RURAL TOPICS.

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

SETTING HENS.

There are no expressions in the English language in the use of which people make more mistakes than in speaking of sitting hens, or hens that sit or desire to sit. These errors arise from an imperfect knowledge of the use of verbs to *sit* and *to set*. To sit, as we all know, is the act of sitting, as in a chair or on a nest; but to set is the act of placing a thing in some place or position, as eggs in a nest; so we can correctly say a setting of eggs. We can also say, I have set a hen, because it required either some act of ours to place her on the nest, as putting eggs in it and setting the hen thereon, or she went upon it voluntarily, by which act she set herself upon the eggs; but as soon as she has adjusted herself in the nest she becomes a sitting hen. We should, therefore, say "A hen sits, is sitting, or desires to sit," and a setting of eggs for a hen I am going to set that wants to sit; and in no case can we properly say a setting hen, or a hen that wants to set, &c.

MANGEL WURZEL AND CARROTS.

From a paper read before a Dairymen's Association I extract as follows: From the experiments that I have made I am strongly inclined to the opinion that for cows the majority of our cheese dairymen and other farmers included will find the mangel wurzel the most valuable of all our root crops for cows; and the carrot the most valuable for horses. If I am correct in this opinion as I really think I am, the next question that comes up is: Which is the best way to cultivate them? Here let me say, once for all, that I do not believe it possible to raise a large crop of mangel wurzel, parsnips or carrots upon poor land, or even upon good land, unless they have at least fair cultivation. It is possible to get a fair crop of turnips upon land that is only moderately rich, and with only indifferent cultivation; but even here you will find failure much oftener than success; hence let me advise all not to attempt the growth of these crops unless they are able and willing to comply with the following conditions, viz: very rich soil, and that in good condition, plenty of manure and thorough cultivation. With these conditions you may raise not only large crops, but very large and very profitable ones. This writer is correct in saying that carrots are valuable for horses, and they are also valuable for cows. Owing to the fact that mangels can be grown at about half the expense per bushel that it costs to produce carrots, it may be true that they, as he says, are the best root crop to grow for cows.

MONEY IN BEEF.

It is poor policy for farmers to sell cows that fail in their milk at this season of the year, to others who fatten them, and make money by the business. No one can fatten stock cheaper than farmers can. They need a good pasture exclusively for fattening cattle; that is, enough such pasture should be fenced off to feed one, two, or as many animals as one desires to fatten. I see no good reason why such stock should not, in the absence of other good pasture, be turned upon mowing land in the fall when the grass is well grown, so as to afford a pasture adapted to fattening cattle. I do not think that any injury would be sustained by thus pasturing mowing lands, unless the grass should be fed off quite short, or the sward be cut up in wet weather be the hoofs of the cattle; and it is easy to avoid both of these possible injuries. As cold weather approaches fattening animals should be fed meal and root crops; and by January they may be put in good condition to slaughter. No cows should be kept on a farm that give but little milk naturally, as it is better to fatten them, and buy good ones. A cow worth $100 is more profitable than one worth $50 only.

DISEASES OF POULTRY.

Diseases in poultry that affect entire flocks are always caused by something wrong about their premises. I claim this to be so, from the fact that in breeding fowls extensively for forty years I never had but two cases of disease; and in both cases I discovered the cause and remedied it immediately. One was a lack of fresh air in their roosting house, which produced the roup in the whole flock; and the other was allowing the fowls to drink stagnant water in the yard, where there was a pile of manure, which produced a disease that was fatal to many fowls. The poultry editor of the Rural New Yorker says: There has lately come to my notice some cases of severe fever among fowls, which proved fatal. Numbers of the hens died very suddenly on several farms in the neighborhood. The birds were in good condition, with crops well filled, but not too hard, with food when attacked. The first symptoms were mopishness and entire suspension of digestion. There was no appearance of diarrhea or cholera. Yet, I believe this disease is sometimes taken for the latter on account of its rapidly fatal character. The birds were very hot, drank very frequently, and kept very still. Many died in a few hours, some the second day, and others on the third and fourth day; and after death their combs turned quite black. In looking around the premises to see if there was any local cause for the sickness, I found, in the hot sun, a pool of foul, thick, stagnant manure water, that had settled into the fowls' yard from a pile of manure close by, after a heavy rain. The fowls were shut up in the yard and had fresh water supplied daily in their drinking vessel. But hens will always drink from any dirty puddle that happens to be in their way; and under these circumstances, sickness would very likely be produced. I have read of many cases, similar to this one, but they were supposed to be cholera, and in most instances such stagnant water was found. This is worth noting, so that readers of the Rural may look out and prevent any occurrence of the kind on their farm, and thus save their fowls. I did not see the stock in the case I mention, until it was too late to save any. Most of them were already dead; in all, seventeen died out of 20.

GRAPE WINE.

Properly speaking, nothing is wine unless it is made of grapes. We make what we call currant wine and also wines from other fruits, but they are simply drinks, not wine. Many people who have grapes enough to make a few gallons of wine often ask how it should be made, and I propose to answer that question as fully as my space will admit—that is, how it can be made in a small way without a wine press. In the first place obtain your ironbound cask or keg, and never attempt to make less than five gallons. Three gallons of grapes in the bunch will make one gallon of juice, called must, or with the addition of two pounds of sugar to a gallon of must, and the use of a little water in forcing out the last pressing of the pomace, two barrels and a half of grapes may suffice for a barrel of wine. I will give rules for making a barrel of wine, which will suffice for smaller quantities. Get an empty whiskey cask, saw it in two, and make two tubs, which clean well. Into one of these put your grapes, about half full, and mash them with a masher which any man can make in a few minutes. When mashed empty the must and pomace into the other tub, and so continue until all of your grapes are mashed; but you will require a couple more tubs to do the work well. Your grapes being all mashed, you now take a bag made of stout open muslin, in which you put as much pomace as can be easily pressed out, and with a piece of stout board about fifteen inches wide, laid upon an empty tub, with strips nailed at each end of the board to prevent any of the juice running over on the floor (an airy cellar is the place to make the wine) you lay the bag upon the board, and press it with your hands, or make a lever 8 or 10 feet long, and have a place for the end of the lever to be set in or under, so that you get a good purchase on the bag, which should have a small piece of board upon it for the lever to rest on, and then bear down with your full strength, and you will see the must running out rapidly; then turn the bag frequently and you will soon find the pomace quite dry, and so proceed till all is pressed.

You now have nearly a barrel of pomace that still contains considerable juice. Pour two pails full of well water upon it, and let it stand six hours, and then press it again, as before, and your wine is ready to receive the sugar (two pounds to the gallon) of any good quality. Now fill your cask, which should be a well soaked whiskey barrel, or what is better, an iron-bound wine cask. Put in a faucet now, as it is troublesome to put one in after the cask is filled. If you can obtain a key faucet, I advise you to do so, as one does not always know how attractive wine is to hired help. Put the cask in the coolest part of your cellar, raised so as to allow the wine to be drawn easily, and fill it to within about six inches of the bung, and keeping in a jug or demijohn enough must to fill the cask when fermentation ceases, which will be in about a month. The bung may be put in, and an air-hole made with a gimblet. This gimblet hole may be closed at the end of three weeks with a spike, which should be removed once a day till no air escapes on the removal. Then fill up the cask and bung it tight. Small syphons are used sometimes to allow the compressed air to escape, with one end in a vessel of water, by which no outside air reaches the wine.

Wine made by wine companies, or individuals, in large quantities on the most scientific principles, and from grapes that naturally contain considerable alchohol, do not require any sugar to make them keep; but all such wines are less palatable to the taste of our rural families than those that are home-made with sugar. Indeed, our ladies would as soon drink a glass of poor, old, cider, as a glass of American wine as made in Ohio and California by professional wine makers. I consider it a very difficult thing to take grapes as they are found in our gardens, with none as tested wine grapes of value, and make perfectly pure wine—nothing but the pure juice of the grape—and have it keep well in ordinary cellars over the first summer season; but it can be done with good wine grapes by an experienced home-made wine maker, by taking only the most perfect, and fully ripe fruit.

There is another way of making wine. All grape juice contains a certain per centage of alcohol—exactly such spirits as are sold as alchohol in the drug stores; and when people drink what they call pure wines they imbibe with it from ten to twelve per cent. of spirits of wine, alcohol. Now, if we use more water in our last pressing of the pomace—and not a drop should be used in pure wines—and add say a half pint of pure spirits (alcohol of the strength of whiskey) to a gallon of must, with the usual quantity of sugar, we can make a barrel of wine with about two barrels of grapes, that is equal in quality to that other wise made; and a great deal better than some other sale wines. But many persons will object to making such wine, because it contains liquor, but it only contains six per cent. more liquor than the wine that is supposed to be pure; and it only differs from such wine in the degree of alcohol spirit that it contains. It takes generally about nine months for a cask of home-made wine to fine itself, and become properly clear, when it will be ready for use, but the older it is the better it is. In the following May after the wine is made, a second fermentation takes place in a slight degree; and the wine does not become fully fined (clear) till June or July.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Shortly before his departure for India, the lamented Heber preached a sermon, which contained this beautiful sentiment:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder flood, amid objects more striking and magnificient. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us, we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be ship-wrecked, we can not be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our leave of the earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and Eternal.

What line of business do you think I had best adopt?" asked a young aspirant for the stage, of the leading man.

"Well," said the old stager, gazing critically at the youth's elegant costume, "I should say the clothes-line would suit you best."

At what time was Adam born? just before Eve.

All poets die young except Tupper and Whitman.

OUR NEW-YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1877.

THE CURIOSITIES OF CRIME.

Last week a girl Wetzel killed a man named Listemann, by slashing him with a razor while they were in bed together. Listemann had kept her as his mistress for six years, and the girl had frequently importuned him to marry her, urging that she was "sick of leading a life of shame." She made this demand last Tuesday night, which he refused to listen to; but, apparently pacified, retired with him. Scarcely had he laid down when she slipped a razor from under her pillow, and inflicted horrible wounds on his abdomen, from which he died. An inquest was held, the proceedings of which were published in the papers. Two days after a similar case occurred in Brooklyn. A woman had lived with a man on intimate terms, had reformed and married. Her paramour was brute enough to make public the relations that had once existed between them, which coming to the ears of the husband, ended in a separation. The enraged woman made an appointment with her former lover and deliberately cut him in the abdomen till he died. Then a day after a similar tragedy was enacted at Jersey City, and still another in 57th street, in each case illicit love being at the bottom, a razor the weapon, a bed the scene, and the abdomen the wounded place. It is as though every disappointed, repentant woman felt called upon to follow the example of the first, and in the same horrible way. The details of these affairs are too horrible to print. In each case death ensued.

A CATHOLIC SCANDAL.

The little town of Vineland, near the city, is greatly exercised over the development of a transaction that recently occurred in the catholic church at that place. A man named Gregory, a worthless sort of a fellow who had more than half forsaken his church, was at the point of death. His wife, a devout catholic, begged the priest to shrive the dying man, which he refused to do on the score that he was not a good catholic, and was not entitled to absolution. Mrs. Gregory implored, and finally after many interviews the priest did go and confess him and gave him absolution. Priest Viver was indiscreet enough afterward to say that he now had means enough to pay off the debt on his church, as a valuable piece of land in Newark had been devised to him; and Mrs. Gregory, now that her husband was safely through purgatory, dropped hints that it had cost her more than she liked to get it accomplished. An inquiry was set on foot and it was made known that the dying man and his wife had deeded the Newark property to the priest, besides giving him $100 in money—in short, all they had—before he would absolve him. It has made much feeling in Vineland, and has created a bitter feeling against the church there.

A SERIOUS DEMOCRATIC TROUBLE.

Congressman Adrian Muller, of the First District in this city, had a vacancy at West Point to fill, and to avoid the responsibility of making a selection, advertised that a competitive examination would be held, and the boy making the best average would be appointed. Probably Mr. Muller would not have done this had he had the faintest idea of the result, for behold you, a "nigger" named Charles A. Minnie, came out ahead, and Muller was compelled to appoint him. There were an hundred applicants, but Minnie had a clear majority of points, and there was no mistake about it. There is loud swearing among the Democracy of the First, at the "dirthy nagur" who had the audacity to stand first among the youth of that district. John Morrissey is astute enough to turn this little draught of gall to advantage. There is a very large negro vote in that district, and the gallant John no sooner hears of it, than he sends his cheque for $500 to Minnie, with which he may provide himself with a proper outfit. This is a shrewd stroke. It will be a convenient thing for John to have at his back in future political contests some hundreds of the negroes of that section, for they are looming into political importance every day, and even the enmity of Irish cannot keep them out. Minnie is a very bright boy; he has been more than two-thirds educated at home, and has done the most of it himself. In the examination the maximum was an hundred, and he stood ninety-nine and a half. He understands fully what is before him at West Point, but he is determined to go through it like a man, and do something for his race as well as himself.

THE GREAT TELEGRAPH CONSOLIDATION.

There is no more competition in telegraphing, and the public is as entirely at the mercy of a monopoly as it was before the Atlantic and Pacific was started to give us relief from the monstrous exactions of the Western Union. With a healthy competition rates had got down to a point that enabled the people to use the telegraph freely. A message from New York to Chicago only cost twenty-five cents, and rates for shorter distances were even lower. This did not satisfy the grasping managers, and so this week they got together and consolidated the two companies, and up go the rates just as far as the patience of an abused public will permit. It will result in the Government taking the telegraph system of the country under its wing—at least it ought to. The people are idiots if they permit a company of grasping speculators to hold in its hand the power to oppress them. The rate from New York to Chicago will go up to a dollar again, and so on in proportion. Of course that little Mephistophiles, Jay Gould, is at the bottom of this, as he is of all the devilitry that is being done. If every man, woman and child in the United States doesn't petition Congress to take the telegraph lines, and operate them as it does the mail system service, they will deserve all the swindles that can be imposed upon them. And, by the way, while they are about it, they ought to take a dig at the express business. There is no reason under heaven why small parcels should not be carried through the mails, at a very low rate of postage. The express business is as miserable a monopoly as the telegraph, and needs reforming as much. To get a dress from Boston to Omaha costs almost as much as the dress, and to some points a great deal more. There is no reason why the mails should not be used for the transportation of certain matter; if the people are wise they will pay some attention to these matters this winter.

THE BUSINESS OUT-LOOK.

There is no longer any question, there is an improvement in business. The enormous crops of this year are burdening the lines of transportation both by water and land, money is being sent out of the city by the million to move the crop, and that money, distributed at once, is putting life into trade, and very vigorous life. It is a fact that the wheat crop of the year will average more than twenty-five bushels to the acre, taking the country together, which is something never known before, and the corn crop is equally as large; and this enormous yield comes when the country is bare of grain, and when the great war in Europe takes away all the competition we have always had in supplying breadstuffs, keeping the price up to a good round figure. Add to this the absolute settlement of our internal troubles by the wise policy of President Hayes, the fact that we have got back almost to a gold basis, and that the depreciation has gone on until we have struck bottom, and he must be a croaker indeed who cannot see better times very closely ahead. The effect is now perceptible in this city. The merchants from the interior are here in force, with pleasant faces, and those who came to buy five thousand dollars are, under advices from home since they left, buying ten thousand. One publishing firm in Boston has sold 50,000 copies of a new book in the first three weeks of its publication, something unheard of since 1873, and other intimations of returning prosperity are not wanting. And this is going to be pemanent. Our exports are now largely in excess of our imports, the flood of gold instead of going abroad is setting this way, and Europe is contributing to us instead of our contributing to Europe. We are exporting goods to Europe, and so good a reputation have our goods that in China,, Japan and South America the English are labeling their fabrics "American," in order to sell them. There is no use in hanging back any longer. We have struck bottom, and from this time we shall rise and rise very rapidly.

VARIOUS.

It is true that Jay Gould made four millions of dollars by his shrewd manipulation of Western Union, and the subsequent consolidation. The weather is very hot, and the death rate mong children is fearful. The coaching folly is about played out. The young bloods have got tired of playing English coachmen, and now that the novelty is worn off, the young ladies have discovered that the family carriage is ever so much more comfortable. And besides, it affords an equally good chance to show their clothes, which is the main object of a New York girl's life. The people are coming back from the summer resorts, and the city is looking a trifle more gay. The avenues and park drives are filling up again with the family instead of the coachman and cook.

PIETRO.

The Python and the Tiger.

On a hunting excursion in India, the first year of my residence there (said an English officer, whom I met on my last trip to Havana), I witnessed a sight that I shall never forget. Our party was large and well appointed; but after beating about awhile, I got tired, and getting down from my high post on the elephant, where I did not feel at home, strayed off with one companion in search of some minor sport, taking care to follow a track on which I could easily regain the party. We had gone toiling through the jungle for an hour or more, when I was startled by a low growl, that sent every drop of blood coursing through my veins; a second told me that some large animal lay in the thicket before me. Capt. Allen was at a little distace, and calling to him to look out, bounded to the first tree. I never was a climber, and was now heavily booted and spurred, but in a trice I was well up and paused to look.

Allen was imitating my example, and, feeling bolder, I drew my pistol and discharged it in the moving mass of leaves. A magnificient Bengal tiger made one spring from his lair, and as the fitful light through the branches flecked his skin, it shone like burnished gold. With a terrible roar, his tail lashing his sides, he looked around for his assailants. You may well imagine how closely each of us clung to his bough, and sought protection from the leafy covering, fearful that a swaying in the wind would reveal us to the angry lord of the wilderness. But our blood congealed, as, in a marsby spot between us, we beheld a huge python, rolled up in spires, forming a distance of nearly three yards in diameter. At the roar of the tiger his head raised slowly to measure his antagonist. As if satisfied with a view of affairs it instantly glided into the very tree between us, and then shot forth like a spring. Round and round the neck its folds floated—but the tiger uttered no cry. The gaping mouth, the starting eyes, showed its agony; and even this ceased, as, winding round and round again, the enormous python encompassed the whole animal. When all motion ceased—and the operation seemed to our intense gaze to last for hours—it slowly unfolded, and smearing its victim, began to swallow.

Now was our chance to escape; noiselessly descending, we gained our path-marks, but had not gone but a few rods, when some of our party met us; they were coming in search, uneasy at our stay. We told them that a boa had taken a tiger before our eyes.

"Not a boa!" said an old shekarry; there are no boas in these tiger parts; it was a python. I will go and finish it.

And unslinging a stout axe from his back, he proceeded cautiously on. We followed with intense interest. The snake, too absorbed to notice the new comer, at one blow lost prey and life.—*Evening Wisconsin.*

"You politicians are queer people," said an old business man to an impecunious partisan.

"How so?" asked the politician.

"Why, because you trouble yourselves more about the payment of the debt of the State than you do of your own."

A young colt in New Hampshire, deprived of its mother's care, has been taken in charge and nursed by a motherly cow. When it grows up, it will doubtless be pointed out with the remark, "That's a horse of an udder color."

Dr. Karsch, Professor of Natural Science in Munster, has written a book on "The Natural History of the Devil." His view is that the devil is now quite old, bald and purblind. A few brief years from now and Dr. Karsch will know better.

A young lady sent a poem to a British newspaper entitled, "I cannot make him smile." The editor ventures the opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

Mike Mahony's Luck.

Mike Mahony was an Irishman, every whit; but he was a shrewd Irishman, and obtained more money and cold victuals by his wit than by hard labor. In fact, he was determined to make this country what he had been told it was before he came over the water, a place where a man could live aisy.

It happened one day that Mike, who had strayed up into the country, was anxious to reach a railroad depot. His legs were weary, and though he had partaken of a substantial breakfast from the well-spread table of a hospitable farmer, the idea of traveling sixteen miles before nightfall, had little charms for a lazy fellow like Mike.

Mike had traveled about a half-mile when he observed a large handbill posted on a certain sign post; though not much of a scholar he managed after spelling the hard words to read as follows:

STOLEN:—A man calling himself William Clafflin, hired of the subscriber a gray horse and Concord built wagon for the purpose of going to Keystone and return the same day, but has not been heard of since. Said Clafflin was a small man, pock-marked with a scar under his eye.

"That's me," said Mike, "barrin' the scar, and that's easy made."

He jogged along to the tavern, entering with a downcast look and took a seat before the fire.

In a few minutes he heard a whispering among the inmates, and felt that his prospect of a ride was not so bad as it might be.

Soon the landlord entered and after whispering a few minutes, tapped Mike on the shoulder and said:

"Where is your horse, my good fellow?"

"Horse," said Mike looking up.

"Yes the horse you hired."

"Sure an' the owner has him. You wouldn't accuse an honest Irishman of the like of me stealing a horse, would you?"

"You may look like an honest man, but don't you see that's an exact description of you?"

"An' what does that say, sure?"

"That you stole a horse and wagon."

"Is it me you mane?"

"Certainly."

"Take me out of this, by the blessed St. Patrick," and Mike was making fast for the door, when the landlord stepped before him.

"No you don't", said he taking Mike by the collar.

Mike began to shed tears, and tried to soften the heart of the landlord.

"An' sure you wouldn't be the manes of puttin' a poor fellow to prison. Let me go now, and I'll never darken the doors of your house again, as sure as my name's—"

"What?" asked the landlord.

"An what's the name ye read on the paper?"

"It's no matter—I'm sure he's the chap," said the landlord; "don't you think so?" addressing himself to the crowd who had gathered in the bar room.

"Yes," was the response.

In less than half an hour the landlord's team was at the door, and Mike was ordered to get in.

"Sure, you'll give me a drop of the creathure," said Mike, "afore ye take me out into the cold weather."

"Yes, said the landlord, ordering his boy to set out the decanter

"Here's to the health of ye," said Mike, and may the blessed Virgin purtect ye, and save ye from ever bein' in my situation."

The liquor was drank and Mike and the landlord started off for the town from which the horse had been stolen.

During the first part of the journey, Mike was exceedingly taciturn, and the landlord was not disposed to disturb his meditations. They had proceeded some half dozen miles when Mike asked:

"And what will you get for this job, mister?"

"Twenty-five dollars, perhaps" replied the landlord.

"Sure an' ye'll make better business of it than myself, if ye get that."

"Yes, I guess so," replied the landlord.

Mike relapsed into silence, and after an hour's ride they halted in front of a stable and the landlord sung out to the proprietor:

"Here's the fellow that stole your wagon."

This brought out the stablekeeper and the hostlers, and the former having thrown Mike's head back so as to get a fair view of his face and said:

"That isn't the man."

"Isn't the man," repeated the astonished landlord.

"An' didn't I tell you so," said Mike, "but it's myself that's abliged to ye for takin' me here, an' savin' me the trouble of a weary journey on foot. An' now," turning to the stablekeeper, "if ye'll tell me the way to the railroad, it is Mike Mahony that will be quick out of a country where honest men are oncivily treated."

The road was pointed out to him and he trudged off at a lively pace, while the landlord, deliberately turning his team around departed amid a shout of laughter, inwardly resolved never to arrest a man for horse stealing again.

Santa Anna's Daughter.

Gen. Santa Anna was in command of the Mexicans at Cerro Gordo. He was utterly defeated and compelled to retreat, with heavy losses in prisoners, material, and killed and wounded. Shields was dangerously wounded in the fight, and of course was left behind at Jalapa. When he became convalescent he was informed that a lady living opposite the house where he lay had been very kind and attentive, and had been much help to his attendants. As soon as he was allowed to walk out he went to thank her, when he learned to his surprise that she was a daughter of Santa Anna. In the course of the conversation that followed he remarked;

"But did you know who it was that you were administering to all this time?"

"Not at first," she replied. "I discovered after a time that you were General Shields, who I heard was killed."

"Perhaps, had you known at the first that I was one who had a large share in defeating your father you would not have relieved me?"

She drew herself up with the air of an old Castilian. "Sir," she said, "had you with your own hand killed my father in fair fight—in fair fight—I would have done for you in your extremity just as much as now have." And she looked it as well as she spoke it.

The bedchambers of a certain sea-side resort are said to have this placard: "Snoring must be done in the minor notes and only at rare intervals, or not at all."

The pitcher of a base ball club is the power behind the thrown.

Murder by Counterfeiters in Kentucky.

WASHINGTON, August 21.—A letter was received at the Secret Service Division of the Treasury to-day, inclosing certain pieces of clothing taken from the person of a man who was found murdered in the woods near Hustonville, Kentucky. The letter is from a Deputy Marshal, who was under the impression that the murdered man was an officer of the Secret Service Division and had been assassinated by counterfeiters, and the clothing was sent here for the identification of the deceased. The Chief of the Division here, however, says that it was not an officer of his division who was thus found. His theory is that it was a party who approached the counterfeiters with a genuine intention of dealing with them, and who was suspected of being a detective officer, and after being decoyed into a private place for the purpose of making a trade with the "boney men," was then killed by members of a desperate gang of counterfeiters in Kentucky, who, though few in number, have yet given the Government much trouble.

Adjustment of Losses by the Pittsburg Riots.

PHILADELPHIA, August 21.—Committees of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Maritime Exchange had a consultation to-day relative to the adjustment of losses incurred at Pittsburg during the late strike. An agreement was arrived at by which suits will be brought against Allegheny county, and it was understood that after the necessary data shall be prepared the claims of merchants will be presented prior to those of the Railroad Company, who will assist the business community in the suits. Statements are now being prepared to show the amount of loss sustained by merchants of this city by the destruction and delay of their goods in transit.

A Marshal's Posse Besieged.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 21.—United States Marshal Webster reports having been attacked by an escaped Moonshine prisoner who, with his friends, fired 20 shots at the Marshal and his posse and also bombarded the house an entire night. Deputies Penn and Adair were menaced by the mob, numbering a hundred or more, in Adair County. In Hardin County the Moonshine men swear they will kill the first United States Marshal who comes near them. Col. Crittenden, the new United States Marshal for Kentucky, has been making vigorous efforts to break up this peculiar specimen of law-breaking, and in the last two months his deputies have arrested over one hundred offenders.

Slight Skirmish with the Indians.

SALT LAKE, August 22.—A report this morning from Hole in the Rock stage station, Idaho, recently occupied by hostiles says the Indians have all gone in the direction of Henry Lake or Titian basin.

General Howard was at the head of Comas' creek yesterday morning. Captain Hall with the friendly Indians left the stage station for Comas' creek yesterday. General Howard had a slight skirmish with the Indians day before yesterday. One man was killed and seven wounded. The Indians stole 200 of Howard's horses the night before last. The Montana volunteers are returning home disgusted, many of them on foot. General Sherman is at Helena, Montana.

Forger Arrested

NEW YORK, August 23.—On Tuesday last a man entered a broker's office here and represented that he had $10,000 worth of St. Louis county bonds for sale, which he was willing to dispose of at a considerable reduction. After a close scrutiny the bonds were pronounced genuine, and a check for $10,000 was filled out to be handed to the man, when Detectives Pinkerton and Conor entered the office and arrested the seller of the bonds, who was recognized by them as a prominent member of a gang of bank forgers, who had been successful in various swindling operations. The bonds proved to be skillfully executed counterfeits of the issue of St. Louis county bonds of $25,000, of the year 1853, and to run for 25 years.

Coal Miners Appealing to the Courts for Redress.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—The coal miners in the vicinity of La Salle, who struck July 27, appeared in the United States Court this morning and filed a petition representing their grievances, which were that after having arranged with H. B. Plant, receiver of the Northern Illinois coal company, to mine coal for seventy-five cents per net ton, and to receive full work, they were nevertheless given but three days' work per week, and had greatly suffered in consequence; that the scales were inaccurate and the powder furnished inferior, and that under these circumstances they can only make about $25 per month. They therefore ask that the court arbitrate upon and adjust their grievances.

The Coal Mining Troubles.

WILKESBARRE, PA., Aug. 22.—Knapp's Battery, Sixth Division, Major General Pierson commanding, now stationed here, this morning received orders to proceed to Pittsburg to recruit up to its full standard. They left at once. Three companies of the Thirteenth Infantry, regulars, passed through here during the night, reaching Scranton this morning. The headquarters of the Third regulars are transferred from Scranton here.

The strikers yesterday afternoon stopped the pumps on one of the Erie collieries near Carbondale, and Company B, Twentieth militia, left this city last night to protect the works.

Senator Morton.

RICHMOND, Ind., August 23—8:30 P. M.—Dr. Bliss arrived from Washington this evening and held a consultation with Dr. Thompson. Both agree that Senator Morton's condition is more favorable than they could expect, considering his alarming condition yesterday. They are hopeful that he will soon rally again.

RICHMOND, IND., August 23.—Senator Morton at midnight was resting comfortably. Doctors Bliss, Thompson and Woodburn express their belief that the crisis has passed and his gradual recovery is anticipated.

"What are you fenoing in that lot for, Pat? A herd of cattle would starve to death on that land." "And sure, your honor, wasn't I fencin' it to kape the poor bastes out av it?"

Bird importers report business this season as being com-parrot-ively dull. Can'ary thing be done to improve it?

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. 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.

TENNANT, PORTER, BOYTS & CO.

Successors to Stouffer, Porter & Co.

FOUNDRY,

Machine & Forge Works,

Water Street, Opposite B. & O. R. R Depot, Connellsville, Pa

Manufacturers of Railroad and Machine Castings, R. R. Frogs, Switch Stands and Bridles, Trucks, Pit Wagons, Larries, Iron Wheel Barrows, Stone Picks, Hammers and Chisels, Bridge Trusses and Bolts, Plows, Plow Castings,

Cook, Parlor & Heating Stoves, Grates & Fire Fronts, Fenders, Hollow Ware.

Miscellaneous Castings Made to Order.

Machinery of all kinds built and repaired, at Short Notice and Reasonable Terms.

Also on hand all kinds of Material used about Steam Engines.

Gas, Steam and Water Pipe Fittings, Brass Valves, Brass Wire, Gum Hose, Gum and Fibrous Packing, Leather and Rubber Belting, Couplings, Spiral Car Springs, Rivets, BOLTS ETC.

April 11.

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.

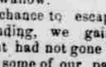
Whose reputation for making

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.

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 5th section of the 16th article of the constitution, of the Commonwealth and the act of Assembly approved the 18th day of April, A. D. 1875.

NOAH SCOTT, Secretary. W. S. RISSELL, 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) Sulky 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.

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PATENTS!

FEE REDUCED. Entire Cost $35

Patent Office Fee $25 in advance, balance $20 within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold.

J. VANCE LEWIS & CO.,

may3 WASHINGTON, D.C.

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

April 25.

Lands For Sale.

960,000 ACRES in Southwest Missouri.

First class Stock farms, excellent Agriculture Lands, and the best Tobacco region in the West. Short Winters, no grasshoppers, orderly society, good markets and a healthy country. Low Prices! Long Credit!

Free transportation from St. Louis to lands furnished purchaser. For further information,

Address A. L. DEANE,

Land Commissioner St. Louis & San Francisco Ry. Co. N. W. cor. Fifth & Walnut Sts. St. Louis, Mo.

Augusts.

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 Free Church. PITTSBURG, PA.

Ware shipped from Pittsburg.

June 20.

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 PLIANT, and being a WHOLESOME BEAUTIFIER is far preferable to any cosmetic.

ALL THE REMEDIAL ADVANTAGES OF SULPHUR BATHS are insured BY THE USE OF *Glenn's Sulphur Soap,* which in addition to its purifying