ADDRESS
OF
J. F. HARTRANFT.

On the Occasion of his Second Inaugural as Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 18th day of January, 1876.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives and Fellow Citizens:

Three years ago, when the oath of office was administered to me as Executive, I took occasion to express the sense of my infinite obligations to the people of the State who honored me with repeated proofs of their confidence and good opinion, and it would be unworthy affectation if I did not now renew my acknowledgments to the same generous constituency, who, after a three years' stewardship of the highest office in their gift, have called me again to assume its important duties.

The continued favor and inflexible support my conduct of public affairs has received from the citizens of the Commonwealth, bespeak from me in return, the utmost zeal and fidelity in their service, and my highest ambition will be reached if my administration will be remembered as an honorable one that studied and provided for their best interests. I still have as exalted an opinion of the great trust you have conferred upon me as when first confronted with its novel and grave responsibilities, and despite the experience had, am none the less distrustful of my abilities to meet its requirements, but whatever may be my other deficiencies, I do not know what it is to be wanting in attachment to my State, or affection for her people who have distinguished me with so many obliging and conspicuous marks of partiality.

I am not unmindful that the welfare and progress of a State depend less upon its government and rulers than upon the habits and circumstances of its citizens, and that no measures of administration can produce any substantial good unless they are dictated by public opinion or are begotten of the public necessities. A people must be ripe for reform or reform can work them no permanent benefit. Invention may exhaust itself in contrivances of public utility and rulers may be never so wise in their devices, but if the dispositions and intelligence of a people are unprepared for the reception of remedies they will not take root in their affections or affairs.

Imbued with these convictions, the maxims for the conduct of my administration were easily formed. It was only necessary to resolve that its acts should have no selfish taint, that they should be colored by no personal predilections or warped by any favorite theories, and that inspired neither by fear nor favor they should aim to reflect the people's will. With the lights with which Heaven has endowed me I have striven to adhere to these maxims, and if at any time I have failed to conform thereto it has not been from lack of patient investigation and honest exertion or of a tender and jealous regard for the honor of the State but from a misconception or misapprehension of the wishes or needs of her people. In the future then, as in the past, as the Executive of the Commonwealth, I can have no interest to serve that is not her interest, and can embrace no doctrine or embark in any cause that will not advance the material prosperity and promote the enlightenment of her citizens.

My opinions upon the questions that effect the government of the State have be presented in my annual message and it is unnecessary to again refer to them.

When we look around us, gentlemen of the Legislature, how various, multiform and intricate are the interests of our great Commonwealth. Certainly it is a proud distinction to be chosen to administer the affairs of a State that has within her limits so many of the elements of empire and it behooves us to see to it that neither its dignity or prosperity suffers through any default of ours. Let us remit no effort that will enlarge the happiness or benefits of her citzens; let us be distinguished by loyalty to her interests, by a jealous care of her institutions, a liberal understanding of and provision for her necessities, by humane attention to the wants of her poor and afflicted, and enlightened treatment of her criminal classes, and by a tolerance of opinion, political and religious, so that when we are discharged of our trusts we can deliver them to our successors with the approval of our consciences, and, let us hope, with the blessings of a grateful people.

With this renewal of my obligations as your Executive, I invite the earnest and active co-operation and counsel of all good citizens, and implore that my official acts may have the sanction of Divine Providence.

"An Easy Shave."

A man who had been nearly talked to death by loquacious barbers went into a shop the other day, which he had never patronized before, and handed one of the artists a card bearing the words, "Give me an easy shave." The barber motioned him to a chair, and then, turning around, winked at his fellow laborers, and said:

"Here's a deaf and dumb un, boys; wants an easy shave." "Well, if you gash him, he can't talk back," replied one who was lolling in his chair, waiting for "next." "No, you bet he can't," returned the first.—"An easy shave be blowed! Why, he's got bristles on him like a Texas bear, and his skin looks tougher than a canal mule's." The boys laughed, and the operator, who, in the meantime had lathered the man's face, indulged in further comments as he urged the razor over the facial territory before him. "What a nose that is," said he. "If he should sneeze, where would I be? Well, his cheek is harder than a razor hone." "Do you want us to help hold his nose back while you go over his lips, Johnny?" asked another of the idle razor wielders. "Don't know but what I want a little help." "Be careful, don't drop your razor down his ear, or you'll lose it," admonished another. "What a dirty head he's got," observed Johnny, as he ran his fingers through the man's hair. "I say some of you fellows write a card, and ask him if he don't want a shampoo." The card was written and presented to the man, who shook his head at it and the job being finished, he rose from the chair. "It's all right, boys," said he, as he laid down his fifteen cents. "I did'nt mind your talk any. I could stand it first rate so long as you didn't say anything about base ball, third term, or the whiskey ring frauds." He disappeared, and those barbers sat down and thought about him.—*Chicago Times.*

GERTRUDE'S LOVER.

"Where is Miss Fane, John?"

"In her sitting-room, Mr. Weston. She has just rung for me to bring her here," answered the old man servant.

"That is well. Say I much wish to see her."

While the young visitor, evidently in considerable perturbation, paced the pretty drawing-room the old domestic proceeded on his errand. On entering Miss Fane's apartment, he found her standing waiting for him.

She was about twenty-six, of a slight graceful figure, and a fair sweet-expressioned countenance, rendered singularly striking by a pair of large, beautiful blue eyes, but it required only a glance at the latter to perceive they were deprived of that great blessing—sight.

"Come, John," she said, smiling, "how long you have kept me!"

"I'm sorry you should need so poor an arm as mine, Miss Gertrude," said the old man with emotion. "I know what blindness is, and I wish, over and over again, that you would go up to London and try to find that young man who gave me sight."

"Ah! how sweet it must be to see," sighed the girl. "Tell me, John, about yourself."

"Why, Miss, until five years ago I was as blind as you, and had to live on charity. The man that supported me died, and I should have had to enter the workhouse or starve, when I resolved to go up to one of those large hospitals in London. They dismissed me as incurable. As I left with a heavy heart enough, a voice addressed me. It inquired why there were tears on my cheek. I told the reason. The speaker asked if I would risk placing myself in his hands. Gladly I consented, and in six weeks I saw."

"Wonderful!" murmured Gertrude Fane. "Oh, that I could find him! Who is here, John?" she asked, quickly, as the old man led her into the drawing-room.

"Mr. Weston, Miss; he wants to see you."

"Herbert," and the girl's face flashed with pleasure. "My kind friend Herbert. You can go, good John."

Holding forth her hands, she advanced to the young man, who took them and pressed them in his.

"Dear Gertrude," he said, "how I have longed to see you—sweet comforter in all my troubles."

"Troubles? See me. Where is Alice?"

"In the library; I have just left her."

"Your voice is sad, Herbert," exclaimed the girl, bending her ear toward him. "Something has happened."

"Something *has* happened, indeed," he responded, mournfully. "You are aware how passionately I love your cousin, Mrs. Errington. But her lawsuit, my comparative poverty, and a sense of my own unworthiness, have made me nervous to confess my adoration. To day has put it forever beyond my power. Listen. As you know, her late husband's brother entered into a law-suit respecting the property. He has died suddenly. By will his nephew has inherited, with this proviso, that if Alice will consent to marry him, the law-suit will thus be settled."

"And what does Alice say?"

"Ignorant of my love, she has asked my advice. She hesitates, yet seems disposed to accept, but finally deferred her decision until the young baronet's arrival to see her, which will be to-day."

"Why do you not ask her to be yours at once?" asked Gertrude.

"I dare not. It appears ungenerous, selfish, when wealth and a title are placed in her grasp."

"Wealth, title! exclaimed the blind girl quickly. What are these to love? to render those happy who are dearer than life to us? What joy is there beyond that?"

Herbert Weston looked at her amazed. Her cheek was flushed, her features animated, her eyes brilliant; it was difficult to believe they lacked sight. Advancing nearer he took her hand, saying kindly:

"Gertrude, you speak as one who knows what love is."

"I do," she murmured, sadly, drooping her head. "Yes; but to me it is only a sweet dream. Love, to the blind, is different from what it can be to you, Herbert. With them it is hopeless."

"Poor Gertrude. Do I know—"

"Him whom I love?" she interrupted, smiling. "No. No one has ever seen him. I will tell you how it was. Over six years ago I was staying with a Mrs. Elliot. One afternoon I accompanied her daughters to a rowing match on the river. There was a great crowd, and somehow I got separated from my friends. I was overwhelmed by terror, when my alarm was augmented by some rough men who had been drinking. My fear was a subject of mirth to them; they addressed me, they touched me. I screamed aloud, when suddenly another voice sounded in my ear—loud, angry to the men; soft, clear, brave and musical to me. I felt myself lifted in a pair of strong arms and carried from the crowd. My rescuer restored me to my party. He was asked home. He went. He came again and again, ever with flowers for me. Once he came to say farewell. He had to go to London."

"'Gertrude,' he whispered, 'I love you, but I am too poor to wed. Never forget me; never can I forget you. I have formed a resolve, which I dare not tell you; but, by Heaven's blessing, we will meet again.'"

"And did you?" asked Herbert Weston.

Gertrude shook her head sadly.

"No," she said, "never. My cousin married; then, afterwards left a widow, generously took me to live with her. I have never met him."

"Poor girl," said her companion, mentally. "I thought as much."

"Hark!" interrupted the blind girl, hurriedly. "I hear Alice."

"Oh, Gertrude!" ejaculated the young man, recalled his own sorrow.

"Will *you* speak to her for me? I cannot—dare not!"

"Go," she smiled. "Leave it to me. My want of sight is compensated for by keener instincts. I feel sure she loves you. Go."

Gertrude Fane had fulfilled her mission, and now anxiously waited her cousin's answer. It was slow in coming.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Is it possible I have been deceived, Alice. Do you not love Herbert Weston?"

"Yes, Gertrude; I see it is not possible to deceive your affection," rejoined Alice Errington. "I *do* love him; but that is no reason why I should be his. Reflect, if I were, I lose this law-suit; I become poor. How could I live? How, dearest, could you? How could I keep you with me?"

"Do not think of me, darling Alice, but of Herbert, who loves you."

"I will think of *both*, Gertrude, and will defer my answer to you and him until I have seen Sir John's nephew. Ah! there is a carriage coming up the drive; it is he already. Gertrude, I dare not yet meet him. Your words have unsettled my nerves. Come with me. I must recover myself; I tremble so."

They had scarcely quitted the apartment by one door, than the young baronet was ushered in by another.

He was of middle height, handsome, of an intelligent expression, a clear complexion, and large, soft, dark hazel eyes.

Seating himself he waited for the widow.

"Mine is scarcely a pleasant mission," he reflected, "to come to tell a lady that, law-suit or no, or for all the law-suits in the world, I cannot accept her hand, even if she is inclined to bestow it. Rather than follow out my uncle's condition, my uncle's will may leave me as I was. Neither, I fancy, would Mrs. Errington consider herself flattered did she know how I begrudged her those few moments—how I pant to be elsewhere."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the door opening.

Rising to his feet, scarcely lifting his eyes, he bowed low.

"Mrs. Errington?" he said interrogatively.

Led by the sound of his voice, Gertrude advanced toward him.

"No," she smiled. "I come to apologize for her delay, but to say she will join you shortly."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the baronet, starting forward. "Do I dream? What do I behold? Can it be?"

A deathly pallor spread over Gertrude's features. Trembling in every limb, she bent toward the speaker, her lovely eyes rivited on his face.

"That voice," she gasped. "Oh! speak again—in pity, speak again!"

"Gertrude," he said softly, taking her hand.

"Martin," she cried, "have we again met?"

She staggered forward, and he caught her in his arms.

"My darling—my sweet Gertrude!" he exclaimed. "How eager was I to seek you! How little I dreamed to find you beneath this roof!"

"This roof!" she repeated, drawing herself quickly from him. "I had forgotten Alice, my cousin. You—can you be—"

"Sir John Errington's nephew," he said. "Yes; living, he left me in poverty; dying, he made me rich, Gertrude."

"And you are here to—"

"Refuse my uncle's conditions and to ask you to be my wife."

"Me!—your wife, Martin?"

A bright joy lighted her countenance rapidly, however, it expired.

"No," she continued, "no, Martin; to that I can never consent. You are generous, noble and kind. *You* shall teach *me*. I will never permit that."

"Why not, sweet Gertrude?"

"Because a wife should share all her husband's pleasures as well as sorrows. How can I do so, who, owing to my blindness, live in a world of my own, which you no more can enter than I can yours? No Martin; I will be your friend; I cannot be your wife."

"Listen, Gertrude. My lips tremble as I speak; yet your words compel me not to be silent. Supposing I could cure you?"

"You?"

"Yes. Forced to make my own living, I followed the medical profession. I was studying for it when I first saw you. Do you recollect as I left you at Grassmeir I said I had formed a resolve I dared not then risk telling you? That resolve was to devote all my thoughts to the cure of blindness—to study it by day and night, led on by one hope, one purpose; to cure you. love sided skill. I effected cures that made my name renowned, and—"

"Mrs. Errington's compliments. Sir Martin, and she'd be glad if you'd come into the library," said John, breaking into the conversation.

"Certainly. I will come directly," replied the baronet, irritably. "Leave us a moment, my good fellow."

But the old man did not obey. With eyes and mouth distended, he moved quickly forward, like one in a dream, until he stood opposite the other; then:

"It is—it is!" he cried excitedly, throwing up his hands. "I could not be mistaken. Oh! Miss Gertrude—Miss Gertrude, it's fate; it's fortune to you. This is the doctor I told you about—the young man who gave me sight—yes, sight. Every night I have blessed you in my prayers," proceeded the old man, dropping on his knees, and kissing Sir Martin's hand, "Only do one other thing. Cure her, sir—cure her."

"If she will let me, I will try, my friend," he answered. "Gertrude, will you trust me?"

"I do not know, I—I fear," she announced, in agitation. Disappointment would be so—so terrible. Leave me now a while, I pray you."

Tenderly he pressed her hand, and went. When she was alone, Gertrude dropped into a chair, weeping.

"What am I to do do?" she murmured. "I must not accept him; for it would ruin Alice."

She lifted her head. Some one had entered. It was Herbert Weston.

"He has come, Gertrude," he said, gloomily; "and Alice has accepted him."

"No," cried the girl, starting up—"oh! no; it cannot be."

"It is. I passed the library window just now. I could not help hearing the words he spoke. I heard him say he was the happiest man in England, for beneath this roof he had found a wife."

"A wife!" Gertrude broke into a joyous laugh. "Yes, yes, Herbert—good Herbert; but you are mistaken. Sir John's nephew is he who saved me, who gave me the flowers. The wife he speaks of is myself.

"Yourself, Gertrude?"

"Yes," answered a voice—Mrs. Errington's, who entered with the baronet; and I, as her cousin and guardian, give my consent, and say: 'Sir Martin, take her, love her, cherish her, and be worthy of her.' Herbert, have you a word to and?"

"Only this, and my brain is too selfish to think of aught else," he murmured: "Alice, may I hope?"

She placed her hand in his, remarking:

"Let Sir Martin cure our dear Gertrude, and there shall be a double marriage on the same day; for the law-suit has been amicably arranged."

"Gertrude," whispered the baronet, "there is a risk Will you consent to undergo it?"

"Can I refuse you anything?" she answered. "Oh! Martin, give me sight; for I pine to look upon your face."

Three months after a morning dawned of terrible anxiety. An operation had been performed, and the bandage was for the first time to be removed from Gertrude's eyes. Would she see? Was she hopelessly blind?

With trembling hands and beating heart her betrothed took off the covering. The large, clear blue eyes moved vaguely around, then rested upon him. A wild cry of joy burst from Gertrude's lips.

"Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed, falling upon his bosom. "My own—my love, I see—I see!"

So the double marriage took place as Alice Errington had promised.

Hunting Wild Hogs.

The Bakersfield (California) *Gazette* says:

There is a district of country lying west of Bakersfield, and twenty-five miles distant, which is the source of much exciting sport It is low tule land, stretching across the country a distance of fifty miles, and averaging from four to seven miles in width. As far back as fifteen years ago the hogs of settlers began to stray away into these tules and grow wild. This has been going on ever since, and they have bred until they are now found to be very numerous, and in a perfectly wild state. They are of all ages, from sucking pigs to venerable old patriarchs of perhaps a dozen years, and weighing from a few pounds to 600 and 700 weight. Of late years people began to hunt them, and it has grown quite a business. Parties of two or three go down there with their wagons, on which are covered pens, and stay two or three days. They carry their guns and six shooters, and some use lassoes. The hunting is done with dogs Having struck a trail they follow it up until they bring the game to bay, when the old males frequently assume the offensive and fight with desperate and sometimes terrific effect. The huntsmen are always on horseback, and the game being flushed, generally use their revolvers to bring it down. Some they capture with dogs and bring away alive, and sometimes they are lassoed and thus secured. With the large hogs which the dogs cannot manage, harsher means are used, and they are shot down with six shooters.—Some parties have, in this way, sometimes secured as high as twenty-five hogs in one day, and a dozen is not an unusual catch. The business is found to be quite profitable. The hogs are usually found in a good condition, and the flesh is generally good, though at rare intervals a hog is found the flesh of which tastes a little fishy. They subsist almost entirely on the tule roots, which are very good food for swine. Of some bacon is made, while some are sold on foot, five cents a pound being readily obtained for the latter. They are of all colors, and are frequently found in bands of twenty-five or thirty.

What Ailed the Butter.

Jones seemed doomed to have trouble with his boarding house The other morning he went down to breakfast in a fine humor, and thought he would have some fun with the landlady. While all the boarders were plastering their hot cakes with butter, Jones called out from his end of the table to the solemn man next to the landlady's end of the board:

"Mr. Rhodes, be so kind as to request that butter to amble in this direction."

Several parties smiled, and the landlady cast a threatening look at Jones, but he acted as though he didn't see it, and soon remarked:

"If I was as strong as this butter, I'd hire out to a circus and travel around, having big pictures in ten colors stuck up on fences and dead walls, showing me off as "The Man with the Iron Jaw," holding up black tea boxes marked "fifty pounds" in white paint!"

"Mr. Jones," sharply demanded the landlady; "was it you that went stumbling up stairs at 1 o'clock this morning, singing, "das was gooter lar-ger beer," or something of the sort?"

Jones protested that he was in bed at nine o'clock in the evening, and sober as a judge. A painful silence followed which Jones soon disturbed.

"If I furnished the help around this house I'd hire real, genuine, live Commanche Indians!"

"Mr. Jones!" exclaimed the landlady, vehemently, "what do you mean by such outrageous conduct?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but you don't comprehend; the Indians would be right handy to scalp the hair off the butter before break——"

Five men dodged in a hurry as the pewter sugar-bowl went whizzing at Jones' head, while that individual slid under the table. The next minute he was flying out through the hall door into the street, and the landlady was just far enough behind to miss when she grabbed at his coat tail. As Jones stopped to tell a policeman what the row was about, she informed him:

"Mr. Jones, you impudent, drunken rascal, it'll take a distress warrant and two constables to get your rags and dabs out of here, and they had better be quick about it, too!"

And now Jones is boarding elsewhere, "in the quiet neighborhood," he says.

What One Farmer has Done.

A correspondent of the *Mirror and Farmer* writes of Hon. Warren Brown, of Hampton Falls, N. H.: A few years since the high portion of his farm cut about half a ton of hay per acre, and the lower ground was covered with marsh hay which they frequently carried off on hay poles.—Now, on his sixty acres of mowing land, he will cut, I judge, over one hundred tons of the best English hay. Tiles, manure, muscles and brains have wrought the change. His grass is worth over $25 per acre as it stands. He sells much hay, and yet makes so much manure that he hardly knows what to do with it. A new barn has a ventilated cellar and a smooth, four inches, concrete floor. What a shame and untold loss to the State for our farming population to diminish yearly and the young men to leave the farms. Put a good paper in every farmer's family; let farming be studied the same as any other pursuit. Let the farmer have no unjust burdens; let them be honored and respected; let there be a rivalry in farming for the sake, not only of the agriculturist's interest, but for the good of all other useful industries; and last, but not least, as the birth place of those men and women who are alone reared upon farms.

EARLY to bed and early to rise will all be in vain if you don't advertise.

NOSES are fashionable and have always been followed.

Thoughts on Wintering Bees.

L. F. Abbott is contributing a series of articles on bee keeping to the Maine *Farmer*, which introduce some sensible ideas. The great mortality among bees, of late years, from cold, is much greater than formerly, and Mr. A. suggests that it is caused by the different styles of hive—a subject certainly worthy of consideration by bee keepers. He says:

"A swarm of bees in the moveable comb hive is in an abnormal condition. The instinct of the bees leads them to so construct the combs when left to follow their instinct so that they are a safe-guard against the rigors of winter. The bee keeper, for good reasons, says: 'If I let my bees follow their own inclination and construct the combs to their liking, it frustrates my plans and deprives me of my profits. I will modify, somewhat the plans nature has instructed them to carry out in this particular of comb building, and make them subserve my interests, *at the risk* of losing at some other point.

"It is our belief that bees need different treatment in winter in frame hives, from what they do in the old box hive. With combs nearly straight from rear to front, with unfilled space at each end of the frames, the hives are necessarily much colder, and not only that; but the bees cannot cluster so compactly with combs in such shape, and if spread out between four or five straight sheets of comb—the changes in temperature of our winters affect them much more if no method for giving protection is adopted. We claim that bees will winter as well now as they did fifteen years ago if placed in the same condition as then. Let us consider for a moment the manner in which bees, that are allowed to follow their own instinct, construct their combs. We have had occasion lately to dissect several old box hives, removing the comb and bees in order to obtain the latter for strengthening some of our own swarms. Two or three old swarms had occupied their hives some twelve or fifteen years. All the profit derived from them had been by the increase of swarms; but what is noticeable in such cases, is the curious manner of building the breeding apartment, or, as it may be called the "living room" for the swarm. The combs in the upper part of the hive are placed in quite regularly, as this is the store-room; but when we come to the brood nest, we find it as dissimilar from straight combs in the modern frame hives as it is possible to conceive.

"Instead of the regular sheets built from side to side, or from corner to corner as is often the case, we find more or less of them curved. For instance, a sheet commenced at some point (as the back of the hive) is carried to the side till a point about the centre of the hive is reached, when it is curved and brought to a right angle with the starting point, and perhaps is completed a little past the centre of the hive; and another sheet passes at this point at an angle with the other sheet, and then at the points where these nearly intersect it will be seen there is much more space than if the combs were carried straight and parallel to each other. This arrangement allows the building of quite a number of small sheets of combs in many irregular forms, and the whole protected with the larger sheets, thus giving compactness to the cluster of bees in cold weather, which it is impossible for them to assume in perfectly straight combs. Nor is the ample space afforded by this arrangement all.

"Nearly all these inner combs are pierced with holes from the side to admit a bee to passreadily to an inch in diameter. And thus the interior of this "living apartment" is full of galleries and halls, and all, so to speak, are amply provided with large folding doors, so that neighbors can readily make friendly calls and not be ceremonious, and have to ring the bell every time. Bees generate much warmth if they can cluster together in large numbers, but spread them out and frequent chilling destroys them."

A Silver Throne.

This is a description of a silver throne just presented to the Prince of Wales by his Indian subjects, and said to be the finest in existence:

The wooden skeleton, or frame work, is covered with solid chased silver plates. The arms are formed by two massive cast silver lions, gold gilt; the legs are nondescript—regular, spindle shanks, ending in massive claw feet. At the front, back of the chair and above the cushion, is a repousse Star of India, with the motto, "Heaven's light our Guide, similar in its pithy expression to the inscription, "In God We Trust," upon some of our American coins. The back of the throne is surmounted by a Royal Crown placed upon a cup formed by the Indian *lotus*, which plays a distinguished part in the Hindoo mythology. The shoulders of the chair are finished off by two leopard's heads. The cushions are of velvet, richly embroidered in gold in relief with the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle. A heavy gold bullion fringe hangs from the lower edge of the chair all round. There is a footstool of solid silver to match, with four lion's heads at the corners, nondescript legs, and lion's paw feet.

Diptheria.

From all parts of the country we hear of the ravages of diptheria. In some cases whole families have fallen victims to this dread disease. It is important that all persons, especially parents, should understand what are the first symptoms, and take prompt and efficient measures of relief. An attack of diphtheria usually commences with high fever and headache, and in children with nausea and vomiting. There is great prostration. Upon the tonsils and surrounding parts are seen white, snow flaky patches. In malignant cases the patches are often yellow or brownish, and a fetid odor is perceived. A good physician should be immediately summoned when these symptoms are noticed. Chlorate of potash gargles and pounded ice are useful until he arrives. Many physicians have found a successful remedy in the use of permanganate of potash in connection with the tincture of belladonna.

One of Mark Twain's funny stories is that of a Scripture panorama, the proprietor of which engaged a pianist to play appropriate music. The musician, when the picture of the "Prodigal Son" was passing, struck up "When Johnny Comes Marching Home!" which excited the indignation of the moral lecturer.

Noses are fashionable, and have always been followed.

"She Stoops to Conquer," was written before the days of pin-back skirts.

The Careful Farmer.

There are many things on a farm that you cannot hire done, you must do them yourself—or see that they are done. Said a farmer to me last spring:

"When we were drawing our manure, I let the boys drive to the lot and I stayed in the yard, because I could put on better loads. And the cows commenced to give more milk right off."

Now this is one of the best farmers in the county. He keeps a thoroughbred shorthorn bull, raises capital grades, and has a splendid barn. He thrashes by steam; cuts his straw and hay and corn fodder with a big feed cutter, having an elevator attached, and is one of our model farmers. But there is no nonsense about him He is no fancy farmer. He is up by four o'clock (which is the worst thing I know about him), and looks after his stock During the day he is in the field or in the woods. In short, he is an active, industrious, intelligent, experienced farmer; and yet when he is piling manure in the yards, his cows give a perceptible increase in their milk—Why? One of his handsome grade shorthorns that he is so proud of, seeing him around, goes up to him and says as plain as a cow can say: "Give me a lock of hay," and he gives it to her. Another says: "Mr. Stevens, don't you think that rack wants cleaning out," and on looking he finds to his surprise that there is a lot of dirt, and wet hay seeds, and rubbish at the bottom. He scrapes it all out and rubs it clean with some straw, and as soon as his load is filled, and while he is waiting for the next wagon, he gets a little feed and puts it in the rack, and the cows eat it and feel grateful. Between the next loads he takes the curycomb and brush, and gives one of the cows a good cleaning. The other cows come around him, and he has a gentle word and friendly pat for each of them. He is a good looking man, and the cows like to look at him—He is a gentleman and his presence has a soothing effect. They chew the cud of contentment and peace. As he goes past the pump, he asks the cows if they want a little fresh water. They had not thought about it, but they drink a little just to please him. And so it goes on all day. No wonder the cows give more milk at night. You will notice the same thing in the sheepyards. The sheep soon know you and like to have you around. And you will not be with them long without seeing something that you can do for their comfort If you doubt, go into the yard and see. Even such a simple thing as bedding the sheep, is rarely done judiciously. A sheep will not willingly lie down in its own droppings. Shake up the straw, and make it smooth and level over the whole shed or yard. About the racks you will find more straw than is needed. Shake this out over the yard. The less straw you use, and yet give the sheep a clean bed, the better. You will be surprised, if you shake up the old straw and spread it out smooth over the surface, how little fresh straw is needed to make the shed or yard comfortable. If I should ever be able to build such a barn as I want, I would keep as many sheep as I do now, and more cows. All the fodder should be cut into chaff. The sheep should be in the second story.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Salaries of Some Distinguished American Clergymen.

The preacher who receives the highest salary in this country (excepting, possibly Cardinal McCloskey, the Archbishop of Baltimore, the Bishop of Quebec, and some of the other dignitaries of the Catholic Church, whose expenses are paid from the common revenues of the church) is the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn For several years past his salary has been $20,000 per annum. In addition to this, it is safe to say that he received $5,000 per annum for various lectures delivered by him in the winter season in the principal cities in the Union. His salary as editor of the *Christian Union* was $10,000 per annum, and from the *Christian Union* Publishing Company he one year received $10,000 for a Life of Christ, which, by the way, has not yet been finished. Besides all this, he is in the receipt of an annual income, varying from year to year, as author's percentage on the sale of his published works "Star Papers," &c. So that here is a preacher whose income for several years past has been in the neighborhood of $40,000 per annum, and sometimes considerably more. What he has done with it is a mystery. He testified during the late trial that he had mortgaged his house in Brooklyn for $5,000 to provide Theodore Tilton with means to start the *Golden Age*.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, came here several years ago, from Belfast, Ireland, on the call of the church of which he is now pastor.

His salary was then fixed at $10,000 gold, per annum, and still remains the same. He also adds to his income by writing and lecturing.

The Rev. Dr. Hepworth, of the Church of the Disciples, was in the receipt of a salary of $10,000 per annum until recently, but it has been reduced, it is understood, of late.

The Rev. Dr. Storrs, of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, receives a salary of $10,000 per annum. He was offered an advanced salary by one of the New York Congregational churches, some time ago, but was induced to remain with his old charge.

The Rev Dr. Budington, also one the best known of the Brooklyn pastors, receives $10,000 per annum.

The Rev Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector of Trinity, receives $15,000 per annum. He has two or more assistants, who receive from $4,000 to $6,000 each. The senior minister at St. Paul's receives $10,000, and his assistant $4,000. The Rev. Dr. Weston, for many years past the pastor of St. John's Church, opposite the old St. John's Park, where Vanderbilt's freight depot now stands, receives $10,000 salary, and has an assisant at $4,000 The pastor who officiates at Trinity Chapel, in West Twenty-eighth street, also recieves $10,000 and has one or more assistants.

The Rev. Dr. Chapin, pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, (Universalist,) at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth street, also receives $10,000 salary.

The Rev. Dr. Park Hunt Schenck, rector of St. Ann's, on the Heights, the fashionable Episcopalian Church of Brooklyn, receives $10,000 salary.

"Six feet in his boots," exclaimed Mrs. Partingdon, "what will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder. Why, they might as well tell me the man had six heads in his hat."

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.*

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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

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Henry D. Snyder, late of Upper Turkeyfoot Tp., deceased.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, February 12, 1876, at the office of Aaron Will, Esq., in Centreville borough.
AARON WILL,
HENRY STRUCKOFF,
jan5 Executors.

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