RURAL TOPICS.

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

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

Farmers are inclined to consider "scientific" agriculture, as something only taught in books, theoretical in a great degree: but that is not so, as science is nothing but *knowledge*, skilled knowledge. Now, farmers will, perhaps, be a little surprised when I tell them that every one of them, who is skilled in farming—men who keep their farms in good condition, have good fences, plow and plant at the right time, cultivate well, etc., are all scientific farmers. But the men who study scientific agriculture in colleges, and graduate as Professors of this science, without a thorough *practice* of farming, are not scientific farmers, although they generally claim that title exclusively. No man can say that he *knows* that the application of certain fertilizers to certain crops is particularly beneficial, unless he has had a positive *practical* knowledge of the alleged fact. The reading that such application produces good results, even in the writings of a hundred men, is not *proof* that such is a fact. One may presume that it is proof, and that is as far as he can go; but, for instance, when a man applies potash to a certain crop for years, and sometimes omits to put it on a part of the field to show the results, and he finds that where no potash is applied the crop is much less than where it is applied, he *knows* that it is beneficial; and, consequently, he is a scientific farmer, so far as the application of potash to one, or more, crops is concerned. So, if he shall become an expert in every branch of farming, by obtaining knowledge from books, papers, or otherwise, or what is supposed to be knowledge, and finds it to be true or false by a *practical* test, he becomes a scientific farmer in the full sense or meaning of the term. The idea is prevalent that a young man may be sent to an agricultural college, and after studying agricultural chemistry a year or two, and being taken out upon the farm occasionally to see crops growing, and the application of fertilizers, that he becomes a scientific farmer! That is not so, because he lacks the thorough *practical* training—work with his own hands—to make a real scientific agriculturist; but what he learns at College in theory is a great advantage to him. My advice to such young men, if they desire to become farmers, is to hire out for a couple of years to a thorough, practical farmer, and *work* your way to the title, "scientific farmer," which you will never justly have unless you obtain it by practice on a farm.

CLOVER AS A FERTILIZER.

When the world was made, its Maker foresaw certain conditions of things that the human mind could have never penetrated, one of which was that the soil could not forever continue to yield large, paying crops without manure, or a fertilizer of some kind—that animal manure would not be abundant enough to keep lands in a good state of fertility, as the population became dense; and, consequently, clover was given to us as a cheap and valuable fertilizer, "without money and without price," which is literally true, because it pays for the seed sown and labor in the first crop of hay, and the second crop may be plowed under, which will fertilize the land equal to $15 or $20 worth of stable dung to the acre. There is no mistake about this alleged fact in the least; and I am inclined to think that if stable dung did not exist, nor any kind of commercial fertilizers, farmers could continue their business profitably by using clover as a green manure. Of course the prices of crops would be ruled by the supply; but in the end they would, probably, be as prosperous as they now are. Clover will flourish on poor soil, as it derives a large portion of nutriment from the atmosphere; and when a farmer obtains a good "catch" he is sure of a good crop, which ought not to be pastured any the first season. The second season it should be cut for hay, that is, the first crop, and the second crop of that season may be turned under in the fall with good results as a fertilizer. For plowing under sow the large variety of clover. A bushel or two of plaster to the acre early in the spring will increase the crop considerably.

THE FENCE QUESTION.

Sooner or later the farmers of the United States must adopt hedges for fences, as the cost of all the fences in this country is estimated by good authorities to be about $1,800,000,000, or $45 a head for each inhabitant, old or young; and it costs $100,000,000 annually to keep them in repair. Recently, Major Brisbane of the United States army compiled statistics in regard to the annual destruction of timber in the nation, from which it appears that the consumption requires about 5,500,000 acres every year. He puts the requirements for fencing purposes at about one-half of this vast amount, which we think is too high; but it is nevertheless immense, and not withstanding the gradual increase of tree planting for future use, it is certain that a radical change in our fence system is absolutely necessary, or two generations hence the country will be practically without fences. The kinds of hedges most grown are the buckthorn and barberry for the North, and the Osage orange for the South. In regard to the barberry, the Wallingford Circular says: "We have a barberry hedge on our grounds 25 rods long, and nine years old, from the seed. Two rows of plants were set, the rows one foot apart, and the plants one foot apart in the row, and set alternately, to break joints. This hedge has been clipped a little, two or three times, to keep it even, and is now six or seven feet high, with a firm, compact base, perfectly impervious to the smaller animals, and stout enough to turn ordinary farm stock, except for a short distance at one end where the soil is quite thin." A pound of barberry, or buckthorn seed, costing one dollar, will produce plants enough for 100 rods of fence.

FAILURE OF GRAPES AT THE WEST.

A well-known horticulturist of Ohio writes: "In many parts of the West and Southwest there have been very discouraging failures of nearly all the desirable kinds of grapes the past two years. Even the Concord, that was thought to be everywhere reliable, has entirely failed in many localities. At a meeting of the Montgomery County, O., Horticultural Society, Mr. N. Ohmer stated that his Concord vineyard had failed entirely, two years in succession, and he did not feel like waiting for a third, but had concluded to grub out the vines, and plant something more profitable in their place. He believed the Concord vines would do well while young, but as they grow old, they fail. At a previous meeting of the society, Mr. Kramer, who is the most extensive grape-grower in that region, stated that the grape crop was almost an entire failure. From 12 acres of Catawba vines he did not have a ton of sound grapes. Most of the Concords were also ruined by the rot. He cut 2,500 pounds of Ives' Seedling from about three acres. Taylor's Bullit had done well growing among Catawbas that rotted. Norton's Virginia was also good—these are both wine grapes. he had tried quite a number of Rogers Hybrids, but found them of no use except when grown against a wall or building. He saw young vineyards of Concord doing well. I have had similar reports respecting the failures of Concord and other grapes, from correspondents in different parts of Central and Southern Ohio and Indiana. In regard to what causes the rot, this question has baffled horticulturists almost as much as that of the pear blight, and the theories respecting it are nearly as numerous and conflicting. We need more extended and careful observation of facts on which to base our conclusions. It has been noticed for many years that heavy rains in the month of June are quite sure to be followed by a visitation of grape rot in July and August. It is not clear, however, that excess of moisture at the roots is the cause of the disease of the fruit; and if this were the chief cause, it is difficult to see why it is that the disease should be more prevalent of late years than formerly, and worse on old vines than young. Some of our scientists are of the opinion that the rot is caused by a fungus, like the mildew—the spores of which are absorbed by the leaves or the roots of the vine, and carried by the sap into the fruit, where they develop their mischief.

FRUIT "BUTTER."

The sale of fruit "butter" in all large cities is very large. It is put up in wooden pails, with close-fitting covers, and pails and butter are sold together. The "American Grocer," published in New York, says: "Fruit butter may be made in the country very easily and cheaply. The same purpose that sugar subserves in the manufactories here may be accomplished by the use of cider. When apples are ripe, make say three barrels of cider. Then pare and core four bushels of apples. Then boil down the three barrels of cider to one and a half, and set it convenient to the copper kettle, in which place the four bushels of apples. Pour on to the apples from the cider enough to answer the purpose, and fire up. As the cider boils away, add more and more, until it is all used up and the contents of the kettle are brought down to a proper consistency, of which one must be judge. A little practice will make one perfect in this process. This is for apples. It will apply equally well to any other kind of fruit from which it is practicable to obtain the juice as one would from apples."

Open-Back Shirts.

They were a sleepy lot on the four o'clock car going down Michigan avenue yesterday. The day was hot, the dust thick, and only one man, and he beyond the prime of life, opened his eyes as a woman crowded in, with a long, paper-box under her arm. His eyes opened a little more as she sat down near him, and presently they widened to their fullest extent as he read the label on the box: "One dozen open-backed shirts." He glanced from the box to the female and back, and groaned out;

"Land o' love! but what will come next?"

She looked around at him as if she feared that a case of colic would be next, and he brightened up a little and said:

"Well, I've worn 'em for a year, and I know they are handy and reliable. If my daughters want to get half-a-dozen apiece I shan't cry over it."

"Were you speaking to me?" she asked, after seeing that no one else seemed interested.

"I sorter was, and sorter wasn't," he replied, as he worked a faint smile to his face. "I was saying that it's wonderful how much the inventive genius of this country has done for us on the shirt question."

She hitched away a little.

"Twenty years ago," he mused, as he hitched after her, "if any man had told me that the dormant genius of this country would soon rouse up and invent a button-behind shirt I'd have looked upon him as crazy. But dormant genius is all O. K. She roused, she invented, and I've got one of them very shirts on."

The look she gave him ought to have torn him all to pieces, but it didn't.

"One year ago," he calmly resumed, "if anybody had told me that the gentler sex would soon demand open-backed shirts, I'd have gone a fishing and never returned. But the epoch has hove in sight—she's right here. I can recommend them as boss."

"Who are you talking to sir?" she demanded in an awful voice.

"To you, madam. I was saying that if I wear 'em there is no reason why you shouldn't."

"I appeal to these passengers!" she excitedly exclaimed.

"So do I," he answered. "Everybody in this car, with a button-behind shirt on, will please stand up until I count noses."

The old man stood up. He was all alone. He looked around in a sorrowful way, and said:

"The noses have it, and the resolution is laid on the table. However, I'll stick to mine, and I don't believe this woman will go back on her dozen until she has given 'em a fair show. Which side of the neck do they button on, madam?"

The yell that followed brought in the driver. The old man was pointed out as a drunkard and a woman-insulter, and the driver was feeling for his neck when the astonished man cried out:

"Who's drunk? Who insulted anybody?"

"He kept talking about shirts!" screamed the woman with the shirt-box.

"And you've got a box full!" shouted the man.

"I hain't ne——!"

She turned up the box, and saw the label for the first time. She grew red, then white, and there was an awful silence. Ripping off the cover, she exposed a bolt of mosquito netting nestled away in the box. Nay, she held it up, and even shook it at the old man. He smiled softly, nodded his head a dozen times and blandly said:

"Correct, madam—I tumble to it. That doesn't look like a dozen button-behind shirts, and I'm grieved if I offended. Put it back, madam, forget that you ever saw me, and wear any kind you are a mind to!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"That's our family tree," said an Arkansas youth as he pointed to a vigorous hemlock, and added, "A good many of our folks have been hung on that tree, for borrerin' horses after dark."

Roaring Dick.

It is well known that a bully is always a coward. This doctrine is early distilled into the mind of the small boy by his mother, his Sunday school teacher, and other persons of equal familiarity with the habits and customs of bullies. As the small boy grows up he never has a doubt that a big man with a rough voice and a bullying manner is a coward. All literature, whether of the juvenile or the adult variety, agrees upon this point. The Sunday school story and the dime novel teem with large and cowardly boys, who are put to flight by courageous little fellows half their size, who simply threaten them with a determined look. No less an authority than Dr. Holland himself shows how one brave young man with holy motives is always more than a match for at least three bullying, and consequently cowardly ruffians. The following little narrative concerning a large Californian bully and a consumptive theological student need, therefore, surprise no one who has thoroughly learned the great lesson that Nature in order to preserve the balance of things, serves out full rations of courage to small men, and gives large men only a very small proportion of that precious commodity.

Roaring Dick had been the despot of Blue Dog from the day that he first entered that prosperous mining town. He was more than six feet high and weighed fully 200 pounds. Apparently he consisted exclusively of bones, muscles, and an interior tank of huge dimensions for the stowage of whisky. Dressed in the picturesque costume of the miner, which consists mainly of red shirt and boots, and wearing a long grizzled beard, he naturally awakened universal admiration, and when to this groundwork of dress he added a belt containing two revolvers and a large bowie knife, admiration was eclipsed by awe. When he strode into the Imperial saloon and struck his fist on the counter, the barkeeper smilingly handed him the bottle and never dreamed of hinting at pay. Refreshed with a full tumbler, Roaring Dick would lazily lean against the counter and survey the inmates of the saloon. Occasionally he would ask in a deep rich voice, "Is there any coyote here who wants to have his ears cut off?" but not a soul would answer the polite invitation. With one exception the whole town of Blue Dog was cowed by the man's terrible reputation. It was said that he had killed thirty-seven different men, and that he carried in one of his pockets thirty-seven front teeth, it being his charming custom to always knock out a front tooth of every new corpse of his own killing. On at least one occasion he ordered every man in Blue Dog to remain within doors during a certain day, under pain of death, and when the appointed day arrived he patroled the streets with his repeating rifle without finding even a head visible at a window. The only man who was not confessedly afraid of Roaring Dick was Pinehurst, the gambler. This man's pale face never blanched at the sight of the terrible bully, nor did the deep color of his Roman nose ever fade in the face of any peril. Pinehurst was extremely gentlemanly and profane, and was known to be a dead shot with the revolver, although he rarely had occasion to display his skill. Whenever Roaring Dick accidentally came into Pinehurst's presence the latter would stealthily glide away, lest he should be tempted to engage in a coarse shooting match. Thus the bully and the gambler never came in conflict, and the former was careful never to enter the latter's elegant banking house.

One day there came to Blue Dog a thin, delicate young man, dressed in black clothing, carrying a valise full of tracts. He could not have been more than twenty-two years old, and he was evidently so far advanced in consumption that his presumption in coming to die in California was at first resented as a deliberate insult to the unequaled climate of that glorious State. Nevertheless, he soon gained first the pity then the regard of the rough miners of Blue Dog. He would enter their cabins and beg them to accept a few tracts; and he would walk into the crowded saloons and press tracts upon every drunken man present. He even visited Pinehurst's bank, and interrupted the proprietor while dealing by placing a tract entitled "Beware of the Cards" upon the "lay out." No one was angry. The patrons of the bank merely laughed, and Pinehurst, remarking, "You will find a square meal in the next room, Mr. Simpkins," proceeded to turn up the winning card, and swept in all the checks on the table.

Mr. Simpkins had been in Blue Dog for a whole week, and had distributed tracts to that extent that the whole landscape blossomed with them, before fortune brought him face to face with Roaring Dick. On the evening of the eighth day after his arrival, he entered the Imperial saloon, at about 9 o'clock, and to his surprise found the place profoundly silent. Roaring Dick was leaning in his favorite attitude against the counter, and had just announced his readiness to cut any man into fine slices who felt desirous to undergo that pleasing process. Apparently he had been drinking more than usual, for he seemed particularly bloodthirsty. Mr. Simpkins had hardly entered the saloon when the bully remarked, in a pathetic voice, that he really must kill somebody. "I hav'n't killed a man in ten days, barring some Chinamen," said Roaring Dick, "and I can't sleep well without blood. I ain't particular who it is; I'd jest as soon lay one of these yere coyotes as another; but I put it to you as white men, if such you be, whether somebody oughtn't to rile me little just out of Christian charity."

What was the astonishment of the miners to hear Mr. Simpkins calmly reply that if the big drunken fellow leaning on the counter wanted to fight, he was prepared to further his views. For a moment Roaring Dick was absolutely stupefied. Could he believe his ears? Did this sick boy, armed with nothing but a handful of tracts, actually venture to speak to the terror of Calaveras county? The thing was so absurd that the giant positively laughed, and he said, "You don't appear to know me, sonny."

Pale but determined, the young missionary quietly said that he knew the bully perfectly well. "I know you much better than these men do," he added. "They know you to be a bully, but I know you to be a coward. All bullies are cowards, and I mean to prove that you are not an exception to the rule." In spite of this insult, the bully restrained his thirst for blood. He said that he did not want to kill children; that Mr. Simpkins didn't really need any killing, since he had plainly died some years ago, and had deserted from the churchyard, where he belonged. This evasive language could not shake Mr. Simpkins' determination. He persisted in challenging Roaring Dick to a deadly combat, and finally deliberately took that dreadful ruffian by the ear and led him toward the door.

The spectacle was a sublime one. Here was a mere lad, a hopeless invalid, actually turning the terror of the county out into the street! The cowed miners regained their courage. They sprang to their feet, cheered wildly for the gallant Simpkins, and hurled insults at the bully. Suddenly that individual paused, and remarked, "This hyer foolishness has gone far enough." He picked up the unfortunate Simpkins, tore him to pieces, threw the fragments in the face of his revilers, and then drawing a revolver with each hand, opened fire with such celerity and deadly aim, that in a few seconds nine corpses lay on the floor, and not a living person save Roaring Dick stood in the saloon. Outside the stars shone serene and beautiful in the unequaled California sky. The watch dog bayed in the distance at some wandering cat. The night wind sighed among the clothes lines in the Chinese quarter. Inside the saloon, nine dead men, exclusive of the fragments, of Mr. Simpkins, would, perhaps, have cried for vengeance, had they not been corpses; though, to be sure, in that case they would not have wanted vengeance.

There seems to be something wrong about this story. The bully ought to have been cowed by the little man, and the latter ought to have demonstrated that his big antagonist was a coward. But we cannot have all things to please us. After all, what is a fact, that it should stand in the way of a theory? We know that all bullies are cowards, and we can afford to ignore the unwillingness of Roaring Dick of Calaveras to illustrate that theory in his own person.—*N. Y. Times.*

Dogs as Legatees.

The Orphan' Court, says the Pittsburgh *Telegraph*, will have before it soon a decidedly interesting and unusual question to decide. It occurs in this way: Nearly ten years ago Miss Louisa Simpson, a maiden lady of this city, died, leaving considerable property, which she disposed of by a will dated March 13, 1868. She was very fond of pets, and possessed at her death several horses, dogs and other domestic animals, the care of which she was very solicitous about, and she gave in her will very explicit directions about the care of them after her death. She directed that one of her horses grown too old to enjoy this life, be shot, and other animals were distributed among her friends with the directions accompanying each bequest, that they be taken good care of. Among other instructions for the care of her pets she directed that fifty cents a week be appropriated to feed her three dogs, and she instructed the executors to set aside an amount the interest of which was to be applied to this purpose. They accordingly deposited in one of the city savings banks $433 33, the interest on which, at six per cent. bringing the necessary income to support in sumptous style the trio of highly famed canines. These instructions were easily complied with until quite recently, when one of the dogs—as dogs sometimes will—died (intestate, as is supposed) and now the executors are in a quandary. They want to know what the result of the death of one of the legatees will be—whether the annuity is to be divided among the survivors, or whether the amount set aside is to be reduced so that each of the two survivors will receive the same amount as before. It is needless to say that the dogs themselves are in favor of the first named arrangement, and the law seems to be on their side.

The Tales Tails Tell.

There is a good deal of expression in tails. A cat when excited has her tail bent towards the ground and quiet; but when the animal is under lively emotion, the tail shows movements which are not of chance character, but predetermined by nature—such and such an emotion causing such and such a movement. When the cat feels afraid, when seized for example by the neck, the tail goes down between her legs. On sight of an agreeable morsel of meat, the tail is raised straight up. When angry the cat bends her tail into two curves of opposite directions—the greater curve at the base, the lesser at the extremity—while the fur is erect throughout. When on the alert for prey, she lashes her tail from side to side. On the other hand the dog wags his tail from side to side to testify joy; while (as with the cat) fear sends it between his legs. We all are familiar, again, with the comical appearance of a herd of cattle, driven to despair by insects, rushing about a field on a hot day with their tufted tails erect as posts. Dr. John Brown, in one of his racy sketches, tells of a dog whose tail had a peculiar kind of expressiveness. This tail of Toby's was "a tail *per se*; it was of immense girt, and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler. When he wished to get in the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding mighty stroke, which shook the house. This, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door with a sudden and vigorous stroke. It was quite a *coup de force* or a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect with it at once, his first bang authoritative having been as masterly and telling as his last."

A Batch of Whys.

Why are embassadors the most perfect people in the world? Because they are all excellencies.

Why is sympathy like blind man's buff? It is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because its light when it rises.

Why is the crow a brave bird? Because it never shows the white feather.

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer? Because whichever way he goes down comes the dust.

Why are washerwomen silly people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

Why are umbrellas like pancakes? Because they are seldom seen after Lent.

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

A person always meets with a warm reception at a hotel. The minute he arrives he is placed on the register.

The Old Story at the Circus.

The Augusta (Maine) *Journal* tells it again in this shape:

"A young man from the country took his sweetheart to the circus in Hallowell on Wednesday. After viewing with open mouth the wonders of the menagerie, and making many comments on the ferocity of the "graveyard robbers," and the huge elephants, the two proceeded to the main tent and soon were oblivious to all save the wonderful feats performed by noble sons and daughters of the ring. Presently a sleek-haired, smooth-voiced, innocent looking young man, bearing a tray of lemonade approached them and inquired of the young man if he would not accept a glass of cooling drink for himself and young lady each. Jonathan, supposing it was free, immediately took three glasses, one for himself, one for his lady and a third for another lady friend who was seated near by. When the glasses were emptied he returned them and thanked the young man for his kindness, when to his horror he was informed that the price of the three glasses of lemonade was thirty cents. He had come unprepared for any such drain upon his pocket book, and, after fumbling in his pocket for some time, he brought to light a small amount of nickel and handed them to the vender of lemon-juice, saying: "Here are twenty-six cents, which is all I have, and you will have to wait for the other four cents until your show comes this way again."

The Arab's Proof.

A Frenchman who had won a high rank among the men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the Great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer that at times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed; till at last one evening the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his beaming eyes on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and said solemnly: "How do I know there is a God? How do I know that a man and not a camel passed by my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so"—and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert—"that footprint is not of man."

How the Apostles Died.

4. Peter was crucified in Rome, and at his own request, with the head downward.

9. Andrew was crucified by being bound to a cross by cords, on which he hung two days, exhorting the people till he expired.

3. St. James the Great was beheaded by order of Herod at Jerusalem.

4. James the Less was thrown from a high pinnacle, then stoned, and finally killed with a fuller's club.

5. St. Phillip was bound and hanged against a pillar.

6. St. Bartholomew was flayed to death by command of a barbarous king.

7. St. Matthew was killed with a halbert.

8. St. Thomas, while at prayer, was shot with a shower of lances, and afterwards run through the body with a lance.

9. St. Simon was crucified.

10. Thaddeus, or Judas, was cruelly put to death.

11. St. Matthias—The manner of his death is somewhat doubtful; one says stoned, then beheaded; another says he was crucified.

12. Judas Iscariot fell, and his bowels gushed out.

13. John died a natural death.

14. St. Paul was beheaded by order of Nero.

A Fine Point of Etiquette.

The finest point to which etiquette may be carried was recently illustrated by our friend Hyacinth, who announced the possibility of his going to Greenwood on decoration day.

Hyacinth has a soldier brother buried in that cemetry, and Mrs. H. suggested that if he did go, he should provide himself with flowers to deck "dear Will's" grave.

Late in the day he returned.

"Did you go to Greenwood?" asked Mrs. Hyacinth.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm real sorry you went off without any flowers to put on Will's grave," said the kind-hearted woman.

"Oh, never mind," said the complacent Hyacinth—"I left my visiting card."

Perhaps brother Will was just as well pleased with this delicate mark of attention.—*Harper.*

Definition of Bible Terms.

A day's journey was thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekile's reed was eleven feet nearly.

A cubic foot is twenty-two inches nearly.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighth inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $258 35.

A talent of gold was $13,309.

A piece of silver or a penny was 13 cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gersh was one cent.

An epha or bath contained 7 gallons and 5 pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was 7 pints.

An omer was 6 pints.

A cab was 3 pints.

Hard Hits.

A crazy striker: The moon.

A red hot striker: The sun.

A timely striker: The clock.

A deadly striker: The lightning.

The attitude striker: The pugilist.

A lucky striker: The man who struck "ile."

The great unknown striker: The man who struck Billy Patterson.

The lawless striker: He who prevents another working in his place.

A Bloody Shooting Affray.

OMAHA, NEB., August 2—At Ogallalia, in this State, yesterday, Wm. Campbell was killed and five men wounded in a shooting affray. The quarrel resulted from a few chaffing words that passed between Campbell and a man named May at a dinner table.

ASSIGNEES' SALE

By virtue of an order of Court, I will sell at public sale in Somerset Borough, on

Saturday, August 18, 1877,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the real estate of David Ankeney, situated in Somerset township, Somerset county, Pa., within one mile and a half of Somerset, adjoining lands of Jacob Walter, Gillian Koontz, M. A. Sanner, Roberts, and Turkeyfoot Road, containing 240 acres, more or less, about 180 clear, with two good houses and an elegant barn thereon erected.

This is a very desirable farm, convenient to market, schools and churches and about one half mile from the Somerset & Mineral Point Railroad.

TERMS.—One-third in hand, one-third in six months from day of sale, one-third in one year from day of sale with interest on the deferred payments from the day of sales payments to be secured by judgment bonds. Ten per cent. of hand money to be paid on day of sale.

H. L. BAER, Assignee.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Mitchell McClintock vs. Adeline McClintock, et. al. } In Common Pleas of Somerset Co. No. 2. August T. 1874. Partition Docket.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., in the above stated case, to me directed, I will offer for sale by public outcry, at the Court House in Somerset borough, on

Friday, August 10th, 1877,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., the following described valuable real estate, to wit:

A certain tract of land containing 106¼ acres, more or less, situate in Addison Twp., adjoining Wm. J. Baer, Samuel Hinebaugh, and Casselman river, with the appurtenances.

TERMS:—One-third in hand on confirmation of deed, one-third in six months thereafter, and the remainder in one year thereafter, to be secured with interest from date; ten per cent. of the purchase money must be paid on day of sale.

GEO. W. PILE, Sheriff.

July 18.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Benjamin Masters, late of Berlin Borough, deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 1st day of September 1877, at the late residence of said deceased in Berlin Borough, when and where he will attend for that purpose.

EMANUEL MASTERS, Administrator.

July 18.

FOR

Health, Comfort and Economy

Cork Shavings are unsurpassed as an article for Beds, Mattresses, &c. They are ten times as durable as Husks or straw. Only 6 cents per lb. 40 pounds will fill the largest bed. For sale by Armstrong, Brother & Co., 44 and 46 First Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

July 18.

ASSIGNEES' ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts have been filed in my office, and will be presented to the Court for confirmation on Monday, August 20th, 1877.

W. C. Livengood, Assignee of H. H. Blough.
Wm. Zimmerman, Assignee of Samuel Barndt.
Harman Shank, Assignee of A. A. Stutzman.
Jas. L. Pugh, Assignee of S. B. Yoder.
Jas. L. Pugh, Assignee of Ephraim Cober.
Valentine Hay, Assignee of A. F. Stahl.
John H. Uhl, Assignee of John Neff.

F. J. KOUSER, Prothonotary.

August 1.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE

Of Unseated Lands in Somerset County, Penn.

The Commissioners of Somerset County hereby give notice that they will sell, at public sale, in the Court room in Somerset borough on Wednesday the 15th day of August next, the following enumerated tracts of unseated lands, which have been purchased from the Treasurers of said county, and have remained unredeemed for five years and upwards. Agreeable to the act of Assembly of March 15, 1875, and the supplemental act thereto of March, 1824.

ADDISON TWP.

Anthony Joseph	400
Chery Lern	410
Tom Benj	400
Church Marcus	400
Moore Jane	414

ALLEGHENY TWP.

Black John	440
Bowen Thomas	234
Dew Wm	265
Ellinger Fred	402½
Gibson George	397
Gibson John	408
Hahn John	200
Meyers Jacob	469
Miles James	107
Smith George	200
Wells John K	394
Skinner Wm	411¾

BROTHERSVALLEY TWP.

Young John F	400

CONEMAUGH TWP.

Musser John	319
Boss George	400
Paisley Richard	40½
Statler Jacob Jr	419
Slick John	440

JENNER TWP.

Black James	401
Bohren Peter	385
Kepler Michael	400
McCaraney Isaac	393
Musser John	402
Philson Robert	400
Pitcher Wm	198

MILFORD TWP.

Brook Jacob	400½
Dunlap John	403
Griffith John D	400
Hart Wm	50
Humbert John	64

NORTHAMPTON TWP.

Anderson Wm	412

PAINT TWP.

Jones Wm	403
West Matthew	413½

SHADE TWP.

Campbell Margaret	396½
Gaulding Thomas	400
Johns Wm	400

STONYCREEK TWP.

Dubois Abraham	400
Margrand Mary	414
Wells John	109

SOMERSET TWP.

Bousell Andrew	400
Keyser Jacob	100
Young Ann	300

SOUTHAMPTON TWP.

Baily James	400
Brant John	200
Doughlas Alex	208
Holloway Thomas	333
Kohler Daniel	24
Phillippi John	106
Shaw James	25
Stoopy Thomas	400
Thopson Wm	206
Tempest Rachel	220
Wayman Samuel	100
Wells John	75
Thompson Wm	148¾

UPPER TURKEYFOOT TWP.

Lenox David	400

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., and to continue from day to day until all the lands are disposed of.

WM. REEL, J. P. PHILSON, DANIEL PHILLIPPI, Commissioners.

W. M. SCHROCK, Clerk.

July 11.

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. 29.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

—TO—

—ENCOURAGE IMPROVEMENTS.—

FOR SALE:

CHOICE BUILDING LOTS.

IN THE NEW EXTENSION OF BEDFORD, NEAR THE SPRINGS.

Will offer at private sale at low prices and on easy terms and conditions, viz:

Only One-fifth Cash Required on Purchase, Balance Payable in 1, 2, 3 and 4 YEARS,

equal payments in Bonds, with interest at six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, secured by mortgage.

The owner offering to the purchaser (if desired), A SPECIAL GUARANTEE that at the expiration of the four years, should the purchaser be dissatisfied with his purchase, will refund the original purchase amount as expressed in the receipt (or deed in the hands of Messrs. Russel & Longenecker until all the payments are made), and have the lot or lots reconverted on payment of original purchase amount, providing the lot or lots are free from incumbrances, same as when bought from owner.

For particulars, apply to

F. BENEDICT, Or RUSSELL & LONGENECKER, Bedford, Pa.

June 6.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Nehemiah Miller 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 Nehemiah Miller will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them to the undersigned Assignee without delay at his residence in Petersburg Borough.

WM. RODDY, Assignee.

July 4.

NELLIS' O. H. H. H. FORK, WITH NELLIS' Patent method for mowing and stacking Hay or Straw, without extra charge to the farmer. Agt. Steels finished and tempered by Nellis' process to suit all kinds of soil. Medal awards on all our goods exhibited at the Centennial. Information free.

A. J. NELLIS & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

June 27.

JOH F. BLYMYE R

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. 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

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 an 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,

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 great 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 $25.00 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 20.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

(OFFICE OF THE SALISBURY RAIL ROAD CO.,) MEYERSDALE, June 15, 1877.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting and an election of the stockholders of the Salisbury Rail