"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 27, 1879.

COME, GENTLE SPRING.

Spring, gentle Spring, with all its diphtherial mildness, has come. The grass is green and velvety in the Parks; Spring overcoats and Easter suits flourish one day, and porous plasters and cough drops the next. Fresh Florida asparagus is in the market at a dollar a bunch and as touch as a pawnbroker's conscience, while last year's growth, tender and luscious, is offered in cans at thirty cents. Strawberries, warranted to give the colic at 99 rods, bring 50 cents a basket; and your youngest runs her slender fingers through your grizzled locks and archly asks "which you think would be most becoming to her, a blue silk or a garnet?" If these are not symptoms of the rapid approach of Spring, then what on earth do they mean?

A NEW CRUSADE AGAINST INTEMPERANCE

A fresh army is being levied in New York for the war against King Alcohol. It carries on its banners the ponderous monogram "B M S E M," which, being interpreted, is "Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation." It provides no less than four different pledges, and invites its members to choose whichever is best suited to their individual cases. The pledge cards are red, white, blue, and tri-colored respectively. The red is a complete total abstinence pledge; the white is a pledge against drinking in business hours; the blue pledges against treating or being treated; and the tri-color is a promise to abstain from "any intoxicating liquor stronger than wine or ale, and these only at meals." All these pledges are for a specified term, to be determined by the signer. The founders of the society are business men of the very first standing. In the President's chair is Mr. F. B. Thurber, and among the Vice-Presidents and originators are such men as Peter Cooper, Thurlow Weed, Judge Noah Davis, Ex Governor Harbaugh, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and Elwood E. Throne. Though containing some interested in the wholesale liquor traffic, and many moderate drinkers, it does not recommend any abstainer to begin a course of drinking, however moderate. Realizing that moderate drinking may and often does lead to drunkenness, it says: "It is better to let rum alone;" but because the majority of men will not do this, it adds: "If you will drink, do it moderately; keep your head clear in business hours; confine your potations to light wines and beers, and, above all, cease the absurd and ruinous habit of 'treating' and being 'treated.'" It acknowledges drunkenness, in the words of Mr. Frothingham, as "the fundamental vice of civilized nations," and realizes its obligation to do something towards stemming the fearful current of American intemperance. It hopes to recruit thousands in its ranks, who would be deaf to more radical pleas, and claims to have the same end in view as the more extreme wing of the Temperance army. The plan embraces the formation of auxiliary societies throughout the land; the promotion of knowledge in the science and statistics of liquor, the establishment of places of recreation where no intoxicants are allowed, and first, last, and all the time, the abolition of "treating." A fuller exposition of its purposes and methods can be had by writing the Secretary, Mr. Henry H. Hadley, box 1585, New York.

Whether much good will be accomplished depends solely upon the vigor with which this organization is pushed forward. So far as it works at all, society must be benefited. When moderate drinking business men, and men pecuniarily interested in the liquor trade begin to feel the necessity of doing something to check the ravages of rum. I do not want to stop singing the long metre doxology long enough to inquire whether they are doing precisely what I am doing. It used to be said of General Halleck that he would rather lose a battle by approved methods than win it by departing from them. Those who in their own person, or their loved ones, have tasted the sharp sting of this serpent's tooth will be guilty of no such folly. I strike glad hands with any man, of any creed, who will help brush one temptation from the path of my boy, lift one man from the gutter, or lessen by a feather's weight the deadly influence of the dramshop and the drinking usages of society.

A CURIOUS LAW SUIT.

The soap makers are in court over a comical case, and by the way the blindfolded Goddess smiles first on one, then on his rival, one is lead to fear her traditional bandages are "too thin." Who does not remember the reign of soap, and sand, and Bristol brick, and last, though far from least, "elbow grease?" As the latter commodity grew unpopular, if not scarce, Yankee wit sharpened itself up to the point of producing a substitute for the whole lot, and saponaceous investigations grew and multiplied like the excuses of a poor debtor. About eight years ago a photographer named Troxell was struck with an idea, which, like lightning, is very apt to hit in out of the way places. He was using silex, a fine, smooth, saponaceous but gritty substance, easily dissolved in water, to clean and polish his glasses, when the idea occurred to him that it might make a superior cleaner for household purposes. A long series of experiments demonstrated its eminent fitness for scouring and polishing all metals, paints and glasses, and for cleaning silver and britannia by simply washing in the suds, as well as for removing ink and other stains from the hands. He boldly came down from his skylight, became a soap man, and named his invention 'Pride of the Kitchen Soap.' But the course of true lather never ran smooth, and why should it with Troxell? Another soap man complained that this soap was put up in tin foil with a blue label around it, and that because he was putting up his soap that way, his right to use tin foil and blue was exclusive. Mr. Troxell died, and his brother became defendant to a suit which was decided in his favor. The blind Goddess scores one for 'Pride of the Kitchen.' Another suit was brought before another judge, and this time the blindfolded Deity decides for the plaintiff. The proprietors of the Windsor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan hotels testified to the transcendent virtues of 'Pride of the Kitchen,' and several first premiums from the American Institute and other fairs were displayed, but all to no purpose. It wasn't their turn. It was the other fellow's. It looked so like a game of "odd and even" that the Troxells' are now appealing, confident that the next turn is their's. This suit is still pending, and meantime the superior quality of 'Pride of the Kitchen' makes it sell tremendously under a new label, about which there is no question, and its proprietors appear very grateful for the gratuitous advertising these funny suits have given them.

MORLEY.

THE GOLD CHAIN.

A dreary November twilight. Dead leaves raining down at every gust of the inconstant wind—strange, spicy scents rising out of the ground—and a new moon hanging like a sickle of blood low over the purple dark of the Southerly sky.

Dreary and chilly; a dying year; a fast gathering dusk; yet the windows of Mrs. Oxgate's old brown farm-house hung out their cheery signals behind the fringed cotton curtains, and when the kitchen door opened you could see the red shine of the blazing logs, the figures coming and going like a miniature magic lantern.

It was Dora Oxgate who opened it, and came flitting out to the well, with a scarlet shawl fastened over her head, and an empty cedar pail in her hand. As her light feet pattered over the carpet of autumn leaves in the pathway, she sang a snatch of a good old fashioned hymn.

"My goodness alive! What's that?"

For as the words trilled sweetly from her tongue, a tall, dark figure had arisen from the low wooden bench under the apple tree, whose boughs overhung the well.

"Don't be alarmed," said a deep, sweet contralto, with a scornful intonation in its sound. "It's only me, Dora, Joanna Elfield. What then? Have I fallen so low that I am no longer worthy to sit beneath the old apple tree? If so, tell me at once and I'll quit."

"You know that I did not mean that, Joanna."

"It's hard to tell what people mean or don't mean, now-a-days," said Joanna, picking at the mangy fringe of the frayed rag of a shawl. "I was tired. I wanted a drink of water, so I came to the old well; I'll go away if you say so."

"Joanna," said Dora, hesitatingly, "are you hungry?"

"Hungry? No. There's a sort of craving, though, in my stomach, which is next to it, I suppose."

"Would you like to have something to eat?"

"I don't beg."

"Wait a minute, Joanna."

Like an arrow, Dora Oxgate sped back into the house, where her thrifty mother was just setting the teapot on the table. Fresh baked waffles steamed on one side, but biscuits were piled in drifts of snow on the other; preserves gleamed redly through the cut glass walls of the tall dish, and limpid honey oozed from a lump of comb. For Mrs. Deacon Peabody and her daughter Comfort had come to tea, and Mrs. Oxgate was a housewife to be excelled by none.

"Come, Dora, quick with that water," said Mrs. Oxgate. "And shut the door. What do you suppose is the use of fires, if—"

"Mother," said Dora, speaking in a slightly embarrassed tone, "Joanna Elfield is out by the well! She is cold and hungry, and—"

Mrs. Oxgate's face hardened into lines of stone. Miss Comfort Peabody drew her skirts close around her with an involuntary movement, and Mrs. Peabody looked hard into the bowl of her teacup.

"Then let her stay cold and hungry, for all of me! Joanna Elfield is no associate for either you or me, Dora! She has run away from home, and acted with common strolling play actors—she has sung at low concerts instead of keeping that fine voice of hers for the temple of the Lord—she has, of her own free will, given up all that is decent and reputable, and people do say that she has taken to drinking! And you expect me to open my door to such as her!"

Mrs. Peabody uttered a sympathetic groan.

"But, mamma," faltered Dora, half affrighted at her own boldness, "don't you remember that He came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance?"

"Silence, girl! How dare you quote the Scriptures to me?" cried Mrs. Oxgate, her stern brow clouding over darkly.—"Bring in that pail of water at once, and let us have no further discussion."

Thus rebuffed, Dora Oxgate crept back again into the chill, frosty twilight dejected and empty handed.

"Ah," said Joanna Elfield, shortly. "I thought how it would be. Well, it's nothing new. Everybody's doors are shut against me."

"Is it true, Joanna?" whispered Dora, coming close to her.

"Is what true?"

"That you drink?"

"Of course it's true. You would drink if you were driven as I am! Driven and hunted! There are times when you would sell your whole soul for a chance to forget! And that chance is to be found in—drink!"

"Sorry! say that again, lass! people have mostly left off being sorry for me," said Joanna, with a hard laugh.

"But listen, Joanna. Do be serious. Won't you try to do differently?"

"I am not so bad as the folks think me, Dora Oxgate, except for the horrid craving for drink. I have been nothing worse than wild and willful. Believe me, child, it is God's truth. Only, when a girl gets on the down hill every christian man or woman think it their duty to give her just another push!"

"Then will you try to retrieve your own self?"

"How can I? What is there left for me?"

"Your superb voice, Joanna."

"You would have me sing myself into respectability, eh? And in the meantime I should starve."

"You need not starve, Joanna. Here!"

Quick as lightning, she drew a small gold chain, with a gold locket shaped like a heart dangling at its ends, from her neck.

"Dear Joanna take this. It is worth money I know; and it is all I have in the world to give! Sell it, and use the money for your needs."

Joanna Elfield stared vaguely at the gleaming trinket.

"Are you in earnest, Dora?

"Of course I am. Hush! Mother is calling me. I must go."

"God bless you for this," said Joanna huskily. "And, Dora—one word more: I am only Joanna Elfield, but—if you will, let me kiss you just once—"

By way of answer Theodora Oxgate threw her arms around the tall girl's neck, and pressed her soft red lips close to the other's cold mouth. And as she did so something flashed on her cheek—a hot round tear.

The next minute Joanna Elfield disappeared into the world of shadows that was hovering over all the autumn landscapes. And as she went she murmured to herself, unconscious that she was speaking aloud.

"Some one believes in me yet! In me! It's a strange sensation, and yet—it gives one something to live for after all!"

"Dora! Theodora! Why dont you answer? But no one thinks it worth while to listen to me now a days?"

It was Mrs Oxgate's shrill piping voice; and Mrs. Oxgate, helpless from paralysis, sat in her cushioned chair by the sunny doorway.

"What is it mamma? Dora asked coming to the door.

The Oxgate farm house had drifted sadly to decay. Fences have fallen; gates hung creaking on one hinge; sunny pasture lands were neglected; grass meadows had to plead over with their own weight of harvest. And Mrs. Oxgate herself looked, as she sat in the doorway, like the very genius of decay.

"The carriage with them grand people that bought Glenwood Place. A gentleman dressed like the Prince of Wales, and a lady whose diamonds flashed fit to blind one. Ah me! its fine to be young and rich. Look! the carriage is stopping. Perhaps they have dropped something. Sure's I live the lady's coming back, trailing her purple silk dress in the dust like it was domestic gingham. Oh, dear me, I wish I had my best hat on!"

She gave her apron a twitch and tried to settle her scant skirt over her poor useless feet as the tall, stately figure swept up to the door.

"This is the Oxgate place, is it not?" the lady asked, in a deep, sweet voice that betrayed her at once. Dora answered promptly:

"This is the Oxgate place; and you are Joanna Elfield."

"Not Joanna Elfield now, but Joanna Avenel," she rejoined, smiling and blushing. "Here is my husband. George this is the friend I told you of, whose hand ten years ago, lifted me out of the darkness and set me in the right path. Oh, George you know how much I owe to her!"

Mrs. Avenel was weeping softly now—yet the smiles shone brightly through her tears.

"Dora," she added, "that was the turning point in my life. See! I have your gold chain with the heart yet. I knew then that one human creature had faith in me still, and it renewed the fountain of life within me! Dora, Dora, you are my guardian angel. God bless you for it!"

People wondered much that those rich Avenels of The Place had an insignificant chit like Dora Oxgate so much with them, to say nothing of that tiresome, prosing old bore, her mother. But Mrs. Avenel was a great lady, and of course could be excused for having her whims—one of which was to wear a thread-like chain of gold around her neck, with a heart shaped locket hanging from it.

"When she could have diamonds instead!" said Miss Comfort Peabody who had of late observed that she always had thought Joanna Elfield to be a genius.

And Dora Oxgate, although she had settled into a solitary, hard working old maid, knew that her apparent life had not been in vain.

A Bloody Story.

LONDON, April 13. The Kieff correspondent of the *St Petersbug Journal* gives the following account of the outbreak among the political prisoners last month, which was briefly mentioned by telegraph at the time: "The persons under arrest in the Kieff prison resolved some time ago to tunnel under the walls and escape. The scheme was betrayed by one of the conspirators. The authorities allowed the prisoners to continue the excavation. When the tunnel was completed, and the prisoners had entered it, one after another, intending to come up through the opening beyond the prison precincts, soldiers, previously posted at the openings, shot the escaping prisoners as they came up. When the bulk of the prisoners terrified by the noise of the firing, stopped and remained in the tunnel, soldiers were sent in from behind and the unfortunate wretches, caught between two fires, were all shot down. The proceeding seemed to give the officials much amusement, and the Director of the Kieff prison has been praised and decorated for having acted with such cleverness and decision." The correspondent adds: "Quite in keeping with this is a statement published by the Russian chaplain in the Central Prison at Charkoff in the official *Eparchiain Wedomosti* (*Diocesan Intelligence*) He declares that of the 500 persons detained at that prison 200 died within four months. One of the heaviest charges, it will be remembered, made by the Nihilists against the Russian official administration was brutal treatment of prisoners in consequence of which the health of most of them has quite broken down. Many of them are dying and some have been driven mad."

The Hanging of Hezekiah Shaffer.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., April 17.—Hezekiah Shaffer, who murdered his wife on February 21st, 1878, was hanged in the jail yard at this place to-day. He was carried to the scaffold in a blanket, the loss of blood consequent upon his attempted suicide last Monday, rendering him so weak that he was unable to walk. On the scaffold he was seated in an arm chair during the process of pinioning his arms and legs. He made no response to an inquiry from the sheriff whether he had any thing to say. He was then placed on a stool and the rope adjusted about his neck. He was again asked if he had any remarks to make, but only shook his head. The sheriff then left the scaffold, the trap was sprung, and the body dropped within a half a foot of the ground. After hanging about twenty minutes he was pronounced dead. He will be buried at the almshouse this evening. Shaffer protested his innocence of the crime within an hour of his execution.

Live Stock.

The sight of bare ground and the approach of milder weather, and the long, monotonous diet of dry feed make all kinds of stock long for a change. If allowed they will work for hours on an old meadow or pasture where there is the least chance for a taste of green grass. They should be kept from these fields, as they tread them full of holes, damage the grass, lose their appetite, and get nothing which is valuable to them. Let off the surface water and keep the yards dry, if possible. In such times never feed on the ground, but in stalls or racks. The changing weather of spring "between hay and grass" is a critical one for most kinds of animals. Several well littered box-stalls are convenient and almost a necessity for brood mares and cows in calf. Such animals should be well fed, though not highly fed. They need a little oilcake, bran, shorts or roots to keep them in the best condition.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Where the Gold and Silver go to.

It has been affirmed by trustworthy authorities that the annual yield of gold and silver is no more than adequate, upon the whole, to replenish the stock of the precious metals required for monetary and artistic uses. No doubt, the discovery of bonanzas may occasion temporary disturbance in the bullion market; but, on an average, the accessions go little further than to offset the shrinkage from continual attrition and mysterious disappearance. The annual amount of loss has been computed, but it is not easy to define and measure the several causes which operate to exhaust the world's story of metallic wealth. Some light, however is thrown on the curious subject by M. J. V. C. Smith, the late Mayor of Boston, in a pamphlet pointing out some of the ways in which bullion has been withdrawn from circulation, both in earlier and recent times.

The secretion of valuables, and especially of gold and silver, is an instinct with ignorant and timorous persons, even in the most civilized countries, and in a large part of the world it is an inveterate habit, prompted and justified by necessity. During our civil war, for instance, large sums are known to have been buried in the Southern States to save what could not be conveniently carried beyond the grasp of possible invaders. No doubt much of the treasure thus interred has been recovered, but it is probable that a part, owing to the death of the owners acquainted with the precise place of burial, will never come again to the surface. During the occupancy of Louisiana by the Federal troops under the command of General Banks, a servant girl in New Orleans betrayed the confidence of her mistress by reporting the burial of half a barrel of dollars in the yard of the premises. Here the treasure was soon unearthed; but in another case which likewise occurred in New Orleans, a large quantity of silver plate which had been concealed in a water tank was discovered years afterward by a mere accident.

The propensity for hiding bullion underground is universal among the Hindoos, and during 40 centuries of arbitrary and rapacious government they have been secretly adding to the subterranean deposits. The Chinese, too, have a significant proverb to the effect that security lies below the ploughshare. Among the Bedouins, we are told, money is in great demand, and is procured at any sacrifice from travelers or dwellers in the towns, yet it is seldom or never exposed to view among themselves, and seems to vanish from circulation almost as quickly as it touches their fingers. It is customary for the Sheiks to bury their gains in the sand, where the hoard can only be recovered by the most scrupulous attention to bearings and distances, all other indications being speedily obliterated.

In Southern Europe, every year is marked by cases of treasure trove, where accumulations of plate or coined money are turned up by the plough, or brought to light upon the demolition of old buildings. The localities frequently chosen for such deposits seems to have been under heavy stones in the recesses of temples, churches and other structures protected by religious sentiment, where no prescribed attempts at discovery would be permitted. Thus, in the rebuilding of an antiquated church at St. Gervais, in France, not long ago, an urn was incidentally exposed, which on being broken open revealed seven thousand silver coins. We hardly need refer to the extent to which the burial of gold under the form of ornaments or money in the tombs of conspicuous persons was carried in former times, or to the remarkable finds of this nature lately made by Gen. Di Cesnola in Cyprus. But we may mention a less known but analogous instance, namely, that the excavation of a graveyard at Sidon, some years ago, led to the discovery of three earthen pots full of gold pieces bearing the head of Philip, father of Alexander the Great. And we may here call to mind that the treasures known to exist in the Jewish Temple at the time of the seige of Jerusalem by Titus, but none of which were found by the Romans, are believed to have been secreted in some of the limestone vaults which honeycomb the base of Mt. Moriah.

To conceal treasure under water has been a frequent expedient in all ages. Silver, as we know, is slowly soluble in the ocean, but it is not improbable that considerable accumulations of gold would be found in the beds of certain historic rivers and harbors. There is ground, for instance, to believe that the silt of the Tiber must have become rich in gold coin and precious specimens of the goldsmith's art during 25 centuries of commotion and assault, since the expulsion of Tarquin to the flight of Pio Nono. There is also some historical evidence for the belief that not a little submerged treasure might be found in the choked up artificial harbor of Tyre. Indeed, repeated applications have been made to the Porte for a firman permitting examinations to be made, but permission has invariably been denied. It is thought, too, that dredging operations in the sluggish waters of the canals of Venice would yield considerable results, and similar undertakings have been mooted with regard to the beds of the Seine and of the Thames. We may add that Spanish chroniclers report as an unquestionable fact that vast quantities of treasure were thrown by the Inca priests into Lake Titicaca at the time of Pizarro's invasion. There is no doubt that proposals for the recovery of wealth thus submerged have more than once been submitted to the Peruvian Government.

Besides the great amount of bullion which is removed from circulation through hoarding and burial, and the large proportion continually exacted by the industrial arts, there is an outlet for gold in particular which is peculiar to modern times, and whose importance is seldom recognized. We refer to the quantity of this metal consumed in dentistry, some idea of which may be deduced from the fact that in the United States alone there are probably ten thousand practicing dentists. According to a member of the profession who has made a study of such statistics, many hundreds of pounds of gold are annually required for filling decayed teeth, while the plates on which artificial teeth are set use up nearly a ton of the same metal in every year. This sounds like an exaggerated estimate, but if we add to the home demand the requirements of the dental craft in Europe, we can certainly account for the consumption of a large fraction from the supplies of the California mines. Another source of waste whose gravity is seldom appreciated is the loss in weight by attrition in the passing of coins from hand to hand. A calculation, made by Mr. Jacob, some years ago, of the rate of waste in Great Britain from this cause alone, produced the greatest astonishment, and led the Government to insist on frequent recoinage. What becomes of the gold and silver thus escaping through mere attrition is a very curious problem. Mr. Jacob suggested the possibility of a subtle law by which it reaccumulates, and by which the invisible atoms may be brought together into masses of nuggets, or simply strewn in sand, or driven ultimately by rills into the beds of rivers.

Handy to Have in the House.

There are some men who are considered desirable as husbands and others who are quoted as hardly worth the house room they occupy or the provender they consume. Of the latter kind was the little man concerning whom his wife dreamed that she went to a country fair where husbands were exposed for sale. On his begging her to tell what she found the price to be of such as him-self, she replied, after some hesitation, that she saw a similar article of husbands put up in bunches of a dozen and offered at a shilling a bunch. Such a husband is indeed a profitless possession. A shrewd woman in New York found herself the wife of this kind of a piece of goods. He was idle and shiftless and of so little financial experience that even in those rare instances in which he succeeded in earning any money he was unable to keep it long enough to bring it home. Instead of supporting his wife he was a burden on her and an expense to her. So, to avoid the otherwise inevitable journey to the poor house, she was compelled to work and to support the whole impecunious family.

But there is a lining of silver to even the most leaden cloud and this struggling woman happily discovered that her man had one talent which she might turn to a profitable account. He could carve at dinner parties, and this was the only thing he could do.

In doing this he was a crowning success. He had no more skill at making contracts than at bringing money home. So the thrifty housewife concluded not to turn him adrift to starve, as she had feared would be necessary, but to keep him at home and rent him out as opportunity offered. From time to time she sought out all the people she could find who, being about to give entertainments, might need the services of a skilled manipulator of the carving-knife. Explaining to these people the peculiar condition of her domestic affairs, she would hire her husband out for a fixed sum, stipulating that the money should be paid to herself, and not to him. An interesting and a novel style of lawsuit now arises from a mistake in the payment. The husband had earned seven dollars for carving at the dinner party of a nabob. The nabob thoughtlessly paid him the money, and he as thoughtlessly spent it before he reached home. Thereupon the wife undertook to collect from the nabob the stipulated sum, basing her claim on the fact that as the poor man was a sort of nobody payment to him was no payment at all. The nabob resisted the endeavor to collect a second seven-dollar fee from him, alleging that he had paid the person who did the work, and that if that improvident individual had nothing to show for it, the misfortune should justly fall on the poor fellow himself. The wife successfully resisted this argument by showing that she was the contracting party, and that she had hired her husband out just as a livery stable keeper would hire out a horse, in which latter case it would be manifestly improper and insufficient to claim that payment consisted in handing the money to the animal. The woman retires triumphantly from court, happy in the peaceful possession of a bit of property from which, when rented out, she can draw substantial income.

It is not lawful in this country to expose a husband for sale, but the fact is now established that one may be kept for hire. The lesson is one which will carry comfort to many an embarrassed girl who, having blundered into marriage, finds that she has on her hands a lazy and lounging person who is of no particular use. If she can discover even one talent, and turn that to account, she may set the otherwise unprofitable fellow to work by renting him out to do the only thing he understands. Thus is hope in store for many a sorrowing woman, and thus may affluence await the thrift of the wife who is shrewd enough to utilize a shiftless and burdensome husband.—*Phila. Times.*

Hotbeds.

The *Irish Farmer's Gazette* (Dublin) says:

If gardeners, tobacco growers and others will give a trial to the following plan they will find it less than one fourth the expense of glass frames, and much more useful:

Take white cotton cloth of a close texture, stretch it, and nail it on frames of any size you wish; mix two ounces of lime water, four ounces of linseed oil, one ounce of white of eggs separately, two ounces of yolk of eggs; mix the lime and oil with a very gentle heat, beat the eggs separately and mix with the former.

Spread the mixture with a paint brush on the cloth, allowing each coat to dry before applying another, until they become waterproof.

The following are some of the advantages these shades possess over glass:

1. The cost being hardly one-fourth.
2. Repairs are cheaply and easily made.
3. They are light, they do not require watering; no matter how intense the heat of the sun the plants are never struck down, faded or checked in growth, neither do they grow up long, sickly and weakly, as they do under glass, and still there is abundance of light.

The heat entirely arises from below, and is equable and temperate, which is a great object.

The vapor arises from the manure and earth, and is condensed by the cool air passing under the surface of the shade, and hangs in drops upon the inside, therefore the plants do not require so frequent watering. If the frames or stretchers are made large they should be intersected with cross bars, about a foot square, to support the cloth.

These frames are also well adapted for bringing forward flowers in season, or forcing melons, tomatoes, vegetables, etc., this prepared cloth is especially adapted, as it can be attached to boxes of any size and cut to fit them.

Little, though square, boxes of the proper size and height, covered with this prepared cloth, can be placed over the beds in which roots and seeds are planted, and the plants allowed to stand without transplanting until all danger of frost is over, when the boxes may be taken off and placed carefully away for another season.

OUR HARRISBURG LETTER.

HARRISBURG, April 26, 1879.

This has been a busy week in the Legislature, and but little done in the way of law-making. The Pittsburgh Riot Bill, as it has been called, which has engaged the attention of the House for weeks, and caused intense interest and excitement, was defeated, finally, on Wednesday, by a vote of 101 against and 98 for it. For several weeks the bill brought to the House a most powerful lobby, who neglected no effort to influence members in favor of the bill; and, it is charged, corrupt means were used to induce members to support the bill.

A committee has been appointed to investigate the charges, and consists of Gatchell, of Lancaster, Wolfe, of Union, Doyle, of Huntingdon, Rhoads, of Cumberland, and Elliott, of Tioga. From the make up of the committee it is feared, here, that an effort will be made to white-wash; but Wolfe is determined to go to the bottom of the matter, and unless he and Elliott are overruled by the other members of the committee, no guilty man will escape. Wolfe should have been chairman of the committee, and a majority of the committee should have been taken from those opposed to the bill. It is said some of the members of the House are not feeling so comfortable just now. On Tuesday next the Border Claims Bill will come up on final passage. The friends of the bill are very active, but not very sanguine of success. I do not believe the bill will pass. Both your members, Colborn and Schrock, are opposed to the bill, and will vote against it.

On Wednesday next the Anti-Discrimination Bill will be up again on second reading. It was called up on Thursday, and after being discussed for some time, Dr. Early, of Elk, raised a point of order on the constitutionality of the bill. If the point of order is not sustained, and I cannot see how it can be, the bill will cause an excited, bitter and lengthy discussion. The friends of the railroads are quite waspish, and the friends of the bill are not too mild. It is believed the bill will pass the House; both your members are on the side of right and the interests of the people, and will work and vote for the bill. The Oil Tax bill will also come up on second reading next week. The passage of this bill will be pressed as a just measure, and will be fiercely opposed by the members from the oil-producing districts.

In the present depleted condition of the Treasury it is evident that revenue must be raised from some source, and many think that there is no better subject of taxation than oil. Two millions of dollars can be raised annually from a moderate tax on oil, without, in the least, injuring the oil trade or imposing a burden upon the people. I think the bill will pass. It is now apparent that the Legislature will not adjourn until the end of the one hundred and fifty days. An effort was made yesterday to fix Wednesday afternoon session for the consideration of revenue and appropriation bills, but it was defeated. There are too many members who would like the session to continue three hundred and sixty five days; who want to work four and a half days and take pay for seven. There is no reason why we should not hold sessions every day.

More Anon,
VERITAS

How to Clean Carpets.

If the carpet is to be taken up and beaten the job had better be intrusted to some man who makes it his business. If this cannot be done lay it on the grass or hang it on a clothesline and beat it on the wrong side with canes—taking care that the canes have no sharp points. Then spread the carpet out and sweep well on the right side. There is more art in sweeping a carpet than a novice is apt to suppose. An old broom should never be used and a new one should be kept especially for the carpet. With brussels and velvet carpeting there are two ways to the pile—just as in velvet—and they should always be swept with the pile. If a carpet is swept against the grain it soon looks rough and scratched up. After being swept and laid down on the floor the carpet should be wiped. Have two pails, one of clean soapsuds, the other with lukewarm water; a clean flannel cloth and two coarse, clean towels.

Take the carpet by breadths, wring the flannel out of the luke-warm water and hold it so that you can turn and use it up and down three or four times on the same place. Rub both with and against the grain as hard as if you were scrubbing the floor, then throw the flannel into the soapsuds and rub the carpet dry with one of your dry towels. If you leave the carpet wet the dust will stick to it and it will smell sour and musty. Wash your flannel clean in the soapsuds, wring it out of the warm water and proceed as before. If the carpet is very dirty or has much green in it use fresh ox gall in the luke-warm water in proportion to a quart of gall to three quarts of water and rub the carpet dry as aleady directed. This rubbing a carpet fixes the pile and freshens the colors.

Poultry.

An enthusiastic breeder of poultry says:

"Farmers will feed a bushel of corn to produce six pounds of pork, while the same amount of corn will keep a good laying hen one year, and she will produce at least twelve dozen eggs, average eighteen cents per dozen, which would equal two dollars and sixteen cents. In addition, she would rear a brood of chicks, worth as much more; making a total of nearly five dollars, against six pounds of pork at ten cents, equaling sixty cents. Or in other words, the hen will yield seven times as much as the pig fed on the same quantity of feed." Aside from the profit, which is an important consideration in the keeping of poultry, it affords a healthful recreation and enjoyment to all classes. Those who daily fill in the counting-house, factory, or mill each and all need some light, attractive, health-producing employment.

An Albany clergyman told his congregation that "notwithstanding the hard times the wages of sin had not been cut down one jot." That is all very true, but there's a heap more work for the money than there used to be.

The humblest can do something toward making the local paper interesting. If you can't be a defaulting bank clerk, you can at least step on an orange peel and sprain your ear.

A sensible Vermont girl refused to promise to marry a young fellow until he had subscribed for a daily paper. He went straightway and did it.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU,

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

Diseases

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

Helmbold's Buchu

IS UNEQUALED.

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill-Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Compl'ts,
Female Compl'ts, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Helmbold's Buchu

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office?
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Hight, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes
8. Have you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to Dispensatory, 1217 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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.

FARQ '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

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Nancy Will, Daniel W. Will, Aaron Will, Rebecca, intermarried with Jacob Sipes, Moses Will, Hiram Will, Allen S. Will, Silas Will, deceased, having three children, of whom George W. Fair is Guardian, Louisa, intermarried with Henry Roudber, Josephine, intermarried with John C. Schall, Albert G. Will, Amanda C., intermarried with Christian C. Reim, Mary M. Will, Helen M., intermarried with Joseph B. Miller, S. Jane Will.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of John Will, deceased, in New Centerville Borough, at his late residence, on Thursday the 15th day of April, 1879, where you can attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, } EDGAR KYLE,
Mar. 10, 1879. { Mar. 12. Sheriff.

NEW PENSION LAW.

All pensions by new law, begin back at day of discharge. Rejected cases reopened. Pensioners and applicants send two stamps for new law, blanks and instructions to

N. W. FITZGERALD,
Feb. 26. Box 388, Washington, D. C.

ASSIGNEES' NOTICE.

Whereas Valentine Horn, of Brothersvalley township, having made a voluntary assignment for the benefit of his creditors to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the assignor to make immediate payment, and those having claims will please present them at the residence of said assignor in Brothersvalley Twp., on Saturday, May 3, 1879.

GEORGE G. WALKER,
March 26. Assignee.

KIDNEY-WORT

A Purely Vegetable Remedy

The Safest, Easiest and Best ever discovered for

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, PILES, GRAVEL, CONSTIPATION, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, DIABETES.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

A purely vegetable compound, not doctored with poisonous liquors, being dry—a gentle cathartic and effective tonic—sure to effectually cure some of the most common and painful diseases that baffle medical skill. Thousands who have been cured when all other means failed, justly say: "It is the greatest blessing of the age." "I believe I should not now be alive but for it." Physicians in regular practice say: "It works like a charm and effectively."

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

☞ If the KIDNEY-WORT cannot otherwise be easily obtained, we will send, in dry form, prepaid, on receipt of the price, one dollar. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Apr 2

SURE REWARD.

5 YEARS TO PAY FOR A FARM.

$4 to $10 Per Acre.

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

TITLE PERFECT.

Strong soil—sure crops—plenty of timber—no drought—no chinch bugs—no "hoppers."

Running streams—pure water—ready markets—schools. Railroad completed through centre of the 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.

Everybody—Uses It.
Everybody—Relies It Right.
Everybody—Recommends It.
Everybody's Handy Package.

Patented May 7th, 1878. 2nd Patent July 30, 1878.

THE HANDY PACKAGE. ZIEGLER'S JET BLACK STOVE POLISH. READY MIXED.

☞ Our POLISH WILL HEATED.

NO MIXING. NO DUST. NO RUST. NO WASTE. NO BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer,
Office, 607 St. John Street, Philadelphia.
Oct 9.9m

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue sundry writs of Fi. Fa. and Alias Fi. Fa. issue out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to sale by public outcry, at the Court House in Somerset, on

Wednesday, April 30, 1879,

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate viz:

All the right, title, interest and claim of Solomon Shaulis of, in and to the following described real estate, viz:

A certain tract of land situate in Somerset Tp., Pa., containing 25 acres more or less, of which there are about 4 acres in meadow, with a one and a half story plank dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings thereon erected, adjoining lands of Abraham Baker, Eli Bittner, Henry Shaulis and others, with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution as the property of Solomon Shaulis, at the suit of Tob