A Romance of the Forest.

During the latter years of the war, part of Spotted Tail's family remained for a time at Fort Laramie, and with them was his favorite daughter, a young girl just budding into womanhood. The fort was then garrisoned by companies of an Ohio regiment of volunteer cavalry. Among the officers of this regiment was a young man of good appearance and pleasant manners, and with whom the chief's daughter fell in love. Her passion does not seem to have been reciprocated by the young soldier, and he did all in his power to convince her he could not marry her, and, therefore, it would be wrong in him to pay his addresses to her. But the infatuated girl would not be convinced, and could not understand why she, a princess, and the daughter of the most powerful chief of the plains, was not a suitable wife for the young soldier. Day after day she would dress herself with scrupulous care, and come to the fort to see her beloved. It was pitiable to observe her, as hour after hour she would sit on the doorstep of the young officer's quarters, waiting for him to come out. At other times she would follow him about the parade ground like a dog, seeming perfectly happy if she could only be near him and enjoy the poor privilege of looking at him.—Spotted Tail, hearing of the strange conduct of his daughter, and deeply mortified at her want of self respect, hastened to the fort, and putting her in charge of some kind friends, bade them carry her off into the Rocky Mountains, where a portion of his tribe dwelt, and endeavored in every way to make her forget her unfortunate love. She went away meekly enough, but fell into a deep melancholy, from which no effort of friends could arouse her. Presently she refused to take any food and pined away to a mere skeleton.

One day a courier, whose horse was white with foam, sought the great chief and told him that his daughter was dying of a broken heart, and wished to see him once more before she passed to the happy spirit land. Away over mountain and stream hurried the chief, and paused not for food or rest until he had reached the bedside of his beloved child. He found her still alive but fast sinking, and she bid him sit close beside her and hold her fleshless hands in his while she told him all her simple story of love and suffering and a broken heart. She said: "I shall soon be at rest, my father, and with those of our kindred who have gone before. In that beautiful land I will wait for you, and you will soon come to join me, dear father, for your locks are whitened with years of care; you are fast growing old and tired. You are a great chief and have yet many warriors, but the pale face is more numerous than the leaves of the forest, and I pray you to cease warring with them. Save your people, my chief; rest a little while in peace, and you will have reached the end of your journey of life and come to join me in the happy home to which I am now going. The pale faces are his people, and between them and you I hope war will never come again. And, O my father and my chief, when I am dead take my poor, wasted body and lay it on the hill beside the fort where I learned to love so well." The pulseless hand grew cold as the great chief promised his child all she asked of him, then the lustrous eyes glazed over, the thin lips ceased to move, the smile fled from the wasted face, and the Indian girl was dead.

The heart-broken chief bid the attendants dress the body of the princess for burial, and on the shoulders of stout warriors it was carried to Laramie and laid to rest among the pale faces, one of whose race she had so fatally loved. Her grave is still pointed out to the traveler, and there it will long remain a monument of the saddest story of the plains.—Spotted Tail often speaks of his dead daughter with affectionate remembrance, and once in a great counsel held with the whites at Laramie, he said:

"Were not the hopelessness of resistance and the dictates of policy sufficient to restrain me from acts of war, the pledge made to my dead child in her dying hour would cause me to keep at peace with your people."

Useful Pictures.

The value of pictures, or rather their superiority over words, as story-tellers, is excellently illustrated by a couple of incidents which we find related in a foreign contemporary. In a village in India, recently, it became necessary in the course of some engineering operations to transport an enormous mass of metal, weighing several hundred tons, from one point of the town to another.—Ordinary means were out of the question; and as the engineers found themselves unable to devise any process, they did the next best thing, and wrote to other engineers in England who were constantly supervising such work. The latter, instead of writing out nice large pages of foolscap, beautifully embellished with Greek letter formulæ and red ink, quietly waited till the next piece of metal which they had to transport offered a favorable opportunity. Then they prepared a camera, and photographed every step of the operation, together with all the tools and appurtenances and forwarded the print from a negative to India. These the engineers in the far-off country followed, and with little difficulty accomplished their task.

Another instance is that of a bridge, also to be constructed in India, but not yet completed. This work involves the placing of very heavy weights, and certain difficulties incident to the rapid changes of level of the water to be crossed. At the present time just such another bridge is in process of erection in London, and the assistance of photography is again called in. As the London bridge advances toward completion, photographs are constantly made; and so when the India engineers begin their work, they be in possession of a set of guides of invaluable assistance to them.—*Scientific American.*

Before washing almost any colored fabrics, soak them in water to each gallon of which a spoonful of oxgall has been added. A teacupful of lye in a pail of water is said to improve the color of black goods. A strong tea of common hay will improve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water for pink and green will brighten them; and soda answers the same end for purple and blue. To wash calico without fading, infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of water. Put in the calico while the solution is hot, and leave until the latter is cold. It is said that in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

Too Sharp for Him.

Some years since when New Orleans was in its prime, there came to that city a young Kentuckian, for the purpose of learning the sciences of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a "little sprinkling" of waggishness. He was inducted into the Charity Hospital and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters he was introduced to a young French gentleman, occupying the room also as a student. The young Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners—courteous yet cold—and he thus address his new companion:

"Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable; but in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room mates, with none of whom could I ever agree—we could never pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds, as the oldest occupant, I claim that nearest the window."

The Kentuckian assented.

"Now," says the Frenchment, "I will draw the "boundary line" between our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon each other's rights," and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division midway from one side of the room to the other. "Sir," he added, "I hope you have no objection to the treaty."

"None in the world, sir," answered the stranger, "I am perfectly satisfied with it." He then sent down for his baggage and both students set down with their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged while "Old Kentuck" was watching him, and thinking what a singular genius he must be and how he might "fix" him.

Thus things went on until dinner time came. The bell was rung—the Frenchman popped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and moustache, and essayed to depart.

"Stand, sir!" said the stranger suddenly placing himself with his toe to the mark directly before the French student, "if you cross that line you are a dead man."

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments when the Frenchman exclaimed, "Is it possible that I did not reserve the right of passage?"

"But how shall I get out of the room?"

"There is the window, which you reserved to yourself—you must use that; but you pass not that door—my door, which you generously left me."

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught. He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of a three story window was not "what it's cracked up to be," said to his new friend—"Sir, in order that we may be mutually agreeable, I'll rub out that hateful chalk line and let you pass.

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and since the settlement of the "boundary question," they have been the very best of friends.

An Oyster's Heart.

Near the hinge of an oyster is a cavity which leads to its stomach. It may be called, with a little license, its mouth; not that it has teeth, or that in any way it masticates food, or that it indicates the place of the head, for the oyster belongs to a division of mollusks known as the *acephalates*, or headless ones. But is functionally a mouth, and is like mouths in two important particulars. It is the entrance of the food to the alimentary canal; and it has certain lip-like organs with which to control the entering food. If, then, the oyster's mouth is thus situated near the hinge, that part of the creature should be known as its anterior, or forward end. The opening end, that which the oystermen call the "nip," is therefore really the posterior extremity.

Every one knows that in opening an oyster the knife has to be passed through a stout organ, wrongly called by many the eye, for the oyster is eyeless. Some call it the heart.—This, also, is incorrect. It is the great abductor muscle, with which the animal draws together its valves. But the oyster has a true heart. It is situated near to and forward of the abductor muscle, that is, between it and the mouth. If a finger of a glove be cut off and inflated with air, being closed up at the end, and then a thread were tied round so as to constrict it at the middle, we should have something resembling in shape pretty nearly the oyster's heart. This small organ is divided by the constriction into two lesser organs, an auricle, and a ventricle; a receiving and a distributing reservoir of the pale, opalescent blood—its true life current, which animates every part of this complex little being.

If an oyster be opened with sufficient tact and care, the heart can be seen at work, beating much as our hearts beat—a true rhythmical pulsation. Indeed, with watch in hand, the beats can be counted, as when a physician makes a diagnosis of one's pulse. As death nears, so slow the throbs of the oyster's heart.—*Educational Monthly.*

He could be Trusted.

Alfred was missing one night about sunset. Mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor, coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought it likely Alfred was with them.

"No," said the mother, "he promised me he would never go there without my leave, and he always keeps his word."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still listening for Alfred's step; but it was half past eight before his shout and whistle was heard when he ran in at the gate.

"Confess now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with other boys, and so kept away till late."

How the boy's eyes flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No, sir; I promised my mother that I would never go there without her leave, and do you think I would tell a falsehood? I helped James to find the cows that had strayed in the wood, and didn't think I should stay so late."

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother as he took his hat to go home, "there is comfort in store for you, by him. Such a boy as that will make a noble man."

A Kansas paper says:—"A mule kicked an insurance agent in this place on the cheek the other day. The agents check was uninjured, but the mule's hoof was broken."

Ringing for Water.

A passenger in a railroad express train became thirsty.

"Where's that 'ere boy with the water can?" he queried of his next neighbor."

"He has gone forward to the baggage car, I suppose," was the reply.

"Wall, d'ye s'pose I kin git him back here agin?"

"Certainly," said the other, "you have only to ring for him," and he nodded towards the bell-line that ran above their heads.

No sooner said than done. Before any one could prevent it Rusticus had seized the line and given it a tremendous tug. The consequence was at once obvious; three shrill whistles were heard, half a dozen brakemen ran to their posts, and the train came to a stand still with a suddenness that startled half the passengers with astonishment, and caused every man next to a window to hoist it and look out to see what was the matter.

In a few minutes the conductor, red and excited, came foaming into the car to know who pulled that bell rope.

"Here, mister, this way; I'm the man," shouted the offender, drawing all eyes upon him.

"You!" said the conductor, "and what did you do it for?"

"'Cos I wanted some water."

"Wanted some water?"

"Sartain. I wanted the water boy, and my partner here in the seat said I'd better ring for him as we do at the hotel, an' so I yanked the rope. Will he be along soon? An' by the bye, what in thunder be you stoppin' for?"

The shout of laughter that greeted this honest confession was too much for the conductor, and he had to wait till he had got his train under way again before he explained the mysteries of the bell rope to his verdant customer.

Migration of Birds.

A recent writer presents the novel hypothesis that the migratory flight of birds is an involuntary act. The argument is, that at or about a certain period of the year, when a strong southern wind prevails in an upper stratum of the air, a subtle atmospheric change, resulting from it, acts upon the muscles of the birds in such a way as to make them fly. Their wings beat as naturally as their hearts, and they cannot help going. Rising up into the swift current of air, they are borne along it as long as the spasm lasts, which generally is long enough to carry them to warmer climates, although multitudes recover a little too soon and perish in the sea. Some experiments made upon migratory birds in captivity lend plausibility to the theory. Kept in cages, covered with silk to protect them from injury, these birds have been observed, at the season of migration, to be affected with a paroxysm of flight, which continued through a period answering in length to the time occupied by birds in their semi-annual journeys. When the paroxysm was over, the birds fell to the ground, began preening their plumage, and conducting themselves as if they had just reached a new home after an extended journey. The experiments were made in both England and America with similar results.

Anecdotes of Henry Clay.

Mr. Clay's knowledge of human nature was thorough and profound, and he was able to put it to use at any moment, as the following anecdotes will show:

On a certain occasion he met an old hunter, who had once been his supporter, but who afterward went against him on account of his vote on a certain bill in Congress,

"Have you a good rifle, my friend?" he asked of the hunter.

"Yes."

"Does it ever flash in the pan?"

"It never did so more than once," the hunter answered, proud of his weapon.

"Well, what did you do with it? You didn't throw it away, did you?" continued Mr. Clay.

"No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down game."

"Have I ever flashed in the pan, except on the compensation bill?"

"No, I can't say you have."

"Well, will you throw me away?"

"No; I'll pick the flint and try you over." So the hunter grasped Mr. Clay's hand and gave him his vote.

At another time Mr. Clay was visiting a backwoods country in Kentucky, where the man who could fire the best shot stood highest in esteem, and the man who couldn't shoot at all was looked upon with contempt. He was canvassing for votes, when he was approached by some old hunters, one of whom told him that he would be elected to Congress, but that he must first show how good a shot he was. Clay declared that he never shot with any rifle except his own, which was at home.

"No matter. Here's 'Old Bess,'" answered the hunter, giving him a gun, "and she never fails in the hands of a marksman. She's put a bullet through many a squirrel at a hundred yards, and has let daylight through a red-skin at twice that distance. If you can shoot with any gun, you can shoot with 'Old Bess.'"

A traget was set up, and Mr. Clay aimed "Old Bess" at it. He fired faint-heartedly, but the shot struck the bull's eye in the centre.

"A chance shot! a chance shot! cried his opponents.

"Never mind," he answered. "You beat it, and then I will."

No one could beat it, and Mr. Clay had too much sense to try it again.

Brother Smith, what does this mean?

"What does what mean?"

"Bringing a nigger to this church."

"The pew is my own."

"Your own! is that any reason why you should insult the whole congregation?"

"But he is intelligent and well educated."

"Who cares for that, he is a nigger!"

"But he is a friend of mine."

"What of that? Must you therefore insult the whole congregation?"

"But he is a Christian and belongs to the same denomination."

"What do I care for that? Let him go and worship with his fellow niggers."

"But he is worth five miiion dollars."

"Worth what?"

"Five million dollars."

"Worth five million dollars! Jerusalem! Worth five million dollars! Bro. Smith, introduce me."

Three Men Struck by Lightning.

Atlanta' July 2.—Three young men in Milton county, on June 30, while in a field thrashing wheat were struck by lightning and instantly killed.

Tattling.

In all the black catalogue of vices which unhappily debase the character of the sons and daughters of Adam, tattling well nigh holds the pre-eminence It is the meanest, the most detestable of all habits, and when once contracted, clings as it were, with the tenacity of a demon. In view of its depravity, and of the many and fearful vices following in its train, the Lord commanded Moses to "speak unto all the congregations of Israel and say unto them: "Thou shalt not go up and down, as a tale bearer among the people," and in the sacred psalm it is written, "Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off."

The rabid dog, let loose in a community to bite whatever man or beast he meets, is not as dangerous as the tattler. The dog kills only the individual bitten, while the tattler's venom poisons madly and fatally, the whole community. He goes to a neighbor's and listening attentively, hears, perhaps, something said that may be used to the disparagement, possibly, the ruin of another, which he drinks down with the avidity with which the thirsty toper does the fiery fluid, and then goes forth with venomous tongue to disseminate suspicion, distrust and rankling hate, where before was the abode of neighborly love and confiding trust.

Thus the peace of society is marred, often disrupted; confidence destroyed, friends made foes, discord and strife created, and all the diabolical schemes of the father of lies used to destroy all that is lovely and of good report, furthered by the tattler, who may well be compared to the viper in the fable, that, warmed brought to life by the care of its kindhearted benefactor, turned and stung him to the heart.

French Mode of Selecting Horses.

A Paris correspondent of the Lancaster Farmer says:—The purchasers of horses for the French army always endeavor to obtain a first look at the animal when he is tranquil and in the stable; noting if the animal supports itself equally well on all its legs, and if one seems to yield, to specially examine it; attention is then directed to the largeness of the pupil of the eye, which ought to be more dilated when in the stable, than when exposed to full light. After the animal has been led out of the stable, the eye ought to be again examined to observe if the pupil has contracted; if not, the sight is feeble; others, to test the power of vision, feign to strike the forehead with the hand. If the hollow over the eyes be profound, and the temple grey, old age is to be concluded; wounds about the temple suggest attacks of staggers, and when the end of the nose presents circular scars, it may be concluded the horse has been twitched with a cord to ensure his quietness while being shod or having had to submit to some painful operation.

Use of Wool in the Apiary.

For the last four years we have used wool quite largely for various purposes in our apiary. We use nothing else for stopping up our queen cages, rolling it for this purpose into a tight wad. The bees cannot gnaw it away and seldom propolise it. We shut up all our nuclei, when first formed, with wool. It can be crowded into place in a moment, admits air, and is easily removed. If we wish for any purpose to shut up a hive, we use wool. In the working season we keep one pocket full of wool, and know nothing of the vexations we experienced when using wire cloth. Occasionally a few bees are caught in the fibres of the wool, but they are for the most part very shy of it, and are quite indisposed to commit *felo de se* by hanging themselves in its meshes. Robbers will very quickly retreat from a hive well wooled. If we use the words to wool and unwool a hive or nucleus, instead of to shut up or open the entrace, our readers will understand what we mean.—*L. L. Langstroth.*

When to buy Sheep.

The National Live Stock Journal says; As a rule, the best time to buy is in the late summer—as flock masters who have kept their sheep through the winter prefer to shear them before selling. It is usually most profitable to do so. After the first to the middle of August, the lambs are ready for weaning, and the farmer knows pretty well what the increase of his flock is to be, also what his crops of grain and grasses will allow him to winter properly. The season's yield at home also affords the buyer better opportunity for gauging the number of stock to suit the probable contents of barn and granary. Ordinarily, where the seller of store sheep can be found in the spring, ten can be found in the late summer or fall.

Pickling Cucumbers.

A correspondent of the Massachusetts *Ploughman* sends a recipe for pickling cucumbers which he says he has used for many years He says:

There may be simpler methods, but none, I am sure, that can be followed by happier results. Pickles made this way will keep hard and good the year around, and are always of a beautiful green color.

Some say that cucumbers for pickling ought never to be washed or rubbed, as it removes an outside coating and impairs the quality of the pickles. How true this may be I have never determined by experiment; but, to be on the safe side, we never wash them (unless very dirty), the successive scalding cleaning them sufficiently. Place the cucumbers in an earthen jar and pour over them a weak brine, scalding hot, and let them stand in it 24 hours, when it must be turned off, scalded, skimmed, and turned on again to remain another day, and scalded again. Now they must be freshened by pouring over them hot vinegar, and let them stand a few days, when they must be put into cold cider vinegar, adding horse-radish root and any kind of whole spices that one prefers. Stir them occasionally to prevent scum from rising. Many house keepers labor with the mistaken idea that pickle vinegar must be scalded every time a white scum rises. It does no good whatever, only weakens the vinegar, and eventually kills it outright. And just here let me ask a question, Why does the scalding of vinegar lessen its strength? Is not the killing of those minute creatures to which good cider vinegar owes its vitality the cause?

A fond parent who bought a cow for his summer residence in anticipation of the delight that the product would cause his little daughter, was somewhat chagrined when Miss Pert, looking upon a pan of nectar, exclaimed: "Oh, the horrid yellow scum. It isn't half so good as the nick blue milk we get in Boston."

Absence of Mind.

We heartily concur with the Philadelphia *Ledger* in its assertion that among the bad habits, which are usually classed with the minor faults of mankind, is that of absence of mind. Says the writer:

We have all laughed at the awkward blunders of the absent-minded, their irrelevant remarks, their ludicrous mistakes, their forgetfulness of the ordinary proprieties of life. Often, however, serious results ensue through these seemingly trivial oversights; property is wasted, friends estranged, losses incurred, health and even life sacrificed. In times of strong excitement or peril of any kind, nothing is so valuable as presence of mind. It is not exactly courage, or fortitude, or sagacity, or judgment, but rather the calm and well poised ability to marshal all these forces into action just where and when they are most needed.—How many lives have been saved and disasters averted by this simple endowment! How much of the heroism which we delight to honor may be traced to this potent source!

It is precisely this attribute of which the absent minded man is destitute. Whatever be his knowledge, or wisdom, or skill, however excellent his motives and intentions, however great his powers and capacities, he has not that control over them that insures the rightful action of each in its own time and place. He is continually off guard, surprised, confused, unprepared. His mind may be of the finest order, but it is not at its post of command, and his powers are scattered and lost like soldiers without a leader.

Much of this absence of mind might be avoided if concentration of thought upon one subject at a time were made a prominent part of education. Children should be accustomed to think earnestly for short periods, and then to dismiss the subject wholly from their minds. Weariness, listlessness, and half-hearted attention should always be prevented. It is far better for a child to play with his whole soul than to play with but a fragment of it. If he be thus trained in his youth. if work and play and study, each in their turn, absorb him utterly for the time, there will be but little danger of his growing up to be an absent minded man. Those in mature life who have unfortunately acquired this pernicious habit may, by a similar process of self-culture, gradually overcome it. No one who indulges in it can make the most of his powers in any direction or give out to the world his full value; and certainly no one in our present varied and complex civilization can fulfill his manifold relations in life unless he resolutely bring all the powers of his mind to bear upon each one of them in its own appointed season.

Fattening Snails.

One of the myriad singular industries pursued by the ingenious Parisians is that of fattening snails for the market. That the demand for this article of diet is great is proved by the fact that a large number of persons find profitable employment in furnishing an adequate supply. Most snail-breeders who carry on their business outside the "barriers" of Paris fatten the molluscs in tanks, but some prefer to keep the creatures in the open air. The preserve in which snails are fed is divided into eight or ten separate enclosures, each of which is surrounded by a line of sawdust four inches broad, and freshly laid each morning. This simple hedge is an effectual barrier to any helix tempted to indulge vagabond propensities, and stray beyond the boundaries of its allotted precincts. Each daily consignment of snails is deposited in one of the parks or enclosures, and left to fast forty-eight hours. After this they are moved to another park, where they are provided with an abundance of food, consisting of cabbages, lettuce, endives, thyme, and vine leaves. Purified by their long fast, the snails eat with voracity, and in eight or ten days are fat enough to satisfy the eye and taste of a Parisian epicure. The tax upon fatted snails is very small, but it is estimated that, were the levy to be raised to one-quarter of that set upon oysters, and fifty snails be counted as worth one dozen bivalves, the revenue annually arising from their consumption in Paris would amount to 200,000 francs. It is said that a diet of snails reduces a man's flesh until he becomes a mere skeleton. The edible snail of the Gold Coast has a shell of three inches long by two inches deep. From this he protrudes a pair of tentacles four inches in length. These tentacles are the choice part of the animal, and are served whole in that savory compound called snail soup.

Can It Be?

And yet again the ruthless hammer of the iconoclast has smashed another idol—a memorable and lovely idol. A few weeks ago he destroyed the grave of Abelard and Heloise. That was his last exploit. Now he comes in the shape of the Philadelphia Historical Society, and tells us there was no treaty signed by William Penn with the Indians. Says this Society: "There was no written instrument passing between the parties to the treaty. It was only this and nothing more: a big talk and a good time. No purchase or consideration whatsoever other than friendship passed between William Penn and the assemblage of Delawares, Mingoes and other Susquehanna tribes as they met in November, 1682, under the spreading branches of the great elm tree, now marked by a monument, and consented to what Voltaire styled 'The only treaty never sworn to and never broken.'" All this makes bad work not only with Voltaire, but also with Mr. West's familiar picture, the school-books, the histories, the advocates of philanthropy, and the admirers of the noble Indian. But even this can be endured, if we could feel at all certain that the iconoclast would ever come to an end of his idol-smashing. The sad feature of the business is the uncertainty and confusion he creates. If there was no Penn treaty, how can we feel sure that there was a Magna Charta, or a Declaration of Independence? Where is this thing going to stop? How long will it be before the past is entirely obliterated? Really, it is about time that the idol-smasher be bidden to cease his work, and leave us our idols, even if they are only myths.

A countryman purchased a new hat at a Burlington store, last week, leaving the old one with the merchant, who kicked it under the counter. The next day the countryman returned, and after a search among the rubbish, found the old tile, and turning down the band pulled out a fifty dollar bill, quietly remarking, "I came mighty near forgetting where I put that money."

The Uses of Charcoal.

I lately noticed in your paper a good description of the way to burn charcoal. I will give some of its uses to the farmer, from experience. By keeping charcoal in the hog pen, there will be but little odor or disagreeable smell, such as is usual. The hogs appear to thrive better and faster, on less food, than in a strong smelling sty. They will consume quite a quantity, which undoubtedly does them good. Some should be powdered, and some left in chunks; the powdered absorbs the wet, and the hogs will eat the lumps as they desire it. The refuse makes a most excellent manure for onions or any other vegetables. By putting a small quantity in the horse stable every day, under the horse, it will absorb the wet, and keep the stable perfectly sweet and wholesome. As it is removed from the stable keep it under shelter, dry it and sow it on the meadows; the increase in the crop will pay for the trouble.

Cow stables will receive the same benefit and produce the same results. It is also invaluable in the poultry house, in keeping it wholesome for the fowls, and making a most valuable manure. The fowls will consume a part of it, and are not so liable to disease. It is also very beneficial in the sheep pens or yards. By putting a bushel or so of the powdered charcoal down the water closet, it will remove the disagreeable smell which generally attends such places, and will remove the great objection there is to cleaning them out.

"He Was Mighty Hard to Kill."

Boston special to Chicago *Times*: At Worcester, Saturday night, Frederick Bates, a brakeman, fell from the tender of a locomotive and was picked up lifeless. Physicians pronounced his neck broken, but it was noticed that he breathed faintly. He was quickly removed to the city hospital, but continued unconscious until late in the night, when an examination of several physicians showed that the upper vertebra of the spinal column had been dislocated. With slight surgical aid the dislocation was remedied, and the man recovered consciousness. This morning when his breakfast—a cup of coffee and biscuit—was brought to him at the hospital, he spurned the meal as not sufficiently elaborate, arose from his bed, dressed himself, and walked down the street. His appearance at the Farmers' Hotel created no little sensation, but his acquaintances were relieved of all ghostly fears when they observed that he ate well. His later appearance among the men at the freight and engine houses of the Norwich road created a still greater sensation, and he was somewhat critically examined as to his identity, but his living appearance before relatives and friends who had heard of his death in Worcester, on Saturday night, and had come up to this city on the boat train this morning to convey the body to the home of the supposed deceased, was the crowning sensation of all.

Mellow Soil.

Unless the surface of the ground is mulched around young trees over an area of six to ten feet in diameter, the ground should be kept clean and mellow. Every farmer knows that a hill of corn or potatoes will not amount to much unless cultivated, and there are many who will neglect to give the same care to a tree which is worth a hundred hills of either of the former. In rich soils trees may grow rapidly without cultivation, and no amount of grass or weeds will retard them; but there are other things besides growth to be looked after. It the weeds and grass are allowed to grow up around the stem of apple, peach or quince trees, the bark will become soft near their base by being shaded, and thereby be in a suitable condition for the reception of the eggs which will eventually become peach or apple borers. Take any dozen young apple trees in sections where the borer is abundant, and allow a portion to be choked with weeds and the remainder well cultivated, and watch the result. From our own experience, we believe that the chances are nine to one in favor of those cultivated being exempt from the pest.—*American Agriculturist.*

Silent Men.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the constitution of the United States the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was the chairman; but he made two speeches during the convention, of a very few words each. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speech pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his greatest difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said, by reserve. The greatness of man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

Beginning of the Revolution.

Dr. Franklin, writing to his friend Priestly on the 16th of May, 1775, says with that easy banter which was one of his characteristics:

"You will have heard, before this reaches you, of the march stolen by regulars into the country by night, and of their expedition back again. They retreated twenty miles in six hours."

The successful raid, the sorties or skirmishes thus lightly alluded to, had a more serious significance in England. In a speech delivered at Concord in 1850, Edward Everett said:

"I often heard in England a gentleman of great literary eminence—I wish it were proper to repeat his name—say that when the news of the 19th of April arrived in England, his father, with a sorrowful countenance, announced it to his family assembled at prayers. He then ordered a suit of full mourning. Some one asked if he had lost a friend—a relative? 'Yes,' was the answer; 'many friends, many relatives, many brethren, at one blow, in Lexington and Concord in America."

Mr. Bancroft relates the same story in two parts, assigning the announcement at prayers to the father Rogers the poet, and the "suit of full mourning" and the "many brethren" to the Recorder of London.

New Advertisements. *Miscellaneous.*

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 Adzes, &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 thebest quailty. 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. Loocking 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, Curry 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.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

And Manufacturers of

Gent's, Youth's and Boys,

Fashsionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH.

apri.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,

293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh. Pa.,

W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICITED. sep 18

New Firm!

NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

Having purchased the interest of Messrs C. F. Rhoads & Bro's, in the grocery business, we respectfully announce to the public that we will continue the business at the old stand,

(No. 2, Baer's Block.)

In addition to a full line of groceries (fresh and of best qualities),

GLASSWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

FLOUR, GRAIN,

& MILL FEED,

We will make a specialty of

SALT,

Carbon Oil,

Land Plaster,

CALCINED PLASTER,

FREDERICK

AND

CLEVELAND

WHITE LIME,

Cumberland Lime,

GUANO,

PHOSPHATES, &c.,

We have a large warehouse and lime house near the Depot, and will furnish Country Merchants and Farmers storage room at reasonable rates.

W. F. ALTFATHER & Co.

SOMERSET, PA.

March 31, 1875.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Protection of your Family from poverty, and in case of sudden death your estate from bankruptcy: or in event of a long life a competency for your old age, can be secured if you now avail yourself of the Decennial Dividend plan furnished by the

NEW JERSEY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

The only Company that can or do issue the above kind of policies, the most liberal and fair in its provisions of any in the world.

Those who wish to avail themselves of its many benefits can have the necessary documents furnished them to fill out, and additional and important information, by applying by letter or in person to

F. E. GOODELL,

MANAGER BRANCH OFFICE,

88 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

A responsible person is wanted in this and adjoining counties to present the above plan of insurance to the public, to whom a permanent and desirable position will be given. Address as above.

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. 30.

NEW STORE!

SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at

GARRETT,

on the line of the P. W. & B R. R., and now offer for sale a a General Stock of Merchandise, consisting of

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

QUEENSWARE,

HARDWARE,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

&c., &c., &c.,

All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce.

WANTED.—Lumber of all kinds, Hoop-poles, Cross-Ties, Bark, Staves, &c., Also, Wool, Butter, Eggs,

MAPLE SUGAR,

Bacon, Grain of all kinds. Furs, Sheep-Pelts, and Beeswax, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or Goods.

SALT AND FISH.

always on hand. Give us a call and be convinced that we intend to do business and cannot be undersold.

SCHELL & WILSON.

STEVENSON & CARTWRIGHT,

Manufacturers of

Galvanized Iron Cornices,

Window and Door Heads, Finials, Turrets, Chimney Caps, Ventilators, and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Ornamental Work, Tin Roofing, Spouting, and all kinds of Job Work promptly attended to.

No. 158 Federal St.,

Allegheny City, Pa.

may5

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. mar10'75

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. tab18

DR. T. BROWN, No. 82 SECOND AVENUE, between Wood and Market Streets, Pittsburg, continues to guarantee his cures in cases of PRIVATE DISEASES. His remedies are prepared by himself. No patient will be sent to a druggist for his medicine. Having had a large experience in a practice of over 35 years, he can insure relief in a few days. Terms low and cures certain. Delicate diseases, liver complaint, palpitation of the heart, stricture, diseases of the bladder and kidneys, general debility and nervousness yield readily to his treatment. All letters containing a fee or postage stamp promptly answered. jne23

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 out a our NewStore on

MAIN CROSS STREET,

And in addition to a full line of the best

Confectionerics, 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.

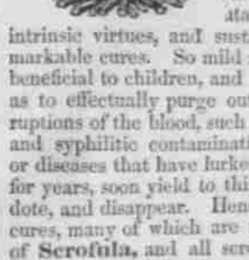
Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.

Don't forget where we stay—

On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa. Oct. 2, 1872.

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla



Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula**, and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions**, and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm**, and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility**, and **Leucorrhœa**, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE