RURAL TOPICS.

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

COST OF GROWING POTATOES.

In speaking of producing a crop the right word to use is 'growing,' or 'to grow,' and not to raise, as is generally said, yet to raise is not absolutely an improper term, as applied to growing crops, but only less proper than to grow. Let us now see what it generally costs to grow (or to raise, if you prefer that word) a crop of potatoes on good fertile land, such as will produce from 100 to 200 bushels to the acre? I will adduce my testimony, and my first witness is a writer in the Country Gentleman who says: The work should be done mostly by horses with labor-saving implements. The land, to be in good condition, must be free from the seeds of weeds, so as to require no hand hoeing, but to admit of frequent horse cultivation; and it should be deep and friable enough to facilitate easy planting and digging. It must of course be well underdrained, either naturally or artificially, especially if inclining to clay; and it should be deep enough to hold moisture in time of drouth. A case was met with a few years ago, showing the value of a deep soil, where a row of potatoes was planted on a covered drain, and the season being dry, it yielded nearly double the amount from parallel rows, the mellowed subsoil in digging the drain making all this difference.

PLANTING, &C.

There are some potato planters that cut and drop the seed, and cover it at one operation; but they are more or less defective, and I think that farmers had better cut the seed by hand, as is generally customary, and also drop it by hand. The seed may be cut on a rainy day, and a man and two boys (or girls if you please), will drop and cover an acre a day, the drills three feet apart, and the seed from twelve to fifteen inches apart in the drills. The covering to be done with a one horse plow, about six inches deep when the ground is leveled. This should be done when the potatoes are beginning to appear where the ridges made in covering are evened down—about twenty days after planting. It may be done with a smoothing harrow, with short teeth, without any injury to the potatoes; or turn a common harrow over with the teeth up, and load it with one or two large stones, and then harrow across the rows, and the work will be well done, the land made smooth, all weeds destroyed, and the potatoes just coming up. The entire after cultivation should generally be done with a horse, first perhaps with a cultivator, if the ground is hard, or very weedy, to be followed at the proper time with a horse hoe, and hilling the potatoes just enough to cover the weeds among them; and the digging should be done with a potato digger, or a plow. The writer quoted above says: On light soils, the digging may be performed by any of the cheaper diggers, which are made with prongs projecting in the rear of the plow; the soil being friable, the tubers are thrown to the surface. On heavy or adhesive soils, none of these implements work well, and we use a common plow, running just deep enough to invert the potatoes, picking up all thus brought in sight, and bringing the rest to the surface, with a common harrow. By a little practice, this mode makes clean gathering, not half a bushel per acre remaining in the soil. Two men usually harvest sixty bushels a day.

THE COST PER ACRE.

It is not possible to give any detailed cost of growing an acre of potatoes, that will apply to all cases, as it costs more in some soils than others; and some farmers have better implements than others; but the following estimate is not far from being correct in most cases:

Plowing one acre of land	$2.00
Harrowing and furrowing	1.00
Planting and covering	2.00
Cultivating three times	2.00
Applying Paris green twice	3.00
Digging and drawing in	5.00
	$15.00

To this should be added one-half the value of any manure applied to the land, as half of its virtues may be charged to succeeding crops; and if you please, you may add interest to the value of the land. I am sure that any farmer may do all the work for an acre of potatoes, as above stated, for $15; and in some cases, the potatoes will not cost over fifteen cents a bushel, while the average will not, even when a good dressing of manure is applied, be over twenty-five cents per bushel. In some places, as at the west, where they grow from 300 to 400 bushels per acre, the cost is not over five cents per bushel.

SEEDING CLOVER WITH OATS.

Land may be seeded to clover with oats in the spring, but the oats should not be sown very thick. A farmer in Western New York says: Having never tried the experiment, as we always seed with wheat, I will state the successful result of a neighbor near, who wished to seed down an entire field, but being unable to do so with wheat, one-half being in sowed corn, he was obliged to seed with oats the coming spring. The other part of the lot was in oats, and then put to wheat. The land was in good condition, having had two crops of sowed corn and plenty of manure. It was put in good order, by careful plowing and cultivating, then rolled. The clover seed was sown about the middle of May, just in advance of the grain drill when sowing oats, which covered the seed. I could see no difference between the clover after wheat and the part after oats. Both completely covered the ground, blossomed the same year, and were successful. I am not in favor of the practice, as oats shade the ground more than either wheat, rye or barley.

PRESERVING FENCE POSTS.

I copy the following from an English paper: The proper seasoning of timber before being used in any sort of structure is far more important than the season of the year when it is felled, kind of timber used, or preventives employed. There are paints, washes and heterogeneous steeps recommended for preserving posts; but each is comparatively costly, and only partially successful. One great objection to the application of solutions externally rests on the fact that the sap being confined, accelerates decomposition in the interior. Most foresters, must have observed this. What I would recommend with fencing posts is—the materials, when felled, to be directly sawn into posts and stored under sheds thoroughly ventilated, where they will remain at least a year exposed to sun and wind. The neck or part between wind and water of each post should be slowly charred over a strong fire—slowly, because our principle means heating the timber thoroughly to the heart, so as to extract any moisture which may be still lodged at the centre, and hardening a crust on the surface of the posts. Afterwards, to prevent the posts absorbing water, they should be well coated with coal tar, having its acid destroyed with fresh quick lime. The tar should be thoroughly boiled, to evaporate all watery matter, and applied boiling hot. A large tank holding the posts set on end, and filled with the scalding tar from a boiler, answers the purpose very well. Of course, the upper half of the posts can be painted when placed *in situ*. I am fully convinced coal tar, properly applied to thoroughly seasoned timber, is far more effectual in preserving posts than creosoting, poisoning, kyanizing, &c.

How Hexy Beat Gribbins.

"I don't b'lieve I ever told you how Colonel Gribbins got used up in making political speeches in a hot campaign thirty years ago, with Sam Hexford, did I?" asked uncle Parker.

"No, he never had.

"Well the long an' short of it was that Gribbins and Hexy, as we called him, was stumpin' the State together givin' jin't discussions on the issues of the times. Gribbins was a regular rattler on the stump, and they hadn't been on the road two days before Hexy found out that he had a mighty big contract on hand. They were both good speakers, and either one on 'em could hold an audience till they got hungry, an' though Hexy was without the least mite of doubt away ahead of the old man on sound argument an' convincin' doctrine, still Gribbins had the faculty of dashin' up a slashin' lot o' sarcasm an' slingin' it in just at the right time to tickle the crowd an' either spike all Hexy's biggest guns or turn 'em square around, an' make 'em p'int the wrong way. Hexy didn't like this a bit, for he was a young man, an' it hurt him like fury to see the laugh turned on him, for he was matter o' course full o' vanity and thought more of a woman's smile than a man's vote. He kept a weather eye on the old man, though, studied all his p'ints and dodges, an' made up his mind to get eaves with the old fox, or never go home. But he had his hands full, now, you're just right.

"The Colonel was an old stager, an' he didn't propose to be caught napp'in'. So whenever Hexy'd get puffed up a little with the conceit that he got him just where he wanted him, as soon as the old man got the boards again, he'd find himself worse took in than ever, for away the old fellow would sail over his head clear out of reach, with some new piece o' derilitry and cunnin' that Hexy'd never dream of. It worried the youngster like blazes, but he wasn't the sort to throw up the sponge, an' he hung on with full confidence that he would be able by some hook or crook to yank the old silver-tonge around right where he wanted him before he got through, an' that's just what he did.

"For three days Hexy watched the old man like a hawk, an' didn't let a word or gesture git away from him. Every look, every sylable, every move of the hand, every smile, every twitch o' the lips, every squint o' the eye, was all marked an' laid away for use when the time come.

"About the third day, I think it was, Hexy noticed the Colonel had a fashion o' layin' his specks on the stand, an' them about the time he got ready to sling red-hot sarcasm thicken'n black-legs at a hoss race, he'd picked 'em up, set 'em on his nose, an' in less'n a minute shove 'em away back on his bald head, an' then cut loose, an' bile along with a vengeance. All at onest it popped into Hexy's head how Dan'l Webster had floored the head boy at school by cuttin' off a button that he fumbled with while sayin' his lessons, an' he saw in a minute how he could straighten out the Colonel in the same way. Before the speakin' begun the next arternoon he bought two dozen pairs o' cheap specks, of the same pattern as the old man's an' then laid low for a big game.

"That day the Colonel was feelin' tiptop. Hexy was setting on the other side of the stand from him, watchin' for his chance. Bimeby, the old man picked up his specks as usual, clapped 'em on his head an' struck his gait. The next minute Hexy laid another pair up on the stand. Presently the old man accidently put his hand on the stand, got hold o' the specks, and' shoved 'em up alongside o' the tother ones. The audience roared, which s'posin' he'd made a good p'int, spurred him on. Well, Hexy kept on pilin' more specks on the stand, an' the old rooster kept on chuckin' 'em up on to his head, till his old bald skull looded the show window o' a silversmith shop, the people all the while shoutin' harder and harder, firin' him up more an' more, for he took all to be reg'lar applause, but all to onest he clapped his hand down on that pile o' glassware, an' he was a lost man at that minute. The most onspeakable helpless look come over him anybody ever saw; his knees shook together, an' he tumbled, wilted an' heldless, into the chair, an' didn't make another speech durin' that campaign.

"An' that's the way Hexy floored old Gribbins."—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

Death Rate in Various Occupations.

Nobody doubts that the occupation of an individual has much to do with his general health, and with his chances of death. Statistics prove that the rate is lowest among scientists and professionel men—not physicians; then follows Protestant clergymen, engineer, farmers and laborers; next carpenters, machinists, and workers in iron; then come schoolmasters, tobacconists, physicians, and finally the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, among whom the mortality is much greater than among the Protestant clergy and the other professions named. Next we have druggists and butchers, then miners and glass manufacturers, plumbers and coppersmiths, railway employes and dock laborers, and last of all carmen, cabmen, horsekeepers, and innkeepers, and much more than double that of the first mentioned occupation.

The deductions which may be drawn from these facts are very instructive and practically useful; they prove that the quiet pursuits of science tend to prolong life as well as outdoor labor, provided it is not on railways or among shipping or horses; that to work in iron is more wholesome than to work in lead or copper, as might be expected, while the confined labor of a schoolmaster is as injurious as the state of celibracy of the Roman Catholic priest; lastly, the inn-keepers, being most exposed to the temptation of intemperance, have the least chance for a long life, as well as those with whom they habitually keep company.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

From a special correspondent to the N. Y. *Times.*

SOUTHERN LAW-BREAKERS.

WASHINGTON, Saturday Feb. 2.—Just after the inauguration of President Hayes, when the Democrats of South Carolina and Louisiana were loudest in their demand for "reform" in their State Governments and recognition at the hands of the National Administration, they made many high-sounding promises regarding the just, fair, and honorable course they would pursue in case their prayers—it will be remembered that they prayed then—were granted. They were granted. With a large-hearted generosity before unknown in political history of any country, the Republican President gave heed and credit to all their complaints, and, having done so, went further in giving them absolute control of their States than the defeated Democratic candidate would have dared go. Chamberlain was forsaken, Packard overthrown, the South united, and the White League placed in command. The most ardent friends of the "pacification policy" will hardly claim that the result has been an entirely satisfactory one. Every one of the pledges made by the Democratic leaders has been broken, every one of their promises disregarded. Every kindness that has been done them, all the extraordinary concessions made them they have accepted as their right, and in return they have given absolutely nothing. On the contrary, they have gone very far out of their way to persecute and drive from their homes all those unfortunate Republicans who by the new policy of "pacification and universal good will" were committed to their tender mercies.

They have not found it convenient to inquire into the slaughter of State Senator Cooker and his associates in Ellenton, but they made haste to put State Treasurer Cardoza in jail on a trumped-up charge of having defrauded the State by paying a claim which was not entirely legal in form. The hero of the Hamburg massacre has been honored by a seat in the Senate of the nation, while L. Cass Carpenter convicted on the unsupported testimony of a self-confessed thief, occupies a felon's cell. So much for the pledge of fair and honorable dealing made by the chivalric Wade Hampton. His example has not been lost upon the men who have been placed in control of the Government of Louisiana. The terrible crimes committed by the White League of the Felicianas, the massacres of Coushatta, Colfax, Mount Pleasant, New Orleans, and of "the bloody Red River district" are now forgotten by Democratic law-officers. Not so the doings of the Republican Returning Board. Their every action is still vividly fresh in the memory of the White League, and, in accordance with the general Southern programme, there is an evident determination to convict them right or wrong. The charge against Gov. Wells and his associates is so trivial, so inconsequential, and so utterly without foundation that no other inference can be drawn from the proceedings going on in New Orleans.

It will be remembered that Gen. Anderson is now being tried upon a charge of forgery in connection with the statement of votes from the Parish of Vernon. What foundation there was for the charge, or, to speak more correctly, how absolutely without foundation it is, was fully proved by the investigation made by the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections in the Spring of 1877. This morning I had an extended interview with Senator Wadleigh, who was the Chairman of that committee, and from him learned many interesting details of the inquiry in question. They, in connection with admitted facts proved before the committee, show conclusively the absolute falsity of the charge, and the wicked malice and political animus of the prosecution. Littlefield, the clerk who originally made the accusation against Gov. Wells and his associates, the charge, it will be remembered, upon which Gen. Anderson is now being tried was a disreputable young adventurer, who, for a considerable time before he procured the appointment as Clerk to the Returning Board, had lived by gambling and upon the charity of his uncle, a man named Speering. In 1874 this man Speering had held office in Louisiana by Republican appointment, but, upon charges of misconduct he was removed, and, by Littlefield's own confession, cherished ever after that the most bitter hostility to the Republican leaders of the State, to whom he attributed his removal. None of the Returning Board knew Littlefield, and his application for employment was thrice refused. Finally, through the importunity of one of the Returning Board clerks, who was his acquaintance, and who persuaded the board to accept him, he obtained a minor position.

His story is in substance: that in the early part of December, when the count for State officers was nearly completed, Gov. Wells came to his desk and, without any preliminary conversation, directed him to transpose the figures denoting the votes given for the Democratic and Republican candidates at two polls in the Parish of Vernon. He swears that Governor Wells stated to him that the reason why he desired him to do it was he wished to secure the election of a District Judge in that parish. He also stated that he directed him to transpose the figures indicating the votes for Presidential Electors, so that the forgery might escape observation. According to his own account, Littlefield thereupon commenced erasing and transposing the figures, carrying the work on at the table where other clerks were engaged and where they could see what he was doing. He says that after it was completed and he had forged the names of the parish officers to the statement, he carried the return home and placed it in a drawer in the room which he occupied with his mistress, and for 10 days after entirely forgot it. He admitted that his uncle Speering was so violent against the Returning Board as to tell him he hoped they would be hanged and he with them if he took employment under them, and that while he was engaged in their service Speering over and over again importuned him to give information against the Returning Board that would enable him to get his revenge.

Last Winter in this city an effort was unsuccessfully made to induce the Republicans to purchase the pretended information. Finding no encouragement in the direction indicated, Littlefield with a Democratic politician of Iowa, went to ex-Gov. Palmer, of Illinois, at Springfield, and sold him the information. Gov. Palmer admits that it was the understanding between himself and Littlefield that the latter should receive a good office if Tilden was elected. Such is substantially the story told by Littlefield. The marks of its falsity are many. In the first place, it is proved beyond doubt that Gov. Wells never had any motive for committing the forgery. It was not necessary to secure the election of the Parish Judge, It effected the election of no candidate, except to elect one Democrat over another Democrat to the Legislature, in which, before that, a Republican majority of 20 had been secured. The Democrat thus elected was not present at the organization of the Legislature, was not present when Gov. Packard was declared elected, and was absent when Kellogg was elected Senator. If Gov. Wells caused the forgery to be committed, he must necessarily have done so with the full knowledge that it could in no way benefit him or his party; and he must also have known that the crime would be detected, for this same statement of votes from the Parish of Vernon was opened publicly in the presence of Governor Palmer, Trumbull, and the Democratic visiting committee, and in the presence of the Republican visiting committee, and in the presence of attorneys representing both parties before the Returning Board. They were openly examined by all who chose to examine them, the true vote of the parish was proclaimed, was taken down by the official reporters who were present, was printed in at least two pamphlets which were in general circulation, and which were furnished to every one who wished them. All this Gov. Wells and his associates knew when the forgery is said to have been committed, and they must have known not only that the crime would have no effect whatever, but that it would be at once detected.

On the other hand, that Littlefield himself had a strong motive for the commission of the forgery, and for charging it upon the Returnin Board, there can be no doubt. He was depending on his uncle, who was eagerly and actively hostile to the Returning Board; he was without means of his own, reckless, unscrupulous, on his own confession, and was well aware that he could sell, as he subsequently did sell, a secret, or a pretended secret, damaging to Republicans, to the party which his uncle served.

But the story of Littlefield is so improbable in another respect that it can only be regarded as a lie from beginning to end. It appears from his own testimony that Gov. Wells had never spoken to him until the night when he directed him to commit the forgery. He had no acquaintance with him, and hence had no reason to suppose he could be safely intrusted with such a secret. The other clerks, to whom the Governor might have given such direction, were his old political and personal friends, had been long trusted by him, and were those in whom he had every right to have confidence. Is it credible, then, that, under the circumstances, he would direct this comparative stranger to commit a crime which could easily be discovered, and for which, if known, he would be liable to imprisonment in the Penitentiary? Nor is this all. Littlefield is contradicted by Gov. Wells and by eight of his fellow clerks, who swear positively that he did not, as he says, make the erasures at the table where they worked.

His story stands entirely unsupported, and by his swearing he proves simply that he was himself a criminal in the pay of Democratic conspirators. That the members of the Returning Board are being tried on a pretext so flimsy shows very clearly that their conduct has been blameless, else their adroit prosecutors would not have been driven to ask for conviction upon such a charge. It proves further that the Democratic leaders of Louisiana believe that like their brethern in South Carolina, they can convict a Republican without testimony and upon charges which by an honest jury would not be considered for a moment; it proves that, however innocent their political opponents may be, they are still ready to sacrifice them by legal forms; it proves that the country will still have to wait for the great and good results which Mr. Stanley Matthews and other statesmen of the same class predicted would follow "the new policy of pacification and universal good will."

H. C.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The story that Gov. Wells, of the Louisiana Returning Board, has for the past day or two been in Washington is unworthy of credit. It now appears from statements made by usually well informed persons that Wells never had any intention of coming to Washington, but that he concealed himself somewhere in the South, hoping that he might escape trial by a packed jury. A new term of the court will commence to-morrow, with a fresh panel of jurors, and the chances of a fair trial will, it is thought, be thereby greatly improved. No matter what may be the prospect of the trial, however, Mr. Wells must appear in court on Tuesday morning next, or, by the laws of Louisiana, his bondsmen will be obliged to forfeit the amount of his bail, and it is, therefore, considered more than probable that he will be in New Orleans to-morrow or Tuesday. It was to escape trial by the packed jury referred to that Gen. Anderson concealed himself in the Custom House.

Mr. Demerais, who brought the petition of the Returning Board to Associate Justice Bradley, asking for the transfer of their cases from the State to the United States Circuit Court, left here to-night on his return to New Orleans. He says that although Judge Bradley has refused to grant the prayer of the petitioners, they still have their appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 3.—Gov. J. Madison Wells, in accordance with an arrangement made to-day, surrendered to Sheriff Houston, at Rigolet's Station, on the New Orleans and Mobile Railroad, where he has been sojourning since his departure from New Oorleans about a week ago. The Governor will return to New Orleans to-morrow and give bail for his appearance when wanted.

A few days ago a teacher in one of the primary schools was instructing her lowest class in natural history. Her subject was the cat and her habits, and as she proceeded with her remarks she was charmed with the wrapt attention of her diminutive auditors. At last she said to the smallest of her boys, a little mite with chubby cheeks and glistening eyes:

"Johnny what does your mother keep a cat for?"

"To lay kittens," was the unexpected reply.

The questioning for that session came to an abrupt end.

Bald headed men who go courting should not put the candle on the mantle. The reflection on their heads might dazzle the eyes of the ladies on the other side of the street.

Returning a Favor.

A tinker was traveling in a country town, and, having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go to his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and, when he returned to the bar-room, he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles which had evidently "sprung a leak." The tinker wa at once set to work, accomplished the task, received a liberal sum in payment, and started on his way rejoicing. Upon reaching the outside of the house he met the glazier who said:

"Well you see I told you the truth. I procured you a job of work, and how do you think I accomplished it."

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinker.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier. "You told me you were weary, hungry and dinnerless. I knew the landlord was well off, and doing a good business, and so I watched the opportunity, and started a leak in every utensil I could get hold of."

The tinker, with many thanks, and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey; but he had not proceeded many yards until he came to the village church, when a brilliant idea struck him; he could befriend the glazier. The church he thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause; so, taking a position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, he retraced his steps to notify the glazier, he would speedily have a very important job.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church,', answered the tinker; and you, of course, will be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face resumed a black expression, as he said in a tremulous tone; "You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainl," replied the tinker; there's not a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"Yes," answered the glazier in despair; "but you scoundrel, you have ruined me; for I keep the church windows in repair by the year.

Thinking.

Thinking is not dreaming. The world is full of dreamers; a few men do most of the thinking. Thinking is manufacturing; it is taking mental tools and hammering and filing and moulding and shaping until ideas have grown into fully developed realities of the brain, with dimensions and clearly defined outlines. The reason there are no more thinkers is because thinking is work; wears away tissue and muscle. It is tiresome; it requires time and purpose. Men can dream while they sleep; to work they must be awake. Dreaming is tearing away the flood-gate and allowing the flood to pour through; if anything remains it is only drift-wood that may chance to hang in the way. Minds fill with drift-wood because they are not thinking. Thinking is the measuring of chances, weighing principles, watching the operations of law; it is a process of creeping upon things and taking them by surprise before they have time to get away. A thinker is a hunter. He must live alone; he must be satisfied with small daily fare, and often seeing his game flying before he has time to shoot. He must have the courage to face the chasm and dark places and climb steep mountains; he must love solitude as an outpost hidden in the rocks.

And here is the reason that this age is not prolific of good thinkers. It is an age of company, of travel, of theatre-going, of corporation, of speculation. Men live in crowds; it is a day of double houses; too much of man and not enough of God. Communion with nature is cut out. There are no sparks because the flint and steel are not in contact. Men are following the college drone, ponying through life. Everybody wants to ride. Going to spring for water is out of fashion; the spring must come up the hill. We want to turn the faucet and have things run out to our hand; the faucet must be on pastors so that it may be convenient.

For this reason most people are only sponges; they live wholly by absorption, and are like the things they touched last. They wait for things to "turn up," but the only thing they ever find turning up for them is a little sod in the corner of the grave-yard, and they are at last laid away, while the great multitude, having never missed them ask in wonder, "When did he die?

A Portland (Mich.) man went out to shoot a cat. The last seen of the cat it was nibbling one of the awkward shooter's fingers that he had shot off.

It is probably some satisfaction to a mule to know that while he cannot soar as high as the lark, he can sing just as loud, and kick very much sorer.

Man loves his wife with the fervor of a clear-draft blast furnace, yet he will not smile when she trumps over him at euchre.

Miss Tanner, who recently married a widower named Hyde, with eleven children, says she has given up Tanning and is now dressing Hydes.

An exchange takes half a column to tell "what we drink," whereas some folks have simply to wink at the barkeeper.

A lump of gold, weighing 24 pounds, was recently found in Nevada, the greatest mass of gold yet discovered out there.

Young men who at two o'clock in the morning dance along the sidewalk by the light of the moon are very rum-antic.

Can the chap at the theatre who insists on beating time to the orchestra with his feet be spoken of as a "man who has no music in his sole?"

A farmer who bought a kicking cow only three weeks ago, already talks of withdrawing from the church.

America says to Europe "cheese it." American cheese is running ahead of the European article the world over.

THE INTER-OCEAN.

1878. 1878.

THREE EDITIONS.

WEEKLY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND DAILY.

In making its seventh annual announcement THE INTER OCEAN reassures its readers and the public generally of its faith in the Republican party and its devotion to Republican principles. Its record during the past year has made it more than ever before the great representative Republican paper of the country. The value of such a paper and its influence for good were never more apparent than during the electoral complications of last fall and winter. The course of THE INTER OCEAN during that trying period won for it the admiration and lasting friendship of Republicans everywhere. As an exponent of true Republicanism, to which the public turned for advice and for encouragement, THE INTER OCEAN stood throughout the momentous struggle without a peer.

There never was a time when Republicans more needed a journal steadfast and true than now. Never before, in the history of the country, has there been a period of such political interest and inquiry as is now in the immediate future. Great questions are to be discussed and disposed of; embarrassing complications are to be grappled with and fundamental principles are to be defended. Republican to the core, THE INTER OCEAN will give all possible information on all political topics, and, while treating opponents with the greatest fairness, will maintain its high standing as an earnest and outspoken advocate of uncompromising and unadulterated Republicanism.

While THE INTER OCEAN stands second to no paper in the country as a political journal, it takes high rank as an enterprising and thoroughgoing newspaper. During the past year it has eclipsed all Western papers in the excellence, completeness, and reliability of its foreign dispatches and letters, and has had few equals in presenting in readable shape general and home news. In every part of the world great events are occurring, with probabilities pointing to more important in the future. Never before was a good newspaper so important to both young and old.

In all that goes to make A FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER, THE INTER OCEAN is not excelled by any publication in the country. It is a national newspaper, one that will be found useful and interesting to Americans in every part of the globe. While it especially represents the great interests of the Northwest, it is national in its views and comprehensive in its news-gathering.

THE INTER OCEAN makes especial claim as a FAMILY PAPER, devoting more attention than any other political newspaper to departments prepared and conducted with the wants of the home and the demands of the family in view.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT is conducted with great care, and everything possible is done to make market reports reliable and complete.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT is carefully edited by a gentleman of ability and experience.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT is of special interest to the ladies, and is devoted to the practical and useful.

TO EDUCATIONAL MATTERS especial attention is given. Believing that the perpetuity of the republic depends upon the education of the people, THE INTER OCEAN is the warm advocate of the free school system, and everything that will improve and extend it.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM is a new department devoted to the interest of that large proportion of the gentler sex who either from necessity or otherwise, desire to devote themselves to some useful occupation or profession, for the purpose of earning a livelihood. It is not for the advocacy of any particular item, but for the general improvement and elevation of the female character in every department of life.

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