant Fitzgerald, the officer in charge, that his horse and buggy had been stolen from in front of his residence. Such thefts are not unfrequent, and the lieutenant at once notified the other districts by telegraph of the robbery, describing the doctor's team, as is customary. The doctor then took his departure, but in an hour or two returned, and, finding that nothing had been heard of his team, visited the Marshal's office who had made inquiries at once by telegraph to know if the horse had been found in any of the districts, but received a negative reply. Dr. F. was in quite an excited mood, and after requesting the Marshal to place the matter in the hands of detectives, took his departure in a carriage he had procured for pressing purposes. A couple of hours later a message was received by Lieutenant Fitzgerald that the doctor had recovered his team. and upon inquiry, the following amusing denouement was made: Dr. F. was called to visit a patient on Howard Street in the morning, and drove there in his buggy, which he left standing in front of the house.—After prescribing the necessary nostrums the doctor walked quietly out forgetting his horse and buggy. He did not discover the loss for an hour later, and at once jumped to the conclusion that it had been stolen. After it had been standing where he had left it about three hours, some one sent word to him. The story of the doctor's absent-mindedness soon circulated, and considerable merriment was created at his expense. The man who failed to detect the whereabouts of the spectacles on his nose was nothing in point of absent-mindedness to Dr. F.

A last year's potato on being cut open the other day, was found full of well developed young potatoes. This is one of the most bewildering cases of spontaneous generation on record.

The Village Choir.

The ancient village choir, with its flutes and fiddles, has been swept away. Its pretentions were no doubt greater than its powers. The principal soprano had figured in front of the gallery for a period of nearly half a century, and her performance resembled nothing so much as that of a hen when informing the world that she had just added a fresh egg to her store. The basso profundo, thinking that there was nothing like leather, shouted to such a degree that in summer time, when the doors were open, he could be distinctly heard on the top of the opposite hill. It is not easy to describe the horror of an Italian musician, who having been detained in the neighborhood by a coach accident, and received at the rectory, attended the church one Sunday morning, and was subjected to the usual display:—

The wedding guest, he beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

"You must find Handel difficult," some one once ventured to remark to the leader of a band, when some chorus from the "Messiah" was in preparation. "Well, zur," was the reply, "he may be zo; but then you see, us alters un;" and, indeed, it was sometimes difficult to recognize the creation of the great maestro which figured by way of anthem. And yet, when all is said, there was a homeliness about the whole performance which harmonized with the simple old church, through whose "unstoried" windows you could see the bees and butterflies busy among the sycamore blossoms, and with the quiet paternal teaching of the rector, whose discourses had at least the merit of being intelligible to the humblest of his congregation. But the secret of his influence lay outside his teaching. It was that of Chaucer's parish priest—

For Christes lore and His Apostles twelve He taught; but first he followed it himselve.

West Point Abroad.

Those who are curious on the subject of military education as conducted in America, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have reason to be grateful to Lord Dufferin for dispatching his military Secretary, Col. Fletcher, to report on the system pursued in the United States Academy, at West Point, on the Hudson, and the past history and present condition of that institution. The direct object of the inquiry was to see how far the Republican method of training, which has produced such soldiers as Grant, Lee and Sherman, might form a useful model for humble imitation in the Dominion; but the report of Colonel Fletcher contains many points of interest for ourselves. Perhaps that which will above all strike most readers is the extremely stern military spirit which pervades the whole discipline and teaching at West Point. The course is not only longer than that at European colleges maintained for similar purposes, but is in all respects more strict and exacting, certainly than those of our own, probably than that of any on this side of the Atlantic. Col. Fletcher completely explodes, among other errors as to West Point, the common notion that "many of those who graduate adopt a civil career, in which the education they have received insures them remunerative employment." This may have been the case in former years, he says, when professions in America had not assumed their present distinctive character. It is quite otherwise now, when colleges and schools educate for civil engineering, &c., as well as for other professions; and consequently the graduates seldom look for anything beyond their military career. And judging from the severity of the training submitted to, this must have peculiar charms for the cadets of the great republic.

The Eagle in Kentucky.

This is the way the Louisville *Courier Journal* editorially ushered in the Glorious Fourth: This is the fourth of July. It argues that, being the Fourth of July, it is not the 17th of March. Neither is it the 1st of May, nor Christmas. St. Patrick was not born on the Fouth of July. Queen Victoria was not crowned on the Fourth of July. No thanksgiving has ever been appointed for the Fourth of July: and history has failed to record one single hanging or horse race. And yet the Fourth of July is honored as the day on which General Jackson signed the Declaration of Independence; as the day on which Dr. Franklin won the battle of New Orleans; as the day the eagle-bird of liberty flapped her wings and exclaimed, in the classic words of Jones' fighter 'I am the howling raccoon of the mountains.' Shall we omit to honor the day and celebrate it? No. Be there not a fire-cracker the less, or a stripe erased, or a star obscured! Nail to the mast that holy flag, set every threadbare sail, and give her to the God of storms, the lightning and the gale!"

Worse than the Bugs.

The Rockland (Me.) *Journal* of the 4th instant says: "Dr. Wiggins had a call to visit a patient at the north part of the city, yesterday, and found him suffering from a fearful eruption, covering him from head to foot. The gums of his mouth were spongy and his teeth loosened. The cause for this was, the man belonged to a vessel, and, being troubled with bedbugs, procured a powder for their extermination, from a druggist in New York. The *modus operandi* was to throw the powder into the seams and crevices with a small bellows. The powder was nothing but corrosive sublimate, and the man slept in his bunk with the powder sifting down upon him. This should be a warning to all those suffering with these pests, not to use this remedy. Dr. Wiggins informs us that a strong solution of rock salt will kill the bugs."

Mosquitoes.

The New York *Tribune* makes the following calculations of the blood sucking capacities of the mosquito. It says: "Suppose, upon a July day there were nine hundred and ninety nine millions of mosquitoes on Staten Island. Allow that one hundred millions feast upon blood, in spite of bars, boots, gloves and pennyroyal. Give them three "square" meals a day, allowing a drop to a square, and these self-constituted reservoirs will carry off 300,000,000 drops of blood in twenty-four hours! One thousand drops to a gill would be good measure, and thus divided, we have 100,000 gills, or 6,250 gallons, being somewhat more than seventy-five puncheons of blood."

The time of the college commencements is at hand, and the bouble-toned voice of the graduates will soon be heard in the land. In a little while hundreds of young men, pale-faced and thin-legged, will begin to discover that they have much to learn as they roam the world in search of a living.

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On receipt of fifteen cents, I will mail to any address, a neat card with either of the above; showing in the one case how "the light" will give light on any subject; and in the other case how "the door will open a door to any subject, even the door of Heaven. Or I will send the two cards for twenty-five cents.
Address, C. F. WALKER, Friedens', Pa.
[That the alphabet is a science in itself, is certainly something new, even in this day of invention and discovery. Though if Mr. Walker sustains the assertion by actual demonstration, we will all have to acknowledge the truth, and if we do find it in the meaning of the letters of the alphabet.]—

Miscellaneous.

J. W. PATTON. C. O. HURST.
NEW FIRM.
NEW GOODS.
THE NEW FIRM OF
PATTON & HURST,
No. 4, Baer's Block,
are now in receipt of a stock of goods adapted to the present wants of the people. Purchased within the last ten days and since the decline in the prices of Staples and Domestics, they are enabled to offer special inducements to all in want of goods of every description in such variety as cannot be found anywhere else in town, comprising a general assortment. They call special attention to their large assortment of
CALICOES,
Bleached and Unbleached Muslins,
GINGHAMS,
SHIRTING,
TICKING,
BOYS AND MENS'
HEAVY PANT STUFFS,
in Cottonade, Double and Irish Jeans, Satinets, Cassimeres, &c.,
DRESS GOODS,
in Plain and Corded Alpaccas, Poplins, Cashmeres, French Merrinoes, &c.,
STAPLE & FANCY NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
HARDWARE
The best assortment of
Carpetings and Oil Cloths
ever brought to town. A large stock of Queensware. Determined to be up to the times in assortment, styles and prices, we respectfully solicit a call from those in want of goods. jdh15

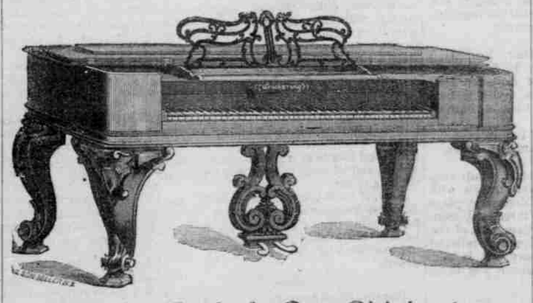
ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Jonathan Walker, late of Brothersvalley Twp., deceased.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement, at the late residence of the deceased, on Saturday, August 1, 1874.
JOSEPH WALKER,
EPHRAIM WALKER
D. J. HOUBAKER,
Administrators.

FAIRBANK'S
STANDARD
SCALES,
OF ALL KINDS. ALSO
Baggage Barrows, Warehouse Trucks, Improved Money Drawer.
FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.,
49 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Scales repaired promptly. my13

Miss Josephine Brinker,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Dry Goods, Millinery, Trimmings, Notions, Gloves, Hamburg Embroideries, Ladies' and Children' Underwear and Furnishing Goods, cordially invites the citizens of Somerset county to call and examine her stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. A full line of White Goods, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c. MOURNING GOODS A SPECIALTY. A full assortment of Butterick's Patterns of all descriptions for sale. Goods received daily. Please give me a call, at No. 299 Main Street, Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa.
JOSEPHINE BRINKER.
may6

RANDOLPH'S
FINE CLOTHING EMPORIUM.
87 Smithfield Street, Pittsburg Pa.
Boy's all-wool School Suits $5,50 to $6
may20

FRANK T. PAINTER,
DEALER IN
PIANOS
And
ORGANS,
SOMERSET, PA.



Kranich, Bach & Co, Chickering,
HARDMAN, BRADBURY
Decker Bros. Pianoes,
SIMMONS & CLOUGH,
Esty Mason & Hamlin, Smith's American,
Taylor & Farlay, and Shoninger's
Eureka Grand and Concerto.
ORGANS.
Some of the Instruments Have
SEVENTY-TWO FIRST PREMIUMS,
Beside the GOLD MEDAL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION and are pronounced by the first musical talent, seminaries, the press, etc., the
BEST INSTRUMENTS MADE.
Prices are reasonable, and terms as easy as consistent with thorough workmanship. All Instruments Warranted from Five to Ten Years.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
Instruments Sold on Moderate Monthly Installments.
FRANK T. PAINTER,
May, 13, '74, Somerset, Pa.

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 Nevada 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 so 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 Chardon Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

Knabe & Co.'s Pianos
HAINES BROS.' PIANOS, and
GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.'S ORGANS
The three best and most popular instruments now in the market. Catalogue and Price List containing full particulars, mailed to any address.
CHARLOTTE BLUME,
19 Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
SOLE AGENT

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 Confectionery.

This space is reserved for C. F. Rhoads & Co., who have moved into the most magnificent store room in this place. They can be found in the new building, second door from the corner.

W. W. DAVIS & BRO'S
CHEAP
Grocery and Confectionery
SOMERSET, PA.
We desire to inform the people of this vicinity that we have purchased the Grocery and Confectionery of H. F. Knepper, Esq., opposite Barnet House, and have made valuable additions to the already fine stock of Goods. We sell at the best brands of
FLOUR,
AND MEAL,
COFFEE,
TEAS,
SUGARS,
RICE, SYRUPS,
MOLASSES,
FISH, SALT,
SP