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WHOLE NO. 2384.

Fortune Telling.

A prominent clairvoyant in a burst of confidence gave to a reporter many points concerning clairvoyance as she practiced it that may prove interesting to the public.

"It is the easiest thing in the world to find a moment when a man is in a suspicious frame of mind, but when once their confidence has been gained you can make them believe the moon is made of green cheese.

"The whole problem is gaining the visitor's confidence. If I can make her believe me, she is gone. Usually it is not a very difficult job to do that. Probably one-half of the women who call to consult me are actuated by no other motive than idle curiosity. Such women never come back the second time; so I know that I can get only one fee from them anyway. I exact payment at once, and after that I do not make very much difference as to what I tell them.

"But occasionally a woman comes in who has money and means business. If I please her, she will come again and again, making my pocketbook heavier each time. That is the woman I am after, of course, and my first work is to impress upon her my honesty. I do not know her name, her residence or her history. If I did, it would be clear sailing right from the start.

"I ask for the usual fee and go into a 'trance.' Very shortly I awake with a start. 'I am very sorry,' I remark, 'but the electrical and magnetic condition for this reading is not good. The atmosphere seems to be surcharged with electricity, and it greatly interferes with my work. However, I will try again in a few minutes.' After a short interval of conversation I again go into a trance. This also proves ineffective, and I hand the caller's money back, saying that I am very sorry that she came at such an inopportune time and assuring her that the conditions do not interfere with my sittings often than once or twice a year. Will she call again to-morrow? She usually is impressed by my sincerity and promises to come back.

"When she leaves, a negro servant, whom I have trained by an electric buzzer, follows her wherever she may go. When he returns, he has the woman's residence number. From this it is an easy matter to identify her, and a few inquiries in the neighborhood—at the nearest grocery, perhaps—are sufficient to give me all the information I need. Very often as soon as I find out where a visitor lives, I know something about her which will give me a clew to what she wants to know.

"When she calls again, I go into a trance, and this time the 'conditions' are all right. I surprise her inexpressibly by describing the appearance of her own residence, giving the street name and number and finally speaking of her own name. Nine times out of ten this is all that is required. The caller is convinced that I have learned her name and residence by occult power, and therefore is ready to believe anything else I may tell her. It is easy when you know how."—Chicago Times-Herald.

All Around the Farm.

Feeding the grain and hay to the dairy cows and putting the manure back on the land will increase the fertility of the soil, and in this way furnish feed more cheaply.

The editor of one of the leading dairy journals states that if one-half the cows now giving milk, intelligently selected for that purpose, would be slaughtered, the milk of the remaining half would yield a greater profit than is now realized from the whole.

Early spring usually furnishes the best market for both lambs and good muttons. With lambs, the earlier good condition and weight are procured, the better will be the profit. The raising of early lambs is really a business a part of itself, and very remunerative.

A sheep which starts to go down does so rapidly. Dry ewes are not good for sheep, and the loss of wool is not enough for, and many of their diseases are attributable to it. They need green, succulent food to keep the bowels and other organs in good working condition. Roots are excellent; so with ensilage, in moderation.

When buying clover seed it is always best to use a microscope to detect weed seeds that of late years have become very plentiful in clover. No one of these weeds is more than the plantain, or sheep's tongue as it used to be called from its narrow leaves. It has innumerable small, black seeds, much smaller than clover seed. When land is once seeded with the plantain it is almost impossible to get rid of it, as the seed remains in the ground for years, only germinating when the soil is disturbed. It is best to allow sheep to graze on the plantain, as they will eat it, and thus get rid of it.

If you have any reason to suspect that your soil is deficient in manure, soak them before sowing ten minutes in scalding water, and then for 20 hours in a solution of potassium. (Two or three pounds to a bushel of seed.) This will supply with manure of inferior quality that anything above the usual grade will command a price of its own.

When it is desired to graft several kinds of fruit on one tree, the tree selected should be one where its shape is not to be valued. Very few trees having more than one kind on a main good shaped one, as hardly two kinds can be kept growing quite alike. The Scotch 'Red' is a good one for this purpose, thick growth, the Clapp's Favorite a long, spreading one. These two sorts on one tree would look odd, but not at all pretty.

Every spring many farmers have more or less coarse manure in the barnyard, because it is so deficient in manure value that it is not worth drawing to the fields. We used to think that leaving this manure undrawn was a great waste of fertility. But so much of this manure is merely green straw, and is made up of the excrement of stock fed on straw and corn stalks, that the farmer is right. It certainly will not pay to draw carbon to the fields when crops need nitrogen, potash and phosphate. More often than not such carbonaceous coarse manure will not rot when plowed under, and will do more harm than good.—American Cultivator.

What a Woman's Wit Accomplished.

Once in a time of deep snow, when it might readily be supposed that the gauger would not stir abroad, the ill-fitted still, relates a contemporary, was set working in the kitchen of a Scotch homestead. All went merrily for a time; but at length the water, who was never dispensed with even in the worst weather, rushed in and announced that the gauger was riding up the glen.

Unless he could be detained all night, for the implements of the ill-fitted trade could not be cleared away in a minute or two.

The farmer in consternation, looked down the road. There, sure enough, was the officer, jogging along through the snow, with nothing apparently to hinder him.

But help was at hand, a woman's wit was to gain the day. One of the farm girls changed at that moment to pass on her way to the well.

"Lassie," the farmer said in casual despair, "I give ye a new gown if ye can keep the gauger away for half an hour."

"I'll do that," was the laughing rejoinder and the dame held on her way to the well, which the executioner had to pass ere he could reach the farm.

The horseman approached meditating a probable capture, and drew near the well. Suddenly a snowball, aimed by a roguish art, struck off his hat, and the disconcerted officer was confronted by a laughing maiden. Another hot ball broke upon his ear as he gazed on a moment.

He then gently lowered her to the earth—all this done without a word from "the silent man," or a scream or murmur from her.

As he hastened back to resume her horse she stood holding the bridle of his, outwardly as composed as if nothing had happened.

Her horse had disappeared. Grant followed down the stream and halted at a station along Lake Champlain. The horse swimming several hundred yards below, amid driftwood and debris. He landed the animal at a place where he could climb the bank, and it was soon on safe ground, none the worse for the fright and the bath.

When Grant was Courting.

While General Grant, then a lieutenant, was courting the lady whom he married, there occurred an event to which he never returned without a shudder. A writer in the Midland Monthly, describing an adventure which the young lieutenant and Miss Dent met with, says:

"When the water is high in the Mississippi the swift current abrades the banks and they frequently 'cave in' for several yards or rods at a time.

In early spring, in one of their afternoon explorations Lieutenant Grant and the young lady were riding along the banks of the river, passing from one cove or valley to the mouth of another. The land was but a few feet above the surface of the turbulent stream.

Suddenly Miss Dent's horse began to sink. The earth had given away under his hind feet. Grant's horse was close beside hers. In an instant he saw that her horse was sinking into the soft clay.

Grant's cool head and splendid horsemanship were not allowed to be thrown off by the accident. Quick as a flash he leaped over, threw his right arm around Miss Dent's waist, and drew her to him as her horse disappeared in the seething and murky eddy that a moment later boiled and surged in angry tumult over the place where her horse had vanished from sight.

It was a frightful moment!

Fortunately the earth parted between the two animals, leaving Grant's horse on solid ground. Lifting and firmly holding Miss Dent, and applying the spur to his horse, he was on safe ground in a moment. Then he gently lowered her to the earth—all this done without a word from "the silent man," or a scream or murmur from her.

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Where Lincoln Died.

The United States has become the owner of the house in which Abraham Lincoln died. For this piece of property the sum of \$50,000 was paid. The house is situated directly opposite the old Ford's Theatre, where Lincoln was assassinated. After the assassination he was carried across the street to this house and it was here he breathed his last.

This house, together with a fine collection of Lincoln relics, has been in the hands of the Lincoln Memorial Association, but it was thought best that the Government should own it. The collection of articles includes hundreds of things formerly owned by or connected with the martyred President.

The nucleus of the collection was collected by Mr. O. H. Oldroyd, who for many years occupied the old Lincoln homestead at Springfield, Illinois.

Among the interesting articles in this collection is a rail split by Lincoln in 1853; although there are many rails said to have been split by Lincoln, this one is genuine.

There is also a black walnut cradle in which the Lincoln children were rocked. I was told by one of Mrs. Lincoln's relatives, that she had often seen Lincoln rocking the cradle with his foot while he read his paper. My mother has told me many stories of Lincoln's kindness and fondness for the little children.

This collection is said to contain an absolutely complete set of Lincoln's speeches, beginning when he was a young man unknown to fame, and ending with his last public utterance as the President of this great Republic.

Perhaps the most touching thing in the entire collection is the hat worn by Lincoln on the night he was assassinated. Around it is still the band of erasaput there at the death of his child, little Tad, whose death almost broke his father's heart. That hat, with its little band of erasaput, brings before us the loving, suffering heart of the man as does nothing in the collection.

This building and collection, now being in the hands of the Government, will be kept open every day, free of charge, and will doubtless be visited by thousands of interested people.

Where Lincoln Died.

The major observed with approval that Jack, too, was kind to her, for he thought it an excellent sign that he should wish to please Miss Bloxham by the little attentions to her friend. On the whole, he was satisfied with the way things were going—and so he told himself—and he could not understand why he found a hitherto unknown difficulty in sounding Miss Bloxham on the subject and gently preparing the way for Jack's suit.

Of course Jack was in love with her. How could he fail to be, knowing her so well as he now did? Why, even he, the major, was more than half in love with her himself, as he owned, with a sigh to his cigar, and he was old enough to know the folly of it. How, then, should a young fellow like Jack come? Now give them time. Nothing but time was needed now—and a very little more of his judicious management—to bring the matter to a successful conclusion and transform Miss Nellie Bloxham into Mrs. Mackintosh.

"Mrs. Jack Mackintosh. Ah, what a difference that one little word made!"

The major called himself an old fool for his pains and refused to think of what perhaps might have happened had he only been a dozen or 15 years younger, but for him, a man of 50—Oh, no; it was out of the question.

And so the first week of Jack's visit came to an end.

The little expedition, however, did not come to an end. On the contrary, Major Mackintosh redoubled his exertions, for he was growing extraordinarily anxious to have the affair settled, and the more he saw of Nellie the more he was convinced that Jack would be the luckiest fellow in the world if he won her. The major felt that his reputation was at stake, for he had never before made any match like that. He looked out angrily, and he must speak seriously to Jack about it. As to Miss Bloxham, she must surely speak something of his hopes, and she had not discouraged them. She always agreed readily to all his plans and treated him with marked consideration, and, of course, it must be on Jack's side. To imagine anything else would be—Oh, no; he wasn't quite such a fool as that.

"Jack, have you thought over what I said to you?" he asked abruptly one day as they were walking back to their hotel.

"What about it? You've said a good deal at different times."

"Oh, about setting you know."

"To be sure I have. There's a lot in it." This was distinctly encouraging, yet the major felt his heart sink unaccountably. "In fact, I think I shall act on it."

"You're thinking seriously of setting, my boy?"

"Most seriously. To tell the truth," and there was a twinkle in Jack's eye, "I'm about settled, you know."

"To be sure I have. There's a lot in it." This was distinctly encouraging, yet the major felt his heart sink unaccountably. "In fact, I think I shall act on it."

"You're thinking seriously of setting, my boy?"

"Most seriously. To tell the truth," and there was a twinkle in Jack's eye, "I'm about settled, you know."

"Thank you, she's a dear little girl and I think no end of you. She has no father, you see, and so—"

"Yes, yes, I quite understand. The major felt that this was a little too much. "I think she must know how I've set my heart on it," he added.

"Not a bit of it. She feared you had quite other views for me. Indeed, it was all Miss Bloxham and I could do to persuade her."

"Her? Whom?"

"Why, Millie, of course. She fears you'll play the cruel uncle and object to my marrying her."

"Millie. Marrying Millie?"

"Yes. Surely you must have seen—"

"And what does Miss Bloxham say to this?"

"She's delighted. We are all such friends, you know."

"Friends! Marry Millie! And but for that little marplot you might have married Miss Bloxham—"

"Not a bit of it. You are mistaken there. Even had I ever wished it she wouldn't have had me."

"Nobly, but I'm not quite a fool any more than you are quite 100, because—Uncle, Millie is not the marplot, but—quite another person," significantly.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the major.

He was silent for some moments. When next he spoke, it was in a very different tone.

"Do you think I've any chance, Jack?"

Jack laughed, not unkindly.

"Go and see, he said.

And the major went.

So, after all, he made an excellent match for Miss Bloxham, and Mrs. Mackintosh never regretted that Jack was not the bridegroom.—Household Words.

Peace, Be Still.

Peace, be still, my trembling heart,
With that most precious word of Thine,
As I lie in my bed, with gentle hand
So let me feel thy power within.

When sadness would my life consume
And fears my soul with anguish fill,
When tempests rage the heart within,
And clouds that storm with Peace, be still.

As over the surging sea of life
My bark is tossed by wind and wave,
When passions rage in wild dismay,
And trouble's waves are breaking o'er me,
Alone I dare not onward press
Where darkness only hides me ill,
When doubt and grim despair assail,
Then cheer my heart with Peace, be still.

When deep the tempter's shafts would sink
To wound the soul to her death,
When lying words, like ravens' voices,
And troubling thoughts are breaking o'er me,
When hatred with her bold hand
Would touch my hope, my love would chill,
Rebuke, or scorn, that tempt to sin,
And calm life's sea with Peace, be still.

When grief would steal my cup of joy,
And rob me of my peaceful rest,
When my heart with anxious thoughts
And troubling cares is ever pressed,
And I must my soul with patient skill
To pull her hope, and trust in Thee
Who once didst speak this Peace, be still.

A Match Maker.

Major Mackintosh was a very good fellow, but he had one little weakness. He was an inveterate matchmaker. No doubt there was some excuse for him. Life seemed rather empty and purposeless now that he had left the army, and as he was still a vigorous, energetic man he needed some wholesome vent for his activity. Matchmaking provided him at once with an interest and an occupation. It gave him plenty to think of by night and to do by day. Without it he would have been the most miserable of men. With it he was the cheeriest and the most self-important. It is a very good thing sometimes to have a little weakness.

Of course, the major prided himself on his tact and delicacy and fondly fancied nobody ever saw through his transparent little artifices. So sure of this he was indeed that he not infrequently explained them at some length to the persons principally concerned, so that they might know just when and how to set under any given circumstances, and when he knew he was beating and when he knew he was being beaten, and when he knew he was being beaten and when he knew he was being beaten.

But though he took every care to guard against failure matters would occasionally go wrong and the most prudently planned match come to nothing, greatly to the major's dismay. But he was a reasonable man on the whole, and when he knew he was being beaten he accepted defeat philosophically. Yet, when he knew he was being beaten—as a bold Briton and a soldier he was very hard to convince on this point and sometimes struggled on manfully long after defeat was a foregone conclusion.

Despite his weakness—or possibly even in consequence of it—the major was popular, and men and women alike found much to admire in him. His manner might be a little brusque, but his means were ample, and this was a great point in his favor, especially where the unmarried ladies of his acquaintance were concerned, for they were not blind to the fact that he (the matchmaker) would be a most excellent match, and to many of them it was a pity that he should spend so much time and trouble in providing for his friends' happiness while his own remained unsecured. More than one kind-hearted woman, though taking small interest in his efforts to settle other people, would gladly have helped him to arrange a match for himself, but it was nothing of the sort that he wanted, and he was not to be so easily won.

The matchmaker major remained unmarried and on excellent terms with all the ladies who would willingly have married him, a fact which alone spoke volumes for his good feeling and capital management—if indeed it were not purely a matter of luck.

The major had but one near relative in the world, his nephew, Jack Mackintosh. Jack was in a government office, and as he was now 23 years of age his uncle began to think seriously of arranging a match for him. He had long had his eye on at least half a dozen sufficiently pretty girls, any one of whom might be just the right thing for the young fellow—if only one of them should be willing to be so.

The major was not at all anxious that Jack's match should really be a triumph, and it cost him much thought and grave weighing of pros and cons for months before the critical time came. Of course he did not consult Jack in the matter. To do so is as early a stage in the proceedings would have been contrary to all precedent. No, he must muddle it out for himself. He only had the boy down to make the lady's acquaintance when he had finally made up his mind as to which of the half dozen it was to be.

And, after all, it proved to be none of them.

No; despite the earnest cogitations of months and all the careful study of six specimens of girlhood the major suddenly made up his mind that he would have the boy down to make the lady's acquaintance when he had finally made up his mind as to which of the half dozen it was to be.

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Woman's Work.

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain, and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. It is more because of this condition of the blood that women are run down.

Tired, Weak, Nervous.
Then because of the work itself. Every physician says so, and that the only remedy is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For the troubles peculiar to women at change of season, climate or life, or resulting from hard work, nervousness, and impure blood, thousands have found relief and cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Are the only pills to take Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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In the money question means that in every \$100 invested you will receive \$16 in profit. This is the only investment that will give you a 16 to 1 return. It is the only investment that will give you a 16 to 1 return. It is the only investment that will give you a 16 to 1 return.

Product of Petroleum.

1800 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for literature.

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Bralder's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nervous system in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Bralder's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

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