LONGING.

Near in the forest
I know a glade;
Under the tree-tops
A secret shade.
Vines are the curtains,
Blossoms the floor,
Voices of waters
Sing evermore.
There, when the sunset's
Lances of gold
Pierce, or the moonlight
Is silvery cold,
Would that an angel
Led thee to me—
So out of loneliness
Love should be.
Never the breezes
Should lisp what we say,
Never the waters
Our secret betray.
Silence and shadow
After night reign,
But the old life be ours
Never again.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

A GOLDEN BULLET.

In 1851, when new gold fields were being discovered every day in the eastern portion of California, there were a number of persons who, tired of the uncertainties of mining, were looking around through the valley for some spot to settle down into agricultural pursuits. Several families crossed the bay from San Francisco, and pitched their tents on either side of San Leandro Creek, about eight miles above Oakland, at a point less than one mile from the foot of the mountains.

Among these settlers was a carpenter, named Robert Gilmore, originally from Pennsylvania, where he had a family. Deserting them for a woman named Elizabeth Miller, the two proceeded to the Golden State together; and after a lot of hard knocks, we find them keeping an inn at the foot of the mountains near San Leandro. At this time, about the only frequenters of the house were the Spaniards and "greasers;" and as money was very scarce with them, the Gilmores did a very poor business in the way of cash.

Robert Gilmore was the most consummate scoundrel the world ever produced. He was apparently about 45 years old, and carried a face that would deceive any one. He must have belonged to a good family; for, besides a thorough education, he was polished in his manner, clean in person, and careful in dress. At a tale of want, his fine, open countenance expressed commiseration in every feature, and he would be the first man to decry villainy of any sort. He enjoyed the confidence of a great many of the early settlers, and his tavern was sometimes frequented by capitalists and stock dealers from San Francisco.

It was in the early part of April, and near the hour of midnight; black clouds had been scudding along the mountain tops, and the wind was howling against the swinging sign of "Gilmore's Ranche," as the inn was called. Big drops had commenced to fall from the heavens, and all nature seemed convulsed in agony as thunderbolt after thunderbolt reverberated through the gorge. It was a night that was long remembered. Rain had seldom fallen so late in the season, and a thunderstorm had never been witnessed in that valley before. Soon the water was pouring down in torrents and the creek was sending an angry flood-offering to the bay.

A horseman, dripping with wet, dashed to the inn, threw himself from his steed, and dropped the butt of a heavy whip on the floor.

"What ho! House, I say!" he cried.

Lights were lit within, the bolts thrown back and Gilmore threw open the door of welcome to the drenched stranger.

"A fearful night, sir! You are lucky to find a shelter so soon. Take something to drive out the damp."

"Thank you; I don't care if I do," answered the guest. "And I'll be obliged to you if I can get a bed. I don't s'pose there's any use in trying to do anything for my mare, is there?"

"It won't hurt her, my dear sir. A California horse don't want anything to keep out the damp."

And their glasses were filled with liquor and drank off, Gilmore taking an inventory of the stranger's effects.

"He carried a "blacksnake" heavily loaded at the but, as could easily be seen by the swing of the whip, as the stranger caught it near the middle, and swayed it backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock. It was only an involuntary movement; yet its motions did not escape the quick eye of the landlord.

"That's a heavy whip you carry," observed he, as the stranger looked up and caught his eye on it.

"Yes, I reckon it is," answered the man laughing. "It's pretty heavy," repeated he; and unscrewing the flange poured out on the redwood counter a mass of gold pieces.

The innkeeper's eyes sparkled at the welcome sight. He turned the old day-book that was used as a register toward the guest, and striking an attitude that would have done credit to a first-class actor, he laughingly exclaimed. "A bed? Ay, ye shall have the best bed the house affords! This castle is at your service, sir—command me."

The traveler took the proffered pen, and traced the entry in easy, flowing hand: "Isaac Askew, Supt. Yellow Jack Mine, Virginia City, Nevada.

"Ah, you're from the Comstock Lode! How are the mines working now, sir?"

"Beyond all expectation, the richest lode in the world. But the storm still rages, and that poor mare of mine needs some care. I've rode hard, to-day, and, but for the storm, would have made San Francisco my stopping place. Let us drink, and let the storm take care of itself."

The miner shivered as he looked out into the night, and drew a long breath of satisfaction that he was so securely housed from the storm. His dress was the ordinary one of the miner in all its outward seeming; but as he threw off an outer coat of pilot cloth, the white shirt, stylish cut-waistcoat, and carefully tied cravat, betrayed his status at a glance.

Isaac Ashew was one of the best metallurgists on the coast; and to his skill and energy the success of the new mines at Gold Hill and Virginia City were mainly due. Under his management the rich deposits of silver were brought to the surface in immense quantities, and his mine was becoming famous throughout the land. He was now on business relating to the company, and carried a considerable sum of money on his person.

The cupidity of the inn-keeper was immediately aroused on beholding the shining mass of gold in the possession of the miner; and although he affected a hilarity in keeping with his open manner, he was busily concocting a plan to relieve him of it.

The inn fronted towards the north at the junction of Mission San Jose and the Castro Canon road, while the rear of the building overhung the creek, with a series of piles in support. Beneath this portion of the structure the turbulent waters were boiling and bubbling in a fearful manner, and threatening to carry off the frail-looking support.

The miner drank and grew merry with the avaricious landlord, and told marvellous stories of the mines in Australia, where he had spent a considerable portion of his life. He had traveled in many lands, and told his stories with great humor. Among the miners of Peru and Mexico he had witnessed exciting incidents, which he narrated in rapid succession.

In the meantime the innkeeper plied his victim with liquor, and at length he began to succumb to its potent influence.

"I think I'll go to bed, landlord," he muttered, his head falling on his breast wearily.

"Well, come along, then, old boy, we'll take care of you!" And assisting the miner to his feet, he led him to his apartment, a room over the bar or office.

"A fitting night for a good job," he muttered; "the elements are at war with all the world. And I, too!"

The miner, overcome by the liquor he had drank, was buried in profound slumber. He grasped the whip tightly in his hand, as though he was aware of the effort being made to rob him. He had merely laid aside his outer clothing and on throwing himself on the bed, had carried it along with him.

The innkeeper disappeared from the apartment; but, in a few moments he returned, accompanied by a woman of 40 or 45 years. She was the opposite of her companion in every respect; for where his features denoted intelligence, hers were almost idiotic except when her eyes blazed out in fury and greed at the sight of the sleeping miner. She glared down on him as though she were filled with a hatred nothing but death could appease.

"His money is in the whip, Liz," he whispered; "lots of it, too."

"What are you going to do with him, Bob?" asked the woman.

"Take the money, hide it securely, and leave the rest to chance," he answered.

"Chance! Fool, would you go to jail for chance?" The woman sneered out. "Take him by the heels, and throw him into the creek. It's a fearful night, and many a man has perished since sundown."

That's the chance I intend for him. Do you think I'd have a lot of fellows spying about here, as they would be if his money was lost in this house. No, I ain't such a fool as that," he added. "I go in for silence!"

Amid the raging of the storm the bloody deed was committed, and the body of Isaac Askew, the miner, with the skull crushed in by a blow from the whip he had carried through dangers in many lands, was thrown into the torrent below.

Towards doylight the storm ceased, and when the sun shone out on the beautiful face of nature, all evidence of a dreadful deed having been committed at the cross-road inn was obliterated.

* * * * *

"Murder will out," at least, in this case, was brought about in so summary a manner as almost to look like the work of an avenging spirit.

The public mind was agitated over the discovery of gold in Alameda County and San Francisco was in a ferment. A nugget weighing about an ounce and a half had been found near San Leandro Creek, and was on exhibition in Montgomery street.

The excitement was intense, and hundreds were leaving for the new fields daily. It was so entirely unexpected, that it carried everything by storm.

The whole valley had been prospected thoroughly, as it was thought long before, and not a color was found.

The office in which the nugget was on exhibition was thronged with an excited crowd daily; and on satisfying themselves as to the reality of the drift, they would strip on their blankets and break for the prominent El Dorado.

The mysterious absence of Isaac Askew from his post in Virginia City excited much surprise among the directors of the mine; and as he had never been seen by the officers at San Francisco after leaving the former place, it was readily surmised that he had fallen in with a party of robbers who then infested the State. It was a common event in the early days, and only lasted until a new excitement arose.

A friend who had accompanied him from Australia was the only one likely to be worried about the affair. This friend, named James Price, was also in the employ of the same company; and the two men were so often seen together that they were called "the Australian brothers."

Price, becoming tired alone in the mountains, wandered from camp to camp in search of tidings of his lost partner, until he reached San Francisco. All interest was centered in the hope of finding him. He cared not for all the gold in the country, as long as his friend was missing. They had often perilled their lives for each other, and he would have willingly laid down his life for that of his comrade.

The What Cheer House was the favorite resort of the honest miner, and thither he repaired. An excited state of affairs existed here also, the all-absorbing topic of conversation being the new gold discovery. It was contended by an old gray-haired miner that the nugget exhibited was a fraud that there no gold on the Pacific slope like that found, or said to be found, at San Leandro.

Price did not sleep much that night. He was in a feverish state of excitement, and tossed on his bed until near daylight. He then settled his bill, and took the first boat for Alameda Point, where he fell in with a party of five or six old acquaintances, and together they proceeded towards San Leandro.

"Gilmore's Ranch," was the only house open at the time as a drinking place; and here were congregated the prospectors as Price and his party came into view.

"The fraud was played by some one to make money out of it," cried a man with a pick and shovel across his shoulders; "and who would or could make anything out of it, except a man who has got whisky to sell, but Bob Gilmore?"

Here he threw his implements on the ground, and proposed to fight it out with the innkeeper.

When Price looked in the face of Robert Gilmore, he shook his head, and muttered to himself, "I ain't on the right track, after all. If he is the man that turned that up, I might just as well go back."

The pugnacious man would not be appeased, and strutted and bellowed about until the hostess made her appearance upon the scene, armed with the identical whip that formerly belonged to Isaac Askew. Price knew it as soon as he saw it, and he uttered an exclamation that brought the attention of all to him.

"Where's the owner of this whip?" he shrieked, snatching it from her hand; "where's the man who had it in his possession less than one month ago? Answer me, or I'll do ye harm."

"No one but my old man there has had that whip in his possession. We've had it ever since we came to the country," was the undaunted answer of the woman.

"You lie, you hag," retorted the miner. "See here, men. This whip belonged to my partner; he carried it, to my my certain knowledge, for the last twelve years, here and in Australia. The but was his specimen case, and he had gold from every part of the world in it. "See!" he cried, as he unscrewed it.

Eager faces pressed close around, and behold!" there was the name engraved in full on the inside plate: "Isaac Askew, Sydney, Australia."

The innkeeper was shaking as if in an ague fit. All his confidence seemed to have deserted him in an instant.

"When I heard that the nugget said to have been found up here was a foreign gold," resumed Price, "I suspected that it was some of my partner's that had been used as a decoy, and so I came up to work it out. I've seen the game played before, but never saw it work so well."

Robert Gilmore was arrested for the murder of Isaac Askew, and at the first session of the County Court was convicted and sentenced to death.

The evidence was circumstantial, but no doubt existed as to his guilt.

He confessed that he had moulded the nugget found from a $20 coin, which he fired from a gun into the earth, yet died protesting his innocence of the murder.

A few days after the execution, a body was found lodged in some bushes that lined the San Leandro Creek, a short distance from Gilmore's Ranch, and was identified as that of the missing miner.

* * * * *

Years after this occurrence, a woman laid on a dying bed in Stockton, an among other crimes confessed, was the murder of the miner, whose assassin was brought to punishment by means of a golden bullet.

The Man With an Item.

It wasn't right, and future generations will say that it wasn't. He came tramping up stairs, tossed his hat on a table, and as he sat down in a chair, he carelesely remarked:

"Suppose you would like a big item?"

"Yes, of course," replied the lone reporter.

"I haven't been to any other paper with it," he continued, as he leaned forward; "I've taken the *Free Press* for twenty-nine years, and I've walked four miles to give you this item."

"Well, I am very much obliged, indeed. What is the item?"

Well, you know the Grand Trunk Junction?"

"Yes, out here about three miles from the city hall."

"Well, it was about a mile beyond that. Me and another fellow was coming in on the track He was a stranger and seemed down-hearted and gloomy; said he didn't care two cents whether he lived or died."

"Poor fellow! Can you describe him?"

"Yes; he was about five feet six; had red hair, big feet, coarse clothes, blue eyes and no whiskers."

"Well, go on."

"We'd got within a mile of the junction when the express train from the east came thundering along."

"Yes."

"And of course we stepped off the track."

"Yes."

"I wasn't looking for nor suspecting no such thing, you know, for the man didn't let on nor betray himself by word nor look. If I'd only suspected it, why I could have grabbed him."

"Yes, I see."

"Well, we stood facing the train. I was a leetle ahead of him, and what did he do as the got within three hundred feet of us!—"

"Rushed on the track?"

"No, not that. He made a jump for the rail, kneeled down, and—"

"Great blazes, but it was awful!" interrupted the reporter.

"Awful! I guess it was! I was never so weak in my life. He deliberately laid his head on the rail, shut his eyes and—"

"And the locomotive took his head clean off," shouted the reporter, springing up.

"No. As I was saying, he deliberately placed his neck on the rail, held it there——"

"And was smashed!"

"No, sir—held it for a moment and then——"

"And was then struck by the pilot!"

"No, sir—and then he deliberately took it off again, and is now in a saloon around the corner inquiring for a job."

The reporter leaned back and looked at him for a long time.

Nothing disturbed the deep silence but the ticking of the clock.

By and by the man with the item looked up at the skylight, down at the floor, and softly slid out into the hall and was gone.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Do not Work too Hard.

At this season of the year farm work crowds and few farmers but are hurried from one job to another. Hoeing, Haying and harvesting follow each other in quick succession, it happily they are not all pushing the farm at once. The days are at their longest these summer months, and scarcely anywhere in the country has the night (or even ten) rule found followers. Farmers invariably rise early, which is well, but too many of them keep up work almost incessantly, allowing only time at noon for a hurried dinner, and this is not well at all. Fourteen, fifteen and even sixteen hours' work per day in such exhausting labors as the hay and harvest field during the hottest weather of the year, is too much for any constitution. Every season we hear of sunstrokes in the harvest field, whereby many able, healthy men are disabled for life, if not killed. The far better way is to rise as early as you please, work till ten or eleven o'clock and then take two, three or four hours nooning during the heat of the day, eating a substantial dinner in the meantime, and about five o'clock have tea at the house or serve a light lunch in the field, eating supper after the day's work is done. This afternoon lunch is, through most of the season, not only refreshing respite from work but really profitable for the farmer. Men will work better and feel more satisfied after a bite of something to eat and a cup of tea or a glass of lemonade. Some of the shrewdest farmers say they would always provide this, if influenced by selfish motives.

At no time should work be too severe or too long continued, especially such severe work as is yet done in the hay or harvest field, despite mowers, reapers, horse rakes and hay loaders. Rest a little before you are completely exhausted, and keep yourself always in such good bodily health that work can be done with vigor and with real pleasure. Any really healthy man will know what we mean by this—that it is easier sometimes to work heartily and vigorously than to adle and dawdle away the time.

The difficulty with most farmers and the cause of so much overwork is that too little help is employed. Not one farmer in ten thousand hires as much labor as he ought to be able to profitably use, and very few employ enough to keep up with the work which they lay out. The result is that work gets ahead of them, weeds grow till they cost fourfold to destroy, besides injuring the crops, and the poor farmer one, two or three weeks behind hand with this work, goes through the season always at a disadvantage. "A stern chase is a long chase," is an old saying, and nowhere is it more true than in farming

We have not forgotten the woman folks—Our proposal for lunches between meals requires additional help in the house, and the good farmer, if he be likewise a good husband and father, should see that it is amply provided. Farmers' wives and daughters are quite as apt to be overworked as farmers themselves, and, we suspect, rather more so.

Work in the house is incessant and monotonous drudgery—the same thing, or nearly so, from year's end to to year's end,—while work on the farm is always varied and generally includes for the farmer a good space for rest and recreation during our long winters. We shall have more to say hereafter of means for lightening woman's labors.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Story of an Elephant.

Elephants have a decided liking for a military life. Various regiments, while serving in the East, have had such an animal, which often rendered good service to the corps to which he might be attached.

The King's Rangers at one time were in possession of a fine male of enormous size, which for many years was never once absent from parade. As soon as the bugles sounded he would walk majestically to the place of muster and take up his position, always at the right of the column.

If the mahout or driver presented himself, the elephant would lift him on his shoulders with his trunk, and evidently without the slightest effort to himself; but if left to his own unaided intelligence, he obeyed the ordinary words of command, witout ever making a mistake, such as, "Right face!" "March!" "Mark time!" "Halt" and so on.

He insisted at all times on giving help to the men whenever they engaged in loading or unloading baggage, and was pleased to be allowed to make himself useful.

When the wagons were impeded on a march, as not unfrequently occurred, Jock was duly sensible of his own importance, for, by his enormous strength, he would push a heavy load up a steep declivity, which six or eight oxen failed to do unassisted.

It happened that the Rangers were suddenly ordered to embark for China, and there were no accomodations for taking Jock on shipboard. To the great disappointment of the men the authorities decided that he should be left in India. He was, however, permitted to accompany the regiment as far as the quay to watch the troops as they went on board, many of whom had a parting word of kindness for their old comrade.

"Good-by, old man!" Poor old Jock!" were repeated, with many variations, by both officers and men.

Meanwhile the animal watched the proceedings with great apparent interest, as if wondering when his own turn would come to go on board, but when the vessel steamed off and left him ashore, he became fratic with rage and disappointment.

It had been proposed that he should be transferred to another corps, but he persistently refused to have anything to do with it. Neither the coaxing nor the threats of his mahout were of any avail.

Though he had previously manifested the gentlest disposition, he now threateningly repelled all kindly advances on the part of his new comrades, and at length he became so savage that it was deemed expedient to place him in confinement. Even the mahout was several times placed in a very awkward predicament, and on one occasion barely escaped with his life.

No means could be found to assuage the grief or to calm the anger of this faithful creature who so constantly mourned the loss of his friends; but in a little less than two years the Rangers came back to their old quarters, and were informed of the melancholy change in their old comrade.

"No go near—no touch, sahib; he strike very hard," said the mahout. "He kill!"

"Why, Jock, my boy," said a young officer, formerly one of his special friends; "what's the matter?"

The animal pricked up his ears, and instantly recognized his voice, which was proved by his manifesting unmistakable signs and sounds of joy.

It was quite affecting to see, when he was once more permitted to repair to the parade ground, with what kindly recognition he embraced many of his companions, placing his trunk tenderly on their necks and shoulders.

We need hardly say he was at once reinstated in his old regimental post, the duties of which he recommenced to discharge as if no interruption had taken place.

A young lady in a Sunday School asked her class:

"How soon should a child give its heart to God?

One little girl said, "When thirteen years old;" another, "Ten;" another "Six."

At length the last child in the class spoke.—

"Just as soon as we know who God is."

A couple of neighbors became so hostile that they would not speak to each other: but one of them, having been converted at a camp meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

Relics Dug up in Independence Hall.

The workmen employed in breaking up the ground in Independence square preparatory to its improvement, have dug up a number of relics of various kinds. The articles unearthed consist mainly of old gold, silver and copper coins, handles of glasses, pieces of iron, small cannon balls and other articles found embedded about one foot beneath the surface of the ground, and other curious things dug up at a greater depth. An examination of the localities in the square where the articles were found, indicates that most of them had been lost or dropped by persons passing through the enclosure, and then trodden beneath the surface. These coins, etc., were nearly all found in the avenues or walks of the square, while the other articles were dug up some distance below the surface.

Among the coins found were two gold one, one containing a head of Frederick Wilhelm, of Prussia, with the date illegible, and the other a Russian dollar, dated 1796; three American pennies, dated 1796, 1798 and 1803, respectively; an old pillar 6¼ cent silver piece of 1798, and some half cents of about the same date. A number of bones, apparently human, and a coffin handle, were turned up near the northern part of the main avenue, and also some pieces of wood that looked like portions of coffin.

Near the old sycamore tree, in the southwestern portion of the square, was discovered an old curb line, composed of bricks, and near it was a mortar bed, with what was evidently a grave beneath it. This grave and mortar bed was about six feet long and two feet six inches in width and nearly five feet in depth, and at the bottom was found some bones, evidently those of a grown-up person. A section of an iron utensil, and pieces of ribbon which had evidently been used to tie up the bones, and rolls of rags or leaves, which had probably been placed in the coffin, were also among the curious things brought to light. — *Philadelphia Ledger, August 12.*

Sleeplessness

To take a hearty meal just before retiring is, of course, injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest, and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams, to say nothing of probable headache, or of nervous and other derangements, the next morning. One should no more lie down at night hungry than he should lie down after a very full dinner; the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter, or cake, a little fruit—Something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and so restore the tone of the sysem—is all that is necessary.—*Scribner for March.*

Canada Thistles.

Next to red clover, the roots, stem and leaves of the Canada thistle are one of the green crops to plow under. The roots are powerful looseners of the soil, and the tops, when well rotted help to increase its fertility. Plow them under with a chan on the plow, when just coming into blossom, and they will soon rot in the soil. If left a little later, the plowing will be rather destructive to the plants, but they will not rot quite so quickly. If the plowing is deeply and thoroughly done, they will not be seen above the surface for a month. But the very moment the first green point is seen peeping, plow the land again and repeat it often enough to keep them constantly smothered. By the 20th of September or first of October, the thistles, will be effectuall killed, and never again make their appearance, while the rotted stems and leaves will have increased the fertility of the land.

Usually four plowings will have done the work effectually, at the same time it will have rendered the field mellow like a garden, and destroyed most of the other weeds that may have been in the soil. All perennial-rotted weeds, if kept under, annuals that have been thrown up near enough to the surface to germinate will have the same fate.

We have never found any difficulty in killing patches of Canada thistles in a single season by a few plowings, if the soil is of a heavy character, so as to rest compactly upon them when they are turned under. On lighter soil, more care and more frequent plowing is necessary. If there are large stones, stumps, or other obstructions to free and perfect plowing, the thistles will not be destroyed at those places; or if they line boundary fences, where the plow cannot reach them, there they will of course escape, and other modes of clearing the out, or the removal of the fences will be necessary.

American Woodlands.

In discussing the distribution of American woodlands, Professor Brewer said that though Main is the great source of pine and spruce lumber, the hard wood species predominate in that State. The wooded area of New England is not diminishing, but the amount of sawed lumber is lessening—an indication that the trees are cut younger. In the Middle States, the wooded area is sensibly and rapidly becoming smaller. The New England and Middle States furnish hard wood trees, and the Southeastern States, from Virgiala to Florida, is a belt of timber which supplies the hard and yellow pine, and the Northwestern region contains immense areas of common pine. From the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean stretches a treeless area three hundred and fifty miles wide in the narrowest part, and eight hundred and fifty miles wide on our northern boundary. West of this region is the narrow wooded Rocky Mountain region, and west of this is the barren region of the Great Basin. On the Pacific coast are some of the noblest forest regions in the world, and the official government reports say that the forests in some parts of Washington Territory are heavy enough to "cover the entire surface with cord wood ten feet in height."—*Galaxy.*

Propagation of the Double White Moss.

This beautiful rose is not easily propagated, affording no suckers and seldom growing even from layers. An intelligent gardener of Lanarkshire, Scotland, has been quite successful in increasing this favorite plant by layering in a peculiar way. The part of the garden occupied by the white moss rose and other choice plants was low and sheltered, the soil consisting almost entirely of rotted bark or tan formerly used in the hot houses and melon frames. This substance is not congenial to the growth of plants so long as it contains any of the tannin or matter which renders bark useful to tanners, but when decomposed and reduced to a black mold it is superior to any other soil for choice plants.

In this soil the roses were planted, and after they had established themselves for a year or two, his plan was to layer them—not in the usual way, by bending down the branches and inserting a part in the soil—but by bending down every branch and covering with an inch and a half of mold. Had he left a single shoot uncovered, his opinion was that the tendency of the sap being to flow upward, too much of it would find a passage in that direction, but when all the branches were covered, they all received a like impulse, and his theory was borne out by the fact that every eye pushed forth a vigorous shoot, which took root below the surface. By managing in this way more plants were produced from a given number of stools in a single season than could be produced in ten years by the old, common method.

By similar treatment the tree peony may be increased in a manner that is really astonishing. A single shoot, put down by the same gardener, for the purpose of proving the excellence of the plan, had twenty-seven rooted plants attached to it. Several other choice plants that are not easily propagated in the usual way, may doubtless be rapidly increased by this simple and inexpensive mode of treatment.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Cherry Culture.

Every nurseryman has heard the complaint, "I never have any luck with cherries." And why? Simply because you planted them in a cold clay, and possibly where the water lies about the roots. If by any chance such trees happen to live a short time, the moment they begin to look sickly and the ground is carefully worked and manure applied in the most lavish manner—just what the trees do not want at all. To succeed well cherries need a light soil, at least not a very heavy clay, and, above all don't cultivate highly. The best results are obtained from cherry trees that are left alone. If they need any assistance, just apply a little stimulating compost over the surface of the ground, and do not stir the soil around them. Bursting of the bark and kindred diseases are caused in most cases by a rich soil and too much attention.—*Vermont Farmer.*

Gentlemen Farmers.

Gentlemen farmers are to the agricultural community what old maids, though generally worth their weight in gold, are to society: the butt of many a joke and the treasury on which we draw for considerable fun, but which we find, when joking is set aside, are very often institutions of the most commendable character, and which no one would like to see wholly set aside.

Farming of course is as a general thing an occupation to make money. It is right, therefore, to measure the success of a farmer in most cases by the money he makes. If a man who invests a talent in farming can say, "Behold I have made ten talents," by all rules of agricultural ethics he is entitled to be considered a much better farmer than the one who makes only five. Yet there are a large number who farm and who can afford to farm without any of these money considerations being the first thing above all.

We know of men who have their few cows, fruits, gardens, &c., but whose every quart of milk costs them a qurter of a dollar, and perhaps every Bartlett pear as much more. They are often told that it is absurd to pay a quarter for that which they can get for a dime, and it may be as true as that a person could hear as much good music for a dollar as he could play out of the instrument himself in a whole year. But it is a pleasure to grow and see things growing, and this pleasure is a part of the profit.

And then these men are excellent neighbors. Many a farmer is afraid to try much that is new, and he is right. It is not wise in any business to run risks. When one knows certainly what will do well, it is not wise to run after that which only may do better. Yet the whole improvement in farming of late years has been due to new ideas and notions worked into regular practice from time to time.

The gentleman farmer can try these things, and without great loss. Indeed the pleasure of knowing all about them is one of his greatest gratifications. The knowledge he has gained at some cost gets spread over the whole neighborhood for nothing, and all the people ridicule him; and when he sells out and "moves back to town," as he often does, he gets little sympathy in his failure. But the modest gentleman farmer, who boasteth not of what he is going to do, but goes on his way trying all things and letting his neighbors see what he does, is a benefit to any place and nothing shows this more than the evident comfort and prosperity of those districts in which one or two have settled down.

Wooden Shoes for Farmers.

A new and novel enterprise has recently been started by E. W. Shippen, of Meadville, Pa., in the manufacture of wooden shoes for the use of farmers and others compelled to work out of doors.—Most of the machinery is the result of his own mechanical ingenuity, costing several thousand dollars, and capable of turning out hundreds of pairs per day. Wooden shoes are well adapted for the use of farmers about the barn yards, or driving in the cows in the morning when the grass is wet; also, women in the garden, milking-yard, scrubbing or at the wash tub.

Not that we suppose they will supersede leather shoes where persons do much walking, but to be used as a person does a pair of overalls or common clothing, thus saving their leather ones and having dry feet. Parties who are using them inform us they give entire satisfaction, are easy slipped on and off, and the first feeling of awkwardness is soon overcome.—*Practical Farmer.*

The squirrels are destroying whole fields of grain in Oregon.

In Gregon more than 12,000,000 forest trees were planted last year.

Twenty pounds and two ounces is exactly what a Springfield baby weighed just after birth.

An excursion party of Boston custom-house officials ate the clam chowder out of a kettle, and found an old mop at the bottom.

"Mother-in-law" is the name of a new mixture of ale. It is old and bitter, and comparatively few can swallow it.

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, Mulay 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, 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.

apr1.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,

293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,

W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

☞TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICIT ED.

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

S A L T,

Carbon Oil,

Land Plaster,

CALCINED PLASTER,

FREDERICK

AND

CLEVELAND

WHITE LIME,

Cumberland Lime,

G U A N O,

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 3d, 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

S A L T

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 Merchandize, 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., Ales, 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.

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. mar.975

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

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. feb18

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 medicines. Having had a large experience in a practice of over 20 years, he can insure relief in a few days. Terms low and cures certain. Delicate diseases, liver complaint, palpitation of the heart, strictures, diseases of the bladder and kidneys, general debility and nervousness yield readily to his treatment. All letters containing a few postage stamps promptly answered. jun22

Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY

Flour and Feed

STORE.

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