AGRICULTURAL.

Washing Vegetables.

We find the following floating about and although somewhat on the "extreme order" still it contains some hints worthy of attention:

Those who value fresh vegetables and sweet salads will have none washed in the garden. Neither the one nor the other should be washed until they are just about to be cooked or eaten. Even potatoes lose flavor quickly after being washed; so do carrots and turnips; while water will speedily become tainted in summer in contact with cauliflowers and cabbages, and thus destroy their freshness and flavor. The case is still worse with salads. If washed at all, it should be only before they are dressed, and they should be dried and dressed immediately. Nothing ruins the flavor of vegetables and renders good salading uneatable sooner than water hanging around them. If lettice are quite clean, they make the best salad unwashed; but if washed the operation should be done quickly, and the water instantly shaken out, and the leaves dried with a clean cloth. But alas! how often are they cut and washed in the garden in the morning, and pitched into water in the scullery sink until wanted. What French *artiste* would be mad enough to rinse out his salad juice and then recharge his lettuce and his endives with semi-putrid water?

The best practice is simply to remove all superfluous earth by scraping or rubbing, and all rough tops or leaves by cutting. Enough tender leaves may still be left on cauliflowers and broccoli to overlap the flowers. Salad should be sent in from the garden with most of the outside leaves and main root on. The tender leaves are easily tainted and injured by exposure, and if the chief root is cut off sharp, much of the juice oozes out at the wound. When vegetables and salading have to be brought from a town green grocer, the conditions are altogether different. Not only washing, but soaking often becomes requisite, to restore something like pristine crispness.

How to Kill the Canada Thistle.

For twenty years I worked among the English thistles, but you say they have not the Canada thistle in England; that is true, the Canada thistle grows a little more husky and also more prickly but I believe one is just as easy to kill as the other.

About fifteen years ago I brought my clover seed from York State, and I suppose I brought a few Canada thistle seeds also. Two or three years afterwards I had a few spots, about two rods across, of as nice Canada thistles as ever you saw.—My Yankee friends told me I would never kill them, but I was not much alarmed. I plowed my field a good depth and worked my fallow good; twice during the summer I took my grub hoe and grubbed deep every thistle I could find. I looked them over again in the spring, and that was the last of the Canada thistles on my place.

If I had a farm covered with Canada thistles, I should plant as much as I could with corn; I should thoroughly work my corn; occasionally a thistle would dodge the cultivator, which would be grubbed out a foot deep with a good, long shanked grub hoe. Do this for two years and the Canada thistle will be dead.

To work the fallows I should plow deep and harrow, then would have a shovel plow share made three feet wide, with a loop through the middle, just right to slip over the point of any common plow share.

With such a plow one can plow five acres per day; don't need to be plowed more than five inches deep, and just as often as the thistles can be found approaching sight I should run my plow through the fallow.

Of course this cannot be done where there are stumps or rocks, but thoroughly cultivate land in this way two years in succession and the Canada thistle cannot stand it.

Turning Under Clover and Buckwheat.

That there is great fertility in plowing in a heavy crop of green clover is known to all farmers; but the question is, when ought it to be turned under? If it be plowed in when first in blossom, the land cannot be used immediately for any other crop unless it be for buckwheat, or some other green crop, to be cut for stock, and fed green. If such crops are wanted, that system of management would be a good one; but by cutting the first crop of clover or hay, and turning under the second crop, the land might be sown with rye immediately after being plowed. In order to cover the clover well, a roller should be run over it just before plowing. If the clover should be a heavy crop, the land might be sown in wheat, as it requires a better soil for wheat than for rye. Buckwheat turned under when in blossom if sown quite thick, also enriches land to the value of many times its cost.

Turnips.

Turnips are a profitable crop, if grown on rich land. Five hundred bushels to the acre are often grown at a cost of about $15, including gathering and putting them in a cellar, root house, or burying them, making the cost only three cents a bushel. Some varieties may be sown in July, the flat variety in particular which is frequently sown among corn, immediately after the last hoeing. Care should be taken not to sow the seed too thick, as thinning out is not generally practiced when grown in this way; nor is any weeding none. This is decidedly the cheapest way that a crop of turnips can be grown. Cover the seed by a brush drag drawn between the rows of corn. Some farmers object to growing turnips to feed the cows, on account of giving the milk an unpleasant flavor; but this is obviated by feeding the turnips, either when milking in the morning, or immediately after milking, and no bad flavor is imparted to the evening's milk.

Tea and Coffee.

The *Housekeeper* is authority for the following valuable hint to the ladies:

There is more to be learned about pouring out tea and coffee than most ladies are willing to believe. Often persons pouring out tea, not being at all aware that the first cup is the weakest, and that the tea grows stronger as you proceed, bestow the poorest cup upon the greatest stranger, and give the very youngest member of the family the strongest, who should have been without. Where several cups of equal strength are wanted you should pour a little into each, and then go back, inverting the order as you fill them up, and the strength will be proportioned properly.

AGRICULTURAL.

Thinning Fruit.

At a recent meeting of the Farmers's Institute, at Allegan, Mich., one of the subjects of discussion was that of thinning fruit. The Professors of the State Agricultural College were present and participated in the debate. The ideas of the fruit growers and experts present may be summed up briefly as follows:

Fruit raised on trees where thinning has been done, either by nature or by hand, often brings twice the price that other fruit does. It is of better quality every way; there is almost as much in absolute quantity; there is greater satisfaction in exhibiting such fruit and presenting it for sale; the trees are kept in better condition, and annual bearing will be encouraged. Overbearing is worse than weeds.

The time for thinning peaches is immediately after the season of catching curculio by the Ransom process, or as soon as good, healthy looking fruit can be distinguished from the poorer. Thin apples as soon as you can distinguished those affected by the codling moth; pears, as soon as possible after fruiting.

There are two ways of thinning fruit, both of which should be practiced more or less, according to the nature of the case. They are, cutting on twigs, and clipping off the fruit singly with a pair of scissors, or pinching it off by hand. Use step-ladders, and do not climb out on the limbs. Young fruit growing entirely enveloped in shade all day long had better all be cut off, for shade grown fruit is always of poor quality. The more sun the better, with all our orchard fruits.

Build Up a Homestead.

The feeling that you are settled and fixed will induce you to work to improve your farms, to plant orchards, to set out shade trees, to inclose pastures, to build comfortable outhouses, and each successive improvement is a bond to bind you still closer to your homes. This will bring contentment in the family. Your wives and daughters will fall in love with the country, your sons will love home better than grogshops, and prefer farming to measuring tape or professional loafing, and you will be happy in seeing the contented and cheerful faces of your families. Make your home beautiful, convenient, and your children will love it above all other places; they will leave it with regret, think of it with fondness, come back to it joyfully, seek their chief happiness around their home fireside.

Women and children need more than meat, bread and raiment; more than of corn and cotton spread out all around them. Their love for the beautiful must be satisfied. Their tastes must be cultivated; their sensibilities humored, not shocked. To accomplish this good end home must be made lovely, conveniences multiplied, comforts provided, and cheerfulness fostered. There must be both sunshine and shade, luscious fruit and fragrant flowers, as well as corn and cotton. The mind and heart as well as the fields must be cultivated; and then intelligence and contentment will be the rule instead of the exception. Stick to, improve and beautify your homesteads, for with this good work comes contentment.

Weigh or Measure Farm Products.

If every farmer would weigh or measure his products correctly before sending or hauling them to market, he might escape much annoyance as well as direct loss. Although we begin our investigations into the cause of so much complaint of short weight or measure in farm products reaching the markets by assuming that both buyer and seller are strictly honest, there is still left abundant room for errors which may engender much bitter feeling between dealers. There are very few farmers who possess correct scales with which to weigh all articles sold by weight, before they are taken to market; hence there is much guessing where actual knowledge might be employed instead. The bushel or half bushel measure employed are usually little better than guesses at the quantity they are supposed to hold, and disappointments or actual losses follow their use. If a farmer sends the grocer six bushels of potatoes or apples, and only charges for five, the difference is seldom made up, for it is a rule of trade for both parties to strive for the best of the bargain. Every farmer should provide himself with correct scales and measures, and then carefully weigh or measure every article, and note down the quantity before it leaves his premises.—Then he will have the means of knowing positively whether cheating is attempted, or successfully practiced, by those who purchase his products. Without some such precautionary measure, he is at the mercy of others, whether they are honest or otherwise.

Losses of a Farm.

A farmer writing in the Germantown *Telegraph*, of our city, thus accounts for many farmers' losses:

Our greatest losses come from late cut hay, cold stables, and poor stock. Stock will grow and fatten only at the expense of good feed; then why keep it six years to make it what it can be made in three years, as is the practice all over the country—and all for the purpose of utilizing the rough fodder, such as straw, corn stalks, &c.? Such practice is called, and understood to be, economy. Not to be misunderstood—if the same ox could have the same growing feed in three years that is eked out to him in six years, he would be as large and valuable at three as at six, and all the non-productive food saved, together with three years' care and three years' interest upon the money.

Killing Insects.

Perhaps the very best method of ridding our woodwork of insect pests is by fumigating it with sulpher fumes. This may be quickly done by taking one room at a time. The windows and doors and every opening, including fireplaces, ventilator, &c., should be carefully closed, newspapers being pasted over or stuffed in all cracks and holes which would afford a draught. Then a spoonful or two of sulphur should be put into a shallow dish or old basin of tin, set on fire and left in the middle of the room for an hour or two. When we return and open the room we shall find it permeated with deadly fumes, which will have penetrated every crevice, and brought all noxious insects to a timely end. Of course we must avoid breathing the fumes ourselves.

"He's a polished gentleman," said she, gazing fondly at the bald head which showeth her badiwork.

POLITICAL.

FLING OUT THE BANNER.

BY J. C. C.

AIR—"The Boating Song of Old Virginia."

Fling out, fling out, with song and shout,
Your banner from the wall!
Let ring your praise—for General Hayes
Receives his country's call,
Or, many a field where death-shouts peeled
Has victory graced his brow:
Shall we fall back in his attack
And leave his colors now?

CHORUS—No! let the cry swell loud and high,
O'er valley, lake and crag,
We're sure to march to victory
'Neath the Hayes and Wheeler flag.

His peerless name and matchless fame,
In freedom's service won;
Without a stain, give us again
A second Washington.
A bright, full star no cloud can mar,
No rival name efface,
He takes the field and will not yield
As second in the race.
CHORUS—Then let the cry, etc.

A soldier brave, the land to save,
He met the rebel foe;
In many a fight, armed for the right,
He laid the traitors low.
The north will stand, a steady band,
With South and East and West,
Democrats, pray—just fire away—
We're charging all abreast.
CHORUS—Then let the cry, etc.

Cleveland Leader.

Sammy the Reformer.

IN NEW YORK THEY KNOW EXACTLY WHAT SORT OF A REFORMER TILDEN IS.

I agree with the *Argus* that Governor Tilden ought not to be nominated for President, but is not the *Argus* carrying its opposition so far that if he be nominated, it could not support him? It is very desirable that we have a change in the Administration, and the opponents of Republican corruption want the support of your paper in the coming struggle. Is the responsible editor aware of what the *Argus* is about.

JUVENAL.

Yes, the *Argus* knows exactly what it is about—it is beating Samuel J. Tilden, an untrustworthy man, for the Presidency of the United States. If we do not defeat his nomination, we will assist to defeat his election by working for Hayes and Wheeler. We trust that "Juvenal" and all others who hold party superior to principles—who think that the Democratic party should be entitled to success when it does not deserve success—are answered in regard to the course of the *Argus* in the event of Tilden's nomination. The Republican party has become corrupt, and has been largely controlled by bad men. But this is no reason why the Democrats who released Tweed, shared in the Credit Mobilier, stole $40,000,000 in New York City, and robbed Brooklyn of $20,000,000, and who are to-day only out of the Penitentiary by virtue of Executive clemency, should have added to their plunder the Custom-houses and Treasury of the United States. As between two sets of thieves, we believe in keeping the old set watching their hidden swag until they are nabbed, or until they can be driven away by honest men. We have watched Governor Tilden's course, and know of what we speak. The cities of the State of New York were on their road to rapid bankruptcy by reason of Ring plunderers. Samuel J. Tilden was unknown in public life, but after the accidental downfall of Tweed's gang Mr. Tilden showed evidences of a manly fight. We urged his nomination for Governor in 1874. He pledged himself to an uncompromising war against Rings and public robbers.

We supported Mr. Tilden vigorously. He received 38,000 majority in the State, over 13,000 of which were given in this city, where the *Argus* is principally circulated. Mr. Tilden was hardly inaugurated in his place before a sham fight was commenced against certain men who had no political power, while at the same time, negotiations of comity were going on with Ring men who still retained power. It was soon pretty well understood that the Governor held the bank, and was playing a desperate hand, with the ace of clubs, which had cleaverly printed upon it, "Tilden for President, or State Prison for Life." To make sure of their man, the Brooklyn Ring early made a demand upon the Governor to appoint to a valuable sinecure position the notorious convicted Charity Commissioner, C. J. Furguson. The appointment was loudly protested against by the Governor's reform friends, and by the press not controlled by the Ring. But the appointment was made. The Ring then immediately boasted that they held the Governor as a hostage. "We think we can trust him," they said, and to secure exemption they and their newspapers began to talk him up for President. Early in the session of 1875, a Legislative Committee found that the rumors in regard to enormous swindles upon the new Capitol building at Albany were true. Material had been paid for at triple prices; material paid for had not been delivered; false measurment had been the rule and not the exception; contracts were awarded to the highest instead of to the lowest bidders; divisions with the Ring had been carried on and the usual Ring methods, by which the State Treasury had been defrauded out of millions of dollars, were in full operation. The alarm of the Commissioners caused them to beat a hasty retreat. Governor Tilden, to our knowledge, said that the evidence was sufficient to convict them and send them to the State Prison. He pledged himself to commence legal proceedings against them. Proceedings have not been commenced, and some of these Commissioners are Governor Tilden's chosen delegates to the St. Louis Convention.

Mr. Tilden is well acquainted with the depredations of the Brooklyn Ring. He knew that its members were partners of Tweed in the Legislature, on the Broadway pavement, on the East River bridge, and elsewhere. To our knowledge, he admitted that they should be in prison, and he pledged himself to put them there. He, however, found reasons for delay, and, when forced to the issue, did what a cunning political Executive can do to discourage proceedings. Through Attorner General Pratt, and over Governor Tilden's head, proceedings were begun against a few of the plunderers. Even the indicted ones, with others of the gang, are now Governor Tilden's delegates to the St. Louis Convention.

When a delegation from the Tax-Payer's Association of this city visited the Governor at Albany, by appointment, their interview was postponed by him a full day, until his Secretary summoned by telgraph members of the Ring to meet them. The delegates considered themselves insulted, and came home. When members of the Ring desired to consult with the Governor, they were invited to his private rooms and to his own residence, The Reformers were not notified to be present.

POLITICAL.

The notorious thief, Tweed, was allowed to walk out of prison, step into a carriage, and drive to a vessel in broad daylight, last December. The Sheriff, in whose custody Tweed was, is undisturbed in his office by the Governor's disregard of his official oath "to faithfully administer the laws and protect the interests of the people." The Sheriff and his friends are working for Governor Tilden's nomination.

The Hon. Frastus Brooks says that Governor Tilden's staff officers came into his district to prevent any unpledged Tilden delegate being sent to the St. Louis Convention. It is well known that Governor Tilden packed the Utica Convention, and selected a majority of the delegates from this State who should go to the National Convention. Among the men so selected by him are several indicted officials and notorious Ring scoundrels, who, less than one year ago, Governor Tilden said to us, "ought to be in the State Prison."

Bates & Locke, a respectable advertising firm in New York, were authorized by Governor Tilden's agents to insert puffs for him, as reading matter, in about five hundred and fifty Southern and Western Democratic newspapers, which puffs were paid for at advertising rates.

Governor Tilden pretends to be a hard currency man. As a stockholder and director in two iron-mining companies on the upper Michigan Peninsula, he has for twelve years been issuing shinplasters and steel plate currency notes in violation of the laws of Congress. The bank tax upon the currency so issued, and the penalty for its fraudulent issue, amounted to over $1,000,000, which was not paid. Mr. Tilden's companies applied to Congress for the remission of the penalties. In 1874, Hiram O. Peck, E. G. Wheeler, and J. B. Crucial were indicted for forging the currency of Tilden's Jackson Iron Company, of Negaunee, Michigan. The trial took place before Judge O'Grady, June 22, 1874. The counterfeiting was admitted, but it was claimed to be no injury to the Iron Company to do that which they had no right to do. The Court held as follows:

The Court is clearly of the opinion that the issue of all these notes and iron currency, so called, is illegal, contrary to the statue and that they are void upon their face. They bear not only the earmarks, but all the principle features of a bank note, and are utterly worthless for the purpose of circulation. They cannot be the subject of forgery they are a spurious, worthless, bastard currency. The objection is sustained. The Court has been of this opinion for the last five years, though the question has never before been presented for its decision. This kind of paper has driven out a better currency, just as the clipped and sweated coin of William the Third drove out of circulation and use the golden crowns of England.

Governor Tilden's advocacy of "hard money" is as insecure as are any of his other positions. As a reformer, Governor Tilden is a fraud; as a business man he is badly smirched; as a hard-money man he is without convictions; as an advertising adventurer and suborner of the press he is impudent; and as a political trickster he is a disgrace. He is willing to talk about national honor and advocate hard money at the East, while violating the laws of the country and issuing an illegal currency in the West. He bid loudly for reform support throughout the State by attacking Dennison, in Syracuse, and Lord, in Rochester, where the Democrats have no strength, while bargaining with Ring scoundrels in Albany, New York and Brooklyn, where the Democratic machine is powerful. Do Democrats think that, in the present temper of our outraged people, they could elect a man President of the United States, with such a record as is here shown? Have they so low an estimate of the virtue of American voters as to suppose that a majority of them will stand by party, at the expense of so much principle, and with the possible danger to arise from the ignoble ambition of such a man? Do they blame the *Argus* knowing the facts, for sounding the alarm in time to save the party from an inglorious defeat? The unpleasant duty of saying what we have has been forced upon us by Mr. Tilden's persistent audacity in keeping himself before the public, and by the unblushing impudence of a gang of convicts, criminals, and plunderers, daring to say that they will make a nomination for honest men to vote for.

Mr. Tilden has written his political epitaph in "Never punish a man who will vote right." We warned Mr. Tilden of the treacherous character of the crew who were throwing planks to him. They now have him by the throat, and he is nearing the rapids with them. We will have accomplished a good work in ridding the party and the country of so dangerous a set of men. Tilden's ticket was only elected by 4,090 majority in the State, last fall. If nominated now, he cannot carry the State, but will be defeated by 50,000 majority.—*Brooklyn Argus*

Dangerous Plaything.

Speaking of the late powder explosion in that city the Newark *Register* says:

The building in which the explosion occurred is a large frame structure built five years ago. Eigteen persons were in it at the time engaged in packing paper caps, such as are used by children in toy pistols. One of the boys dropped a box which he had packed, the concussion causing the general explosion. The building was entirely demolished.

The composition used in the manufacture of these seemingly harmless toys is one of the most powerful, and at the same time dangerous explosives manufactured. It is known as fulminate of silver, and is manufactured from bullion or coin which is dissolved in acid, dried on sheets of paper, and then reduced to a fine powder of the most careful manipulation. Much caution is required in using it, and the products of a silver dollar is sufficient to blow up a large room.

We saw a mosquito work about ten minutes yesterday, trying to get his bill through the skin of a man who owes us two years' subscriptions. How we laughed at that demoralized little insect as, with a look of digust, he folded up his little bill, placed it in his pocket, and went for another victim.—*Whitehall Times.*

Now is the time to subscribe for the HERALD.

A Female Blondin.

The Signorina Maria Spelterini is a genuine belle of the Campagna, the name being her own, as we are positively assured, and her nationality unquestionably Italian. The Signorina is not particularly sylph-like; on the contrary she is quite what might be termed buxom, and physically able to hold her own in the battle of life.

Saturday afternoon this lady accomplished a feat which no woman had ever before essayed. This was no less an undertaking than the crossing of the gorge of Niagra on a tight rope stretched immediately over the point where the rapids boil most furiourly, a couple of hundred feet beyond the railroad suspension bridge.

At the point selected for the exhibition, the same at which the famous Blondin stretched his second rope, the gorge is something more than 800 feet across, and the banks about 200 feet above the seething water. It is one of the wildest, most troubled parts of the river.

Inclosures had been formed by rough board fences at either end of the rope on both the American and Canada sides, and an admission fee was charged, but on the Dominion side an unruly mob tumbled down the fence and defied the toll collector. On the hither side quite a number of spectators, both in carriages and on foot, who had gained admission by paying their honest fee of entrance were assembled, but many preferred to view the novel and startling spectacle from the bridge. This might hardly be considered the fair thing, in consideration of the fact that the Signorina had been to an expense of $640 for her rope and guy-ropes alone. The rope we may mention, is two and a quarter inches in diameter, of the best Manilla, and weighs nearly a ton. It is held taunt by 1,400 pounds of guy-ropes.

The Signorina started upon her perilous journey promptly at the advertised time, 4 o'clock. When those who went down by that train arrived inside the inclosure they saw a glistening figure far out upon "the straight and narrow way," and with measured steps progressing. The lady was attired with green buskins, tights the color nature gives the Caucasian race, a tunic of scarlet, and shining green bodice. Her head was covered only by its luxuriant growth of flowing brown hair. Bands at either side of the river played inspiring music, but every eye was fixed upon the form of the daring woman who was now passing up the ascent to the further shore. A few more secouds of intense interest, at least to those who were lookers-on, and she stood upon the shining shore of Her Majesty's dominion. The accomplishment of her passage was the signal for applause from both banks and the bridge. Then they waited, probably ten minutes. At the expiration of that time the Signorina again appeared, balance-pole in hand, and stepping lightly upon the rope began the return journey. Steadily she came back across the long line, stopping at the centre to rest upon one knee, then again stepping forward with measured and steady tread. When within a few rods of the final destination she stood immovable for a moment in a statuesque pose while an enterprising photographer secured her presentment. Then she traversed the remaining distance until safe again on terra firma, and thus the exhibitian of the day was closed.

The Signorina Spelterina is twenty-three years of age, dark, with an essentially Italian cast of countenance, square built, and probably turning one hundred and fifty pounds. Her features are quite regular, her expression intelligent, her manner engaging. From the time she was three years old she has continually practised upon the tight rope and slack wire.

A Pet Mouse.

A friend of ours kept a pet mouse—a little common, gray mouse, with a silky coat, a cunning head, and two eyes, truly as bright as diamonds. Now it would surprise some who are afraid even at the sight of a mouse, to see what a pet this tiny creature is. It is kept in a cage, such as you sometimes see made for a squirrel, and runs round and round upon a small wheel. It sits upon its hind legs to eat, and holds its food in its two front paws, just as the squirrel does. At evening, when the family are all together, Pet, for this is mousey's name, is let out upon the table, and it is fun to see him scramble from one side to the other, and close to the edge, without ever going off. He will run up one's sleeve, and around one's neck, over our heads and faces, and gladly hide in our bosoms, with but half an invitation from us.

One evening Pet was let out, and a member of the family returned from a visit and carelessly threw her hat upon the table. This was noticed by the mother, who quietly picked up the hat and carried it into an adjoining room. After all the family except the mother had gone to rest she discovered that mousey was missing. "Well it is," thought she, "that the children are asleep; for such mourning as this loss will make will be painful to see." She sat down to think it over, and at length the hat that she had carried from the room came to her mind. She went after it, and behold there was mousey running around in it, and enjoying himself finely. The cage was brought and Pet sprang into it and was shut up once more.

One unlucky day a cat caught this household treasure and it was thought that it was all over for him; but Pussy was caught in turn, and much to the joy of the family Pet was unharmed when rescued. To see this mouse would cure some children of their fear of this animal, for such a pretty, cunning, inoffensive little creature you seldom see.

One teaspoonful liquid ammonia in one gallon of warm water, will often restore the color to carpets, even if produced by an acid or an alkali. If a ceiling has been whitewashed with the carpet down, and a few drops are visible, this will remove it.

A lady in Bedford, who lived near a church, was sitting by the window listening to the crickets which were loudly chirping, the music from the choir rehersal being faintly audible, when a gentleman dropped in familiarly, who had just passed the church and had the music full in his mind. "What a noise they are making tonight!" said he. "Yes," said the lady, "and it is said they do it with their hind legs!"

The cavalry branch of the army of Greece numbers eleven men, nine horses, one old omnibus from New York, and a buck-board for the Colonel. The Horses are now being shod and the cavalry placed on a war footing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Old Apple Tree—A Fragment.

Yes! it was very beautiful, even in the brick-red city; for the swallows had come back again, and the air was filled with the song of birds, and with the laughter of children, and with the many household noises that came through the once more opened windows; for it was the Spring time, and lovely thoughts and fancies that had lain, like the flower roots, buried under the frost and snow, sprang up, all blossoming, in people's hearts, and looked out lovingly from their eyes.

And there was a great old apple tree that stood in a little yard, stretching out its long arms into the street, so loaded with rose-white blossoms that one could scarcely see the delicate green leaves that were unfolding themselves in the seeming moonlight of the blooming boughs. Old men looked up as they passed under it, and smiled, with an unconscious blessing, for it recalled their far-off boyhood; and little children danced around it, and clapped their hands in glee; and when the sun shone each little flower leaf was like a crystal mirror, to throw his warm beams down upon the green bud that lay almost hidden in the bottom of its tremulous cup; and the birds came there and built their nests, and the flimsy spider webs in the early morning were all braided with pearls and diamonds, so that with the bloom, and the fragrance, and the melody, there was nothing more lovely in the whole city. But the little green bud grew larger and larger, until at last the flower cup could no longer hide it. And then the rose white leaves fell off, and the wind carried them away on its soft wings, until the air was so filled with them that the children shouted out, "the snow! the snow!" Then, as the summer came on, the sun looked, day after day, with a more beaming eye upon the old tree in its beautiful adorning of green, until the young apples blushed, for they were no longer hidden by the bridal veils of the white flower leaves.

Yet it was still very beautiful; for the light and shade came there to play hide-at-seek, and the winds chased each other over, and around, and through the emerald-leaved branches that swayed here and there, waving flickering and fantastic shadows on the grass beneath; and myriad insects, all gleaming with crimson and gold, soared above it in the bright sunlight, and ever and anon some bird, from within his green roofed home, poured out his soul in such gushing melody, that those who heard were carried afar among the purple hills, and so went on to their daily cares with a lighter heart and a more hopeful spirit. But when the summer was gone, and the brown, withered leaves fell dead upon the earth, they stored away the ripe fruit, and the beauty and gladness were no more! But an artist poet, who loved whatever was brightly akin to his own glowing visions, painted a basket of the golden apples, with their cheeks flushed like the crimson sunset, and whoever looked upon that artist's work with the heart's true love of nature, saw therein the blossoming tree, with the sunlight shimmering through its branches, and heard once more the voices of the birds, and the evening breezes, and the sporting of the happy little children. Then, deep in their inmost souls, they thanked God for the perfecting of the beautiful prophecy of the Spring time, and also for the revealing of the truth that whatever is lovely passes away only to give place to something nobler and more enduring: "First the blade, then the ear, then the ripe corn in the ear."

Johnson's Benevolence.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to devote a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten-dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this $10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are now wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him?" they exclaimed; each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this 'X' goes to the society!" said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pair of stockings in this room that don't need darning I'll hand over the money!" he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

"Pull down Your Vest."

D. D. French of Milwaukee, says the slang phrase "Pull down your vest" that it is not new, but has been revived lately. "I first heard it about twenty years ago. Lincoln and Doughlas were campaigning it for Congress. I was something of a politician then, and went to the meetings whenever I got the chance—in my wild days, you know. My boy Doughlas used to throw himself! Carpenter is nowhere. When he'd get off a particular fine passage—all eloquence and gesture—the buttons would pop off like periods all along through his sentences. When he'd get through, and was sitting down rocking back in his cha'r, the boys would howl: "Pull down you vest."

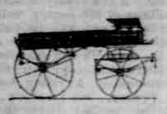
Then Lincoln's lank form would rise up like an interjection point, and the crowd would be still.

A New York man has christened his daughter Glycerine. He says it will be easy to prefix Nitro, if her temper resembles her mother's.

New Advertisements.

CURTIS K. GROVE. AUSTIN DENISON.

Grove & Denison



Manufactures of
Carriages,
Buggies,
Spring-wagons,
Sleighs,
Harness, etc.

Factory one square east of Diamond.

Somerset, Pa.

April 12, 1876.

AMATEUR PRINTERS' DEPOT
FOR ALL MAKES OF
Presses, Types, Inks,
Cases, Cards, &c.
JOHNTSON & CO.,
18 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa

Send three cent stamp for Catalogue. May 3

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

This farm is situated in Ligonier Tp. Westmoreland Co. two miles west of Ligonier Bor. on the Greensburg and Stoystown pike. Containing about one hundred and fifty acres, one hundred acres cleared balance well timbered. Being underlaid with coal, well watered, adapted for grazing, in a good wheat growing country. Ligonier Valley R. R. passing through one side of Farm. Having thereon a plank dwelling house, large bank barn and other outbuildings, good apple orchard, convenient to churches, schools and mills, etc. For further information and particulars apply to the undersigned on the premises.

May 3. ALEXANDER CARNS.

FIRST PRIZE AT VIENNA EXPOSITION, 1873.

W. H. ROSENSTEEL,
Manufacturer of superior
Union Crop Leather
And dealer in
Bark, Hides, and Plasterers' Hair,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

4,000 tons of oak and hemlock bark wanted.—Cash paid on delivery at the tannery.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3,000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. mar9

New Firm.

SHOE STORE,

SNYDER & UHL

Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by H. C. Beerits,

We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect to keep constantly on hand as complete an assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Caiters

BOTH OF

Eastern and Home Manufacture

as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of

SOLE LEATHER,
MOROCCO,
CALF SKINS,
KIPS,
AND LINING SKINS

Of all kinds, with a full line of

Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

N. B. Snyder, Esq.

Whose reputation for making

Good Work and Good Fits

is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best and sell at prices as low as the lowest.

SNYDER & UHL.

"PEOPLES' DRUG STORE!"

G. W. SPEERS,
N. E. Corner Diamond,
SOMERSET PA
DEALER IN

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
and CHEMICALS,

PERFUMERY,
FINE SOAPS,
TOILET ARTICLES.

DYE STUFFS,
and KEROSENE OIL.

PURE WINES and LIQUORS for medicinal PURPOSES.

Also an assortment of
Fine Cigars.
and Tobacco.

Particular attention given to the compounding of Physicians Prescriptions and Family Recipes, by experienced hands.

March 15, 1876.

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, Axes, &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. Ditstoh's Circular, Mulay and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking 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.

HENRY McCALLUM,

CARPETS,

77 Ffth Avenue,

Above Wood Street, **PITTSBURGH, PA.**

Prices the same to all.

April 12.

GREAT WESTERN HOTEL,

DILLENGER & CO., PROPRIETORS.

NOS. 1311, 1313 AND 1315 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The subscribers inform their friends and the public that they have enlarged, modernized, refitted and newly furnished this large and commodious House. Street Cars to Centennial Buildings pass and repass the Hotel every minute. Prices very moderate. May 31.

Imported Draft Horse,

BLACK LEICESTERSHIRE,

will stand the following season commencing April 15th and ending September 15, at my farm in Somerset Tp. The many fine colts now standing in this county is evidence enough that only by breeding to full blooded we get the horses.

Terms, $15 to insure a mare with foal.

ALSO,

The Hambletonian Stallion

ALHAMBRA

Service reduced to bottom prices with foal—$15 to insure a mare for this season only. Now is your time to improve your stock. Mares from a distance cared for at lowest actual cost. Best of care taken but not accountable for accidents.

apr12 P. HEFFLEY.

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, forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Western Territories. Its

Omaha and California Line

is the shortest and best route for all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia. Its

Chicago, Madison and St. Paul Line

is the shortest line for Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and all points in the Great Northwest. Its

Winona and St. Peter Line

is the only route for Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its

Green Bay and Marquette Line

is the only line for Janesville, Watertown, Fond Du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock and the Lake Superior Country. Its

Freeport and Dubuque Line

is the only route for Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, and all points via Freeport. Its

Chicago and Milwaukee Line

is the old Lake Shore route, and is the only one passing through Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha to Milwaukee.

Pullman Palace Cars

are run on all the night trains of this road.

This is the ONLY LINE running these cars between Chicago and St. Paul, Chicago and Milwaukee, or Chicago and Winona.

At Omaha our Sleepers connect with the Overland Sleepers on the Union Pacific Railroad for all points West of the Missouri River.

On the arrival of the trains from the East or South, the trains of the Chicago & North-Western Railway leave Chicago as follows:

For Council Bluffs, Omaha and California, two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Drawing