GOOD NIGHT.

God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in his circling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,
Good-night! God keep you in his care always.

Thick shadows creep, like silent ghosts,
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong;
To trust you then, dear love—and yet—
The night is long—
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,
Good-night! Sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere!

PATRAKOFF AND HIS WIFE.

The Princess Ophelia Patrakoff was what is familiarly termed a lively party, but one whose smiles were only won through great allurement and royal aspirants. She was an Italian by birth, and when about twenty years of age had fallen in love with Prince Patrakoff, a Russian, and married him. That Patrakoff adored his wife was well known, and a handsomer pair would have been difficult to find.

A short time after their marriage the Princess Ophelia expressed the wish to go to Paris, and a few weeks subsequently they found themselves installed in a charming hotel in the Faubourg Saint Honore. The Princess had expressed the wish to buy the Palace of the Corps Legislatif; but, serious objections being urged, she had been induced to accept the hotel in question.

They had been some months in the gay capital, when one evening, while drinking their coffee after dinner, the Prince, on consulting his watch, accidently and unknown to himself, let fall a piece of paper. The Princess, who watched her beloved Russian unceasingly, instantly perceived the scrap of paper and became possessed with a feeling of suddenly inspired jealousy.

"I am obliged to leave you this evening, my darling," said Patrakoff; "as an affair of much importance compels my presence at the Club."

"Must you really go?" responded his listener.

"Would I do so otherwise, my dearest Ophelia?"

With these words and a parting caress, the Prince took his departure. Hardly had he closed the door, when Madame Patrakoff seized the paper. It was a dainty little perfumed note, containing only these words:

"MY DARLING CLD BRUTE:—I will expect you to call for me this evening at the theater. Adieu, well-beloved wretch, and remember your FERNANDE."

The epistle was sufficiently brief; but the Princess read and re-read the the words, then crushing the paper in her small hand, she paused for thought. Suddenly a new light gleamed in her handsome eyes, and a smile of malicious pleasure curled her lips, and, rising, she rang the bell sharply. Giovanne, the valet de chambre of the Prince, responded.

"Giov," said the lady, in a mild, gentle voice, "at which theater does Mademoiselle Fernande play?"

Giovanne was astounded by the question, and endeavored to prepare an evasive answer. Observing his expression of face, and comprehending his intention, Madame Patrakoff frowned, and the servant deemed it more prudent to reply truthfully.

"Very well," resumed his mistress. "Now, order the carriage instantly, and bid Lucia hold herself in readiness, as she will accompany me, as well as yourself." While speaking, Madame Patrakoff opened her wardrobe and took from it several jewel-cases and placed them in her pocket.

Ten minutes after her conversation with Giovanne, Madame Patrakoff entered her carriage.

"Drive to the stage entrance of the Ambique Theater," said the Princess gently but resolutely; "and drive fast," she added.

The stage entrance was by no means the principal entrance of the theater in question. It opened upon a narrow, dark, and extremely muddy street. A narrow door led to the stage. On seeing this door the Princess bit her lips with vexation; then, smiling like a woman who has resolved upon a course of action, she raised her skirts in both hands and entered the dirty, uninviting street, followed by Giovanne and Lucia.

"Where are you going?" inquired a rough voice. "I say, where are you going?"

On hearing the sound, Madame Patrakoff turned and perceived a grim-visaged woman, with ferret-like eyes, who held the post of *concierge*, and could not resist smiling. "Giov," she said, "speak to the good woman, and reassure her mind."

"My friend," said the valet, "what does it matter if you are cared for?"

The woman was about to reply, but Giovanne, having first searched in his pocket, gave her an affectionate shake of the hand and instantly calmed her fears. As to the Princess, she hurried on. The further Madame Patrikoff penetrated into the interior the stronger became the smell of the stage, and the murmur of sounds reached her. At length the last door was reached, and she found herself face to face, in fact almost in the arms of a man dressed all in chocolate color, covered with feathers, a ring in his nose, and streaming with perspiration. The Princess uttered a little cry, and then, seizing her glass, she surveyed the individual.

"Your servant," said the savage.

"My good man," replied the Princess, without lowering her glass, "I would like to speak to your manager.",

"There is no harm in that," responded her listener, as he gave vent to a wild yell.

"Where can I find him?"

"He is before you."

"Are you the director of the theater?" inquired the Princess, surprised.

"I am, madame, what can I do for you?"

"I wish to speak to you in private," said Madame Patrakoff.

Her listener bowed and led the way to the manager's private room. His companion seated herself, and then resumed her conversation.

"My dear sir, I believe you are playing a fairy spectacle?"

"We are," responded the manager, "and this is the eighty-eighth performance, and, as far as I know ——"

"Yes, but as to that I do not care. What I wish is simply to take part in the spectacle."

"What?" exclaimed the manager. "You want an engagement? But know ——"

"I do not speak of an engagement. I simply say I wish to figure in the piece. It is a mere caprice that I have chanced to take, and I wish to go on to-night."

"It is absolutely impossible, madame," said the manager, rising.

"Be seated," replied Madame Patrakoff.

"I supposed there would be difficulties to encounter, and came prepared for objections. I am willing to pay the costs of carrying out my whim. How much do you charge, monsieur—four, five, six thousand francs? Tell me the figure and be quick, because it is now late. My femme de chambre is in the carriage, waiting to dress me."

"Good heavens, madame!" exclaimed her listener. What you ask is impossible."

"Let us say eight thousand francs."

"What is the hour?" inquired the director, looking at the clock upon the chimney.

"There is time; it is now only half-past eight o'clock, and Lucia is a very fairy. You will place at my disposal this little room. Have two more lamps brought, and send me one or more of your dresses."

"You understand, I suppose, madame, that your costume must correspond with that of the other fairies?" said the manager much perplexed.

"Certainly. Do you for a moment imagine that I propose to array myself in the garb of a National Guard to appear in the spectacle of 'Le Roy des Caraibes.' I will, of course, conform to the demands of the occasion. What have you in the way of costumes?"

"If you desire to do so, you can appear in the procession of water-nymphs in the last act."

"Very well."

"It is a very light costume; in fact, quite light."

"Oh! never mind,, I accept the nymph. Please let my *femme de chambre* summoned."

"You must have a pair of tights," said the manager, ringing a bell violently. A little old man, of odd appearance, answered the call, and looked curiously at the lady.

"Achille," inquired the manager, "have you a pair of tights in the wardrobe that would fit madame?"

The old man lowered his glasses in order to study the question.

"Surely you are jesting," said the Princess. "Do you suppose for a instant that I am going to wear what has been worn by one of your girls?"

"But you know, madame, that a nymph must wear tights."

"Very well, go and purchase a pair. My carriage waits without and my valet, Giov, will accompany you."

The little old costumer pulled down his sleeves, and, in another instant was off like a flash.

Some moments after, Madame Patrakoff was seated before the glass, attended by her maid and two hairdressers. The Italian no longer appeared melancholy, but seemed deeply interested in all that was taking place.

"Look!" she suddenly exclaimed; "you have put too much black under my eyes. I look exactly as if I had used my inkstand for an eyeglass."

"Madame is mistaken," responded one of the women. "There is no more than is necessary to produce the proper effect before the footlights."

The manager at this instant entered the room with two costumers, who carried clouds of gauze and and flowers. About ten o'clock the little old man returned. He was dripping with perspiration, and carried a bundle. On seeing him the Princess uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Let every one leave the room but Lucia," said Madame Patrakoff, breaking the string that tied the bundle, and, for a brief space, silence reigned in the little apartment.

"I think they do very well," observed the Princess, surveying her silk-incased limbs with an air of satisfaction. "What do you say, Lucia?" she added, holding her leg out before the mirror to judge better the effect.

"Beautiful, indeed, madame," replied the *femme de chambre*.

"I think the maillots are a trifle tight; but I guess it is all right."

"They should be very tight, madame."

"Certainly. Now for the other leg. How red my arms look! Tell me truly, Lucia, is there not too much black under my eyes?"

"Oh! no, madame," responded Lucia, "you look perfectly lovely."

Ten o'clock struck before the other was incased as the first. The difficulty with maillots is that, like gloves, they vary in size, and a hand that is intended for number seven gloves cannot be forced into number six, and the stitches will yield to pressure if the kid resist. Thus it was with the tights in question. They were intended for smaller proportions than were displayed by the Princess Patrakoff. The costumers were summoned; they pulled and jerked. Lucia bit her lip in ill-concealed merriment. There are some natures that rise superior to difficulties. Of such a type was *la belle* Princess.

"Ladies," she at length exclaimed with wonderful decision, "we will make one more effort."

"Be careful, madame, for they will split," urged Lucia.

"Nevertheless we must try," murmured the Princess, anxiously.

She was pale beneath her rouge, and her small hands trembled violently. With one mighty and desperate effort, Madame Patrakoff triumphed, and so great was her satisfaction that, had she not feared to be sacrilegious, she would have fervently thanked heaven for the result. The rest of the toilet was completed in a few instants. The diamonds and garlands had just been arranged, when a voice was heard to call, "All on to begin." The Princess cast one last lingering look at the mirror, and then told Lucia to open the door and inform Giov, who remained without, that she was ready. She knew that she looked beautiful. Never, perhaps, had she appeared so truly lovely; but she experienced a feeling of decided embarrassment, and found great difficulty in walking. She seemed as though held in a vise; but the Princess was not a woman to be daunted by a sensation of discomfort, and she instantly took her place among the nymphs, followed by her valet, Giov, and in response to the call of the orchestra all entered upon the scene.

The audience was at first unprepared to see a nymph appear attended by her valet, and hesitated an instant whether to approve or hiss; but she was so perfectly beautiful, and gazed so fearless at all, that a tempest of applause was accorded, and while surprised and perplexed—for the lovely nymph was instantly recognized to be a lady—the audience, nevertheless, enjoyed the novel sight. Patrakoff, who occupied the stage-box, was one of the very first to observe the remarkable beauty of the new attraction, and, raising his glasses, he uttered an exclamation of astonishment. In the nymph he recognized the Princess Patrakoff, his wife, and he did not long remain in a state of doubt, for the nymph halted just before the box and gave him a glance that was not only recognition, but spoke volumes.

The Prince waited for no more, but rushed from the edge and hurried to the door leading to the stage, and as he appeared behind the scenes the Princess was just leaving the stage.

"Forgive me, Ophelia," he whispered, "forgive me and come."

"Am I more beautiful than your Fernande? Speak, speak instantly, or I will go and seat myself on the prompter's box."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Patrakoff, wildly; "you are a thousand times more beautiful."

"Am I, truly?"

"You are, indeed, my queen, my darling. I love you beyond all things on earth. Only come, come."

"You are hurried?"

"Yes, for I have so much to tell you."

"If I go at once, will you promise to obey me?"

"In everything."

Fifteen days after this singular and somewhat adventurous undertaking, a dark gondola of carved wood, adorned with crimson curtains, was seen on the bay of Naples. The sun was setting, and the golden and purple rays enriched the fleecy clouds that float on and on into the dim distance. A man and woman were seated in the interior of the gondola, and as the bark floated on silently a small jeweled hand caressed the rippling waves, and a pair of lustrous eyes were raised to the bright glories shed by the dying day.

"Patrakoff," said a sweet voice, "I think since your deception that I am more in love with you than ever."

"Surely you are jesting, my sweet Ophelia."

"No; but remember, you have promised to be faithful for the future."

"Yes, my darling," replied the Prince. "What man would refuse to give that promise?"

"But you have promised to keep it."

"Yes, I have promised."

"For once powder and paint won more than nature."

"True; I never knew how beautiful you were."

"Until others told you," responded the Princess applauding.

"By and By."

Somewhere down the stream of Time on which we are floating, is a beautiful island called the "By and By." It may be just before us, beyond the next turn of the river, or we way not find it until the stream disembogues into the stream of eternity. But we all look for it from infancy to old age, and dream that all evil will be banished when we arrive at that beautiful island—By and By.

All day we float down the turbulent stream; the blue color of heaven burns above us; the mysteries of God and immortality stream upon us with awful splendors and truths that have confounded the loftiest intellects—truths that in all ages have roused up the soul from its foundation, baptized it with reverence, kindled it with love—environ it with intensity, and all the thoughts of the island are banished from the mind. But when the solemn gray of twilight falls around our bark, in fancy we see our magical shores, green with the trees of beauty, flitting before us like stars over the broad shadows of years, and our longings all return to wander on its fairy banks, and listen to the silver voices of its inhabitants. And as the rosy tints of day fade in the west, and the watching stars open one after another, their holy eyes, we go to rest in the happy belief that the morning sunrise will gild this immortal island, full in our vision—this clime we have sought so long and vainly, and whither have fled all the summer of our youth, that we besought with tears to stay.

A land of promise is that By and By. In it we all have possession, the anticipated enjoyment of which alone renders life tolerable. The past has proven a weary way; the present full of danger, but in the golden By and By there is recompense for all. There the broken heart shall be healed and the weary spirit find rest.

Who shall sell his birthright in this land? Though poverty, gloom and desolation environ us here, we have wealth and loving friends in that fair clime.

How eagerly we look for that island! If it were laid down on any chart, no matter how distant, so that we knew that it would surely come, we should be satisfied in the prospect. But no Ariadne comes to reveal its labyrinthine secrets, and we must be content in its anticipation, and we possess it only in our dreams

Historical.

The Prince Imperial of France was born on the 16th day of March, 1856.

The first iron furnace erected in North America was by Gov. Spottswood, in 1730, in Spottsylvania county, Va.

The Great Eastern steamship was launched on the 31st of January, 1858, after four fruitless attempts. The cost of the launch was between £60,000 and £70,000.

The great fire of London originated in November, 1666, in the time of Charles II. The great plague occurred in the previous year (1665), when 68,596 persons are said to have perished.

Out of 2,540 Emperors, Kings and royal rulers over 64 nations, 299 were dethroned, 64 abdicated, 28 committed suicide, 11 went mad, 100 died on the battle field, 123 were made prisoners in battle, 25 were pronounced martyrs and saints, 151 were assassinated, 62 were poisoned, and 108 were sentenced to death.

Babylon was a celebrated city on the banks of the Euphrates, the capital of the Assyrian empire. It was anciently the most magnificent city in the world, and became famous for the death of Alexander the Great and for the new empire, which was afterward there under the Seleucidæ. Its greatness was so reduced in succeeding ages that in the time of Pliny it was but a desolate wilderness; and at present the place where it stood is unknown to travelers. Its inhabitants, called Babylonii, were early acquainted with astrology.

Henry Jenkins, a reputed centenarian, was an inhabitant of the parish of Bolton, in Yorkshire, Eng. The story is that he was born about 1501, was 12 years old at the battle of Flodden Field, which he could remember, and lived 169 years, dying at Ellerton on Swale, Dec. 8, 1670. He was a poor man, and could neither read nor write. He swore, once, on an assize trial, to a right of way existing for 140 years, and he retained his faculties to the last. The hard struggle and anxious occupations of modern life, superinduced chiefly by a redundant population and a consequent infinite competition, render the attainment of extreme old age constantly more unlikely.

An editor offers a reward of $5 for the best treatise on "How to make out-door life attractive to the mosquito."

Winter Sports in Russia.

The evening had been passed in social games and occasional dances, but all the fun was evidently regarded as merely preliminary or introductory to something better in store. Occasionally, I caught a phrase, which pointed to something which every body looked forward to, but was entirely ignorant of its nature, and presumed it to be tableaux or theatricals. Finally, at about 10 o'clock, a general call for furs and wrappings arose, and in a few minutes the whole company had passed into the garden. The moon had just risen, and its pale beams revealed the unshapely forms of snow covered trees and shrubs the tops only of the latter protruding over the thick bed of snow, with its glittering crust. In the centre of the garden I soon discovered the attraction which had caused us to forsake the warm and lighted rooms—two kotoks of moderate height loomed up before us, and a number of sleds were strewn about, ready for use. A general pairing took place immediately, and in a few moments the sport was in full blast. The two platforms faced each other, and the tracks ran side by side, so that the parties could dash past each other amid laughing, screaming and shouting. I looked around for a vacant sled in order to try my hand at the game, but just as I was climbing the steps to one of the platforms I was informed that no gentleman could be permitted to ride alone on such an occasion, and I was quickly provided with a passenger—a young lady from the country endowed with considerable embonpoint. Without possessing the least confidence in my skill as a steersman I was somewhat comforted by the thought that the well-rounded form of my passenger, made still rounder by an ample fox-skin robe, would not be liable to suffer any serious damage in case of mishaps. With the utmost nonchalance I adjusted my sled to the very edge of the dazzling, shining and glittering incline.. It is necessary that the steersman should seat himself first; etiquette being entirely waived on the katok, but when the fair Anna Ivanovna dropped down in front of me with the grace and ease of a snowflake, though a trifle heavier, and, to use a slang phrase, "cuddle up" to my manly breast with a glance full of charming confidence, my innate modesty and diffidence caused me to recede a little, and as I was already seated on the extreme edge, there was a fall, a scream and a laugh, and the whole delightful performance had to be gone through with again. At last we were both seated, and the sled adjusted, as I imagined, with the utmost mathematical precision, as to run a straight course to the end of the track. Full of confidence, I gave the start, and with an impetus that almost took my breath away, we dashed ahead—to land in the snow bank on one side, only half way down the incline. The force with which the sled struck the snow caused it to overturn, and my fare and I rolled down the snow bank to the level. My profuse apologies seemed to be altogether superfluous; the partner of my disaster was none the worse of it, and only remarked that it was very naughty of me to play that trick the first time. The innocent little bundle of fur thought I had upset her on purpose.

With some misgivings on my part the experiment was repeated, with nearly the same result, and by that time I dawned upon the other participants in the fun that they had a "greenhorn" among them, and plans of mischief were concocted accordingly. One of the gentlemen approached me and observed that I seemed to be bewildered by the crowd dashing down before me and beside me, and that they would give me a chance of descending alone, ahead of them all. The company accordingly assembled on one of the platforms and I took my place once more on the brink with my fearless passenger before me. The suppressed laughter and the mischief sparkling in everybody's eye might have warned me that some plot was afoot; but unsuspectingly and carefully I launched my sled.

Exactly what followed I cannot tell, and would not care to enlarge upon it if I did. In less than a second we had reached the level, but there my sled struck a broom handle or something of the kind, and with a jump seemed to fly from under us, while we glided a piece down the track on our own responsibility, my companion clinging to me for dear life; and then there came a shock, and then another, and I don't know how many more until the whole scene become exceedingly shocking, for as each succeeding sled dumped its load over us, the confused mass of laughing and squirming bodies became more bewildering, and the placid moon grinned down upon a sight it is to be hoped not often enjoyed by the chaste Diana's symbol. At last everybody succeeded in extricating his or her own robes and furs and overshoes and limbs and something like order and propriety was once more restored; but the mere consciousness of my spotless innocence did not save me from being accused by all parties as the author of what they pleased to call a "shocking mishap." Though very much bewildered and confused, I had in my mind one clear idea—that I was not destined to shine in that peculiar institution of Russia society, the "katok."

The Great Bell of Moscow.

At the base of the tower of Ivan, writes a traveler, we paused to examine the great bell of Moscow, which is surmounted with a globe and a cross. What a history has this bell! Cast in the reign of Boris Godumofi, it fell and was broken in the reign of Alexis. It was recast in 1654, and weighed two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds. Twenty years later it was suspended from a wooden beam, where it remained for eighty years, when it again fell, and its fragments lay on the ground for thirty-three years, when by order of the Empress Anne it was recast. During the fire which occurred four years later, it had another fall, when its side was knocked out, and it remained buried in the earth till 1836 when the Emperor Nicholas had it placed upon its present pedestal. Its present weight is is four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds, and its circumference is sixty feet nine inches. It is two feet thick and the weight of the broken pieces is about eleven tons. The exterior is ornamented in relief by representations of the Emperor Alexis, the Empress Anne and religious characters.

The most highly insulted fellow in town is the one who lately received from his girl a pair of slippers with a clean pair of socks stuffed into them.

Garibaldi's Home.

The London *World* of May 29 says:

Caprera is a small narrow island—a great rock in fact, with a few patches of soil here and there—of about twenty-two miles in circuit and three or four in width, separated from the northernmost part of Sardinia—as Valentia is from the coast of Kerry—by a strip of sea some two and a half miles across. It was once well known to the British sailor, for it lies close to the Maddalena, one of Nelson's stations in the Mediterranean. The only habitations are a few shepherds' huts and Garibaldi's house, situated on the western side, about three-quarters of a mile on the higher ground. It is a one-storied building, *i. e.*, a ground-floor only, divided into seven plain, unadorned rooms; a kitchen, with appliances which a small farmer's wife in England would consider very insufficient; a dining-room with a plain deal table, large enough, however, to accommodate twenty-five; a little store-room; three bedrooms for his children and any friends who may land upon the island; and his own bed-chamber and study combined—a good-sized room with two windows, (one to the east, the other to the south,) a carpetless boarded floor like the deck of a ship, and white-washed walls. Its chief articles of furniture are a plain, roomy, iron bedstead, four common chairs, a simple writing-table, and old-fashioned chest of drawers, and a shower-bath. Everything is of the most ordinary kind, but there is no affectation of Spartan simplicity, and in striking contrast to the modest aspect of the place are a number of things scattered about. On the bed is a splendid counterpane of white cashmere, most exquisitely embroidered for him in silk by the ladies of Milan; and standing in one corner, as carelessly placed as if they were a bundle of sticks, are several swords of honor, with Damascus blades and hilts of gold set with gems, presented to him by his fellow countrymen of Nice, Rome, and other cities; but what he prizes far more is a box of tools for cultivating and ingrafting vines, sent him by some friend in England.

Flung over the back of one of the chairs is a handsome *poncho* of a rich white material lined with red, the gift of a distinguished Milanese lady. Hung against the wall are a telescope and a binocular, both presents from England. These were used by him in the campaign of 1860; and on his writing-table, together with a volume of *Plutarch* and some works on mathematics, lies a book of harbor plans given to him years ago at a moment of need, by the captain of an English ship, in the Port of Canton. One the floor by his bedside there is a tiger skin to step upon; above the head of the bed hangs his mother's portrait, and at the side is a stand on which lie a revolver and a dagger. This dagger is another record of his wife. She always wore it hanging from her waist; and after her death, during the retreat from Rome in 1849, Garibaldi continued to carry it in remembrance of her, until he lost it from his side during the fight at Caserta on the 1st of October, 1860. It was found, however, by a Calabrese, who restored it to the General, and since that its place has been by his bed side. Unless the General rings his bell no one is permitted to enter his room, with the exception only of his son Menotti. On the walls of the dining room hang some water colors representing episodes in the Montevidean war of independence, a photograph of an incident in the seige of Venice in 1849, and in one corner a Brazilian lance carried by one of his favorite troopers in South America. Outside the door of his room is a Mexican saddle, with stirrups of silver made in the form of reversed crowns. This was a present from a Mexican friend, and is a record of the battle of Melazzo. It was when he used it there that part of one of the stirrups was shot away by a cannon-ball. A little to the north of the cottage stands one of those portable iron habitations for colonial use sent to Garibaldi from England. Its four little rooms and kitchen are occupied by Bassi, his secretary, and opposite to it is the mill where the flour for the General's family and household is ground. The household, however, is not numerous. It numbers but three persons—an old soldier, a Venetian emigrant, who acts as the General's Orderly, and serves for love, not for money; another man who cooks, and a woman to do the washing and tidying-up. The guests at Caprera are required to make their own beds.

Another Mollie Arrested.

PITTSBURGH, June 26.—Henry Devlin, another member of the Mollie Maguire gang, which committed so many depredations at Irwin, Westmoreland county, was arrested at Oil City yesterday by one of Pinkerton's detectives, and is now in jail at Greensburg. He fled when the parties recently arrested made confession, and detectives have been in search him ever since. He is charged with complicity in the murder of Joseph Carrol in 1876. Detectives are in active pursuit of two others concerned in the same crime.

What it Cost to Conquer Cuba.

NEW YORK, June 28.—A letter from Havana says the campaign of the Spaniards against the Cubans, without any battles, cost the former 80,000 men and the island is a vast cemetery. Five steamers are reported on the way from Spain to carry home the troops. Martinez Campos has begun a reduction of the Government expenses on the Island by giving up his own salary as Captain General.

Mr. N. S. Frost, of Frostburg, Md., sends the following as the result of one week's butter making from one cow, and challenges anyone to produce its equal: In seven days, fourteen milkings, the cow (Lily of the valley) gave an average of 6 gallons of milk daily, out of which was churned in the seven days 18 pounds of butter. The butter was made in a cellar, not in a spring house, and was not the result of any sort of preparation.

Indiana's Great Crops.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 28.—Reports from all parts of the State show that the immense wheat crop is being rapidly harvested. South of this point the grain is nearly all in the shock. Corn is a little backward, but is making rapid growth in the present hot weather. The hay crop is unusually heavy.

Death From the Boiler Explosion.

HARRISBURG, June 26.—John Hetrick and John W. Hess, two victims of the Chesapeake mill boiler explosion, died to-day, being three deaths caused by this accident.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Hungarian Grass.

As the cattle of the country increase in number it is evident that the quantity of winter feed must also increase, and also as the quality of our live stock is improved so must our winter provender increase in quantity, as well as improve in quality. Well-bred stock must be well fed to be profitable. If we have not a certainty that our hay crop will be amply sufficient for our winter stock we should prepare to add to it at once. Those who have not grown Hungarian grass can have no idea how much fodder can be grown to the acre from this very valuable crop. No farmer should be without it or its kindred millet, of which it is a variety. For soiling it will, in the short season of its growth, yield two or even three heavy cuttings. For hay it should be cut just before the seeds begin to form; if left later it will become dry and hard, and have lost much of its nutrition in quality, but if cut green the hay is eaten greedily by farm stock. The present month (June) is the best time to sow it, though it is sometimes sown as late as the middle of July. The ground for it should be well cultivated; and the richer the soil the heavier the crop. From two pecks to a bushel of seed is usually sown. Sow evenly, harrow it in well and roll it. Rolling is the more necessary as it is sown in the dry season. In two months from the time it is sown you may have it saved as hay—in less time often. It may succeed an early soiling crop—fall rye, or oats and peas, so that there may be two well paying crops in the same season. Hungarian grass may be suffered to mature so that the seed may be saved, but by so doing the fodder is so much deteriorated as to be more worthless than ordinary straw, and if the farmers' object be to have fodder for his cattle, his aim should be to have it in good quality regardless of the seed. Hungarian grass, and all the cultivated varieties of millet, bears seed that, if saved for the purpose, would make a very nice flour, and for this it is used in some countries; but the object of the grower is the flour, not the fodder, and the nutrition that would be had in well saved hay has been taken from it by the maturing and ripening of the seed.

Though the crop seemed from its great bulk impoverishing, the soil is not as much impoverished by it as might be supposed. Any crop, cereal or other, does not, when cut before being matured, scourge the land as it would if permitted to ripen the seed.—*Farmers' Advocate.*

A Certain Remedy for the Curculio.

As soon as the plums are of the size of a hazel-nut, (or just before the curculio commences to attack) procure several gallons of coal or gas tar: put about a quart into a long-handled stew pan, and with a match and shaving you will soon have a blaze; the better the blaze the denser the smoke. Carry under the trees so as to completely smoke every part of the tree top. Repeat three or four times a week until the plums begin to ripen, or until all danger of damage by curculio is over. The smoke is very offensive to breathe, and the smell remains several days in the foliage, or until washed off by rains, when the smoking must be repeated. Some may ask, how long does it take to smoke a tree each time? No longer than to get the smoke into all parts of the tree. It usually takes about half an hour to smoke forty trees.

Now for the codling moth. A. G. Tuttle, for several years president of Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, and perhaps the leading nurseryman of the State (he is now testing over one hundred varieties of Russian apples), tells me he has discovered a remedy, or rather trap for the moth, that has proved to be a complete success. Take shallow pans or saucers, and place some strong apple vinegar in them and hang among the branches of the trees. The smell of the vinegar attracts the moth, and they are caught and drowned in the same. Mr. Tuttle told me he has captured over forty codling moths in one of these pans in a single night, and so great was his success that he notified Charles Downing, the leading authority on fruit in this country. I saw a letter from that gentleman expressing his gratification at Mr. T's success, and advising him to disseminate the remedy through the medium of the press, as it would be of immense benefit to the fruit growers of the country.—*Sam S. Grabb, in Germantown Telegraph.*

Weeds for Manure.

It always provokes me to see an agriculturist, a gardener especially, carefully gathering up the weeds and grasses, pulled or hoed, to keep the ground clean, and throwing them over the fence to perish on the public highway or elsewhere, instead of collecting into a heap in the yard, and packing to decompose. Let any gardener try this for one year: Gather all such refuse, including vegetable tops of all kinds, into a heap, and throw all kitchen slops not used otherwise, on this heap; turn it over a couple or three time before the following spring, to heat and thoroughly decompose. No better manure can be applied to the vegetable beds. Do not throw away onions because they are deformed or small, or rotten, but keep them together where they will decompose, and return this matter to your onion-bed, and note the result. I will guarantee that any gardener who gives this a fair trial will never again throw away anything that he can decompose in this heap, which I used to call the "gardener's treasure pile."—*Country Gentleman.*

About Seed Corn.

In shelling corn for seed discard the butts and tips, using only the central portion of each ear, as the early blade and root are in size in proportion to the kernel used, and a plant from the large grains of the centre of the ear will get the start and keep ahead of the smaller ones from the tip. This is not all theory, but the result of my experiments with seed from the different portions of the ear—tips producing as a rule much smaller ears than butts or central ones, butts producing many one-sided, deformed ears, and not filling out well. My opinion is, if every farmer would be more careful about his seed corn, the corn crop would amount to many thousands of bushels more in the United states.—*Cor. Practical Farmer.*

An Albany woman woke her husband during a storm, the other night, and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear the thunder."

It is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S,

STORE,

West End, Main st., Somerset Pa..

HEAD QUARTERS

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CHAMPION MOWERS AND REAPERS, OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, HAGERSTOWN GRAIN SEED DRILLS, EMPIRE THRESHER AND SEPARATOR, HORSE POWERS.

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The Largest, Best and Cheapest Assortment of Men's and Boys'

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All Kinds of Produce Taken in Exchange for GOODS.

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Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints

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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

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April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

DEMMLER BROTHERS

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BIRD CAGES,

Ice Chests, Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Water Coolers, Cutlery, Stoves, Britannia Ware, Enamelled and Tinned Hollow Ware, Agate and Granite Iron Ware, and

House Furnishing Hardware in General.

Proprietors of the Patent Adjustable Stove Shelves.

April 24

FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

WILSON SEWING MACHINE

is workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT, for doing all kinds of repairing, WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.

AGENTS WANTED. WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

827 & 829 Broadway, New York; New Orleans, La.; Cor. State & Madison Sts., Chicago, Ills.; and San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

STRAIGHT NEEDLE.

WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE NUMBER 8

ROTATING HOOK.

Is the result of over twenty-five years' experience, and embodies all that is useful in Sewing Machine inventions.

UNRIVALED FOR ITS SIMPLICITY, EASE OF MANAGEMENT, QUIETNESS, AND LIGHT-RUNNING QUALITIES.

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A Desirable Residence For Sale.

I offer for sale my residence in Somerset Borough, containing 50 acres of land all in a high state of cultivation, except four acres of timber, with an orchard of 200 choice selected fruit trees. A brick dwelling house with 10 rooms, wash, wood and ice house, well filled. Swiss barn, carriage house, has never failing running water at the door, fine evergreen shading. Strawberry bed, bees and bee-house. The distance from the public square is one-half mile, with pavement and plank walk the entire distance, will sell stock, farm implements and furniture if desired, and will give possession immediately.

July 18. J. O. KIMMEL.

A Chance to Make Some Money, SURE.

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Above Wood St. Pittsburg.

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April 10 McCALLUM BROS.

After years of patient labor and experiment the

ST. JOHN

Sewing Machine,

is now offered to the public, as the triumph of inventive genius in this branch of manufacture. Its points of excellence are apparent to any one examining the machine and so readily recognized that already the "ST. JOHN" has forced itself to the front rank of Sewing Machines. It fulfills all the necessary requirements for a first-class Sewing Machine, which are

1st. Ability to do perfectly all kinds of work demanded of a Sewing Machine. 2d. Ease of management. 3d. Lightness of running. 4th. Freedom from noise. 5th. Simplicity of construction 6th. Durability. All these points are secured more than in any other, in the

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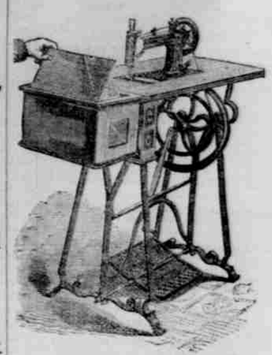

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Ornamented Machine and Stand, Black Walnut Table, two Drawers, Patent Box Cover, which attaches to side of the Table, forming a convenient work box or an extension top at will.

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Makes the Lock Stitch.

Beautiful in Design. Perfect in Construction Equally good on the lightest or heaviest Goods.

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