THE YOSEMITE.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

One night as I lay awake in the white moonlight, listening to the awful boom of the Yosemite as it pours its torrent down into the boiling chaldron, I thought I would rise, and in the stillness of the night, when all else was asleep and no other thought or voice to distract, listen alone to the voice of nature as she spoke in the dark, weird shadows and flashing waters of the cataract.

I softly rose and dressed and went out on the porch of my little cottage where there is an unobstructed view of the Yosemite Falls and much of the valley.

No one who has never been out alone at night there in communication with the thoughts that such a sight gives rise to, can say that they have really seen or felt the grandeur or beauty of the glorious valley.

Every tree and shadow, every cliff and rock, and flash of the water, takes a new beauty, and a sort of fascination overpowers one, as they seem to move and change, as though endowed with a supernatural motion, and a sort of frightened worship, such as a great upheaval of the earth generates, seems to take possession of the soul and body to such an extent that every pulsation of the heart becomes painful, and every breath an effort.

I sat there overcome with the weird awfulness of the sound and silence, and the nobility of the steadfast crags in the deceitful light. I was cold, and trembled; I was cramped, and my neck pained with the strain of holding my head in one position; and when a twig broke or a cone fell, I would start with a nervous terror; and yet it seemed that I could not have changed my position by so much as a hair's breadth had my life depended upon it; and thus I passed a night that will probably never be equalled in my experience again.

At last, after almost a year (in seeming) of this tension of nerve, I thought I saw the light of day struggling with the moonbeams; and little by little the silvery rays paled, and a rosy pink and pale yellow began to take their place; and by and by one single ray of sunshine darted across the valley and touched the crag and the top of the Yosemite Fall, and crowned it royally, while all else in the valley was still in the shadow.

That sunbeam seemed to be the signal, the magic wand, as it were, to call to congress thousands of birds, brown coated, sweet voiced warblers, which made the valley throb and pulsate with song. I listened to that rich outburst of praise, and felt as most have felt those who first heard the melodious exultant pæn and the sweet words, "Peace and good will on earth to man;" and I fancied I could hear in the faintest far off voices those sweet words on seraph lips, as I sat there drinking in the sublime influences of the calm, still night, the silver moon and the solemn roar of the distant cataract.

The great cliffs are so high in this wonderful valley that the sun cannot shine on the eastern side of it until late in the day, and so even the late risers can see the dewy diamonds that glitter and tremble on every leaf and blade of grass, and see its silvery sheen on the granite boulders around the cottages; but the birds, after their one melodious outburst of thankfulness for day, hide in their leafy shadows and are silent.

The most of the visitors in the valley start the first morning for a visit to Mirror Lake, as it only gives a good reflection before the morning breeze has had time to ruffle it. I went with a guide to see this minute lake, which is indeed a marvel of beauty.

It is the fairest spot in the whole valley, mostly because the awful, overpowering grandeur is toned and softened by its reflection in the lake, bordered by a fringe of willows and silvery white sand. One, in seeing the softened reflection forgets to look at the tall forbidding bare wall of rock, whose white reflected face only shows beauty and soft loveliness, and I came back from the lake feeling as if I had been favored with a glimpse into fairy land with its enchantments. I made two succeeding visits to this place, and each time saw the same changing yet unchanging picture, the same great cliffs and rocks and trees, yet with other lights and shadows that made them seem ever new.

The road to and from Mirror Lake is good, except for about a quarter of a mile, which is rather rocky, but not by any means dangerous, or even unpleasant to ride over; while with every step some new beauty shows through an opening in the trees or the great perpendicular walls that so shut this valley in from the rest of the world, or the beautiful Merced shows unexpectedly through the trees.

It seemed to me that while I rode up toward the lake, that the mountains followed me, that is, that when there the Yosemite Fall was still in front, while Glacier Point was yet above, though it had been the same while at the hotel, two miles further down the valley. No matter where you went, as long as a tree or turn in the road did not obscure your view, all these points seem to be just as near while you are away, and seem to recede into distance as you advance. It seems but a short walk from Hutchings' to the Yosemite Fall, yet it takes an hour's horseback to reach the foot of it, and so it is all over the valley.

Returning from the lake, I rode close as possible to the Merced River all the way, and watched the swift current and the bright trout darting to and fro, and the rocks at the bottom of the river with delight, for the water is so clear and transparent that almost every little pebble is visible.

After eating a lunch that would have made a martyr of any other woman, I rode to the Bridal Veil Fall, and climed up close enough to get quite wet from the spray that it showers over the rocks and shrubs and flowers at its feet. The flowers bloom as if in worship for its beauty, and cling to life amidst rocky desolation, like gratitude for the charity that redeems some rugged hearts, and like the spray from the Fall, silently showers blessings.

Near the rocky chaldron, where the waters fall in thunderous and everlasting foam, is a large pine forest where are multitudes of brown-coated mocking birds, whose sweet voices are lifted up in worship and melodious songs of praise, as if they were the choristers in this vast temple of the handiwork of God.

When the Bridal Veil rushes like a silvery avalanche over the top of the great, bare granite cliff, and plunges headlong into the huge seething chaldron with a reverberation like a tremendous salvo of artillery, making the cliffs resound with its awful echo, the birds are silent as though that mighty sound was the response of some terrific genii to their songs of praise; but when the wind sways the water like a misty floating gossamer veil to and fro and silently sweeps it aside in silvery spray, then, with a wild exultant burst of sweetness never equalled on earth, the birds open their throats and pour forth such thrilling melody that the woods, the very air, the heart and senses all pulsate in unison with the song.

The soul seems to break asunder its earthly moulded bonds and soar on the grateful song to God the Maker, the Mighty Architect of this wondrous temple.

The song is not one sweet, but far away, like Angel's choirs in the vaulted Heaven, but near you, around you, in your very soul, you feel as if the birds held you enchanted, and you almost lose consciousness in the overpowering melody. Your heart throbs painfully, and you are strung to highest tension of sublime worship almost insufferable when, with a mighty thundering echo the waters again strike the chaldron, and the song of the birds is hushed.

Thus it goes on ever, and has, for how long, the Creator alone knows. Alternate the thunder of the mighty cataract and the melodious pæn of the birds.

Evenings we spend here generally in plans far the next day, and in pleasant conversation, and relating the day's adventures and mishaps. My third day was planned to be occupied in a trip to the Vernal and Nevada Falls.

There was a large party going up, but I took Florry, Mr. Hutchings' little daughter, as my guide and started on ahead alone; and there seems to be nothing in that valley or that pertained to it, that that child did not know and point out to me with a few quaintly expressed but poetical words of appreciation that seemed singular in so young a child. She is a rare little wild flower, a perfect Mariposa tulip.

We kept some distance ahead of all. The road turns to East and right, after leaving the hotel, and leads along through the trees on the level bottom of the valley for about two miles, and affords a fine chance for a spirited canter if one chooses to ride fast, but unfortunately most of these horses here in the valley have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf of horse-hood, and have left all vain glorious shows many years behind, and look upon traveling as vanity, while going off a lugubrious walk is not only vanity but vexation of spirit also, and they prefer to meditate upon the vicissitudes of life to active occupation.

Meditation is a fine occupation as a general rule. I like to meditate, but the majority of people such as wish to visit the Nevada are decidedly opposed to retrospection on the horses' part, and rudely break in upon their recollections of pleasant days of colt-hood, when grass and oats were plenty, and saddles unthought of, and by the aid of spurs and whips and sundry howls and chirrups urge them into a melancholy trot that seems to almost unjoint every several bone in one's body.

Whenever the horses commence trotting, there is a chorus of "Oh my's!" "Dear me!" and "Oh, stop my horse Selmo, or I shall be shaken to pieces," and the like; but Tulip and I only smiled contemptuously, (contemptibly one girl told me afterward), and road on ahead at an easy rocking gallop; for didn't I have "Bumblefoot," the best horse in the valley, while Tulip had "Pacing Billy."

Mr. Hutchings has exercised much ingenuity in giving names to his horses, one being called "Snorting Johnny," another "Calaphina," another "Scorched-nose Jimmy," another "Bung-starter," and so on, for over fifty.

Directly we commenced the ascent of the mountain, and went up a steady climb of over twenty-five hundred feet, perpendicular measure, but some two and a half miles of travelling. The trail up that mountain is just wide enough for one horse, no more, and so all ride in single file, and when there is a large party, one can look back and see them following zig-zag fashion, part appearing to be going one way and part the other, there are so many turns. The Merced begins, as we mount, to run more rapidly and instead of its usual clear green, it now foams milky white, as if in anger at the obstructions, roars angrily and hisses out resentment.

The trail winds up through pines, dog-woods, rocks, ferns, manzanita and cedar, and the higher one gets, the louder roars the river.

After toiling an hour, Tulip and I reached Register rock, where we rested a while, and then again went on; but now up an ascent that made it seem as if our horses were climbing a ladder, until at last, one turn reached, the obstructing bushes and trees below us, the whole upper portion of the valley was before us in one view, and the great Yosemite Fall lies below us, and we could see the river that rushed over the cliffs and formed it. The sight was absolutely terrific; for below us the Merced was but a white ribbon along the valley, while we could look down a sheer precipice of over two thousand feet. If our horses were to trip and fall, no earthly power could help us, and one would be inevitably dashed to pieces. At first I did not think of this; I was too much occupied in looking at and wondering at the sight; but all at once I began to feel dizzy, and nothing but an indomitable will kept me from falling from my horse, but I felt for a few moments as though the end of all things had now come for me.

Again we went on, and the trail went up over places that had seemed impossible to surmount but a moment before, and at last, just as it seemed impossible to ever arrive at the end of this tedious journey, tired, dusty and roasted in the hot sun, a turn in the trail, and the dazzling beauty of the Nevada Fall was in sight. I looked for a moment breathless, and I wasn't hot nor tired any longer, but lost in delight at the glorious vision.

Think of it! One vast volume of water rushing over the great wall of rock and dashing down in one continuous sheet, white and dazzling as snow in the sunshine, while clouds of spray flew up to again descend in misty rain glorified by all the colors of the rainbow, while to the right and left verdure covered the rocks and lent its contrast to form still greater beauty. The trail led around and over the solid granite rock that forms this mountain and down again till just below us is in sight the Vernal Fall with its single pure white fluted column of water, which changes from an emerald green to flashing white in less than two yards of distance, as it sweeps over the ledge from the natural basin.

Still down, the trail leads to a rustic bridge across the deep gorge worn in the solid rock where the waters of the Merced rush and roar and foam, and dash furious white hands upward towards you on that frail bridge, as if hungry for human life, and you breathe free when once off on the solid rock again.

An hour's rest and you are ready to go back again to the hotel, and you have the long ride over, with the addition of greater danger, for the horses are tired, and a single misstep would precipitate you to the valley below. But what a glorious vision stretches out before you. Away down the valley, Great El Capitan, bald, bare, and gray, stands captain of all mountains, the Three Brothers peering over each other's shoulders; the lonely river winding through the green valley, the Sentinel on the other side; the thin ribbon of Bridal Veil, the grand Yosemite plunging its misty pointed arrows down one after another into the huge chaldron below, the great North and South Domes, with their glorified reflection in the lake make, all together, the wondrous entirety of that vast temple of the Most High, Yosemite valley. Fain would I put off my shoes and walk again bare foot, with head uncovered in this Watery Sinai, in his solemn presence.

Thrilling Adventure.

The diver engaged at the Moyne river, Belfast, in removing the reef, had a very narrow escape from losing his life on Thursday evening, 7th inst. It appears that Mr. Smale had fired off a charge of dynamite and displaced a large quantity of stones at the bottom of the river. He went down to prepare for lifting these stones by the aid of chains into the punt. While engaged in rolling over a large stone he saw something which he supposed at the time was a piece of clean-looking kelp moving in front of where he was working. In a few seconds the object came in contact with the diver's arm, about which it quickly coiled, partly holding him. Immediately Mr. Smale touched what was coiled round his arm he became aware of his position, and tried to extricate himself from the grasp of a "sea-devil," but found it a far more difficult job than he anticipated. Catching hold of the part hanging from the arm he walked along the bottom of the river toward the end of it, when he was firmly held by one of the feelers of a large octopus, better known among sailors as the "Devil-fish." Mr. Smale tried to pull the fish from its hold of the rocks, but without effect for some time. At last the fish, thinking, perhaps, it had got sufficient hold or power upon its prey, loosened itself from the stones and quickly transferred its feelers or arms around the diver's legs and body. In this position Mr. Smale thought the best thing for him to do was to get up on deck as soon as possible, and he quickly made tracks for the ladder which reaches from the deck of the punt to the bottom of the river. The diver was certainly a curious looking object when he came up. This huge, ugly looking thing appeared to be entangled all over him, holding him in a firm embrace. However, Mr. Smale's fellow-workmen were not long in freeing him from the unfriendly hug of his submarine companion. The body part of the octopus was only about the size of a large soup-plate, with eyes in its head like those of a sheep, but it possessed nine arms, each about four feet in length, at the but as thick as a man's wrist, tapering off to the end to as fine a point as that of a pen-knife; thus it could spread over an area nine feet in diameter. All the way along the underneath part of each feeler are suckers every quarter of an inch, giving it immense power. Mr. S. declares that it was powerful enough to keep three men under water.

A Bit of English Romance.

Once upon a time, many years ago, there was an Indian prince who visited these shores in search of adventure. Among others he made the acquaintance of an English lady, to whom he became devoted. At last he was forced to leave for his native land, and on parting—like other princes in fairy stories—gave his "lady friend" a ring, saying, "Whatever the bearer of this bids me do I will do." Years rolled on, and the ring lay unused in the lady's jewel box until the Indian mutiny broke out. And then—the above said Indian potentate having joined the rebels—it became a matter of great moment to the English government of the day to recover his allegiance. Somehow the romantic story of the gift of the ring leaked out, and a cabinet minister (so runs this wonderful tale) set off in a great hurry for Downing street to seek our heroine's residence in Grosvenor square, let us say. The ring was obtained, the promise was kept, and the English troops saved at a most critical juncture. Now it is said the lady by whose means this desirable conversion was brought about claims the new order of the crown of India as her reward.

"Isn't It Lovely?"

A dry goods clerk on Main street was showing a woman some parasols yesterday. The clerk has a good command of language, and knows how to expatiate on the good qualities and show the best point of goods. As he picked up a parasol from the lot on the counter and opened it, he struck an attitude of admiration, and holding it up so the best light would be had, said:

"Now, there. Isn't it lovely? Look at that silk! Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Feel of it. Pass your hand over it. No foolishness about that parasol, is there?" he said, as he handed it over to the lady; "ain't it a beauty?"

"Yes," said the lady, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth; "yes, that's my old one. I just laid it down there."

The clerk was immediately seized with a severe attack of quickened conscience, and passed right off the subject of parasols on to the weather.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Hoedel Sentenced to Death.

BERLIN, July 10.—Hoedel was arraigned to-day on the charge of attempting the life of the Emperor. He pleaded not guilty, maintaining that he only attempted to commit suicide. Thirty witnesses, however, testified that he aimed at the Emperor. He was sentenced to death.

Hoedel was sentenced to be beheaded. His demeanor was insolent and defiant. He continued to smile, even after the sentence had been pronounced. Numerous witnesses swore to his Socialistic principles and threats against the Emperor.

The man with the sand-papered head finds that while he is relieved of the duties of combing auburn locks and the like, he has to spend twice as much time brushing the flies off.

Choosing a Wife.

Dr. Fletcher says: A man's first necessity is to find a woman physically able to support the cares and duties which attend that position. Solomon, who from a large experience with wives ought to know what constitutes a good one, described his favorite wife as one who spun wool and flax and took care of the house, etc., in short, he means to say that she shall possess a large share of physical potency. It is the power to do, without which no woman deserves the name of wife. Within the past decade some young men in choosing wives have disregarded this advice of Solomon's, and have since repented. But young men are fast becoming more careful and wise in the matter. They are learning that a pretty face and form, though doubtless desirable accompaniments, are not the requisites of a good wife. It is true that there are some thoughtless exceptions among the young men, but they are simpletons. But above them are the thoughtful men, who do not and will not fall in love blindly, but who are looking for the wife which Solomon commends, and who will not be satisfied without such a one. I do not wish to reveal any one's secrets, but I have had men say to me when talking upon the subject of this discourse, "Girls, nowadays, are too frail to marry." Does any one think the young man is to blame who says this and then stands aloof from the altar? Surely not. And does the young lady who is too weak to sweep her own room, or make her own toilet, think that such a young man will hasten to propose? If so, she is mistaken: young men of to-day are fast becoming wise through the experience of their unfortunate friends.

Power of Waves.

Those who have never lived on the stormy coast, nor been to sea, can form no adequate idea of the effect that can be produced by the impact of a succession of waves, or of a single wave. What has happened at Wick, on the extreme northern coast of Scotland, where a breakwater has been building for some years past, may give an idea of what is meant by water-power. It was found that stones of ten tons weight were as pebbles to the waves, which have been measured to be nearly forty-two feet from crest to the bottom of the trough. The outer end of the break-water, where the storms beat most violently, was built of three courses of one hundred-ton stones laid on the rubble foundations; next above these were three courses of large, flat stones, and upon these a mass of concrete, built on the spot of cement and rubble. The end of the break-water was thought to be as immovable as the natural rock, yet the resident engineers saw it yield to the waves and swing around into the less troubled water inside the pier. It gave away, not in fragments, but in one mass, as if it was a monolith. The displaced mass is estimated to weigh about 1,350 tons.

First Babies.

A somewhat extended observation, and a solitary experience, have convinced us that first babies have a hard time. Parents must have two or three children before they know what a baby is—how to treat it, and acquire patience sufficient to treat it properly. The poor little fellows that have the misfortune to come along first have to educate their parents to their task, and in doing so they get spanked, and shaken, and abused. After a woman has had three or four children, she learns that striking or whipping a child under two years of age is barbarism. We know one parental head who struck his child when only six weeks old—he actually believing that the child knew better than to cry, and that he stopped crying at that particular time because he struck him. We carry certain notions of children and family government into married life, and the first child is always the victim of these notions. And not alone of these, for the parents have not learned self-control, and a baby is whipped quite as often because the parent is impatient or angry as because it is vicious or intractable. We inflict on our first children the floggings we ought to have for our own impatience or fretfulness. This pounding children before they become, in God's eye, moral, responsible beings, is very strange business. Patience, good people, unwearying patience! Don't wait to learn it when one of your little ones shall be hidden under the daisies.

Increasing the Water Power of Penna

The head waters of the Pennsylvania streams are not very much higher nor are they far distant from the rapids at Niagara Falls, and the suggestion of increasing the water power of the State of Pennsylvania to an almost unlimited extent by using the power of the Niagara Falls to force a supply from the head of the rapids across from the head of the waters of the State is believed to be feasible. The water power which could thus be thrown into the head waters of the Ohio and Susquehanna to be used a hundred times over would be of incalculable value to this great industrial State, while its cost would be but a trifle compared with steam, more especially now that the dams and water wheels already exist. The same principle of supplying power to other streams, but by steam power, it is believed will be found feasible, especially where the streams are so rapid and the dams are so numerous as to completely use the water when furnished. The water leaving the Connecticut at Holyoke, Mass., turns the water wheels for mills located upon six different terraces, so that the same water is used six times over in a distance of less than two miles.

A Backward Lover.

"Don't you know I dreamed of you the other night?" said an audacious young lady to her backward lover.

"Indeed! And may I venture to ask what it was?"

"O, nothing much—I thought you asked me to marry you." Eagerly; "And did you consent?" "Why, you see you asked me in such an indirect and unfair way that I would not give you an answer." "Ah! my dear Julia, how can I thank you for this opportunity? Let me ask you now, fairly and directly, will you marry me?" "No, sir, I won't.

Raid on Illicit Distillers.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—A telegram to the Internal Revenue Office dated Allenville, Mo., 9th inst., from Agents Gavett and Medley, says they have just returned from a ride through Bollinger County with Collector Carroll and Deputy Marshal Wheeler. They captured the illicit distillery of John Bollinger in operation, and arrested Bollinger and his partner.

Postoffice Rulings.

The husband cannot control the correspondence of the wife, and, if the wife requests that letters directed to her, be not placed in her husband's box, the Postmaster should comply with her request.

Ordinary postage stamps cannot be used in payment of postage upon publications received into the mails at the pound rates. Special adhesive stamps are provided for this purpose only.

Currency cannot be sent in sealed transparent envelopes unless postage is paid at letter rates.

A registered letter cannot be attached while in the hands of a Postmaster before its delivery, as the department holds it in legal custody for delivery to the person addressed or according to his or her order.

To inclose an envelop with a written address thereon, to be used at some future time would subject any package of which it forms a part to letter postage.

A publication claiming two places or localities as its office of publication, cannot be mailed from either place at pound rates.

The Postoffice Department has no authority to detain or open letters sent in conformity to the laws governing their transmission in the mails; such letters must be delivered to the person named in the address, or according to his or her order, as soon after arrival as practicable, but it is the duty of a Postmaster to obey a mandate of a court, and should he have undelivered letters in his office addressed to a person on trial in court and the court having served on such Postmaster a *subpœna duces tecum*, it would be his duty to appear in court with the letters the jurisdiction of the Postoffice Department ceases, and if said letters are opened the responsibility rests with the court.

Anything whatever pasted, gummed or attached to a postal card subjects the same to letter rates of postage.

The law makes no provision for the mailing of "extras," except that they must be prepaid at the rate for printed matter.

To inclose a hand-bill in a newspaper sent to a regular subscriber would subject the entire package to postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

Tin dishes are unmailable.

Printed matter cannot be returned to sender unless the Postmaster is furnished with stamps or money to prepay the same.

Postmasters are not required to open their offices on Sunday unless a mail arrives on that day.

To paste a printed slip upon a postal card would render the same subject to letter rates of postage.

Soap is unmailable.

Any matter partly in print and partly in writing is subject to letter rates of postage.

Packages of merchandise not prepaid in full, at the rate of one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof, should not be forwarded.

When two or more kinds of mail matter are inclosed in the same package the entire package is subject to the higher rate.

Advertising sheets received in bulk mail prepaid at pound rates should not be delivered unless postage is paid at double rates, one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof.

The insertion of a new date or figure in a circular makes it subject to letter rates of postage. — *Western Postal Review.*

Notes on the Month of June.

In June men never get drunk. It is called sunstroke.

In June a dog is knocked in the head if he dares to hang out his tongue.

In June people suffer from indigestion, associated with strawberry festivals.

In June the annual eruption of school essays and orations take place.

In June a man can avoid his creditors by walking on the sunny side of the street.

In June boys run away from Sunday-school and go a fishing—and every one gets drowned.

In June all that a young man can earn, that will he give to satisfy his love's longing for ice cream,

In June black raspberries are plentiful upon teatables, and life resolves itself into a fierce struggle to recover the seeds from one's teeth.

In June the mower goes forth to mow. Presently the rattling whirring machine gathers him in. They bear the slices to the weeping widow.

In June it takes two men to keep a street car in motion. One beats the horse, with a hoop pole, and the other sops his brow with ice water.

In June it is too warm to work, but almost any honest, earnest, devout American will sit a whole afternoon in the sun to see a base ball match.

In June young men buy bouquets of roses, hang sweet verses to them and send them to their girls. The old man receives the roses and tosses them into the alley.

In June timorous people live on Graham bread and rare beef, and die of cholera; but bold people grow fat on cucumbers, watermelons and green corn.

In June men move their families out of large, high, airy rooms in the city, into perspiring little attics in low-browed farm houses. This move is called, "going to the country for health."

To Keep Furs in Summer.

Furs or woolens may be kept safely from moths during the summer by brushing thoroughly, so as to eradicate all the moth eggs; then wrap them up in newspaper, so that every part is covered entirely. This is unfailing, if the clothes or furs be well brushed beforehand. Some think gum camphor put with them is desirable, but I have used only the newspaper, and never had any trouble unless the moths were there when wrapped in it.

A Fatal Blow.

WORCESTER, July 10 — James Murphy, a workman in the Central mills, at Uxbridge struck Peter Cullen over the head this morning with an iron pipe, cutting two gashes and fracturing the skull. His injuries are believed to be fatal. Cullen had long had a habit of teasing Murphy, although warned by his employees, and the priest. This morning Cullen's taunt was met with fatal blows.

Thomas Kinney, a switch tender in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, while in the performance of his duty yesterday, at Johnstown, was run over by a freight train and both legs were crushed. He was immediately taken to a dwelling in the vicinity and a surgeon summoned, who, after examination, found amputation necessary.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

When To Cut Wheat.

One of the editors of the Cleveland *Leader* visited the Ohio State University, recently, and found the professors and students engaged in investigating the growth of the wheat kernel, with a view of determining whether the starch and gluten grains were deposited together as the kernel formed, or whether the formation of gluten grains followed that of the starch. The investigations had not been completed yet, but so far, the evidence seemed to favor the theory that the gluten grains are formed and deposited during the last stages of growth.

What all this has to do with cutting wheat is apparent. Gluten is the most nutritive part of wheat flour, and withal, is the substance which, in common parlance, makes the flour "raise." It is this that gives the dough the requisite tenacity to retain the carbonic acid gas generated in yeastly fermentation. If the gluten is formed during the last stages of growth, it is possible to cut off the supply, or at least, to injure the quality of this gluten by cutting the wheat too soon. It is generally admitted that the flour of ripened wheat "raises" better than that cut earlier, although the latter is whiter and makes a better appearance. The article in the *Leader* states that the proprietor of a mammoth bakery unconsciously made a contribution to the discussion by telling a certain miller whose flour was made of ripened wheat, that he must have some of it, for one barrel of it would "send up" two barrels of flour made of wheat before fully ripe.

There may be something in this, though we believe it will be found that any defect in the flour of wheat cut at the usual time—just as the kernel has passed out of the milky stage and has commenced to harden—is more the result of defective gluten than of decreased amount. The fact that the ripened wheat produces the superior flour must be well established and generally known before farmers will consent to leave their grain till it is dead ripe before cutting. The advantages of whiter flour, more of it, more nutritious straw, the better chance of securing the crop and the saving of grain in thus securing it, are already established, and the flour of "dead ripe" wheat will have to be enough better to overbalance these. We shall look for the complete results of the pending experiments with some interest.—*Practical Farmer.*

Making Jellies.

As the earliest fruits and berries used for jellies ripen at this season of the year, every one interested in such matters is on the look out for suggestions relative to the manufacture of the toothsome delicacies. It has been proved by experience that early pineapples are the best for preserving, nothwithstanding the fact that many dealers in fruits assert the contrary. The August and September pines are white and firm, but they are not as good keepers as the earlier, yellow fruit, nor do they retain their flavor as perfectly. To preserve both the color and the high flavor of fruits for jams and jellies, they should be boiled quite rapidly and until they are sufficiently reduced, before the sugar is added. Mixing the sugar should be done slowly and gradually, that the scum may rise easily, which will not be the case if the mass thickens too suddenly, and it is this scum which often helps to spoil small fruits. The juice of fruits is so much richer in some seasons than in others, that no perfectly reliable directions can be given for the length of time required to bring the juice to the jelly point by boiling. The drop which adheres to the spoon, however, will show the state it has reached. Nothing but porcelain, or old-fashioned brass kettles, well cleaned, should be used for making preserves or jellies of any kind; a tin, pewter, or iron spoon will change the shade of currant or pineapple juice, and even the newest tin-pan can not be relied on. The best white sugar is the most economical in preserving, as inferior grades send up a great deal of scum, and before this is removed, there is a chance that the fruit is too much cooked or it has lost color by too long boiling.

True Gentleness.

True gentleness is founded on a sense of of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants; and from just views of the condition and the duty of man. It is native feeling heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents, which feels for everything that is human, and backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address and mild in its demeanor, ever ready to oblige and willing to be obliged by others, breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation, administers reproof with tenderness, confers favor with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles, when slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissension and to restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress, and if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being useful it is never burdensome; it seeks to please rather than to shine and dazzle, and conceals with care that superiority either of talent or of rank which is oppressive to those who are beneath it. In a word, it is that spirit, and that tenor of manners, which the Gospel of Christ enjoins when it commands us to "bear one another's burdens;" "to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep;" "to please every one his neighbor for his good;" "to be kind and tender-hearted;" "to be pitiful and courteous;" "to support the weak, and to be patient towards all men."—*Dr. Blair.*

Terrific Thunder Storm

HARTFORD, CONN., July 10.—In the thunder storm yesterday afternoon, the barn of D. J. Shailer was struck by lightning at Haddam, and Hezekiah Shailer, of Sheldon & Co., publishers, of New York, was killed. The barn and its contents were burned. Loss $40,000. The barn of John Squires was struck at Modus; also the house of Dr. Wilson, in Rockville, and the barn of Mrs. Nathaniel Parsons, in Somers, where two horses were killed and two men stunned.

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S,

STORE,

West End, Main st., Somerset Pa..

HEAD QUARTERS

FOR THE SALE OF

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

FARQUAHR'S Four Horse Threshing Machines with Shakers.

FARQUAHR'S Thresher and Separator.

FANNING MILLS,

CORN PLOWS,

SHOVEL PLOW SHARES,

Cultivator Shovels

AND

Repairs for Nearly All the Plows Sold in the County.

May 1

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STORE

West End, Main St., Somerset, Pa.

A Large and Well Selected

LOT OF

DRY GOODS,
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HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
HATS & CAPS.
BOOTS & SHOES,

AND

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

CLOTHING

Fresh and New, Ever Offered in SOMERSET.

All Kinds of Produce Taken in Exchange for GOODS.

May 1

JOHN F. BLYMYER

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints OIL &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains. &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprise, very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES.

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

DEMMLER BROTHERS

126 & 128 SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER & SHEET IRON WARE

And Dealers in

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

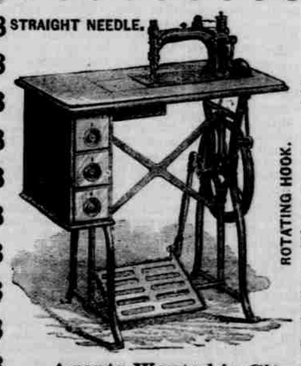
in workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States 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.

ACENTS 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.



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WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE NUMBER 8

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.

Sold on the most favorable terms.

Agents Wanted in City and Country.

ADDRESS

WHEELER & WILSON MF'G CO.,

182 WEST FOURTH ST., CINCINNATI, O.

CLAPP BROS. & CO.

WHOLESALE JEWELERS.

A FULL LINE OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN WATCHES.

LARGEST STOCK! LOWEST PRICES!!

DEALERS! SEND FOR CATALOGUE!!!

Please Call When In The City

ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION.

161 State Street, Chicago.

July 19.

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 initials 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

ST. JOHN SEWING MACHINE.

No. 1 Machine.

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.

PRICE	$45 00
No. 1.	$35 00
No. 1 1-2	$40 00
No. 3	$55 00
No. 3 1-2	$65 00

Makes the Lock Stitch.

Beautiful in Design. Perfect in Construction

Equally good on the lightest or heaviest Goods.

Its Points of Peculiarity

AMONGST MANY OTHERS ARE

It makes no difference whether the Machine is run backward or forward: the work will always run from you, and there is no loss or change of stitch.

It has a close shuttle in one piece, with no thread hole through, the bobbin holding from 80 to 100 yards of thread.

It winds the bobbin without running the machine; so that there is no necessity for unthreading the machine, or removing the work when the bobbin needs to be wound.

Its tensions are simple, perfect, and can be adjusted both under and upper, without removing the work.

☞ Each Machine is furnished with the ordinary attachments.

Its Furniture is novel, peculiar and desirable.

EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED

It takes well and gives complete satisfaction. Twenty-five of these Machines have already been sold in this county.

I also sell the well known Family Favorite or Weed Machines at about half the old price, and also repair the various kinds of sewing machines promptly and satisfactorily—And all kinds of attachments procured to order:

Address C. F. WALKER, Somerset, Pa.

P. S.—Sample Machines to be seen at D. Flick's or at Casebeer & Co's Store.

Jan. 22

J. R. MEGAHAN,

BUTCHER,

AND DEALER,

Wholesale and Retail,

IN

FRESH MEATS!

All kinds, such as BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, Pudding, Bologna, Mince Meat, and LARD of our own Rendering.

Poultry dressed to order a specialty.

MARKET DAYS

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

Somerset, Pa