CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

[From the Army and Navy Journal.]

"DEAD! Is it possible! He, the bold rider,
CUSTER, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Shunning our bullet king's ringlets of light!
Dead! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!"

Comrades, he's gone, but ye need not be grieving,
No, may my death be like his when I die!
No regret wasted on worlds I am leaving,
Falling with brave men, and face to the sky.
Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it:
Fame is eternal and better than all:
Gold though the bowl be, 'tis his fate that must break it,
Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hilltop he halted, and saw them,
Lodges all loosened and ready to fly:
Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat;
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valley that ages had hollowed,
There lay the SITTING BULL'S camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he! What recked those who followed!
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle line steady and full;
Then down the hillside exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the old SITTING BULL!
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion,
Then closed around the great hell of wild Sioux.

Right in their centre he charged and then facing—
Hark to those yells! and around them, oh! see!
Over the hilltops the devils came racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire about them:
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over CUSTER'S last fight.

THEN, DID HE BLENCH? Did he die like a craven,
Begging those torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the SEVEN
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
No, by the blood of our CUSTER, no quailing,
There in the midst of the devils the close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing,
Down go the horses and riders and all,
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forest of mane,
Quivering lances with pennons so airy,
Warpainted warriors charging amain.

Backward again and again they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little band;
Never a cap that had worn the bright SEVEN
Bowed till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death circle growing,
Ever the leader's voice, clarion clear,
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing:
"We can but die once, boys, but SELL YOUR LIVES DEAR."

Dearly they sold them, like Berserkers raging,
Facing the death that encircled them round;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuageing,
Marking their track by their dead on the ground.
Comrades, our children shall yet tell the story,
CUSTER'S last charge on the Old SITTING BULL;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
Needed but that death to render it full.

Frederick Wittaker.

THE EDEN OF WILDWOOD.

BY J. H. ——

Paul Renford was thunder struck For once in his life he was aroused to something like consideration of a subject in hand.

Paul was four and twenty. At the age of eighteen he had been left an orphan, and heir to an estate worth a million; and his uncle—his mother's brother—had been appointed his guardian. This uncle was Anson Betterman, an enterprising merchant, and a true hearted man. After Paul became of age, and became master of his property, through the advice of his uncle he employed a lawyer named Lovett, to act as his agent—to look after rents, and so on—and gradually this Lovett, who proved to be an apt and ready man of business, had gained into his hands the entire control of the whole property; and so implicitly had Paul trusted him that he had not even demanded vouchers for his bank transactions.

In fact, Paul Renford had degenerated into a listless, aimless being. His natural abilities, of the very highest order, had been prostituted to the most useless of all pursuits—the mere seeking of pleasure for the purpose of killing time. At first he had lived moderately; his youthful vigor had held him aloof from the need of stimulants; but of late a long continued round of dissipation—parties, balls, clubs and billiards, in which night was appropriated to wakefulness and day to sleep—had so reduced his physical vim that without stimulants he found no comfort.

And now Anson Betterman had come to inform him that Porter Lovett had left the country with every available scrap of his property.

"Do you mean," gasped Paul, when he could breathe, "that he has taken all?"

"Yes—everything. You had allowed him such unlimited away that he found no difficulty in getting every dollar into his hands."

"And I am penniless?"

"You know best whether you had any of your property invested in business."

"Not a penny."

"Then I fear you have little at hand which you can call your own."

"In heaven's name, Uncle Anson, whatever shall I do?"

"Really, Paul, I see but two ways open to you. You can lie down and whither and die under the stroke, or you can do as thousands of others have done in misfortune—arouse yourself, put on the armor of true manhood, and fight the battle bravely."

"I must earn my own living."

"It would seem so."

"And how?"

"I can give you a place in my store."

"No, no; I cannot commence the battle here—not here in the city, where I have led the van of folly and dissipation. Let me have time to think."

"All right my boy; and meantime I will be thinking, too."

On the following day Mr. Betterman called again; but Paul had not thought what he would do.

"What have you thought, uncle?"

"I'll tell you what I have thought, my boy. Back to the country—and yet not very far from the city—are the mills owned by my friend Sargent. They are in a quiet, secluded village, the inhabitants of which are mostly his own operatives. Mr. Sargent will give you a clerkship there, and the pay will be ample for your support."

"But," said Paul, "may we not find Lovett?"

"As yet we have been able to gain no clue to his whereabouts. He is a man not easily to be entrapped. But we can try further if you please."

"I will go up and look at the mills."

And so Paul Renford went up to Wildwood, as Mr. Sargent had named his settlement, and he found it rural and retired enough. But it was a beautiful spot, nevertheless, and he had a strong inclination to accept the proffered situation. He returned to the city on the day of the evening of Mrs. Spuitenstinger's grand party. He was wondering if he had better go, when he learned by a servant of the house that no invitation had been sent him. On that very afternoon he met the Misses Spuitenstinger on the avenue, and they did not acknowledge his salutation.

"So, so," he muttered; "and that's all I am worth to them!"

For a little time his heart sank, but he rallied.

"Come, come, my boy," he exclaimed, smiting himself upon the breast, "there may be something in life yet. Be brave!"

And on the very next day he accepted the clerkship at the Wildwood mills and entered at once upon his duties. For a time he found it dull, hard work; but gradually his health improved, and the vigor of youth came back to him, and under simple livnig his muscles grew and strengthened, and his whole frame came into perfect tune of manly beauty and elasticity. And now his duties became light and cheering, and he sung and whistled at his work.

The overseer of the mills was Mr. Grayson, with whom Paul found a home. Mr. Grayson's daughter, Delia, was a healthful, light hearted, true spirited girl of nineteen. She was one of those blood beauties, whose presence is sunshine, and her merry laugh rippled like the music of dancing waters in the pebbly brooklet. The student of human nature who heard that laugh, would, unhesitatingly, declare that only a heart of native purity and gentleness could underlie it.

At first Delia Grayson, when she saw that Paul Renford was weak and dejected, sought to cheer and entertain him. She had heard the story of his great loss, and she pitied him. She played for him upon the harp and upon the piano, and she sung to him and talked to him. But, by and by, when he had grown strong and vigorous, and when his innate manhood had manifested itself, she grew shy and taciturn, and finally sought to avoid him.

And then, for the first time in his life, Paul knew what true love was, for the first time he experienced that sense of devotion which leads the heart to offer itself upon the altar of faith in the woman loved. He asked Mr. Grayson if he might seek his daughter's love. The overseer did not object.

And Delia? Had Paul been as versed in reading the human heart in its native truth as he had been in translating the siren song of flattery, he might have known the love of the beautiful girl was all his own.

So, when Paul Renford had been a year at Wildwood, Delia became his wife, and he was happy—happier far than he had ever been. And he was advanced in the mills from a clerkship to a responsible agency; and thus he had frequent occasions to visit the city; but there was nothing in its din and glare attractive for him, and he always came home with a deeper and more abiding love for his own fond hearthstone at Wildwood.

During the first year of Paul's marriage a branch railroad was opened to Wildwood, and thus they were within an hour of the city, and the mill property was grealy enhanced in value.

"Ah," said the young man one day as he stood on the piazza of his cottage, and looked off upon the rolling landscape of hill and dale that stretched away beyond the river, "if I only owned that sweep of land!"

"It is certainly a pleasant prospect," said his Uncle Betterman, who had come to pay him a visit.

At this juncture Delia came out and called them into tea. She took Uncle Anson by the arm, and told him he was her prisoner. And he bent over and kissed her, and said it would be a most blessed imprisonment.

"Don't you find it so, Paul?"

"It is heaven where she is!" was Paul's answer.

And upon that she left Uncle Anson, and threw her arms about her husband's neck

"Dear Paul, you are a blessing to me!"

Shortly after the old merchant said to his nephew:

"Paul, do you ever find yourself longing for the old life in the city?"

"Does the saved mariner look back with longing upon the fearful death he has escaped, and willingly return to storm and wreck?"

"I think not, my boy."

"And can a man, in his full sense, long for the dazzling glare of the empty life that brings only pain and unrest, when a bright spirit like this holds watch and ward for him over an earthly heaven?"

He held his wife by the hand as he spoke, and his eyes were radient with a light supernal.

It was on the following day—a beautiful day in early autum—that Paul and Delia walked out upon the gentle hill that sloped up from the cottage, and again he looked off upon the grand spread of landscape beyond the river.

"Ah," he said, "if I owned that land I would do a great work, Delia."

"What would you do?" asked a voice behind him.

Paul turned and beheld his uncle.

"If you owned that land, what would you do with it?"

"I would make it bloom with life," replied the youth, eloquently. "Think now that the rail is laid, how near it is to the city. Think of the toilers there who might find light and comfort in these healthful shades. If I owned that land, I should invite capital to open it to the life that ought to occupy it. I would lay out streets and portion off lots for dwellings, each with its garden, and I would call it The Eden of Wildwood."

"And suppose you had the capital of your own, my boy?"

"The Eden of Wildwood should be a verity."

A shadow passed over the old man's face, and then came a shining light. He reached out and took his nephews hand.

"Paul, the capital is yours—the land is yours!"

Paul would have laughed if his uncle had not looked so solemnly upon him while he spoke. As it was, he simply exhibited bewilderment.

"I heard you express an earnest wish to own the land, and I secured it for you," continued Betterman.

"Uncle! This is a serious jest."

"It is no jest, Paul. In one word Porter Lovett has returned."

"Lovett!—returned!"

Paul Renford was not sure that he was in his waking senses. His uncle was not the man to utter such language jestingly.

"It is true, my boy. Lovett has returned, and every dollar that he had of yours is not only safe, but the amount is well nigh boubled."

"Uncle Anson, what is this?"

"Do you not guess?"

"I dare not. Tell me."

"Again the old man took his nephew's hand, and after a brief pause, he answered:

"Paul you may blame me if you will—you may heap wrath upon my head if you like—but you must know that Lovett has only acted at my bidding. I sent him away, and he stayed away until I called him back. I saw you falling and sininng, my boy, I saw my sister's son wasting and dying of a disease which could not be cured except he could be lifted up from the pit into which he had fallen. I saw his young manhood—so full of native power and goodness—bowed and—"

"Stop! stop!" cried Paul, raising the other hand. "I see it all."

"And do you blame me?"

"Blame you!"

"Aye; do you blame me for the hard, harsh remedy I have applied?"

"Blame you, uncle! Shall I blame you for my salvation? Shall I blame you for my manhood's health and strength and vigor? Shall I blame you for—this?" and he let go of his uncle's hand, and drew his wondering wife to his side. "I only pray to God that the return of my lost wealth may not cause my wife to love me less. It can never overshadow with its bulk those other joys which have grown up from the better life!"

It was all as Uncle Betterman had said. Lovett had gone away at his order, having first secured the property so that no harm could befall it—and it had all been done that Paul might be thrown upon his own resources, and thus saved from the sloth that was eating his young life. And it worked well.

And when Paul Renford had received back his great fortune, he was true to the promise he had made concerning the beautiful tract of land beyond the river; and this is the true story of how the toilers of the city came to be blessed with those pleasant healthful homes in The Eden of Wildwood.

A Centennial Marriage.

Norway and Sweden crossed the ocean to meet and fall in love with each other in Philadelphia. Bertha, the fair daughter of Mr. Daunfelt, of the Swedish Commission, was married recently to Mr. Christorphessen of the Norwegian Commission. They had never met during all the years they had lived so near each other, but coming to far America the two came together and fell desperately in love. They were married in the judges' pavilion on the Centennial grounds in the evening, when all was quiet as a private park. The pavilion has a large, beautiful hall, intended for receptions, and is attractively decorated. The speaker's platform as it happen's, resembles an altar, was beautifully decorated with Swedish and Norwegian flags and with masses of blossoming plants in pots. A Turkish rug, with two cushions on it, stood before the altar for the bride and groom to kneel upon. The bride came, on her father's arm followed by the groom and her mother, and four bridesmaids and groomsmen. She was so pale and weak that she had to sit down and rest a moment before standing up to be married. The ceremony was in Norwegian, but so precisely like our episcopal service in all its forms that we seemed to follow it easily. As soon as the ceremony was over the bride's father, whose ruddy face had been all aglow with feeling, clasped her in his arms, regardless of wedding veil and finery, and gave her a right fatherly kiss, and then put both arms around his new son and kissed him affectionately; then followed the family congratulations, so hearty and informal it did one's heart good to see them. The bridegroom's put their arms around him and patted him jovially on the back, or kissed him; and the pretty bride, all alive with excitement and rosy as ever, was charmingly cordial in her greetings. She did not stand in one place to receive, but moved about to speak to one or another, or prominaded on her husband's arm. The bride was dressed simply in white silk, with a long veil. The only peculiar thing about her costume was the high, small crown of myrtle in imitation of a royal crown, that surrounded her veil. She wore no flowers, and her bridesmaids wore none, but each bridesmaid and groomsman wore on the left shoulder a small myrtle wreath tied with red, or white, or blue, or green. The bridegroom was in full dress, with gold lace, epaulettes, sword and cocked hat.

A brother and sister in Reading weigh together 1,407½ pounds—the boy 600, the girl 807½. Their name is Powers.

A polite way of putting it—Troubled with a chronic indisposition to exertion.

Save the Children.

While the mortality among children must probably continue to rule higher than among adults, it is equally probable that thousands of children may be saved by more intelligent care on the part of those who have them in charge. The functional derangement which is a constant attendant upon teething cannot perhaps be wholly avoided. The process of dentition seems to break down some of the defences against diseases which prevail during the summer heats. But it is a fact that very crude and often pernicious notions about diet prevail among grown people. The diet of a child under one year should be, as nature indicates, "mother's milk," or if that is denied, then something not less simple and nutritious. But even "mother's milk" may be converted into something as indigestible as unripe solids by careless diet or by over-eating on the part of the mother. A mother who nurses her own baby—and every mother should do that if possible—caters for two. She cannot avoid it. No intelligent mother would mix a posset of cucumbers, vinegar, lemons, bananas, and green corn and peas, and feed it to her baby. And yet thousands do precisely that, or even worse when they refuse to regulate their own diet in the interest of suckling children. It may seem a hardship to the mother to refrain, but it is positively a greater hardship toward the unconscious child. A baby is a helpless creature, altogether at the mercy of its elders. Of course the parents regard it in that light, and very few would knowingly do anything inimical to the health of a helpless child. But things are done every day which, could the parents see them in their true light, would fearfully add to the sting of bereavement.

In the interest of children of larger growth we may add—and as a hint to parents—that judicious marketing during the fruit and green stuff season is more profitable than paying Doctor's bills. There is not a family so poor that it cannot afford to purchase ripe, fresh fruit and vegetables, if it can afford to purchase any at all. And if householders would invest a little more in ripe fruits, and make them common on the breakfast and dinner tables,—they would reduce their Doctor's bill measurably, and have a nice little surplus fund to spare at the end of the year. As a rule it is the child that does not have its fill of fruit at the table which resorts to green apples and refuse from the market stalls. Of course it is not necessary to say that green or unripe apples are not fit to eat. Everybody knows that. But every day one sees little children eating such stuff; and every Monday whoever reads the papers notes the result in the mortality report. Children should never be permitted to eat fruit *ad libitum* through the day It would be better were their elders to confine their fruit eating to the hours of regular meals—say to breakfast and dinner. Fruit eaten at night may be an invitation to serious distemper. In the morning it seems to refreshen the system If eaten at the table there is hardly a possibility of eating too much, provided only that it be ripe and fresh. Give the children of larger growth their fill of ripe fruit, cut off their meat rations, provide good bread and butter, give them the freedom of the park, and the mortality tables will soon show an encouraging improvement.

Tomato Sauce.

Scald some large ripe tomatoes, to make them peel easily. Then quarter them, and press through a seive to divest them of their seeds. Put the juice into a stewpan, adding some bits of fresh butter dredged with flour; add finely grated bread crumbs, and season with a little pepper, and, if liked, a little onion boiled and minced. Set the pan over a moderate fire, and let the tomatoes simmer slowly until it comes to a boil. Continue the boiling ten minutes longer. Serve it up in a sauce tureen. It will be mellowed and improved by stirring in, as soon as it comes to a boil, a tablespoonful or a lump of white sugar.

A California Romance.

Dennis McNabb, says the San Francisco *News Letter*, was the porter in a mining company's office on California street. Dennis swept out and dusted things, kept the desks in blotting pads, and in winter made that fire which is totally unnecessary in our wonderful climate, but which everybody insists upon having about four months in the year, just to remind them of the States. Dennis felt very humble and lowly indeed, as his salary was only $10 a week, and when the Secretary—who got $400 a month for putting his feet on his desk, and writing notes from the "Poodle Dog"—scowled and wanted to know where in the bottomless pit the stock report was, Dennis felt very much overpowered and downtrodden indeed. But Dennis had heard of Whittingdon and Franklin, and John McCullough, and other great men, and so he worked patiently on, washing the spittoons, taking around assessment notices, listening at the bar room key holes, and biding his time generally. Patience and frugality is its own reward, and one day Dennis heard the President read a telegram from the Superintendent up on the lode. They had struck pay rock at last. That night Dennis drilled around and conferred awhile with McCarthy, who kept the saloon at the corner.—Then he had a whisper or two with Hoolihan, who had made a few dollars running the hack stand. McNabb had also something to say to O'Flyn, the stevedore, of a confidential nature. The next morning the Secretary of the Yellow Cat Gold and Silver Mining Company found McNabb's brogans in front of his inkstand, and the spittoons being cleaned by a Mongolian. Before the official could recover his breath, a small Fenian procession filed in. There had been a corner in Yellow Cat that morning, and in less than ten minutes the old Board was voted out, and the meek McNabb elected President, and was busily signing notices of a five dollar assessment on the "outsiders." And now Mr. Dennis McNabb rides languidly down to the office in his coupe, and in the evening he sits on a satin sofa at the ex-President's house, with his French boots on the Steinway grand, and a four-bit cigar in his mouth, while the ex-P.'s daughter sings "Lanigan's Ball" in Italian—smacks him with her fan—and says: "You Irish are such naughty, fickle men, but so nice."

Two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal drank in half a tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as it is in most cases, by a superabundance of acid in the stomach.

Hayes, Wheeler and reform.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Pest of the Hennery.

We believe that most of the ills with which hens are afflicted are caused by lice, and that if the houses were periodically whitewashed and the nests sprinkled with sulphur, snuff, tobacco, ashes, hellebore, or any other substance distasteful to these vermin and harmless to the hens, diseases would prove the rare exception and not the rule. The rule is for farmers to neglect their hens until they are stupid with lice, and go about with their feathers ruffled up as if it were, as, indeed, probably it is misery to move, before any measures of relief are deemed necessary. The old adage that prevention is better than cure, or a stitch in time, &c., is here especially applicable. It is an easy matter to prevent lice, but a very difficult matter to exterminate them. Even when by the use of Insecticides and other applications the hens are somewhat relieved, constant care is afterwards requisite to prevent, by the rapid increase of the vermin that remain, the return of consequent disorders.

Poultry alive with vermin are pitiful sights, and reflect anything but credit upon those whose duty it is to look after them. The chicks raised by unclean mothers suffer from the day of their birth till that of their death. They are never sprightly and healthy; they are always the first to be taken down with the prevailing endemic or epidemic; they, therefore, need a great deal more care and, finally, are less profitable than those which live in clean houses and lay and sit in tidy nests. The question as to whether hens will thrive when shut up, and the subsidiary one as to how many may be confined in a given space, cannot be answered except, in the experiments, the hens be kept pure—for freedom, to infested fowls, is their sole chance of life.

The writer confined from nine to sixteen hens in a city enclosure 20 x4, (80 sq. ft.) for two years, without the loss of a hen and with very little sickness. The house was 6 x 4, ventilated at the bottom only and otherwise closely boarded, securing warmth in winter and, sheltered from the sun by a grape vine, comparative coolness in summer. The rest of the enclosure was lath. From four to six inches of gravelly sand was given every two or three weeks and the old removed. Grass was given as often as it could be cut from a small grass plot. Raw meat was given twice a week. Burnt clam shells, ashes and lime were given as often as convenient, though not as often as required. The house was often whitewashed—the material of the nests frequently changed and the nests dusted with sulphur. They were fed upon the scrapings of the table—wheat, corn, oats. Water was given daily and oftener during hot weather.

An account was kept of the cost of these hens for the first year, and the value of their eggs. We have lost this account, and can only state our impression that it proved that hens can be confined and remain healthy too, and that they can be made profitable even in cities.

We suggest to those who have lousy hens and chickens to part with every one of them, and to thoroughly cleanse the houses and yards in every part, and begin with a fresh pure lot. Those who have had to do with poultry all their lives may deem this shallow advice; but we know from what we see that these shiftless, untidy, unkind modes of keeping fowls are handed down from father to son, and that many farmers do not ever give a serious thought to persistent cleanliness. Hens will, in a manner, "take care of themselves," and so in a large majority of cases they are left to do. But the plan, viewed with an eye to profit, is "a penny wise and a pound foolish;" and, viewed with any other eye, it is cruelty to animals.

Salt as a Crop Promoter.

In an article written to the *Practical Farmer*, by Mr. Jacob Rodenbaugh, of Lewisburg, Pa., on putting salt on land, he says:

I had a field of sandy loam soil, in a high state of fertility, but full of worms of different kinds, which always injured my corn crop badly, and all other crops to some extent. At the time referred to above, I planted this field with corn, and in the preparation of the soil I sowed seven bushels of salt per acre on about two thirds of the field, leaving a few acres at each end of the field not salted. On harvesting my corn crop, I found by measurement, seven bushels of corn per acre in favor of the salt. I felt satisfied with the experiment so far, and looked for no further results from the salt. The next spring I sowed oats on the field, and on that crop the effect of the salt was wonderful. I carelessly neglected to measure the oats, and cannot therefore tell the exact difference in bushels between that salted and that not salted, but judging from appearances I should say there was fifty per cent. in favor of the salt grain, and one hundred per cent in straw. The salted grain ripened eight days earlier than that not salted, and ripened evenly; the straw was bright and beautiful, and stood up well considering the large growth. That not salted was a foot shorter and ripened unevenly; the straw was rusty, and the grain inferior in quality. I rented my farm the year that this field was sown with wheat, and did not therefore handle it myself; but in the grass crop there is a marked difference in favor of the salt.

Which Way Should Drills Run?

An erroneous impression seems to prevail in regard to the proper direction in which to place drills, for plants cultivated in that manner.—They are usually laid off north and south, in order to get the greatest benefits from the direct rays of the sun. Instead of north and south, the rows should run east and west. Suppose a piece of ground planted in drill two feet apart, running north and south. The plants, by the middle of July, having attained the height of four feet, each row will be shaded by the one east of it until about the middle of the forenoon; then from the middle of the afternoon till night, the shade of each row will fall on its next eastern neighbor.

If the drills run east and west, the distance apart and the height being the same, the shadow of any row will not reach another row, excepting when the sun is near the horizon, early in the morning or late in the afternoon. In latitude 40 deg. north the shadow of a plant four feet high will not reach two feet north from its base until about the 10th of August

A tea made of dried ripe wortleberries and drank in place of water is a sure and speedy cure for scrofula difficulties however bad.

AGRICULTURAL.

Raspberry Vinegar.

Take four pounds of raspberries, pour over them half a pint of vinegar; place it in an earthen jar and cover it securely, so that no air can enter, and place it in a sunny window twelve hours; take in at night, and place it out again in the sun the next day for another twelve hours. Then place it in a flannel bag till the juice has run through without pressure.—Then for every pound of juice take a pound of loaf sugar and boil it for a quarter of an hour, or till the scum arises; then put it in small bottles and well cork it.

Sheep to Clean Land.

Many think the only advantages of sheep are in their wool producing properties, forgetting that they multiply with great rapidity, doubling the flock annually, and, in this climate, taking care mainly of themselves, if good winter pasturage and proper shelter are afforded.

There is, however, another use for sheep, which we have found by experience to be of great advantage in good farming. They are the best weed and thistle exterminators a farmer can have. They keep the pasturage free from these pests of the farm.

We recollect of hearing, twenty years ago or more, that the late Richard Gentry, of Pettis county, Mo., had a farm of 7,000 acres, and that not a weed could be seen upon it.—We did not put much faith in the report, and determined to visit the farm to see whether the report was true. We did visit the farm, and such a model of neatness and cleanliness in farming we never saw before. But it was not long before we discovered to what it was attributable. Mr. Gentry kept several thousand merino sheep. These he transferred from field to field, as he saw proper, and they nibbled down the weeds, and kept the pastures free of them. He told us that a dozen men, constantly engaged, could not keep the weeds under subjection like this flock of sheep.

But in clearing land sheep are still more valuable. They will keep down the sprouts and shrubs much better than men can do with the best tools. They give them no rest. As soon as a new bud or leaf shows itself, it is nipped off. Hazel, sassafras, sumach—everything is compelled to surrender. They give them no chance for life—no quarter. Every time they make an effort for new life, they are remorselessly cut down. If farmers want to clear land, or free it from weeds and sprouts and foul growth, sheep are the best aids. Farmers can well afford to keep sheep free of charge the year around, for the work they perform for them. If farmers are not able to buy sheep, it will be money in their pockets to keep their neighbors sheep without charge.—They never can have neat farms without them. The reason they are not kept by ever farmer is, that dogs are so destructive to them. They furnish the best animal food. A family can eat a sheep without letting the meat spoil. More mutton and less fat bacon would be better for farmers.

But farmers can keep sheep, even with dogs around them, if they will take some precautionary measures. If a number of large bells are put on sheep, the noise produced when dogs are in sight will drive them away.—They want to do the destruction so no one will know it. If sheep are kept with cattle, and dogs pursue them, instinct teaches them to run to the cattle for protection; if the dogs still pursue, the cattle will fight off the dogs. This we have seen done. But, to make the keeping of sheep doubly sure, a yard near the house or stable, with a high fence to inclose the sheep at night, is what is needed. The sheep will soon get accustomed to coming to their sleeping quarters and it will not make much labor to securely inclose them every night.—*Colman's Rural World.*

Good Farm Roads.

It is much cheaper and more pleasant for farmers to have good roads on the place than bad ones. Teams can haul larger loads, with more safety and comfort, over good roads from the distant fields and the wood lot, than if there be no roads. Let the stone and roots be gotten out of the way, the rough places be smoothed down, holes filled up, soft places hardened with stones and solid earth, and the teams will haul enough more with less breakage, in a single year, to pay the trouble of making a road. And besides the farm looks better; there is more pleasure and less vexation in the work to both man and team. We have seen horses and oxen so bothered and vexed by the cart or wagon getting into a hole or in the mud where they could not haul it out, and then whipped and scolded till they lost all courage and kindness and became baulky—confirmed in the habit, so that ever afterward they would not draw loads out of difficult places—all from bad road on the farm.

How Much is my Share

Yesterday a lady entered a grocery store on Broad street, where she found the proprietor fanning himself with his hat, and looking somewhat overcome by the heat.

"Why Mr. ——, you look worried," said the lady, elevating her glasses so as to take a closer look.

"Worried the devil, these infernal careless clerks of mine are calculated to worry any man."

"Why, whats the matter?" asked the lady, "any of your clerks absconded, or have they made a mistake and given sixteen ounces for a pound?"

"No, neither madam, but worse than that. While putting a barrel of molasses in the cellar, through their carelessness they left it drop, and out came the head and lost all the molasses. But, he added, "some person will have to pay for it."

Later in the afternoon a six-year-old son of the lady came into the store and said:

"Pap wants to know what his share of that barrel of molasses is."

"Your father don't owe me anything for molasses," answered the merchant.

"Well, dad said that your book customers would have to pay for that barrel that busted, and he wants to know how much his share is and he will send it over."

It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he has'nt a bit in his mouth.

A Trenton bankrupt always valued his possessions above par. That is his heaviest lie-ability.

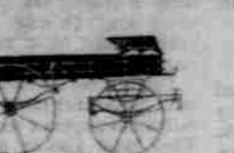
Religion is the best armor a man can have, but the worst cloak.

Harvest is almost over.

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.
JOHNSTON & 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 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. mar

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 keep constantly on hand as complete an ment of

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters

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. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. 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 Staffers, 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 Fifth 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, and renovated, refitted and newly furnished this large and commodious House. Street Cars of Centennial Buildings pass and repass the Hotel every minute. Prices very moderate.
May 31.

This space is reserved for the
GROCERY AND FEED STORE OF
C. B. COLBORN & CO.,
Cheap Side, No. 2, Baer's Block, Somerset, Pa.

Hemmorrhoids or Piles,

DR. TERRY devotes his time to the treatment of Piles, Blind, Bleeding or Itching, and all other diseases of the lower bowel. The Doctor guarantees to cure all cases he undertakes, no matter who has attempted and failed. Office, 1208 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa., Hours, 11 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.
May 31.

ASSIGNEES NOTICE.

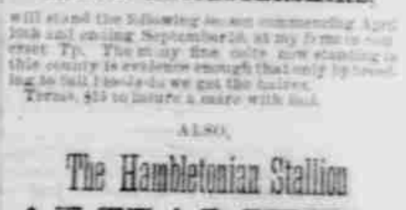
All persons interested, are hereby notified that Josiah Shaller of Somerset Borough, on the 11th day of April, A. D. 1876, made a voluntary assignment of all his real property to me, in trust for the benefit of his creditors.
May 31. E. M. SCHROCK, Assignee.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To John Suder, Frederick Suder, Peter Suder, William Suder, Lydia intermarried with Henry Coleman, now deceased, leaving one child, Henry Coleman, Harriet intermarried with George Hauger, Henry Suder also leaving two children, viz: Joseph Suter, Philadelphia, Pa., and John Suder, Scottdale, Westmoreland Co., Pa., Benjamin Suder, Sarah Suder, intermarried with William Brougher.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition, issued out of the Orphan's Court of Somerset Co. Pa. I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Henry Suder, deceased, in Brothersvalley Tp., on the premises, Wednesday the 19th day of July, 1876, where you can attend if you think proper.
June 14. GEO. W. PILE, Sheriff.

Imported Draft Horse,



BLACK LEICESTERSHIRE

will stand the following season commencing April 10th and ending September 10, at my farm in Somerset Tp. The many fine colts now standing in this county is evidence enough that only by breeding to full bloods do we get the halves.
Terms, $15 to insure a mare with foal.

ALSO,

The Hambletonian Stallion

ALHAMBRA

Service reduced to bottom prices with foal—$10 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 through 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 Room and Sleeping Cars through to Council Bluffs.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis, two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached on both trains.

For Green Bay and Lake Superior, two trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, and running through to Marquette.

For Milwaukee, four Through Trains daily. Pullman Cars on night trains, Parlor Chair Cars on day trains.

For Sparta and Winona and points in Minnesota, one Through Train daily, with Pullman Sleepers to Winona.

For Dubuque, via Freeport, two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night trains.

For Dubuque and La Crosse, via Clinton, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night train to McGregor, Iowa.

For Sioux City and Yankton, two Trains daily. Pullman Cars to Missouri Valley Junction.

For Lake Geneva, four Trains daily.

For Rockford, Sterling, Kenosha, Janesville, and other points, you can have from two to ten trains daily.

New York Office, No. 415 Broadway; Boston Office, No. 5 State Street; Omaha Office, 253 Farnham Street; San Francisco Office, 121 Montgomery Street; Chicago Ticket Offices: 62 Clark St., under Sherman House; corner Canal and Madison Streets; Kinzie Street Depot, corner W. Kinzie and Canal Streets; Wells St. Depot, corner Wells and Kinzie Streets.

For rates or information not attainable from your home ticket agents, apply to

W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Chicago. MARVIN HUGHITT, Gen. Sup't, Chicago.
feb2

AUDITORS NOTICE.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphan's Court, of Somerset county, to distribute the funds in the estate of Josiah Yowler, deceased, to and among those legally entitled thereto, Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office, in Somerset Bor., on Friday the 28th day of July, 1876, when and where all parties may attend if they think proper.
July 12. J. G. OGLE, Auditor.

1876. WHERE NOW? 1876.

To MICHIGAN, one of the foremost, flourishing and healthy States;

WHAT FOR?

To buy a FARM out of the

One Million Acres

of fine farming lands for sale by the GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Strong Soils. Ready Markets, Sure Crops, Good Schools. R. R. runs through center of grant. Settlements all along. All kinds of produce raised. Plenty of water, timber and building materials. Price from $4 to $10 per acre; one-fourth down, balance on time.

Send for illustrated pamphlet, full of facts and figures, and be convinced. Address, W. A. HOWARD, Comm'r Grand Rapids, Michigan.
P. R. L. PEIRCE, Sec'y Land Dep't.
Jan. 12. E. O. W.