### The Horse in His Stall.

Notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, people still confine their horses, compel them to stand in the same cramped place, and in their own dung, and thus from day to day, even for a whole winter, and some during the year. The result is, the thick legs, stiff joints, bad hoofs, and other ailments of the general system, as well as the feet and legs.

This is wrong. A horse cannot tell his injuries—he suffers in silence, becomes crippled, spoiled for his life, dies, and that is the end of him. Thus thousands of horses are annually lost—and the evil extends to every neighborhood. Do we not, most of us fasten our horses to one spot, where they connot move, and there force them to stand? Are we guiltless of swelled legs in our horses? Are they as comfortable in their cramped condition as when in the field, or where they have room in their stall? To tie a horse in his stall is the first link in the chain of abuse. Give your horse freedom. He has the principles of its enjoyment within him. Give him a chance to walk, to change his position, to be at ease, not confined, cramped, tyrannized. Treat him rationally. Not as the habit—the habit is bad. Look to his wants intelligently. He will appreciate you and remember your favors—for a horse has a good memory. But bad treatment is bad for him—bad to remember; but he submits to it because he must; and he will make the best of a bad thing, even walk without invitation into his prison stall—it is his only place, and there he suffers in silence. Give him room—let him loose in it. Give him bedding—clean bedding every day. And do it now. We are now talking to the careless and reckless. A humane, intelligent man will see that his beast is cared for. Treat the animal which is your main reliance with more care, and you will not regret it.—*Rural World.*

### Our Oldest Vessel.

The bark Draco is the oldest vessel in the United States. She was built at Duxbury by Reuben and Charles Drew in 1824, and now is over fifty-one years old. The Draco was built in the most thorough manner and of the best materials, passture oak, and if no accident occurs may live as long in the future as she has in the past. She is 251 tons register, double deck, originally a brig, but altered into a bark in 1834. She was first employed in the freighting business; then sold to P. and C. Flint & Co., for the South American trade; next she passed to Samuel J. Bridge, Joseph Knowles and E. Tucker Osborn, for the Australian trade, and was finally sold to Mr. J. Bourne, Jr., of New Bedford, for a whaler, and has long been engaged in that business. The Draco was well known in Boston forty years ago, and was a favorite vessel with all her owners, as she was almost always fortunate in making profitable voyages for them. In 1836, the Draco, in a voyage from Valparaiso to Swansea, Wales, loaded heavily with a cargo of copper ore, passed through the Straits of Magellan, the only vessel of any considerable size that ever made the passage before that time or since.—*Boston Advertiser.*

### Is There a Portrait of Pocahontas.

There has been among the descendants of the Indian Princess a considerable interest respecting a veritable portrait of her. A gentleman of Richmond has for several months been conducting a correspondence with gentlemen in England on this subject, and there is reason to believe that there are several portraits still extant which are authentic, and that an original of a "true copy" may be obtained for our gallery of historic Virginians. There is no doubt that a portrait was taken of Pocahontas when in England, and it is natural to suppose that the original, or a copy thereof, may be in possession of the Rolfe family, of which Pocahontas' husband was a cadet. The last advice from England is that there is still extant a portrait of the Princess and her son.

### The Hog Market.

For a year we have been trying to impress upon the farmers' minds the importance of taking care of the pigs, and enforcing as much as possible the growth of the hogs on hand, feeling certain they would command a good price. Many of the farmers are afraid that while they may get a good price this fall, they will get very little next, and thus incur a loss. Of this we have but little fear. The high prices this fall and large demand will cause them to be butchered off closely and leave the number none too large for next year.

There is a great amount of damaged wheat this year, which may be fed to advantage. The phosphorus contained in the wheat is calculated to make bone and muscle, and thus a very large growth may be made—process of laying on fat begins later in the season by feeding corn. The wheat also contains enough fatty matter to give that process a good start, which should begin on those intended for market, as soon as the corn is matured. Fat is laid on more rapidly and more economically in moderate weather than in cold. By keeping up the growth of the summer pigs they may be made a good, paying size for the June market.—*St. Louis Journal and Farmer.*

### A Child's Premonition of Death.

A singular coincidence, to use no stronger term, occurred a week or two ago in Washington. Without any apparent cause therefor, and while gazing upward into the sky, a little three-year-old child, the death of whose mother had committed her to its grandfather, paused in its seeming contemplation of things above, and turning to its grand-parents remarked, in its childish prattle: "Dranpa, my mamma is up yonder in the sky, and I'm going to see her next week." Then turning and entering the house, the child caught its grandmother by the hand and asked her if she would not go with her. "Where to?" inquired the lady, and back came the answer: "To my mamma in heaven." The following Friday the child was seized with membranous croup, the violence of the attack of which baffled all human skill, and on the first day of the next week the child died.

A YOUNG lady in Washington Co., New York, beautiful and well educated, and the owner of an $8,000 farm in her own, says that when she is married the entire wedding expenses, including her dresses, shall not cost over $68, and that she will make her husband happier than any city belle can who takes off four chairs full of padding at night, and cannot go to a party wearing a dress that cost under $140.

### Don't Do It.

Don't turn up your nose at cheap metals. Men have accumulated large quantities of gold by starting in life with a good stock of brass.

Don't try to drown your trouble in whisky. A man in this town has used sixteen barrels, and his trouble "still lives."

Don't use the term "I flatter myself." Some impudent bystander will tell you its wrong to flatter a fool.

Don't kick a man when he starts down hill. It is wrong to waste your powers in unnecessary labor.

Don't flatter yourself that you can preach a better sermon than your pastor. A brick mason cannot mend a watch.

Don't talk a man to death. It is a hard way to die.

Don't worry about the crops. Plant the seed in good time and let the Lord have his way about the harvest.

Don't give your coin to a blind organ grinder. It is better to spend it for circus tickets.

Don't slip in at the back door and drink alone. It reduces the barkeeper's profits.

Don't imagine that the welfare of the country can be effected by the conducted of a town policeman. A tempset in a teapot is not very destructive.

Don't make haste to gain wealth—Better be comfortably poor than miserably rich.

Don't abuse a policeman. Some of them are orphans, and all of them are entitled to your symoathy.

Don't forget to pay the printer.—Printers think "tis sweet to be remembered"—by their debtors.

### Twenty Impolite Things.

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting your finger nails in company.
7. Leaving church before worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence to seniors.

Corecting older persons than yourselves.

13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself a hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistake of others.
16. Joking others in company.
17. Commencing to talk before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.

19 Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and,

20. Not listening to what one is saying in company.

### Covering Strawberries.

Often there is much said, and especially at this season of the year about covering strawberries; and many persons are induced by what they read to act so as to heartily regret it when the spring comes round. We have known people to act on this suggestion, and cover their strawberry-beds with manure, and find the whole completely rotten in spring. And yet a little covering with the right kind of material is not a bad thing. If the plants are entirely unprotected the leaves are browned and often destroyed; while it must have been noted by every observant gardner that the best fruit comes from plants that have managed to keep their leaves bright and green till their spring flowers appear. And this is why a covering of snow the whole winter is so good for the strawberry crop. As we have remarked, when the leaves are browned the crop is small; but when the snow covers the plants the whole winter long, they come out in the spring in the best possible state for fruitfulness.

But we cannot always depend on the snow. It does not always come, or continue in a regular way. So if some light material can be put over the plants, that will not smother and rot them, and yet will be just enough to make a shade from the winter sun and a screen from frosty winds, it will be doing a good turn, to the strawberry plant. Manure is bad. There is a salt in it, especially when fresh, which is destructive to foliage; but clean straw, or swamp or marsh hay that is free from weeds, answers the purpose very well. But it must not be put on very thick. The idea is, just enough to make a thin screen, and yet not enough to hold moisture long. Shade without damp is the idea. Such light protection is good for the strawberry plant.

### Afraid to Swear Alone.

The wicked practice of swearing, which is so common as to offend the ear in every hotel, and almost in every street, is often mere brravado. Boys think it sounds manly to be profane, and men think it gives force and character to their sayings. Unlike most other vices, it is done openly, and is intended by the swearer for other people's ears.

"I will give you ten dollars," said a man to a profane swearer, "If you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to night and swear the same oaths you have just uttered, when you are alone with God."

"Agreed," said the man, "an easy way to make ten dollars.

"Well, come to-morrow and say you have done it, and you shall have the money."

Midnight came. The man went into the graveyard. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then came the gentleman's words to his mind. "Alone with God! rang in his ears. He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place, crying: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

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Snipkins staked his all on the result of a game of euchre the other night, and lost. Throwing down the cards peevishly, he broke forth in the following pathetic strain: "Twas ever thus in childhood's hour, I've seen my fondest hopes take flight, and every time I played the left bower some one took it with the right.

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"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one schoolboy of another. You had better go home and study your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

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The water is so low in some of the Western rivers that the catfish have to stand on their heads to breathe.

### Better Than Nothing.

A good old Methodist lady very particular and very pious, once kept a boarding house in Boston. Staunch to her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But the people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual health, so that in time her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm.

After some time a bluff old sea captain knocked at the door, and the old lady answered the call.

"Servant, ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off as soon as I load."

"Wa'al, I don't know," said the old lady.

"Oh, house full, eh?"

"No, but——"

"But what, ma'am?"

"I don't take any unclean or carnal people in my house. What do you believe?"

"About what?"

"Why, do you believe that any one will be condemned?"

"Oh, thunder! yes."

"Do you?" said the good woman, brightening up. "Well, how many souls do you think will be in the fire eternally?"

"Don't know, ma'am, really—I never calculated that."

"Can't you guess?"

"Can't say—perhaps fifty thousand."

"Wa'al, hem!" mused the good woman: "I gues, I'll take you, fifty thousand is better than nothing."

### Women who Never Wash.

A Spizza correspondent of the London *Standard* writes:

Those of our readers who have traveled in Spain have certainly remarked the dirty stripes on the necks of the lovely senoras; no devout Spanish woman dares to bathe without the permission of her confessor. This aversion to cleanliness has come forward from the time of the anchorites Sabinus, Pachomius, Besarion, and other saints of the desert, and indeed whole sects of that epoch condemned all ablutions as heathenish, and were lauded because they wore their clothes so long that they rotted to pieces and fell off them, or because their skins became as "pumicestone" from the crust of dirt on it. The superstition that cleansing the body soils the soul exists this day among the women of those Christian nations who have long carried on conflicts with the Mohamedans, on whom the Koran enjoins frequent ablutions. A female Bulgarian is permitted to wash only once in her life—on the day before her wedding; and in most South Sclavonian families the girls are rarely allowed to bathe, the woman never. I recall with a shudder the interior of the Montenegrin huts. When a woman offered me wine she always dipped her fingers into it, the same fingers which had just been engaged in the chase on her children's head, or which had been gently scratching the pig, the pet of the family, which is always addressed by endearing names. The adults squat or lie down, the children tumble about in the liquid manure which covers the floor of the hut, and many women are blear eyed in consequence of the creosote caused by the smoke, which can only escape through the door. The Princess Milena, as I had said, forms an exception

### A Revolution in Blue.

We have all heard of *red* republicans, and it seems quite natural to associate revolutions with them; but our Revolution a hundred years ago was connected also, with a blue color, used by artists.

In the paintings of the celebrated Raphael a beautiful blue is used, which in his time (he died in 1520) was sold in quill tubes for its weight in gold. It was made from a very rare rock, and from being brought from across the sea was called "ultramarine."

During the American Revolution, the principal source of soda and potash was cut off, for these articles were then produced chiefly by burning wood in our great forests. A Mr. Leblanc in France then invented a process of extracting soda from sea water. It was observed that in the kilns in which this process was carried on, some of the bricks began to look blue. On further examination, it was discovered that they were colored with the blue called ultramarine. Before, it had been brought from beyond the sea. After this discovery it was extracted from the sea itself, and at comparatively so small an expense that to-day it is used for painting carriages and coloring common writing-paper.

### Fashion and an Emperor.

Napoleon, in the heighth of his power sought to cripple the commerce of England by imperial laws. He ordered an embargo to all the ports of Europe. He forbade the entrance of British manufactures into France. But though he could defeat the most skillful generals in the field, and dictate laws to kings and emperors, he was powerless to control the tasts of ladies, or to constrain their action.

In the brilliant reception given in his palace, he was mortified to see that all the ladies, with Josephine at the head, appeared in English muslins, woolens and silks. The stronger the national opposition to England, the more determined were the ladies to gratify their own taste, and while the public spirit of the nation supported Napoleon, the rule of fashion decided that no lady was fit to appear in company whose dress was not procured from England. The Emperor felt that fashion was more absolute in its sway that his despotic edicts.

### At Sea.

An Irishman was brought up before a justice of the peace on a charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned:

"What trade are you?"

"Sure, now, yer honor, I'm a sailor."

"You are in the sea-faring line. I question whether you have ever been to sea in your life?"

"Sure, now, and does yer honor think I came over from Ireland it a waggin?"

"Commit him—commit him."

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Anna Connett, a pretty girl over in New Jersey, was acquitted of the charge of burglary, whereupon she threw her arms around the Judge's neck and kissed him. And now all the married lawyers around Plainfield are candidates for Judge.

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Sittuley says that African mosquitoes are as big as a Kentucky chew of tobacco.

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Eleven women have been indicted at Lynchburg, for illicit distilling.

### An Ancient Wall in Mississippi.

About eighteen miles from Port Gibson and one mile from Brandywine Springs, on the place of Mr. O'Quin, the existence of a great number of blocks of cut stone has been known for an indefinite time, and the people in the neighborhood have used them for props for their houses. Mr Jas. Gage, Jr., went out there a few days ago to explore and had a specimen stone brought into town. It is about three feet long by about twenty inches square, resembling in shape a bar of soap. It is probably a native sandstone. Mr. Gage took this block himself from beneath the roots of a large pine tree. It formed a portion of a wall about twenty feet broad on the top, which Mr. Gage traced for a distance of 260 yards. The inference that one would naturally draw from this superficial view is that this must have been a city wall, but deep exploration might show it to be a portion of a fort, temple or other building. Any way, its antiquity is probably immense, antedating the history of the red men.

### An Ingenious Counsel.

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for payment.—But the landlord too deep for the countryman, wondered what he meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic.—After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of the Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly—tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and come to me."

He did so and returned to his legal friend.

"And now I can't see how I am going to be the better off for this, if I get my second hundred back again, but how is that to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he is alone" said the counsel.

"Aye, sir, asking won't do, I'am afraid, without my witness, at any rate."

"Never mind, take my advice," said his counsel; "do as I bid you and return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred glad to find that safely in his possession.

"Now, sir, I must be content; but I don't see that I am much better off."

"Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."

We need not add that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel, exultingly with both hundreds in his pocket.

### Making Apple Butter.

We find in the *ural ew Yorker*, from a North Carolina correspodent, this receipt for making what is so common to the farmers' wives of Pennsylvania and elsewhere—app'e butter. It contains we think some hints which may prove new to some of our readers at least, though it entails more labor than the old Pennsylvania mode, but doubtless produces a better article: and we therefore extract such portions as may be useful:

"I make apple butter only from apples; I have a brass kettle holding 25 gallons in which I boil 20 gallons sweet cider down to 6 gallons, which makes a nice sweet syrup. This is put away in jars for the present.—Then put four bushels peeled apples, quartered, in a brass kettle and boil it to a mash with 20 gallons sweet cider with out stiring, over a slow fire. Then take the mashed apples out and strain them through a strainer, and put the strained mash in tubs, and put away for next day. Next day strain early and put the strained mash in the kettle again, and five gallons of boiled cider or syrup.—Then stir it with a long handled stirrer of wood with half inch holes in it, over a slow fire. This boiling and stirring takes from twelve to fifteen hours' steady work.

The apple butter is in this way condensed, and will keep for years without being closed entirely airtight. Before I use it at the table I add as much cream, milk or sugar and water as there is apple butter. But to make a perfect apple butter, it takes other materials to do it.—Take peaches, pears or blue and yellow plums, peel and quarter them and boil them to a mash with good cider; strain and work it as you would the apples. After it is done put away in jars like apple butter, and when the grapes are ripe take your first apple butter made from peaches, pears, etc., mix it up in the kettle again and boil the whole up in ten gallons of grape juice. This will make a delicate preserve, which condensed is worth fifty cents per pound anywhere. I am selling annually without any difficulty, 1,000 pounds. Add spice, cinnamon, and if one desires apple butter sweeter, sugar to taste.

### How to Make the Butter Come.

A reader of an exchange asks, "What is the matter with the cows' milk?" She complains that the butter will not come. A correspondent of the same paper replies as follows:

Now I cannot tell what is the cause, but I can tell the remedy; for I have practiced it for the last 25 years, and I never knew it to fail.—When the milk is brought in, strain it in a tin bucket or pan, and set it over a pot of boiling water. Keep the water boiling until the milk is scalded, or until a scum rises on it. Then pour it in pans or crocks, and set it away in the usual way. I prefer this way of heating milk because it prevents scorching. Pursuing this plan, you will find the butter will come readily, and be of superior quality. To scald the cream after it has risen does not do as well.

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A country girl near Utica mistook the meaning of a young man who was looking up pickers for his father's hop yard, and when asked if she was engaged, sweetly said: "Not yet, but always thought it would be pleasant." The young man rode home quickly, and dreamed all night of "breach of promise trials."

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A Vincennes, Ind., man and his wife after a stand up fight of an hour concluded to call it "a draw." She drew about six handfuls of hair out of his head.

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If captains were less reckless, there would be less wrecks.

### Paid in His Own Coin.

There was once a farmer on Long Island, who was about as mean as mean could be. He was rich—for mean people always get rich; and he scrap'ed at nothing that would add a dollar to his pile. Not far from him lived a shiftless sort of a negro, who loved to steal better than he did to work; and the farmer said to him once:

"Clem, I will give you fifty cents a bushel for all potatoes you will bring me—and I don't care where you get them."

Clem jumped at the chance, but asked him where he could get them.

"I don't care where. Of course you will steal 'em. But that's none of my business"

The bargain was struck; and every night for a week Clem would drive to the farmer's house with a load of potatoes, carry them into the cellar, and receive his pay for them. At length the farmer asked him where he got them

"Stole 'em boss!" replied the darkey, with a grin.

"Where did you steal 'em, Clem?"

"Oh, up in your side lot!" replied the negro, while a grin took entire possession of his face.

He got away in time to save his sable back; but that farmer hasn't bargained with him since to steal anything.

### Effects of Cold in Fattening.

A producer of pork in Muskinghum county, Ohio, who has made an experiment with hogs with a view to ascertain how far cold retards the rate of fattening, reports the following results: —Carefully weighing the hogs fed, and the corn fed to them, and estimating pork at four cents per pound, he found that what he fed out during the first week in October returned (in pork) 80 cents per bushel; the first week in November, 60 cents; the third week, 40; the fourth week in November and the month of December, 25; the first half of January, 5; the last half 0. In the October week of the experiment the weather was pleasant and warm. It gradually grew colder till the latter part of November, from which time it remained about stationary till the first of January, after which it run down to zero, and below in the latter part of the month. The hogs were well sheltered in a good pen with plank floor.—*Agricultural Report.*

### The Truthful Pilot.

The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot a grim old grayback who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in this river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shootin' 'em for their hides and taller," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em, stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"Cause you'd think I was a-lyin' to you, and that's sumthin' I never do. I kin cheat at keerds, drink whiskey or chaw poor terbacker, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of em?" inquired the passenger.

"I'm most afraid to tell ye, Mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred allygators to the mile from Vicksburg cl'ar down to Orleans! That was years ago, afore a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well, I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,450 of 'em on one sand bar!" continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a Government surveyor was aboard, and he checked 'em off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad of that, stranger. Some fellers would think I was a liar when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile?"

"Is that so?"

"True as Gospel, mister! I used to almost feel sorry for the cussed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out e en most like a human being. We killed lots of 'em, as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one captain who allus carried a thousand bottles of liniment to throw over to the wounded ones!"

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't 'spect I'll ever see another such a kind, Christian man. And the alligators got to know the Nancy Jane, and to know Capt. Tom and they'd swim out and rub their tails agin the boat an' purr like cats an' look up and try to smile!"

"They would?"

"Solemn truth," stranger. "And once when we grounded on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under her stern, and humped her clean over the bar by a grand push! It looks like a big story, but I never told a lie yet, and I never shall. I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

There was a painful pause, and after a while the pilot continued:

"Our injines gin out once, and a crowd of alligators took a towline and hauled us forty-five miles up stream to Vicksburg!"

"They did?"

And when the news got along the river that Capt. Tom was dead, every alligator in the river daubed his left ear with mud as a badge of mourning, and lots of 'em pined away and died!"

The passenger left the pilot house with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, and the old man gave the wheel a turn, and replied:

"Thar's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar of myself. I was brung up by a good mother, and I'm going to stick to the truth if this boat doesn't make a cent."—Vicksburg *Herald.*

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DR. GUTHRIE, in a recent address, told a very suggestive story, to this effect:

A friend of his, questioning a little boy said:

"When your father and mother forsake you, Johnny! do you know who will take you up?"

"Yes sir!" said he.

"And who?" said the friend.

"The police!" was Johnny's reply.

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A Brooklyn girl is engaged to be married to an Italian Count, and in the course of four or five years she may be looked for on the streets with a hand-organ playing the usual tunes.

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Take care of the poor Indian and he'll take hair of the white man.

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In what meter should "Up in a balloon" be sung? Gas meter.

### A Story for Girls.

Sit down on the porch, children, and let me tell you about Aunt Rachel, and the story she once told me. One day when I was about 12 years old, I had planned to go after strawberries, but Aunt Rachel said to me: "A girl of your age should begin to learn to do housework—Take off your hat, roll up your sleeves, and help me do the baking."

I pouted, and sighed, and shed tears, but was encouraged by the promise that I might go after the baking. Under good Aunt Rachel's direction, I mixed a big loaf of bread, placed it on a tin as bright as a new dollar, and was rubbing the flour off my hands when she called out:

"This will never, never do, child—you haven't scraped your breadbowl clean."

I shall never forget the picture she made standing there, her eyes regarding me sternly, one hand resting on her hip, while in the other she held the untidy bowl.

"It will never do, child," she went on; "It is not only untidy, but it makes too much waste; to be a good housekeeper you must learn to be economical. You have heard of the story of the young man who wanted an economical wife?"

"No," I answered, and I might have added that I did not wish to hear it either.

"Well," she continued, "he was a very likely young man, and he wanted a careful wife, so he thought of a way he could find one. One morning he went to call upon the different girls of his acquaintance and asked them each for the scrapings of their breadbowl to feed his horse.—You see they all wanted him so they got all they could for him. Finally he came to a girl who hadn't any, so he asked her to be his wife, because he thought she must be economical. "Now," said Aunt Rachel triumphantly, "suppose a young man should ask you for the scrapings of your breadbowl, what could you say?"

"What could I say?" I repeated scornfully; "why I'd tell him if he couldn't afford to buy oats for his horses they might starve; I wouldn't rob the pigs to feed them."

I suppose Aunt Rachel thought the lesson was all lost on me; but as true as you live I never knead the bread to this day without thinking of her lesson in economy.

### Like a Woman

The other day as a Doylestown mother was combing her boy's head with a fine comb, a female acquaintance entered the house without formalities. There was just one instant's time, and during that instant the comb was concealed, hand raised to the boy's chin, and as the lady entered the mother remarked:

"Come, Henry—If you don't hold up your chin I can't button your shirt collar!"

### The Canning Cobbler.

Many years ago, the husband of an old lady, living in Buckingham, died without making his will, for the want of which necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following expedient to avert the loss of her property; She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed on an old cobbler, her neighbor, who was, in person, somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writings. The widow, who, on his arrival, appeared in great affliction at her good man's danger, began to ask questions of her pretended husband, calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired. The cobbler, groaning aloud, and looking as much like a person going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered; "I intend to leave you half of my estate, and I think the poor old shoemaker; who lives opposite, is deserving of the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor." The widow was thunder struck at receiving a reply so different from that which she expected, but dared not negative the cobblers will, for fear of losing the whole of the property, while the old rogue in bed—who was himself the poor old shoemaker living opposite——laughed in his sleeve, and dividded with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

### About Boiling Eggs.

There is an objection to the common way of boiling eggs which people do not understand. It is this:—The white under three minutes' rapid cooking becomes tough and indigestible while the yelk is yet soft. When properly cooked eggs are done evenly through like any other food. This result may be attained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, as a tin pail, and then pour upon them boiling water, 2 quarts or more to a dozen eggs, and cover and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs evenly and sufficiently and to a jelly like consistency, leaving the centre of yelk harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much better and nicer as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg, and no person will want to eat them boiled after having tried this method once.—*Rural ew Yorker.*

### Abolishing the Rats.

An exchange takes a rather despondent view of the rat question when it says: There is one effective remedy for rats when they obtain possession of your premises. If one tears down his house, plows arsenic into the foundation, and builds upon its site a strong inclosure filled with large and hungry cats, the rats will desert it. The remedy is a costly one, and it has its inconveniences, but so far it is the only remedy which can be tried with any reasonable hope that it will be effective.

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NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM.—Going up Market Street the other day, a man saw a boy about eleven years of age seated on the sidewalk, bareheaded, in the full blaze of the scorching sun.

"Bub, you ought not to sit there!" said the man.

"Why?"

"Because you'll get all tanned up."

"Makes no difference to me whether I sit in the sun or in the shade," sadly answered the boy, "mother tans me up three or four times a day anyhow."

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A Duluth assessor says it is positively amazing how cheap property becomes as he passes up and down a street. It falls seven per cent. whenever he enters a house.

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Spotted Tail's daughter is making moccasins with a sewing machine at Spotted Tail Agency.


*New Advertisements.* *New Advertisements.*

# 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 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.

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1875. New Autumn Styles. 1875.

LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY JUST OPENED.

## DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS IN OUR

**Dress Goods Department.**

FULL LINE OF ALL THE LEADING BRANDS OF

DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.

Shawls, Skirts, Hosiery, Gloves, and Small Wear.

BOTTOM PRICES GUARANTEED.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Fullerton's Freeport Flannels, New Lisbon Flannels, Blankets, and Yarns.

Merchants are invited to call and examine our Stock and Prices.

Wholesale Exclusively.

## ARBUTHNOT, SHANNON & Co.,

sep22 No. 239 and 241 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh.

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## B. TIEGLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 53 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh.

Just received a full stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS, for Fall and Winter wear.

LOWEST PRICES.

☞All work and Fits guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Sep22.

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

WHOLESALE HOUSE OF

## GILL & BRO

No. 253 LIBERTY STREET,

Five doors from head of Wood street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

We are daily receiving goods, and have now one of the largest Fall Stocks of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS

in the market, which will be sold at BOTTOM PRICES.

Would call special attention of the Trade to our

Fort Pitt, Buffalo, and Erie Calf and Kip Hand-made Boots.

Also, WOMEN'S, MISSES', and CHILDREN'S CUSTOM CALF BOOTS. Men's Miner Shoes. RUBBER GOODS at Factory Rates.

N. B.—Orders promptly attended to. Eastern Bills Duplicated. sep22

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CONSUMPTION CURED AT LAST!

THE TRUE REMEDY FOUND.

PROF. WM. GUENTHER'S

## GREAT LUNG HEALER

IS A SURE REMEDY FOR

*CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH OF CHEST, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.*

If your druggist does not keep it, send to

Wm. Guenther & Co., 33 Diamond Street.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ANOTHER CASE OF CONSUMPTION CURED.

PITTSBURGH, September 12, 1874.

PROF. WM. GUENTHER—DEAR SIR: It is with great pleasure that I hasten to congratulate you on your successful treatment of my daughter. After suffering for upwards of one year, you have demonstrated to me by your skill that consumption can be cured. Hoping that you may be the instrument, through Divine Providence, of restoring many more to health, I return to you our sincere and heartfelt thanks, and may God Speed you in your good work.

Yours, respectfully,

S HODGETTS

Proprietor of Baltimore Hotel, 156 and 158 Water Street.

PITTSBURGH, January 25, 1875.

PROF. WM. GUENTHER—SIR: During the present winter, while holding a series of meetings, I contracted a cold which caused a hardness in my voice, my throat being affected. I was induced to try your Lung Healer, which cured me in less than two days. I recommended it to public speakers and singers suffering from hoarseness. My wife used it for a severe cough, with satisfactory results.

Yours truly,

J. H. HULL,

President Pittsburgh Conference, 40 Reed Street.

September 22, 1875.

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## $35,000 WORTH FINE CARPETS.

STOCK OF

## Henry McCallum

77 FIFTH AVENUE

Which was materially damaged by water at the late fire has been removed to the basement of the Diamond Bank, FIFTH AVENUE AND LIBERTY ST., and will be offered at a large reduction from cost FOR 60 DAYS.

*PITTSBURGH, PA.*

1e26th

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BUTTER BUTTER

## BUTTER.

## Robins & Co.

COMMISSIOM MERCHANTS,

No. 88 S. EUTAW Street,

BALTIMORE,

FOR SALE OF

BUTTER, EGGS and POULTRY.

Quick sales and prompt returns with check for produce, is our style of business.

Cards can be had at Messrs. A. J. Casebeer & Co., Express ce, Somerset, and Express office, Mineral Point. Sep 22.

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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

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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.

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*New Advertisements.*

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. febl8

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Pleasant and Profitable Employment.—"Beautiful!" "charming!" "oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" &c. Such are exclamations by those who see the large elegant New Chromos produced by the European and American Chromo Publishing Co. They are all perfect Gems of Art. No one can resist the temptation to buy when seeing the Chromos. Canvassers, Agents, and ladies and gentlemen out of employment, will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars, send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 738 Washington St., Boston, Mass. sep22

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## Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY

Flour and Feed

## STORE.

We would most respectfully announce to friends and the publ ic 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, Brush al kinds, and

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