OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1876.

THE LAST IN THE BEECHER MATTER.

The last development in the Beecher scandal case is the statement of Bowen. Driven into a corner by the denials of Beecher of the truth of his assersions, Bowen has made a very explicit statement to the committee. He asserts solemnly that a lady confessed to him, long before the Tilton scandal was made public, that Beecher had committed adultery with her at various times and places, the lecture room of the church, or rather the study back of it being the most favorite place. He offered to give names and dates to a select committee, under pledge of secrecy. He insisted on the pledge of secrecy, because he did not wish that the lady's name should become public property. This Mr. Beecher declined, whereupon Bowen makes this statement. It is not to be supposed that Beecher and his friends will let this pass. They cannot. The statement is explicit and circumstantial, and will have to be met, consequently Brooklyn is in an excited state of mind. There is hurrying to and fro, there is trouble on both sides. Will Bowen, if Beecher sues him, give the name of that lady? Will he face the music, or will he back down when the time comes that he is brought to the test? And will he be brought to the test at all? These are questions that time alone will solve. I predict that nothing will come of it. There are skeleton's in too many closets in Brooklyn, and the dragging of one out from its concealment, exposes a great many others. The women of Brooklyn are, at this time, a great deal more anxious to know the name of that lady than they are to know whether he was guilty with Mrs Tilton. The Tilton matter is a little stale, but this is fresh and piquant.

THE BELKNAP DISGRACE.

The Belknap scandal created a profound sensation, for the prosecuting witness is a prominent man here, and Mrs. Belknap is as well known in society here as she is in Washington. This is a clear case of feminine extravagance. The present Mrs. Belknap is a sister of the secretary's first wife. She was a Tomlinson, of Harrodsburg, Ky., and was a high-flyer of the highest flying kind. She was wont to come to New York, and make the most extravagant purchases, for her principal ambition was to outshine every woman in Washington, native or foreign. And she did it. Her dresses were the most gorgeous, her equipages were the most costly, and she was surrounded with servants of the most expensive nature. It was given out in Washington that she did not depend on the secretary's salary—he had no means beyond that—but that she had inherited wealth; the income of which was sufficient to justify all this extravagance. At her home the story was that the secretary had made some lucky speculations before he went into the cabinet, which accounted for it all where the inheritance story would not go down. All this time they were selling tradeships, and spending the proceeds in this foolish way. There can be no doubt that the woman had the man completely under her thumb—that so infatuated was he with her that he would have stolen ten times the amount, had she desired it. The man was doubtless honest, originally, but oh, how weak? The merchants of New York suffer severely by this exposure. It is rumored that Mrs. Belknap owes vast sums of money to the fashionable dry goods men and jewelers here, which, as the Belknaps have spent all their stealings, they will lose.

THE EPIDEMIC OF THE SEASON.

Malaria and ignorance of ventilation will soon make New York no fit place for white people to live in. If fever and ague, diptheria, scarlet fever and small-pox hold their own a very few years longer as they are doing now, the city will soon be as untenable as Staten Island, where rich people are deserting their villas, because the place is so deadly with agues. This month the fashionable epidemic is a malignant influenza, which visits humankind as it did horses two years ago. The doctors call it by no fancy name, only "plain cold," and the Madison Avenue prescription is—neither belladonna, nor "internal exhibition of" aconite, or any other high sounding drug, but equally plain catnip tea, made doubly strong, which is administered not more for the sake of breaking up the cold, by a good sweat, as for its valuable and recently discovered properties in quieting the nerves. Fancy a bowl of Lady Washington china breathing the soothing incense of balm tea, administered to an interesting invalid wrapped in an azure blanket, soft as velvet, and you have the elegance of influenza. But for real virtues I prefer the old style, a cracked blue bowl, steeped in generations of teas, with a quart of deep brown liquid smoking hot, to be taken in three gulps.—Ugh! the stoutest cold fled affrighted at the thought of a second dose. But talk of plain colds—the new variety successfuly combines the horrors of neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, catarrh, fever and ague, and getting drunk, and one crawls out of an attack feeling like a cabinet officer just investigated.

POLITICAL.

The local politicians of New York are making a stir for Conkling's nomination for the Presidency, but it does not make much headway. There are many excellent men in the city who would be glad to see Conkling in the Presidential chair, and there are a great many who would not. But there are a thousand or more political bummers, who would support anybody whose friends will "put up," and this class are unfortunately all for Conkling, he being the first New Yorker mentioned for the place. They are organizing "Conkling clubs," all over the city, and are making a great deal of noise, but I am happy to say that they all have a hungry look. They are not getting the rations they expected, nor will they. Senator Conkling is a gentleman, and a pure man. He would of course like to be President—I wouldn't mind it myself—but he never did a dirty thing, and he never will. He will never pay bummers.—he will never support a body of mercenaries, nor will he use undue influence. The bummers who are shouting Conkling at this time are doing it at their own expense, and they are getting sick. The supplies don't come, and these fellows never do anything at their own charges—that is for any length of time. Consequently their zeal will very soon abate. The fact is New York isn't very anxious to have a candidate. There are two or three different factions in the city, and they are mortally afraid of each other. They would all rather have a new man rather than have any one who has ever mixed in city or state politics. The Democracy are hardly any better off. Tilden cannot get the undivided support of the party in the city, and for that matter no one can. So far as New York is concerned it will not make much of a show of influence in either convention. The liberals, what is left of them, are waiting for the highest bidder, but there are so few of them that no one considers them worth a bid.

THE BUSINESS OF THE WEEK.

The list of failures this week, foot up nearly one hundred, and they embrace almost all varieties of business. The smashed parties generally offer 25 cents on the dollar, that being the regular figure. So common have failures become, that they excite no more surprise. The oldest, strongest houses in the city are going, and no one knows to-day who is going to-morrow. Rents are still sinking, and the nearer the month of May approaches, the more the landlords tremble. Their expensive stores on Broadway are being vacated, and applications for them are as rare as hen's teeth. I know of one store that four years ago was in demand at $18,000 per year, that is now being occupied at $6,000, and the tenants are giving it up for they can get a better one at $4,000. The truth is business men can hardly afford to pay any rent, for there is no profit whatever in business. The shrinkage in value is going on steadily, and no one can see the end. Relief must come from some source, or bankruptcy will be the rule, and solvency the exception. New York is very sick.

THE HIPPODROME MEETINGS.

Are still wonderfully filled, and it is as unfashionable not to go and hear Mr. Sankey sing as to hear Titiens or Von Bulow, or any other light of the musical or dramatic world. The Hippodrome is still packed at mid-day and evening, and the religious movement is treated with the greatest respect by the papers. But a visit to the meetings convinces a candid person, that the reason of the great audiences drawn together is not Mr. Moody's earnestness, or Mr. Sankey's singing, of which he has grown as chary of late as a pet tenor in opera, but the number who take a serious interest in religion. There are thousands of genuinely good people in the city, who believe that religion out weighs all other interests, and are drawn to these meetings, hoping for good. The popularity of Moody and Sankey in Great Britian is easily understood; it was their Americanism attracked the crowd, just as anything distinctively American attracts English attention, like the jubilee singers, Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, and Brete Harte's stories, whose popularity abroad out runs that they have at home. One can imagine what a contrast Mr. Moody's curt, utterly unconventional manner, his homely illustrations, must have been to the formal English way of doing things, and it is no wonder he took the rather heavy Britons by storm. Here, he can never make the same impression on cultivated people that he did abroad. The big clergy of New York sit up in the preacher's pen at the meetings, and laugh over Mr. Moody's apt hits, in the way of illustration, as they would at excellent jokes, and the evangelist runs on about salvation, very much in the way a Chicago business man talks insurance, or railroads, with the same earnestness, but not a whit more feeling or reverence. His whole manner, is that of a finished auctioneer, who is ready to knock down salvation to the highest bidder without reserve.

THE LABOR MARKET.

Carefully compiled tables show that almost one half of the skilled labor of the city is idle, and that wages for those in employment have been cut down nearly one-half. The bricklayers, who two years ago were getting $4.50 a day, are glad to work now for $1.50, while laborers who were firm in their demand for $3.00 are glad to get work at any price. There is but very little building going on, and but very little repairing, and in regular manufacturing there is absolute stagnation. It is a curious thing that piano making is the only trade which keeps its hands all employed, and at old wages. Pianos are luxuries, and it would seem that this trade would be the first to fall off, but it is not so. That trade is just as brisk as ever. The charities are of course crowded with the hungry and naked, and the societies for supplying firing are taxed away beyond their capacity. If there ever was a time when spring was anxiously looked for it is now. It is a blessing that the winter has been so mild. But the look-out for the summer is dreary enough. A visit to the principal architects showed that scarcely any building was contemplated for the ensuing season, and what the laborers are to do during the summer is a query. They can live on less than in the winter, but they must have something, and that something is very remote.

HOW THE RICH AMUSE THEMSELVES.

While the poor are starving the rich are amusing themselves, as they always will. The last form of fashionable amusement is horseback parties. Companies assemble at comfortable riding-schools, ladies and gentlemen, and train their horses to go through the figures of dances, precisely as though they were in a ball-room. Think of the Virginia reel on horseback! Yet they do it, and they "tag," just as they used to when they were children, and their fathers were butchers and bakers. This latter game they play with their horses at full gallop, and so expert have riders become, that very few accidents are reported. It beats skating.

LENT

is upon us, and the fashionable Christians have to change their base. They cannot show their fine feathers at the theatres, operas or parties, but they make it up at the churches. How devoutly they crowd the churches every morning, when they have new clothes, and how sweetly pious they look, when they glance around and see that they out-dress all their neighbors, and then the meetings for charity, which are eminently proper. How they complacently go in a sweet, simple costume that cost $1000 in Paris, and give $10 to relieve the suffering poor at their doors! It there is anything utterly absurd, it is the observance of Lent by a fashionable New York Christian lady. They make the season of mortification the time for the wildest possible extravagance. They exchange the paid singers of the opera for the paid singers of the fashionable churches, and take revenge for the inferiority by piling more agony on their dress. Curious world this. And yet these people all expect to get to heaven by-and-by.

PIETRO.

A JAGUAR STORY.

BY AN OLD HUNTER.

"Ah! Senor Ingles, I see you're determined to defy our climate! After the march that my husband led you through the woods this morning, one would have thought you'd have been glad of a siesta; and here I find you writing away like any lawyer.

So speaks, gliding out with the suppleness of Spanish blood into the verandah in which I am seated, my charming hostess, Senora Diaz, one of the most piquant little tropical beauties that Murillo ever dreamed of.

"Well, really, senora, after all the wonders I've seen in this fairyland of yours, I had need write them down as fast as I see them, lest, as your proverbe says, one nail should drive out another."

"You flatter our poor country, senor, with the courtesy of your nation. But as I see that you are putting by your writing, I will task your gallantry so far as to beg your help in watering my flowers, for it is not easy for me, with my lame hand, to manage that great watering pot!"

"Be pleased to use my hands as those of your slave, senora, when and wherever you may need them. By-the-by, am I wrong in imagining that you promised me a story connected with the lameing of the hand of which you speak? I would not willingly be troublesome, but when you have leisure"—

"With pleasure, senor; it is very kind of you to interest yourself in such a trifle. As soon as the plants are watered, I shall have the honor of serving you a cup of coffee on the balcony; and, then, if you are good enough to care to hear it, the story is quite at your service."

And accordingly, ten mintues later, I find myself sitting in the verandah over a cup of such coffee as I have not tasted since leaving Arabia, with little Lolita (Dolores), my hostess' only daughter, and my especial pet, nestling at my side; while the senora, deftly rolling up and lighting a paper cigarette, begins as follows:

When we first came here, senor, a good many years ago, the place was very different from what you see it. My husband had a grant of land from the government, which was glad to give away ground about here to any one who would take the trouble to clear it; and well it might! For in those days the jungle reached right down to the water's edge; and such a black, horrid tangle it looked of briars, bamboos, Spanish bayonet, wild fig, liana, pirijao, locust wood, and what not, that I felt as if I dare not even go a step into it for fear of being lost altogether.

However, bit by bit, we began to get the ground into some sort of order; but even when we had cleared it, and began to plant it, we had still plenty of enemies to fight against. The ants were the worst; for, apart from the havoc which they always make in a plantation, they have a way of running their galleries under the whole surface, and it breaks in just like the crust of a pie. There's a place a little to the north of this, where you see a huge pit in the ground, full of bushes and wild grass, with here and there a few smoldering timbers, where a whole village sank at once, the foundations having been fairly honeycombed by the ants! And thence comes our saying that Paruguay has two enemies—"the wild Indians and the ant Indians."

However, luckily for us, there were no Indians about there, except the tame Indians, who behaved well enough, and used to bring us food and dried meat in exchange for knives and aquardiente. And as for the ants, what with poisoning them, and digging up their nests, and flooding their galleries with boiling water, we managed to get the best of them at last, though even now they sometimes make a foray upon us from the woods around. But after them came another pest that was far worse—the snakes. I need hardly tell you, who have been through the forests yourself, how they swarm there; and for a time I really gave myself up for lost. My husband used to call them "the tax gatherers," and, really they were quite as regular, not a day that we didn't find one or two of them about the house. And once what a fright I got! When Lolita was only a few months old, my husband and his men had gone out to their work one morning as usual, and I was busy in the house, with the child lying asleep on a mat at the other end of the room, when, all at once, I caught sight of a mou-e's skin on the floor, with the body sucked clean out of it, like an orange. I knew at once that there must be a snake somewhere about, for they're mighty fond of mice, and that's just the way they deal with them; but, look as I might I could see no snake anywhere, till suddenly the thought struck me, could it be under the child's mat? As gently as I could, I lifted up one corner, and there it was, the long, slimy, green and yellow beast, curled snugly up, and fast asleep. I knew that I could do nothing with it myself, for it was a sort that you can only kill by shooting them; so I ran out in the courtyard, and, luckily, the first thing I saw was our hunter Jose, with his gun on his shoulder. I called him in at once, and he settled the beast with a charge of small shot.

However, as the work went on, and we got more and more ground cleared, our visitors began to forsake us; for snakes must have a thick cover to burrow in, and, when that's taken away from them they soon slink off. So then I began to hope that we were fairly at the end of our troubles; but we weren't—we were only at the beginning of them.

I don't know how it was—perhaps it may have been that (as the proverb says) everything must have its turn—but, somehow, all through our troubles with the ants, and serpents, the bigger beasts had never disturbed us at all; but now, just as we were beginning to have a little peace from our other plagues, the four-footed gentlemen began to come on the stage at last. One morning, just as we were at breakfast, in came one of our vaqueros with the news that our cattle, while feeding among the long grass on the other side of the river, had been attacked by a jaguar, and one of them killed. The fellow who had brought the news had had to run for his life, and would hardly have escaped had there not been a fat ox ready at hand instead. As it was, he looked so thoroughly frightened that it made us all rather serious. However, a week passed without any fresh alarm, and we were beginning to get over it, when suddenly in came three or four Indians in a great flurry to tell us that a huge jaguar had broken into their encampment, and killed a woman and one of their dogs. When my husband heard the story he made sure that it was the same beast that had fallen upon our cattle; for they described it as being of a very strange color, far lighter than any that had ever been seen in those parts before, and from that they had nicknamed it the "Pale Death." So then we all thought it full time to do something; and my husband called his men together to go out and hunt it down.

I remember that morning well, though it be a year ago the day after to-morrow. Away they went merrily enough, every man with his gun and hunting knife, and Moro, the blood hound, along with them. My husband turned and kissed his hand to me just as they entered the wood, and then they were gone!

When I found myself all alone in the house with Lolita, and thought of what might happen if they met this horrible beast, I was so frightened that (although I had no thought of any chance of danger to myself) I wasn't satisfied till I had shut and barred every door in the house; and then I came and sat down in the drawing room, and took Lolita in my lap, and tried to tell her a story.

Suddenly I heard a scraping along the roof, and then a dull thump like the fall of something heavy! Anxious and nervous as I was, it gave me a terrible start, though I little dreamt what it was. But the next moment came a sound just overhead that I could not mistake—a long hoarse, roar, that I had heard many a time in the forest at night, and never heard without feeling my heart stand still. Then the thought struck me—"Oh, Heaven; the jaguar."

I shall never forget that moment! For one minute I was quite sick and helpless, as if all the life had been struck out of me at one blow; and then a thought flashed upon me. There was no keeping the jaguar out, for most of the doorways were only hung with curtains; but in the store-room close by there was a huge wooden corn chest, nearly empty, and big enough to hold six or seven people at once. If Lolita and I could only get in there we might yet be saved!

I snatched up the child, ran with her into the store-room, and crouched down in the chest. Unluckily it closed with a spring lock, so that I had to keep the lid slightly open with my left hand, to avoid being shut down and stifled outright; but it had an overlapping edge several inches long which quite covered my fingers.

I was not a moment too soon. Hardly had I got fairly settled in my hiding place, when I heard the great claws scraping the floor, and the hungry sniff as the jaguar quested about in search of food. He came straight to the chest, and there stopped short a moment, as if suspecting a trap. Then he put his head close to the narrow opening, so that I could feel his hot breath on my face, snuffed once or twice to satisfy himself, and then tried to force the lid up with his paw; but, thank God, the great paw would not go into that little chink!

All he could do was to get his tongue in and lick my fingers, making them bleed as if they had been rasped with a saw. And then, what with the taste of blood, and what with hearing Lolita crying inside, his fury was roused, and he began to roar, not an honest, deep-mouthed lion roar, but a sharp, snarling yell, that made my blood run cold. Ugh! I can't think how I didn't die outright, but the touch of Lolita's little arm, clinging round my neck, seemed to give me courage.

But the worst was still to come. Finding that he could not reach me from below, he sprang on the top of the chest, crushing my hand between the lid and the upper edge. Then I thought all was over, and gave a scream that made the whole house ring.

My scream was answered by a sound that made my heart leap—the distant cry of a bloodhound! The jaguar heard it, too, for he leaped down and stood listening for a moment, and then ran to the door, as if to escape. There it was again—much nearer—and with it the voices of men calling to each other. They were coming back! Meanwhile the jaguar seemed to get bewildered, and ran wildly up and down the inner gallery.

Suddenly there came a loud shout at one of the windows, and then two shots and a frightful yell; and then my husband's voice, strained to its loudest: "Cachita! Where are you?" I just managed to crall to the door and let him in, and then I fainted outright.

They told me afterwards that our bloodhound had struck the trail of the jaguar leading straight toward the house; and then they all set off to run like madmen, fearing some harm to me. My husband and Jose distanced the rest, and came up just in time to shoot the beast through the window.

As for my hand, it was so crushed that I couldn't stir a joint of it for weeks after. The Indians doctored it for me, and they tell me I shall have the use of it again by-and-bye; but I don't need that to remind me of that day. If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget it.

How Butter is Tainted.

Winter and spring butter is often very much injured in flavor by allowing cows to eat the litter from horse stables. Cows are not unfrequently very fond of this litter, though it is impregnated with liquid manure from the horses, and if allowed, they eat it greedily; and the effect is that their milk and butter will be tainted with the taste of this kind of food, in the same way that the flavor is injured by eating turnips, but to a more disagreeable degree. If litter is allowed to be eaten, it should only be given to cattle not in milk, and on no account should milch cows be allowed to consume other than the sweetest and purest food. Very nice butter makers are sometimes at a loss to account for stable taints in butter, especially when extraordinary precautions have been taken to have the milking done in the most perfect manner, and so on in all the processes of handling the milk until the butter is packed for market. Still the butter has a disagreeable taint, and the cause often comes from allowing the cows, when turned out to water and exercise, to feed about the horse stable, when they consume all the litter which, on account of its being soaked with liquid manure, is cast out of the stable.—*Rural New Yorker.*

He entered a car door. When the brakeman came inside and took a key out of his pocket, unlocked the stove, put in some wood, and locked the door again, he asked him what he locked the stove door for. The brakeman shut his left eye, and said he locked the door so the fire couldn't get out.

An English revivalist slid down the banister of his pulpit to show how people went on backsliding.

The Turkey.

While visiting a poultry show at Tamaqua, Pa., a short time since, our attention was drawn to some fine large "Wild Turkeys." The cock bird in this pen was the handsomest we ever saw. In symmetry he seemed to be perfect, while his plumage was simply superb. He was a three-year old bird, but showed none of the symptons of age or debility.

This pair of birds made such an impression on us that we hunted up the exhibitor to learn their history. He said this cock was hatched from an egg found in a wild hen's nest in the mountains, and was raised on the farm. But since he was a year old, he and his mates take to the mountain when spring arrives, and remain away till autumn, when they return with fine flocks of young ones, which they have raised without care or feed from the owner.

This statement was something of a surprise to us. In our community the young turkeys are carefully hunted up, and brought home and fed every day until they have attained some size. This is perhaps necessary in a densely populated agricultural district; but those semi-wild turkeys were certainly as fine as any we have seen anywhere. We weighed one gobbler, which turned the scale at thirty-two pounds, and numbers of them weighing from twenty-two to twenty-eight pounds each. As table birds they were equal to any we ever tried. Many of our readers who live in wooded mountainous districts, should take a hint from this and see what they can do in turkey raising. As a table fowl, no one of our domestic birds is equal to a good turkey. They may be raised in a roomy place at a small expense, and always command a fair price in the market

Some farmers object to having turkeys roaming over their fields before the harvest is gathered, but the objection is groundless. They really do no injury to the grain crops, while they consume innumerable insects of all kinds, which would be detrimental to the farmers interests. It is true a flock will be destructive to a field of buckwheat, if they find it; but even here the loss is not great, as it is marketed in the shape of poultry instead of flour.

To give some idea of the turkey business, it may be stated that the annual product of Bucks county Pa., alone, is over $200,000 worth. This may stagger some readers who have given the subject no attention; but when it is known that there are six thousand farms in the county, and turkeys are raised on nearly all of them, the figures will not be surprising.—*Practical Farmer.*

Geese Full of Fun.

A goose has perhaps the keenest appreciation of humor of any animal, unless it be her arch-enemy, the fox. The writer once saw in a little grassy paddock some eight or ten fat and healthy pigs and half a score of geese. From this paddock a narrow, open gate gave entrance into the farmyard, and as evening drew on, the geese ranged themselves in a row near this Thermopylæ. Obviously, supper-time was approaching and the pigs wished to return home to their troughs. Equally clearly the geese had given each other the word not to let them pass through the gates which they guarded without paying toll. First there came up a jolly good humored little pig, who trotted cheerfully along with a confidence which ought to have disarmed criticism, till he came among the geese. Then, with a cackle and a scream, every neck was stretched to get a bite at him, and squealing and yelling, the poor little porker ran the gauntlet. The same fate befell six or seven more of his brethren in succession, each betrayed increasing trepidation, as he approached the fatal pass and made a bolt through the *corps de garde* of geese, whose chattering screeches of delight were almost undistinguished from human laughter. At last the biggest pig of the party brought up the rear. He was a plump fleshed, clean young fellow, with fat limbs and sides, and his ears were cocked, and tail sharply twisted in the intelligent wide-awake manner which so completely distinguishes the intellectual pig from the mere swine multitude. With a loud grunt of defiance this brave beast charged through the flock of geese, and actually almost gained the gate, when a large gray goose made one grab at his fat ham, caught up the skin in a bunch and gave it a tremendous pinch with her red beak. Needless to say the air was rent with squeals of agony of the injured pig and the ecstatic pæans of the flock of geese in chorus. From the order in which the transaction took place we derive the impression that a similar game of prisoner's base probably formed the entertainment of the geese every evening.—*Frances Power Cobb.*

Manure for Grass.

No crop gets less attention than grass. If manured at all, it is only incidentally with some other crop—rarely for itself alone. Corn, wheat and barley get the manure, and when seeded, the young clover takes what is left. After this, if the field be pastured, the droppings of animals, left in lumps over the field are all that the lands get till they are plowed again. This is considered improving the soil; and it is. No matter how mismanaged, clover is a benefit, and whatever else he may do, the farmer who sows and grows clover, is making his farm better. What, then might not the result be if the same care were taken of the clover field as of other crops? It does not need cultivation; the long deep reaching roots mellow and pulverize the soil as nothing else can. If the clover grows thriftily, the top acts as a mulch, shading the ground and keeping it moist. A crop of two tons or more of clover, whether plowed under or cut for hay, can hardly fail to leave the soil better than it was before. It should be the farmers aim to grow the largest possible crops of clover. A slight dressing of gypsum—one hundred pounds per acre in early spring—often produces wonderful results. But if a farmer has a little well rotted manure, the scrapings of barn-yards, fall is the time to apply it. Clover is often injured by freezing and thawing winters, and a very slight covering of manure will afford a great deal of protection. Rich earth from the corner of fences, is well worth drawing a short distance on young clover, provided the ground is hard and firm. If the field is not to be mowed next season, coarse manure can be used.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A profane young person describing the looks of a newly arrived M. C. from the far West as he appeared at the Washington depot, says: "He looked as if he had come all the way across the continent on the hurricane deck of a mule."

The Trousseau of a Princess.

AN OVERSKIRT WORTH $10,000.

I have had the pleasure of inspecting the trousseau of a princess—a real princess—that is to say one of undoubted royal blood, the damsel in question being the Princess Marie Alexandrina of Saxe Weimar, niece of the King of Holland. She is shortly to be married to the Prince of Reuss, and the firm or Gorand & Co., has had the honor of preparing the bridal outfit of her royal highness. She has twelve dozen each of all the smaller articles of *lingerie* and six dozen of larger pieces, of all the finest cambric, only varying in the styles of their puffs and tucks, their laces or embroidery. These undergarments alone cost $13,000. Then she has 80 dresses and 25 bonnets, and many gloves, fans, cloaks, shawls, and other pretty trifles, the laces in particular are exquisite in fineness and design. One dinner dress palest crepe de Chine was decorated with three hood flounces of the finest and costliest Valenciennes, which crossed the breast transversely; the back of the dress was drawn in two immense pads, and the cuirass corsage, open *en cœur*, was trimmed with narrow lace to match the flounces. Another dress of pale lilac crepe de Chine was trimmed with equally fine and beautiful point Duchesse. A garnet velvet dress was decorated with narrow point d'Alencon, of the greatest beauty and fineness, the wedding dress was in white satin. The front of the skirt was covered with three wide flounces of magnificent point aguille (sometimes erroneously called point de Venise), the second richest of modern laces, the richest being of course the point d'Alencon. These flounces were put simply on, straight round the skirt, in the old fashioned way. An immense court train, fully three yards long, was attached to the skirt. It was bordered all round with the rows of lace separated by a narrow quilling of satin The corsage, was, as usual open *en cœur*, with half-long sleeves, and was trimmed with lace. its dress of pale, rose colored silk was decorated with flounces and trimming of point applique, which looked very ordinary in comparison with the splendors of the richer laces.

There were also dresses trimmed with antique laces, which had descended to the bride from some one of her royal ancestors—curious, cob web like fabrics, but lacking the dainty beauty of artistic design which marks the laces of the present day. The costliest and most superb article in the trousseau was displayed on a table in the centre of the room. It was a tunic or overskirt of the royal point d'Alencon of incomparable fineness and beauty of design. This fabric had employed ten workmen for eight years, and had cost $10,000. The pattern was dahlias, forget-me-nots and ferns grouped with marvelous grace and encircled by a dainty tracery of branching tendrils, delicate as frost work upon the window pane. The bride's traveling dress was of stamped black velvet, trimmed with bands of Russion sable, surmounted by a black velvet toque also trimmed with fur, and with a single bird with dove-colored and golden-green plumage. The cost of the whole trousseau had amounted to $100,000.

For the bride's mother, the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimer, a ruby velvet dress had been prepared covered almost entirely with the real point de Venise, that antique lace of cardinals and convents, the secret of whose manufacture is lost. What these broad flounces, delicate as carvings in ivory, might be worth I did not attempt to surmise. A court dress made for the Grand Duchess was shown; the train was of green satin, bordered with a band of embroidery in silver, the threads of which, being of pure metal, had resisted the action of time, for this train had been a gift to the lady from her godmother, one of the late Empresses of Russia. It was lined throughout with ermine, and must have been no small weight to carry. The dress it was to be worn over was of white satin, covered with flounces in white net, embroidered with silver flowers to match those on the train, these flounces being of modern manufacture.

Her Love Had Waned.

They came out of a Michigan avenue grocery, he carrying a big jug, and as they reached the walk he said:

"Now, Dolly, you carry the jug, and give me that quarter of a pound of tea."

"I'd like to see myself!" she replied

"Dolly, do you want to see your husband lugging an old brown jug through the crowded streets of the metropolis—do you want others to see him?"

"Come along with that jug!" she impatiently exclaimed.

"Dolly, there's a gallon of molasses in here, and we know it, but everybody else will think its whisky if I carry it."

"Let 'em think."

"Dolly, if you love me you will carry the jug."

"I won't carry it."

"Then I won't! I've got twice as much character to sustain as you have."

"Sustain it then," she said as she started for the wagon around the corner.

He called to her, but she did not answer. Giving the big jug a terrific swing into the air, he let go his hold and it came down with an awful crash.

"'Lasses is nothing to principle!" he exclaimed to the little crowd, and then followed on after Doll.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cutting Potatoes for Seed.

Many experiments have been instituted to settle this matter and generally they prove this fact—that too much seed is used. A small experiment suffices for this time. On a plot of good soil, all alike, 100 hills were planted in trills, of one eye each, cut from medium sized potatoes. Another row by the side, of same number of two eyes; another of three; then another of one-half, and lastly, a row of a whole one. The whole plot was treated exactly alike. At digging, the row of one eye had the largest number of large potatoes; the row of two eyes, the greatest number of merchantable ones; while the row of whole ones, had the least. The second row yielded nearly two bushels the most.

It is said that there is confined in a Paris mad house a printer whose lunacy takes a mild though curious form. The poor fellew was once a foreman of a newspaper office, and the demands for heads of columns for advertisements, puffs, etc., has driven him crazy.

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. feb18

Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY

Flour and Feed

STORE.

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

STATIONERY

Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

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

Don't forget where we stay—

On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa

Oct. 2, 1872

New Establishment.

MANUFACTURER OF COPPER WARE.

Having just opened a copper factory, we are prepared to manufacture all kinds of Copper Ware for kitchens, hotels, distilleries and brewing use. Repairing neatly done. Factory in rear of Wm. Knlerlem & Son's grocery, 159 North Mechanic street, Cumberland.

EDWARD KORNRUMPH & CO.,

Manufacturers.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Good price paid for old copper. fa12

NOTICE.

I will inform the public that I am selling lime at eight cents a bushel, and will take farm produce in exchange for it if desired.

JOS. W. BEAM,

dec 9 Jenner X Roads, Pa.

NOTICE.

At an Orphans' Court held at Somerset, in and for Somerset county, on the 24 day of February, 18 6, in the matter of the petition of Samuel Minder, administrator of the estate of Henry Glotfelty, deceased, for an order of sale to sell the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts. To Letia Glotfelty, widow, A. J. Colborn, guardian of Henry, and Joseph Glotfelty, widow and heirs of said deceased and all other persons interested take notice.

The Court granted a rule on all parties interested to appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset in and for Somerset county, on Monday, the 24 day of April, 1876, to show cause if any they have why a sale of said real estate should not be decreed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 5th day of February, 1876.

A. F. DICKEY,

feb9 Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Mary C. Keltz, intermarried with Alexander M. Keltz, Henry B. Piper, Simon P. Piper, Thomas L. Piper, James M. Piper, and Amelia Piper, of Westmoreland county, Pa.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans Court of Somerset county, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of William Piper, deceased, on Friday, the 19th day of March, 1876, on the following described real estate, viz: Five lots of ground situate in the borough of Confluence, Somerset county, Pa., and known on the plan of said town as lots Nos. 19, 30, 31, 39 and 40, where you can attend if you think proper.

GEO. W. PILE,

feb9 Sheriff.

LEGAL NOITCE.

Herman G. Conn, and Elizabeth his wife, in right of the said Elizabeth, vs. George R. Williams, Thomas J. Williams, Levi Williams, Samuel Liston, and Mary A., his wife, Martin Minardi, and Amanda A., his wife, Martha Williams, John, Mary and Amanda Struckoff and Noah Snyder, guardian.	In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa. No. 3, Aug. T., 1874.

Notice is hereby given to the above parties that by virtue of the above mentioned writ of partition an inquest will be held and taken upon the premises therein described, on the 22d day of March, 1876, for the purpose of making partition at valuation and appraisement of the said real estate, as in said writ required, at which time and place said parties can attend if they think proper.

GEORGE W. PILE,

feb16 Sheriff.

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, Mulley 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

Cheap Cash Store

Cheap Side, No. 2, Baer's Block, Somerset, Pa.

C. B. COLBORN & CO.,

GROCERY AND FEED STORE OF

This space is reserved for the

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,

Busties,

Shoes,

Gum Sandals,

And Felt over Shoes,

MEN AND BOYS'

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

GLOVES, &C.

Underclothing for Men and Women

A large assortment of

HARDWARE

AND

QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of fine and coarse

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 30.

CALIFORNIA.

THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

Embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the West and Northwest, and, with its numerous branches and connections for