ing her, rather shortly asked, "Any letters?"

"Nelly placed all the letters in his hand. He saw hers, and gave it back to her without a word. Nelly took it and left the room. Sir John was a slow, deliberate man. When one of his letters was sealed, he never broke the seal, but cut the paper around it. He rang the bell to ask Nelly for a pair of scissors. She came in staggering, and before Sir John could utter his commands, Nelly was in a dead swoon at his feet. "Bless my soul, what is the matter with the girl?" cried poor Sir John, very much startled. He picked her up, and, in so doing, saw a little bit of rumpled paper in her hand. I trust no one will think the worse of Sir John for looking at that paper. It was a short missive—and ran thus: "Money is all safe; mother is getting better and better. Yours truly, J. M."

So it was all right; but the sudden relief had been too much for Nelly. This, however, was Greek to her master. So he rang the bell, and thanks to water, vinegar, and burnt feathers, Ellen was got round. But she was so weak by the bitter suspense of seven hours, that it was some time before she could answer Sir John's questions and tell him her story. She related it very simply, but he heard it with the deepest amazement. "By Jove!" he cried, "there was never anything like this—never! And so, not knowing but that the money was lost, or your mother worse, you would not read the letter?"

"No, sir," quietly answered Nelly, "I could not break my word."

"You are a noble girl," cried Sir John with a touch of Hotspur enthusiasm, "and I'll tell you what, Nelly, if I was ten years younger I would marry you."

"But I would not marry you, Sir John," demurely answered Nelly.

"Of course you would not," he ruefully replied. "You would not jilt a man, and poison the rest of his life. You would not do that."

That absurd Sir John! with poisoning his life indeed! I wonder how much poison it takes to produce my worthy friend's—I will not say how many stone; or to give a man that bluff rosy face, or that hearty voice and jovial "Ha! ha!" Poison indeed!

There came another letter from Joseph the next morning, explaining everything.

Need I say that Sir John rescinded the warning he had given Nelly, and that he authorized her to open her letters the moment the postman put them into her hands. So, though he was out, she read this one, which, as I said, explained everything. Ten minutes after Nelly had left her mother's cottage, Mrs. Dering found the notes in the garden. As soon as Joseph returned she told him the whole story. At once he wrote, but it was too late for the post, so Joseph went to the station, and a friend whom he had there promised to find him a safe messenger in one of the guards, by whom his letter should be posted in London as soon as the first train came in.

"Oh, Joseph, Joseph!" thought Nelly, "if you had only written your letter outside instead of inside, what a world of misery you would have spared me."

"Why did he not send you a telegram?" indignantly asked Sir John. "But Sir," argued Nelly, "I should not have opened that either; besides the letter came as fast as myself—it was all the promise."

Yes, it was all the promise, and Sir John did his best to atone. Nelly and Joseph have been married years, and their prosperity is not the mere offspring of their labor and industry. A kind helping hand has often been stretched out toward them. "But I owed Nelly more than I ever did for her," says Hotspur. "Would you believe it, Sir, ever since that girl left my house my letters have gone wrong again."

I have no doubt Sir John would like me to believe that. As if I could! —*The Argosy.*

The Saw-Mill Man.

He was a person of deep thought, and his knees shook as he stood before the desk and explained:

"You see, I came down for some machinery, and I had a little time to look around, and I drank a little beer and I suppose I was a little drunk."

"Yes, you were. When the officer found you, you were standing before a tannery and crying out: Send porter down ere I' car'y up my trunk!' I suppose you thought you were in Chicago."

"I suppose so, and I'm verry sorry. I own seven saw-mills up the shore."

"The shore of time?"

"No, sir—the lake shore. I hope you can overlook this affair."

"Are your seven saw-mills painted red?"

"They are not painted at all, sir."

"Then I shall have to fine you five dollars, Mr. Slab. I once made a trip through the Saginaw Valley, and I hand't put in one day when I took a solemn vow to bear down on the first saw-mill man whom the boys ran in.

There wasn't a window curtain to be seen around any mill; not a pair of inside blinds greeted the weary eye; the front steps were dirty, the stairs had no railings, and just where a climbing rose ought to have been seen there was a pile of two-inch plank to knock sentiment endways. If ever I own a saw-mill, sir, I'll show you the costliest, tidiest mill in the world. I'll have a parlor on the south side, a library in the west end, a studio up stairs, and while the saws are chewing up the logs I'll be imbibing knowledge and making myself familiar with the beautiful.

The saw-mill man started out to smile contemptuously, but one glance from the court made him change it to a smile of approbation, and he carefully handed over five dollars and went out.

After court adjourned Bijah carelessly approached the desk and inquired:

"Can your Honor tell me what a jig-saw is?"

"Yes, sir, I can. It is a saw with teeth to it".

"Haven't all saws got teeth?"

"No, sir, they haven't."

Bijah turned red, glanced around and asked:

"What saws haven't?"

"See-saws haven't."

The janitor swallowed a lump in his throat, smiled in a sickly way, and as he skuffed to the front he muttered:

"Never mind—its only a little while to the new Justice. I'll try and bear it for a few weeks longer."

The Sultan of Turkey, we are told, never wears an article of dress twice. He keeps it on until it is "worn out." He would make a good Missouri editor.

THE OLD HEN IN POLITICS.

It must be rather humiliating to "the stalwart sons of toil" to read the speeches of the hundred or two worn-out politicians now roaming up and down the land. In these speeches the workingman figures pretty much as a bobtailed chicken lost in the tall grass, while speech-makers figure in the capacity of the old hen that clucks, ruffles her feathers, spreads her wings, and offers the lost chick an asylum under the same. To the man who has not only worked all his life so far, and expects to work so long as life and health lasts, but regards work as the highest human privilege, all this championing of the men who labor, by men who never did a good day's work in all their days, is unutterably disgusting. When such men as Hendricks B. Wright go prancing about screaming for favors to the laboring class, they resemble nothing so much as an old dunghill fowl exercised by the chirp of a lost chick. It is fuss and feathers in both cases; but we grant that the old hen is in earnest. The political old hen is never in earnest apart from self-seeking.

Mrs. Swisshelm sends a bolt right into the camp of these clucking politicians. She is of the opinion that the men who work can take care of themselves. She might have said that the workingmen of this country have always taken care of themselves so far, and that no political party, as a party, ever did or ever will take care of the men who work. This lady, who has always worked, and worked hard, too, further writes that were she a man, in view of all the waste land and empty cabins so much dwelt upon, if she could not raise her own pork and beans it would be curious. The mistake she makes is the men who are willing to raise their pork and beans are taking no stock in demagogues, and contributing nothing to the fund out of which these slippery managers of so-called Labor Reform Associations are paid. It is the other fellows who follow the demagogues, and applaud when they speak with so much humid effusion of the poor, wronged, "sons of toil." There is too much loose statement indulged by these orators. It is so loose that it barely escapes deliberate falsehood. It is not true in any extended sense, that labor has been cheated systematically of its just reward in this country. It is not true that there ever has been a time when any considerable body of men have conspired together to reduce wages to a starvation point. It is not true that at present fixed capital—which makes the field of labor—is reaping a greater share of the profits of production, than labor. Wages are, as a rule, in this country fixed by the market price of things produced. And it must always be so when capital runs alone, as it generally does in the United States.

Take agriculture as an illustration. When the average of the product of the soil ranges high as to market prices, wages rise also. They move slowly, both in rise and fall—are in fact the last to appreciate and the last to decline; and it sometimes happens that a local excess in the supply of labor depresses wages in spite of the high market price of products. So, a lack in the supply may keep wages up for a short time after the market price of products declines. In spite of these exceptional cases, there is no disputing the fact that the wages of labor bear a very close relation to the profits of production. We saw that during the war, when the demand for farm produce was brisk and the price remunerative. Wages of farm hands advanced to the highest point they have ever attained here. The increased profits were shared equitably between the proprietor and the man who had labor to sell. This was the case in nearly every other department of production. Mechanics and artisans shared in the increased remuneration that accrued to all production. Had there been any conspiracy to defraud labor, this could not have happened. Men's necessities were as great and as pressing then as they are now, or as they ever were. If it be objected that proprietors make human necessities their opportunity, the reply is that every man's necessity is the opportunity of some other man. What is it that stimulates production but the real or fancied necessities of mankind. It is the necessities of some that enable men with capital to build factories, open mines, and prosecute enterprises which widen the field of labor. But unless man's necessity is made an instrument to oppress him, there is no cause of complaint.

The truth is that producers who were able to market their products at a dollar per fixed quantity a few years ago, have a great trouble to market the same things at fifty or sixty cents now. No reasonable person will claim it. Unless it can be shown that the decline in wages is disproportioned to the decline in prices of products, one class has no more cause of complaint than another. That has not been shown. And that the complaints we hear are selfish and mainly unreasonable is quite plain, since there is an universal cry raised against the price of coal. But it is to be doubted whether the men who depend upon mining for a living can be kept at work with a low market price. The truth is, we must all consent to be taxed for the employment of the population in the mining regions. The workingman who consumes coal does not sympathize with the worker who produces it to the extent of paying fifteen or twenty cents per ton extra in order that the work may go on.—*North American.*

George Washington Revised.

"George, did you chop down that cherry tree?"

"What did you say?"

"Did you chop down that cherry tree?"

"Axe me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

"George, you have a hatchet?"

"So's a hen."

"You chopped down that cherry tree?"

"Didn't either."

"And broke the fence?"

"Didn't."

"Young man, come here to me, sir."

"What d'you want?"

"To play hide and seek."

So the old man went out to seek the hide.

The scene which ensued in the woodshed beggars description. It was touching in the extreme.

Red is used for danger signals on railroads, and always means "stop." On a man's nose it ought to give the same warning.

French collars for ladies are very high.

Spanish Proverb—"When mother-in-laws fall out, then we get at the family facts."

Minnie Warren's Death.

Minnie Warren, the youngest, brightest and prettiest of Mr. Barnum's dwarfs, died in Middleboro, Massachusetts, on Tuesday evening, in childbed. She was the youngest of a family of eight children, all of whom, except herself and her sister Lavinia, now Mrs. Tom Thumb, were of ordinary size. When Minnie was eleven years of age she joined the Tom Thumb troupe, and for fifteen years she traveled almost continually, visiting nearly all the civilized parts of the globe. She was forty inches in height, and never attained a weight to exceed forty-five pounds, being considerably shorter and more slender than Mrs. Thumb. She was twenty-seven years of age at the time of her death. To a pretty face she added pleasant disposition and winning ways, and she became the last favorite of Mr. Barnum as well as the public. When Tom Thumb was married to Lavinia Warren the general opinion was that Commodore Nutt would take Minnie for his bride, but the little Commodore had set his affections on Lavinia and his little heart was blighted when General Thumb won her from him.

"Never mind, Commodore," the jovial Barnum said, "Minnie Warren is a better match for you. She is younger than you, while Lavinia is several years older."

"Thank you, sir," the Commodore said, stiffly, "I would not marry the best woman living. I don't believe in women any way."

Time lessened Commodore Nutt's grief, and he partly renewed his attentions to Miss Minnie. But after his first disappointment in love, it is said, he became a fast young man, and Minnie, like a wise young lady, discouraged his addresses.

A few years ago Barnum found another Lilliputian, Major Newell, who was re-christianized General Grant, Jr., and added to the Tom Thumb combination. The Major was bright and intelligent, and he and Minnie became great friends.

About a year ago they were married, and they lived happily together with General Thumb and wife in Middleboro. Their last tour together was in the Western States, from which they recently returned.

When Mr. Barnum was in the city recently he let out the secret, which had been closely kept by Minnie's family, but the memory of the spurious Tom Thumb baby led many to regard the story as a Barnum hoax. But the New Haven women soon discovered the purchase of little bits of muslin, lace and flannel by members of the Warren household, and secrecy became impossible. A lady friend who visited the Warrens described the little garments as "too comical for anything." Doll's patterns were used, and the little slips and wrappers were made one-sixth of the size of garments for ordinary babies.

Mrs. Newell is said to have looked forward to maternity with great anticipations of happiness and no misgivings. Her husband, however, had gloomy forbodings, and expressed the greatest solicitude. The child died at birth. It weighed five pounds and ten ounces. Four hours later the mother died from exhaustion.

Mrs. Newell's death caused deep sorrow in Middleboro, where she and her sister were much loved. Much sympathy is expressed for Major Newell, who is overwhelmed with grief. Mrs. Newell is to be buried in Middleboro this afternoon.

The announcement of Mrs. Newell's death was received with many expressions of regret by the members of the old Museum company in this city. Mr. Barnum is now with his show in Indiana. His son-in-law, Mr. Hurd, who is full of reminiscences of the Lilliputian family, is in business in this city and is spending the summer at Mr. Barnum's home in Bridgeport.

A gentleman who was with Mr. Barnum for a number of years says that Major and Mrs. Newell were the smallest wedded pair that ever lived. One smaller couple is mentioned by Marco Polo in his travels in Tartary. They were each twenty-five years of age, and twelve and eleven inches in height respectively. They married by order of the Khan, and their fourth son was six feet two inches in height. There are some doubts as to the correctness of Polo's figures.

General Tom Thumb and wife have grown corpulent within the last few years and neither appear so diminutive as in their younger days. The General has been wealthy, but has lived extravagantly and spent a fortune in yachting and other sports and possesses only a moderate competence. He is forty-one years of age.—*N. Y. Sun, July 15.*

Ancient Rome.

THE ETERNAL CITY IN THE TIME OF THE KINGS.

It is evident, says the writer in the *Contemporary Review*, that in the period designated as that of the Kings, when Rome commenced her career of conquest, she was, for that time and country, a great and wealthy city. This is proved by the works of the Kings, the Capitoline Temple, the excavation for the Circus Maximus, the Servian Wall, and, above all, the Cloaca Maxima. Historians have indeed undertaken to give us a very disparaging picture of the ancient Rome, which they confidently describe as nothing more than a great village of shingle-roofed cottages, thinly scattered over a large area. We ask in vain what are the materials for this description. It is most probable that the private buildings of Rome under the Kings were roofed with nothing better than shingle, and it is very likely that they were mean and dirty, as the private buildings of Athens appear to have been, and as those of most of the great cities of the Middle Ages unquestionably were. But the Cloca Maxima is in itself conclusive evidence of a large population, of wealth, and of a not inconsiderable degree of civilization. Taking our stand upon this monument, and clearing our vision entirely of Romulus and his asylum, we seem dimly to perceive the existence of a deep prehistoric background, richer than is commonly supposed in the germs of civilization—a remark which may in all likelihood be extended to the background of history in general. Nothing surely can be more grotesque than the idea of a set of wolves, like the Norse pirates before their conversion to Christianity, constructing in their den the Cloaca Maxima. That Rome was comparatively great and wealthy is certain. We can hardly doubt that she was a seat of industry and commerce, and that the theory which represents her industry and commerce as having been developed subsequently to her conquests is the reverse of the fact. Whence, but from industry and commerce, could the population and the wealth have come?

A Mysterious Cave.

The Brownsville *Clipper* publishes a remarable story of the discovery of a mysterious cave, on Duolap's creek, near that place. It appears that some boys had been given some powder by a party of sportsmen, who were engaged shooting at glass balls on the Fourth of July. The boys went down to the creek, dug a hole in the bank and fired the charge of powder in it. It made a terrific explosion, and after the smoke cleared away, they discovered a large hole in the ground. The boys had dug down till they came to a micaceous sandstone. The explosion shattered this stone to pieces which covered up the entrance to a large circular hole extending nearly six feet into the sand rock, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. At the end of this passage was a rectangular excavation in the solid rock, measuring six feet by nine feet three inches, and four feet eleven inches, in hight. The sides of the cave were decorated with the figures of birds, cut in *demirelief*. A human skeleton was found in the cell, which crumbled to pieces a few days after being discovered. On each wrist, arm and limbs were iron bracelets and anklets, connected with chains and iron bars. A piece of metal resembling a dog or a wolf, lay under the head of the skeleton. At the foot of the skeleton was found a plate of metal, tightly bound between two strips of wood. The plate was in a good state of preservation, and was decorated with engravings of birds and dogs, and a chain of hieroglyphics around the edge. The *Clipper* says these different articles were placed in the hands of a well known Archæologist for examination. All the pieces except the bronze platet are so corroded by time that he has as yet been unable to decipher the inscriptions upon them; but very singularly he has been enabled to give what he claims to be a complete translation of the heieroglyphics on the plate. The gentlemen in whose care the articles now are has spent several years in Egypt and the far East, studying the wonders of the Pyramids and tombs of the Nile, as well as the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. The engraving on the edges of the plate is similar to the cuneiform inscriptions fonud in the tombs of Assyria and Babylon, and being translated, reads thus: "*This is the grave of the Mother of the Pee Wees.*" This although correct English; is still mysterious, yet the archæologist who is investigating believes he has struck the beginning of a curious and interesting history.

Hat Flirtation.

For the past two years there has been a pleasant rivalry among literary people to devise a mode of expressing the thoughts by certain signs and acts, so as to be understood and read by parties distant. To this end they first devise the handkerchief flirtation, then the fan, and now the glove, each in turn becoming the more popular as they were invented.

Among a certain class, however, there was still a vague, uncertain sort of lacking that failed to cover the ground.

A few of our young men had no gloves, and others were without fans, and still a greater number were frequently unprepared to give a creditable handkerchief entertainment by reason of the great washerwoman monopoly, which is carried to such an extent in cities.

To meet this long felt want, the Champion has designed a flirtation with the hat, which will be duly entered according to Congress as soon as a feasible entrance to Congress can be effected.

In introducing a flirtation with the hat, it has been the experience of many of our most proficient flirters that it is better to raise the hat perpendicularly from the head a few inches that the object of your flirtation may be satisfied of the absence of bricks or other cutaneous substances which are sometimes fatal to the success of your advances. The following are the different interpretations:

To wear the hat on the right eyebrow—Please step to one side—I'm bad.

To wear the hat on the left eyebrow—Are you there, Moriarty?

To wear the hat on the bridge of the nose—We are watched—by the police.

To wear the hat on the right ear—You will find my photograph on sale with all the principal newsdealers.

To wear the hat on the lett ear—I love you, but livery teams and ice cream are up so that it will be impossible for me to carry on the acquaintance.

To carry the hat in the hand—Your father's financial condition is such that it will not justify me. You need not hope.

To place the hat on the back of the head—I am yours; ask my mother.

A Bear Husband.

The following interesting description of a bear fight, we take from a contemporary:

"A fight between two bears took place at the Zoological Gardens in Cologne the other day. The bears had been brought from Spitzbergen five years ago, and had been placed in a large pit, with a tank in the centre. Until within the last few days they had remained upon excellent terms with each other, but last week a quarrel occurred between them, the result of which was that the female bear took refuge upon the summit of a large rock in one corner of the pit. The male did not attempt to follow her, and she remained there three days, when, pressed by hunger, she descended again. As soon as the male bear saw her, he immediately rushed at her, and attacked her with his fore paws. The keepers attempted to separate them, and belabored the male with heavy iron bars, but the bones in the head of the Polar bear are so much harder than those of the ordinary bear that these blows took no effect. The male bear continued to wreak his vengeance upon his companion, and, after having almost torn her body into ribbons, he dragged her to the bottom of the tank, and held her there until he felt assured that all signs of life were extinct. He then brought her body back to the floor of the pit, and dragged it around the pit for nearly an hour. After this he withdrew into his sleeping-den to rest from his labors, and the keepers at once closed the iron bars upon him. Having examined the body of the dead bear they found that it had received more than a hundred wounds; the head and neck were crushed almost to a jelly, and the flesh was hanging in strips from the back and sides. During the whole combat neither of the bears uttered a sound."

The March lamb proves bad weather.

A Cats Queer Ride.

Possibly no more dilapidated, "all broken up," forlorn looking specimen of the feline tribe ever came to Toledo than the travel stained cat that arrived at the Union Depot last night on Lake Shore No 2, which comes in from Chicago shortly after 5 o'clock. Each particular fur laid in an exactly opposite direction from its neighbor, while her once beautiful tail stood up in a defiant attitude, looking like a year's lamp chimney brush.

The history of that cat's travels has hardly a parallel. When the man that feels the pulse of the car wheels at Chicago came along with his hammer to pound on the wheels of one of the trucks of the smoking car he found perched on a little narrow beam, called the brake bar, (a piece of timber not over four inches wide) a full grown grey cat. He attempted to removeh im, and when the car came on its way pussy came alsc.

At Twenty-second street she was again found on her rough roost, and when the car reached Elkhart street there sat her catship. She could not even then be persuaded to dismount. Don't the cat amount to considerable more than the public has imagined after all? Had it been a tramp there would have been no trouble in compelling him to get off from that car, but the united efforts of the train hands were of no avail in attempting to dislodge the cat who was stealing a ride so successfully. At length the train swept into the Union Depot and when conductor Smith and others looked under the smoking car they found the terrified cat crouched down on the brake bar, hanging to it like grim death.

She had ridden almost 300 miles in a positon and place where a man would have been jolted to death. A cat hath nine lives but the hard-ships of the trip knocked seven of them out of her. Despite the fact that she had such a limited supply of lives left that she refused to leave the car, and staid in her position when it was backed up into the yard, thinking that it was one of the coaches which go through to the eastern terminus of the road. Poor brute, she seemed unable to realize that she hadn't lives enough left to last her to New York! This tramp cat was no doubt looking for work, like all tramps; but how much better it would be for her to settle down in some busy town like Toledo, where there are plenty of rats and mice and lead a steady life—*Toledo Blade.*

Currants.

What a faithful friend the old-fashioned currant; it survives neglect, bears fruit with patient regularity, never winter-kills nor mill-dews, resists the competition of weeds and the robbery of grass, and with a little help will triumph over its few enemies. And then how grateful it is to the taste, and how healthful to the system, with its sparkling acid, its rare sweet that is not too sweet. What the apple is to fruits, currant is to berries—sturdy, faithful reliable, easily grown, health-giving. And yet the currant repays care as well as the daintiest berry; and the choice, large, new varieties show that it is susceptible of improvement. Take the form in which it is most commonly growe, the bush, and cut out the old stalks, thin out the spindling growths, cut back the vigorous shoots so as to make them stocky: hoe them as clean as you would a row of strawberries; give them all the old chips from the wood yard, with a mixture of ashes and manure, and you will be surprised to see how the quantity and quality of the berries will be increased. That destructive pest, the currant worm, can be destroyed, and the bushes preserved in all their greenness for a few shillings' expense and a very little care. A little powdered white hellebore sifted over the bushes when the worms first appear, with an additional dusting at their reappearance for four or five times during the season, will do the business effectually. We have preserved a splendid row of currants for years in this way. The fruit is best started by slips, either rooted or fresh cut, and grows quickly. La Versailles, Red Dutch, and Victoria are the best sorts, and the white grape adds a most pleasant variety. Set four feet apart and mulch in dry weather.—*Golden Rule.*

Co-Operation in England.

Partial co-operation has been tried with beneficial results in many cases. The London "Spectator" relates an instance of this in a large manufacturing firm who set aside each year a certain sum from their profits for insurance in favor of their employes. Every workman who remained seven years was entitled to a certain payment in one of three different ways. If he died while in their employ his representatives received the sum assigned; if he was disabled or had reached sixty-five years, after the expiration of the seven years, it would be paid him in person. The skilled employes received a larger proportion than ordinary workmen. The arrangement, however, was one which could at any time be revoked by the employers; and the fund distributed was declared a "free gift," and intended "as a reward for good services and faithful attachment, of which the firm must be sole and absolute judges." Such a scheme, if faithfully carried out, could not but be invaluable for both employers and employed. It would render the labor interesting, honest and thorough. Strikes would be lessened and production become steady. The masters would have a human relation to their workmen, and both sides feel more than is usual that their essential interests are the same. Nothing in this country would so disarm Communism as some such form of partial co-operation.

Hart-Beats of a Life Time.

According to a French medical journal, Dr. Guyot, after consulting the best authorities on the subject, and making the necessary calculations has determined that the number of pulsations during the different ages of life are as follows: During the first year, 63 millions (in round numbers) during the first two years, 150 millions; during the first eight year, 435 millions; during the first twelve years, 614 millions; during the first fourteen years, 698 millions; during the first thirty-six years (giving the figures in full), 1,229,904,900; during a life of fifty years, 1,928,160,080; during a life of sixty years, 2,269,800,000; and during a life of eighty years, 3,007,040,000.

With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors.

A Baltimore man has invented a new paper collar, which he calls the Worm, because it will turn.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Dead weeds is the motto of every good farmer.

A farmer should try to grow almost anything but poor.

Every enterprising farmer should make an experiment station of his farm, himself being the dictator.

Pudding Sauce.—Stir half a cup of butter with half a cup of sugar; a little flour. Pour boiling water over the whole.

Your farm is your fixed capital; improvements are your investments; and your crops over the cost of your production, are your dividends.

Thirty-seven car loads of clover seed, which means about 13,000 bushels, costing some $50,000, are said to have been shipped to England and Germany during March and April.

Coffee Stains.—If you desire to have your table linen free from coffee stains, after being washed the stains must be soaped before putting into water; this will make them disappear.

Corn-Starch.—A secret not known to many housekeepers is that a tablespoonful of corn-starch is equal to one egg in cake baking; if you must have four eggs and you only have two, add two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, and you will have a cake as light and as good as the one with four eggs.

Butter Pie.—Very rich. Take a piece of nice butter, not too salty, large as a hen's egg; two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one cup of sweet cream, one tablespoonful of flour. Stir butter, sugar and flour together; then stir in the cream; add nutmeg, if liked; pour into a crust; put crust in strips across the top; bake till slightly browned.

Split pea Soup.—A pound of bacon, a pound of split peas, a small onion cut in slices; put together in a pot with a quart and a half of water, let it boil slowly for an hour and a half; salt and pepper to suit the taste. This makes a cheap and excellent soup. Fry crumbs of bread brown in butter and serve them with the soup.

Government Whitewash.—Slack a half bushel of unslacked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process; strain it and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of rice boiled until it is a thin paste, half a pound of Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix these well together and let it stand several days.

Tout Fait.—For this nice dessert cake are required the yolks of four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, the same of flour, about two tablespoonfuls of milk, and the juice of half a small lemon; the whites of three eggs are beaten to a stiff froth and mixed with the yolks, flour, etc., the compound then being put in a buttered pan and placed in a quick oven.

An authority in dairy matters explains how rancid butter may be greatly improved, and almost restored to its original excellence, by kneading it well in fresh milk and then washing thoroughly in cold water, with the addition of a little salt. In almost every parcel of butter some small proportion of casein is retained, and the decomposition of this is accompanied by the formation of butyric acid, which causes the unpleasant taste and smell known as rancidity. This butyric acid is readily soluable in fresh milk, and hence can be easily get rid of by the simple method of treatment recommended.

Fish Chowder.—Ten pounds of fish—sea-bass is the best; take off the skin, remove the bones, and cut in small dies half an inch thick; throw these into a pan of ice for one hour or more to harden, with a little salt; one and a half pounds salt, fat, streaky pork, cut in dies quarter of an inch thick; three quarts potatoes, cut in dies half an inch thick; two bunches of young carrots, cut in dies quarter of an inch thick; two quarts of onions, cut small; two quarts fresh tomatoes sliced, skins removed; one pound soda crackers, broken small; half a bunch of parsley, chopped; plenty of white pepper and salt to taste; three or four bunches of thyme rubbed off the stalks. First put the pork, onions and carrots into a large pot, with six or eight quarts of water, to boil half an hour or more; then add the potatoes and tomatoes; let them boil up good; then add the fish and thyme, and lastly the crackers, parsley, and seasoning to taste.

Sand for Bedding Cattle.—Sand, if not the best, is one of the best articles used for bedding cattle. It is a good deodorizer, and keeps the stable sweet. As the cattle work it back into the trench under their feet it mixes with the manure and thus divides it and makes it more suitable for the use of plants. If the distance to haul it is not too far its very cheapness cut to recommend its use. In barns that have no cellars, where it is used freely, it would absorb a large amount of urine that is now wasted. Soil and muck are dirty things to use in a stable, but sand is clean. Then, too, it is a nice thing to use under henroosts to receive the droppings, which can easily be raked off and kept in barrels, and in the spring mixed with fine cow manure—one part of the former to two of the latter. This being shoveled over thoroughly two or three times makes a mass of rich manure. A large handful of this in the hill will set corn to growing finely.

Flowers, too, grow and blossom far better in a soil that has an admixture of sand. Stiff clayey and peaty soils are benefited by its combination with them, and *vice versa*. When spread on heavy sod in grass it produces more effect than any chemical manure.

About "A Boy."

One of the best things in the world to be is a boy.

Boys have always been so plenty that they are not half appreciated.

A boy is willing to do any amount of work if it is called play.

The feeling toward pumpkin pie has never been properly considered.

A boy furnishes half the entertainment and takes two thirds of the scolding of the family circle.

It is impossible to say at what age a boy becomes conscious that his trouser legs are too short, and is anxious about the part of his hair.

In fact a boy is head subject to get a moral form.

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S,

STORE,

West End, Main st., Somerset Pa..

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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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A Large and Well Selected

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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 kindss

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES.

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

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

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

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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.

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.

8 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.

Sold on the most favorable terms.

Agents Wanted in City and Country.

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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 tate treet, Chicago.

July 11.

After years of patient labor and experiment the

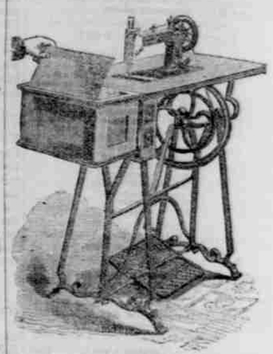
ST. JOHN

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

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 lost 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 Wood 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 Cauffman & Co's Store.

Jan. 22

PATENTS

obtained for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, for medicines or other compounds, trade marks, labels, designs, reissues, Patents, Interference, Appeals, Suits for Infringements, and all business arising under the Patent Laws, promptly attended to. Inventions that have been rejected by the Patent Office for many still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Department, Patent business is transacted exclusively, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

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