The Somerset Herald.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
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MY VESPER SONG.

Filled with weariness and pain,
Scarcely strong enough to pray,
In this twilight hour I sit,
Sit and sing my doubt away.
O'er my broken purposes,
E'er the coming shadows roll,
Let me build a bridge of song,
"Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly."
How the words my thoughts repeat:
To Thy bosom Lord, I come;
Though unfit to kiss thy feet,
Once I gathered sheaves for Thee,
Dreaming I could hold them fast.
Now I can but idly sing
"O, receive my soul at last."

I am weary of my fears,
Like a child when night comes on;
In the shadows, Lord, I sing
"Leave, O leave me not alone."
Through the tears I still must shed,
Through the evil yet to be,
Though I falter while I sing
"Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust on Thee is stayed";
Does the rythm of the song
Softly falling on my heart,
Make its pulses firm and strong?
Or is this Thy perfect peace,
Now descending while I sing?
That my soul may sleep to-night
"Neath the shadow of Thy wing."

"Thou of life the fountain art,"
If I slumber on Thy breast;
If I sing myself to sleep;
Sleep and death alike are rest,
Though the shadows overpast,
Through the shadows yet to be,
Let the ladder of my song
"Rise to all eternity."

Note by note its silver bars
May my soul in love ascend,
Till I reach the highest round
In Thy kingdom without end.
Not impatiently I sing,
Though I lift my hands and cry
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

—*Mary R. Butler.*

IRRESISTIBLE.

"I will not be untrue," she said, and her dark eyes flashed. "I love you, but I shall not marry you."

"And your reasons?" he asked, in a voice that trembled, despite his strong efforts to control it.

She looked at him quietly, pityingly, and her answer rung through his very soul.

"Because you would make my life one long regret. Because, far in the years to come I foresee such utter degradation for you as would make the life of any woman mad enough to give her happiness—her fate—to your keeping a life of such misery that the grave would be a welcome refuge."

"You love me, and yet you can say that to me?"

"I could not have loved you had I dreamed of this before. As I say, I will not be untrue. I believed in you wholly. I thought you the only one I had ever known who had touched my heart, who could awaken in me the love a woman gives but once in her life. I yielded myself gladly to the knowledge of this feeling, for I could not mistake your manner, your feelings to me. I saw my influence over you with none of the triumph of a coquette, you well know, but with the quiet happiness of a woman who loves truly, entirely, herself. But for the late knowledge that the fatal cup which has ruined thousands and tens of thousands, is not strange to your lips, my heart would be wholly yours."

"But, Margaret, your influence has such power over me; under it what can I not conquer? Blessed with your love, what might I not become?"

The beautiful lips lost their firmness of expression, and quivered with strongly expressed feeling.

"I have no faith in my power," she said, sadly. "God only knows how intensely I pity you, but I should go mad if I were forced to pity my husband. I must esteem, respect, as well as love the man to whom I give control of all my future."

"Is there no hope for me?" he passionately exclaimed. "Are you so cold, so hard, that you deny me all trial—that you refuse to believe for you I could conquer, would conquer, all that stood between me and my dearest hopes of earthly happiness? Margaret! Margaret! No human creature but yourself can save me. If you refuse to listen—to believe—I care not what guilt bears me to oblivion."

"I dare not listen to you!" and great tears rolled down her cheeks; "I dare not take upon myself such vows as bind our earthly fates, and feel in my heart how entirely we shall yet be separated in all true union. I must say to you, I have no faith in the deadly infatuation of one who indulges in the appetite for strong drink."

"You condemn me then, to my ruin?"

"I condemn you to ruin! God forbid! Harry Norton, it remains with yourself. I cannot conceal from you that I think you have a hard battle before you in life. To conquer that appetite—to determine that you will not yield, and to abstain from all that tends to tempt, to awaken desires for stimulants, no matter how weary, how worn you are with the struggle—demands the strongest will, the greatest self-sacrifice, the prayerful spirit, the Christian life. Are you capable of all this? If you doubt yourself at all, in mercy never tempt a woman to share a drunkard's life—to behold herself the mother of children who will never know the beauty, the holiness, the protection of home.

"You think I exaggerate your faults. You do not know all that is burned as with the stamp of fire upon my memory. The years roll back, and I see a young, trusting, credulous girl, who knew neither herself nor her needs in life, wedded to a man whose earthly prospects seemed fairer than those of most men. But this girl, so innocent, so lovely and trusting, learned soon—ah, too soon!—that her whole life was sacrificed to one whose taste for the accursed stimulant of liquor far exceeded his love for the woman he professed to adore. Year after year passed on, adding to this fatal taste additional strength. No caresses of sweet-voiced, lovely little children, no delights of home were half so dear to this man as the one fatuation of his life.

"This girl, always so mature in mind, and far his superior in nature, left no means untried to save him. She was very attractive in manner, conversation and person, and all her attractions were put in force to save him. She concealed his habit of intemperance for years. She kept his faults to herself. She never breathed aught against him. She upheld him, strengthened him, counseled him. If woman's influence could have saved him, he would have been saved.

"I have seen her home taken from her. Her children and herself wandering from one place to another, as she could best earn their support; and this man, seemingly devoid of human feeling, leaving her to her own resources, while wealthy relations cared for him.

"This woman was very near and dear to me, and nothing upon earth could induce me to put myself in subjection to the possibility of such a fate. You have my true friendship, my best wishes for your welfare, my sincere prayers that you may conquer in this fiery trial, but I dare not give you more. God only knows how hard this is for me to say to you; how willingly I would share your fate in poverty, in any ordinary trial of life; but I dare not, for my own soul's sake, say I take your life, whatever it may be, for mine. And so, Harry, let us speak of this no more."

She held out her hand. He caught it. He drew her impulsively toward him. He held her for an instant, closely.

"Margaret," he said, "let me kiss you once."

And before she could reply his burning lips touched her pure, cool brow.

"God bless you, Margaret, whatever becomes of me!"

In another instant he was gone.

She passed through the garden-walk into the pleasant porch, and stood a moment before the open parlor-window, where an old gentleman rested in an easy chair.

"It is a lovely night, father," she said; "but I will go to my room, I believe. I am very weary to-night. Good night."

"Good night, my daughter!"

And Margaret went as usual with her stately step to her chamber-door, but once within its solitude, and the proud, resolved spirit was bowed in bitter sorrow.

How she had loved this man! And her whole frame shook with the sobs she dared not vent loudly, and the tears rushed down the proud, beautiful face. Must she thus condemn him, and was there no hope for him?

He was a student of medicine, and studying of late with her father, and an eager, apt student. He had come into the quiet life of this girl as a bright sunbeam. His quick, active intellect aroused her from the ordinary routine of her usual life.

His tastes harmonized with her own, and she had given him her heart entirely.

Then, one day, she learned that the fatal habit of stimulating his energies when exhausted by study or fatigue had become a necessity to him, and the interview we have just related was the decision which she had arrived at.

She was a girl of no ordinary character. Her clear, good sense, with the intimate knowledge of her friend's life, taught her to doubt the influence she could wield against the Juggernaut, whose victims can never be numbered.

Harry Norton left the village for the distractions of a life in a great city. Now and then news came of him as a clever, successful practitioner, accompanied by doubtful surmises as to certain changes in his life—vague speeches, meaning, perhaps, much or little.

Margaret's life flowed quietly on; her father, yielding to the infirmities of old age, demanded her whole care and attention.

Perhaps close observers might detect a shade of sadness now and then in those clear, grey eyes, but she was not one of those who live solely for their own pleasure, and no one in all the village was more relied upon in sorrow or trouble as a kind sympathizer than she.

A young clergyman who settled in the parish was soon observant of this strong, self-reliant nature—this tender daughter and kind friend. Margaret was not doomed to live a solitary life. She found much to esteem in Mr. Elden, and at last much to love; and one bright spring morning she stood with him at the village altar as his bride.

As she entered the carriage a packet was given to her, and opening it, she found a wedding gift—a brooch formed of a large, pure pearl, finely set, and a letter.

The letter was as follows:

MARGARET:—You are a pearl among all others in my memory, and I beg you to accept this symbol of yourself as a gift from an old friend. You were right, Margaret—no man, knowing himself a slave to intemperance, should ever tempt a woman to share its curse. What can I write you of my life? Only that there are times when I am mad—when no reason remains to me—and then I come out of this valley of the shadow of death, and I see you strong, pure, so far away from me. Your words come back to me, and I know you were right when you chose to walk apart from one so unworthy. Do not believe that I do not struggle, but a power stronger than I controls me. I can rejoice in your happiness, and I know that I was once blessed with your love—that my true self was once dear to you. But purity, rectitude were dearer to you than all else, and he who failed of these could not hold possession of your heart. That one worthy to be your guide, your staff through life has won you, awakens no selfish feeling in my heart. I have said that I can—I do rejoice in your happiness.

Happy bride though she was, tears filled her eyes. She pitied him very tenderly, and pitied him all the more because of her own happiness.

The years rolled quietly on with her; children were given to her love and care. In the pleasant village home where her childish days were passed she lived the contented life of a happy wife and mother.

It was towards the close of a bright summer day that Mr. Elden came slowly up the garden walk, and Margaret, hastening with tender welcome to greet him, saw at once, from his face, that he bore unwonted news.

"Margaret," he said, "I wish you would come with me to see a dying man who wishes to bid you farewell. You have never forgotten Harry Norton. It is he."

It was not calmly she could think of the interview. Her hands trembled as she tied the strings of her bonnet; tears filled her eyes, and she leaned heavily on the arm of her husband as he related to her the story of his summons to the house where Harry Norton, feeling that his days were numbered, had come to bid her farewell—to die.

The setting sun was glorifying all things; the distant mountains and rivers were bathed in golden light. They entered the chamber of the dying man. The same golden atmosphere filled it; from the open window came the soft summer air, the glad notes of singing birds.

"You are good as ever, Margaret," Harry said faintly, "to come; but I felt that if you wished me God speed I might more safely cross the dark river. You cannot know—no one can but its victims—the irresistible power of the disease which bears me to my grave. It is a disease—a madness with some—and I have been one of those fatal ones. If I could say with supernatural power: 'Touch it not when first you feel the accursed thirst, or you are lost!' But who would believe me? God only knows!"

Long and tenderly Margaret and her husband talked with him, listening pityingly to his account of the struggles he had made so uselessly against what he believed to be a madness, and soothed and comforted by them, he passed quietly, resignedly—nay, thankfully into the other life, the "great beyond."

Circumstantial Evidense.

I have very little faith in circumstantial evidence, having seen so man instances where it was in error. In direct testimony a witness may destroy the truth, but in circumstantial evidence he has a double opportunity to lie, and no way of tripping him up. I remember a case in Mississippi, happening when I was a boy, that has made me chary about using circumstantial evidence since I have been engaged in the practice of law. The victim was a poor man, who came there from the north, got hold of a small farm to cultivate, and constructed a log hut down by the river, in which he lived all alone. Near him resided a rich planter. Around his hut the country was very soft and swampy. It was off the main road and was not seen frequently by travelers, but a bridle-path leading near the hut was used considerably by people around there to cut off the distance to town. This rich planter, one day, in closing up his season's crops, went to town to settle up with his agents, and it was expected would have considerable money with him on his return. The time passed for him to return, and he did not come. Later his horse arrived home, riderless. A search was instituted, and early next morning the body of the planter was found in the swampy land off the bridle-path. His pockets had been rifled and it was clear that the murder had been committed for robbery. Beside the body was found a derringer, with the name of the occupant of the hut engraved on it. Leading from the hut to the body and back to the hut, were well-defined tracks. At the hut the man was found sleeping, the mate to the derringer by, his shoes muddy, and his hat filled with papers taken from the dead man's pockets. The shoes fitted the tracks nicely, and a very strong case of circumstantial evidence was made out. He was tried, convicted and hanged. He protested his innocence so strongly on the scaffold that the sheriff delayed in the performance of his duty. Within twelve months after that a hard case in that country was mortally wounded, and on his death-bed he confessed to having committed the murder, giving up money and papers he had secured. He said he had crossed from the road to the hut in his stocking feet, had put on the poor man's shoes, armed himself with his derringer, and laid in wait for the planter, and after committing the murder had fixed the evidence of guilt around the still sleeping occupant of the hut.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Going to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says: "There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has her hair pins out and her shoes united." That is how it looks in print, and this is how it looks in reality: "I am going to bed, my dear, it is 10:30." No reply. "Now, John, you are always late in the morning. Do go to bed." "Yes, in a minute," he replies as he turns the paper wrong side out and begins a lengthy article headed: "The Louisiana Muddle." Fifteen minutes later she calls from the bed-room: "John, come to bed and don't keep the gas burning here all night," and, murmuring something about the "bill being big enough now," she creeps beneath the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on, his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By and by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor and proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking down the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: "For pity's sake, ain't you ready for bed yet?" "Yes, yes, I'm coming; why don't you let a fellow alone?" Then he discovers there is coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When this is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the fire for the last warm-up. As the clock strikes twelve he turns out the gas and with a flop of the bed clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides—no, not yet; he forgot to see if the front door was locked, and another flop from the bed-clothes brings forth the remark: "Good gracious, if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job!" Setting her teeth hard, she awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires if he is settled for the night, to which he replies by muttering: "Well, if you ain't the provokingest woman."—*Eastern Argus.*

"Can't eat a thing." Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, regulating digestion, and giving strength.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

NED FOREST'S PREACHING.

The Reformed Gambler's Sermon in San Francisco.

Evangelist Ned Forest's broadcloth coat had not a speck of dust upon it, his white four-in hand scarf was adjusted to a nicety around his "cut-my-chin" collar, and his hair was banged and plastered as accurately as vaseline would stick it when he began operations on the soul of his very respectable audience at the Central Methodist Church last evening. The reformed short-card player was the central brilliant in a sitting of smart young women who sang more or less, and five gentlemen of various degrees of thickness who formed the male portion of the choir. The exorter had the pulpit moved to one side, so as to leave the platform free for his exasperated motions. The audience was composed mainly of the male sex, the fairer half of creation being too much mystified by the reformed gambler's technical slang to appreciate his sallies, while the men present affected the bald head by a large majority. Forest's vernacular frequently brought down the house, his allusions to "full hands" and "straight flushes," "bluffing," "straddles," "antes," and "stocked deals" being thoroughly enjoyed and apparently appreciated. A particularly unique feature of the series of services is the absence of the collection plate. As a consequence the audience remained until the benediction.

Out of regard for the conventionalities, but evidently for no other reason, Forest selected a text, "Saved by Hope," which he announced was to be found in Romans, 24th verse, and paid no further attention to.

The services were opened by singing, which he started with the injunction to the young lady in frizzes who played the organ, to "Let her go!" And she did "let her go," and the choir "let her go," and there was some noise there or thereabouts.

"Glad to see so many of the boys here to-night," began the speaker; "I feel that God called me unto the work for the boys. When a man of my age has spent fifteen years going down to hell and has been stopped, he owes a debt of gratitude. That's what I owe, and I want to cash in.

"To-night I am not going to talk to cemeteries. God only knows the secrets of the graveyards. Scores that lay out in Lone Mountain refused the Lord: When the casket is screwed down there is no chance for a fellow. When the crape is hanged before the door you can't cash your checks. Twice in my life I have lain at death's door, once with a knife wound, and once with a '44' that left a hole in my neck I can put my finger into."

The revivalist described how a parson in a sermon over a drunkard promised the wife and mother and daughter they should meet him in heaven.

"No, he went to hell!" cried the evangelist. "A gambler don't want to go to heaven. He'd have no one to play a game with him."

The exhorter here fell into a lachrymose condition, during which he dealt in considerable sentiment, related the story of his own conversion while dealing faro. He claimed to have been too wicked for description, too low for the imagination to grasp, and took huge satisfaction in the picture of depravity which he presented.

"But!" he shouted, smiting the pulpit a mighty thwack, "I've found a game that pays. I've found a hand that wins every hour of my life; it's a hand no man can hold over, no man can bluff me on. It is the hand of God dealt to me, and I won't lay it down until I lay it down at the throne of God."

The converted gambler then depicted a girl initiated into a game of cards in a home, and a year latter staggering up the street.

Then somewhat irrelevantly he asserted: "A gambler has a heart as big as a church. God bless and have mercy on the gamblers of San Francisco. The only time I ever held a sure hand that couldn't be done up I hold now.

"A friend of mine I helped plant in Leadville. There was a man who held as big a roll as any man in 'Frisco. I found him lying dying from consumption. 'I don't want to squeal at the tail end of my life,' he said. 'That isn't squealing,' I said. So I found a parson and set him to work on him. We all got down on our knees, and while we prayed he gasped, 'God, if there's such a thing as mercy for such a one as me, give it ter me.'

"Men say they don't like such a thing as a hell. Well, I believe in a straight, regular A No. 1 hell. I know a fellow who was an infidel who dropped off a boat into the river. They got him up and done the barrel act on him and he was fixed, when the first thing he says was, 'Thank God!' 'Thought you didn't believe in God,' said a duck who stood by. 'That's all right,' said the feller they fished up. 'Infidelity is a good enough thing on top of the boat, but a pretty poor thing to go down on to the keel with.'

"Now, you fellers look out, or the devil will be playing euchre with you over a store goods box in hell. That's a good enough place for some fellows, anyhow. A few years ago, in Mexico, I was playing a game of cards. This Mexican duck I was playing with thought I had took a card. I was accused of the act. It may have been an accident. It might have been a theft. I was in financial straits. The Mexican thought it was a theft. I will leave it to you. This fellow didn't say a word. He just pulled a gun and let her go, and I went down all in a heap. They took me to a hotel. A Sister of Charity came and took care of me. I was a sharper to her. I was a Protestant, and I never see one of those good women without uncovering to them. She asked me to accept Christ. I was bitter, and wanted to let it in for this fellow. So, when I was well I followed this duck down into old Mexico. We came together, but, thank God, it was only a wound."

Speaking of his finances, Forest said: "To-night if I was called home to Philadelphia I couldn't go. Why? I haven't the money to pay my own and my wife's fare back. But I would rather live as now, with a sure winner for eternal life, to having all the money I once had. God help you to-night to get a winning hand. It's a square deal. I like to hear a man come down and say, 'God, I've been a bad, wicked man, and I want help.' That man means business. When I was a gambler I wore good clothes and a cluster. I didn't walk much. I generally rode in a carriage and did the gentleman act.

"Now, I want to tell you about the drinking business. I think the meanest thing a 150-pound man ever done is to stand behind a bar and hand out two little glasses that weigh half an ounce. But they weigh a ton on your soul. If I had a brother that sold liquor I would grab him by the back of the neck and do the throw-out act on him.

"I see some grand old Methodists here, and some that ain't so grand. But you just try to size yourself up against some of these hard old Methodists and you will look like a chippy beside them.

"I don't take up collections, you bet. Yet I believe in practical Christianity. Christianity that don't touch a fellow's pocket ain't no good. A duck who's got it ain't no good. That fellow's name is Dennis from the word go. Some people don't like a basket poked under their neck. There'll never be a basket poked around while I'm here."

At the conclusion of Forest's excitable, noisy talk about half the audience arose upon invitation to show who wished to "get light."

Damon and Pythias Revamped.

A very hard-up looking man entered a grocery on Fort street the other day, and said to the proprietor:

"I have come to give myself up. My name's Damon."

"No one wants you that I'm aware of," replied the grocer.

"But my partner, Pythias, stole a cake of maple sugar here the other day, and I've come as a hostage until you catch him. Excuse me if I slice off a bit of this cheese and take a few crackers."

"But I haven't missed any sugar."

"Perhaps not; but Pythias took it all the same. I saw him an hour ago, and I told him I should wait here until he surrendered himself. Beg pardon; but I'll take a herring to go with my crackers and cheese."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Damon, sir; and there's nothing mean about me! When I pass my word, nothing on earth will make me break it. Is this sweet milk in this jar? Ah! there; but you'll excuse me if I take a glass."

"Look here, you old beat, I want you to get out of this!" exclaimed the grocer, who began to see a colored man in the fence corner.

"But I agreed to wait for Pythias."

"I don't care a copper for Pythias or you, either! There's the door."

"I promissed Pyth. I'd wait here. What will he say when he finds that Damon has lied to him?"

"So you won't go? Well you will! Now, you come along, and take that—and that—and that!"

The grocer pulled him to the door and bestowed three hearty kicks on his coat-tail. The man received them meekly and kindly, and when the performance was over he walked across the road, and turned and said:

"All right. If Pyth. comes along just explain how it was. Tell him old Damon is waiting for him down in the saloon at the corner."

Ingersoll and His Arguments.

In answer to an inqury by some of his students as to whether the arguments of Ingersoll are unanswerable, a college president answers them in the Andover reviews as follows: "An infidel is an abnormal growth, and nature feels funny once in a while and creates a freak, e. g.; the living skeleton; the fat woman: the two-headed girls. So there is about one infidel to a million sane men. The most of these noisy fellows are amateur infidels. They talk Ingersoll in fair weather and pray themselves hoarse every time it thunders. A well developed case of cholera morbus will knock the infidelity out of them and leave them in a cold sweat like a china dog in an ice house. I know them. The most of them are like the boy who runs away from home, and comes back to stay with his father at nights. Then, again, boys, take a look around you when you invest another 50 cents to hear Ingersoll talk on "liberty," and compare the crowd with the kind of people you find in almost any church. Is it the odor of sanctity you smell? Hardly, boys, hardly. But you can eat peanuts there, and choke on the shells, while you applaud the funny jokes about heaven where you know in your heart your mother is; or hear the humble Nazarene ridiculed, who, you think, and always will think, gave a home to your weary old father when he left the earth. Yes, boys, Ingersoll's arguments are unanswerable, and I think the seasons will come along, and the churches will continue to bloom, and all nature will most exasperatingly and calmly perform her functions, if Robert is not answered. You know when the first steamer crossed the Atlantic a great philosopher was delivering a most conclusive argument to prove that by no possibility could a steam vessel cross the ocean, and that provoking steamer came snorting and sizzling and splurging right into the harbor. Boys, so will God's foolish children go right on praying and preaching and dying and going to heaven, in spite of argument."

Try to Save a Doctor's Bill.

Try a sun bath for rheumatism.

Try clam broth for a weak stomach.

Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.

Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel.

Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach.

Try eating onions and horse-radish to relieve dropsical swellings.

Try the croup tippet when a child is likely to be troubled in that way.

Try a cloth wrung from cold water put about the neck for sore throat.

Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain and renew frequently.

Try buttermilk for the removal of tan, walnut stains and freckles.

Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal cold in the head.

Try taking cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

"Say do you think it is true that red-headed girls are quick-tempered?" "Um—ah—suppose you ask them about it."

One acre enough—Especially if it be a tender corn.

Husbands and Wives.

It has been remarked that there are six "ifs," by any one of which a stranger may know a man and woman to be husband and wife. These rules, it is said, are infallible in just interpretation. They may be resorted to with confidence, as they are deducted from everyday experience:

1. If you see a gentleman and lady disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.

2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or ony other coach lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, then the sign is infallible.

3. If you see a lady drop her glove and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,

4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with anything carelessly, her head inclined another way, and speaking to him with indifference; or,

5. If you meet a couple in the fields and gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path: or,

6. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging and good natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things to every pretty woman in the room excepting one, to whom he appears particularly reserved, cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that one is nobody can be at a loss to discover.—*From "Mannees Makyth Man."*

Farm Notes.

Colts that were foaled in the fall will be no incumbrance at this season, as they can be taken away from their dams and turned on the pasture as soon as the grass shall be ready. It is an advantage to have the colts on the farm foaled in the fall where the mares are intended to do spring work.

Do not abandon the old reliable varieties for novelties. Try all the novelties that are brought out, for some of them are excellent, but do not venture in them entirely until satisfied of their worth. It is not always that new varieties are adapted to all soils, climates and conditions.

The Jersey cattle are said to be increasing in size. Those in this country are much larger and hardier than those brought over 20 years ago, and we have better stock here than can be procured elsewhere, not excepting even the Isle of Jersey.

During a recent drought in Michigan the Sharpless and Crescent varieties of strawberries stood the test better than some other kinds, while the Cuthbert, Doolittle and Gregg proved the best of the varieties of raspberries under the circumstances.

Do not plow heavy clay soils when they are wet, but wait until they can be pulverized. If the frost be expected the plowing of wet land will do injury, but as the season is now well advanced chances of the frost assisting should not be taken.

To grow asparagus from seed pour hot water on the seeds sufficiently to cover them, and allow them to stand two or three days. Then sow the seeds