THE NORTHERN FARMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The country overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowery bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We chose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind up still.

God gives us, with our ragged soil,
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Besides the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold,
That love and generous hearts can warm
A clime with Northern ices cold.

RURAL TOPICS.

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

FERTILIZERS.

It is a well-established fact that the essential fertilizers of all crops are ammonia, phosphoric acid and potash—that nothing else is required for anything grown on a farm; and the question is, how can farmers apply these things to most advantage? A ton of cattle and horse manure, as it averages on farms, contains only 11 lbs. of potash, 8 do. of phosphoric acid, and 12 lbs. of nitrogen (ammonia) according to an analysis made in England for Mr. Lawes, the distinguished agriculturist of that country; and he claims that these 31 lbs. are the only fertilizers in a ton of manure. Mr. Lawes has been before the world as the most noted scientific farmer for many years, and he is quoted as the best authority. He says that when enough stable manure is applied to land to produce a good crop of grain of any kind, as wheat, barley, rye and oats, the potash in the manure is greatly in excess of the requirements of the grain, and consequently it is wasted, as these grains require principally phosphoric acid and nitrogen as fertilizers. He sums up his forty years of experience as follows.:

1. That a mineral superphosphate of lime has given considerable increase in each crop of a rotation, although used without any other manure, for a period of thirty years.

2. That in consequence of grain containing large quantities of nitrogen and phosphoric acid, and small quantities of potash, manures containing soluble phosphoric acid and soluble nitrogen, as ammonia or nitric acid, are especially applicable to these crops.

3. That when crops containing large quantities of potash, such as roots, potatoes and hay, are sold off the farm, manures containing potash, such as purchased dungs, appear to be more suitable.

4. That although potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen are the chief manure ingredients in farmyard dung, the manure from artificial foods and in artificial manures, still the differences in form in which these substances are met with greatly affect their value; the present method of analyzing manures does not properly recognize these distinctions, and the valuations founded upon these analyses are altogether false and erroneous.

SETTING STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

In making new field plantations of strawberries the land should be free of weeds, and in a high state of fertility. If peas or early potatoes were grown on it, and highly manured in the spring, it would be in good condition for the plants in August, the best time to set them, unless set in the spring. Immediately before the plants are set, give the land a dressing of well rotted dung, even if it were manured for a previous crop, and plow it in; or first plow the land as deep as neccessary, then spread on the manure, and cover it lightly with a one-horse plow. A great deal of manure is wasted by being covered too deep, two inches deep being the depth that many experiments by the best agriculturalists of this and other countries have decided to be the best for crops generally. If we harrow in the manure much of it is left upon the surface of the ground, and its virtues evaporate. So it is in some degree when it is covered very lightly with earth, if the weather be dry after harrowing it in; and it is a question for farmers to decide, whether it is not better to take a little more time in some cases, and use a one-horse plow to cover manure. Good crops, of course, are grown by covering manure at the first plowing; but for an acre or two of strawberries, or other small fruits I think it would pay to use a one-horse plow in covering the manure, so as not to cover it too deep.

The rows in the field culture of strawberries may be three to three and a half feet apart, and the plants set from 12 to 15 inches apart in the rows. This width is to allow a cultivator to run between the rows, after they have become widened with plants from runners, so that the open space between them is not over two or two and a half feet. Many strawberry growers renew their plantations as follows: As soon as the berries are all picked the space between the rows is plowed with one horse, turning the furrows so as to leave the ground level. Then it is smoothed with a cultivator; and an iron hand-rake would, if used, be a good finishing operation. The plantation is thus left till fall, when the space between the rows is covered with runners; then the old plants are plowed up, and all the runners but a strip six or eight inches wide in the middle of them, which strips are the rows for the next season; and in this way a plantation may be renewed for many years; but it would be necessary to apply manure once a year to the spaces between the rows when they are plowed. It is a rather remarkable fact that strawberry growers, who sell their fruit in the large cities, can make more money in "poor seasons" than in "good" ones, because in a favorable season, with frequent rains, the crops is so large that the price is not renumerative. In New York this season hundreds of thousands of baskets of strawberries were sold at a dead loss to the growers, the receipts merely covering freight and commission.

FRUIT TREES "RUNNING OUT."

The horticultural editor of the "Country Gentlemen" says: "Planters are often disappointed, after having set out a fine fruit garden of large and small fruits, to find, after a lapse of years, that their supplies have diminished, and some of their favorites have "run out." They made the mistake in supposing that a fruit garden, once well under way, does not need frequent renewing. The best cultivators make additions or replacements every year, or every few years at farthest. When not too late, every owner may do well to look over his grounds and see what he can add in the fall or spring." He is correct, as no place is ever "finished," as regards the garden, its fruits, and its surroundings. A few trees are to be added here; some choice shrubs there; a choice grape vine or two are needed; or some other fruit; and so all our places tax us yearly more or less, and none are "finished" when we die.

THE POTATO CROP.

The farmers who planted no potatoes, except a row or two in their gardens this season, being discouraged by the "bugs" of 1876, made a serious mistake, as potatoes will sell for a good price in the fall, owing to so few being planted; and many farmers will have to buy all that their families consume (and who can live without potatoes?) when they might have grown a splendid crop, if they had shown a little spirit and persuasion in overcoming the bugs. My rule through life has been to *"fight it out,"* no matter what happened, "to the bitter end;" and last spring I was advised to plant no potatoes by my family; but I planted more than usual, as I had an idea that either the bugs or myself would have to surrender. Well, I had scouts out watching for the enemy every day; and it was not long before I was warned of their approach, so I summoned my forces, and gave the orders for an immediate attack in front, flank and rear. We took every bug captive, and thrust him into a tin pan, then we went to a place suitable for their execution, where they soon went to a bourne whence no potato bugs ever return. Then we rested up our arms for two weeks, when one morning the scouts reported that the enemy had appeared again, being "young recruits," which we soon rendered *hors du combat*, by a charge of Paris green and water. The season's experience has proved that if the bugs that first appear, the old stock, are picked from the vines by hand and killed, at the same time destroying what eggs may have been laid, the danger of the potatoes being much injured is over, as in is the old stock which comes out of the ground that is the origin of all the bugs, and when they are destroyed before they lay many eggs, no great damage will be done; but they must be destroyed as soon as they appear, and all farmers must act in concert, and the bugs will soon be eradicated.

OIL FOR PEAR BLIGHT.

The Rural Home says: "A year ago we have some accounts of experiments, by D. P. Westcott of this city, in treating blighted pear trees with linseed oil. He had, in the latter part of the previous year, washed several pear trees which had commenced blighting with raw linseed oil, and the spread of the blight seemed to have been arrested, and the trees had then put forth their foliage which appeared perfectly healthy. We felt a little anxious to know whether those trees entirely recovered, or whether in the course of last season they succumbed. So yesterday, June 1st, we visited the grounds and found the trees perfectly healthy and making a vigorous growth of new wood. You can see upon the trunks, and some of the branches, the dead, blackened exterior bark, showing the effects of the blight, two years since but not a leaf indicates that any remnant of the disease remains. We took a knife and cutting through the dead bark, found the inner bark green and sound. We think that these results are sufficient to warrant further trial of the remedy, as it is easily applied and seems to do the trees no injury."

SHADE YOUR GRAPES.

Don't remove the leaves to let the sun to your grapes, as the more the clusters are shaded the better the fruit will be. The idea that grapes will ripen better if exposed to the rays of sun at this season of the year was originally promulgated in the papers by men who did not understand what they were writing about, as one could hardly do a greater injury to his vines that to strip off the leaves around the fruit. Vines can be propagated by laying down canes about the first of August, of this season's growth, in a trench three or four inches deep, covering the canes with earth to that depth, eight or ten inches in length, within a foot of the end, which should be turned up and tied to a small stake, and in October you will find such canes well rooted.

The Cold Facts.

A grocer doing business on Michigan Grand Avenue was yesterday asked to trust a colored man one day for a quart of strawberries.

"Can't do it—you'd never pay," he replied.

"I'll pay de money afore eight o'clock in de morning," earnestly continued the colored man.

"Perhaps you might, but I don't believe it. If you have no money now how will you have any then?"

"Don't ax me, boss. I'll have de money suah. Ize just perspiring to death for de want of strawberries."

"Does any one owe you?" asked the grocer.

"No, sah."

"Then how do you expect to get any money?"

"Oh, de pay will be all right."

"I guess not. You will have to try some one else."

"Boss, you hez pinned me right down to cold facts," said the customer. "I wants strawberries, an' dey hez got to come, an', derefore, let me say dat I wasn't going out to-night to steal chickens an' sell 'em to get money."

"Ah! you wasn't?"

"No, sah, 'cause I dun pulled 'em in last night, an' dey'll be sold to a butcher dis evening. Dat's de cold fact, mister, an' now wrap up dem strawberries, and don't abuse my confidence."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Looking for the Devil.

Some poke-nose has got hold of a diary written about 1784 by a man who was working for a Mr. Greeley, in New Hampshire. Of course the Mr. Greeley must have been of the family that produced the great editor—possibly his grandfather, or may be an uncle. The diary tells how a woman met the devil during a thunder storm, and sold herself to him on call at six days. This she told to the people, and the church set to work to circumvent the Evil One. On the day the stock was to be delivered there came a vast crowd. The woman was set or stood on a piece of high ground, the minister formed a circle ("Around her form I draw the awful circle of our holy church"—see "Richelieu,") the deacons formed a second wall of defense, and the people *en masse* made the outward rampart. They kept up continual praying and singing for several hours after the expiration of the time agreed upon, but Satan did not put in an appearance. Mr. Greeley early in the day geared up his old horse with saddle and pillion and brought to the scene a number of women. The writer did not go, but saw the entire performance from Mr. Greeley's field, where he was hoeing corn—when not looking for the devil.

BRADY'S LEAP.

One of the famous characters of the border, a hundred years ago, was Samuel Brady. He seemed to have possessed the qualities best calculated to win and hold the place and honor of a hero among the pioneers. In him were combined immense strength, the most astonishing agility, nerves steady as steel, and great endurance. He was brave to recklessness, vigilant as a weasel, and cunning as a fox, gifted with peculiar tact and fertility of device, and skilled in everything pertaining to frontier life and warfare. Many times he outwitted and overmatched the wiliest and ablest of the Indian chieftains.

To such qualities he united those that inspire the esteem and confidence of friends; he was generous to a fault, affable and sympathetic, courteous in manners and entertaining in conversation.

Indeed, so numerous were the excellencies and exploits attributed to him, that he might be deemed a mythical personage, had he lived a few centuries farther away in the past.

But the writer has known so many relatives and intimate friends of Captain Brady; has seen such positive and still existing proofs of his courage and prowess, and visited the very spot of so many of his deeds, some of which yet bear his name, that his place among American celebrities is fully established. His relative, Major General Hugh Brady, of whom General Scott makes such honorable mention in the battle of Chippewa, used to say: "Captain Sam Brady is the bravest of Americans, compared with whom the rest of us are little better than cowards."

He reached maturity of body and mind so early as to have borne a part in the seige of Boston before he was eighteen years of age; and as a lieutenant, though not twenty-one, was the most efficient in escaping and saving others from the massacre of Paoli. Owing to the butchery of his father and a brother by the Indians, he had in boyhood registered a vow of vengeance, which, perhaps, may in part account for his intrepidity.

The recital of one of his exploits will give an idea both of the men and border warfare as waged against the early inhabitants of regions now peaceful and prosperous.

Brady had been placed in command of a small party of scouts detailed to watch the movements of the Indians and gave warning of the approach of hostile bands toward the settlements. The territory to be covered by his operations was denominated the "French Creek Country," a wild but beautiful belt of forest "oil regions," and extending north and south across the counties of Venango and Crawford, Pennsylvania.

One afternoon the scouts struck a fresh Indian trail in the valley of a stream called Slippery Rock Creek.

Calculating from the character of the trail that the enemy were not numerous enough to make it necessary to apprise the garrisons and settlements, Brady decided to follow the savages and attack them at daybreak the next morning. Swiftly but warily the scouts threaded the wilderness, until, when darkness stopped their pursuit, they were within a very short distance of their unsuspecting foe. Munching a supper of venison and corn, and drinking from their hands the waters of a brook, they stationed their guards, and then lay down among the dry leaves to wait for the dawn.

But while they had been tracking and preparing to assail the Indians in their front, another and larger party of Indians in their rear were trailing them, with minds bent on blood—a worse trap being bated for themselves than they had set for the enemy.

Daybreak came, and as soon as it was light enough to look through the sights of a rifle the scouts were under motion. Creeping among the dense foliage, a few minutes brought them within range of their victims, who were sitting in a circle eating breakfast. Each selected his target when Brady gave the signal to fire, which was the imitation of the hoot of an owl, and the crack of their guns rang out through the woods.

Hardly had the smoke cleared away, when the other party of redskins opened fire upon the whites. Two of Brady's men fell at his side, and perceiving from the number of guns discharged that the enemy was too strong to be successfully resisted the wary captain instantly adopted the motto, "Discretion is the better part of valor," and gave his party the word to save themselves by flight.

There are emergencies when true martial wisdom teaches that—

"That he who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Brady himself started like a deer to get out of the jaws of his outnumbering foes. A few steps brought him out of the thicket, from which they had discharged their guns, upon a slope of open woods. Of course here he would be far more exposed to shots and pursuit from the savages. But they were coming up in his rear yelling like fiends after his scalp, and there was no choice for him but to take the risk and make his best speed.

Away he went down the slope, confident that his legs would save him from anything but bullets, for there was not an Algonquin sachem fleet enough to overtake him. Casting back a glance, he saw a dozen Indians, their guns left behind and tomahawks drawn, rushing after him. They knew his brawny form, and many insults and defeats they had to avenge on Captain Brady. If self-preservation left swiftness to his feet, a fiercer passion winged their pursuit. Their eagerness to kill the great captain induced them to relinquish the chase after the other white men, leaving them to escape unmolested.

Still, as he always declared he was not concerned as to the result, for even with the additional burden of his gun he knew that he could run faster and farther than they.

"But they were familiar with the lay of the land," and he was not; and as they followed him he was surprised to see them spread out as if to surround him, although they were losing ground.

The fact was, he was hastening directly toward the stream in a large bend, where, for a mile or more, it flows deep and strong through a narrow, impassable gorge. They had only to encircle and close in upon him to take him prisoner. They felt sure of their victim, while he, ignorant of his predicament, felt as sure of his escape.

Suddenly he saw the channel before him, which, with the savages behind, formed the jaws of a trap as merciless as fate. A glance at a point where he could see the nature of the chasm showed him its impassability, and another glance backward convinced him that to wheel to either hand would confront him with the weapons of three or four of the Indians.

Dashed at this seemingly fatal corner, he paused to load his gun; but the whole band were too near for that. When he stopped a furious yell burst from the redskins and changing their course they ran directly at him, brandishing their battle axes.

But Samuel Brady was not the man to die by the hands of those who had murdered his father; any fate was preferable to that. Away he sped again, with the howling crew at his heels. Rather would he yield his fate to the Slippery Rock than to his mortal enemies.

But as he ran, a desperate resolution flamed up in his heart, and a mighty energy coursed through his stalwart frame. He determined to leap across the stream, and with a lifted prayer, the conviction rushed upon his mind that he could do it.

Forward he sped toward the abyss, and behind, certain of their game, came the yelling, blood-thirsty savages.

Reaching the brink, he sprang into the air, almost as if, some great bird, he had taken wings, and incredible as it may seem to those who have seen the gorge, landed in safety on the opposite bank.

But what was the amazement of the Indians!

They were under such headway, and the foremost one so near, that they could barely hold back from plunging down the precipice.

And now it became their turn to flee, for while their guns were a quarter of a mile away, Brady was rapidly loading for a shot. With the wildest exclamations of surprise and alarm they whirled away at their utmost speed, one of them saying in broken English:

"Blady make good jump."

Brady never forgot the ludicrous scene they presented—a dozen Indians fleeing from one white man. And such zigzag running in order to dodge his bullet; now jumping to the right, and now to the left; now on all fours, and now leaping into the air. But it was in vain; the fellow that said, "Blady make good jump," was answered from the iron lips of the rifle with a leaden missile through his heart.

Captain Brady afterwards visited the spot with some of his friends and measured the width of the chasm—a thing which the writer has done in modern years—finding it over twenty feet from brink to brink, and necessitating a leap of at least twenty-two feet in order to make his footing secure at starting and alighting.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Gallows.

LAKE CHARLES, La., July 25.—Jules Guidry, condemned for the murder of John Beal, was executed today on the square adjoining the jail. He was handcuffed and mounted the scaffold at twenty minutes of 2 P. M., assisted by the Sheriff and a friend of Guidry, accompanied by a young priest, Father Charles. Guidry during his prison life gave himself up apparently to religous instructions. He was sent to New Orleans parish prison for safe keeping because a rescue was feared. He arrived here on the 15th. Since he has been here he has borne himself bravely. He was very firm, cool and determined, but constantly declared he ought not to die for the killing of Beale, because Beale had seduced his wife and ruined his home and his children's future. Guidry behaved on the gallows in a desperate and daring manner. He addressed the crowd and said he killed John Beale, and he would do it again to-day; and that he ought not to die for it; and that he would die like a man; that he did not care to die. Father Charles said a few words of prayer. He nodded his head as if assenting, turned to his friend on the scaffold and said: "I am firm; I am not afraid to die." He said what C. C. Duson testified to in Court was not so. He continued talking loud to the crowd, declaring his indifference to death and that he would commit the same crime again and again, that he was justified. Before he was pinioned he took up the rope in his hands. It was dangling from the beam above him to his feet. He handled the rope and examined the noose, and said that the fall was not enough; "I want a neck-breaker fall of ten feet." The Sheriff lengthened the rope to a fall of about eigth feet, but this did not satisfy him. He tried the slip-knot to see if it worked easily. When the black cap was put over his head he cried out. "Why, I can see everything." The rope was adjusted and the slip-knot tightened. He said, "not so tight, but put the knot more on the side of my neck." As the Sheriff took up the axe to cut the rope he cried out, jeeringly, "I can see; you are going to cut the rope." In a few seconds more, while the condemned was saying he did not care, the axe fell, the rope parted and Guidry died almost instantly. The fall was fully eight feet, if not more.

Tramps in Duress.

PITTSBURGH, July 23, 1877.—At half-past eight word was received by Mayor M'Carthy from Superintendent Hyndman, of the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, to the effect that fifty or sixty tramps had taken possession of the mail train west, at Cumberland, and robbed the passengers. The Mayor summoned a force of policemen and marched to the depot, corner of Grant and Water streets, and, on the arrival of the train, captured forty of the roughs, all of whom were armed. No resistance was made to the arrest, and the party are now at the Central Police Station.

Fall of a Bridge.

CINCINNATI, July 24.—The middle span of the Cincinnati, Georgetown and Portsmouth Narrow Guage Railroad bridge over the Little Miami river, about two miles above Linwood and within ten miles of the city, fell about three o'clock this afternoon, precipitating fifteen laborers a distance of forty-five or fifty feet. Three were instantly killed; another has since died. Two others are fatally injured, and eight more or less severely wounded. The accident is attributed to the weak trestle work failing to sustain the superestructure.

HARD TIMES.

St. Louis:
"I know a bank!"
Chicago:
"My purse is lank."
Cincinnati:
"And in my tank
There died a whale."
All wail:
Bank, lank, tank!
It's hard to turn the crank
In this dark vale.
—*Louisville Courier Journal*

Ministers never strike for higher salaries.

Mrs. Smith's Neighbors.

I know it is not very kind to make comments upon the affairs of one's neighbors, and yet there are some things I have seen at the Jones' (which, by the way are practiced by other families as well,) which I feel justified in calling attention to.

Neighbor Jones is a very obliging man, always ready to do a friendly turn, and Mrs. Jones is an active, stirring woman and it would be rather agreeable than otherwise to have them living so close by, if it were not for one troublesome habit of theirs. In order that you have some idea of what this habit is, I will narrate the intercourse that passed between us one day:

On Monday morning, while I was turning the wringer for Bridget, Mary Jones walked in, saying:

"Ma forgot to tell father to get some blue when to the store Saturday night, and she wants to know if you would lend her your bottle for ten minutes."

Now it happened that I wanted to use the blue bottle myself just at that time, but I poured some of its contents into a smaller bottle for the child, and she went on her way rejoicing.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed when Willie Jones made his appearance at the door, inquiring:

"Is Mr. Smith at home? I can't find him at the barn."

"No, he isn't at home. He went to the city this morning."

"Pap wants to know if you will lend us your wheelbarrow a little while; ours is wore out."

I replied in the affirmative, and he went to the wood house where he knew it was kept. Presently he returned with a long face, saying:

"The axle's broke, so you can't haul nothin' on it."

"I'm sorry it's broke I quietly replied, "but I believe no one has used it since you brought it back last Friday."

He looked rather sheepish at this, but started for home without showing any desire to prolong the conversation.

By and by I discovered that there was a screw loose in the wringer, which prevented its working properly, and I sent Freddy for the screw driver. He soon returned with the information that it was not in the tool chest. I was surprised at this, but presently I remembered that neighbor Jones had borrowed it on Saturday to mend a broken door lock. I sent Freddy after the missing article, and it was nearly half an hour before I could continue my wringing with any satisfaction.

By eleven o'clock we had our clothes out and were preparing for dinner, when Mary Jones came in again in great haste, exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Smith, could you lend us a loaf of bread for dinner? Mother was out of flour, and couldn't make but two loaves of bread on Saturday, but Pap is going to the mill this afternoon, and mother will send it back to-morrow."

I knew from past experience that the loaf that would come back on the morrow would be either sour or heavy, and would be given to the dog, unless some tramp came along. But I immediately granted the request. Mr. Jones did go to the mill in the afternoon, and in the evening Willie came after a cup of yeast, because theirs was sour, and "just about gone anyhow."

In the meantime John came back from the city and wanted to use the wheelbarrow, but he had to take it to the shop to be mended instead. Then he concluded to put in the time splitting wood, but the axe was at neighbor Jones', and by the time Charley had gone for it and brought it home supper was ready. While we were eating supper, John said:

"Mary, I shall follow the example of a farmer I read of recently, and buy a set of tools on purpose to lend. It would be cheaper than losing so much time hunting up one's property."

"Do, John," I replied, emphatically, "and buy me another bottle of blue and yeast pot, and three or more flat irons."

"Then we both laughed, but we were half in earnest after all."

Dear reader, if you have a neighbor who resembles the Joneses, the next time she comes borrowing just lend her a copy of this and ask her to read this article. Perhaps she will take the hint.

Last Saturday evening when a young man of two and twenty stood before a window who owns a house on Congress street, east, she knew by his embarrassed manner just what was coming and she said:

"William I suppose you have sought the interview to tell me that you love my daughter Isabel?"

"Y-yes,' he replied.

"Well, William, how are you fixed?" she sternly demanded. "Have you any house and lands?"

"No, not any."

"Have you any wealth in bank?"

"Not a copper."

"Have you any bonds and mortgages?"

"Not a one," he answered as he continued to grow pale.

"Young man," she sternly resumed, "what have you got to offset the $20,000 which I shall give my daughter?"

"Nothing but love and—'

"Too thin! Too thin!" she exclaimed, waving him away.

"And I can sharpen lawn mowers!" he shrieked as he backed off.

"You can?"

"I can, and it won't be over six weeks, if they are good weeks for grass, before I'll see your daughter's dowry and be on a street railroad besides."

"Take her William—take her and be happy," exclaimed the worldly woman, and the daughter has been took.

Is there any joy greater than that which is experienced by one person when he helps another person? There are some men so low down that it is said they cannot bear to have smell of their clover go into the highway for fear that other folks will get something that belongs to them without paying for it; there are some men said to begrudge the bees the honey which they take from their flowers without leaving anything behind; but that it is doubtless imaginary. A man whose heart does not respond to an act of doing good or giving happiness is no longer a man. He has passed the line of manhood, and should be ranked among beasts.

As General Teberkthemoslemahead was leaving for the wars his sweetheart remarked to him in tears: Though I go cute bebold thee, yet is thy name a spell.

Mrs. Patington having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new almanac begged him to cut them all out, as she heard that when anybody was poisoned nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote, and it would cure him.

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for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with

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WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
Cooking Ranges, Low-Down Grates, Etc.

Descriptive Circulars sent free to any address.
EXAMINE BEFORE SELECTING.
April 25.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC

HOMESTEAD

Is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information respecting KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of its road. This grant comprises

OVER 5,000,000 ACRES

OF LAND, consisting of every odd section in each township, for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road, or one-half of the land in a belt forty miles wide, extending to Denver City, in Colorado, thus forming a continuation of the belt of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, is found to be, in climate, soil, and every production of nature, the most favored.

To aid in the settlement of this superb domain with an intelligent and industrious people, is the object of the HOMESTEAD. It is intended to contain a fair and candid representation of facts nor will it ever give, intentionally, any statement that will not, upon investigation, be fully sustained.

The Company obtains its title to these lands from the Government of the United States.

They are being offered at prices lower than any other lands in the West, that will compare with them in soil, climate and general advantages. The terms of payment, as will be found on a careful examination, are more liberal in all essential features than have heretofore been offered by any railway company.

THE HOMESTEAD

IS FOR

FREE CIRCULATION,

And will be sent gratis to anyone upon application.

All communications in reference to the lands of the Company should be addressed to

S. J. GILMORE,
Land Commissioner, K. P. Ry.,
SALINA, KANSAS.
March 7, 1877.

PATENT HAY RAKES.

I have a few of my Patent Horse Hay Rakes on hand, for sale at the planing mill, Price $25. Anyone wanting to buy may come or write soon.

C. F. WALKER,
June 20. Somerset, Pa.

J. R. MEGAHAN, Somerset, Pa. H. S. STONER, Berlin, Pa.

MEGAHAN & STONER,

PLASTERERS,

Respectfully inform the citizens of Somerset County, that they are prepared to take contracts for all kinds of Plastering. Repairing promptly attended to. Address as above.
Work solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Nov. 22.

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 kindas

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 attteention 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.

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 as complete an ment of

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters

BOTH OF

Eastern and Home Manufacture

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

SOLE LEATHER,

MOROCCO,

CALF SKINS,

KIPS,

AND LINING SKINS

Of all kinds, with a full line of

Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

N. B. Snyder, Esq.

Whose reputation for making

Good Work and Good Fits

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

SOLOMON UHL.

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.

ALHAMBRA,

will be allowed to go to a few mares during the season at $35.00 to insure.
March 4. PETER HEFFLEY.

PREMIUM QUEENSWARE.

L. S. LAYTON & CO.,

Agents for Brunt, Bloor, Martin & Co's
IRON STONE CHINA.
Factory at East Liverpool, Ohio.
Also a full line of
GLASSWARE, Rockingham and Yellow Ware.

Our Queensware took the highest premium at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia: and also first premium at the Pittsburg Exposition last fall. Orders respectfully solicited.
Office and Warehouse: 153 Wood St., Near Liberty, Opp. 1st Pres. Church. PITTSBURG, PA.
Ware shipped from Pittsburg.
June 27.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

(OFFICE OF THE SALISBURY RAIL ROAD CO.,)
MEYERSDALE, June 18, 1877.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting and an election of the stockholders of the Salisbury Railroad Company, will be held at the chief office of the Company in Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa., on Friday 24th day of August, 1877, at one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of determining by a stock vote, whether said Company will issue one hundred and ten thousand dollars of mortgage bonds, as is promised by the 11th section of the 16th article of the constitution, of the Commonwealth and the act of Assembly approved the 18th day of April, A. D. 1873.

NOAH SCOTT, Secretary. W. S. BISSELL, President.
June 20.

W. P. PRICE

Has opened a choice selection of Agricultural Implements and Farm Machinery, embracing the leading implements of the day; among which will be found the Wood, Kirby, Clipper and Hubbard Mowers and Reapers: Buckeye (lock lever) Selby Hay Rake: Advance, Paddock, and Archer Hay Rake: round and square teeth Revolving Rakes, Pumps, Farm Bells, and all kinds of implements large and small, of the most approved patterns, for garden and farm use, also a full and complete stock of Wood and Willow Ware, Garden and Field seeds. The famous Oliver Chilled Plow will also be found in stock, knives and sections for the leading Mowing Machines; extra parts for all Machines sold by us on hand. A visit for inspection is requested. On application dealers will be furnished with a catalogue, to which their attention is especially called.

172 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.
may2

PATENTS!

FEE REDUCED. Entire Cost $35.
Patent Office Fee $30 in advance, balance ($2) within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold.

J. VANCE LEWIS & CO.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
may2

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

Tyler's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use, and every family should have them on hand for immediate protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. In their occasional use, the digestive organs will be invigorated, the vigorous action of the system established, the vitiated humors removed, and the whole system so much restored to its healthy action, that diseases which become clogged and sluggish are unknown to those who use *Tyler's Pills*, and strengthened into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the cause of which changes, and is restored on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their mild coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues, unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although so mild, they are yet powerful, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or avocation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to enable, and to serve them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore the healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continued to be taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings**, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression**, a large dose should be taken as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

As a *Cathartic*, they cleanse the stomach and bowels, restore the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no positive derangement exists. One who feels himself well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.