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With Detachable Fertilizer.

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DON'T HURRY TOO FAST TO BE RICH.

Your road through life may be thorny,
Your bed not of roses or down—
Remember what Shakspeare has written
Of those on whose heads lies a crown;
It is hard to toil late and toil early—
To delve or to wearily stitch—
Do your best to improve your condition—
But—don't hurry too fast to be rich!

We find in the Good Book this sentence—
"As long as the world 'twill endure—
"He who to be rich"—it says—"hasteneth,
"Becometh the suddenly poor."
Just turn to the passage and read it
When for lucre your fingers shall itch;
And of the camel and eye of the needle,
And don't hurry too fast to be rich!

There are those in a palace residing,
Yes, many, I venture to say,
Who'd rejoice and be glad to change places
With you, my dear fellow, to-day!
Ah, little we know of the troubles,
The cares, and anxieties which
Attend, like a shadow, these people—
So don't hurry too fast to be rich!

How exalted and noble the wages
That always reward honest toil,
Be they carried 'neath the fierce sun of noonday,
Or by those who consume midnight oil;
There lies beneath Wealth and Contentment
Offimes an impassible ditch;
Don't fall in it, brother, be careful!—
Don't hurry too fast to be rich!

MAKING HERSELF USEFUL.

Rachel Ramsey looked very pretty indeed as she came down the narrow wooded staircase of the little brown farmhouse that afternoon, dressed in a white muslin dress, strewn all over with tiny pink rosebuds, and fresh lace frill about her neck, tied with a pink ribbon, while her pretty feet were buttoned into a new pair of boots, with hight french heels, and her hair was curled in loose, glossy coils of shining bronze.

"Eh!" said Granny Ramsey, looking up from her everlasting knitting work, over which she was half a sleep; "going to church, hey?"

"It isn't Sunday, grandma," explained the girl, laughing and coloring. "I'm going to the Tower to see Miss Calhoun. She has often invited me there—she and Miss Bell.

"Pshaw!" said Granny Ramsey, who was one of those venerable people privileged to speak their minds on all occasions; "what do the fine city ladies at the Tower want of a farmer's daughter like you?"

"But, grandma, they've invited me."

"It reminds me," said grandma, shrewdly, "of the old story of the iron pot and the china pot swimming down stream together; and they didn't no wise suit."

Rachel said no more but escaped out into the shady lane, where the maples were begining to turn pale yellow in the first September frosts.

"Grandma is always criticising everybody," she thought. "I know the ladies at the Tower will be glad to see me. Miss Alice wants to sketch my head for 'Elaine,' and Miss Bell asked me to sing duets with her. She said I had a voice like a lark. And perhaps Mr. Harold Haroldson will be there! For I know he often visits the house."

And Rachel smiled to herself as she crossed the rustic bridge and went through the woods to the Tower, a fantastic wooden cottage with a semi-circular front, which was let for the summer, the owner thereof preferring to live in a square brick structure in the village.

The little side door was open and Rachel went in. From the left of the passage way a door opened into the kitchen and there to her infinite amazement she saw Miss Alice Calhoun herself in an asthetic dress of pale sage green, and roses in her hair contemplating a pair of decapitated fowls which lay on the table.

"Miss Alice!" she exclaimed.

"Is it you, Rachel!" cried the city young lady, pouncing on her as a drowning man pounces on the nearest floating straw. "Oh I was never so glad to see anybody in all my life! These horrid hens! Bridget has gone away and all because I presumed to find fault with the coffee this morning, and we have company for dinner, and I haven't an idea how to get the feathers off these creatures. But now that you are here everything will be bright."

And she took off the big bib apron and stepped back with a sigh of relief.

Rachel looked perplexed. She had come there not to enact the roli of kitchen maid, but to visit Miss Calhoun, to sit in her drawing room and enjoy the conversation of her guests, and she did not exactly relish the summary dismissal to the kitchen.

"There is soup stock," went on Miss Alice, "and a salad, and a delicate piece of halibut, and with the fowl roasted and a piece of pie or pudding or something which I dare say you can make, we shall do very nicely. I'm particularly anxious about the dinner because we are to have company. You'll excuse me now, because I have to dress."

And away tripped Miss Alice, selfish and smiling as ever was Queen Cleopatra herself.

Poor Rachel! She stood a minute in the hot kitchen, the tears springing into her eyes, a pang of disappointment at her heart. She knew all about it. Harold Haroldson and Mr. Dallas were to dine there that day, and she—she was to be cook, waitress, maid of all work—what signified it what she called herself? She remembered what grandma had said, and for once in her life gave that venerable old lady credit for discrimination.

There was no help for it, however. She tied on the bib apron, tucked the curls back of her ears and went to work to prepare the chickens for the roasting pan, now and then pausing to brush away the round, bright tears which rolled down her cheeks.

These young ladies evidently intended making her useful. She might have known that they did beforehand. She could hear the sweet sound of Bell Calhoun's guitar, the sweet, subdued tinkle of Alice's laughter; the deep monotous undercurrent of gentlemen's voices; and then she glanced down at her pretty muslin dress and bows of pink ribbon, and began to think that Miss Calhoun had taken an unfair advantage of her.

If she could only have heard the rapid and energetic colloquy which transpired between the two sisters in their dressing room when Alice first came up stairs she would perhaps have better comprehended the drift of things.

"Good news!" Miss Calhoun had cried, waving her scented pocket handkerchief in the air. "I've got a girl in the kitchen!"

"No!" said Miss Bell, a fair haired cream complected damsel, with pale eyes and a perpetual smile.

"Rachel Ramsey," nodded Alice, "come up here in her best bib and tucker to spend the day. Of course I confiscated her at once."

"The bold, pushing thing," said Bell, with a disdainful gesture.

"She's a deal to pretty to bring into the drawing room for Haroldson and Armie Dallas to flirt with," added Miss Alice, knowingly. "And I don't know anyway that I could have avoided it if it hadn't been for those lucky chickens and Bridget's fortunate fit of temper. Make haste now. They'll be here in a minute. And I know little Rachel is a first class cook, for I've been there to tea."

So the young ladies of the Tower were enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul in their cool drawing room, with books, new gathered roses and blue ribboned guitars, while poor Rachel Ramsey was boiling in the kitchen over peach tarts and Neapoliton creams.

She had not forgotten her disappointment; but artist-like, she had thrown herself into occupation with engrossing interest, and she was stirring the creams with a quick, energetic hand, when a step crossed the threshold.

"Here are some fresh trout, Bridget, to surprise your mistress," said a clear voice.

And to her infinite amazement Harold Haroldson stood before her in his hunting costume, with a fishing rod lightly balanced on his shoulder.

"I'm not Bridget," said the girl, laughing, but still stirring on. "I'm Rachel."

"Miss Ramsey!" he exclaimed, lifting his cap. "How in the name of all that is wonderful came you here?"

And then not without humor, Rachel detailed the manner and incidents of her capture.

"I am the maid of all work, if you please," she said, with courtesy.

"Then let me help you," said Mr. Haroldson, briskly tying a second bib apron around his hunting suit. "I used to be a pretty good hand at spider and gridiron when I camped out on Lake Cupsuptic up in Maine."

"But you are not engaged," said Rachel, half pleased, half frightened.

"I can volunteer," observed the young man. "Give me the oil and vinegar, and you will see what a dressing a la mayonnaise I can provide for that salad of yours."

And if ever a pair of cooks spent a delightful day, unconventional sort of morning in the kitchen this pair did.

They laughed, they made innocent jokes, they behaved like two school children.

And at last when Rachel had run out into the garden to gather some water cresses to deck the newly roasted fowls, Mr. Haroldson heard the voice of Miss Bell Calhoun calling down the stairway:

"Rachel! Rachel! you may serve the dinner. Every one is here but that tiresome Haroldson!"

"And he's here, too," calmly responded that gentleman, who was washing his hands at the pump.

"What!" cried Bell, shrilly.

"The cook and butler are expected to take their meals in the kitchen," said Mr. Haroldson, with commendable gravity. "And I've no objection whatever to that arrangement."

And nothing could induce Harold Haroldson to come up to the dining room. He and Rachel together ate their picnicing sort of repast and washed the dishes—although the matter somewhat lost its spice when the Misses Calhoun and their company all adjourned en masse to the kitchen and persisted joining their ranks.

And when the purple sunset came dreamily down over the dark cedars that overhung the brawing stream, and the gay guests had all departed, Alice and Bell Calhoun gazed dubiously at each other.

"Was anything so provoking?" said Bell.

"He has actually gone home with her," said Alice, bursting into angry tears.

"And after all the pains we took to keep them apart," sighed Bell.

"It was all your fault," petulently exclaimed Alice. "Noticing that farmer's daughter and dragging her out of her sphere in that sort of way!"

"But it was you who plumed yourself on getting her into the kitchen," scolded Bell. "And a nice mess you have made of it."

"But how were we to tell that it was going to end so?" groaned poor Alice.

* * * *

"Well, Rachel," said granny Ramsey, when the girl came in, just as the lamps were lighted, "what sort of a day did you have?"

"Oh, charming," said Rachel. "I enjoyed myself more than I ever did before at the Tower, and I never went out of the kitchen. They had company, and I helped to get dinner."

"Humph!" grunted granny. "That's a queer way of entertaining visitors. But p'raps that's city manners."

"Perhaps it is," said Rachel demurely.

"Who was it came home with you," asked Granny, who was not quite deaf or blind as yet, and left you at the garden gate?"

"One of the other servants," said Rachel.

"Well I never," said granny. "Where's all your pride, Rachel Ramsey?"

"I never was prouder in all my life than I am to-night," said Rachel. "Listen, grandma, for I have so much to tell you. Mr. Harold Haroldson, of New York, walked home with me; and I've met him ever so many times before this summer at picnics and archery parties and such places, but I never knew he cared for me. And to-night he asked me to marry him, and he is to come here to-morrow to see father."

"Do you love him?" said Granny Ramsey, huskily.

And Rachel answered:

"Yes."

"Then God bless you, my child, and give you both a long and happy life," said the old lady, softly smoothing the girl's bright head.

And every one was satisfied except the ladies at the Tower.

FOREIGN LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, August 18, 1882.

To-day has been one of considerable bustle and excitement among the soldiers and sailors. Last night it was generally reported that an expedition against the Aboukir forts had been decided on.

The regiments selected for the work are the Household Cavalry, the Foot Guards, 46th Rifles, Engineers, two battalions of Marines, and the Mounted Infantry. The Foot Guards and the 46th Rifles packed up and bivouacked on the camping ground during the whole of the night.

Early this morning the Scot Guards came by train from Ramleh, and marched through the town with their pipers playing. They presented a dusty, campaign appearance, and looked thoroughly fit for active service. They went on board the Orient which takes the Duke of Connaught and staff.

This was the first regiment to embark. The Coldstreams followed on board the Iberia, and presented a similar appearance. About nine o'clock the Grenadiers came by train from Ramleh, luggage wagons and pack mules accompanying. The 46th Rifles followed, and the embarkation of men and horses was quickly accomplished without a single accident.

It caused an unusual scene of commotion about the harbor. Everything was done in a regular, business-like manner. The harbor also, presented a picturesque sight, all the ships being dressed in honor of the Austrian Royal Family, and salutes being fired.

The actual operations to be undertaken and the exact port of disembarkation, are kept secret, even from the highest officers of the staff. General Wolseley pleasantly declines to make any revelation until they had arrived before the enemy.

I can only state generally that on Saturday evening or Sunday morning a serious attack will, as is reported, be made on the forts at Aboukir, followed by the landing of a division of troops.

The Superb and the Temeraire carry horse-boats but the others do not. The captains of the ironclads have sealed orders. I do not know whether any troops go in the fighting ships. Their orders are to be ready and under weigh by one o'clock on Saturday.

General Wolseley and his staff are on board the Salamis. The Aboukir division will consist of about 6,000 men, and in case of necessity will be reinforced by 2,000 of the Naval Brigade.

So much publicity has been allowed respecting the departure of troops and ironclads, and the probable point of assault, that many officers doubt whether some other place along the coast has not really been selected for operations.

Officers and Sailors are alike delighted at the prospect of having another chance of an important naval fight on the scene of Nelson's great victory. The only doubt is whether the enemy will fight; but nothing seems to justify that doubt. On the contrary, the General in command and the Admiral anticipate a determined resistance.

I had, this afternoon, a capital view of Arabi's camp from the top of a high house near the Beau Sejour hotel. It was quite clear. The threatened action had caused no visible alteration in his lines. An Engineer officer present expressed the opinion that the enemy's entrenchments were very strong, but were certainly not the work of Arabs. His soldiery had no appearance of special activity. Last night the electric light showed the enemy's patrols near Ramleh sand hills.

A Greedy Darkey.

The colored voters are beginning to understand politics as well, if not better than most white voters. Their natural disposition to lie and steal, as crops out in the cases of Whittaker and Flippers, is of great advantage to them during a political campaign. One of the candidates for an office at the municipal election in Austin, not long since, relied on the fidelity of an old family servant to help him out among the colored voters. The candidate was beaten. After the election he was told that the colored political friend had voted against him. He did not believe it, but meeting him one day, the candidate said:

"I'll give you a dollar, Jim to tell me whom you voted for."

"I voted again' you, boss."

"Well, here is a dollar for your candor."

"Look hear, boss, is yer am gwine ter pay fo' de candor, I mout as well own up I voted again' you free different times. Three dollars moah, if you please, boss."

Lady Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

UP IN SOMERSET COUNTY.

MEYERSDALE COAL AND FIRE BRICK WORKS.

A Progressive Village—Development Of the Coal Field—The Fire Brick Works—Improvements—New Works, &c., &c.

MEYERSDALE, PA., Aug 31.

One hundred and sixteen miles east of Pittsburg on the Connellsville branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Somerset county, is located the neat little village of Meyersdale, containing a population of about 1,500. The town is pleasantly located and contains fine residences, business houses, hotels and churches. The Methodist Episcopal, Lutheran, Episcopalian, German Reform, Catholic, Dunkard and Progressive Congregations, all have fine church buildings. The hotels are becoming quite a resort for city people during the heated term. Several ladies from your city and Sewickley are spending a few weeks at the Jones House.

Surrounding the village are finely cultivated and well stocked farms, many of them owned by the Dunkard and Omish sects. Members of the latter sect may often be seen on the streets, the men with their brimmed hats, jean suits, put together regardless of fashion or style, and hooked up with hooks and eyes—abandoning buttons—and the women with their old fashioned suits and scooped sun bonnets. These people are all industrious and good citizens. The Progressives are composed of the younger members who refuse to follow the old customs and odities in dress, &c.

Meyersdale is becoming quite a coal field. During the past year a large amount of fine steam and blacksmithing coal has been shipped over the Baltimore and Ohio road from the fast-developing mines—ten in number—in this vicinity. A new branch road from the main line, running back seven miles to Salisbury, has been completed, along near which nearly all the openings into the coal are made. The coal vein averages about ten feet in the hills and is reached by dritt openings, some of them by incline planes up the hill. At the lower end of the road, from six to six and a half feet only is mined leaving some on top and some in the bottom, but further up the road, nine feet is mined. The miners receive fifty cents per ton for run of mine coal, and have had very steady work during the spring and summer, but just at the present time some complaint is heard for want of cars. We also find here the headquarters of one of the largest fire brick manufacturing firms in the country, or doubtless, in the world, after their contemplated improvements are made, as will be noted below.

SAVAGE FIRE BRICK COMPANY.

This company has two large fire brick works in operation night and day, one at Keystone Junction, two miles east of Meyersdale, and one at Hindman, and are building another large work at Williams station, four miles west of Hindman, where they own large tracts of land, and are operating one of the largest and best fire clay mines in the country. The company was organized with Mr. J. S. Hoblitzell, of Meyersdale, President, and J. M. Porter, of New Cumberland, W. Va., Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Hoblitzell, as general manager of all the works, gives them his personal attention. A superior brick is made at these works, guaranteeing to them more orders than they can fill. Their present capacity is about 8,000,000 brick annually, and when the new work is completed, they expect to make from twelve to fifteen million brick a year.

The Keystone Junction works are in charge of Mr. Henry Parson, formerly of your city. In this factory all the various sizes and shapes of fire brick used in the construction of blast furnaces and steel works are made. Large orders for the Edgar Thompson steel works have been filled here of numerous sizes and odd shapes. There are about fifty men and boys steadily employed. They are still behind with orders, and will rush the new works forward as rapidly as possible.

The Hindman factory is in charge of Mr. D. J. Hagley, where forty-eight men and boys are employed. They also run double shifts and make in the neighborhood of 12,000 bricks daily. The product here is confined principally to square brick and small shapes. The brick in both factories are hand-made.

The new works and the mines at Williams station are in charge of J. Noel. The new factory will be 130 feet long by 60 feet wide and 35 feet high. The very latest and most improved machinery will be placed in it. It will have a capacity of 20,000 brick daily. When this is completed this company will have the greatest producing capacity of any single firm in the United States, or probably in the world. The clay used at all the works is taken from this station, and is second to none for making a fine quality of fire brick. The mine is reached by an incline plane 500 feet in length, and then entered by a drift opening into the mountain. The interior of the mine is wonderful to behold. The clay vein varies in thickness from six feet to twenty-six feet. Some of the heading have twenty-six feet of solid fire clay, covered by a solid rock roof. The headings are driven fifteen feet wide, and the rooms turned off fourteen feet in width, and in some places twenty to twenty-six feet high and not a single post in the mine. Tiron rails are laid throughout the entire mine. Two qualities of clay are taken out, a hard and a soft clay, which makes different grades of brick. Large balls are found thro' the clay, weighing from one hundred pounds to a ton, which analyzes potash, lime and iron, it is said showing 40 per cent. of iron. Where these are found the clay near them is said to be of a very fine quality, showing that all the impurities have been drawn from it. It requires four tons of clay to make a thousand brick; therefore, they now consume 100 tons daily. The company gives employment in their various works to about 200 men and boys.

THE KEYSTONE COAL COMPANY.

The large coal mine of this company is located about three miles from Meyersdale, along the Casselman river. It is under the general supervision of Mr. J. O. Yarington, who has recently made improvements, making a new opening, building a new wheel house and a fine incline plane 400 feet in length, spanning the Casselman river, relieving them of the former delays of high water and ice gorges. The underground work is in charge of Mr. John Grumbley, has about fifty miners employed at present, giving them plenty of work when cars can be had. The coal is carried over the tram road from the mine to Keystone Junction, a distance of six miles, where it is loaded in hoppers on the B. & O. road. They have one eight-ton Porter and a seventeen-ton Baldwin locomotive to do their work. The coal averages about six feet, or at least that much of it is taken out, leaving some on top and in the bottom.

CUMBERLAND AND ELK LICK COAL COMPANY.

The mines of this company, under the general supervision of Mr. A. Chamberlin, and known as the Shaw mine, is located on the Salisbury branch of the B. & O. road, about one mile from town. The underground work is in charge of Mr. B. Thomas, an old and well known mining boss, who made the fine opening last year for the Elk Garden mine, W. Va. He has about 100 men employed, putting out about 400 tons daily. They take out about 6½ feet of coal, leaving the balance on top and bottom. They anticipate the continuance of a fair trade during the fall and winter season.

BALTIMORE AND CUMBERLAND COAL COMPANY.

Five miles from Meyersdale, on the Saulisbury branch, a short distance up Grassy Run, this company is operating a mine under the general supervision of J. J. Hoblitzel. The mine is reached by an incline 575 feet in length from the tipple to the drift mouth. The underground workings are in charge of Mr. John Megar, who has at present some 55 men employed. They take out nine feet of coal. The men have had pretty fair work, and are hopeful for a good fall trade, although there is some time lost for want of cars.

THE HOCKING COAL COMPANY.

The mine of this compacy joins the above and is under the general supervision of Mr. John T. Hocking. They have also had a steady run, giving employment to about seventy-five men. They mine from 8½ to 9 feet of coal.

The mine of the Meyersdale Coal Company, located near town, is also under the supervision of Mr. John T. Hocking, employing about thirty-five men. Down at this end but 6 feet of the coal is mined.

THE FAIRVIEW COAL COMPANY.

These three companies have tipples close together up the Grassy run branch. Mr. Thomas Reese has charge of the affairs of this company. They have also been having a steady run employing about 70 men. The coal will average about 9 feet.

THE TUB MILL COLLIERY.

This mine, operated by W. J. Smith & Co., under the general supervision of Mr. Wm. Kirby, is located at the terminus of the Saulisbury road, seven miles from Meyersdale. The mine is reached by an incline plane 650 feet in length. One hundred and ten men are employed, and have steady work when cars can be had. The coal averages 6 feet. The company have capacity for shipping 600 tons daily.

THE COCHRAN BIG VEIN MINE.

This mine is located near West Saulisbury, and operated by James Cochran. It has a drift opening into nine feet of coal. About 30 men are employed at present.

THOMAS WILLIAMS' MINES.

This gentlemen is operating two mines, one near Meyersdale, known as the Cumberland Coal Company's mine, in which he gives employment to about 30 men. The other, near West Saulisbury, under the title of Saulisbury Coal Company, gives employment to about 30 men, but at present is not running steady, on account of the scarcity of cars.

S. H. C.

Better Horses and Better Prices.

Never in the history of fine stock interests has such rapid improvement in any branch of stock raising been made as has characterized the American draft horse. Americans have crossed the Atlantic and obtained the very best specimens of French and English draft horses, the progeny of which have been scattered throughout the country; yet farmers are slow to improve the opportunity of using them, but will continue to use mongrels because they are cheaper. There is not a more profitable business connected with the farm than raising half and three-quarter blood draft horses. We will suppose the reader is a farmer and possesses four or five work horses; we will also suppose three out of the five are mares. You breed these three mares to one of the many little stallions of the country, and you produce a colt useless until it is three years old, and his cash value is then from $90 to $100. Take the same three mares and breed them to a thoroughbred draft horse of any kind of the popular breeds, Norman, Clydesdale, English draft, Suffolk, French or Cleveland Bay, and the offspring will be colts that can be put to work at two years old. We have known yearlings to be used for light work but do not recommend that. After working their colts two summers, thereby receiving satisfactory returns for feed and trouble, at four years old you will find ready sale for them at from $125 to $250 per head. We know of a farmer who pursues this course, turning off a team of four year olds each year, at prices that were never lower than $375 per team.

Face the Facts.

Either Gen. Beaver or Robert Pattison will be the next Governor of Pennsylvania. The candidacy of John Stewart imperils Republican success. A vote for Stewart by a Republican is half a vote for Pattison and Democratic supremacy. The Independents refused to accept the liberal offer of the Republicans, leaving the settlement of all questions between the parties to the men who voted for Garfield. They would be satisfied with nothing but the absolute bossism of the men who assume to attack bosses. No middle ground would satisfy them, and on the haughty and ungenerous platform, "Rule or ruin," they took their stand, and the peril of the party they profess to love, and the probable supremacy of the spoils-hunting party they profess to hate, will not move them from the dog-in-the-manger policy they have adopted. There are but two great parties in this country and there cannot be more, and one of these