RURAL TOPICS.

Written for the HERALD by a farmer, gardener and fruit-grower of great experience.

GROWING CARROTS.

Of all the root crops carrots are the most nutritious and best for cows and horses. They give a rich and fine color to the cream that nothing else fed to cows ever equalled; and in the winter a peck or half bushel, fed to cows daily is as good as, or better than an ordinary feed of meal; and when we consider that from 500 to 1,000 bushels can be grown from an acre, it needs no lengthy argument to show that they are profitable. "But," says farmer A, "I've tried growing them, and it cost me more to weed them, than they were worth." "Yes, I know how you managed. You did not prepare your land for them, by heavy manuring the previous year, and growing a crop of potatoes on it, and thoroughly destroying the weeds, and allowing none to go to seed. If you had done this, and had on manure enough for two crops, your potatoes would have paid all or more than the expenses, and then the land would have been in good condition for the carrots, as it would not have required any manure that season, and you would not have found it troublesome and expensive to keep the weeds down. I have frequently mixed the seed with sand and kept it moist a week, setting the pan in the sun by day, and in the house near the kitchen fire by night, applying a little tepid water from time to time, and as soon as the least sign of sprouting appeared, I had the land made ready, then I dried the seed in the sun by spreading it on large trays, then sowed it by hand; and in three days it was above the ground and the carrots grew rapidly ahead of the few weeds that appeared, and the crop was kept free of weeds with very little labor. Carrots require a deep, mellow soil, and should be sown in drills about 15 inches apart for hand hoeing and 30 inches to be cultivated with a horse. Sow at the time of planting corn, or a few days earlier.

MANGOLDS, OR BEETS.

Mangolds (sugar beets) are quite as profitable to grow as carrots. They require the same rich, mellow soil free from an excess of weeds, to be sown in drills 18 inches apart for hand hoeing, and 30 inches for the horse cultivator. Sow the seed with a seed sower, to drop about two inches apart. The variety that is the most profitable to grow is the yellow globe. Sow from early in May to June 1st. An acre often produces 1,000 bushels, to feed raw to cows and other cattle, and cooked with meal to swine. The weeding is not troublesome, if you take them in hand before they get ahead of the beets; but never use fresh stable manure, full of the seeds of weeds and grass, on land sown the same season to root crops, but enrich it the year previous.

The Scientific Farmer says: "No better index of what a plant requires to be furnished it to feed upon can be found than a chemical analysis of the plant itself." It then gives the amount of nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid removed annually by certain crops on Massachusetts farms, as follows:

	Average yield, lbs.	Nitrogen.	Potash.	Phosphoric Acid
Indian corn,	1,929	55.31	41.57	30.02
Wheat,	1,092	20.99	17.15	14.18
Potatoes,	7,000	24.19	45.50	13.00
Rye,	1,008	21.38	23.31	12.68
Hay,	1,929	25.15	32.83	7.87

—Gossman.

Thirty years ago, Prof. Liebig, of Germany, promulgated this theory, as a discovery that would revolutionize farming in Europe and in the United States. All a farmer had to do, in order to grow a good crop of anything, was first to look at the printed tables, and see what the ash of plants—the straw or stocks when burned, contain by analysis, and then to apply those constitutents in the form of commercial fertilizers. But the system was not considered complete, till every farmer should employ an agricultural chemist to analyze his soil, to ascertain what elements of fertility were lacking in them. This theory is now being revived, but there is nothing reliable in it—at least, nothing that produces the same results in various places in the same season. For instance, Mr. A. desires a fertilizer for Indian corn, having no stable manure to spare.

He buys potash, nitrogen, and phosphoric acid, as supplied in prepared commercial fertilizers, and his crop is good; but his neighbor uses the same fertilizer on the same kind of soil, but gets a very poor crop, while another farmer gets a better crop of corn than either of them, by the use of a light coat of stable dung, and applying a little plaster at the first hoeing. The uncertainty of results in applying special fertilizers to crops, in view of what their ash contains by analysis, lies in the fact, that no man can tell, even by the most careful analysis, what inorganic constitutents of a soil are lacking, with any reliable degree of certainty. Well, what are farmers to do who have not a supply of stable manure? If you can purchase fertilizers that are truly rich in potash, nitrogen, and phosphoric acid, it will be safe to make a moderate investment in them, as a trial of what they will produce, always bearing in mind that potash is the most reliable of all special fertilizers. In dry seasons these fertilizers do but little good.

NAMES OF COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS, &c.

The most valuable commercial fertilizers are:

Bone superphosphate, ammoniated, sells at about $40 per ton.

Peruvian guano sells at about $60 per ton.

Sulphate of potash sells at about $4 per 100 pounds.

Nitrate of potash sells at about $9.50 per 100 pounds.

Muriate of potash sells at about $3 per 100 pounds.

Sulphate of ammonia sells at about $4.50 per 100 pounds.

There are grades of these fertilizers that sell somewhat cheaper than the above rate. All the plants require are ammonia, potash and phosphoric acid; and these are abundantly contained in first class grades of the above fertilizers. To show that the theory of special fertilizers being necessary for each crop grown is not reliable, I call the attention of the readers to the fact that a number of dealers in fertilizers have preparations that they claim are equally good for *all crops*. No matter what crop you desire to grow, the one compound sold by each of these dealers "is just the thing you need," while writers who deal more in theories than in facts, tell you that your fertilizers for, each crop must be mixed according to special formula, as a physician gives different medicines for different diseases. Then farmers are subject to being cheated in the article they bargain for as the most of the commercial fertilizers are adulterated. You buy a barrel of—and you find it contains a dark, rich looking substance, with a pungent smell, nine-tenths of its contents being dried swamp muck, or some other dark colored soil! Is it and wonder that tillers of the soil curse "book farmers" and venders of commercial fertilizers? The remedy is to keep more live stock, and obtain all the stable dung that is needed; or, at least, to be able to get along without buying commercial fertilizers if possible.

"FARMING DOESN'TPAY."

I can tell you why it doesn't pay with you; and if you'll not be offended I'll give you the reason why old Skinflint is foreclosing the mortgage on your farm. You do not manage right. You hire two men when you and another good hand ought to do all the work on your place, except in the haying season. Then you have too many errands to the village to be profitable. The other day I left you in Brown's tavern talking politics; and as I passed your farm I saw your men in the field lying under a shade tree, when they jumped up and one enquired if I had seen "the boss." I replied "yes," and that I left him in Brown's tavern. "Well" said one of them, we'll lie down again, as he won't be home till night, if you left him at Brown's." So you see how important it is that you should be at home with your men. They see how things are going, and take no interest in your success as a farmer. Indeed, there is not one hired man in ten who will do as much work alone, or with other hands, as he will when his employer is working with him. But you not only leave your men to waste their time, but you also mismanage in almost anything. Last week you threw a ton or two of hay out of your barn, which had been so damaged by leaks in the roof that it was worthless. A few shingles put on last summer would have saved you this loss. You remember, too, how your corn crop was almost destroyed last August by neighbor Smith's cattle. His half of the fence was in perfect order, and he notified you, he says, several times to repair your part of it; and you did not do it till ten acres of corn were badly damaged. And so your entire business is mismanaged. You are always behind time in putting in your crops; half of your farm implements are out of repair; your swine are of the land-shark breed that never fatten; your horses are so poorly fed that they can not do the work on the farm; your cows are of the most unprofitable kind; and even your poultry is so poor a breed, that they run you in debt for feed over the value of the very few eggs they lay, and so you see why you can't pay the interest on the mortgage that old Skinflint holds on your farm.

GRAPES.

I have often transplanted grape vines as late as the first of June, after the leaves are as large as a dollar, and they did well. The leaves will and drop off, but new ones wilt grow speedily; and in the fall the vines are just as good if set earlier; but the proper time to set them is in May before the vines have leaved out. Never buy old vines, thinking to obtain a crop of fruit a year or two earlier than from those two and three years old, the limit in age that vines should be re-set. Cuttings set to produce young vines should be shaded a little with hay or grass till they take root, which is not till late in June. When the thermometer is in the nineties in the shade, the heat of the sun will often kill the buds of cuttings that have not taken root As the canes to the old vines grow, so as to be in danger of being broken off by the high winds, they should be tied to the trellis; and a watch kept on them till July, tying the new canes as needed. Most vines overbear, and if the smallest clusters be cut out, so as to leave about two-thirds of the fruit that set, the remainder will be better in quality, and equal to the whole quantity, if none had been cut out.

HOME-MADE PHOSPHATE.

The following home-made phosphate is said to be as good as that usually sold by dealers in commercial fertilizers, and it costs only about $18 a ton.

600 lbs. bonedust,	50 lbs muriate soda,
200 " oil vitriol,	300 " gypsum,
150 " sulphate soda,	7 bu dry earth or sand.
10 " nitrate soda,	

Mode of Preparation—Put half the bone in a box at a time: then half the sulphate soda; then half the nitrate soda; then half the muriate of soda or salt; then dampen with water and mix through, after which pour on half the oil vitriol; as soon as it begins to smoke, let two hands stir as fast as they can until it stops smoking; then take half the amount of earth and mix; at last put in half the plaster and mix thoroughly. The phosphate has been used on wheat principally, but on potatoes with very good results, say a half teacupful scattered on a foot square after a little dirt has been put on them.

RENOVATING PASTURE LANDS.

A writer in the Country Gentleman says: "I made an experiment with nitrate of soda and sulphate of lime on a couple of small pastures, using about 125 pounds per acre of the first, and 100 pounds of the second. I have repeated the operation with half the quantity this spring, and can now show a growth of blue grass on the one and timothy on the other, equal in depth of color to any wheat field I have seen, and in quantity of herbage, though not in height (of course) superior to all. The pastures last fall were fed down bare, but to-day they carry grass enough to shame the best blue grass fields in the blue grass region, and I have seen many thousand acres there during the present month. I feel that I can safely recommend the use of these fertilizers to dairymen whose pastures have become so impoverished that they must buy more land or sell off stock, and to those others who residing in thickly settled neighborhoods, and near large towns and cities, find the local acreage in pasture lands diminished." These fertilizers can be obtained of dealers in them in all cities. The expense per acre, as applied above, will be about $6. It is a good plan to experiment with various commercial fertilizers, as there is a rapidly growing interest in them; and although there is no guide that farmers can at present follow with a certainty of success in all cases, yet much practical knowledge of the effects of these fertilizers on every man's soil can be gained by making experiments with them in small quantities.

Said a negro schoolmaster, "Ef you want the centre of gravity, you just look out for the letter V, and then you'll have it sure."

Men grow mellow in their cups—women get tight in their corsets.

A BABY is a wee little thing, but a constable was once a baby.

The Sea Serpent of History Caught.

A most extraordinary event has occurred at Oban which I give in detail, having been an eye witness to the whole affair. I allude to the stranding and capture of the veritable sea serpent in front of the Caledonian hotel, George street, Oban. About four o'clock yesterday an animal or fish, evidently of gigantic size, was seen sporting in the bay near Heather Island. Its appearance evidently perplexed a large number of spectators assembled on the pier, and several telescopes were directed toward it. A careful look satisfied us that it was of the serpent species, it carrying its head full twenty feet above the water. A number of boats were soon launched and proceeded to the bay, the crews armed with such weapons as could be got handy. Under the directions of Malcolm Nicholson, our boatman, they headed the monster, and some of the boats were within thirty yards of it when it suddenly sprng half length out of water and made for the opening. A random fire from several volunteers with rifles seemed to have no effect upon it. Under Mr. Nicholson's orders the boats now ranged across the entrance of the bay, and by their screams and shouts turned the monster's course, and it headed directly for the breast wall of the Great Western hotel. One boat containing Mr. Campbell, the Fiscal, had a most narrow escape, the animal actually rubbing against it. Mr. Campbell and his brother jumped overboard, and were picked up unhurt by Mr. John D. Hardie, saddler, in his small yacht, the Flying Scud. The animal seemed thoroughly frightened, and as the boats closed in the volunteers were unable to fire, owing to the crowd assembled on the shore. At a little past six the monster took the ground on the beach in front of the Caledonian hotel, in George street, and his proportions are now fully visible. In his frantic exertions, with his tail sweeping the beach, no one dared approach. The stones were flying in all directions; one seriously injured a man called Barney Berrow, and another breaking the window of the Commercial bank. A party of volunteers under Lieutenant Menzie now assembled and fired volley after volley into the neck, according to the directions of Dr. Campbell, who did not wish, for scientific reasons, that the configuration of the head should be damaged. As there was a bright moon, this continued till nearly ten o'clock, when Mr. Stevens, of the Commercial bank, waded in and fixed a strong rope to the animal's head, and by the exertions of some seventy folk it was securely dragged above high water mark. Its exact appearance as it lies on the beach is as follows: The extreme length is 101 feet, and the thickest part is about 25 feet from the head, which is 11 feet in circumference. At this part is fixed a pair of fins, which are 4 feet long by nearly 7 feet across the sides. Further back is a large dorsal fin, extending for at least 12 or 13 feet, and 5 feet high in front, tapering to 1 foot. The tail is more of a flattened termination to the body than anything else. The eyes are very small in proportion and elongated, and gills of the length of 2½ feet behind. There are no external ears, and as Dr. Campbell did not wish the animal handled till he communicated with some eminent scientific gentlemen we could not ascertain if there were teeth or not. Great excitement is created, and country people are flocking in to view it. This morning Mr. Duncan Clerk, writer, took possession of the monster, in the rights of Mr. M'Fee, of Appin, and Mr. James Nicol, writer, in the name of the crown.—*Glasgow News.*

A Mysterious Shower of Scales.

On Friday night of last week, it will be remembered, we experienced a tremendous rain-fall. It measured nearly one inch and a-half of solid water, of about three hundred tons in weight to every square acre of ground. With this immense body of water which came from the clouds, all inside of twelve hours, there also fell over a large cotton-field, near Bledsoe's landing, in Commerce bend, about fifty miles below this city, in Arkansas, a wonderful shower of shark's scales. The field, which contains an area of five or six hundred acres, and perhaps more, was thickly strewn with the scales. This strange appearance attracted the attention of the field laborers early next morning, and many were collected as curiosities. One of the thick, hard scales, in the form of a rectangular parallelogram, about three-fourths of an inch long and a half an inch wide, is now on exhibition at this office. Several persons who collected specimens of the shiny scales contemplate converting them into breastpins or small buttons. How these odd substances were carried aloft among the clouds, or what fanciful breezes caused them to be scattered among the Bledsoe Landing cotton fields, is one of those things that no person can find out just now.

Extensive Iron Works Destroyed.

READING, PA., May 24.—The Scott works, a large iron established in this city, owned and operated by Seyfert, McManus & Co., was totally destroyed by fire this evening, with the exception of the foundry, a portion of which was also damaged. A large number of men are thrown out of employment, the works having been engaged at present upon several large contracts. The fire originated in the pattern house and spread with great rapidity, a heavy northwest wind scattering the sparks for some distance. The loss cannot be definitely ascertained, but is variously estimated at from $125,000 to 225,000. There is an insurance in a number of companies represented by a Philadelphia agency. Subsequently to the fire a riot ensued at the Scott House, opposite the Scott works, between a number of roughs and several of the newly employed engineers of the Reading Railroad boarding at the hotel. Pistols were fired, and one man was slightly wounded.

Crooked Whiskey.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 23—Deputy Collectors, Deputy Marshals and Storekeepers, numbering, in all, fifteen persons, have made a raid of ten days' continuance through Wilkes county, returning on Tuesday. The squad left about the 8th of this month. They captured 1,000 gallons of unstamped whiskey, destroyed sixty stills which were running when found, and arrested nine men charged with illicit distilling. The most inaccessible places were searched, and on almost every branch one still, and often two and three, were found. There were no United States troops with the party.

As you cannot avoid your own company make it as good as possible.

NED'S JOKE.

[Prize Story, written for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, by Mrs. M. C. Graham, now of Los Angelos, Cal., late of Bloomington, Ills.]

Ned Peck ran through the alley around Mr. Crane's woodshed to the back gate, and gave a long, low whistle, with a little twist at the end—"a whistle with a curly tail," Lute called it.

Mrs. Crane had company to tea, and Sandy slipped two doughnuts into his pocket, stepped on his mother's foot to draw her attention, and nodded backward towards the door. Sandy never liked to ask to be excused, "it kicked up such a row," he informed Ned, as they sat on the fence while he finished his supper.

Evidently Ned had something to tell which grew funnier every moment, for he gave vent to a series of snorts and finally jumped from the fence and stood on his head in the snow.

"Come, Ned, tell a fellow what's up," said Sandy munching a doughnut.

"Heels," answered Ned in a smothered voice, occasioned by a good deal of red woolen comforter in his mouth; "don't you see 'em?"

Sandy scraped the snow from the fence and commenced shaping it vigorously. His companion fell over on his back, gave two or three well aimed kicks at nothing and brought up at last on the horse-block, with a bright red spot on either cheek and a patch of snow on top of his cap.

"Sandy, you know what a brick my ma is?"

Sandy nodded and went on hardening his snowball.

"But this last beats all. We're to have a dinner party Christmas, the bushel of us—five Pecks make a bushel, you know—and everybody's to invite somebody and nobody's to know anything about it except father—he's to be a Board of some kind."

"Returning Board," suggested Sandy with a political air.

Ned threw up his cap, caught it on one foot as it came down, and yelled, "Hurrah for Senator Crane!"

Sandy pulled off his mittens and commenced warming his snow ball with an injured look while his companion went on:

"Father's to have all the names Christmas eve, and nobody's to know until the folks begin to come, and—I say, Sandy——" Ned lowered his voice and spoke confidentially, who do you suppose I'm going to invite?"

"Me!" replied Sandy, with enthusiasm.

Ned went off into another series of explosions, ending with a double somersault which left him panting in the snow.

Sandy's patience gave away entirely, and the snow ball went whizzing through the frosty air straight into Deacon Croft's garret window with a crash.

"See here, Ned, quit acting like a jumping-jack, and tell a fellow what you mean. I see old Croft poking round the garret with a candle; let's go up stairs, and then you've got to settle down and talk straight."

There was a confused sound of boots and laughter on the back stairs, and the two boys locked themselves in Sandy's room, where Ned settled down and went into details.

"You see, Sandy, I can't very well ask you, because it is to be a sort of charity concern, and Fan will be sure to air some of her Ragged School chaps, and we'd laugh. So I'm going to invite about the slimmest looking customer in town, and I want you to help me write him a note. Can you guess?"

Sandy scratched his head and then shook it despairingly.

"I thought, may be, it was Bill Ratchford or Sam Claycomb, but they're both fat. No; I give it up."

Ned put his mouth close to his companion's ear and tried to whisper, but it came out with a little snort: "Old Gadgrind!"

There was an unusual clatter of heels, furniture and fists, interspersed with half strangled yells from the back chamber, and Mrs. Crane opened the hall door and said, "Sandy!"

Ned stuffed the end of a pillow into his mouth, and his companion lay on the bed and writhed until the hall door closed again and Mrs. Crane returned to her guests.

When Ned Peck emerged from Sandy's room that night he bore the following note, copied by himself, with his pen held very tight and his tongue very close to the paper, and addressed in an imposing school-boy hand to "Rev. Mr Gadgrind;"

"Edward Peck presents his compliments to the Rev. Mr. Gadgrind, and desires the pleasure of his company to dinner on Christmas.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient Servant,
EDWARD PECK.

P. S.—Please don't tell anybody. E. P."

The Rev. Mr. Gadgrind bowed solemnly to his landlady as she laid the note on his study table and withdrew, a trifle flurried, for she said, "I reckon it is some joke. Ned Peck was laughin' like to bust when I opened the door, and that Sandy Crane was streakin' round the corner." But the reverend gentleman did not share her anxiety, and the note lay on his desk unopened until he had finished his weekly discourse on the "Methods of Sanctification," and read a chapter in Biblical Genealogies. Then his eye fell upon Ned's rather exaggerated flourishes, and he read the invitation.

Just what the stately minister thought, I am not able to say, but that night the postman brought Ned a letter, which read as follows:

"Master Edward Peck. My dear young friend—Providence permitting, I shall be gratified to partake with you of the many bounties which a gracious Providence has bestowed upon us.

Yours truly,
THEO. GADGRIND."

December 23, 18—.

Ned did not show the note to Sandy. He only stuffed it into his pocket and wondered "if the old cove would be mad, anyhow."

There was a business-like look of secrecy on the faces of the Peck children, the morning before Christmas, as Fanny sat by the window, working busily at some pansy mats for the Christmas tree at uncle Oliver's and Lute wound zephyr for her and talked without stopping to take breath, except when she clapped her hand over her mouth suddenly and said, "Oh I 'most forgot."

Kemp played with his black terrier, Wiggle, and sighed now and then as if oppressed by multiplied cares, and Mrs. Peck hurried in and out of the cheerful sitting-room where they were all assembled—all but Sugarplum. He had a little red shawl pinned over his head and went out into the backyard, where John Hetts was sawing wood, to look at the snow. The snow was evidently very glad to see Sugarplum, for it glistened and winked and blinked at him and made him knit his little brows and wrinkle his funny little nose, as he stood with two fudgy hands crossed behind him watching the saw dust pile itself in a tiny heap under John's saw.

When the first stick fell John looked up and said, "Hi! my little man."

Sugarplum came straight down to business.

"John, has oo dot say ma?"

John blew his nose twice, and then wiped his eyes with an old handkerchief procured from his hat.

"No, Deacon, she's dead."

Sugarplum made a little cave in the snow with one copper toe, and said, gravely, "Where'll oo eat Christmas, John?"

"I don't know, Deacon."

The red bandana came out again, and John sat down on a stick of wood and winked hard. The snow dazzled his eyes, he told Bridget, who came out for an armful of wood just then.

"Will oo eat Christmas wif me, John?"

A pair of strong, round, soapsuds arms caught Sugarplum up and hugged him tight.

"Bliss the darlint," said Miss Mulcahey; "it's mesilf as heard the mistress tellin' 'em they might all invite somebody to dinner ivery blissed angel of 'em. Sure ye's must make yersilf decent and come, John, and it's we three as'll be kapin' it sacret; the purty lamb, to think o' him askin' you, John."

Miss Mulcahey sank down upon the woodshed steps and covered her face with her apron.

Sugarplum, being totally unprepared for this pathetic turn of events, trotted into the house, where Lute gave him three convulsive hugs and pronounced him "too sweet for any use."

There was a chronic tearfulness about Biddy during the preparations that followed, and repeated applications of her apron to her eyes whenever Sugarplum came in sight; but everything went briskly forward and savory smells ascended from the kitchen, where mysterious packages were constantly arriving, and Mrs. Peck and Biddy hurried to and fro, opening and shutting the oven door with a click, putting in and taking out the most wonderful cakes.

Everybody looked happy but Kemp, poor, poor Kemp, who told sister Fanny confidentially Christmas eve, that he had thought of moth everybody, an' he juth couldn't think o' nobody that didn't have nothin' to eat. And so it happened that Mr. Peck had only four names handed to him at bedtime, the last of which Sugarplum deposited, written on a soiled scrap of paper in a feminine hand with an Irish brogue, "Jon Bits."

Christmas morning dawned crisp and cold, and the excitement that reigned in Mrs. Peck's parlor was intense. Ned stationed himself at the front window, dressed in his best suit, and made faces at Sandy, whose red head appeared and disappeared in an adjoining alley.

In the dining-room Sugarplum walked slowly around the long table, with its snowy cover and marvelously frosted cakes, and noted the contents with dignified approbation.

Lute flitted out now and then to give him a spasmodic squeeze, and then rushed back to tell Ned that there was a brown paper parcel by every other plate but two; one of these had nothing and the other had a stained marble vase full of lillies—who did he suppose it was for.

Sister Fanny had taken the carriage just after breakfast, and only Kemp was missing—poor Kemp, who had eaten his breakfast tearfully and rushed out at the back gate, with his cap pulled over his eyes in a desperate way, without speaking to any one.

Lute was in the dining-room when Ned announced the first arrival by a prolonged whistle. The carriage drove up and Fanny got out first, and then Mr. Peck, and then somebody all bundled up, whom father took in his arms and carried up the broad steps so tenderly. Poor little Susie Lane! how the pale cheek flushed and the great blue eyes grew misty as they laid her so gently upon the sofa, while good Mrs. Peck took off a little faded hood and smoothed the soft brown hair with her motherly hands.

Ned's collar was too tight, or something, for he grew red in the face and choked a little every time he looked at her lying so white and still amid the cushions, while Lute knelt beside the sofa patting the thin little hand and calling her "just too awful sweet," until Biddy opened the parlor door and called for "Miss Lucy," with a funny twinkle in her eye.

There were two or three little shrieks of admiration and the sound of enthusiastic kissing in the hall, and Lute bursted into the room again with flushed cheeks and said, "Just come and look at her, mamma—isn't she too perfectly splendid—she is dreadful poor, and all that, and her grandma's sick in the wretchedest place—and I'm going to send her the biggest lot of things—and she had to wear her grandmother's shawl because her dress is torn, and her grandmother's bonnet too—and she is the liveliest thing I ever saw."

Mrs. Peck followed Lute into the hall and returned with the drollest little morsel of a girl, wearing the queerest old fashioned black bonnet set very far back on her curly head, and wrapped in a faded shawl whose fringed point trailed behind her.

Sister Fanny took the tiny stranger under her friendly wing at once and removed the elaborate headdress with the most reassuring smile, while Lute looked on in undisguised admiration, every few moments making a dash toward the newcomer and taking the odd little face between her hands while she proclaimed her "too awfully, dreadfully cute for anything."

There was a sound of pattering feet in the back hall, accompanied by a heavy tread: while a babyish voice said, "Tum along, John, dinner's most yeddy," and Sugarplum rattled the back parlor door peremptorily.

Sure enough, there was John, with a face scarcely less radiant than his scarlet neck-cloth, carrying his ragged cap with the old bandana in one hand, when Sugarplum's chubby fist grasped the other. Mr. Peck found them a quiet corner, where John sat and cracked the knuckles of his big red hands bashfully, and rearranged his neck cloth whenever any one spoke to him.

A slight scuffle in the front hall drew the company's entire attention to Kemp, who burst into the room excitedly, dragging the most forlorn little bundle of rags, surmounted by a frightened dirty face with a pair of sunken, hungry looking eyes.

"Here he ith, ma. I thaw him lookin' into the bakerth window, and he thed he wath hungry, the I fethed him along!" and Kemp sat down puffing and blowing like a broker who has just made a down town car.

Mr. Peck patted the little uncombed head and then disappeared very suddenly, while Mrs. Peck led the late arrival up stairs and brought him back presently clad in a cast-off suit of Kemp's own—a little short in the legs and sleeves, it is true, but ample in width before and behind. There was a certain damp odor of bathing soap about the newcomer and his very moist hair was brushed up straight and fierce, but his fright had evidently given place to delighted amazement.

It was growing late, and Ned's guest had not yet appeared. Mrs. Peck was in the dining room, giving the finishing touches to the table, and Ned followed her.

"I say, ma, they're a slim looking set ain't they? But my old fellow beats 'em all for slim—boards, you know; reckon he never had a square meal in his life. Hooray! there he comes! Tommy, make room for your aunty."

Ned re-entered the parlor just in time to see the Rev. Gadgrind ushered in; while Biddy retired behind the door to chuckle over "the impidence o' the young monkey to think o' invitin' the praste!"

There he stood straight and still and dignified, in the centre of the floor, and Ned began to feel very hot and uncomfortable. But sister Fanny held out her hand so cordially and said with such a pleasant smile, "We have invited in some little strangers to dine, Mr. Gadgrind, and Ned thought you would enjoy it," that Ned mentally pronounced Fan, "a brick" and resolved to make her "a boss" croquet ground next summer. It was a strange new world to the stately minister, that little circle with its wonderful contrast of pinched and rosy faces—the generous hearth, the Christmas cheer, the warm-hearted kindness of every one; for even Ned had hidden his embarrassment by winding up Lute's walking doll for the amusement of the party.—And I think there was a mist behind the gold-rimmed glasses; a mist which did not disappear when Mr. Peck returned, and Biddy's announcement of dinner was followed by Sugarplum taking the minister's finger in his soft, moist little hand and say, "Tum on, Mr. Daddined."

It would take a readier pen than mine to tell everything which happened at that wonderful dinner party. How Sugarplum said "Amen" with a sigh of relief before Mr. Gadgrind had finished the grace. How John ate with his knife and dropped his fork by turns till Biddy told him, in a whisper audible to no one else but Ned, to "ate wid his fork and dhrop his knife awhile." How Kemp's guest choked twice on cranberry sauce, until his companion advised him to "juth go thlow till dethert." How Lute's little stranger insisted upon piling everything beside her plate, "To take to grandma," till good Mrs. Peck assured her that grandma should not be forgotten. How Susie Lane, who sat beside the minister, raised her shining eyes and said softly: "It is just like heaven, isn't it, sir?" The mist behind the gold-rimmed glasses grew thicker, till something very much like a tear fell over the minister's cheek.

And then when dinner was really over and the brown paper parcels were opened, what a merry, merry time they all had; How red John's face grew over his six handkerchiefs and new buckskin gloves. How Susie Lane fairly cried from excess of joy when she saw her three story books bound in red, blue and green. How Kemp's friend pulled his shining fur cap down tight over his bristling locks, and could not be induced to take it off during the remainder of his stay—not even when Kemp told him there was a silver quarter and a pop-gun in the crown. How Lute's companion kissed her new scarlet hood and hugged her rubber doll by turns, and how everybody laughed and chatted and looked happy, while Biddy stood in the hall and wiped her eyes with her apron and declared it "the portiest sight intirely!"

It was the minister who carried Susie Lane down the broad stone steps that evening and laid her in the carriage by Fanny's side so tenderly, while Ned followed with a basket of dainties for the hard-working mother at home; and Lute stood in the door watching a scarlet hood and trailing shawl disappear in the twilight.

When the Rev. Mr. Gadgrind went to his study that night he laid away his sermon on the "Methods o Sanctification" very carefully and commenced another; and his text was "The greatest of these is Charity."

"After all," said Ned to Sandy Crane as they sat on the back fence that night, "it seemed to do the minister about as much good as any of 'em. I meant it for a joke, Sandy, but somehow it turned out bully."

Lynch Law in Kentucky.

CAIRO, Ill., May 22.—On Sunday night last a party of disguised men went to the jail at Blandville Ky., and with drawn pistols demanded and received the keys. They entered the jail and seized a negro, named Levi Pile, who attempted to assault and murder Mrs. Pile, the wife of his employer, last week. They put a rope around his neck, tied him to a mule and dragged him away to the woods. Nothing further is known, except that his dead body was found hanging to a tree with several bullet holes in it, and the clothing burned off.

Burned to Death.

WHEELING, W. VA., May 24.—A special to the *Register* from Nell's Siding (Quincy), the junction of the Bellair and St. Clairsville and Central Ohio roads, says that Thos. A. Nell, aged sixteen, was almost burned to death in the woods while hunting, by his clothes catching fire from the explosion of a powder flask he was carrying. He was some hours afterwards in the woods, the flesh hanging in shreds from his body, and was taken home, where he died some hours later in great agony.

Illicit Distilling.

ST. LOUIS, May 22.—John C. Simpson, of Oregon county, in this State, was convicted in the United States Court yesterday of illicit distilling, the jury finding him guilty in all five counts of the indictment. Sentence is deferred by the Court. Simpson is fifty years old, was County Judge for two years, and has been a Baptist minister for twenty years.

A Marquette county man sent a poem to one of his local papers, entitled "The Sheen of May," and the editor refused to publish it, on the ground that it was may-sheen poetry.

Editors would make good barbers, for they are accustomed to piling on soft soap; and so would bankers, for they are good on a shave.

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints

OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprise, 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. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

REMOVAL of Wholesale Jewelry House,

Our large and increasing business demands more room, and we will, after April 1, 1877, occupy 2d and 3d floors of **"McCallum Building" 77 Fifth Avenue** (nearly opposite our present location), and will offer to the trade one of the largest and best stock of goods in the United States, consisting of

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CLOCKS, BRONZES, Jewelry, Silver & Plated Ware, &c., &c.

Close Cash Buyers Invited. WHOLESALE EXCLUSIVELY.

C. B. BARRETT & CO., 77 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

New Firm.

SHOE STORE,

SOLOMON UHL,

Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by

H. C. Beerits,

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

Boots, Shoes and 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.

SOLOMON UHL.

WALL PAPER.

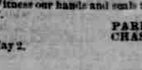
De Zouche & Co. show rooms as seen in the Centennial, show a collection of designs by Eastlake, Owen Jones, Morris, and Dr. Dresser. They claim better facility and taste; larger quantity and better quality. Their customers select from new goods from the best factories; goods that justly pretend to novelty and merit. De Zouche & Co. claim to take first rank in the art decorative, and guarantee all work by them. Their prices are modest. Special inducements to the trade.

De ZOUCHE & CO.

101 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURG.

Next to P. O. March 14.

JOHN H. MORRISON.



UNDERTAKER.

A full line of city made coffins always on hand. Funerals attended to without regard to distance. A first class hearse kept. Terms moderate.

Address JOHN H. MORRISON,
April 4. Bakersville, Pa.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

William J. Rhoads, having made a voluntary assignment of all his real and personal estate to me in trust for benefit of creditors, all persons indebted to the said William J. Rhoads, will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them to me at the office of Colborn & Colborn, in Somerset, on the 26th day of May, 1877.

GEO. SPANGLER,
March 28. Assignee.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF SOMERSET BOROUGH,

For the year ending March 31, 1877.

GEO. W. KIMMEL, TRESURER.

Amt. recd. from G. W. Benford, col.	$185 55	
" H. Kregar, "	206 45	
" Borough scales....	165 71	
" J. J. Hoffman, judgt.....	326 40	
" Burgess, fines, etc.	132 00	
" Jas. Shaffer.....	57 82	
Amt. on hand at last settlement....	18 11	
		$1,692 74
CR.		
To amt. paid out on warrants of current year.....	$1,347 40	
To amt. paid out on outstanding warrants of last year.....	286 22	
Balance.....	59 82	
		$1,692 74
CR.		
Amt. due from G. W. Benford, col.	$ 105 10	
" H. Kregar, ...	61 80	
Balance.....	59 82—224 72	
Amt. of outstanding warrants yet unpaid.....	$ 179 45	
Bal. available for the work of the new year.....	45 27—224 72	

OTHER ASSETS OF THE BOROUGH ARE AS FOLLOWS.

Note of A. C. Benford.....	$44 50
" A. J. Hompt.....	8 13
Judgt. against Geo. Neville.....	40 65
" " H. L. Baer, garnishee P. & C.....	258 95—352 23

We the undersigned auditors of Somerset Borough, do certify that we have audited and examined the vouchers and accounts of