## FATHER JOHN.

BY FELIX ARKNIGHT.

He preached but little, argued less:
But if a girl was in distress,
Or if a kitchen came to grief,
Or trouble tackled rogue or thief,
There Father John was sure to be
To blunt the edge of misery:
And somehow managed every time
To ease despair or lessen crime.

That corner house was alive known
Around these parts as Podger's Own.
Till two pole in a drunken fight
Set the whole thing afire one night;
And where it stood they hippered round
And blasted rocks and shoveled ground
To build the factory over there—
The one you see—and that is where
Poor Father John—God give him rest!—
Preached his last sermon and his best.

One summer's day the thing was done
The workmen set a blast and run.
They sin't so keerful here, I guess,
Where lives ain't worth a cent, apiece,
As in the wards where things are dear,
And nothink ain't so cheap as here;
Leastwhiles, the first they seed or knewed
A little chick had crossed the road.

He seemed to be just out o' bed,
Bare-legged, with nothing on his head;
Chubby and cunnin', with his hair
Blown criss-cross by the mornin' air;
Draggin' a tin horse by a string,
Without much care for anything,
A-talkin to himself for joy—
A toddlin', keerless baby boy.

Right for the crawlin' fuse he went,
As though to find out what it meant;
Trudgin' toward the fatal spot,
Till less'n three feet off he got.
From where the murderin' thing lay still
Just waitin' for to spring and kill;
Marching along toward his grave,
And not a soul dared go to save.

They hollered—all they durst to do,
He turned and laughed, and then lent low
To see the horsey on his feet,
And went right on a crowin' sweet.
And then a death-like silence grew
And all the trembling, coward crew,
As each swift second seemed the last
Before the roaring of the blast.

Just then some chance or purpose brought
The priest: he saw, and quick as thought
He ran and caught the child and turned
Just as the slumberin' powder burned,
And shot the shattered rocks around,
And with its thunder shook the ground.

The child was sheltered; Father John
Was hurt to death; without a groan
He set the baby down, then went
A step or two, but life was spent:
He tottered, looked up to the skies
With ashen face but strange, glad eyes,
"My love, I come!" was all he said,
Sank slowly down and so was dead.

Stranger, he left a memory here
That will be felt for many a year,
And since that day this ward has been
More human in its dens of sin.

—*Rochester Express.*

**Seventy-second Birthday—1801—1876.**

(By request)

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

The past is all by death possessed. How true! Where are those born seventy-two years ago? Few, indeed, are now found among the living, and these are scattered like autumn leaves, one here and another there, all bearing the marks of time in the the furrowed cheek, the dimmed eyes, the deafened ear, the hoary head, the impaired memory, and the aching limbs; all these, with thousands of other ills, remind all of the frailty and uncertainty of life. Decay and death are stern realities that carry on, uninterruptedly, their work in every clime and every land over the wide face of the world. Some are cut down in their infancy; others in the midst of their youthful days, and others again in the vigor of manhood engaged in business affairs and usefulness to neighbors and whole communities.

In looking back for our youthful companions our heart is made to feel sad in finding ourselves left standing almost alone. Many, near and dear to us, have fallen, long since, some of whose final resting places are lost to us forever, and thus one after another has gone down to the silent tomb, leaving myself a living monument of God's mercy to mourn over departed relatives, friends and neighbours.

Those changes which we are constantly undergoing ourselves, are also seen in everything else. Decay is stamped upon the natural world. Our style of living has gone into extravagance, and wastefulness, bringing forth bankruptcy on every side, empoverishing thousands of honest people. Honesty is being overruled in many instances by corruption and deceitfulness; men in high places are found intimately associated with those guilty of defrauding the government. What a sad commentary on the morals of the present age!

Having, in the Providence of God, reached my seventy-second birth day, these reflections have crowded upon my mind, and on entering upon another year, I look up to Him, who is the Father of all mercies, of time, light, knowledge, truth and salvation, and give Him thanks for the past, and, as in the past, commend myself and all my dear friends to the care and keeping of Him who is the founder and ruler of all things in Heaven and earth.

How many, alas how many! have fallen in seventy-two years by sickness, accident, and by the ruthless hand of war, and now sleep the sleep of death, mourned by those to whom they were beloved and endeared. Family circles have been invaded by the icy hand of death; others have been sorely afflicted by sickness, and others again to experience trouble in various forms, whilst but few, if any, have escaped the common afflictions of life. All these things whether by the way of death, sickness or troubles of mind, or a total escape from either of the ills of life, should be regarded as solemn lessons, reminding us of our total dependence upon the Almighty Father, who, by his omnipotent power, called all things into existence, whether in Heaven or in Earth. He spake and it was done, and he still speaks and will do of his own will and pleasure among the children of men. No parent is like our Heavenly Father, for he is the giver of every good and perfect gift—gifts, that carry our thoughts heavenward, that feed the soul with imperishable food, that purifies our thoughts from the sensualities of life, that puts songs of redeeming love in our hearts, that gives us to feel that we are our brother's keeper, and reminds us that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. These are not all the good things bestowed upon us by our Heavenly Father. He has given us the Church, rich in her store house and ever ready, with outstretched arms, bidding her children welcome! The Church—our Spiritual Mother—is the root and offspring of David, the bright morning star, pointing the way to Heaven. She is gathering, through her preached word by her ministers, around her sacramental altars the wearied traveler and directs him to the celestial city above, the home of angels and just men made perfect in Christ Jesus. This loving mother—the Church—has planted within her walls and placed under the care of her chosen ones those who statedly surround her altars and partake of sacramental gifts, a nursery—the Sabbath School—in which are gathered the young plants—the flowers of life—to be nursed and invigorated for the toils, the trials, the sorrows, the perplexities, the conflicts, and the difficulties through which all are called to pass to some extent, and from which none are entirely exempt. To you, then, my young friends, let me commend this spiritual garden of the church,—it is you that are called in this particular way; it is you that are to be enriched in spiritual things; it is upon you the Church is to bestow her care to fit and qualify you for the services of God, that you may become active laborers in the vineyard of the Lord's house, so that you may bud in christian virtues, bloom with the sweet fragrance of love and charity and ripen with the fruit of peace and righteousness, and at last inherit eternal life, where the wearied are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling.

I know of no work in which I engaged personally with such delight as when I was enabled by bodily strength to attend to the several duties of the Church and Sabbath School. It is now several years that I have been deprived, from bodily infirmity, of attending to the services of the Church or the work of the Sabbath School, a deprivation which can only be realized by those who feel a deep interest in these spiritual things. To murmur, under these circumstances, would be calling God's purposes into question. Submission is our duty. Job, in his sore afflictions, has given us practical lessons in this direction.

We are all another year older; our work for 1875 is ended; our deeds, whether good or bad, are recorded in the book of time, and we are here to bid farewell to the past and to welcome the future. May the reflections of the past influence our minds to greater activity in the service of our Master in the future.

"Gone! gone forever! Like a rushing wave,
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being; and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

The year is going away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble, and finds nothing to move only the red berries of that slender tree, which seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought that in the dry and falling ear lies so much nourishment and life. So in the year past and gone it's whole history is nourishment and life to every reflecting mind.

Man is the great gardener of the Lord; the keeper of his great seal, for he alone is stamped with the image of God. Man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but with time gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away, far above the world, amidst the melodies of Heaven."

With God's blessing, farewell.

HENRY RUBE.

*Shippensburg, Cumberland county, Pa. April 8, 1876.*

**Influence of Greenbacks.**

He looked like a man who might have had fifteen cents last fall, but who had used the last of it weeks ago. When he sat down in the restaurant the waiters paid no heed to him, and he rapped several times before a colored man slid that way.

"I want fried oysters," said the man as he looked over the bill of fare.

"Dey is just out, fried oysters is," replied the waiter.

"Bring me a chicken," then.

"Dere isn't a chicken in de place."

"Got any venison?" inquired the man.

"Not an inch, sah."

"Got any ham and eggs?"

"No, sah."

"See here," said the man getting vexed, "I want a square meal. I've got the ducats right here, and I can pay for my dinner, and buy your old cook shop besides."

He lifted a big roll of greenbacks out of his pocket, shook it at the darkey and said:

"Have you a chicken?"

"Yes, sah, I guess so, sah; I have the biggest kind o' belief dat since we commenced to talk a chicken has blown right into the kettle and been cooked. And now about dat venison and dose fried oysters dey has also arrived."

**A Sad Dutchman.**

About 8 o'clock Monday morning a boy whose upper front teeth hung out a good deal further than the law requires, entered a Michigan avenue saloon kept by an old man, and remarked:

"Did you ever see a barrel roll up hill?"

"I don't remember if I ever seen such a thing or not," replied the old man.

"Well, you come out here if you want to see me make a barrel roll up hill like a streak of lightning."

The old man went to the door with him and the boy pointed out a barrel of salt, placed a stick on it, crossed the street and returned, and went around the corner saying:

"She'll begin to move in a minute or two, and then look out for your shins!"

"I look a leedle oudt, and I stood aroundt there a long time," explained the old man to a policeman, "but dot barrel no more moof as my house moots now. Ven I comes in again once more I finds dot some one has daken seven dollars from my money drawer. How vas dot for a bad trick?"

**Ventilation of Closets.**

Too little attention is paid, in the construction of closets, to their proper ventilation. It is not always convenient to have a closet door stand open, and if it were, full ventilation cannot be secured in this way. There should be a window or an opening of some sort from the closet to the outer air or to a hall, so that a current of air might remove any unpleasant odors arising from clothing that has been worn, from shoes, or from anything else kept in the closet. A garment that has hung up for any length of time in a close closet is unfit to wear, unless it has been thoroughly aired, as though the unwholesome vapors it has absorbed were visible to the eye. The charm of clothing new and clean lies far more in the absence of these vapors than many people are aware.

A Detroit man whipped his wife because the baby did not take first prize at a baby show.

Grasshoppers threaten to become a greater pest in Alabama this year than last.

Two hundred tons of ice are manufactured daily in New Orleans by the aqua ammonia process.

Dearer than life—Fashionable funerals.

## POLITICAL.

[Washington Letter in Yesterday's N. Y. Times]

# WILLIAM HAFFA'S DEATH.

## An Incident of Last Fall's Election in Mississippi

### An Illustration of the Means that Were Used to Overcome the Republican Majority.

The Baltimore *Sun* and other papers have recently done great injustice to Senator Bayard, in representing him as vehemently declaring in the presence of the widow of Mr. Haffa, the Republican martyr, that he would not believe her story under oath. He never even saw her.

I possess her affidavit made in Mississippi; I have read her testimony before the committee, and I heard the story from her own lips, in her home in Philadelphia.

I will give it in her own words, for no skill and no genius could tell the sad story so well, nor could any story show in a more lurid light the fiendish temper of the Mississippi banditti.

Let me first introduce it briefly.

William P. Haffa was a man of spotless character. Of singularly mild and inoffensive manners, he was beloved by the colored people, and respected by all the unprejudiced whites. He was not a fighting man. He did not go to Mississippi for office, but to raise cotton and corn

Six years ago last February, he leased a plantation near Auburn, in Hinds County. After Mr. and Mrs. Haffa and their children had lived there, quietly working, never "interfering" in politics, the owners of the land called on them and asked them whether they were friends of the white man or the——nigger. He said (as any honest Northern man would have said to such a question that he was a friend to every one who was worthy of friendship, whether white or black.

"We understand you," they said, "you are a friend of the——nigger."

After this interview he was threatened more than once. The colored people soon afterward nominated him for Justice of the Peace. Governer Alcorn made the appointment, and refused to eject him when the Democratic leaders asked that he should be removed, on the ground that "no Northern man should come down and rule them." The majority of the people—the blacks—desired his appointment, and no one of either order could complain of his character. He served out his term of two years. He was renominated and again reelected.

The local Democratic leaders then "waited" on him, and took him out of the house and lashed him without mercy with a cowhide; and when his wife besought them for mercy, and clung to him, one of the ruffians, who was a joint owner of the plantation, threw her off so violently that she was laid up for a month from the injuries she received. She has never to this day fully recovered from the shock. Mr. Haffa remained; he was threatened again; his boy was shot at; his own life was put repeatedly in peril. He disarmed one would-be assassin, a member of one of the families in the District.

After these occurrences, both Mr. Haffa and his wife taught colored schools. As the blacks trusted them, they had influence over their votes. This was the head and front of their offending. They also taught the blacks in Sunday-schools.

The Ku Klux were suppressed, and there was peace in Mississippi until last summer, when the campaign of intimidation and assassination was inaugurated. Bound to carry the State at any cost—the fate of Mr. Haffa was sealed. He would not leave. He could not be driven off. He must die.

And now I stand aside to let the widow speak.

"We were aroused by the barking of our dog furiously on the morning of the 6th of September.

I hollered, 'Who is there?' and no answer. I repeated it, and there was no answer. And then Mr. Haffa got up and said, 'Who is there?'

They said, 'We will let you know who is there, or something to that effect.

And I said, 'My God! they have the yard full of men.'

I presume there were from fifty to seventy-five men barricading the whole of the house. And they had not only armed themselves with one or two weapons, but they had some of them half a dozen. They had them buckled around them, besides the musket they carrried, They tried to unfarten the door to get in, but I put my foot between the door and the sill and kept the door closed. My daughter helped me. Finding they could not get in they finally took one of the fence rails and broke the door down, and part of the furniture.

And we were hollering all the time—'Murder! Murder!' No one came to our assistance. They could hear me holler 'murder!' for about two miles, as the neighbors told me afterward.

Finally, Mosely, the agent of the Singer sewing machine, came up to me and choked me, and held a revolver close to my head. Before he choked me I said:

"I am not afraid, if you will choke me and spare my husband—that is all."

"Mosely said to me, when I called his name several times: "Sh—sh!"

I had a nursing baby then, and it was lying on the bed screaming. After I was choked so that I could not holler any longer, my daughter came, and she left me and went over to her father.

The men outside broke a shutter off the window and fired at Mr. Haffa, and my little boy told me yesterday—he said he would take oath any time—that it was Jimmy Whitehead who fired one of the shots at Mr. Haffa, and Sid. Whitehead, the owner of the land that we rented. He had threatened Mr. Haffa's life several times, which the children knew of.

They fired twice, and I went to him, and he asked me to take him to bed; so my daughter and I assisted him to bed. We had no light. It was utter darkness there, and says he to me. "Mamma, I want water." As soon as I could get a light I gave him water and laid him down, and ran out for assistance, and sent my little boy over to some colored people, and they came rushing over.

Finally, Sid. Whitehead came along and refused to let me have a physician. He said it was no use; that he would die, anyhow.

Mr. Haffa said: 'Mamma, I am going to die,' and he asked God to have mercy on his soul, and he laid his head on my shoulder and expired.

## POLITICAL.

After the colored people had laid him away, I said to Sid. Whitehead: 'Mosely is the one that choked me, and he had a revolver at my head,' and Sid. Whitehead said, 'You know Mr. Moseley was not here.' I said, 'Yes, Sir he was.' Sid. Whitehead spoke out that I had to recall those words for the sake of my life.

They made me recall it and say it was not him.

They came there together, and sat up the first night—Whitehead and two or three other gentlemen—and they did nothing but use profane language all the time, and abuse the Northern people. They said that they would show them that they were fully armed now and ready for war at any time, and that they could not rule over them or do as they pleased with them.

They would not allow me to have a coffin for him at all. Colonel Griffin, formerly United States Senator here—at least so they told me—he came and said: "Mrs. Haffa, I regret this very much." Says he, "I can not get any coffin for you, for they won't allow it."

"Do you want to know anything about the other men that were assassinated the same day."

She was told to go on with her sad story.

"Well, this was the 6th of September, 1875. After Mr. Haffa was gone, the colored people who were there said: 'We have lost our best friend. I would like to see any one come to my house and kill me in as brutal a manner as they did the Squire.' Stevens His wife said: 'I must go home.' He says to her, 'Yes, you had better go home, for I will be the next one.'

Mr. Whitehead said: 'Dole, you better be careful how you talk, or the men will be after you.'

So about 3 o'clock these men came back to see if Mr. Haffa was gone, and they were looking like hungry wolves—the most fiendish-looking men I ever saw. They said:

'Any colored people secreted about your premises here?'

Says I, 'No sir.'

There was nobody in the house then but my children and Mr. Haffa's corpse. I said: 'There is nobody here; but you are privileged to come in and examine the premises and look up the chimney.

Two of them alighted and came in and looked around, and they said that was all they wanted to know.

They went over to these colored people's houses and took the Stevenses—father and son—out and stood them on a stump and shot them, and killed them instantly. * * They did not give them any warning any more than they did Mr. Haffa, when they came in the house and took him out.

They said they had a large day's work on hand, and that they had to commence early, and during that day they perpetrated a number of murders. They were after Senator Caldwell, but I don't know whether they got him at that time or not.

The Stevenses were Republican leaders, and so was Caldwell, who was brutally murdered some time afterward.

Mr. Whitehead then gave me ten day's notice to leave, and so the colored people harbored me.

Mr. Haffa was buried in a rude box, and yet the white people and my son went along. He was just wrapped up in a sheet—they would not allow it in any other way.

Mr. Whitehead said I must leave, that we were looked on as spies here. The colored people harbored me until I got a conveyance to take me to the depot.

They disarmed all the colored people through the county there—took their arms from them, and would not allow them to have any; and before I left the depot they made the colored people break up their [Republican] clubs, and every one of them joined the Democratic clubs—they compelled them to do so at peril of their lives.

"I had no money; I was obliged to leave everything; I had not even a change of clothing."

She said no more. J. R.

**A Significant Declaration.**

The plank in the Democratic platform referring to soldiers and sailors is peculiarly constructed, and deserves attention. We quote:

*Resolved*, That the soldiers and sailors of *the republic*, and the widows and orphans of those *who have fallen in battle*, have a joint claim upon the care, protection, and gratitude of their fellow citizens.

The corresponding plank in the Republican platform reads as follows:

The pledges which the nation has given to our soldiers and sailors must be fulfilled. The grateful people will always hold those *who periled their lives for the country's preservation* in the kindest remembrance.

The difference in the language employed in the two resolutions will immediately strike the attention of the Democratic platform includes, intentionally or otherwise, *all* soldiers, be they Union or rebel, and declares that the widows and orphans of those *who have fallen in battle*, not alone on the Union side, but all those who have so fallen, "have a just claim upon the care, protection, and gratitude of their fellow citizens."

It cannot be doubted but this resolution was carefully drawn and the language employed well considered. It was designed especially for Southern consumption, and expresses precisely what the ex-Confederates of the South have long insisted upon. The *Inter Ocean* has repeatedly declared that the next move on the part of the confederates and their Democratic allies would be to include rebel soldiers in the rewards which are bestowed on the defenders of the government. By many Southern speakers and newspapers this has already been demanded, and the construction of the resolution quoted is proof that their demands have been considered and granted, so far as safely would permit, by a national Democratic convention. It is idle to suppose that the South, once successful and holding the reins of power, would hesitate to take for the soldiers of the Confederacy what has been given to the soldiers of the Union. They admit no wrong. They insist that their rebellion was wholly defensible, and that those who participated therein deserve honor instead of contumely. That they should embrace the earliest opportunity of dignifying and vindicating the cause for which they fought is entirely natural, and here in the St. Louis platform we see the first positive movement to this end. It is taken carefully, and with such precaution and cunning as to make it easy to deny that such a move was intended; but it is plain, nevertheless, and the fact should increase the determination on the part of the people to place an extinguisher on all such plans. We should like to hear from some Democratic member of the committee the inside history of this resolution. Who drew it and submitted it? How did it read in the first place, and by whom was it altered at all? If the plank does not mean what we say, the reason for the very cautious and unusual language employed can be satisfactorily explained. Let us know, Messieurs Platform builders, how such a resolution came to be inserted, and who is responsible therefor.

## AGRICULTURAL.

**Destroying the Potato Beetle.**

The question is often asked and many answers given, as to the best manner to dispose of potato bugs. I have experimented with flour in the proportion of 20 parts to 1 of Paris green, and mixed with other substances in various proportions, and with water, and find the following equally effective in killing the bugs, and at the same time it benefits the growth of the potato more than enough to pay the expense of the labor: Take common plaster of Paris, 8 to 12 quarts, to which put one tablespoonful pure Paris green, and mix evenly. If it shows a shade of the color when mixed it will kill every time. Sprinkle while the vines are damp from dews of rain. In the absence of plaster of Paris, good sifted house or wood ashes, in the same proportion will effectually destroy them. With flour in the proportions recommended I have had my vines killed or seriously injured.

M. P.

Most every one in this section that has planted potatoes finds this bug infesting the plant; and every one knows, too, that Paris green is a remedy, but few apply it economically, effectually, and without injury to the growing potatoes. Some have been dissatisfied with its effects, and have resorted to hand picking, plastering, ashing and liming, but these are ineffective, for the bugs shortly reappear in increasing numbers. The following has been tried where the plants have been covered with the bugs of all sizes, and two applications have completely destroyed them. Take 1 pound of pulverized sulphur, and add 4 pounds of sifted flour. Mix all well together and dest upon the potatoes. It is best applied when the dew is on the plants. The flour not only attenuates the mixture, but is itself rendered pasty of moisture so that it adheres to the plants, even if windy. The sulphur volatilizes when the thermometer is at and above 70 degrees and is then detrimental to insect life; and the Paris green thus reduced is sufficiently powerful to kill insects without injuring the potatoes. The sulphur bellows used for grape mildews is one of the best contrivances for applying the mixture.

W. N. B.

**Advantages and Disadvantages of Lime.**

Soils that are light and deficient in vegetable matter are made worse by lime. Let one for instance take a piece of Jersey land—light enought to satisfy anybody—and lime it, and he will have as poor a piece of land to operate on as anyone could desire to experiment with. A piece of sand saturated with iron rust or oxide of iron, could not possibly be poorer. And this is true of lime on any kind of light land. Lime tells to best effect on heavy lands always, but only here when in conjection with vegetable matter.

Indeed, take a particular view of things irrespective of any chemical language or, chemical theories, we should say that lime simply acted as an agent in preparing vegetable matter to be foot for plants. In form language it "eats" the vegetable waste and half digests it, and it is in better condition to be made use of by the roots of the regular farm crops.—Thus, if we are about to plow up a piece of sod, we lime it a little before we plow it down, or we lime a piece of stubble for the same reason The lime affects the vegetable material in the soil, and the plants feeding on it are able to get as much profit from it in one year as from the unlimed land in two. Lime indeed adds nothing or but little to the richness of land but makes the natural richness more available. In other words it is an excellent aid in land already rich, but the poorest thing possible for light land, if by light land is understood poor land.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

**Salting Hay.**

We are glad to know that salting hay as it is hauled into the barn is losing advocates. It may possibly prevent the barn from burning when the hay is too green and improperly cured, but it undoubtedly damages the hay. It is true that cattle will eat it and rather prefer it to unsalted hay, but it is unwholesome and injurious. Lime is better, if it is deemed necessary to use either; but it is better not to use either, but to cut the grass at the proper time, and that time is when the timothy or clover or meadow grass begins to show the blossom, and then to cure it without the salting or liming. Better to run the risk of a wetting than to house hay only half dried.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

**To Preserve Eggs.**

It is said that eggs may be preserved by using the patent stoppered glass jar, with vulcanized india rubber joints to make it perfectly tight, like the jars for preserving fruits. As soon as the eggs are collected, put the jar in hot water, and when thoroughly warm so as to rarefy the air, put the eggs in the jar, the pointed end upwards, and pack them with paper or something to prevent them from breaking, then close the jar before taking it out of the water. If the work is skillfully done and the jar is tight the eggs will keep for many months and be as fit for the breakfast table as the day they were laid.

**White Sauce.**

Put three quarters of a pint of cream into a sauce pan with the rind of a lemon, half a teaspoonful of whole white pepper, and a sprig of lemon thyme, and let these infuse for half an hour, when simmer gently for a few minutes till there is a flavor of lemon. Strain, and add a thickening of three ounces of butter and one desert spoonful of flour; stir this well, and put in the juice of a lemon at the moment of serving. Mix with a teacupful of white stock, and add a little salt. This sauce should boil after the cream and stock are mixed together. Milk may be used instead of cream.

WHAT kills men is discouragement. It is sitting down under trouble that destroys men; it is standing up and mocking trouble that enables them to go through it without harm.

## AGRICULTURAL.

**Timber at the Centennial.**

One of the most striking features of the Centennial Exposition is the exhibition of woods. If there is one thing more than another on which the various countries pride themselves it is their timber products. Japan has its slabs and blocks and botanical specimens to correspond; and the Brazilian exhibit is especially rich. The Argentine Republic glories in its palm wood and cactus wood, and Russia, Norway and Sweden have their little blocks cut into the shape of books, with the bark for the backs, and the botanical name neatly printed in leather, just as if they were books, and giving the chance to arrange them in cases just as books. The United States government in its especial building has made more of American woods than of almost any other article, it being perhaps the most complete assortment of American woods ever gathered together. Then there are the various States of the Union in their several special departments. Every one has a complete exhibit of its woods, and some of them have little ones. There is no doubt that every country and every State feels intensely proud of its woody products, and they have good reason to be, for what would civilization be without wood.

But the stragest commentary on all this exhibit suggests itself to the mind when the question is asked, what are all these bodies doing to favor forest production? The answer is, comparatively nothing! Now and then the cry comes that we must preserve our forests, but nothing practical is done, nothing intelligent is proposed.

We suppose the answer to all this is that the men we send to make laws for us know nothing of any of these subjects, and that we should remedy this by sending others there. But it is manifest that if we waite for an improvement in this respect the whole forest products of the United States will be swept away, and we shall still be where we are. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand voters know nothing about the bearing of the timber question on Mational prosperity, and the Representative must necessarily be the one who will please the great mass of his constituents. Now all this has its advantages. No true American would want to see it different. We accept the disadvantages as the price of the great advantages, and it is just here in regard to such questions as this of timber culture that the disadvantages come in.

For our part we know of nothing better calculated to awaken our interest in timber culture than this very Centennial exhibit, and the display made evidently with so much pride by the people of all lands. It seems a good time to awaken attention to the timber planting subject; for it is timber planting and not timber preservation that is the pressing need of the hour. The great forests we have are mostly so far away from the great centres of population, or the highways that lead to them, that they are not worth the land they grow on, and the pioneer agriculturists is bound to cut down and destroy them. Indeed, it is far more profitable to the country that they should do this To preserve these forests until civilization shall be within profitable distance of them is out of the question, for trees already between one and two hundred years old are now at their best, and will soon go down hill. We want new forests planted to come in when the old ones die out. How best to encourage individual planters to do this is the problem. At any rate it is no use to make these Centennial exhibits unless some way is found to keep up the supply.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

**Maxims for Farmers.**

It is worth while for all farmers, everywhere, to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farms.

That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors.

That more stock perish from famine than founder.

That a horse that lays his ears back and looks lightning when any one approaches him is vicious. Don't buy him.

That scrimping the feed of fattening hogs is a waste of grain.

That over feed fowls won't lay eggs.

That educating children properly is money lent out at one hundred per cent.

That one evening spent at home in study is more profitable than ten lounging around country taverns.

That cows should always be milked regularly and clean.

That it is the duty of every man to take a good, reliable, entertaining paper, and pay for it promptly, of course.

**Healthy Fowls.**

A correspondent of an exchange says:

Healthy fowls will lay healthy eggs, which will hatch healthy chickens, and if they have good care will never be sick. I feed my old fowls all the corn they will eat, and give them all the water they will drink. They have a good walk and I am satisfied with the return of the eggs They have laid all winter, some of my hens are eight and ten years old, and are good layers still. When chickens are hatched I place the hen and chickens in a box three or four feet square; I give no food the first day; the second day I feed hard boiled eggs, chopped fine, and bread wet with water, squeezed dry with the hand. I had good success last summer with ground wheat, wet with milk or water, mixed hard. I keep the hen and chickens in a box for a few days, then turn them out to run where they please—in wet grass or dry—in search of insects; keeping their water dishes well filled in a shady place. My fowls are hardy.

**Practical Suggestions.**

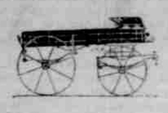
An exchange, remarking on the chafing of the breasts of horses, says: The common practice of using pads of sheepskin under the collar is objectionable, especially in warm weather, because it accumulates heat and makes the breast tender. A better way is to take a piece of thick and smoothe leater, cut it out just the size of a collar, or a little wider, and let it lie flat on the neck and shoulders of the horse. This will lie still and smoothe on the horse's neck while the collar itself moves about and so will prevent chafing. In addition to this, let the breasts of working horses be washed off every night with clean water.

Powdered white hellebore is, we have frequently stated, a complete and thorough exterminator of the currant worm; it may be dusted over the leaves when the dew is on, or may be stirred in water and applied with a syringe.


*New Advertisements.* *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.
Mar. 3

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

This farm is situated in Ligonier Tp. Westmoreland Co. two miles west of Ligonier Bor. on the Greensburg and Sleystown 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. mar8

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 so 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.

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, 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, Meat Slicers, 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 19.

GREAT WESTERN HOTEL,
DILLENGER & CO., PROPR'S,
Nos. 1311, 1313 AND 1315 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The subscribers inform their friends and the public that they have enlarged, modeled, 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, 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 stock we get the fabrics.

Terms, $15 to insure a mare with foal.

ALSO,

The Hambletonian Stallion
ALHAMBRA

Service reduced to $10 to insure mare with foal—$5 to insure a mare for this season only. Now is your time to improve your stock. Mares from a distance cared for at lowest rates of cost. Best of care taken but not accountable for accidents.

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Embracing 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

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

At the arrival of the train 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 Palace Cars on night trains, Parlor Cars on day trains.

For Janesville 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.