WHEN ELIHU CAME HOME.

All her life long Sara Holmes had had a romance. It began and ended with these words: "When Elihu comes home." And though she was but nineteen years old at the time of which I write, it seemed to her on the evening of that burning July day, as she sat in her bedroom and looked out upon the moonlight fields, that she had been living one or two centuries in this world, and all the time dreaming golden dreams of Elihu, only to find them shivered into atoms at the last.

For Elihu had come. And the time and the manner of his coming were so unlooked for and so unexpected to her, as well as to everyone else that the girl sat there in the moonlight saying to herself, "He is here. I need never watch or wait for him again. In the next chamber to mine he is sleeping—that is if he can sleep, poor Elihu!"

The earliest stories she could remember had been told to her by her mother, about "Cousin Elihu" and the enormous fortune he had made "down South," at a time when fortunes could yet be made in that unhappy land. She had heard fabulous tales of the palace in which he lived, of the negro slaves who flew to do his bidding, of the beautiful carriages and horses that bore him from place to place, and of the jewels, the silks, satins and velvets that the fortunate woman would possess who would one day become Elihu's bride.

Other girl's had heard these stories also, and the belle of the school at Holmesdale often said that, when she was sixteen, she could "go traveling," and find her way down south, and "set her cap" for Elihu Holmes. That the result would follow for which she looked, no girl among them all doubted, for even "the master's" stern face softened and smiled upon Rosanna Meadows, when she shook back her golden curls and lifted her large blue eyes, with a blush, to his.

Poor Rosanna! Sara leaned her cheek on her hand, and looked over the hill top toward the village graveyard, where the village beauty was now laying, with her blue eyes closed, her golden ringlets smoothed back from her white brow, and her hands clasped in an unearthly quiet on her breast. Elihu had never known how her girlish heart went out toward him. And now Elihu had come home!

A Sara Holmes grew up, and developed from the tall angular girl into the queenly and self possessed young woman, the thought would sometimes occur to her, as she stood before the mirror braiding her hair, "If he should come back, would he think me pretty, now that Rosanna is gone?" The broad, low brow, the oval cheeks and dimpled chin answered; the healthful color, the deep, dark eyes, the sudden, bright bewildering smile, said, "Yes." For here was now a higher beauty than Rosanna's pink-and-white loveliness had ever been, and the treasures of her mind and heart might well have won an older and wiser man to love her long before Elihu came home.

And now she drew a long breath, and set herself to recall all the incidents of that sudden and startling return.

Tea was over—the milk was strained—and they were all sitting on the front piazza, under the shade of the maples and locusts, while her father read bits from the weekly paper aloud. Her step-mother was knitting; her sister Grace was lining a hat, and her brother Ben was whittling out a toy boat from a bit of wood, while she Sara, sat beside him and held his tools as he needed them, and lost herself in a reverie about our hero in the south.

A carriage drove up the village road and halted at their gate. The driver descended to his seat and beckoned to her father, who hurried down to the gate to meet him. After talking for some time together, a small trunk was lifted down and left beside the gate. Then the carriage-door was opened and a tall figure descended, and, directly after, Ben, who had followed his father in a fit of boyish curiosity, galloped back with distended eyes, whispering loudly:

"Mother—girls! Cousin Elihu has come! And he has lost every cent of his property down south! I heard the driver tell father so! And they have sent him off up here, alone, because they thought he was going to be sick; and there he is, you see, leaning on father and the driver, and he can't but just walk. Isn't it a blamed shame of these southeners?"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Ben's step-mother, rising, as they all rose, when the tall, slender figure approached.

Sara looked up with her heart in her eyes, to greet our hero—no less a hero to her for the pitiful history of loss and ruin she had just heard.

He was a tall, upright, elegant-looking man, with a fair complexion, large, melancholy blue eyes, a long straight nose, drooping eyebrows, fine lips, and a firmly rounded chin, that somewhat counteracted the listless sadness of the face. His hair was turning gray, and the heavy, golden brown moustache had some one or two threads of silver, but with that exception he wore no look of age.

Elihu was well but plainly dressed in a traveling suit of gray. He removed his hat as he drew near the ladies, with a courteous grace; but he looked in vain for the warm welcome from the second Mrs. Holmes and her daughter Grace that he would have received from his own cousin had she been alive.

Mrs. Holmes bowed to him coldly though civilly; and Grace, angry with him and with herself for the sudden collapsing of sundry ambitious hopes which she had never confided to anyone except her mother, swept him her latest dancing-school courtesy, and affected not to see the hand he held out.

Elihu colored slightly, and turned to Sara, whose large dark eyes were fixed with a look of tender pity upon his refined and melancholy face.

"You have a face that I ought to know," he said to her gently. "You are my cousin's child, dear Sara! I hoped she would be here to meet me when I came home at last."

Sara's heart was already full, and this reference to her dead mother caused her tears to overflow.

"Dear Cousin Elihu," said she, taking his hand in both hers, "my mother remembered and loved you to the last day of her life. She would have been glad indeed to see you here once more; I am glad, too. All my life long I have looked forward to your coming."

"But you did not expect to see me return so poor," said Elihu, sighing.

"Poor or rich, it matters little," replied Sara fervently. "You are here at home once more, and that is enough to make us all rejoice."

"Aye," said Elihu, looking from her beaming countenance to the cold faces of the rest. "I should have been glad to bring gold enough to make me welcome. But what has happened has happened, and I do not wish to complain. Cousin Joshua, for my cousin's sake of the old times when you and I were boys together, I suppose you will let me stay at the old homestead for a few days?"

"Eh? Oh, to be sure! Stay and welcome," stammered the farmer, who feeling the eyes of his wife and his daughter Sara fixed upon him, was like a man between two fires.

So it was settled, and Sara flew about like a good fairy to prepare supper for the wanderer, and afterward, to set in order his room and bed. At nine o'clock he retired, and then the storm burst forth.

The second Mrs. Holmes inquired shrilly, if their house was to be turned into a "poor farm," and made the abiding place of every shiftless creature who has wasted his substance in riotous living among "those negroes"—only to come, at the last, without a penny in his pocket, to be supported by those who had the misfortune to be related to him in a distant way.

Mr. Holmes said meekly, that "it wasn't likely Elihu would want to stay long, and that as he had once redeemed the farm, which was heavily mortgaged with his own money, and given a deed of the place to his first wife, he didn't very well see how he could refuse him shelter there if he claimed it—"for a time, at least," he added, nervously, seeing his wife's black eyebrows knitting together in a way that he had learned to dread.

Grace upheld her mother in all her denunciations; though Sara thought, privately, that it would have been more delicate had she kept silence, since as the daughter of Mrs. Holmes by a former marriage, she could not be supposed to have any great interest, pecuniary or other wise, in the disposition of the homestead farm.

As for Ben, like most boys at thirteen, he was on the side of right against might, and he did not scruple to say that, for his part, he hoped Cousin Elihu would stay there forever, and that he was sure, if he had redeemed the farm, that he had a perfect right to do so. His sister Sara could have kissed him for the answer, but she kept silence.

The days went on. By every art that a mean and paltry spirit could invent, Mrs. Holmes the second showed plainly to Elihu how unwelcome he was beneath her roof-tree. As for Grace she simply ignored him. And, Mr. Holmes, thought he would gladly have been both grateful and kind, was so tamed by nightly curtain lectures, hours long, that he dared not show the ruined man any attention, and only looked at him wistfully now and then, as if wondering when he would be gone.

Elihu's plate, knife and fork were placed upon the table at every meal, it is true. He fared as the rest fared, and his room and bed were the best in the house.

But this was Sara's doing. To her and to Ben, he owed each moment of happiness which he enjoyed in the old house. The sister and her young brother were always glad to be with him, but the other inmates of the house looked over and around him, and even when he ate of their bread and drank of their cup, seemed as if they knew him not. Sara's proud spirit blazed up for his sake at a thousand petty insults and affronts each day. She wondered privately to herself, and aloud to Ben, how cousin Elihu, with the memory of his past wealth and grandeur fresh in his mind, could endure it! Nor was she surprised when, one pleasant evening just four weeks after his arrival, Elihu told her he must go.

"I cannot blame you, so shamefully have you been treated," she said, while her heart sank down in her breast, like a stone sinking into the depths of the tiny lake on whose banks they sat. "But where will you go, Cousin Elihu? What will you do? You were ill when you came here, and thanks to their unkindness, you are not yet well and strong enough to care for yourself. O, it is a shame—a shame!" she broke out again. "And if you had come rich as they expected, every one of them would have been at your feet."

Cousin Elihu smiled the smile that always brightened her melancholy face, till in her eyes it was the noblest, handsomest face on earth.

"Never mind them, Sara," said he; "you and Ben have been so good to me that I have scarcely noticed the rest. So good that——"

He paused and looked at her.

"Sara, when I am gone, will you miss me?"

The tears rose to her eyes.

"O, how can you ask? You know, Elihu, that when you go I shall think of you among strangers, poor, perhaps ill, perhaps dying——"

She hid her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

Elihu waited till her grief had exhausted itself and then took her hand.

"What you say is all very true, Sara. I am not fit to go out into the world alone. Will you go with me? You have a good home here, I know, but if I have you to work for, I will soon give you a better one. And by-and-bye Ben can come to us, and we will make a man of him. Will you be my wife, Sara?"

She looked at him with all the solemn fervor of a woman's love and devotion shining in her eyes.

"If you will take me, Elihu, and let me care for you, I shall be the happiest creature on earth. From the moment when I saw you come in at the farm-gate, from the moment when I knew that your fortune was gone, and that you were ill and alone in the world, I have prayed that you might love me. I don't care where our home is or what it is, so that we share it together. I can be happier with you in a log hut than I could be with anyone else in a palace; for you need me, Elihu, and I—I have thought and dreamed of you, and, I really believe, loved you from the day when my mother first told me about you, when I was sitting at her knee."

So they were betrothed, and, after a storm at the farm house, when her decision was first made known, Sara followed the fortunes of her lover to a distant city where they were married.

Ben went with her as her protector and "best man." Her father kissed her and cried over her, as he bade her farewell, and put a pocketbook containing five hundred dollars into her hand for the wedding portion.

"Ican't go with you to give you away, my dear, and I can't let you be married here," said the poor man. "I shall never hear the last of it if I do; and I'm getting old now, and I want peace and quiet in my own home. But God bless you, Sara, and your husband that is to be. Poor Elihu! Your mother loved him dearly, and I don't know a fault he has in the world, except that he is poor."

So strengthened by her father's approval and blessing, Sara approached the altar to consecrate her life to the hero of her dreams.

The ceremony over they drove to a first-class hotel, and breakfasted in a style that made Sara tremble for the future. And after breakfast Elihu laid a package before her, and a casket by the side of her plate.

"My first present to my wife," he said. "As for you, Ben—"

A cry of delight from Ben made his sister turn around to look at him. The boy was glorious in a gold hunting-case watch and chain.

"Open your casket, love," said her husband, smiling.

She obeyed and a river of light seemed to flash upon her from the diamonds within. At the same time her husband broke the seal of the package, and showed her a bank book inscribed with her name.

"Ten thousand dollars are deposited there, subject to your order," said Elihu, carelessly.

"Ten thousand dollars! and the watch! and the diamonds!" gasped Sara, turning pale. "What can it all mean?"

"I know," broke in Ben, with a joyous laugh. "Cousin Elihu has only been pretending to be poor all this time. Nicely sold all those people at the farm will he!"

Sara turned to her husband. He smiled, and drew her closely to his breast. From that happy day not a wish of hers or Ben's has been ungratified. And all the romance of her life began instead of ending (as she for a time supposed) "when Elihu came home."

American Farms.

The great improvements that have taken place in transportation, which make it possible for the wheat of Iowa and California to compete in the English markets with that raised on the Atlantic sea-board, and which place Iowa in competition with New England, have operated to *specialize* farming. The large farmer of to-day raises fewer kinds on his farm than did the small farmer of the last century. This specialization allows the use of the higher appliances and the use of capital as the former system could not. The true farms have doubtless grown in size, on the average. The early settlers of necessity could till but small farms. The tax lists of Long Island for the years between 1675 and 1685 show that in nine English towns the average land holding was about twenty-two acres, and in the five Dutch towns about thirty-seven acres, or for the whole fourteen towns it was twenty-five and one-third acres, and at that time over ninety per cent. of the tax payers were land holders. The national census of 1870 enumerates 2,660,000 farms, only six and a half per cent. of which were of less than ten acres, and more than half of the whole number contained over fifty acres. The cash value of the farms, implements and live stock was placed at upward of $11,000,000,000, and the total estimated value of all the farm productions at about $2,448,000,000. Of the 12,500,000 persons "engaged in all classes of occupation," 6,000,000 were engaged in agriculture. We have absolutely no statistics of the agriculture of the colonies at the time of the Revolution; therefore the actual figures of progress cannot be given, and we refrain from estimates.—Prof. W. H. Brewer, in *Harper's Magazine for May.*

A Lady's Seat on Horseback.

A lady's horse, to be perfect, should be all over handsome, and well up on its haunches. If slightly hollow in the back, so much the better, for it generally tends to ease in action, and to less motion to the saddle. A lady should never be heard upon the saddle—that is, there should be no bumping noise, not even in a trot. She should sit so closely, and, when rising to the trot, possess such elastic motion from the foot to the knee and waist that her return to the saddle should seem as light as a feather. She should sit "square to the front," and her horse's ears (to speak as a soldier) ought to dress well with the buttons on the bosom of her habit. Nothing is so bad as to sit with a lean to one side, and, when admirers are following after, to let them fear that a very little would cast her off from the stirrup side of her saddle. Her hands should be down, but light, and her arm, as well as every inclination of her figure should harmonize with the motions of her steed, as if both possessed the same volition.

Red Pepper and Poultry.

A lady correspondent of the *Poultry Bulletin* says:

"I do not know if other persons who raise poultry and pet birds are as much dependent as I am on red pepper; but I have found so much benefit from its use in my poultry yards and bird cages, that it may not be amiss to call the attention of others to its good properties. I do not speak of the article that is sold in the drug stores (and sometimes not remarkably fresh) but of the capsicum that grows in our gardens. I have tried all the different varieties, and find that the most pungent and efficacious is the small kind usually known by the name of "bird's pepper." The plant in itself is a beautiful object; it grows about two feet high, and in autumn its bright little scarlet berries look like coral beads peeping from under the dark, green foliage. Indeed, one plant in a pot forms a very pretty ornament for a flower stand. The seeds possess a stimulating and reviving property, and I find that two or three given to newly hatched chickens, especially if they are weakly, have a most happy effect. If a hen looks feeble after moulting, six of these berries or pods, given daily in some corn meal and sweet milk, improve her wonderfully. Last summer two of my finest canaries began to droop. Every day I gave them each one seed of the "bird's pepper," and in less than a week they were quite well. The same remedy is invaluable for mocking birds."

Moving the Rock of Ages.

The good people of the town of D—— were talking of moving their meeting house to a more agreeable locality; among the advocates of the movement none were more earnest than old Dacon A., who, by the way, has an uncontrolable habit of sleeping in church. No matter how interesting the discourse, the old deacon was sure to drop off at such a time. On the Sabbath preceding the day appointed for moving the house, the pastor preached an interesting sermon on the "Rock of Ages." Growing eloquent in his remarks, the good minister finally added with great emphasis:

"We can move it?"

The deacon having been asleep as usual, woke up just in time to catch the query, thinking the pastor referred to the meeting house, rose up in his seat and exclaimed:

"I'll bring over my yoke of steers, and they'll jerk it along the whole distance, if you'll keep plenty of hard wood rollers under it."

The deacon never slept in meeting after that.

Do Plants Need Water?

Thomas Meehan, editor of the *Gardener's Monthly*, answers this question by saying that "if any one thinks plants need water, he can try by stopping up the hole in the bottom of a flower pot, in which a plant is growing. This will be one of the best ways of learning that the essence of all good culture is to get rid of the water in the soil as soon as possible. This is the great principle that underlies the practice of underdraining land. We want moist air in soil, not water. 'Firm potting' favor a large amount of air spaces. If soil is moderately dry, the more we 'pound' it, the more we pulverize it, and pulverization means dividing into minute particles. The more particles the more spaces—the more spaces, the more porous is the mass. Every pore contains air, and this air is moist air, and it is on this moisture that the plants draw. There is no difference in the manner by which a root draws moisture from the atmosphere under the ground, and that by which the root of an air plant draws moisture above the ground. If you take the earth in which a healthy plant is growing, and handle it you will find no water in it; and you will perhaps find it moist enough to dampen a piece of paper. We do not know that any amount of pressure would squeeze water out of some soils in which plants grow healthy, though possibly moist air might be so compressed as to make water. Indeed the matter seems so clear to us, that we supposed it would be necessary only to state it to insure conviction. And we wonder very much that writers still continue to use the word water, when they speak of the necessary conditions in the food of plants."

Why Wet Land should be Drained.

Free access of atmospheric air to every part of the soil is of the utmost importance. The air assists the various processes of decomposition by which dead animal and vegetable matter is made to yield products of the highest value as elements of food of plants. If the soil is full of water, of course the air cannot get into the soil to perform this office. Hence, draining by drawing off the water beneath, gives the air free admission to the soil, and each shower of rain, by displacing the air already present, and then falling through the soil running away in the drains, renewing the supply of fresh air. In this way drains are of the greatest benefit. Drains actually diminish the loss of plant food by washing away. Stagnant water is injurious to the roots of plants. They will not grow in it. Draining removes this, and hence the plants send down their roots deeper. Consequently the capability of absorbing nourishment is greatly increased. It is these increased depths of the roots in well drained soil, which render the crops growing on them less liable to suffer from drouth than those on imperfectly drained land.

Although rain, washing the surface and running off by open channels, may and does dissolve and wash a considerable quantity of nutritive matter, the water which sinks into the land carries these nutritive substances deeper down into the soil and deposits them into the lower portions where the roots of the plants are to be found, and where these roots can seize and absorb these soluble matters. Draining causes the rain to pass through a considerable thickness of soil before it runs off, and hence it causes less loss of nutritive matter than is occasioned by rain washing soil as it does in undrained lands, carrying off to the streams and rivers much of the valuable nutritive matter that abounds on the surface.

Pinching Raspberries.

The past season I pinched off the top end of my raspberry bushes when they were about three feet high, for the purpose of making them grow slowly, and to spare the trouble of setting poles to tie them to. Those canes pinched off threw out side branches, and the yield of fruit is about double this season what the bushes which were shortened last season in comparison with those which were left to grow naturally. As the currant worm has destroyed nearly all our currant bushes, we can easily supply their place in our garden with other small fruits, such as strawberries, blackberries, raspberries and herberries, which as yet have few insect enemies. The best dressing I find for raspberries bushes is decayed chips or rotten wood from the forest and ashes. In my berrying days of childhood I always found the largest raspberries and most thrifty bushes growing round rotten logs and decayed stumps in the pastures.—*Cor. Maine Farmer.*

Salting, Packing, and Selling Butter.

Blanchard's *Butter Manual* recommends one ounce of salt to a pound of butter as sufficient for keeping it; but the butter paying class of customers, who are a little more fastidious about the quality, prefer about one half as much; and this is found sufficient, if the casein has been properly removed. Butter makers in the vicinity of large towns should seek out regular customers for their produce, in which cases it may be put up in balls or any other form adapted to the demand. "Philadelphia prints," which have acquired a worldwide reputation, are pound balls, with a small figure upon the top. They are usually enclosed in a white linen napkin, and packed in a cedar, zinc-lined chest, with apartments at each end for ice, to keep it hard while being transported to market. For the great mass of butter makers, the wooden tub, holding from fifteen to one hundred pounds, must ever be the most economical of packages. In the vicinity of New York city, heavy return pails, of the best white oak, with thick covers, having the owner's name branded on them, are used and re-used year after year. In some parts of the West, miserably poor oaken tubs are employed, which affect the butter very injuriously. In other localities, ashen tubs are favorites, while in Northern Vermont the most approved tubs are spruce. Spruce is unquestionably the least liable of all timber to affect the flavor of butter injuriously; while it is regularly believed that, for long keeping and much exposure, good white oak is preferable. Stone jars and crocks are sometimes used, but we do not recommend them. Much depends upon the purity of the salt—it must be perfectly white, and completely soluable in water. The office of salt is, first, to remove the buttermilk from the pores of the butter, and, secondly, to render harmless what cannot be removed.—*Scientific American.*

"Sir," said an old judge to a young lawyer, "you would do well to pluck some of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment.

Muscular Argument.

Do you know Dr. ——? But I won't give his name. He might not like to have it printed. But his friends—and they are legion—will recognize him. He is a dentist o Lewiston, Me., and most emphatically a live man. Of middle age (when the event happened of which I write) slight in build, but every cord and muscle like finely tempered steel; light, wavy hair; features prominent and handsome; with a pair of eyes like stars. He was a radical man—radical in his friendship, in his religeon, in his politics, and especially upon the subject of temperance. He was one of your positive men, acting always upon conviction.

The doctor was also a dear lover of true, manly and healthful recreation. Of good horses he was an ardent admirer, and his team was hard to beat.

The temperance men of Lewiston were pushing things, and the doctor pushed with them. In fact, he rather took the lead. A large number of surreptitious venders of the ardent were brought up and punished, and the disgusted sufferers swore vengeance. Particularly did they swear vengeance against the fair haired, silver tongued doctor.

The doctor's office was in Lewiston, and his dwelling over upon the other side of the river in Auburn. One evening, a little later than usual, he started for home on foot. It was dark when he reached the bridge. Upon the Auburn side he was confronted by two men who had evidently been lying in wait for him. They were stout, burly men, coarsely dressed, and very coarse of speech. By the light of a neighboring street lamp the doctor recognized one of them as the keeper of a low groggery which had lately been cleaned out with his help.

The men were not utterly brutes. They gave their victim a chance. They told, him, honestly, that they were going to lick him within an inch of his life. And thereupon they squared off.

"All right," said he, when the ruffians had announced their purpose. And with the quickness of lightning, and with about the same effect, he delivered a blow of his fist directly between the eyes of the foremost aggressor. Aggressor number two got the same dose instanter. As aggressor number one got upon his feet, a second blow leveled him again. And just so with number two.

"Come, come!" cried the doctor. "Hurry up. I can't wait here all night."

Aggressor number one raised himself upon his elbow, and wiped the blood from his nose.

"You needn't wait, doctor. We're satisfied if you are." And, with an oath, he added something about "a trump," and about the David that slew Goliah.

The doctor, thus dismissed, wended his way homeward, humming a conference meeting hymn. I never heard of his being molested again.

A Knowing Bird.

The following incident furnishes rather an interesting illustration of the intelligence or instinct of animals. On the 4th of July, 1873, a tame red bird, belonging to Mr. J. George Stilz, of this city, escaped from its cage, and, after lingering about the place for a few days, disappeared. Nothing more was seen of it for many months. On the 4th of March, 1874, just eight months later, the day being bright and the windows open, it flew into the house and remained some ten or fifteen minutes, flying out again before it could be captured. Again it disappeared, and nothing was seen of it till last fall, when its familiar note was heard again in the bushes near the house, and the bird was seen for several days, when it left for parts unknown. Another visit is confidently expected from the bird this spring, and the question is, where does it go to, and how does it find the way back to its old home?—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Concrete Gravel Walks.

The following directions for making concrete surface are given by an exchange.

Dig away the earth to the depth of about five inches, then lay a bottom of pebbles, ramming them well down with a paving rammer. Sweep them off as clean as possible with a broom, and cover the surface thinly with hot coal tar. Now put on a coat of smaller gravel (the first bed of pebbles should be as large as goose eggs) previously dipped in hot coal tar, drained, and rolled in coal ashes, with an intermixture of fine gravel, and roll it down as thoroughly as possible. Let the roller run slowly, and let a boy follow it with a hoe to scrape off all adhering gravel. Next put on a coat of fine gravel or sand surface, and roll again as thoroughly as possible; the more rolling the better. It will take some weeks to harden, but makes a splendid hard surface which sheds water like a roof. Do not use too much tar. It is only necessary to use enough to make the ingredients cohere under pressure, and a little is better than too much.

Farmers and Flowers.

We saw it asserted recently in one of our agricultural exchanges, that "The average American farmer has a contempt for flowers." We protest that this is a libel upon the average American farmer. There are some farmers who affect in difference to flowers and to believe it is a waste of time, labor and soil to cultivate them; but we never knew such a man who was not ultimately "brought round" by the persistent efforts of the wife and daughters and who did not finally look upon and speak of the "posey birds" with a degree of pride and satisfaction. The average American farmer is not so low in the scale of intelligence and refinement as the writer quoted above would have us believe.—If this writer judges the average farmer to be as low as the average farmer of his own neighborhood may be, it only proves that he has not "traveled."—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Sow Light Grass Seed.

A correspondent of the *Practical Farmer* has not found a machine capable of properly distributing the lighter and more chaffy grass seed, such as blue grass. He therefore, still clings to hand sawing, and he does it as follows; The course which I now pursue, is thoroughly to mix one part of the seed with one part of coarse, sharp sand, or fine gravel (the sharper the better), and moisten the mass, carefully manipulating it until the seed and the chaff are well separated and caused to adhere to the rough particles of sand. The weighty sand thus becomes an effective vehicle with which to distribute the buoyant seed, which by moisture is made to adhere to the sand.

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CANDIES, NUTS, CRACKERS

FANCY CAKES, 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. 9-1y.

LIME. LIME. LIME.

The undersigned having erected lime kilns at Marble Hill, three miles west of Confluence, on the Pittsburgh & Connellsville railroad, are now ready to ship to any point either burnt lime or raw limestone as may be required.

This lime is quarried from the Marble formation many feet below the owest coal vein, and of a very superior quality.

Orders for lime or raw stone can be sent to Confluence to Huggs & Weber, or to Judge McMillen, of New Lexington, Col. John Weller, of Gebhartsburg, Philip Wolfersperger, Jr., Mineral Point, George Weber, Meyersdale, Isaac Hogue, Somerset, and Wallace H. Walter, Connellsville, which will be promptly attended to.

037 HUGUS & WEBER.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWEL & CO., New York, for book (97th edition) containing lists of 2,000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. jan12

JOHN A. IRWIN,

BOOK BINDER,

AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,

New Nos. 122 and 124 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Paper ruled to any pattern. Music, Magazines, etc., neatly bound. feb19

CHEAP SIDE GROCERY.

Just received at the

Cheapside Grocery

A New Stock of Goods,

NOTIONS

GROCERIES,

FLOUR,

BACON,

FISH,

SUGAR,

SYRUPS,

MOLASSES,

TEAS,

COFFEE,

DRIED and CANNED FRUITS,

&C., &C., &C.

Of the best quality, and will be sold at the very lowest cash prices. Call and see our stock.

Opposite Somerset House,

SOMERSET, PA.

F. K. Colborn & Co.

New Advertisements. *Miscellaneous.*

Having completed the alteration of our storeroom, we would respectfully announce that we have re-opened.

We have arranged our Store with a view to the convenience of customers, and to secure expedition in all branches of our business.

Our stock will be new throughout, embracing all the latest novelties in Fine Jewelry, Watches, Silver Ware and Fancy Goods.

By attention to customers, inducements in prices, and adherence to a high standard of quality, we hope to merit a continuation of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed.

JOHN STEVENSON'S SONS.

95 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

mar24.

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Axes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Currry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! BARGAINS!!!

AT

The New Store of

G. R. PARKER,

Dealer in

Dry Goods, Fancy & Staple Notions, Ribbons, Embroidery, Laces, &c.

Would be pleased to have his Friends and Patrons call and examine his Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Store Room on Main Street, opposite the "Barnet House," Somerset Pa. april15

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 outin our New 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, and be satisfied from your own judgment.

Don't forget where we stay—

On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 2, 1872.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

And Manufacturers of

Gent's, Youth's and Boys,

Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods,

121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH.

apr1.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,

293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,

W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

☞TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICITED. sep18

WIKE & YOUNG,

BUTCHERS

AND DEALERS,

Wholesale and Retail,

IN

FRESH MEATS,

ALL KINDS, SUCH AS

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB,

SAUSAGE, PUDDING, BOLOGNA

AND

LARD, OUR OWN RENDERING.

Market days, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. mar1075

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 fine and coarse

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM.

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 29.

To the Merchants of Somerset Co.

GENT'S: Your attention is called to the fact that

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 Clinton St.

JOHNSTOWN PA.

are selling

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS &

MILLINERY,

at Eastern prices. We guarantee you Eastern prices on Prints, Ginghams, Delaines, Alpacas, Dress Goods, Muslins, Brown and Bleached Domestics, Ducks, Drills, Cottonades, Jeans, Cassimeres, Tickings, Flannels, Cloths and Cassimeres, in fact all Dry Goods and Notions. A trip to Johnstown will not cost you the tenth part of the expense of a trip to Philadelphia, and yet we sell at Philadelp prices and save you freight beside. We can afford to do it because we buy in large lots and pay cash, have no rent to pay and do our own work. Call and see our stock and prices and judge for yourselves.

FOSTER & QUINN,

Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

ANDREW PEEBLES,

ARCHITECT.

Cor. Sixth Ave. and Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Entrance No. 5 Sixth Avenue. sep27

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL

PURELY DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

EUREKA

VINEGAR BITTERS

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.

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