

When Your Father Went to War.

(By James Newton Mathews, Mason, Ill.)

When your father went to war, Jennie, you were but a child, A rousing little rowdy, running riotous and wild, In the maple-shaded pasture, where our cottage used to stand, And we owned a timbered forty of the richest river land— Yes, owned it—every inch of it—by labor's hard decree.

And none, we thought, in all the world were happier than we, Our castle brooded the Summer hills, amid the blue grass deep, And all the shady bottom lands were snowy with sheep; 'Twas like a tale of fairy lore, the life that we lived then, When I was barely twenty-six, and you were only ten;

Love brought us peace and comfort, till there rose an evil star, In the summertime of plenty, when your father went to war.

Ah, Jennie, I remember well the day, 'Twas late in June, Your father he came riding home from town one afternoon, And his face was pale and haggard as he reached the door and threw One arm around me, daughter, while he laid one hand on you; And as my senses faltered, and I reeled in his embrace, I read the fearful meaning that was written in his face,— I felt it in the bounding blood that beat against my breast, I needed not a spoken word,—too well I knew the sign;

And all that night in dreams I heard the tramp of marching feet, And far away I saw the flags grow dimmer down the street; 'Twas long ago! but O, my heart has not outgrown the year God's finger put upon it, when your father went to war.

Then you and I were left alone. We tried a year or so, By hiring help, to scrup along, but could not make it go; The Spring floods swept away the corn, the drouth of Summer dried The grasses on the uplands, and we had no crops beside; So we parted with the cattle that we could no longer keep, We sold the only team we had and traded off the sheep; And when the winds of Autumn shook the pipes about the eaves, And in the woodland hollows piled the brown October leaves, When the hazel-nuts were ripening in the old familiar copse, And the wild geese wedging southward, far above the maple tops, We looked the dear old farm house up and closed the pasture bar, And moved into the village, when your father went to war.

HUNTING THE DEER

My experience as a deer hunter, says J. J. Williams, in the Nashville American, has been considerable, and in one respect eminently successful. While I have never killed or shot a deer, and never cared to, yet in the sport of the chase I have perhaps had my full share. I was always with the driver, and frequently was that important personage myself. I had no taste for being a stander, to be placed away in advance, out of hearing and almost out of hope, and when there was only one chance of maybe a dozen to see or hear anything of the hunt. While thus situated the anxiety and suspense in intolerable, but with the driver and the dogs all in animation, and the anxiety, though great, is exhilarating in the extreme.

First the cold-trailers of the pack are seen sniffing at the bushes, and then they occasionally open where the scent is a little fresher, and as they advance it grows warmer and the voice of the indefatigable hound is heard more frequently and with more confidence, and soon the whole pack, with scent less acute than their leaders, begin to open on the trail with animation, the long power of the driver is stimulated, and the hills begin to resound and echo. Lack the commingled voices of dogs and men. Every moment the scent gets stronger and the interest more intense in the momentary expectation that the antlered denizen of the hills will spring to his feet. This generally happens when the dogs are close at hand, and sometimes the driver is near enough to get a shot. When an old buck with a full head of antlers springs from his bed before the hounds and raises his head in proud defiance as he sweeps his fiery glance on his pursuers, with tail lifted on high for the chase like a waving plume, he is the most majestic figure that hunter's eye ever rested on. With a graceful spring the noble fellow bounds away, and the chase begins, and the exhilarating effect becomes uncontrollable to men dogs and horses, and none seems to enjoy it more than the buck himself, who conscious of his own swiftness and powers of endurance, has little fear of harm, and need have none but for the fact that the wily hunter, knowing his characteristics, ambushes him at the stands, through some of which it is reasonably supposed that he will pass, and he is thus sometimes slain. But the writer always felt a sense of relief when he escaped unharmed from these 'bush-wackers' of the chase.

If the reader never had this experience then he ought not to imagine anything about it, as he cannot do the subject justice. When an old 'stag' has run for an hour or two and got warmed up and desires to free himself from his pursuers he turns his course to the water, if there be any within reach of his domain, and I have thought when an old buck, not too heavy, starts for the water that he could outfoot any living animal, with the exception, probably, of the trained racehorse or the greyhound, for short distances, and in his native wilds, among the timber and bushes, he would far outstrip these. But for speed and endurance the deer has no equal, in my opinion, unless it be some of its kindred species.

The habits of these animals even in the chase vary according to circumstances; a female deer, or doe, that has a fawn not large enough to make his escape, will hide it as a domestic cow will hide her calf, and she will run clear away from the place to lead the dogs and hunters away from her young. A sleek or yearling deer will run up and down over the hills in a very contrary and to the hunter a very disgusting manner, and the hunter always knows when he is after a sleek. Old deer, however, will follow the ridges or long stretchers, and if it be a buck with a full head of antlers he will seek as far as possible the open woods, and if they have been burned over it is still the better for him to entangle his horns; and as his scent is more rank, probably he wishes to avoid leaving it on the bushes, which makes it so much easier for the dogs to follow by scent, and this known habit makes him an easier victim than the fawn or sleek, which has no regular habits.

But their leaping power is probably more remarkable than their

fleetness of foot. I have seen a full-grown deer in a run leap, with apparent ease, a stake-and-riдер fence that must have been more than seven feet in perpendicular height, and their leap is not in a snesaw movement like a horse, but the whole body goes over on a level, and he lights on all four of his feet, while a horse rears on his hind feet and raises these up as his fore feet go down on the other side. As is well known, these animals shed their horns (so called) every year, generally in the month of January or February, and a new set begins to germinate about March, and by July or August they are full grown and generally have an additional prong or spike. These are at first covered with a rough, velvety skin, and the horns or horn is soft. But it soon begins to dry and harden and the velvet he rubs off against bushes or gravelly banks, and by September it is as hard as bone, when 'Richard is himself again.' Soon after the running season begins their necks swell and they become lean. At these seasons they are sometimes belligerent, particularly if wounded or brought to bay, and then, with his hair rolled forward by the moving of his skin and a gleaming eye sparkling with defiance, he is a formidable antagonist with his horns and feet which he manipulates in a very energetic and persevering manner.

These animals, at an early day, were successfully hunted without dogs. But the most destructive way is to track them in the snow, which, after it has fallen for a few days, freezes over with a crust of ice. In running over this their hoofs break through, and the sharp edges of the ice soon so far disable them that they become an easy prey to the hunter's bullet. When caught very young they are easily petted, and I have heard it said that when they are lost from their mother they will follow a man if they happen to see one. I would advise the reader not to put too much confidence in all he hears about hunting, as hunters, like fishermen, are not over-sensitive on questions of voracity.

The deer is not so long-winded an animal as the fox, and perhaps from our six hours' continuous running is as long as a deer could hold his peed, while I am sure I have known Reynard to run twelve hours before he went to his den; but the deer is immensely his superior in dexterity.

TRUTH.

The following beautiful illustration of the power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany "State Register." He was an eye-witness of the scene in one of the higher courts of New York:

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house. 'Now, Emily,' said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, 'I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?'

'I don't know what you mean,' was the simple answer. 'There, your honor,' said the counsel, addressing the court, 'is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath.'

'Yes, sir; every evening.' 'Can you tell me what the Bible is?' inquired the judge. 'It is the word of the great God,' she answered. 'Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say,' and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

'Now,' said the judge, 'you have sworn as witnesses, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?' 'I shall be shut up in State prison,' answered the child. 'Anything else?' asked the judge. 'I shall never go to heaven,' she replied. 'How do you know this?' asked the judge again. The child took the Bible and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' 'I learned that before I could read.' 'Has anyone talked with you about your being a witness here against this man?' inquired the judge. 'Yes, sir,' she replied. 'My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we knelted down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said.'

'Do you believe this?' asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion. 'Yes, sir,' said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect. 'God bless you, my child,' said the judge; 'you have a good mother. This witness is competent to continue. Where I am in trial for my life and honor, I would pray to God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined.'

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it that carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with indefinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony it was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom the mother had prayed for strength to be given to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured witnesses.

SENSIBLE ADVICE

There is nothing like their own home for married people, and especially for young married people, even if the wife shall have to cook and sweep the floor and clean the windows. If she be a healthy girl the exercise will do her good—and no young man who has to labor for his living should marry a girl that is not healthy, strong, and willing to do her own work while they are too poor to hire a servant. This thing of marrying a girl that you have to hire another girl to take care of is not a wise thing for a young man to do. He should look out for a girl that is broad-shouldered, strong in muscle, baying of course other virtues. The ideal girl, the consumptive, tight-laced, party-going, piano-playing, French-talking, fashionable girl; can be no proper wife for him. This language the girls may think unkind, but it is not. It is better for all girls that are not fitted to be a poor man's wife to remain with their parents than to become such, it will be better for their lovers, too, and better for society. A girl, then, that does not know how to cook fairly, or who would not when necessary cheerfully cook for her husband, ought not to marry any but a rich man—and no poor man should marry her. If, then, girls without a dowry are content to marry young

men who have only their fond hearts for good names, their strong muscles, their strong arms, their ambition to make their wives happy, and their hope to work up a competence through frugality and industry, these girls should know how to cook and they ought to be ashamed to marry any such man until they have learned the art of cooking. For such a girl to marry such a man would be nothing more or less than a social fraud, unless she shall before engagement inform him fully of her ignorance on this subject. It is well then to have these schools of cookery to which girls whose mothers have not taught them the art can go and learn—and we hope that the day is near at hand when girls who are candidates for matrimony will pride themselves more on their ability to cook a good dinner than on their ability to dance, sing, play, or fool away precious time on less useful things. Then the world will be better and the people in it will be happier than they are now, and the youth that shall be born in the land will be of greater bone, tougher sinew, and of purer blood.

What Salt is Good For.

When you give your cellar its spring cleaning, add a little copperas water and salt to the whitewash. Sprinkling salt on the tops and at the bottoms of garden walks is said to keep snails from climbing up or down.

Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt water and then sponged with lemon juice. For weeds in the grass put a pinch or two of salt in the middle of each, and, unless a shower washes it off, it will kill the weeds.

For stains on the hands nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots, and then washed off in clear water. For relief from heart-burn or dyspepsia drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom; so never soak salt fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there. Salt and mustard, a teaspoonful of each, followed with sweet oil, melted butter or milk, is the antidote for Fowler's solution, white precipitate of arsenic.

For weeds in pavements or gravel walks, make a strong brine of coarse salt and boiling water, put the brine in a sprinking can and water the weeds thoroughly, being careful not to let any of the brine get on the grass, or it will kill it too. If a chimney or flue catch on fire, close all windows and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude all air. Water should never be poured down the chimney, as it spoils the carpets. Coarse salt thrown down the chimney is much better.

Shaking Hands.

Who doesn't enjoy a good hearty hand-shake? Did you ever think of the different modes of doing it? First, there is the very genteel way, in fact so very proper and polite that one can scarcely realize it at all, and it loses its identity. Next is the firm grasp, denoting strong, friendly and sympathetic feeling, but without any shaky motion of the hand. There are people who do not seem to have strength enough to shake hands—I do not mean invalids—they simply touch your hand for mere ceremony. This sort of a shake makes one feel depressed at once. The hearty, sincere hand-shake seems to me to be of a nature to cheer and enliven the owners of the hands. Sometimes a person is so enthusiastic not to say harsh, that it seems as if the hand was in a vise, and it almost amounts to actual pain during this tremendous process. I have often heard it said that the way people were in the habit of shaking hands was the way they were in the habit of feeling varying of course with the different people one might meet. I do not think this is a general rule, for many people have a particular and precise way of shaking hands from which they never depart. Of course relatives and close friends are entitled to a warmer shake than the acquaintance, but in any case let it always be cordial.

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