OLD FLAMES.

'It's too aggravating, so it is. Dear me! I wish I never forgot anything,' said Alice Kildare, with an impatient frown upon her winsome face.

'No, no! for mercy's sake don't wish that, child! Don't wish you never forgot anything, for then you'd always have to remember all the disagreeable things that ever happened to you in your life. Believe me, it's vastly better as it is. If we never forgot anything at all, then we'd have to carry down to our graves the vivid recollection of all the grief or sorrow, or pain we have suffered; of all the times we've been snubbed by people; of all the hateful things people have said to us and about us, and above all, of every time in our lives when we've made fools of ourselves. You will find that it's too much to be thankful for if you can forget the occasion on which you've made a fool of yourself, when you come to be an old maid like your Aunt Letitia.'

Alice Kildare laughed.

'Not much like being an old maid, is it, seventeen, and already engaged six months?'

'Well, I was engaged at sixteen, and have been engaged three times in my life, and yet here I am, an old maid in eyeglasses, and intend to die the same, please God.—Thing now, what a budget of heart-breaking recollections I'd be obliged to carry about me the rest of my life, if I had to remember it all. Don't wish you never forgot anything, Alice. On the contrary, thank Heaven, we do forget things.'

Again Alice Kildare laughed.

'She and I are going to have our fortunes told, Aunt Letie. Go with us, venerable mother, and see that it's done right.'

'I can tell yours without looking into a globe of mesmerized water. You'll be an old maid, mark the prediction. You have the elements of an old maid in your soul—one sort of an old maid that is.'

'What are the elements of an old maid,' Aunt Let?'

'Oh!—of your sort of old maid—a high spirit, a bright mind, a sharp tongue, and an uncontrollable love of flirting. You'll be the sort of an old maid that takes to woman's rights and things—not the sort to take to cats and religion. Once more mark the prophecy, Alice Esmeralda Kildare!'

For the third time Alice laughed, her bright, spunky, ringing laugh, and then clapped on her gypsy hat and went with her friend Sue to see Madam Minchauski, the great clairvoyant sibyl, who could miraculously see the shadow of coming events in a globe of mesmerized water—at so much a head.

Alice betrothed to a slim, handsome, long-haired college student, who wrote poetry and had an Æolean harp in one window and a rose geranium in the other, and meant to go into the literary line as soon as he was done college. He was very much in love, and Alice was—oh! dreadfully in love, but that didn't at all prevent this truthful young lady from flirting with half a dozen other men all at once, and telling no end of white lies about her engagement.—She was exceedingly attractive, but not so pretty as she was bright, piquant and spirited. At this very time, when she lay awake nights thinking of her betrothed, and never went to bed without tenderly kissing his photograph; at this very time she was flirting desperately with Tom Creighton, her lover's classmate, a rich man's son, who was at home on a three month's leave of absence which had been recommended by the college faculty.

Worst of all she had allowed Tom Creighton, in the presence of a third person, to tell her a slanderous story about her lover, one which she knew must be false; and there she sat and listened to it without the faintest attempt to fight for her lover's good name, just for fear Tom Creighton would think she was engaged if she said anything. I don't defend her, mind you; I think such conduct was simply scandalous and such a young lady didn't deserve ever to have anybody fall in love with her; no, not if she lived to be a thousand years old.

'Well, what does the sibyl say?' asked Aunt Letie.

'She is a humbug,' said Alice, savagely, 'I'm sorry I went. It's real silly and wrong to encourage such wicked imposture besides.'

This time Sue laughed.

'The sibyl didn't say Alice was to be married, and so she thinks the sibyl a humbug,' said Sue. 'We went into a darkened room, and in one corner there sat a little ghostly, waxy looking old woman, with great, hollow black eyes.

She had a glass globe of water before her on a little stand. The water had been magnetized, she said, and she, being a clairvoyant, was able by her second sight, to see in the water beautiful pictures, and visions of events to come.

Then she took Alice's hand and pressed it against her forehead, and began to wink and roll up her great, hollow eyes in an awful manner. It was really scary, Aunt Letie. By-and-by she bobbed her head about and mumbled something, and still with her eyes rolled back and half shut, she began looking into the globe of magnetized water. Then presently she opened her ghostly looking lips, and said, in a sort of sing-song:

'My child, I see pictures of your future spread here and there before my inward eyes like a moving panorama. I see lovers; you will have plenty lovers, but I see no pictures of a wedding. Strange! there is no wedding ring in the circle at the bottom of the globe. How is this, my child? I see one dim picture, a long way off in the future, it must be, because it is so dim, and in it you stand up surrounded by people—ah! let me see, they are children around you, and you are greatly changed, taller, paler and thinner, but there is no wedding, no wedding. The water is not clear to-day; you must come again. Mercy! what is this? Here is a great crowd, they are making a noise, and looking at two men—young lady, the two men are fighting, and heavens! the water turns red; t is blood, blood! But I see no wedding. I see blood, but I see no wedding!'

'She looked so weird and dreadful, Aunt Letie, that I was afraid to let her tell my fortune after that. She told us to come again, when the water was clearer; and then we came away, and Alice has been cross as a bear ever since. But I'm sure I wouldn't go back again for anything.'

Whereupon, and finally, Aunt Letie had her laugh.

'What did I tell you, Alice? Didn't I say you were to be an old maid? It was fore-ordained by the fates. Only, Alice, let me request one thing of you, yea, two things, come to think. Don't you ever go to petting cats, or dyeing your hair with vile-smelling, sulphurous stuff when white threads begin to sneak in around your temples, dont do that.'

Aunt Letie, who likes to tease people, laughed again.

It was the season of peaches and melons, the roasting season when idle people hunt cool places and devout people hold camp meetings. Alice went to a camp meeting with her father, mother, and Aunt Letitia. Is there anybody here, I wonder, who doesn't know what a camp meeting is like? If there is, let her go to one and find out for herself.

Father and mother sat up among the worshippers, and close to the preacher's platform; Aunt Letie sat half way back in the congregation, like one who was doubtful in her mind as yet whether to separate herself from the world or not, while giddy-pated Alice didn't pretend to sit among the congregation at all, but hovered away back on the extreme borders, where the preacher's voice could be scarcely heard at all. Their position in the camp meeting audience was an exact barometer of the devotional states of these excellent people, namely, father and mother, Aunt Letitia, Alice. In point of fact, the young people on the outermost borders of that devout assembly were flirting with all their might.—If you've never been to a camp meeting I don't mind telling you—that is mostly what young people go to camp meetings for. Alice Esmeralda Kildare was flirting with Tom Creighton. Her betrothed, the slim, handsome, long-haired student, coming home to-morrow.

'When the cat's away the mice will play, and the mouse will play till the very last minute before the cat comes,' Alice had remarked, to herself, as she admired her bright, brunette face in the glass that morning.

So she sat upon one of the rude wooden benches under a tree, and let Tom Creighton talk soft nonsense in half whispers to her. Was all this wicked, of a Sunday, at camp meeting?

Yes: certainly it was: but two-thirds of the young people about them were behaving in the same wicked manner. Suddenly Tom Creighton's soft, lazy voice ceased, and Alice looked up presently, to see why. She could hardly keep down a cry, as she saw approaching them, her own betrothed, the slim, handsome student, who had been gone a whole year. Somehow she felt dreadfully guilty as she caught his bright gray eyes. It was such fun to flirt, but—dear me!

The slim student passed her, with a cold bow. His mother was on his right arm, and he led her to a seat up among the devout people around the preacher's platform. Alice's heart beat a little queerly, and Tom Creighton watched her keenly. It wasn't pleasant, and Alice hated unpleasant things. Suddenly her betrothed came back toward them. He had seated his mother and left her. He touched his hat to Alice.

'I beg pardon, Miss Kildare, but I wish to ask you something in presence of this person. I may not have the opportunity again. I may not see you again soon, indeed.'

He took a paper from his pocket and unfolded it.

'Read that, if you please,' said the slim student to Miss Alice, who by this time was beginning to be conscious of a powerful inclination to run away.

The paper contained an exact copy of the slanderous statements which Alice had allowed Tom Creighton to repeat to her concerning her betrothed.

'I only wish to know,' said the slim student, with simple dignity, 'whether you allowed this person to tell you the stuff that is on that paper?'

Alice did not answer.

She wanted worse than ever to run away, but to save her life she could not have gone past that wrathful gray eye, which was fixed on her like a seige-gun.

'A very short answer is sufficient. Yes or no, Miss Kildare?'

'I won't tell you,' said Alice, pouting.—'Do you think you can make me do anything I won't do?'

'I beg your pardon,' said the slim student, with icy politeness. 'I would not for the world ask you to do anything which is disagreeable to you. Allow me to wish you good morning.'

But as he strode away and left them, Alice didn't like the looks of him. Consequently she flirted harder than ever.

During the dinner recess, after Tom Creighton had gone away and left Alice, suddenly there arose a terrible roar and rumpus in the edge of the woods.

Then there was a pistol shot, and the next moment were heard cries of 'Prize fight!' 'Murder!' Part 'em!' 'Give it to him little one!'

Those who rushed to the quarter whence the cries came saw a slender man, all bloody, and foaming like a wild beast, madly beating and pounding a big fellow who was trying faithfully to shield himself from the blows, which were raining down upon him. And before they could be separated the slim student had beaten Tom Creighton half to death.

'And good enough for him,' said everybody who saw the encounter. 'But who'd have thought that a slim fellow who wrote poetry could do it?'

It seems the two rivals had met somewhere in the grove. Angry words had passed between them, and at last Tom Creighton, who seemed to be in a constant terror lest the other would 'pitch into him,' the boys said, suddenly drew his pistol, without a moment's warning, and exclaiming, 'Don't you come near me!' fired at the slim student.

The blood streamed from the young man's arm, and he fell to the ground wounded, stunned. Tom Creighton turned to run away, but had not taken three steps before the slim student, who wrote poetry, was upon him.

He sprang up, covered with blood, and leaped madly forward, with a roar like a lion.

'I'll kill you!'

He was in a fair way to do it, too, wounded though he was, when the camp police appeared and arrested both young men, in the name of the offended majesty of the law. A wicked newspaper said the next day that the prize-fighters had a larger and more enthusiastic audience than the minister.

That evening this note was put into the hands of naughty Alice Kildare, who had caused all this trouble—

'I return you your troth. It is nothing to me now. I know now, that women are incapable of steady truth and faithfulness. I suppose God made them so. But I do not know why it was ordained that a man shall pour out all his soul, all his manhood and early hopes at a woman's feet, and for compensation have only the satisfaction of knowing he is a fool. I shall not return to college, and you will not see me again. But I hope you will always be happy.'

Alice took the letter up stairs with her, and cried all night over it. In the morning she bathed her red eyes very carefully, and looked at herself narrowly in the glass, as she combed out her dark locks.

'And so I am to be an old maid for all time,' she said soberly.

That is the romance of one camp-meeting.

CHAPTER II

'Oh, botheration!' remarked Sam, with a prodigious yawn and a look of unmistakable boredom.

'Sam Harrington, before Heaven, I believe you are the laziest, slovenliest, crossest, uncivilizedest old bachelor that ever vegetated outside of a grizzly bear's hollow tree. I can hardly believe you are my cousin any more, as I think of what you were fifteen years ago, when you visited us, and look at you now, stout, chuffy, slovenly and rich, caring for nothing on the earth or under the heavens but your nasty pipe. An old bach is a disgrace to humanity, anyhow Sam Harrington! I say—for the Lord's sake, get up and put on a clean shirt.'

Sam grunted. Then the little woman poked him energetically in the ribs.

'Your duty to your health imperatively demands it,' said she.

Sam groaned. The little lady poked him again.

'By all the laws of reason and logic, this duty is pressingly incumbent on you. Allow me to put it to you in the light of a public duty which you owe to your kind, as a member of a civilized community, and not a Hottentot or a Red Indian. Moreover, I, your cousin, implore you with tears in my eyes to oblige me immensely and go and change your linen, and not disgrace me before the world. There, now, is a consideration which ought to move a heart of stone.'

Sam elevated his right foot across his left knee, and regarded attentively a hole in the toe of his right slipper.

'Oh, pshaw!' said he. There is no pest on earth equal to a woman.'

'And besides that, society expects it of you,' continued the little woman, punching him with great vigor.

He arose and slowly stretched himself.—Then he disappeared and presently came back, having reluctantly made the required change of raiment. But the wristbands were unbuttoned, and the collar and bosom shockingly crumpled. His cousin eyed him discontentedly.

'See the man, now,' she said. 'And that beautiful bosom, too, looks as if you'd been rolling down somebody's shed roof. I declare you're enough to drive a woman mad. And you're going to our camp meeting with us, too, and I wanted so much to introduce you to Widow——'

'Drat all women! said Sam reflectively. 'Drat all women—especially widows.'

'But our widow isn't a widow at all, she's a—she's an old maid. I don't know why everybody calls her widow, but that's the name she's always known by. She used to be rich when she was young, but she was real bright and learned then, very learned, for a rich man's daughter. Her father died, they lost their fortune and the widow had to work for her living. She came here and has actually been principal of our village high school for the last seven years. There never was a woman held the place before, and there never was a man who filled it half so well. Her graduates make the best wives and the best school mistresses in the country. School mistresses always make good wives, Sam. I used to be a school mistress myself.'

'Yes,' said Sam. 'Modest, you know.'

'And the widow has done an immeasurable lot of good among the girls here. She has made them like herself, as far as they've sense enough to be it—brave, strong, honest and wise. There never was another like her, Sam. She supports her mother out of her earnings, and—and dresses like a lady, too,' said Sam's cousin, adding the last as a climax of all praise.

'I don't like paragons, said Sam. 'Awfully tiresome.'

'At any rate you're in no danger of being taken for one yourself,' replied the sharp little woman. 'You had the world before you, and we were all so proud of you, and had such high hopes of you. You were going to be a famous poet, reform preacher, and the Lord knows what, and you've not been any of it. When you die I shall have this label tacked across your coffin:

'He began life like a poet, full of grand hopes and aspirations, and he ended by being a slovenly old bachelor, who made a fortune in the brick pressing business.''

'Cousin Mary, let's start to camp-meeting.'

At the camp ground, Sam Harrington and little Mrs. Gerty sat among the devout part of the congregation, and listened to the sermon like old folks.

When it was over and they had all left the wooden benches, a tall pale lady with lustrous black eyes, and dark, wavy hair, stood up facing them. An aged lady with silvery hair, and sweet placid face leaned on the other's arm, and the younger lady carefully supported her feeble steps.

'That's widow and her mother,' whispered Sam's cousin. 'Isn't she lovely?'

Sam looked.

The fine, delicate face was the least bit faded and tired looking, but not a bit soured or gloomy. It was a clear true face—fine, strong and pure, like steel or silk, or something of that sort. Little Mrs. Gerty caught the school-mistress's hand.

'Widow!' she said, 'this is Cousin Sam Harrington, a rich, slovenly old bachelor. I wish you would take him off my hands. Sam—Miss Kildare.'

'W-h-a-t!' screamed he, crazily.

'Don't hurt my arm so. What did you do that for?' said Mrs. Gerty.

'Mr. Harrington and I used to know each other long ago, when I was young,' said the school mistress, calmly, but with an indefinable look in her dark, softly fringed eyes. 'I met him fifteen years ago at a camp-meeting. I have never seen him from that day to this.'

Then she moved on in a calm, graceful way, with a little spot of quivering sunshine glancing across her gray dress as she passed. And the very first thing Sam Harrington did was to look sheepishly at his dusty old boots, while his face reddened slowly with the memory of an old flame. He laid his hand upon Mrs. Gerty's arm.

'Cousin Mary, you said awhile ago that I used to be a poet and an enthusiast, with bright hopes and great aspirations, and it had all ended in my being a useless, slovenly old bachelor, who got rich at patent brickmaking. That woman knows why.

'Then I'm sure you wronged her more than she wronged you. She is the truest, best, brightest woman I ever knew. I wonder if you are the man she nearly broke her heart about, long ago? I've heard a whisper of that, I'm sure. You were always hard and unforgiving, Sam.'

Little Mrs. Gerty, romantic as a girl, watched them narrowly. Were the old flames kindling into life again? Sometimes Mrs. Gerty thought they had died entirely from the heart of either. Sam Harrington began to blacken his boots and button his wristbands.

One summer moonlight evening, Alice Kildare sat in the porch of the little cottage in which she lived with her mother. She was looking down the avenue of trees toward the west, where the sun was sinking in the glowing sky, as Sam Harrington came slowly up the walk and joined her.

'Widow Kildare,' he said, I have come to bid you good-bye.'

'Have you?' said the widow. She would not ask a word more.

'Yes, I must go back to my muck-raking-bricks, you know—and clay, and furnaces and things. I meant to be a poet when I used to be in love with you fifteen years ago. Now I am a brick-maker.'

Used to be! That was what she stayed an old maid for. Her heart was like lead in her bosom, but she smiled and said, 'After all, a brick-maker is as good as a poet.'

'Are you sure you think that, Alice Kildare?'

'Yes, quite sure.'

'Wouldn't you like to see 'em—the great brick-yards, and the huge furnaces, baking the patent bricks by the half million?'

'Yes,' answered the widow. I could tell the school children, you know.'

Sam Harrington made a face. Then he looked at her, and saw that in spite of the brave, proud head which she held up so lately, her face was pale and sorrowful, as though she was parting with a last great hope; and he actually smiled to see it. She had tormented him bitterly once. He threw his hat across the floor, and sat down at the edge of the porch at her feet.

'Alice,' said he, 'why haven't you been married? What have you stayed single all these years for?'

She looked at him and tried to answer, but the words died away in a sorrowful, bitter sob, and she covered her face with her hands. The brave, proud woman was crying. He took one of the slim, cold hands in both his own.

'Alice, I never got over it—the old hurt you gave me once. I never got over the old love, neither. Be my wife now, darling, and let us begin again.'

A little old fashioned portfolio lay on her lap; she took from it a slip of paper, all yellow and creased with age. She held the paper up toward him.

'Samuel Harrington, you said in this note that a woman was incapable of truth or faithfulness. Will you take it back?'

He tore the paper into fragments and blew it away through his fingers; and I don't know where the wind carried it.

'So please Heaven, my hand shall remove all that gives you pain and trouble as long as you live. God bless you, my wife! God bless us all!'

In spite of the globe magnetized water, Alice Kildare did not die an old maid.

'There no love like one's first love after all,' said Mrs. Gerty to her cousin.

'No, there isn't—that is if one's first love changes so as to suit as one grows older,' answered Sam, with a miserable attempt at being philosophical instead of sentimental.

And that is the romance of the second camp meeting.

The Crop Outlook.

Deep interest is felt, at this time, in the prospect for good crops of wheat and corn, as the export trade of the country largely depends on the surplus of breadstuff material raised. The Chicago *Times* has gathered extensive reports from the several grain growing regions, one of its mammoth pages being devoted to the reports. From these we gather that the general outlook is not of the best—drought and shriveled seed operating against a full and abundant yield. Thus in northern and central Wisconsin the crops are suffering greatly from drought, and unless rain speedily falls, the prospect is exceedingly gloomy.

The increase of acreage in Minnesota is estimated at 300,000 acres, but the shriveled seed sown on much of this ground, and the plants are reported feeble and sickly. Rains have fallen in southern Minnesota, and the prospects there are more favorable. The same is true of southern and western Wisconsin, where the acreage of wheat has been increased. Iowa shows a fair prospect. A considerable increase in acreage is reported and recent rains have partially dispelled fears of drought. Nebraska is in about the same situation in all respects as Iowa. Dakota shows an increased acreage, and favorable prospects.

In the spring wheat States the acreage is increased, but the chances are not so bright as could be desired. Poor seed and the lack of rain are the causes. If abundant rains should fall, all trouble from the causes mentioned would be at an end.

The winter wheat prospect in the belt of the middle States are good. The acreage is increased, and there is need of more rain, but the general outlook is better than in the spring wheat region. The supply of winter wheat, however, does not compare with the other, and hence taking the two, the present prospect is not more than of average fairness.

General Grant's Arabian Steeds.

NEW YORK, May 11.—A steamer from Constantinople, bound for New Haven for a consignment of arms and ammunition, has aboard two magnificent Arabian horses, the property of General Grant, who received them as a gift from the Sultan of Turkey. One is a dapple gray and is named "The Panther," or in Turkish, Djeytan. The other is coal-black, with a white star on his forehead, and is named Missirli. They are housed on deck, and have borne the voyage well. They will be taken to Philadelphia and cared for in Mr. G W. Childs' stables until General Grant's return.

BEN HILL is slow to grasp the great truth that it is always dangerous business for a Democrat to stir up "by-gones." Something rank is always sure to turn up with the Democratic tag to it, which makes it unpleasant for the digger.

Do hens become roosters at night?

Old Times.

A half a century ago, a large portion of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted, unplastered, and utterly devoid of adornment. A well fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting on one side, while freezing on the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clapboarded, painted, blinded and are comfortably warmed. Then, the household furniture consisted of a few chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To day, few are the homes, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average day laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose on a spring bed.

Fifty years ago, the kitchen "dressers" were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck handled knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plates and spoons to the melting pot, while the knives and forks, have given place to nickel or silver plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner pot, tea kettle, skillet, Dutch oven, and frying pan; to-day there is no end to kitchen furniture.

The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch knot fire, or read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip;" now, in city or village, their apartments are bright with the flame of the gas jet or the softer radiance of kerosene. Then if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel, or tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could light them only by some hearthstone; to-day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fire-works in the match safe, at a cost of one hundredth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well to-do could afford a clock. To-day who does not carry a watch? and as for clocks, you may purchase them at wholesale, by the cart load, at sixty-two cents apiece.

Fifty years ago how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo, or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then? Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who may read this article will remember that in 1830 the bible, the almanac, and a few text books used in schools were almost the only volumes of the household.

The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast the public libraries of the present, containing more that 10,000 volumes, have an aggregate of 10,640,000 volumes, not including the Sunday school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000!

Of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it may be said that enough have been published to supply one to every 100 inhabitants of the United States.

Flower Gardens.

So many people say that their flowers which once did well do not thrive any more, and the reason is incomprehensible to them. In many cases the trouble is from worn out soil; and if a little manure, or a little fresh earth be added occasionally, it is wonderful what an effect it will have on the renewed growth of half worn out root stocks. Some kind of flowers, especially, soon grow surly and bad tempered unless they have a complete change of earth once in a while. The verbena is of this character. In perfectly fresh soil, that is earth that has never grown a verbena before, it grows like a weed; but the next year it is not quite so well; and in a few years it absolutely refuses to creep, run or do anything, and we are forced to confess that the verbena won't do for us as it used to years ago.

Other flowers are not quite so stubbornly fastidious as the verbena; but still all more or less like to feel rejuvinated by an addition of earth blessings they have already been treated to.

Almost all our best hardy flowers are natives of woods, or low, undisturbed lands, where the decaying leaves from the trees or the washings of higher surface lands make a new annual entertainment for them—and it has been found by experiment that nothing is so good for these pretty little flowers as well decayed leaf mold from the woods, spread round the root stocks just above the ground. But when this cannot be had, any other well decayed vegetable refuse that may "be lying around loose" will do very nearly as well. Strong, rich manure—barn yard manure—has not been found very good for garden flowers. It makes the herbage too strong, and the flowers less in proportion. But if nothing more natural can be got at to help the flowers along, and the soil seems exhausted and poor, this will be found much better than leaving the plants to struggle along as best they can.

Perches for Fowls.

A correspondent of the Poultry Yard recommends the following method for making perches for fowls:

Make a trough for the roosts by nailing lath on both edges of a piece of scantling or board three inches wide, projecting upwards half an inch or more. Fill this trough with mortar, into which has been put to 1 pail of mortar half a pound of sulphur, ½ pint of crude carbolic acid, and ½ pint of kerosene. If you want the mortar to set quickly, add 1lb of calcined plaster, such as dentists use for casts. Mix thoroughly. The mortar can be knocked out easily, and removed once or twice a year. Have your roosts loose, so they may be turned over bottom side up in very cold weather, to guard against freezing the fowls' feet by contact with the cold mortar.

Poultrymen will find this much more effective than patent eggs, &c., as the whole flock sit on the roost 10 or 12 hours every day, instead of a part of them a few minutes, when they are laying. The above is neither expensive nor troublesome to make, and should be used by everybody who keeps fowls.

To Farmers.

How many farmers have ever taken the trouble to make a careful estimate of the amount of unutilized land on their farms? There may be several acres overgrown with brush and each year becoming more difficult to clear off and put in productive condition, or there is considerable area from which the timber has been removed but which has not been suitably cleared of the brush and resulting rubbish. It is left to produce berry bushes, and a great variety of weeds, until the soil is so abundantly supplied with the enemies to profitable culture that it will require years of patient toil to eradicate or subdue them. There are on many farms acres of valuable land rendered utterly worthless by permitting the water from springs to run over and leach through it.

A small outlay in draining would put the land in a productive condition and in many cases the spring water might be conveyed to distant pasture fields, or the house or barn, where its presence would be worth more than the cost of the improvement.

In close times like the present it behooves farmers to have a careful regard for the principles of true economy. If an outlay of $5 will make a rod of twice that amount in a single season then surely hard times furnish no excuse for neglecting the improvement, but rather are an argument and incentive for prompt action. But the conspicuous waste places are only a part of the land which year after year is permitted to lie idle, or worse to produce only weeds. The unutilized land along the fences about our grain fields amount to considerable in the aggregate and close economical management will reduce the loss to the *minimum*.

Careless ploughers will leave much more untilled land next to the fences than there is any need of leaving; on a large farm, fenced into small fields, it is plain to see that a strip of a few feet will amount to several acres. The loss of this land should be charged to the cost of fencing, which is made needlessly high on most of our farms.

Much land is rendered almost worthless by shade trees in fields where they are not needed. Stumps and large stones are left to encumber the ground and impede work. Land from which an early crop is taken is permitted to lie unused for several months when it ought to be producing something.

Farmers are regarded as a very economical class, but there are many lessons of economy to be learned in our farm management, and one of them is to utilize every acre and every rod of our farms to the best possible advantage.

Care of Horses.

They should be fed in proportion to their work. An idle team may be wintered on good hay alone; when working lightly a feed of grain at noon will be sufficient, with hay morning and night. With heavy work, 10 quarts of ground corn and oats, and chaffed straw or cornfodder, will be good feeding, and in many cases, for small horses, less will do. Ground gypsum spread upon the floors will prevent the pungent odor common to stables. This vapor of ammonia is hurtful to horses' eyes, and the frequent cause of ophthalmia, resulting in blindness, with which so many horses are troubled. Throw a few pailfuls of water upon the floor first, and then scatter around a shovelful of the gypsum. Fresh air should enter the stables at the bottom and the foul air escape at the top. Make small sliding doors for ventilation, and cover them with wire netting or laths to exclude vermin.

Killing With Kindness.

At the approach of winter, in neatly kept yards, we frequently see roses and some of the more tender species of shrubbery, elaborately tied up in straw, and so closely enveloped as to make an almost air tight covering. This is killing with kindness, and the plants thus wrapped up run as much risk in dying with suffocation, as freezing to death if left uncovered. Josiah Hoopes thus states the case in the N. Y. *Tribune*:

Protection in the winter means shelter from the high cold winds, and the direct rays of the sun, and at the same time allow a free circulation of air to pass through their branches. No greater mistake is made by the ignorant gardner than to tie up his roses, etc., tightly in straw, because it looks neat; better by far to do them up loosely in evergreen branches, although not so pleasant to the eye. They are for utility, not appearance.

An old darkey caught a two pound sucker one day, and was so well satisfied with his work that he laid down for a nap, with his fish beside him on the grass. Another darkey came along presently, picked up the sucker, and left a half-pound one in its place. When the first man woke up, the first thing his eyes sought was the fish, and it took him some seconds to realize that something had happened. Then, turning his prize over and examing it all around, he simply said: "Golly, now dat fish am swunked?"

Forest Fires in Cameron County.

EMPORIUM, PA., May 13.—The forest fires are raging in this vicinity fiercer than has ever been seen before. On Monday night the fire burned from Barr's to the Portable Mills in nine hours, and yesterday lumber camps, shanties, bark piles, etc., were consumed in the track of the flames, causing a loss that cannot now be estimated. All attempts to beat back the fire are worse than useless, as it is of such a magnitude as to sweep everything before it.

Great Conflagration in India.

BOMBAY, May 15.—There was a great conflagration last night at Poonah, an important government and military centre, eighty miles southeast of this city. The government school, the Boodwall palace, the law courts, the postoffice, the police office and fifty houses were completely destroyed. The fire has since been extinguished.

A boy who had run away from home, and at last returned, was asked if his father had killed the fatted calf for the prodigal. "Not much," he replied. "He didn't kill the fatted calf but he wanted to slay the prodigal."

A young lady while on her way to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked: "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible fate."

Can it be said that a man who is intoxicated is dejected because he is more'n full?

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, Palpitation 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, 121 7 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. HELMBOLD,

Druggist and Chemist,

Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SPRING JOHN WANAMAKER. SUMMER

THE Unparalleled Success of The Mail Department for Samples & Supplies

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at the Grand Depot, during the past season, has necessitated an entire refitting of the interior of the large room devoted exclusively to executing orders received by mail.

THE LARGEST DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Zephyrs, Fringes, Ribbons, Notions, Cloths,

Though you live a Thousand Miles from Philadelphia, you can purchase at the Grand Depot an entire outfit or the smallest article in Dry Goods, etc., with the greatest ease, and an absolute certainty of the same exact attention that is paid to customers who visit the establishment in person.

Ladies' Suits, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Liquors, Firearms, Musics, Stationery, Silverware, China, etc.

GRAND DEPOT

Precision, Promptness and Experience, combined with the highest regard for even the slightest wishes of those who order, and a now almost faultless system, peculiar to the Grand Depot only, make this the Model Department of its kind in America.

THIRTEENTH ST., CHESTNUT TO MARKET STS.

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Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering.

PHILADELPHIA

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

Great Inducements to Cash Buyers.

One of the firm of Casebeer & Co. has just returned from the Eastern Cities, where he purchased

FOR CASH

The best and cheapest stock of GOODS that will be brought to town this season, consisting of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS, DYE STUFFS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.,

These goods we will sell

FOR CASH

Or on a short credit to responsible persons if paid promptly when due. We will also exchange them for

GRAIN, FLOUR, MAPLE SUGAR AND FARM PRODUCTS GENERALLY.

We will Pay CASH for

FLOUR, WHEAT, OATS, CORN AND MAPLE SUGAR.

Products must in all cases be delivered before the cash or goods are wanted. Those wishing to save money by buying at the

LOWEST PRICES

Can do so by giving us a call and comparing our prices and terms with other stores. Our long experience and ample capital enable us to do better for

OUR CUSTOMERS

Than any other store in this

TOWN OR COUNTY.

CASEBEER & CO.

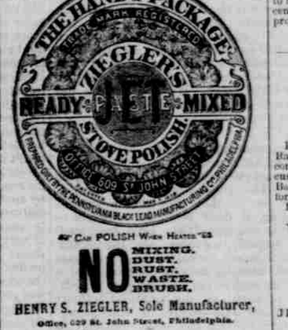
April 23

THE HANDY PACKAGE JET PASTE. STOVE POLISH.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Everybody—Uses It. Everybody—Believes It Best. Everybody—Recommends It. Everybody's Handy Package.

Patented May 7th, 1878. See Patented July 9th, 1878.



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Office, 629 St. John Street, Philadelphia.

Oct 9.9m

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

SALESROOMS:

Union Square, New York,

—AND—

154 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.,

MANUFACTURERS

—OF—

SILVER PLATED WARE.

Trade Mark for Spoons, Forks, &c.

1847, Rogers Bros. A. I.

These Goods have taken the Certificates of Award wherever exhibited, both in this and the old Countries,

And the Meriden Britannia Co. are the LARGEST and Best Manufacturers in this line in the World.

Ask your Jeweler for these Goods.

April 16.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

J. O. Kimmel and J. P. Kimmel and J. O. Kimmel & Sons, to H. L. Baer & J. G. Ogle.

April 12, 1879, account of the Assignees of J. O. Kimmel & Sons filed same day. Account of the Assignees of J. O. Kimmel filed.

And now, May 1st, 1879, exceptions to accounts filed by J. R. Ellis Esqr., Attorney of Auditors and May 2d, 1879, the Court appoint H. S. Endsley Esqr., Auditor to pass on the exceptions and report a distribution.

SOMERSET COUNTY, ss:

Extract from the record, certified May 6, 1879.

H. F. SCHELL, Pro.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of above commission, I will sit and attend to the duties therein specified, at the office of J. G. Ogle, Esq., in the borough of Somerset, on Tuesday, June 3, 1879.

H. S. ENDSLEY, Auditor.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County Pa., No. 514 August T. 1879. (Vol. Assignment.)

May 7

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Samuel Meyers late of Brothersvalley township, 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 at late residence of deceased in said township, on Saturday, May 17, 1879.

DAVID L. MEYERS, JOHN S. MEYERS, WILLIAM S. MEYERS, Administrators.

April 2

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

At an Orphans' Court held at Somerset, in and for Somerset County, on the 2nd day of May, 1879, before the Honorable the Judges thereof, in the matter of the estate of