THE OLD TRAMP.

BY DELL.

Good morain' "boys," and how is "old?" I'm a dusty looking tramp.
You see, last night my "little bed" was just a trifle damp.
I missed the train—that's funny, too—and then I walked the rail;
I found my bed, as I always do, when inclination fail.

Last night I dreamt a dream, and I wish I'd never woke—
"Yes, "boys," I dreamt I lived again before I took this yoke;
I saw the forms of other days—they've climbed the golden hill;
I mingled with a homely throng—I wish it were so still.

'Twas a banquet spread in that old home, and all were gathered there
To crowd the festal board,—parental blessings share;—
You see I lived my life again, O happy days so bright,
As I slept on my dew-damp bed in the shadows of lamplight.

A poor tramp printer has a heart beneath his ragged garb,
"Hard Times" is roaming through the land and we have felt his barb;
And, strangers, when I woke this morn, with cramps and mental pain,
May God forgive my wicked wish—to never wake again.

I've made some "justification" in this ancient, battered "form,"
And my "better" wash I've thrown aside, it's brought to me much harm;
My "proof" has been "corrected," a "revise" will needed be,
For He that searcheth hearts will many errors see.

My tramp is almost ended now—old age will win the race,
You see my hands are "trembly" and I cannot "hold a case;"
But I've made an application at the "City built of gold"
And I long to hear the answer: "'Tis a case that you can hold."

RURAL TOPICS.

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

SCIENCE APPLIED TO FARMING.

Science, as that term is generally applied, has not effected for agriculture what farmers have been led to expect; and in stating wherein it has failed, I claim that I confer a greater benefit on agriculturists than I could by urging upon them the theories advanced by those who claim that the failure of farmers to grow large, profitable crops every season is owing to their neglect to follow the rules laid down by agricultural chemists. I claim that no man exists who can give a formula of commercial fertilizers for the different crops grown with certain and unchangable results in different localities—that the best formulas for fertilizers that can be given are liable to fail as profitable investments in perhaps half the cases where applied. Professor Atwater, in an article in the *Agriculturalist*, gives the result of the application "to one plot a complete fertilizer, to another the same with the omission of nitrogen, while from a third phosporic acid, and from a fourth potash was omitted, and so on, the last of the plots, seven in number, being left unmanured." That the reader may understand this case the more fully, I will add that the "complete fertilizer" was that known as Prof. Villers, which is extensively sold. It is said to be adapted to all crops, and is composed of the following:

	lbs.
Superphosphate	257
Sulphate of potash	178
Sulphate of ammonia	268
Sulphate of lime (plaster)	312

This composed the "complete fertilizer," as applied to plot No. 1.—Here are the general results with a crop of oats:

	lbs.
1—Complete fertilizer	1,656
2—Without nitrogen	1,408
3—Without prosphoric acid	1,835
4—Without potash	1,784
5—Without sulphate of lime	1,603
6—Sulphate of ammonia	1,587
7—No manure	1,570

In plot No. 2, "without nitrogen," means that the sulphate of ammonia was left out. In No. 3, "without phosphoric acid," means that the bone in the superphosphate was omitted. Now note the singular results. When some of these chemical fertilizers were omitted the crop was largely increased; and the plot that contained "no manure" was larger than on plot 2, with nitrogen only omitted. In regard to these results, Prof. Atwater says: "Soils vary in their need of plant-food, and if we are going to buy fertilizers to put on them, we should select the ones that furnish the needed materials rather than to pay our money for ingredients that are not needed. Phosphates and bone manures, which make up the larger part of the commercial manures in ordinary use, furnish varying, but generally small quantities of nitrogen, and little or no potash. Their most important ingredient is phosphoric acid; they all contain lime, of which in the superphosphates, a considerable part is in the form of sulphate.

In a vast number of cases these are just what is wanted. But in the one described, the phosphoric acid and sulphate of lime did very little good. It certainly would have been poor economy to buy phosphates and bone manures for the land and crops experimented on. Peruvian guano, which is rich in nitrogen, and furnishes a little potash, would have been better, but a large part of its value is in phosphoric acid, which was not wanted, at least not for present use. Of course, after long cropping, the conditions might be changed. But most of us cannot afford to store up large excess of costly material in our soils, to be drawn upon, perhaps, a decade or a generation hence, and perhaps, never. We want our investments to bring the best return in the quickest time, and we ought to try to apply such fertilizers as will do this, and at the same time bring the plant-food in the soil into equilibrium with the needs of our crops."

The Professor has a correct view of the case, as he admits that farmers must themselves ascertain by experiments what fertilizers their soils need—what I have often said in these "Topics." But then comes in the difficulty that every field, according to its cropping, is different in its requirements; one field may lack potash, another nitrogen, and a third phosphoric acid only; while a fourth may need them all.

COLORING BUTTER.

An experienced dairyman gives in the *Ohio Farmer* the following rules for coloring butter:

No. 1. Four ounces of lump annatto, one-half gallon of water; mix and stir one day or until dissolved.

No. 2. Four ounces of carbonate of potash, two ounces sal soda, three pints water; mix and stir one day or until dissolved.

Mix Nos. 1 and 2 together. If the cream is taken from deep cans, use two tablespoonsful to four gallons of cream. If the cream is taken from shallow pans, use one tablespoonful to four gallons of cream, in winter. In spring and fall use less. Cut the annatto in small pieces so it will dissolve easily.

Having tempered the cream and added the coloring matter, let the churn work only moderately fast. When the butter has formed in little pellets about the size of duck shot, draw off all the buttermilk. Do not be afraid of the butter coming out of the churn. Get a pail of clean water and bring it to the temperature of 50°. Take the dash out of the churn and pour this water from as high as you can hold it down on these pellets of butter. Stir the butter up thoroughly with a paddle. Draw of this water and pour another pailful on the butter. Stir it up and take the butter out and put it on the butter worker. An inclined table with a lever running across it is good enough. After this severe bath the butter will need but little working. Let all the working be done simply by pressure. Do not slide a paddle over the butter. Having got the buttermilk all out, press the butter into a thin sheet and sprinkle one-sixth of the salt on it. Repeat this until all the salt is worked in. Butter should never be salted stronger than one-half ounce to the pound.

POTATO BEETLES.

A Wisconsin farmer writes to the *Rural New Yorker* as follows:—"Having had some ten years' experience in fighting potato beetles, I will tell you how we do it. The first thing, after they make their appearance in the spring, which they do as soon as the potatoes are out of the ground, is to hand-pick the "seed-bugs," as we call them. This hand-picking is done very readily by the children when the potatoes are small, and very thoroughly, too, if they are paid for the work at a fixed price per hundred—a cent a hundred will do when the beetles are thick, counting each nest or cluster of eggs as one beetle. After they are picked they are scalded or burned. An old oyster or fruit can is used for holding them, the beetle hunters carrying the can in one hand and picking the pests with the other, just as you would pick berries, going over the field as often as there are any beetles to be picked. If this picking is thoroughly done, we do not begin to use Paris green until the potato tops are nearly grown, or until the young beetles begin to hatch." He applies the Paris green in water—a tablespoonful to a pail of water, and puts it on the vines with a brush, made by tying a handful of fine corn husks on the end of a stick three feet long. Then he takes the pail in one hand and the brush in the other, and gives each hill a thorough sprinkling, taking two rows at a time. The water must be stirred frequently, as the Paris green settles at the bottom.

MANURE FOR TURNIPS.

Of all commercial fertilizers superphosphate is the best for turnips. That which is dissolved in oil of vitrol (sulphuric acid) is best. Indeed, all superphosphate is thus dissolved, if not, it is merely phosphate of bone meal. The dissolved article acts upon vegetation immediately, while the crude bone meal will remain in the ground several years before its virtues are exhausted. Nitrogenous fertilizers, as guano, sulphate of ammonia, and nitrate of soda are not of much benefit to root crops.

MONEY IN SWEET CORN.

An Ohio farmer "grows over 500 acres of this crop annually. The drying house employs over 50 persons. The fresh ears are steamed five minutes to "set the milk," the grain is then cut of rapidly with cutters having concave faces; then spread on perforated zinc tables, and heat applied four or five hours from long furnaces, stirring constantly; then packed in barrels of three bushels each for shipment. Great care is required to have the corn just at the right age, and to have it dried just enough to keep well. Four bushels of corn on the cob make one bushel dried—the wholesale price of which is $20 to $22 per barrel. At 50 bushels of corn per acre 500 acres would yield 25,000 bushels, and give over 2,000 barrels of dried corn, which, at $20 per barrel, would be worth just $40,000.

The Uses of Insects.

We often talk of the plague of insects. They are often great plagues, but we must not forget that we owe insects a great debt of gratitude as well. Only a very small portion of the insect world are noxious, the others are engaged in good work for us; some engage in warring against the same insect foes that we war against, and the others in clearing away dead and injurious matters. On the last head an English scientific paper well says.

"Insects are useful in destroying dead vegetables substances, which are even more pernicious to man than animals in the same condition, and not only the soft and succulent portions, but even the solid wood is destroyed by them. In the immense forests of the tropics the ground would be covered, and shoots be choked up by the ruins of trees which had fallen by accident or age, and which it would require ages to disperse without the aid of insects. But no sooner is a tree fallen than a tribe of insects cut its bark to pieces, another bores holes in it in all directions, so that the moisture from rain or dew may stand, decompose and soften. Others come to eat off the parts that are softened, and so on until it is entirely broken up and scattered; and this is done with such expedition that they will in a few weeks destroy and carry away the trunks of large trees without leaving a particle behind, and in places where, two or three years before, there was a populous town, if the inhabitants, as is frequently the case, have chosen to abandon it, there will be a very thick wood, and not a vestige of past to be seen."

Cheap Girls.

A girl who makes herself too cheap is one to be avoided. No young man, not even the worst, except for a base purpose, wants anything to do with a cheap young lady. For a wife, none but a fool or a rascal will approach such a woman. Cheap jewelry nobody will touch if he can get any better. Cheap girls are nothing but the refuse and the young men know it, and they will look in every other direction for a life long friend and companion before they will give a glance at the pinchbeck stuff that tinkles at every turn for fascinating the eye of any that will look. You think it is quite the "correct thing" to talk coarsly and loudly, be boisterous and boydenish in all public places; to make yourself so bold and forward and commonplace, everywhere, that people wonder if you ever had a mother, or a home, or anything to do! So be it. You will probably be taken for what you are worth, and one of these years, if you do not make worse than a shipwreck of yourself, you will begin to wonder where the charms are that once you thought yourself possessed of, and what evil spirit could have befooled you. Go on, but remember cheap girls attract nobody but fools and rascals.—*M'Millan's Magazine.*

Checker Playing.

Robert D. Yates, the champion checker player of the world, who has just accepted the challenge of James Wylie, of Scotland, to play a match for $500 a side, is a boy 19 years of age, employed at the cash desk of his father's eating saloon, under Fulton Market. His forehead is broad, square, and high, and the part of the head in front of the ears looks overweighted. Mr. James Wylie, "the invincible herd laddie," so called because he learned to play checkers while watching cattle in the field, is 55 years of age. He has already had a taste of the champion's quality. Last year he came to New York and played twenty-four games with Yates. The youth won two games and the rest were drawn. Of twenty-six games played in Brooklyn, Yates won five and Wylie one. In a match for $50, Yates won two games, Wylie one, the rest of the fifty being drawn. Yates, in his recent match with Thomas Martins, who crossed the ocean to defeat him, won three games, and Martins but one.

Five years ago a school companion of Yates' came back from a visit to Sullivan County enthused with the game. He taught Yates the moves. "We used to play around on stoops in those days," the champion said yesterday. "Afterwards I went to the Union for Christian Work, in Fulton street, near Duffield street, Brooklyn. There I first learned that I could take two men at a time. I thought that was a big step gained."

Several years ago a gentleman in Albany wrote to a Brooklyn friend that he wished to play with some good player by correspondence. Yates, under the name of H. C. Macdonald, agreed to accommodate him. After the Albany gentleman had been driven into close quarters by his antagonist, the correspondence ended in an angry dispute. Recently he wrote to the checker editor of a New York journal to inquire whether Mr. Wylie had ever been defeated. He received ad editorial reply: "Yes, by your old antagonist, H. C. Macdonald." The letter was signed "Robert D. Yates."

Two famous players from an island city, while visiting New York, not long ago, routed all competitors, in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. One of them casually met and played with Yates, in a Nassau street office. After he had been defeated, he induced Yates to visit the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, to play with his friend. Yates was introduced under the name of Craig. The rural champion tucked his legs under his chair and got to work. After 5 short, sharp defeats, he gave up the contest, complaining that he had "no luck." Then Yates was introduced as Yates.

Yates has a dry humor, that frequently leads him to stroll into resorts of checker players, and engage strangers in play. He has a slow, unpretentious manner, that, added to his youthfulness, throws strangers entirely off their guard. After he has enjoyed their chagrin at being beaten by a boy, he engages in conversation with them, and relieves their annoyance by letting it leak out that his name is Yates. There are no stakes in such games.

Is She Bewitched.

The good people among the hills of Morris county, N. J., have found excitement in the case of a young girl said to be "grievously vexed of the devil," and whose condition is as unaccountable as it is deplorable. The girl according to the *World's* informant, is a daughter of Elijah Nichers, blacksmith of the Glendon Iron Company at Hardtown. She predicted evil against her fifteenth birthday, which befel on the 13th of October last, and since that date she has been bed-ridden and paralyzed. At times there appears under the counterpane of her bed a presence as of a rat, a rabit, or a cat swiftly moving from place to place and eluding detection. In vain is the bed stripped, or the patient removed to another place; the "presence" is only powerless to act when the mother sleeps with the child. The physicians, no less than the clergy, and the common folk of all the countryside are baffled. Crowds come daily to see the mystery. On one recent occasion, Dr. Richards, Mayor of Dover, held his stiff hat above the "presence," and the hat received a blow that crushed it. Violent blows have been given to the hand, to a cane, and other objects held out over the place where the "presence" was, and, needless to say, attempts to grab the presence have failed. All the while the girl lies moaning as if in terror or pain, and her position in the bed would be plainly such as to show that the mysterious movements were not caused by her. The girl has been known to abstain all food for the space of fifteen days, and for some weeks past she has only received a little milk daily, yet her face is fair, and when the visitation is not nigh her sleep is apparently healthful. Her parents are plain and honest people, who view this as an affliction not to be turned to account for notoriety or money. The neighbors, unable to account for it in any other way, have solemnly decreed witchcraft against an old woman living among them, and charms are in active demand.—*New York World.*

Strawberries in a Barrel.

A fruit-grower gives the following novel plan for a strawberry patch which has been tried with success in the South:

Take a coal oil barrel and put five or six holes in each stave, commencing about six inches from the bottom and the upper one about three inches from the top, then the rest of the holes equal distance apart, and so on until the barrel is full of holes. Then fill in close of very rich dirt to the first tier of holes. Then insert a good healthy plant into each hole, just letting the bud or crown of the plant stick outside of the barrel; put the dirt firmly in the roots, inside of the barrel; then fill up with dirt again to the next tier of rows and then plant as before, and so on until the whole barrel is planted, leaving the top a little concave, so as to hold the water that is to be poured into it as required. Make a few holes in the bottom of the barrel to take off any surplus water that might accumulate, that it may drain off.

This is a beautiful way of having a neat strawberry patch near the house, or on the porch, making both an ornament and producing luscious fruit. One hundred plants at a half pint each to the plant would make twenty-five quarts of luscious berries.

Further, they are not in danger of drouth, as you can keep them watered, and keep them in bearing for six or eight weeks.

"EN GARDE!"

During the France—Prussian war an incident happened; not recorded in any of the voluminous histories of the campaign which are now getting dusty on the library shelves, but which, though laughable in its results, was far more interesting to parties concerned than the reports of the most sanguinary battles. It had to do with a fine young German officer named Fritz Von Weber, a professor in a provincial university, but who had drafted off with his regiment.

He was in love with a girl named Zaire, an Alsatian, whose father was a General in the German army, and the story is related by the brother of Fritz as follows:

"When they parted he said to her:

"'I shall always be——'

"'*Engarde!*" cried Zaire.

"Then Fritz rode off; then Zaire wept in her chamber, for the great General Von Homberg, the father of Zaire shook his head.

"'A teacher!' he cried. 'My daughter marry a teacher—never!'

"'I will,' sobbed Zaire.

"'Say you won't!' snorted the general.

"'But I will—I will—I will,' snapped Zaire.

"They parted in anger; the general went off to war, Zaire was sent to the country. When Fritz reached his quarters he found a friend, one Dr. Max Von Bulow, a great joker, who had taken a great liking to Fritz.

"'What's the matter with you, Fritz?'

"'Nothing,' sighed Fritz.

"'Bah!' laughed Dr. Max, 'who is she?'

"'Zaire von Homberg,' answered Fritz, 'the dearest, sweetest angle that——'

"'Yes, yes, cried Dr. Max, 'I know, I know; but phew! what made you fall in love with her?'

"Fritz told him all about it. Dr. Max was interested."

"'I hate old Homberg, he said. 'I fond of fun. Let me alone. I'll get you out of this. I will have a laugh, and you shall marry Zaire.'

"'You can't help me,' groaned Fritz; 'nobody can.'

"'My boy,' said Dr. Max, solemnly, 'with an ordinary man many things are possible—with an old soldier like myself nothing is impossible.'

"One evening a few days after this conversation Mr. Max came to Fritz.

"'Fritz.'

"'Well?'

"'To-morrow old Homberg takes his usual ride along the north road. He goes unattended; you must be in the little woods by the spring; he will be attacked by a number of our friends disguised as the enemy. When he is attacked you must run forth and rescue him. In his gratitude he will reward you—Zaire shall be yours.'

"The morrow came. Down the road on his old horse came the general; suddenly from the wood rode a squad of the enemy—terrible fellows. The general saw them and turned to fly. The horse was stubborn; he commenced to jump up and down, and the result was that the general was captured. The enemy put the rope about the general's neck, they were going to hang him. The general shed tears.

"'I am General Von Homberg,' he groaned.

"The enemy grinned, and threw one end of the rope over a branch of a tree."

"'I—I am a father,' sobbed the general.

"The enemy gave a strong pull on the rope."

"'I am still in the prime of life—don't hang me; pleas don't,' cried the general.

"The rope tightened."

"A shout was heard—ringing shouts fierce words, the tramping of hoofs, the enemy fled—the general was saved. His deliverer bowed before him.

"It was Fritz The general would have preferred the hanging. The young man bowed low."

"'Your pass!' thundered the general.

"'I have none,' said Fritz.

"'You heard the orders—return to camp and report yourself under arrest!' snorted the general.

"That evening Fritz—poor Fritz—sat in his tent; a guard walked before the door. But all the army rang with the praise of the general, who had that day met with a squad of the enemy, and, single-handed, defeated them all.

"Dr. Max was furious. He imitated the general's horse—he jumped up and down and snorted."

"'I'll fix him,' he cried; 'I'll show him up.'

"Then he took his pen and sat down and wrote the whole story out—the true story.

"'To-morrow,' said Dr. Max, 'I'll send this to my paper, unless he compromises.'

"He stood before the general."

"The general's aid retired."

"'General, we have had enough.'

"'Enough what?'

"'Humbug.'

"'How?'

"'Those men were your own men, I have their own account of the affair. It is not very complimentary to you; it is very complimentary to Fritz. General, Fritz must marry your daughter.'

"'Sir!' thundered the general, 'do you presume——'

"'Oh, yes,' smiled Dr. Max; 'yes, I do presume. I own a newspaper, you know. The whole account must go forward. In three days the whole world will be in a broad grin over you and your horse, unless——'

"'Unless what?'

"'Unless Fritz marries Zaire.'

"The general hesitated. He had been praised, honored—he dreaded ridicule."

"'Come down!' cried Dr. Max. 'It's no use holding out, general. Come down like a man!'

"The general hesitated, turned, wriggled, fumed and offered money; but it was of no avail."

"'Come down!' cried Mr. Max; 'come down. Now shall Zaire marry Fritz?'

"'Yes!' growled the general.

"'And you will introduce him as your son-in-law at once, and release him from arrest?'

"'No—that is, I mean yes!

"'And you will give him an appointment—make him your secretary?'

"'I won't!'

"'Ah!'

"'Well, I will!'

"Fritz was released, received his appointment, the affair was kept quiet, the general regarded as a hero, and promoted."

"'But, Zaire,' said Fritz, as he looked into her happy face after a long parting. 'I should never have won you had it not been for Doctor Max was——'

"'*Engarde!*' laughed Zaire."

So many hotel clerks have gone into bankruptcy in Philadelphia since the Centennial that a very fine cluster diamond pin can be had there from fifteen cents down.

Freaks of Nature at Mt. Carmel.

In all parts of town the singular freaks of the storm caused by its peculiar whirling motion, are still as distinctly visible as ever. Passing along Main street, one looks into the rooms on the second floor of a double dwelling. The wall and the gable end of the front has been torn away from the roof and the first-story ceiling, leaving the chambers open to the obtrusive gaze of all who pass. The remaining walls and roof are sound and untouched by the storm. In one of the rooms a bedstead stands in the corner, with the covering neatly tucked in and the sheets thrown back off the pillows, just as it were before the cyclone struck. All the other furniture in the room is also in place; but in the adjoining room there is not a piece. Everything was scooped out by the wind or the suction, or whatever it was.

In several places the wind has left a shaky old house standing, while a substantial, solid building on each side would be utterly swept away.

At the base of the depression on Fourth street, east of town, is a spot where no house stood, are heaped up the rubbish of probably a

DOZEN DIFFERENT HOUSES,

from all sides of the place. As a native graphically expressed it: "It looks as though the wind had gone around scoopin' in all the houses in the neighborhood, and when it got here, the bottom dropped out and let it all drop."

In a back yard a clothes-line is seen with a pair of long stockings hanging just where the housewife left them, but the house is gone, and even the boards are torn from the posts to which the line is tied.

The tin covering of the Grand Central Hotel was stripped off folded up and neatly hung across the ridge-pole of a rear wing.

The Pioneer Hook and Ladder truck, which stood in the engine-house, back of the court house, was found after the breeze passed, standing almost in its tracks, but the engine-house had gone, no one knew whither. The truck wore a most woe-begone look, its tongue being broken and paint knocked off in various directions; it needs repairing.

The court house bell was gracefully lifted off the belfry and carried about sixty feet directly against the wind. The bell weighs 600 pounds.

Several men state that the suburbs of the town even more than in the city, it could plainly be seen in the wreck left behind that the tornado gathered all movenbles in its track from each side towards the centre. In one instance the lower story of a building was ripped out and carried off, while the whole upper part of the house just dropped down upon the foundation. The house had been simply cut down one story.

Indian Anecdote.

Years ago when the copper faced natives had mingled with the whites just enough to confuse their ideas of propriety, when Judge Johnson held a court on the banks of the Mohawk, Big John, a prince of the royal family Kinickinic, was arraignged, tried and convicted of the larceny of a jug of fire-water. According to the laws in operation at that romantic period, Big John was sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars, which was duly forked over. Whereupon the aboriginal culprit was informed that he was at liberty to go. John gathered his blanket around him and approached the Judge, and demanded a receipt for the five dollars.

"There's no occasion for a receipt, John," said the Judge, "you'll never be called on to pay it again."

"Ugh! big Idian steal whisky—pey five dollars—want 'am receipt."

"We don't give receipts here John.',

But the son of the forest was not to be cheated. He bored the clerk, sheriff and every one connected with the court, until the Judge concluded to give him a receipt to get rid of him. He called him up to the bench, and said:

"John, if you tell me what you want with a receipt, I'll give you one."

Upon which the red man delivered himself as follows:

"Big John die one of these days. He go up to Heaven—knock at the gate. Peter say, "Who knock at the gates of Heaven? "Big John" "John, you pay for that whiskey you stole? "Yes." "Shove the receipt under the gate, John." Then Big John have to hunt all through hell to find Judge Johnson and get a receipt."

Around The World in A Hurry.

Major Rube Allen, the veteran engineer of the Central road, always carries something interesting with him, if nothing more than his good natured face. Last night on the front of his locomotive was a goodly sized block of California pine. It was started on the front of a locomotive from San Francisco, May 18th, by some genius, and has passed from locomotive to locomotive until it reached Major Allen, at Syracuse, last night, and he carried it through Utica on the Atlantic express at 10:30 p. m. The block bore this inscription: "I want to go around the world in a hurry. Please pass me along to New York and put me on board some steamer and keep me moving." In all its travels this block will not have a faster ride than Uncle Reuben gave it last night. The railroad men will be curious to know how the block fares in its trip and what time it made.—*Utica N. Y. Herald.*

Woman's Curiosity.

A man yesterday was pushing an iron lawn-roller around a yard on Woodward Avenue, when an old lady came along, leaned up against the fence and watched him for awhile, and then called out:

"Say, mister, what are pushing that around for?"

"To roll the lawn," he answered.

"What do you want to roll the lawn for?"

"To make it level."

"What do you want to make it level for," she continued.

"That's what I was ordered to do," he answered, as he wiped away the perspiration.

"But what did they order you to do it for?"

"Why they think a smooth lawn looks the beas," she persisted.

"I haven't time to talk," he said, as he started up again.

"Why haven't you time to talk?" she shouted.

"Go'n ask the boss!" he yelled.

"Why shall I go'n ask the boss?" she screamed.

He disappeared behind the house to get rid of her, and after waiting five minutes for him to reappear she slowly sauntered off, muttering:

"Some folks are so smart and stuck up that you can't get within a mile of 'em onless you blaze all over with diamonds."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Old Stringers Religion.

Simon Stringer was a bluff old farmer. He prided himself upon being a plain, matter of fact man, about whom there was no foolishness or sentiment.

On more than one occasion he had mortified his wife and daughters by hustling them out of religious meetings when they began to show signs of emotion.

He said he didn't believe in "miraculous conversions," and that people who cried and yelled over getting religion "was'nt geetin' it by a long sight."

He believed that the genuine article was soothing and calming and not exciting in its influence.

Once the Campbellites held a protracted meeting in the neighborhood; as it was carried on without any sudden outbursts, Simon took kindly to it, and attended regularly.

One Sunday morning he told his wife to lay out two suits of clothes.

"Why Simon," exclaimed she in her shrill tones, "what do you want with two suits?"

"That's my business—not yours," he replied gruffly. "You lay out my black suit for me to put on, and wrap up my brown one in a bundle, and don't ask any question."

His wife wonderingly but silently complied, and Simon donned one suit, and with the bundle under his arm, mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the anxious eyes of the big and little Stringers, who marvelled greatly, and said one to another, "What is dad goin's to do with his 'tother clothes?"

Simon did'nt return till supper time. He took his accustomed seat at the supper table, which was the signal for the family to begin an onslaught on the victuals, but on this occasion his voice arrested every arm in its descent, and the second time that day he astonished the Stringers.

Glancing around at the startled circle, he thus delivered himsels:

"I want it understood that the head of this household has this day been baptized. He is a follower of the meek and lowly lamb, and the first critter that dips into anything afore a blessin' is asked 'll get snatched baldheaded. Drop yer eyes, ye heathen.

The blessing was asked, and that meal was taken in silence.

After the chores were done, the Stringers were stringing off to bed, when the stern voice of the old man again arrested them, and filled the air with grave forebodings as to what was coming next. He addressed them as follows:

"Come into this room, every one of you, and pop down on your knees. It is my duty as a devout Christian, to have my family worship, and I'll have it, too, and have respectful attention, or I'll bust some domestic ties asunder. The first one that snickers or makes any onseemly noise, I'll get up and throw a cheer through him or her, as the case may be. Let us pray."

This sort of thing continued about two weeks, and the Stringer family was kept in a state of extreme misery.

The younger members had several times been severely whipped for conduct unbecoming the children of a true believer, and the older ones received harsh reprimands for failing to fall into the new order of things and comport themselves with proper dignity.

Then one morning Simon came in with a battered milk pail and the knees of his pants torn.

Dropping into a chair at the table, he plunged his fork into the nearest dish.

The children looked up from their plates questioningly, and their mother squeaked:

"Why, Simon?"

"Shut up and eat," he growled and then in a few minutes added:

"This blessing and prayer business is suspended for a while. I don't forgit my obligations and duties as a Christian and I'll resoom them after I have conquered that doldogded heifer. The tarnal critter pursooms too much on my Christian furbearance. Dura a hypocrite. I won't pray when my soul ain't into it; it's to great a strain. For the time being I've descended from grace; pass the tomatuses."

A sigh of relief went around the circle, and if the red heifer had known how she had risen in the estimation of a majority of the Stringers, her fractious soul would have leaped for joy.

That was several years ago, and now the heifer is a cow and the worst in the neighborhood.

The Stringers say as they plague and punch her, "Long as we keep Old Red wild dad won't git any more o' that awful relijun."

A Nevada Court.

D. C. McKenny, District Judge of the Fifth District, comprising the counties of Inader, Nye, and Churchhill, will shortly take his departure for Stillwater, county seat of Churchhill county, to open the regular term of court in that county. The following are the ceremonies incident to a term of court in Churchhill county. The Judge arrives at the county seat, puts up his team and sends an Indian runner in search of the Shriff and county Clerk. The Sherriff and Clerk arrive, and the Sheriff, standing up in his stirrups, proclaims: "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye; the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District in and for Churchhill County is now open." Then the Judge hitches up his team, gets into his buggy and says: "Mr. Clerk, this court stands adjourned for the term." Then the Sheriff and Clerk and the Indian sit down in the sagebrush and play Indian poker, and the Judge bids them a pleasant good by and drives off.

Predestination

"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe that what is to be will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well I am glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety-valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst, then it won't."

Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, said:

"I though you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be."

So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer to the stern when it takes place."

"THEY put him in a show case," was the remark of a rural lady who recently attended a city funeral.

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, 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 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 21 and 23 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 keep constantly on hand a complete 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,

KIP'S,

AND LINING SKINS

Of all kinds, with a full line of

Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

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Whose reputation for making

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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.

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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.

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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.

EVERY SOLDIER

who was wounded or contracted permanent disease in service, can get a pension by writing to John Kirkpatrick, Cambridge, Ohio. April 25.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. mar8

HOMES FOR ALL.

I have for sale, on terms within the reach of every sober, industrious individual, houses, lots, farm, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, &c., in different parts of the county in parcels of from one-fourth of an acre up to 1,000 acres. Titles warranted. Terms—one fifth in hand and the balance in ten equal annual payments, properly secured. Now need apply who is not of sober and industrious habits. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon.

shd1 D. WEYAND.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, LOWELL, MASS.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

THOROUGHLY CURES DISEASES OF THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND ABRASIONS OF THE CUTICLE AND COUNTERACTS CONTAGION.

This Standard External Remedy for Eruptions, Sores and Injuries of the Skin, not only REMOVES FROM THE COMPLEXION ALL BLEMISHES arising from local impurities of the blood and obstruction of the pores, but also those produced by the sun and wind, such as tan and freckles. It renders the CUTICLE MARVELOUSLY CLEAR, SMOOTH and PLEASANT, and being a WHOLESOME BEAUTIFIER is far preferable to any cosmetic.

ALL THE REMEDIAL ADVANTAGES OF SULPHUR BATHS are secured BY THE USE OF *Glenn's Sulphur Soap*, which in addition to its purifying effects, remedies and PREVENTS RHEUMATISM and GOUT.

It also DISINFECTS CLOTHING and LINEN and PREVENTS DISEASES COMMUNICATED BY CONTACT with the PERSON.

IT DISSOLVES DANDRUFF, prevents bald