BETTER FARMING.

HOW WE MAY ELEVATE THE STANDARD OF AGRICULTURE—AN ESSAY READ BEFORE THE PENNSYLVANIA BOARD OF AGRICULTURE BY HON. C. C. MUSSELMAN, OF SOMERSET, AT HARRISBURG.

To elevate the standard of agriculture *We must elevate the farmer.* And to mention all that could help to elevate the standard of agriculture and the farmer, is more than I can give in this essay.

The first and most important help is by education. It is a remarkable fact that many people, even farmers themselves, think that education is of very little importance to the agriculturist. It is true, there is no vocation or profession that can be followed with less education; but there is none high or low, that can make use of more than the business of farming. The body may put forth its utmost strength, but it is only when physical power is directed by the best intelligence that it accomplishes its happiest results.

Men of science and acute observation are now continually throwing out through a teaming press, the most valuable knowledge upon every subject, so that "he who runs, may read."

While many of the learned professions come in contact with comparatively few of the arts and sciences, the farmer who follows his vocation, meets, perhaps, often with all the natural sciences, practically, in a single day. He can scarcely do a day's work without practically knowing all the mechanical powers in natural philosophy. He comes in contact daily with natural history, botany, minerology, geology, animal and vegetable physiology. Chemistry strikes him in the face wherever he goes, especially when he enters his stables and barnyard. This is a very profound yet important study, and every farmer should know at least something of the elements of agricultural chemistry. It is thought by many that astronomy has very little to interest the farmer—excepting perhaps the study of the moon, and the signs in the almanac.

No class of men upon this mundane sphere have a better opportunity to study the wonders of nature, than the tillers of the soil.

Let us contemplate for a moment an intelligent farmer, with a commission of his high calling from God, "who created him in his own image," only a little lower than the angels, and commanded him to "replenish and subdue the earth, and have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth," standing upon his own soil, (if it is only an acre), with a commission from the highest authority, dating back to the garden of Eden! And a title that reaches down over four thousand miles, even to the centre of the earth, and up to the very portals of heaven! What an opportunity this man has to cultivate his mind and body while he cultivates the soil, moving continually in the midst of a grand panorama of celestial and terrestial objects.

To him the sun pours down his glorious beams of light and life. Every ray is a dispatch from that gorgeous world of heat and light, speaking of its vast magnitude, its mighty attractive powers, the life and beauty it infuses, and all the rich instructions gleaned from this great source of heat and life. "The stars bring to him intelligence from the regions they inhabit, and each constellation affords him information of those who have gazed upon its beauties in centuries gone by. The comets come to him with their banners streaming back, telling by their inconceivable velocity of the immensity of space they have penetrated in the realms above. The moon pours down its floods of light. The clouds and lightning come over him, to tell the mission they have to perform. The thunder and winds rattle and roar, to whistle into his ears the story of their lives and labors. The earthquake moans to send a voice of instruction to him from below, while the volcano flashes up its great torchlight, to read the earth's ancient history by." He finds instruction in the "cattle of a thousand hills;" in the birds above him, and the fishes and insects beneath him. If I have overdrawn the picture, it was for the sake of elevating the standard of agriculture, in which every man, woman and child is interested.

If there is one vocation more natural, more healthy, more independent, and more useful than another, it is that of farming. It was the first, and must be the last. Xenophon describes it as the most worthy employment of man, and the most suitable to his nature; the most ancient, the best suited to all ages and conditions of life; as the source of health, plenty, strength, riches, and a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures; as the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice and religion. But with all this farming is unpopular, it is looked upon as a business of hard work and little pay. Everybody wants everybody else to stick to the farm, while that particular somebody goes to something else. The truth is, we are all interested in farming and want everybody excepting ourselves to stick to it.

Much could be done to "elevate the standard of agriculture" by encouraging and making *labor more respectable.* Some think that labor has a degrading tendency, but nothing is farther from the truth. It is a notorious fact, that the distinction which most known and eminent characters have acquired, was *through and by labor.*

Cæsar's necessities drove him to the field as a soldier, and it was the active and severe service he encountered that brought out the latent power of an immense intellect. Napoleon had to learn a trade for a livelihood, and it was through pressing circumstances into which his profession threw him that matured and made manifest his ready genius and all-conquering energy. And I believe we would never have heard of Benjamin Franklin and Robert Fulton, had they not been poor boys; and so of the thousands of others along the whole line of great men who *worked* their own way to renown.

The man who spends his time clearing up a farm, thereby making provisions for man and the whole nation for ages to come, lives and dies almost unnoticed. His exalted patience, modesty, industry and frugality, doing his duty to his family, serving his country and honoring his God, is looked upon as degrading, and of little account. While the political trickster, who is sitting around the corners waiting for something to turn up, who is all things to all men, and who, by his crafty machinations, can wheedle the masses, secure to himself honor and profit, and is *cheered!* Right here we help to *lower* the standard of agricultur by elevating idlers, spendthrifts, gamblers, petti-foggers and demagogues to offices, while the honest, industrious, unassuming, economical farmer takes what is put in the rack for him. Is it any wonder that our young men are drifting from the farm into the already over-crowded professions, and into the cities and towns, to sit around the taverns concocting mischief, while there is so little premium and respect for labor. Is it any wonder that we have hard times when we elevate these idlers and spendthrifts to office who never do anything for themselves, yet some of them would have us believe, that they have an invention by which the government could supply us with money as abundant as the miraculous manna sent from Heaven to the Children of Israel!

Farmers are the majority in peace and in war, yet how many offices of profit and honor are filled by them (excepting a few insignificant county or township offices)? Not one out of forty; yet they have enough men in their ranks capable of filling every office in the land from the highest to the lowest.

Inasmuch as dislike to labor and the supposed unprofitableness of farming is but the result of training, this training must be changed before agricultural pursuits will be properly appreciated. How little the world admires, and yet how heroic the resolution which prompts the young pioneer to penetrate the trackless forest, fell trees, erect a rude hut for himself and family, and then, acre by acre, clear off his farm in the wild woods, until he has a home of peace and plenty around. Oh, there is heroism and fortitude here that puts to shame the famous march of Napoleon across the Alps.

Any man can be courageous when he has thousands to back him and do his fighting. Any man can be heroic and persevering for a time under trying circumstances, but when the poor pioneer surmounts difficulties daily and during a lifetime struggles with poverty, he displays heroism and manly fortitude that excites the admiration of all who can appreciate such indomitable persistency. There is no employment so well calculated to purify the character, elevate the nature, ennoble and expand the mind as farming.

An agricultural and industrial college has always been my ideal of a high school, if properly conducted, provided it is possible to keep out of the old rut of mental discipline at the expense of physical training. There appears to be something wrong with our educational training. To send a young man to a high school now is to send him forever away from farming. We don't want less education, *but we want more of it on the farm.* By a course of study the body often becomes enfeebled, if not entirely wrecked, without strength or energy to perform manual labor or anything else. Unless a youth starts out with a good constitution, acquired by early training or inheritance, the chances are that he breaks down before he gets through his collegiate course. Many of our best young men instead of gravitating to the farm, where they could go into training physically and mentally, drift out into the world with no particular object in view excepting an education, which is generally not complete until they have learned to revel in the fashionable use of tobacco and other vicious evils.

And to what are we educating and training our daughters? *Let the whole nation stand up and answer!* Are we educating them to become "helpmeets" and housewives to the farmers? Or are we educating them by a fashionable training to become mere playthings, more ornamental than useful; to become pale, sickly house-plants; ephemeral butterflies, unable to digest the latest novel? Are they educated and trained to honor and respect the dignity of labor, to answer the noble design for which they were created, or is the order of Heaven to be reversed? The violation of the laws of nature are inexorable, and we cannot escape the penalty.

Woman in her true nature is the noblest work of God. Some one said, "to cultivate and develop the woman, is to cultivate and develop the human race," and I will add, to elevate the woman is to elevate the nation, and to elevate the nation, is to *"elevate the standard of agriculture."*

Experimental farmers have done and are still doing wonders for the promotion of agriculture, and should be encouraged.

Agricultural societies and fairs, if properly conducted, have always been a rallying point for the promotion of agriculture. They create a laudable emulation and rivalry, and snatch a spark of that spirit and enterprise, so luminous in the track of other vocations, that are pushing along at railroad speed. It is to be regretted that farmers as a class, do so little to elevate themselves and their noble calling, seeming not to regard the important position they occupy, ever content to labor unrequited and unhonored, complaining not nor attempting to reverse the decree that fashion and folly have recorded to their prejudice.

Is it not a reproach to us farmers, if we make no attempt to establish our claim, and prove that we are not the dull unenlightened drudges we are represented to be, but to have the sense and energy to stand erect and battle manfully for that lofty position, which is our rightful heritage. Let us show that we have more than material strength, to toil with our working animals of the field!

When ancient Rome was encompassed by conquering armies and pressed to the verge of destruction, she summoned a plowman from his plow and clothed him with power. That plowman's word became the absolute law of the land.

The conscript fathers bowed to his dictation, and proud partricians obeyed him without a question. The jeweled fingers of Rome's loftiest nobles were pointed, not with scorn, but admiration, at the *sunburned farmer.*

If Cincinnatus, the farmer, by his wisdom and courage, saved the Roman republic, the 'rail-splitter' and 'tanner' saved ours.

Farming was the occupation of our first parents, to 'dress and keep' the garden of Eden fresh from the hands of God! Shall this ancient, profitable and honorable art *stand still,* while other arts and sciences are pressing on to perfection? Shall the tillers of the soil follow wooden plows in the same furrows that were turned by their ancestors some hundred years ago, while the lightning bears our messages, and an element not less mighty propels our cars upon the land, and our ships upon the sea? No! The answer comes from our Legislative halls, the bench, the bar, the press, the preacher's and physician's office, and the mechanic's work shop. *Agriculture shall not stand still,* but its standard shall be elevated and keep pace with its sister arts. All are willing to unite with the farmer, to improve our means of living, our conveniences, comfort and happiness.

What the Rebels Think of Gen. Grant.

A group of ex-rebel officers stood in the lobby of the National Hotel, at Washington, a few days ago, discussing earnestly the political situation and making no secret of their opinions. "The Grant movement is on the rise," said one, "and, judging from present indications, if the Gen. is nominated he will win an easy victory."

"Yes," said another of the party, "and I believe he will get the vote of a large portion of the Confederate soldiers. They will vote for him on the ground that he was humane to his prisoners, and was opposed to anything like cruelty to those captured by his men. So far as I am concerned, although I am a Democrat, I would vote for Grant in preference to any other man."

"What do you think of the charges of bigotry made against the General?" inquired still another.

"Oh, pshaw! That is a weak dodge of the General's enemies to poison the Irish minds against him. I do not believe General Grant ever said a disrespectful word to a Catholic priest or a member of the Catholic Church intentionally. If his enemies have nothing better to work on than that they had better throw up the sponge."

At this point of the conversation another Confederate joined the party, and he was addressed as "Captain." He took part in the discussion, and was emphatic in his belief that Grant would be the next President, and would be elected by the assistance of the Confederate soldiers.

"Why," said he, "the Confederates who fought under Pemberton at Vicksburg have not forgotten Grant's magnanimity to them while prisoners of war. Grant, after the surrender, ordered clothing and rations to be furnished to the Confederate prisoners, many of them being almost naked and starved. That is not all he did for our men at that time, but after clothing and feeding them he provided comfortable quarters for them. After the surrender I was standing in line at General Smith's headquarters waiting for my parole, when I noticed men in the line, crying, and some of them saying if the people of the Southern States knew the feeling of the Northern people this war could not be carried on a week longer. Grant from that time had the respect of every soldier in Pemberton's army, and that respect still continues.'

The conversation turned on Grant's magnanimity at Appomattox. His many acts of kindness at the time of Lee's surrender were recalled and discussed, and the determined stand taken by the General for the protection of those who surrendered there was warmly applauded.

Said one of the party: "If it had not been for General Grant, General Lee would have been indicted and tried for treason, but Grant fought all efforts in that direction and conquered, and 'the old man,' although heart-broken over his defeat, died a peaceful and honored death."

A Long Speech.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been made by Mr. DeCosmos, in the legislature of British Columbia, when a measure was pending whose passage would take from a great many settlers their lands. DeCosmos was in a hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session—unless legislation was taken before noon of a given day the confiscation would fail. The day before the expiration of the limitation, De Cosmos got the floor about ten o'clock in the morning, and began a speech against the bill.

Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by one or two o'clock he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and De Cosmos was speaking still—he had not more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock—he was saying "in the second place." Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it.

The majority began to have a vague suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till next noon and kill the bill. For a while they made merry over it, but as it came on to dusk, the began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one afforded a chance to digress and gain time.

They tried to shout him down, but that gave him a breathing space, and finally they settled down to watch the combat between strength of will and weakness. They gave him no mercy. No adjournment for dinner, no chance to do more than wet his lips with water; no wandering from his subject, no sitting down. Twilight darkened; the gas was lighted, and members slipped out to dinner in relays, and returned to sleep in squads, but DeCosmos went on. The speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring and trying to look wide awake. Day dawned and the majority slipped out in squads to wash and breakfast, and the speaker still kept on.

It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent or sustained speech. There were digressions in it—repititions also. But still the speaker kept on. At last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man, who was triumphant, although his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were almost shut, and were bleared and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, and his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours, and saved the settlers their lands.

Words of Wisdom.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

No one is more profoundly sad than he who laughs too much.

It is a fool who praises himself, and a madman who speaks ill of himself.

To be dumb for the remainder of life is far better than to speak falsely.

A river is the most sensitive of things—It runs away from even its own source.

There are many idlers to whom a penny begged is sweeter than a shilling earned.

Nature has sown in man seeds of knowledge, but they must be cultivated to produce fruit.

Clouds are the veil behind which the face of day coquettishly hides itself, to enchance its beauty.

An excange has a long editorial on "The Newspaper as a Censor." We don't know much about that, but it has a wonderful reputation as an incenser, especially during a political fight.

JANIE'S LITTLE ROMANCE.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

Janie had an invitation to a ball, and she was happy. It would not be much of an event to most of us, but it was like a tale of fairy-land to this poor, lonely girl, and she had nothing to wear.

She had no mother to go to a century old trunk and take therefrom a marvelous fabric of India muslin like woven mist, or a beautiful, priceless set of jewels or antique braided cord of pearls, nor did she have a cheque given her by an indulgent father or uncle as any ordinary heroine would have had.

She had no father or mother, this poor, neglected, hard-worked nurse-girl; no one in all the world to take the slightest interest in her, beyond seeing that she earned her miserable five dollars monthly, and that she patiently submitted to the pinching's and kicking's administered by her juvenile charges.

There was no beauty in Janie, unless you except her eyes and hair, all else was commonplace and almost vulgar. Her eyes were large, dark and mournful as if she had never known a friend, and her hair was a rich brown, wavy and abundant. Her face was dull, heavy and sallow. Her figure coarse and awkward; her hands red and ill-formed. Nothing interesting about her, you see; therefore you may wonder at her receiving this invitation, coming, too, as it did, from the handsome Charley Elliott.

All day long Janie went about her household duties in a dazed kind of way, but with an unusual smile upon her lips; and she received many an extra rebuke from her mistress. They rolled off, however, like dew from rose leaves from Janie's happy heart.

At last her mistress spoke to her sharply:

"What are you staring and grinning at? Don't you see the baby wants to pull your hair? Set it down! I don't see what has come over you to-day."

Poor Janie gave her long and beautiful hair to the tender mercies of the baby. After he fell asleep Janie fell to thinking of what she should wear to this ball. She had no idea of what would be proper; she did not like to ask her mistress, for she dreaded ridicule.

She thought of all her dresses, (they were pitifully few) and decided that none of them would answer. Finally she determined to go to some strange store and ask the clerk what was most suitable.

She asked leave of absence of her mistress for the first time in her five years of servitude.

With a cold stare of surprise it was accorded. Going to her miserable room away up under the roof, she took her slender purse and counted the contents. Five dollars and a half were all that it contained.

Janie wondered if that would buy a dress. However, with a little sigh she put on her bonnet and shawl and went to a store to make her purchase. The clerk pitying her embarrassment as she explained her want, (heaven bless him for it!) and pleasantly showed her some tarletan, pink, blue and white.

Poor Janie had an unsuspected, unformed vein of poetry in her, and she mentally compared the fleecy white to drifting clouds; the blue to the azure sky, while the pink was like the morning light. She would have taken the white, but she accidentally laid her rough, red hand on it, and seeing the contrast, put it by with a little sigh and chose the blue, little knowing, poor child, that it would make her sallow skin look positively yellow.

This paid for she had fifty cents left to pay for gloves, shoes, ribbons and all other etceteras that render femininity so charming. She thought regretfully of those articles, but she was too happy on her main idea to fret over them.

She had no money to pay a dressmaker, so on evenings after her multifarious duties were done, she would sit and sew, her face almost handsome with the sweet, tender smile that now softened the lines, and gave new beauty to her lips and added a rosy flush to her cheeks.

"Why should she not be happy?" she thought. "Charley was so good and she had known him so long and now he had asked her to go to this ball with him." Could human felicity ever reach higher? Janie thought not.

The night before the ball Janie asked permission to go. She had expected a scolding, but was not prepared for what she did hear and it cut deep. Her mistress laughed to scorn the idea of Janie going to a ball, shamed her, ridiculed her until Janie's heart was like to burst. Finally she said:

"You can go if you want to, but I will have no shirking of to-morrow's work. You will look well in a ball-room. Such a fright! Charley will be ashamed of you."

When she left the room Janie sobbed and wept over the bitter words; but finally she thought, "Charley knows how I look, and if he had not wanted me to go he would not have asked me." She dried her tears and set about arranging her clothes for the coming night, that they might be entirely ready.

The night of the ball came, and it was nearly ten o'clock before Janie had fulfilled all the tasks set by her mistress, who seemed more exacting and cross than usual. But, at last she was dressed for her first ball and surveyed herself in the glass to her own satisfaction.

Her dress did not fit her, though she did not know it, and made her poor figure look still more ungraceful. Where it should have been loose it was tight, and where it should have been snug it was a world too wide. She wore large hoops, and taken all in all she resembled in shape precisely an old fashioned Dutch churn. Her beautiful hair was crammed tightly into a bespangled net, and a large scarlet bow was at her throat. A light plaid sash, borrowed from the cook, and thick, coarse shoes, the best she had, completed her costume. She had no gloves, and her poor, coarse hands were painfully conspicuous.

Charley, man-like, never noticed what she wore, but he somehow dimly felt that she did not look as well as he had seen her. They went to the ball, and the novelty of it all, the beautiful girls, the flowers and music, made it seem more like a beautiful fairy tale to unsophisticated Janie than a reality.

Charley was kind and attentive, and she, happily, did not perceive in the general gaiety of dress the shortcomings of her own, as contrasted with the others. She would have been perfectly content to sit forever and watch the gay couples float by in the waltz, or dash past in the polka; it was all pure delight without alloy.

At last it was time to go home, and as they walked through the silent streets, Charley said:

"Janie, I have got some news to tell you. I know you will be glad, you have always been so sisterly and kind. Grace Edwards, the sweetest girl that ever lived, has promised to be my wife next month. You will love each other dearly. She knows how like a sister you have been to me, so many years, and she loves you already, and we want you to come and live with us when we get settled, and leave that old termagrent.

I am going up to her home next week, may I tell her you are glad?"

"Yes, Charley, you may," said Janie, after a while, but in so strange a voice that Charley said:

"Janie, you are hoarse. If you take cold and get ill I can never forgive myself."

"It is nothing," said she, with an effort, but when she came in the light her face was like the faces of the dead.

That night all the sweet tenderness died out of her life forever, and with cold but resolute hands she closed the book of her one little romance from the sight of mortal eyes.

Charley's Mustache.

A young man and his favorite companion sat near the front at Burdett's lecture the other evening. When the *Hawkeye* man had just finished convulsing his hearers with an account of the youth's first shaving encounter with a barber, the young man leaned over and whispered:

"That is true to life, I can tell you."

"How can you tell me?" inquired his girl.

"How?" he replied in a whisper; "why that's just the way I felt when I first got shaved."

"When was that?" she asked.

"Oh, before I raised my mustache," he returned.

What mustache?" she queried, a little surprised.

"What mustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning red.

"Why, Charley," whispered the girl, "I never saw any mustache. Do you mean—"

"Never mind what I mean," hissed the young man between his clenched teeth; and he stared very hard at the lecturer all the rest of the evening, but somehow couldn't see anything to laugh at. Sunday night he went to see a new girl.

A Premonition.

A bootblack, seemingly ready to burst into tears at any moment, was seated in the sun, and a good-hearted lawyer chucked him under the chin and inquired if his regular fall season for chills had arrived.

"I kinder feel like having chills, and I kinder feel sad in my thoughts," was the reply.

"Any of the folks sick?"

"Not as I know of."

"Perhaps the sight of falling leaves and other evidence of the dying year affect you," said the lawyer.

"Mebbe they does, and mebbe it's 'cause I lent a boy ten cents Saturday night."

"But won't he pay it back?"

"I dunno. He went out hunting Sunday, and I've got a feeling that he went to shoot at a crow, and the crow flew, and the gun went off, and the muzzler kicked around, and the breech flew up, and all the shot hit Dick in the stomix. If he got shot there'll be some 'citement, and crying, and burying and taking on that no one will think to ask me if he owed me ten cents."

"Will this relieve your mind?" asked the lawyer, as he passed over a dime.

W—well, not quite, sir, but it'll sort o' reconcile me to take more chances on Dick's hittin' the crow instead of hisself."

Jerry's Signal.

Jerry and an old neighbor had gone on the bay during the thaw that preceeded the bitter cold. They were "outside" and must wait for the tide to get over the bar. They were not prepared for such a sudden change in the temperature. It grew colder and still colder. Their friends on shore built up brushwood fires as beacon lights, but their boat was already fast in the ice, even if they were helpless under the influence of that ice wind. They drifted out beyond their earthly shores into eternity.

A few days after this Tom came to tell me the sad news that poor old Jerry's body had been recovered. He was found dead in the bottom of the boat.

"Jerry always said," continued Tom, "that he had prayed to be allowed to give a sign that he was faithful unto death and that God was with him to the end. His desire was granted, he gave the sign."

"What was it?" I asked.

"He took a piece of an old flag and tied it on an oar and planted it on the ice. I know Jerry meant by that, I've got the victory."

"Is that all?" I exclaimed in a tone of disappointment.

Tom went on to say—"What makes me feel more than all, ma'ma, is, that if Jerry hadn't been so forgetful of himself he might have been alive this minute. You see old Bill was with him, and what does Jerry do but take off his own overcoat and mittens and put them on old Bill, and wraps his comforter around Bill's neck, and so saved Bill alive but he was froze dead himself."

A Swearing Minister.

Ithaca, N. Y. is scandalized over the charges of profane swearing preferred against a minister of that town. But under the circumstances, as the Journal of that city publishes them, there is certainly some excuse for him. He attempted to make his way in the dark through the sitting room to the pantry, to deposit a bunch of rheubarb presented him by a parishoner, forgetting that the house cleaning had commenced. The wretched girl had left a pail of soft soap near the door, over which he accidentally stumbled. Making a herculean effort to save himself he grabbed something with both hands, and as he alighted firmly on his stomach he pulled down on top of him a table full of crockery. Rising promptly to his feet he made a push for the match safe, but happening to plant his foot in a puddle of the soft soap he promptly sat down in a tub of preserved fruits. His poor, tired wife, who had retired early, was roused in her slumbers, and thinking that burglars were about, shrieked for help, to which the hired girl responded, rushing into the room and tumbling headlong over the man in the washtub. At this point, as might be expected, he swore as alleged.

"Will advertising pay?" is a very old question, which has always been answered in the affirmative; but the question in a newspaper office is, "Will the advertiser pay? This is not always answerad in the affirmative.

How Wealth is Accumulated.

As a rule wealth is the result of industry, economy, attention to business, and as a rule, poverty is the result of idleness, extravagance, and inattention to business, though to these rules there are thousands of exceptions.

The man who has wasted his time, who has thrown away his opportunities, is apt to envy the man who has not. For instance, here are six shoemakers working in one shop. One of them attends to his business; you can hear the music of his hammer late and early; he is in love, it may be, with some girl on the other street; he has made up his mind to be a man, to succeed, to make somebody else happy, to have a home; and while he is working, in his imagination, he can see his own fireside, with the light falling upon the faces of wife and child. The other five gentlemen work as little as they can spend Sunday in dissipation, have the headache Monday, and, as a result, never advance.

The industrious one, the one in love, gains the confidence of his employer, and in a little while he cuts out work for these other fellows. The first thing you know he has a shop of his own, the next a store, because the man of reputation, the man of character, the man of known integrity, can buy all he wishes in the United States upon credit.

The next thing you know he is married, and he has built himself a house, and he is happy, and his dream has been realized. After a while the same five shoemakers, having pursued the old course, stand on the corner some Sunday when he rides by. He has got a carriage, his wife sits by his side, her face covered with smiles, and they have got two children, their faces beaming with joy, and the blue ribbons fluttering in the wind. And thereupon these five shoemakers adjourn to some neighboring saloon and pass a resolution that there is an irrepressible conflict between capital and labor.—*Bob Ingersoll.*

A fortune of $12,000,000 may turn upon a bit of yellow parchment found in a rubbish heap. A Nova Scotia journal says that the agent employed by the heirs of the Hyde estate to go to England has written encouraging reports. He has met the directors of the bank of England, where the money is deposited. Hyde was formerly in Annapolis; having been sent out by the imperial government. He had one daughter born in Nova Scotia. The money in question was left to her after he died. An intimation was sent to this country many years ago asking for the heirs. The family of the Hydes in the United States took the matter up and decided that the real heirs were in Nova Scotia. The missing link up to a recent period was proof that the original Hyde was the one who held the imperial commission and went to Annapolis. There was no commission of his to be found. A few years ago an old trunk was sold at auction and bought by a woman for 25 cents. She subsequently broke it up for kindling wood, and in the lining found a parchment document, which she deemed so pretty with the seals attached that she put it away as worthy of preservation. Subsequently she happened to mention the incident to a friend. It proved to be the missing document.

Cat Owners.

The other morning as two ladies were preparing their toilet, an accident of perhaps a serious nature occurred. The elder lady was sitting with a large cat at her feet. Suddenly without warning, the animal seizud one of the legs of the lady and tore the flesh with its teeth and claws. Before the young lady, her daughter, could come to her assistance, the wounds inflicted by the cat were many and painful. The young lady took hold of the enraged beast and pulled it quickly away. The cat, infuriated to tigerish anger, then sprang at her, its tail swollen as large as a human arm, and scratched her, besides badly tearing her dress. A neighboring gentleman was appealed to for help, and by the aid of the young lady's tight grip on the cat's neck and a dumb-bell in the hands of the gentleman, the furious creature was killed. A physician was called to dress the wounds of the elder lady, who is aflicted with erysipelas in the lacerated limb, and whose safety is a matter of anxiety.

Old Silver.

It is amazing what an amount of old silver there is now in circulation. It was hid away in old stockings, cracked teapots, in chinks in the wall and other hiding places, and never saw the light for years; but no sooner did the Government begin to issue and pay out silver, than it began to creep into circulation, and now old halves, quarters, dimes, half-dimes and even three cent pieces are becoming a nuisance to dealers and business men. So will it be with gold now that there is no longer any premium on it, and the Government pays it in redemption of its legal tender notes. Millions of old gold pieces, long hoarded up, will come into circulation and the currency will be expanded to that extent. The brief experience of a week, since resumption, proves that business men, now that they can get gold for the asking, prefer paper. The next thing legal tenders will command a premium.

Conundrums.

Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

Why is an Englishman like a bee? Because he is ruled by a Queen.

What is the best way to curb a wild young man? To bridal him.

What kind of ship have two mates and no captain. Courtship.

Why is a discontented man like a watch dog? Because he is a growler.

What is that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

No Accounting for Taste.

AKRON, O., January 31.—The 19 year old daughter of a respected Sixth ward citizen eloped to-day with a darkey who was employed about the house. The father of the girl threatens to shoot them both. Names are withheld for the present.

Every man has his price. A resident of Connecticut has lost his dog, which he values highly, "because it once saved his life when he was attacked by a mad bull," and offers a reward of $2 for the faithful animal's return.

Proposals for marriages in Nevada are written on postal cards, and the answer comes by return mail: "Come on with your preacher."

The improvident man is hard to kill, because he will not die worth a cent.

THE

SOMERSET HERALD,

ESTABLISHED 1827.

A GOOD FAMILY PAPER.

GENERAL, LOCAL AND POLITICAL NEWS.

RED HOT REPUBLICAN.

LARGEST CIRCULATION

—IN—

SOMERSET COUNTY.

Subscription $2 a year. Transient advertising 10 cents a line. Special rates to yearly and quarterly advertisers. 52 papers to the year; no postponement on account of Christmas, Fourth of July or other legal Holidays.

JOB WORK

OF ALL

DESCRIPTIONS

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

A LARGE NUMBER OF

SCHOOL ORDERS

ON HAND.

ED. B. SCULL,

Business Manager.

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.

M

JUST RECEIVED

AND

NOW OPENIMG

AT

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S.

STORE

West End, Main St., Somerset, Pa

A Large and Well Selected

LOT OF

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
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

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.

TO THE LADIES.

The Summer and Fall styles of E. Butterick Co's.

PAPER PATTERNS

at Mrs. E. R. Wagner's,

809 Arch St., and 804 South 2d St., Philadelphia

Also for sale the Centennial Plaiter. Orders filled by mail on receipt of price. Catalogue furnished on application by mail.

Aug. 14

Wanted to Cure one Case of CATARRH, in each neighborhood to introduce our BLACK FOREST OIL CATARRH REMEDY. One dollar package free to those willing to pay express charges (25c. if remitted by Adams or Union Ex. Co's.) Address, F. H. BOWER & CO. Gen. Ag'ts. Pittsburgh, Pa. Agents Wanted.

Jan 2

A GOLD MEDAL

has been awarded at the Paris Exposition of 1878 to

J. & P. COATS,

For their best Six-Cord Spool Cotton, confirming the estimate placed upon their goods at all the World's Expositions, from that at London, 1862, to the Centennial Exposition of 1876, where they took a diploma for "SUPERIOR STRENGTH AND EXCELLENT QUALITY."

The Second Prize of a Silver Medal was taken by the Willimantic Linen Company, which claims to be the special champion of American industry, and which has extensively advertised a Grand Prize at Paris.

NO GRAND PRIZES were awarded for Spool Cotton at PARIS.

Messrs. J. P. Coats have established in Pawtucket, R. I., the largest Spool Cotton Mills in the United States. Every process of manufacture, from the raw cotton to the finished spool, is conducted there. Their American-made Spool Cotton took the award at the Centennial, and while they have never claimed special merit for their American-made Spool Cotton over that manufactured in their Scotch Mills, they have the satisfaction of announcing that they have so identified themselves with this country, that

AMERICA, as represented by J. & P. Coats, is still Ahead in Spool Cotton

BATES & COATS,

Sole Agents in Philadelphia for J. & P. COATS.

Nov. 6

Blairsville Ladie's Seminary.

Second Term begins Feb. 1st, 1879.

For terms and information apply to

REV. T. R. EWING, Principal,

BLAIRSVILLE.

Jan.

A FREE GIFT.

Of a copy of my Medical Common Sense Book to any person suffering with CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, LOSS OF VOICE, OR SORE THROAT. Send name and post office address, with two cent postage stamps, and state your sickness. The book is elegantly illustrated, (144 pp. 12 mo. 1879.) The information it contains, in the province of God, has saved many lives. He has been treating diseases of the Nose, Throat, Lungs, as a special practice in Cincinnati since 1857. Address Dr. N. B. Wolfe, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jan. 16

SURE REWARD.

5 YEARS TO PAY FOR A FARM.

$4 to $10 Per Acre.

Beech and Maple Land ... in the MILLION ACRE GRANT ... the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad Company.

TITLE PERFECT.

Strong soil ... no drought ... no chinch bugs ... no "hoppers."

Running streams ... pure water ... schools, Railroad ... completed through centre of grant.

Send for pamphlet, English or German.

Address W. O. HUGHART, Land Commissioner, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE, STOVE POLISH.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Patented May 7th, 1878.

Can POLISH When Heated

NO MIXING. DUST. RUST. WASTE. BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer,

Office, 508 St. John Street, Philadelphia.

Oct 9

Do you want to make some money?

If so here is your chance. Competent Agents Male or Female want to sell the Rotary Seive. The most Convenient Article for Domestic use for the purpose designed ever invented. It scoops, sifts, weighs, measures and mixes. Also for straining Fruit, Washing Rice etc.

Over 1,000 Agents are now engaged in selling them in the west. Territory eagerly taken where ever offered, so apply early. For particulars address, C. M. WHITE, Gen. Agt. West. Penna. Pittsburgh, Pa.

U can money make faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

March 27

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

March 27

The most useful present

FOR YOUR WIFE,

Intended wife, mother, or sister, is one of our Nickel Plated and Polished Fluting Crimping Irons. 4 Irons on one handle and greatly Reduced Prices.

King Reversible Fluting Iron, $2.50. Home Fluting and Crimping Iron, $2.75. SENT FREE on receipt of price.

Hewitt Mfg. Co. Pittsburgh Pa.

An Agent Wanted in this County.

Nov. 29

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland Maine.

March 27.

C. F. WALKER of this place has a lot of his celebrated Horse Rakes for sale—better than ever and cheap. Any one who wants one at once, would do well to send him a postal card or in some way let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he in his rounds of selling might not find all who want rakes.

May 29

WANTED Farms to sell and exchange. We have hundreds of customers wanting to buy farms just now. Never knew a better time to sell Acres at fair prices, as people are lifting money from banks and seeking Acres for safety. Address S. M. JAMES, Pittsburgh Farm Agency, 154 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Those in search of farms send for printed Farm Register.

Nov. 28

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of ... late of Berlin Bor. deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, March 1, 1879.

HENRY SHOMBER, Administrator.

Jan. 15

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Samuel Swank, late of Quemahoning Twp., Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the ... day of ... 1879, at the residence of deceased.

HIRAM SWANK, Administrator ...

Jan 22

PHILADELPHIA COFFEE.

We have recently made great improvements in the process of Roasting Coffee, and now offer to the trade the

FINEST ROASTED COFFEE

ever put up in Packages. We guarantee every package branded "MY CHOICE" or DOM PEDRO'S CHOICE to be nothing but fine selected Coffee. Coffee, imported from "RIO" by ourselves.

Janney & Andrews,

WHOLESALE

Grocers & Produce Commission Merchants

Nos. 121 and 123 Market Street,

May 29 PHILADELPHIA.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Jacob Kline of Somerset Twp., having assigned all his property real and personal to Franklin Miller for the benefit of creditors, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the said Assignor to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present to the said Assignee for settlement.

Dated, Dec. 1878. FRANKLIN WELLER, Assignee.

Dec 25

NOTICE.

The undersigned will make application to the Legislature for a special Act for himself and others for the payment of provisions, &c. furnished to companies of volunteers in service under the command of Captain Bowles of Center county and Captain Schrock of Somerset Pa., in 1863.

C. KRISSINGER, Berlin, Pa.

Jan 22

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Billious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 70 N. 4th St. Phila.

Feb. 6

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.