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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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AN OLD MAID.

Her eyes, like quiet pools, are clear;
Her placid face is sweet and fair.
The frost of many a vanished year
Lies on her hair.

She has no memories of vows
Exchanged below an April moon,
Or whispered converse 'neath the boughs
Of rose-bright June.

She never planned her wedding gown,
This sweet old maiden true and good;
For her life held no secret crown
Of motherhood.

Yet to the shelter of her side
The little orphan children press.
'Tis known she mothers far and wide
The motherless.

The poor and suffering love her well,
Such ready sympathy she shows.
The sorrow-burdened freely tell
To her their woes.

For those who stumble, those who fall,
Her heart with gentlest ruth is stirred.
She has a kind'ly smile for all—
A cheering word.

With fate she never wages strife.
"It must be right, since God knows best."
And so she lives her useful life,
Blessing and blest.

She strews the thorny paths with flowers;
She turns the darkness into day;
And as we clasp her hands in ours
We can but say:

"Dear friend, so rich in love and truth,
With large, warm heart and steadfast mind,
'Twas well for some that in your youth
The men were blind!"

—E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal.

THE STORY OF PRINCESS MARVEL.

Retold From the Romantic Folk-Lore of Russia.

BY EDWARD COURTNEY.

Every country has its Wonder Book, and its Twice Told Tales, but who ever tires of hearing them, though they are read to us again and again. This story of the Princess Marvel is of Russian origin, and may not be old to some of you, but it has delighted the heart of many a Russian boy and girl.

To begin then, there was an island in a distant sea, and on it dwelt a being wonderful to behold. Her beauty combined the glory of the day and of night; of the flowers and of the stars. The clouds loved to look upon her, but the jealous sun drove them away. The wind, and the stars and the moon, all loved to talk to her, as did everything in nature.

But beautiful as was this maiden, kind as she was to all who were worthy, she had a power that could work ill to any one that roused her to exert it.

Such eyes as she had had never before been seen, for with a glance, if she so desired, she could change whomsoever she looked upon into a block of ice.

So here she dwelt with twelve maidens, each one lovelier than the last, and the island they lived upon was rich and verdant, and blossomed and bloomed luxuriantly.

All went well for a long time, and the maidens were very happy in their secluded home in the sea. But, as I have said, the clouds, and the winds, the stars, the sun, and the moon, loved to look upon Princess Marvel, so after looking they all went their way, and spoke to all the world of her charms. And so it came to pass that great kings and princes came from far off lands and sought this isle of the sea.

Even this was well for a time, for though many offered the princess their thrones and vast estates, she gently refused the honors they sought to bestow upon her. And to all who took her refusal in good part, and departed to their homes, it was well; but woe to those who returned with armies hoping to force the maiden to yield! They saw their armies vanquished, and then were themselves frozen into statues of ice, nor could the belated sun of repentance thaw them again to their former state of splendor and pride.

But many of the rejected suitors chose to remain on the island with all their attendants, and so it became a wonderful kingdom, full of the valor and glory of kings, and knights, and champions; and each defeated one was ready to help defeat his possible successor, had it been necessary.

Now there lived at this time, in his kingdom of the underworld, a big giant named Koshchel, who one day came up to the top of a high mountain to look upon the whole earth; and as he looked he saw the Princess Marvel, and determined that no one but she should be his queen.

With three stamps of his mighty foot and a muttered incantation, Koshchel found himself transported to the island of the princess, and he straightway demanded that she should accept him as her future lord and master.

There is no knowing what the fair lady might have done, so terrible was Koshchel to look upon, had it not been that in a dream she had seen a champion wearing golden armor and mounted on a fiery steed and armed with an invisible club; and the princess felt that she could endure anything to know that this brave prince would rescue her.

She called forth her army then, but with his poisonous breath, which swept like a wind among them, the giant laid all the troops low, in a deep stupor. The fair Marvel escaped, however, for, turning an angry glance at the giant as she fled to the palace, she changed him into a block of ice.

When she reached the palace, however, the princess found everyone asleep, nor could she waken them, and only too soon did she discover the meaning of it. The giant was immortal, and her glance, which had slain so many enemies, could do no more to him than put him to sleep for a time in a frozen state of amazement.

So, when the effect of her glance wore off, he put an enchanted sleep on all the inhabitants of the island save the princess and himself. But not daring to again encounter her gaze, he raised a magic wall of iron around the castle, and placed a twelve-headed dragon at the gate to guard it.

Every day, then, he came and pleaded with her to relent; but the princess thought forever of the champion of her dreams. And now she talked to the only friends that could hear her. To the cloud hovering over her garden he said one day:

"Tell me, do you know my prince with the golden armor, who rides the fiery steed and bears an invisible club? Does he think of me, and will he hasten to my rescue?"

But the cloud grew dark with sadness and said:

"Alas, I know him not; but ask the wind."

And to the wind she said:

"You come from afar. Know you my champion prince of the golden armor, and the fiery steed, and invisible club? Will he hasten to rescue me?"

And the wind said:

"I come and go afar, but I know not. Ask the stars."

So the princess waited till night, and then asked the stars and the moon, but they only blinked with tears of sorrow in their eyes, and told her to ask the sun. And in the morning she did; and the sun comforted her, saying:

"Rejoice, princess, and dry your tears, for the prince is hastening to you. Three times has he seen you in his dreams, and night and day he strives to come to you. He has found the magic ring of the sea, which has given him a great army to vanquish the giant. But it is of no avail, for Koshchel can slay the largest host with his breath. I will hasten to your prince, however, and advise him; so be of good cheer."

And the sun went onward in his journey, and when he had come to the land of the prince, he said:

"Hear what I say, and obey me if you would succeed in your quest. Your army is of no avail, for it can not overcome Koshchel with the poisonous breath. Your only success can come by the death of the giant; to kill him you must learn the secret of his life from the Yaga. Go towards the east till you come to a vast plain where stand three oaks. Near them you will find an iron door in the ground, and within you will discover a horse, which will bear you to the Yaga. Do as she says, and all will be well with you."

The prince thought long on these words, which came to him on the rays of the sun, and feeling their wisdom, he obeyed. He threw into the sea the magic ring, and immediately the vast army vanished. Then he journeyed to the east, and after many days he found the plain with the three oaks and the iron door.

On entering the subterranean vault, he found it to be a great palace. Door after door opened, till he reached the twelfth, where he discovered the fiery steed, bound by twelve chains.

In a moment the horse was freed, having been thus confined for ages by a magician till such a brave prince as this should rescue him.

"Mount my back, dear prince," said the horse, "and grasp the invisible club that hangs by my saddle. Tell me where you wish to go, and I will obey you, and at your command the club will do your bidding without your even dismounting."

With this fine equipment the prince soon reached the dark forests where dwelt the Yaga. There he saw a hut supported by fowls' legs, which kept turning round and round.

"Hut, hut, stand still," said the prince; and immediately it did stand still, and the prince entered. There he saw the Yaga, who said to him:

"Prince, why come you here where no one before has ventured?"

And when the prince told her his errand, and of his magic club, she dared not defy him, but told him the secret of the giant's life.

"In the middle of the sea is the island of immortal life," said she. "In the middle of the island is a great oak, and at its root is an iron box. In this box is a hare, and under the hare, a duck, and in the claws of the duck is an egg. This egg holds the life of the giant. When it is broken, the giant will die. But no one can get the egg."

She would say no more; so, mounting his steed, the prince soon reached the seashore and looked far out to where the island was. As he sat pensive, he saw a huge fish caught in a net, which spoke to him, saying:

"Kind prince, set me free, and I shall not forget you."

The prince was good-hearted and kind, and he freed the fish, which immediately swam away.

Then the horse spoke:

"Mount my back, my master, and hold fast, and I'll carry you to yonder island."

In a moment they were plunging through the sea, but they soon reached the Immortal Island. There the prince found the tree, which he grasped with all his might and tore up by the roots. All then happened as the Yaga had said. He found the iron box, the hare, the duck, and the egg.

But he found the egg only to lose it. No sooner was the box opened, than the hare ran away, and the duck flew over the sea, carrying the egg in her claws. In a moment the prince sent an arrow after the bird, which fell, dying, into the sea, but the egg fell into the water too. Then the prince sat on the bank in despair, but suddenly he heard a voice:

Here is the egg, prince; I have not forgotten you!"

And before he could express his thanks, the fish swam away.

All was now easy. The fiery steed carried the prince to the kingdom of the Princess Marvel. He saw the iron wall and the guarding dragon, and commanded the invisible club to slay the monster, six of whose heads slept while six were on guard.

How the creature tossed and foamed at the awful strokes, and at last, seeing no enemy, it turned upon itself and soon lay dead, torn to pieces by its own fury.

The prince then entered the gate and found the princess. While he talked to her he commanded the club to lay on the giant. Then there was such a commotion as was never felt before on earth. No one but the giant could have endured the strokes; yet he could not die because the egg was still unbroken. But his agony made the waves rise and the earth quake; and at last, in frenzy, he came to the iron gate. There he saw the prince, and with an awful voice cried out:

"So! It is you that make me suffer so!"

He was then about to breathe his poisonous breath upon the prince, when, holding forth his hand with the egg in it, the prince pressed the delicate shell. The yolk flowed to the ground, and, as it did so, with a terrible groan, the giant fell dead. And in his death his enchantments ceased. The iron wall disappeared, and all the people awoke.

I suppose I need not tell you that in a few days there was a wedding, and that the Princess Marvel became the bride of the Golden Armored Prince, nor that they continued to live upon the island, happy, forevermore.

Name of Texas.

Mountley S. Stokeley, of Dubuque, Ia., some time ago wrote Governor Culberson, asking why Texas is called the "Lone Star State." The latter has answered the request in an elaborate letter, giving all the history bearing upon the subject. The Governor says that there are only two accounts of the origin of the designation. One is that Henry Smith, the first Chief Executive of the Texas republic, having no seal with which to stamp official documents, cut a brass button from his coat, on which was engraved a star, and used this as a seal. Another, supported by John Henry Brown, the Texas historian, and Governor Culberson, is that the lone star was chosen by the young republic in contrast to the constellation used by the United States. The Governor concludes: "The first Congress of the republic of Texas met October 3, 1836, and during the session adopted a flag and a seal which are those now in use by the State. The flag is of red, white and blue, with a five-pointed single star of white, and the seal is a star surrounded with a wreath of laurel and oak. The conclusion is entirely reasonable and logical that the flag and seal of Texas were originally suggested by those flags of her revolutionary war, inspired themselves by the American insignia of sovereignty, and that the designation of the 'Lone Star State' comes from the use of a single star on her standard."—Springfield Republican.

Washington's Wooing.

George Washington was a colonel when he first met Mrs. Custis. He was on his way to Williamsburg to see the Governor when he was met by a Mr. Chamberlayne, who owned a plantation along the way, and was asked to stop and dine with him. Washington replied that his business was urgent, and he was only persuaded when Chamberlayne told him that he had a young widow visiting him who was rich and fair to look upon. He finally accepted, saying that it could be only for dinner, and that, the meal over, he must hasten on to Williamsburg by moonlight. He then threw the reins of his horse to Bishop, his body servant, and told him to wait for his return.

Dinner being over, the Virginia colonel was so pleased with his company that he was in no hurry to go. He forgot all about poor Bishop and his horse and accepted an invitation to remain over night. It was, it may be said, a case of love at first sight. Washington went on to Williamsburg the next day, and on his return he called at the house of Mrs. Custis and asked her hand in marriage. She accepted and they were married in great style at her home on the Pamunkey river on the 6th of January, 1759. A honeymoon of several months was spent here and then the couple took a wedding tour to Mount Washington.—San Francisco Argonaut.

President Adams' Trees.

Thousands of Americans travel far to visit the White House and walk through its grounds, yet few of them know the most interesting fact connected with the place, that is, that John Quincy Adams, when he was President, planted most of its fine trees. President Adams was full of energy; for months he made a practice of swimming across the Potomac every day; then he took to walking around the Capitol square for an hour every morning; then he found the best exercise of all in attending to the planting of the White House grounds with trees; they were very bare in this respect, and he went into the whole science and art of plantation with an enthusiasm very like Sir Walter Scott's on the same subject. He was then 58 years old, but he wrote about the growth of his oaks and chestnuts as eagerly as a school boy would about hunting.

Beats the Klondike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike. For years he suffered untold agony from consumption, accompanied by hemorrhages, and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. He declares that gold is of little value in comparison with this marvelous cure; would have it, even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.

Trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Regular size 50c and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

A Poser.

Mr. Bradlaugh was once engaged in a discussion with a dissenting minister. Bradlaugh insisted that the minister should answer a question by a simple "Yes" or "No," without any circumlocution, asserting that every question could be replied to in that manner:

The reverend gentleman rose, and in a quiet manner said: "Mr. Bradlaugh, will you allow me to ask you a question on those terms?"

"Certainly," said Bradlaugh.

"Then may I ask, have you given up beating your wife?"

This was a poser, for if answered by "Yes" it would imply that he had previously beaten her, and if by "No" that he continued to do so.—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

Croup instantly relieved. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Perfectly safe. Never fails. At any drug store.

Cameron's Announcement.

From the Washington Star.

Colonel John O. Winship, of Cleveland, was in town the fore part of the week. He called upon his old friend and former chum, Speaker Reed, and they together related many incidents of their early life in Maine.

"Meeting Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin at the Shoreham," said Colonel Winship, "recalls the last time that I saw her distinguished husband. During the Blaine campaign, in 1884, Hamlin made a few speeches in Ohio, and when he came to Cleveland, I invited him out to my home. He was in a pleasant mood and told a number of funny stories. One of them, which I recall now, I tell in his own words, as nearly as possible.

"'In 1852, when I was a Democrat,' said Hamlin, 'I was announced to address a Democratic meeting with James Buchanan at Lancaster, Pa. Simon Cameron presided. The meeting was held in a large auditorium, from which all the seats had been removed. The hall was packed to the door by men standing up. There was a perfect sea of faces.

"I was the first speaker and for an hour or more held the undivided attention of the big audience. It seems that while I was speaking several persons in the back part of the hall had suffered the loss of their pocketbooks. The sergeant of police, who was in the hall, worked his way through to the stage and whispered to Cameron to announce that there were pickpockets in the hall and that the people should be on their guard and protect themselves.

"'Cameron, of course, intended making the announcement at the close of my speech, but in the applause that followed he forgot it. When quiet was restored, he introduced Buchanan to the audience as their distinguished fellow-citizen. Buchanan got up, and, surveying the crowd of his old neighbors, began:

"'"I assure you, my fellow-citizens, that it is indeed a pleasure to return to my old home and meet you again. I like to look into the honest faces of the people of Lancaster. A more honest people does not exist than in this dear old county—"

"'Cameron just at this point thought of what he had forgotten, and, interrupting Buchanan, said:

"'"I am requested by the sergeant of police to state that several persons in the audience have had their pocketbooks stolen, and to ask you to be on the alert to intercept the guilty ones."

"'Of course, there was great laughter, but Buchanan passed it off casually and proceeded with his speech.'"

The Dangers of Spring

Which arise from impurities in the blood and a depleted condition of this vital fluid may be entirely averted by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cures all spring humors, boils, eruptions and sores, and by enriching and vitalizing the blood, it overcomes that tired feeling and gives vitality and vigor.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, bilousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

Sayings of Miss Willard.

We are not here to seek a large following, but to do what we think right.

If Noah had appointed a committee the Ark would still be on the stocks.

Two-thirds of Christ's church are women, whose persuasive voices will be a reinforcement quite indispensable to the evangelizing agencies of the more hopeful future.

Poor, grand George Eliot, who sees no light beyond the sepulchre; who thinks we are snuffed out like candles! Dear me, it isn't even aesthetic!

Therefore, since for this we have prayed, we must take our places at the front and say with the greatest reformer of the sixteenth century: "Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me. Amen!

Instead of peace, I was to participate in war; instead of the sweetness of home, never more loved than I loved, I was to become a wanderer on the face of the earth; instead of libraries, I was to frequent public halls and railway cars.

The knights of the old chivalry gave woman the empty husk of flattery; those of the new offer instead the wholesome kernel of just criticism. The knights of the old chivalry drank our health in flowing bumpers; those of the new invite us to sit down beside them at the banquet of truth.

God made woman with her faculties, her traits, her way of looking at all great questions from the highest to the lowest, and He made her to be a helpmeet for man, and he made man to be helpmeet for her; He made them to stand side by side, sun-crowned. He made them to stand in a republic as I believe, bearing equally its magnificent burdens.

We only wish to turn all the bullets into printers' type; we only wish the war to be a war of words, for words are wings—they are full of lightning. Every brain is the open furrow, every word the seed cast in.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to the stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

A horse trained to walk fast, whether he be for the saddle, single harness or team, always commands a better price than one equally good in other respects, but a slow walker.

Getting Ready in Earnest.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Now that congress has seriously begun the work of war preparation a proper settlement of the Cuban troubles becomes a possibility. Spain now knows that her threats can have no further effect than to spur this country to make ready for the conflict. It is within our power to render the odds against Spain overwhelming, and that is the best plan to pursue. The Madrid government has ascertained that the American people are a unit in the conviction that the reign of atrocities has lasted long enough. If nothing but intervention will free Cuba, then it has in the United States a practically unanimous support. Temporizing measures to wait upon the result of half-way concessions have had their day. There can be no peace in Cuba without independence. Nor will anything less avert a collision between the United States and Spain. When Cuba is free the pressure from this nation will end. Spanish diplomacy stopping short of that is time wasted. Cuba has been the victim of merciless oppressors long enough. The condition of the island, which grows worse constantly, has also entailed upon us enough of loss and danger.

Spain continues to send troops to Cuba. Fifteen hundred arrived this week and several thousand during the last month. Spanish armed ships are gathering within 100 miles of our territory. It was high time for congress to take up the question of coast defense in an energetic spirit. Some of the modern heavy guns require more than a year for construction. Artillerists to handle them must be trained for months. Our weakest point is in our many harbors. The exposure to disaster along our coasts would be worse but for the quickness with which submarine mines may be planted and hostile ships assailed with torpedoes. The supply of devoted men to handle torpedoes with the fearlessness of Cushing is unlimited.

Our navy at this time should be large enough to crush the ships of Spain at a blow. If we had two fleets, each larger than that of Spain, there would probably be no war. When Spain purchases a battleship we should purchase several. It would be prudent to replace the Maine at once with two or three similar vessels. As for land operations, our superiority after due organization is all that could be asked. Spanish troops in Cuba would be between two fires, with the base of supplies thousands of miles away. It is important in case of war to make every blow struck at Spain proportionate to the greatness of our resources. Let the authorities proceed rapidly with the work of preparation. And let it be equally kept in mind that nothing short of independence can be of the least benefit to Cuba, nor satisfy the just demands of our own people.

It Will Surprise You.

In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, your druggist will supply a generous 10 cent trial size or we will mail for 10 cents. Full size 50 cts.

ELY BROS.,
56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Ely's Cream Balm has completely cured me of catarrh when everything else failed. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

Color of Sin.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

At a recent meeting of the Methodist Ministerial Association, held in the parlors of the Meridian Street Methodist Church, Rev. J. W. Milan said that he had recently come across a very interesting discovery, made by someone working in the Smithsonian Institution. The discovery related to the color of sin. Several of the ministers present said the color of sin was scarlet, because the Bible said so. Mr. Milan replied that the scientist who had made this investigation had discovered that sin has a distinct color of its own. He had, by means of a chemical process, examined the perspiration of persons aroused to sinful passions. When this was subjected to a certain test the perspiration became pinkish in color. He had made more than forty experiments and in every instance the result was the same. The perspiration coming from persons not under the influence of evil passions does not have this color. Thus he is led to believe that sin is in color a peculiar sickly pink—a pink that rather has a wicked look of its own. Dr. Milan regarded this as another instance where science agreed with religion, for the Bible frequently refers to the color of sin, its reference to scarlet being used for the reason that that color was found the most difficult of all dyes to remove. By a close study of the Bible many sections can be found which strengthen the claim that sin has a color of its own, and that that color is something on the order of pink.

A Useful Mule.

"Tom, that old swaybacked mewl o' yourn ain't no good under a saddle, is he?"

"Nope; too slow an' klumsey."

"Ner in th' buggy er waggin?"

"Nope; too awkward fer that."

"Ner at pullin' ov the plow?"

"Nope; wants to graze too much."

"Whut you keepin' him fer, then?"

"Wal, you see, we ain't got no clock at our house, an' that ole mewl brays right at dinner time jest ez shore ez the yearth turns over. Yasser, I've been called to dinner by that mewl's bray fer the past five years, an' I am allus right plump on time."—Atlanta Journal.

For some time, I have suffered with rheumatism and tried every imaginable remedy, without effect. Mr. F. G. S. Wells advised me to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, telling me that it had cured many cases of long standing like mine. I have used four bottles and feel sure that one more bottle will make my cure complete.—A. P. Koontz, Claremore, Ark.—Sold by all druggists

Fled to the Swamp.

From Youth's Companion.

During the first year of the revolutionary war the most conflicting and alarming reports spread to the remote country towns. In the "History of Windham County," Conn., there is a description of a serious panic which occurred at Thompson as a result of such rumors. A saucy boy was knocked down by a suspected Tory. At the same time a courier from Boston rode through the town, too much in haste to answer questions. Soon dreadful stories were afloat.

It is said that the patriots' homes were in danger; that "Malbone's niggers" were coming, burning and slaughtering. "The Tories are coming! The Tories are coming!" was the cry everywhere.

Not a man was left at home save the old and paralytic, and they had no arms, no ammunition. Flight seemed the only resource, and a dismal, miry swamp was selected as the place of refuge. A boy was sent to rally all the neighbors. He ran to Larned's store, then a well-known business centre. Mrs. Larned, who was in charge, was not one to run from the face of danger.

A big fire was blazing in the huge kitchen fireplace, kettles of water were heating, and every iron implement that could be mustered was on the coals, and with hot water and hot irons she intended to make a stand against the invaders. "Old Granny Leavens"—the aged widow of the first William Larned, of Thompson—was with her, and was equally resolute. She had survived several Indian wars and two husbands.

"If I am to be killed by the Tories tonight, why, then, I shall be," she exclaimed, "so I'll e'en stay with Becky." The example of these two women had no effect upon their weaker sisters, already in full flight. "Tell Becky," they retorted, "that hot irons will never do for the British." They hurried off to the swamp, a panic-stricken company. "Uncle Asa," a lame old man, was suffering from a disease incident upon excessive flip drinking.

"Thither," he complained, as he hobbled along. "Thither, I've forgot my plathter. Oh dear! Oh dear!

"Hurry up, Asa, or you'll never put a plaster on your knees again in this world," answered his sister.

The swamp was so "damp, moist and unpleasant" that all could join with Aunt Nabby in her heart-felt ejaculation, "I'd give a wedge of gold as big as my foot for one good drain."

The unfortunate old people, too feeble for flight, were in a still more pitable condition. One bedridden old woman, who had not stood on her feet for years, and was forgotten in the flurry and left at home alone, managed to crawl out of bed and stow herself away in the cupboard. An old captain, trembling with palsy, barricaded the door and valiantly held it with a pitchfork.

The night passed. Nothing was heard of Malbone or other marauders. In the morning the wearied fugitives stole back from the swamp. Their fright and flight and ridiculous sayings were told all over the town, and even carried to camp, giving the soldiers a hearty laugh amid all their uncomfortable surroundings and forebodings.

Rural Free Delivery.

The fact that the postal appropriation bill contains an item of $150,000 for rural free delivery during the next fiscal year, which is $100,000 more than has been available for the purpose during the present fiscal year, will doubtless make a large increase in the number of applications to the department for extensions of the service—a much larger number than the appropriation will provide for in the event of its approval. It will go without saying that $150,000 would be of small use if an effort were made to extend rural free delivery to all who would be glad to have it. It is one of the objections in its extension that those not living in the regions where it is applied may urge that they have as good right as anybody to share in its benefits, and to charge favoritism and discrimination in the selection of the regions where it is employed. This is an objection, however, which nothing short of universal application of the system would be sufficient to remove, and is one likely to be much overdone at all stages in the extension of the system. It may hasten the extension of the system if those interested in its extension will take the personal interest to write to their representatives in Congress, urging them to cause such an overhauling of the postal business as will bring about at least a smaller gap between the receipts and expenditures. The Loub Bill, which was recently laid on the table by so large a vote as to be considered equivalent to its death, was in this direction, but was too narrow, paying more attention to increasing postal rates on certain classes of matter than to making better bargains for the government in the letting of government contracts, and to investigating other matters of expenditure whose economy is questioned. If those favoring rural free delivery have ideas to advance along this line, they should advance them—not at the village postoffices nor through the newspapers, but in direct communication with their representatives in Congress, whose success at the polls depends upon their votes.

No Christian Need Apply.

This advertisement from the Indiana Pioneer tells its own story: "Wanted—An experienced Butler for a bachelor. Must understand the care of uniform and accoutrements. Must be clean and active, and if possible honest. Must be equal to camp life. No native of Belgium need apply. No Christian need apply. Wages Rs. 15. Address Captain Tyler, Royal Artillery, Belgium." It is well known to every intelligent visitor to India, and to every one (adds the London Sketch) outside of the "flocks" who subscribe to missionary societies, that no one would care to employ a converted native, his conversion being generally only a subterfuge for cheating his master.

All Around the Farm.

Much of the winter killing of clover is due to the fact that the fields are too closely cropped by live stock late in the fall, and there is no top left to protect the roots. If left to grow up after the 1st of October there would be less cause for complaint.

Many female moths have only rudimentary wings, and pupate in the ground; they have to climb the trees to lay their eggs. For this reason several of our destructive moths can be kept off the fruit trees by a slight application of tar and grease. The canker worm and tussock moth are cases in point.

Grape vines usually need very little manure other than mineral, and that chiefly potash. In European countries it is the habit of vineyardists to burn the prunings each year, and apply the ashes. No other fertilizer is used. In fact, stable manures are objected to, as they make the vines grow rank, and the fruit will lack the flavor that belongs to fruits whose vines are only manured with ashes. Much of the excellence of French wines is possibly due to this sparing use of manure.

A writer in an English paper gives this recipe for preventing rust in carnations, which he received from a gardener in Germany, whose plants were unusually fine and in healthy condition. He mixes two pounds of vitriol and four pounds of freshly-slacked lime in 27 gallons of water, and stirs well together until it is clear, not blue, and then he adds two pounds of sugar and mixes all again. With this he syringes his plants once a week, early in the day. The syringing should be done quickly, finely and evenly.

A swollen udder often causes a ewe to disown and abuse her lamb. The milk flow is then usually deficient, which only makes the hungry lambs more persistent, the ewe more desperate, and a bad matter worse. In such a case we put the lambs in a box or barrel near the ewe, supply them with almost enough cow's milk from a bottle with a nipple, or let them to some other ewe, and only let them to their dam enough to keep the milk taken; in the mean time bathe the udder with tepid water and witch hazel or arnica. Do this often—at least every two hours for a day—then extend the times until the soreness and swelling are gone, and the milk flow increased, when the lambs will be received.—Indiana Farmer.

Recent German trials indicate that the separator removes from milk and cream not only the dirt and slime which pass through the strainer, but the greater portion of bacteria. As cows are usually cared for and handled there is always some dirt and dandruff from the cow's udder getting into the milk. This can not always be caught in a strainer, but if any passes through, it is included with the slime which remains in the separator bowl. The German trials indicate that most of the bacteria remain with it.

Dr. S. B. Partridge, of East Bloomfield, N. Y., is raising celery on a large scale on the bed of a reclaimed swamp. He set 125,000 plants last year, of the dwarf Golden Self-Blanching, and produces from 1500 to 1800 dozen branches of celery per acre, marketable at from 20 to 30 cents a dozen. His celery kept for winter market is placed in trenches made by means of a crib, 16 feet long and 14 inches wide, which is placed in the row and filled with celery. Then a deep bank of earth is thrown up on either side to the top of the celery, after which the crib is taken up and moved forward its length, and the same process repeated. The trenches are left open at the top until the approach of cold weather, when they are covered with straw and earth.—New England Farmer.

If you have never had a "rattling good garden," suppose you make an effort to have one this year. I know