RURAL TOPICS.

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

N. Y. STATE FAIR DISCUSSIONS.

At one of these evening discussions a speaker said that when he commenced farming he wrote to John Johnston, the celebrated old farmer of Geneva, N. Y., for advice, and he replied that "he might raise crops, but without direct personal attention he would certainly fail with his live stock, and without good live stock, well kept, there was no money in the business. Some people do not appreciate the force of these statements—they imagine that they can substitute the use of artificial fertilizers for the making of barnyard manure. Others think that summer-fallowing and plowing under green crops may do in the absence of both animal and artificial manure. They are right, too—these things can both be done; it is a question of the relative economy of the three systems." Here is something from one of the most successful farmers in the United States for farmers to think about. It is of no use to try to make money by farming without good live stock—not the poor, scrawny animal that we sometimes see the crows hovering over, waiting for them to draw their last breath, it being evident to these birds that they ought to die; but cows that make from six to ten pounds of butter a week, and pay a profit of $60 to $80 a year. It is not difficult to buy or raise cows that will average 12 quarts of milk a day the year round, and make a pound of butter from 12 quarts of milk, being 365 lbs. of butter a year, which at only 25 cents per pound amounts to $91.25. Then the skimmed and the butter milk are worth about what it costs to feed the cows; and their manure is worth $20 per head, if properly managed; so farmers, you see that good live stock pays well.

BARNYARD MANURE THE CHEAPEST.

The same speaker, who is one of the most scientific farmers of the State, said: "We can make barnyard manure cheaper than we can buy artificial fertilizers." This man is a practical agricultural chemist, and he knows what he is talking about. It is done by keeping as much live stock as the farm will support profitably. He thought that in some cases it would pay to buy commercial fertilizers, as well as to keep and feed cattle. In regard to sheep he said: "We can afford to keep more sheep than we keep also, and we can afford to keep them better than we do. Now, a sheep carries away with him about six to ten per cent. of the nitrogen of the food he eats, and we must get such animals as will pay for extra feed—bran, oilcake, &c., greatly enriching the manure, so as to make up in this way to the land, and more than make up, the loss of the nitrogen carried off in eating ordinary feed. Thus we can make the land richer by feeding the clover to sheep than by plowing it under. We can buy sheep at four or five cents a pound in the autumn, feed through the winter, and sell them at seven or eight cents in the spring. There is, however, an increasing difficulty in obtaining the right kind of sheep, and eventually we shall probably be compelled to raise them for ourselves, but if we do, let them be better than we can buy. At present, a three-year, wether weighing about ninety pounds costs four dollars."

PLOWING UNDER CLOVER.

Another speaker said, that plowing under green clover is as good to keep up the fertility of land as to use animal manure. He had obtained good crops for thirty-six years, from very poor land originally by plowing under clover once in three years; the rotation is oats, clover, wheat, and the yield of wheat is from eighteen to twenty-two bushels per acre. As I have said before, farmers can keep their lands in good state of fertility, without any manure of any kind, by plowing under green clover. Another farmer said: "Clover is the cheapest fertilizer, if the manure has to be drawn far, and the roots are more valuable than the tops; but where grasses grow well I would not plow up the land often, because the cattle prefer the old grasses to the new seeding, as is shown by their eagerness to eat the grasses in the corners of the fences where the land has not been plowed." Another speaker said that clover is much better for sheep than timothy hay, as they like it better, and it keeps them in better condition. A good deal depends on the kind of animals you keep. What you feed to good animals pays, but to feed scrubs is a great waste. The price you eventually get for the fatted animals, is what determines the question of profit or loss. It is lamentable sometimes to see how little a farmer cares about improving his stock. Clover hay is far ahead of timothy for milk, and if rightly managed the clover itself may be so during the pasturing season. It should be made to continue blooming during the whole season, but must not be overcrowded with stock.

GOOD MILKING COWS.

An old dairyman said: "In regard to the kind of animals kept, the first cross of Ayrshire on native secures three times in four as good milking qualities as are possessed by the thoroughbreds. We must not suppose that blood alone will answer, if good care be neglected, and indeed the thoroughbreds have a great advantage in the fact that they are generally so much better treated than common stock."

Prof. L. B. Arnold followed these remarks with an address on the subject of dairying, speaking in substance as follows: Two points are of prime importance at the outset, the securing of proper milking stock (having the highest possible capacity for converting food into milk), and the furnishing of an ample supply of the best food. We are slow to change old practices in either respect, and there is a vast loss every year from our indifference. In regard to feeding, very few people appreciate how small a proportion of the feed is converted into milk, and how large a proportion goes to the support of the cow. During the season of lactation alone, it takes four-fifths of the food to run the machine! Now cannot we use less in this way, or else give more food to the same animal in excess of what she needs for her support, and have it turned into milk? We do not ordinarily give our cows all the food they can digest. Almost every year there is a dry time in July, and grass is scarce. Then the cow's machinery uses up at least seven-eighths of the food for its own support, and the profits are almost annihilated. This is all wrong; cows should never at any time lack a full supply of food and water. We must also remember that the habit of milk-giving is diminished and permanently injured when a cow is starved, besides diminishing naturally as the time of calving becomes distant.

THE QUALITY OF THE FEED.

The Professor, who has devoted much time to dairying, added: "The quality of the feed also makes an important difference. One kink will not take the place of another. If you give a cow three times as much of the albuminoids as she needs, and only half the proper quantity of supporters of respiration, there will be a waste of the former. To be sure, the first may be converted into the second to a certain extent, but the reversed process will not occur. A proper proportion should be maintained. Also it is often overlooked that food should be easy of digestion. Give a cow all the straw she can consume, and she can not digest enough to keep herself up and give milk. If she does give milk, she will use herself up and become poor. All the good hay a cow can eat in spring will not do; she cannot digest enough of it. It is like wintering pigs on raw potatoes; they can just barely keep alive, which is not what we want. Boil them, and the pigs grow fat. The food of a milch cow should be young and tender, or else so cooked as readily to decompose. Grass is most excellent, being quickly digested, and in fact, needing very little alteration to convert it into milk, which it very closely resembles in composition, changing the fibrous matter to water. Steamed hay approximates quite nearly to grass, but is harder to digest, especially if cut too ripe. For milk production, the earlier it is cut the better, but very early cutting may not always pay quite the best. Perhaps the best rule for ordinary practice is to cut just as it is heading or approaching blossom—would not let it head, anyhow.

FOOD FOR SUPPORT MERELY.

An extensive dairyman of Central New York said that the food required merely for the support of the animal is equal to about two per cent. of her weight per day, and this does not allow for her yielding a drop of milk. If the cow weighs a thousand pounds and we give her twenty pounds of food per day, we may have a live cow, but that is all we shall have. If we give thirty pounds there will be a milk yield, and consequently a profit from the ten pounds not needed for the support of the animal. If we increase the ration to forty pounds we get a profit from twenty pounds. In regard to the kind of feed, German or golden millet is destined to come into general use. The seed may also be matured for fowls (for which purpose it is excellent) or for horses, cattle or pigs, if the millet is not wanted for soiling. It is better than corn fodder, and more of it grows on an acre. The drink of a dairy cow is also very important. Good milk is 87 per cent. water, and some milk 99. So the water must be pure and abundant if we would make any sort of milk. He has a hydraulic ram, a windmill, a well and two springs, and is going to have a vat high enough for a cow to drink out of it like a lady. Nor will he let his cows wet their feet in drinking, but conveys away the surplus water by underground channels. Furthermore, he is going to have a grove for his cows to lie down in at midday after drinking. By those appliances the act of drinking can be made an actual pleasure and enjoyment to the cattle. They will come back again and again, drinking a little at a time, and the effect of such drinking on the milk production is highly favorable.

Woman's Love of Approbation.

Woman was not made to live alone any more than man. All the actions of woman, whether of useful industry or of ornament, are subject to the approval and pleasure of the sterner sex to which their own are subordinate and on which they are founded. To descend to the humblest form of this feeling; every one knows that when a woman has arrayed herself in a pretty dress and new ribbons, or any finery, put on for the first time, although the admiration of her female friends may give a degree of pleasure, it is as nothing compared to the light that comes into the eye of one whose smallest compliment is more valued than that of a thousand women; and this feeling modified by the circumstances of individuals, runs through the whole sex and is a part of the nature of their being, implanted in the heart by the Divine Artificer to produce the most delicious fruits that grow in the garden of human life.

Women by themselves require little to be comfortable; they can live without ostentation, bustle or form; neither in beauty or raiment nor in delicacy of food can they find happiness, so long as they have it to themselves alone. They require to please the other sex before they can please themselves. A knot of old maids may, to be sure, be bitterly merry over their tea and gossip, and outwardly despise all men with profound disdain; but there is something very unnatural in that enjoyment, nor does anybody suppose that the respectable spinster's heart bounds with such a sweet human delight at the compliment of her female friends or her neat room, her pet spaniel and strong tea, as the heart of the good wife when her husband tells her how nicely she has cooked his supper and how sweet and pretty she looks in that new dress. It matters not whether her husband be the master of a million or a salaried clerk; whether his days be spent in the sports of the field, the drudgery of a profession or the labor of the farm; the pleasure of a wife and the object of all her work is to have a table comfortably spread on his return, and to see that he enjoys the delicacies or the necessaries which she has provided for him; whether the provisions be merely plain fair and a snow-white table cloth, or the rich soup, the superb joint and the exquisite dessert, both women in their different positions look not to, think not of what they are preparing, only as far as it will go towards pleasing the lord and master of their homes and hearts.

A man of fine taste has had his lawn made attractive with numerous classic statues. Another man afterwards got possession of the premises. He was practical in the extreme, and art had no charm for him. Appollo was moved from the lawn and placed in the corn field, a ragged, rusty old coat put on him, while his noble brow was encircled with a crowsless hat, the whole on duty as the farmer's scarecrow. A most convincing argument to crows and men that nothing was made in vain.

There is only one thing in this country that lays over Bob Ingersoll's infidelity, and that is to put "In God we Trust" on the back of a counterfeit nickle.

The Princess of Wales is going to spend several months at Copenhagen. Guess her lips will smart.—*Boston Transcript.*

OUR NEW-YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 10, 1877.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

People are in the habit of supposing that theatres and circuses are mints, and that whoever can get control of a place of amusement is on the high road to fortune. The truth is, there is no business so precarious. Every theatre but two in New York, this season, have lost money, and those two have only saved themselves by lowering the price in accordance with the times. The price for seats in theatres has been for some years $1.50, and the system of selling the entire house put that up to $2.50. This was all well enough when people made money at every turn, but now that the tide is running the other way the managers have found it difficult to keep their houses half full. The Grand Opera House reduced prices 30 per cent., and it had good business right along. An enterprising company of musicians, all first class, are giving concerts at Cooper Institute for 10 cents admission, and the hall isn't half big enough to hold the people, and they are making money. The lesson is obvious—with the return of gold everything must come down to a gold basis. The extravagant actresses and actors must play for less than $250 a week, rents must come down, and the prices of admission likewise. The war is over.

OAKEY HALL.

Oakey Hall, Tammany politician, author, actor, lawyer, and almost everything else, who left New York about six months ago, between two days, and who has managed to keep himself in the newspapers ever since, returned yesterday as mysteriously as he went. He says that the interval has been to him like a dream; he intimates that he has been partially insane, but that his brain is now clear, his mind unclouded, and that he shall go on and fulfill his destiny. He gives no reason for his going, and none for his coming, but people guess. The well posted say that it was not fear of the Tweed investigation, but that in short, there was not only one, but two, women in the case. Whatever may have been the cause of his escapade, it has lost him all the standing he ever had. The city regards him as but one degree above Count Joannes, and a long way below George Francis Train. It would have been better for his reputation if he had died abroad. He is of no further use here.

THE FIGHT OF THE FACTIONS.

Augustus Schell is the Tammany candidate for Senator in the Seventh district, and John Morrissey has been put forward by the anti-Tammanyites aided by the Republicans, or rather a part of the Republicans, for a large number of them see no difference between a professional prize-fighter and gambler, and a professional Democratic politician, in which they are more than half right. Morrissey is, however, a remarkable man, and had he been born and bred under other circumstances, would have been a great man. He is the son of poor Irish parents in Troy, was bred to the trade of blacksmith, which he abandoned in a short time for the prize-ring. He was a game fighter, and came out of all his contests victorious. Naturally he graduated as a gambler, and from that into New York politics, and made himself a power in the city. Of late years he has tried very hard to keep himself in something like decent ease, without, being so decent as to alienate the devotion of his ragged constituents. He is generous to a fault, and even in his gambling houses has dealt with tolerable fairness. When great swindles have been necessary, he has kept them skillfully from the public. He has acquired a valuable fund of information as to the government of the city, with which he frequently surprises his best friends. He is evidently working to sink his past in the present and future, and has an ambition to associate his name with something better than the prize-ring and gambling table. He could beat Schell if all the Republicans would vote for him, but they will not. Those who refuse assert that to elect him would not split Tammany—that it would simply compel Kelly to take him into partnership, and make it stronger than ever. But John will give Kelly a lively fight, and may, probably, squeeze through. He has been very sick for some weeks, which has been very much against him.

SMALL BONDS.

The recent failure of so many savings banks, and the terrible condition of life insurance, has put the poor who have work and who, therefore, have made savings, in a quandary as to what they shall do with their money. There are thousands who have fifty or a hundred dollars who are keeping it hoarded, fearing to deposit anywhere. A movement has been inaugurated here, which I hope will spread all over the country; viz: To have the new four per cent. loan popularized. An association is memorializing the authorities to have bonds issued in denominations of twenty-five dollars, registered and made payable to order, so that in case of robbery or destruction, there could be no loss. They argue that it would not only afford a convenient and safe means of saving for those who are saving, but that it would be a healthy help to those who never have saved, to commence. One employer who has forty men and women at work, told me that his people had not less than one thousand dollars hidden in the bottom of their trunks, all of which would go into bonds in an hour, if they could be issued in denominations small enough to be within their reach. As they can be converted into cash anywhere, at a moment's notice, there can be no doubt that an enormous amount of them would at once be taken. The idea is worth discussion.

THE STRIKERS.

For once a strike has the appearance of success. Several cigar manufacturers have accepted the demands of their operatives and have resumed work. The strikers managed this very adroitly. They organized supplies before hand to keep those out of work in comparative comfort, and they succeeded in gaining much outside sympathy, which was a powerful help to them, not only in eking out their material strength, but in moulding public opinion. But behind their present triumph stalks a grim dread. It is rumored that a number of employers have combined, and have contracted in San Francisco for an immense number of Chinese cigar-makers, who are, it is said, already on their way hither. If this is so, good-bye, cigar-makers. The nimble-fingered celestial can roll as much as any other man, and he can live upon nothing. The cigar-makers are troubled at this prospect, and are awaiting developments anxiously.

BUTTER ONCE MORE.

The long disputed butter question came up again this week. A dealer was arrested for selling oleo-margarine for butter, without having the word "oleo-margarine" stamped on the tub. In the course of the trial a great many interesting facts came out. It was asserted that all the butter that came to this market was worked over and colored to suit the fancy of the market. Liverpool wanted a white butter, and London a yellow. They both get it, out of the same lots, annatto making the difference. In fact the best dairymen of the country were buying it in large quantities to mix with their milk, and scarcely any butter that comes to New York is free from it. One party testified that it was better than butter, for it never becomes rancid, or in any way strong. The offending dealer was dismissed with a caution to be very particular in branding his oleo-margarine, so that the word could be seen of men and women also.

THE BEECHER PEOPLE.

Henry Ward Beecher is lecturing on "The Undesirability of Riches" at $800 a night, Tilton is living away from his family, on Second avenue, getting ready to do the same thing, at about one-fourth the money, and Frank Moulton, the real sufferer, is rebuilding his shattered fortunes, as the agent of Ashton's Liverpool Salt, which he is introducing to the attention of dairymen. The great scandal is very dead.

PIETRO.

A Glimpse of Kansas Twenty Years Ago.

Of everything at the Centennial Exhibition, I think nothing interested me so much as the display made by Kansas. It seemed so few years since I had been there, when only a small settlement marked the steamboat landing where Kansas City now stands. Looking at its silk manufacturers, its produce of not only essentials, but luxuries, it was hard to realize the untracked prairie of my time, with only Indians and wolves for figuers.

I had been there before to meet Mr. Fremont on his return from different journeys; this time it was to stay with him until the last prepparations were completed.

The party was gone. Major Cummings was to take me the next day to Westport Landing (now Kansas City). He had been annoyed with a wolf, which carried off his sheep to her cubs, and had just succeeded in following up her trail and destroying her young ones, and as the place was not far, the good major took me over, for a "pleasant change of ideas." I was sorry for the wolf, "still for all sins of hers," with the mother nature, coming back to her ruined place and her dead cubs.

We came back by way of the deserted camp, which did not lessen my sympathy for the wolf; the ashes of the morning's fire were still warm. Altogether nothing alleviated the lonely impression of the evening, which closed in on the old gentleman moaning with a toothache, while the crack of his wife's rocking chair was the only break to the silence.

I was glad to go off to sleep. While one is young, that comes with surprising readiness. The house was a succession of log cabins, set, some gable end on, some facing front, making a series of rooms alternating with open places, having only the connecting roof. These frontier houses grow as the family requirements increase the timber and the strong willing hands are there, and the gettings of a new house costs no heartburnings or care. The establishment of Major Cumming's, who had been for thirty years superintendent of Indians there, was of many years' growth, and my room was the extreme end of the last adding wing. A stone chimney built up on the outside gave an ample fireplace, where the great fire of logs made a cheerful home light in the great clean room.

My good aunt Kitty was in my room, and we were both fast asleep, when I was awakened by a sound full of pain and grief, and wild rage, too—a sound familiar enough to frontier people, but not to me. It was the she-wolf hunting her cub; there followed with it as a chorus the cry of the pack of hound puppies—they were young and frightened. As for me, with nerves already overstrained, a regular panic came on. I knew hunters built fires to scare off wild animals, but after Kitty had made a blaze, a new fear came. The windows were near the ground, and without shutters or curtains. What if the blaze only served to guide the wolf! More than once I had seen dogs go through a pane of window glass as safely as circus riders through their paper hoops; so shawls were quickly hair-pinned over the windows, and by that time men's voices and the angry sounds from older dogs gave a sense of being protected, and sleep came again, to be broken again by a big dark object, rough-coated, and close to me. It was a speaking wolf, too, but not exactly like Red Ridinghood's, although it was hungry. Camp had only been moved about ten miles, and a fast ride through and back before sunset would give us another hour together, "and would Kitty make tea?" And so, with our early tea for the stirrup-cup, he gave his bridle reign a shake, and we went our ways, one into miawinter snows of untracked mountains, the other to the long sea voyage through the topics, and into equally strange foreign places.—*Jesse Fremont in Harper's Magazine for November.*

Putting Children to Bed.

Not with a reproof for any that day's sins of ommission or commission. Take any other time but bedtime for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come all too soon when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If you have ever met the man or woman whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little one has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home dignity and severity stood where love and pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love, not one.

The total number of votes registered in New York city for 1877, is 143,385, which is 39,689 less than for 1876.

Mrs. Hayes takes rank among the intellectual ladies who have presided at the White House—Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Madison and Harriet Lane.

The Cost of Plumage.

There is no lady deserving of the name who could witness without a feeling of horror the process of preparing for use the feathered beauties which form such conspicuous ornaments in the present style of women's hats.

If those who wear such ornaments knew the tortures to which these helpless little creatures are subjected, and the heartless cruelty with which it is carried on, they would shrink from even indirect complicity in it.

Of course the impression prevails, that all birds used for personal decorations are killed immediately when caught, and prepared in the ordinary way by taxidermists; but here is just where the mistake is made. The birds are taken alive and while living the skin is skillfully stripped from their quivering, ghastly bodies.

By this process it is claimed the feathers retain a firmer hold upon the skin. Such is the method by which all birds used in the decoration of ladies' hats are prepared.

Think of the exquisite humming bird, the blue bird, the cardinal bird, the oriole, and numberless others of beautiful plumage, struggling beneath the knife of the heartless operator; think of this, tender hearted ladies, as your admiring gaze rests on the latest novelties in fashion by which our city belles were crowned.

Hundreds of thousands of birds of the brightest plumage are literally flayed alive every year; and so long as our ladies will consent to wear such ornaments, just so long will this cruel business continue.

The Baroness Burdeete-Coutts has placed herself at the head of a movement in England, designed to put an end to the brutal business, and it is to be hoped that she will meet with cordial encouragement and co-operation on this side of the Atlantic.—*Humane Journal.*

Bob Stewrat's Gral itude.

Probably the oddest genius who ever occupied a public position in Missouri was the late Robert M. Stewart. He lived in St. Joseph, where he ose in political power. The first President of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, he was called its father. He was elected Governor in 1857.

When Doniphan's expidition was organized to go through New Mexico and co-operate with the main United States army in 1847, Bob Stewart was a member of a company raised in Buchanan county. Four days out his gun was accidently discharged, the contents entering one of his legs, shattering a bone and disabling him. One of the company, Wm. Grover, was detailed to remain with Stewart. Grover watched over his friend with the care of a brother, and Stewart not dreaming of his future distinction, said, "Bill old fellow, I'll pay you back some day. The time will come."

Ten years later, Bill Grover, the friend of Stewert, was arrested as a participant in a political crime, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. Not long after his conviction, Stewart was nominated for Governor. He saw his friend just before he was incarcerated, and said: "Bill, the first thing I do after I am inaugurated will be to pardon you out. And I'm sure to be elected."

Bob was elected and inaugurated. True to his word and the native instincts of gratitude, he went to the penitentiary and inquired for Bill Grover. He was not there. He was one of a detail called out to dig a well in Jefferson City, and was then engaged in that work.

Off the Governor posted to the well in which Grover was at work. On reaching the well he leaned over and cried out:

"Bill, are you there?"

"Who's that?" asked a voice from the subterranean depths below.

"It's me—Bob Stewart! Come up out of there, d—n you! I've pardoned you."

In a few minutes Grover was hauled up out of the well. Then was exhibited the curious spectacle of the Governor of a great State walking through the streets of the capital arm in arm with a striped-suit convict. He took his old friend up to a clothing store, rigged him out in a new suit, and made him a guest at the Governor's mansion, afterward providing for him a start in business.—*St. Louis Times.*

His Faith.

Riding up on a Woodward avenue car through the drizzle yesterday a fault finding citizen found one of the Congregational ministers aboard, and he braced around and began:

"Sir, are you not a minister of the gospel?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"And you believe in prayer, do you?"

"I do sir."

Do you believe that if all you ministers would pray for this confounded weather to clear up it would do any good?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, why don't you begin praying?"

"Because, sir, this is rheumatic weather, and because, sir, we want the rheumatism to get hold of such unbelievers as you are and tie them up in double bow-knots. That's why, sir."

"'Tis, eh?" growled the man. "Well, now, I'll be darned if I don't walk around all day with an umbrella just to spite your infernal old weather—you bet I will."

And he leaned back and chuckled like a man who had struck a rich thing.—*Free Press.*

General Miles, who captured Chief Joseph, began life as a clerk in a crockeryware store, and was only twenty-one years of age when the war broke out.

Illinois has 36,000 square miles of coal twenty feet thick, and will keep warm this winter.

"There is not," wrote the editor of the Deadwood *Daily Champion*, "a quieter, more peaceful, well-regulated and orderly community in the whole Western country." And then, as the office boy entered, to say that somebody wanted to see him, he took his Bowie between his teeth, put a Colt's new pattern seven shooter on the desk in front of him, and said: "Jim get out another coffin, plain pine one, this time, and let the son of a gun in!" —*Puck.*

The Berlin gorilla has learned to drink and smoke, and Darwin is wild with delight over the new evidence of human evolution. He has confident hopes that he will soon learn to swear, and then to steal.

The special train on Roundbrook road on Wednesday with Southern's Theatrical party, for Adams Benefit, ran from Jersey City to Philadelphia in 100 minutes. Nearly a mile a minute.

A Commission Episode.

Last winter when the mind of the average statesman was absorbed in the all engrossing topic incident to the Presidential count, President of the Senate Ferry issued an order to the *restaurateur* to abstain from the sale of intoxicating drinks. Within twenty minutes after the ukase had been promulgated, Senator Clayton, of Arkansas, appeared and gave one of those knowing winks to the young man behind the marble counter. The wink failing to be interpreted, as the Senator thought, he threw up his finger (all drinkers know how it is done), and even this, accompanied with the wink, duplicated and triplicated, failed to penetrate the seeming stolidity of the attendant. Finally, Clayton, out of patience, said:

"Here, give me some whiskey."

"Sorry, sorry, very sorry," replied the attendant, "but Vice-President Ferry has just issued an order not to liq—"

"D——n Vice-President Ferry. Give me a drink, quick"

"But will you protect me, if discovered?"

"Certainly I will. Gimme some whiskey."

The tea-cup was served, the Senator quaffed from it, smacked his lips and passed up stairs to legislate.

Presently Senator Jones, of Florida, appeared.

"Ah," said he, with a good deal of dignity, "You may give me one of those things in a cup. You know what I mean, Mr. Love."

"Excuse me Senator, but Vice-President Ferry has warned me, upon pain of dismissal, not to sell any liquor to—"

"I don't care, Mr. Love, what Vice-President Ferry wants; I want a cup of comfort."

Jones assured him that, of course, certainly, ahem! Why to be sure he would protect Mr. Love if trouble came.

The next customer on hand was Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania. Without making any roundabout attempts to indicate his wants by facial or finger gymnastics, called out, "Fetch me some brandy."

"But, my dear Senator," said Love, "Vice-President Ferry—"

The Senator, excited—"Oh, hang Vice-President Ferry. Bring me some brandy, and I don't want any tea-cup business about it. You may bring the jug."

Love saw that Simon meant business, and without exacting any promise of protection the Pennsylvania Senator got the jug, and as he sought from it such exhilaration as it gave, he no doubt muttered to himself his favorite expression, "This is a deuce of a time."

An Agent and the Dutchman.

It is a smart agent's business to know (and be able to give glibly) all the reasons why customers should buy; but the smartest agent sometimes meets hard heads, who can answer as fast as he can argue. A young man, whose business it is to sell railroad guides to any one who would buy them, found a Jefferson avenue clothing dealer sitting in an arm chair in front of his door, and after a kindly salute the agent handed out one of the railroad guides and said:

"There is the handiest little book in the world; it contains the name, time table and route of every railroad in this country."

"I neffer puys no such kindt of books," replied the dealer as he glanced through it.

"But you want the book, my dear sir. No traveler can get along without one of these valuable railroad guides."

"I don't care to guide no railroad," said the dealer, shaking his head and turned away.

"Hold on now—just look through it once. Suppose, for instance, you want to go to New York?

"I shall neffer go there as long as I am born."

"Well suppose you want to go to Omaha?"

"Den I don't go.

"What do you do when you want to go to Chicago?" asked the persistent agent.

"I stay at home."

"Well suppose you had to go; wouldn't you have to look at a railroad time table then?"

"No sir I should go down by der depot, get on der train, puy some ables off der boy, and should step off in Chicago, and mind my own peesness."

The agent had no further argument to advance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Things Worth Knowing.

Borax will soften the hardest water. Use a teaspoonful of the powdered borax to a quart of water.

To keep flowers from withering, drop a few grains of salt in the water in which they are kept, and they will remain fresh and bright-looking for some time.

A strong solution of carbolic acid and water, poured into holes, kills all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

To clean shells make lye by boiling strong ashes, allow it to settle; pour the lye over the shells, and boil them six or seven hours, or longer if they are large; then soak and wash after in fresh water.

Note paper may be effectually scented by keeping in your desk, among the paper, a satchet of the scent preferred—musk, violet, etc., If the paper is not too dry, it will readily take the scent, and retain it for a long time.

To cleanse and bleach ladies' straw hats, wash them in pure water, scrubbing them with a brush. Then put them in a box in which has been set a saucer of burning sulphur. Cover them up so that the fumes may bleach them.

A tablespoonful of black pepper put in the water in which gray and buff linens are washed, will keep them from spotting. It will also generally keep the colors of black or colored cambrics or muslins, from running, and does not harden the water.

Three months ago a young Rhinebecker parted his hair in the middle and bade his sweetheart good-bye. Last week he returned and found that she had married a cross-eyed man with a wart on his nose.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

Examiner: "And who reigned after Saul?" Answer: "David." Examiner: "And who came after David?" Answer: "Solomon." Examiner: "And who came after Solomon?" Sharp little girl: "Oh, please, sir, the Queen of Sheba."

The oldest ex-member of Congress now living is said to be Hon. Artemus Hale, of Bridgewater, Mass. He is ninety-five.

The latest discovery of the anthropologist is that a woman's jaw always weighs less than a man's. It wags more too.

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 kindss

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

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April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

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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,

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April 11.

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Having purchased the Shoe

Store lately owned by

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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

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Eastern and Home Manufacture

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Of all kinds, with a full line of

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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 CONTAGIONS.

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

IT DISSOLVES DANDRUFF, prevents baldness, and retards grayness of the hair.

Physicians speak of it in high terms.

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July12.

PATENTS.

Sep. 19 Auditor.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D. C. No patents no pay. Send for Circular.

April 18, 1 year

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Silas Cover, late of Jener X Roads 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 Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1877, at the late residence of deceased in Jenner X Roads

JAMES M. COVER,

PETER J. COVER,

Oct. 3 Administrators.

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A book containing a list of towns in the U. S. having 5,000 pop., and the newspaper having largest circulation. All the Religious, Agricultural, Scientific, and other special class journals, Tables of rates, showing cost of Advertising and everything which advertiser would like to know. Mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address **GEO P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St.** (opposite "Tribune" building.)

Sep. 5

DR. VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP,

Makes the SKIN Soft, Clear, Pure White and Healthy! is Cleansing, Deodorizing, Disinfecting, Soothing, Healing and purifying; removes Dandruff, Chafing, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the Skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve ITCHING PILES where nothing else will have any effect; is FREE FROM ALL OFFENSIVE ODOR, and prevents Contagious Diseases, and as an External Medical and Toilet Preparation it has no EQUAL. Price, 25 cts a cake; Box, three Cakes, sixty cents. Sold by Geo W. Benford, Somerset, Pa., and Druggists generally. E. S. WEBSTER, Proprietor, 1 Ace, 50 N. 5th St., Philad'a, Pa. Wholes