THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTER

Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a plane how they stand on the books in this office. For instance:

office. For instance:
Grover Gleveland 28June28
means that Grover is paid up to June 28, 1895.
Keep the figures in advance of the present data.
Report promptly to this office when your paper is not received. All arrearages must be paid when paper is discontinuod, or collection will be made in the manner provided by law.

Including stocks and bonds the railways of the United States are capital-ized at \$60,000 per mile, while those of Great Britain are capitalized at \$220,000 per mile, or nearly 400 per cent. higher than in this country.

Dr. Conan Doyle picked up consididerable "literary material" and \$12,000 during his trip in this coun-"No wonder he finds America a great field for the successful nuthor," exclaims the Chicago Record.

The New Orleans Picayuno exclaims: "General Booth is begging money in this country for his 'Darkest England" schemes. America takes care of enough foregn paupers on her own soil without exporting money for the purpose.

The South in 1894 raised about fifty bushels of corn to every bale of cotton. The farmer who comes outeven on his cotton at present prices is fortunate. The farmer who has a sur-plus of corn is ahead. The salvation of the South during 1894 was its great corn and hog product. It is useless, in the judgment of the Atlanta Journal, to say more.

"The fact," declares the New York Tribune, "that the Southern farmers are going ahead in a quiet, unobtrusive way, saying nothing, but minding their business in the most exemplary manner. With a climate unapproached anywhere else on this continent. soil unsurpassed for its natural fertil-ity, a wealth of fertilizers under the surface, and a dogged perseverance of which they have heretofore given ample evidence, they are successfully proving their fitness to survive in the struggle for life, prosperity and hap-

There has been a singular dearth of invention in naming the many small lakes of the West, laments the Chica go Herald, and fine old Indian names have been deliberately discarded in order that persons of unlovely sur-names might be honored geographically. The Indian names when translated are often found to embody an almost photographic picture of the lakes upon which they were bestowed. The French names that superseded some of the Indian names, and are likely to be superseded in their turn by modern commonplaces, are often pretty and historically suggestive.

According to Major H. H. C. Dunwoody, of the National Weather Service, the weather crop service of the National bureau ranks next in importance to the work of making forecasts The system of gathering reports upon which the weather crop bulletins are based has been greatly perfected in recent years. The crop bulletins of the States have been improved, and are now more complete than at any previous time, and the increased circula-tion that these bulletins have attained amply attests their value. It is be lieved that there is no other class of information to which so much space is devoted in the public press to-day. A file of these bulletins for all the States for a year will form the most complete history of the weather conditions attending the growth and development of the several crops throughout the country, More than ten thousand crop correspondents are to-day co-operating with the National Weath er Service through the State organization; three thousand voluntary observers are furnishing monthly report of daily observations of temperature and rainfall; and over eleven thousand persons assist in the work of distributing the weather forecasts of the National Weather Service. This latter work has been more rapidly pushe during the past year than any other feature of State Weather Service work. With the continuation of the present liberal policy toward these services there will be in a comparatively shor time no important agricultural community in the United States, with the proper mail facilities, that will not receive the benefits of the forecasts.

THE WINTER GIRL

Though the maid of spring may be divine,
And the autumn midden fair,
And the summer girl with fixen ourl;
With you they'll ne'er compare,
My fur-elad Winter Girl.

When the world is sad in the winter days,
The earth is white and the sky is gray,
And I am blue; it rests with you
To make us all feel glad and gay,

My fur-clad Winter Gir e's to the health of the Winter Girl

With you, O Winter Girl, compare, My fur-clad Winter Girl.

DICK'S PROMISE.



and the regiment, who was heavily mauled.

Not until noon were the Paythans forced under, and a straggling remnant of "black imps" fled like an inky cloud toward tea hills. As the dark stain merged into distance, the search for the living among the dead began.

The sun licked with a tongue of fire the bullet ridden field, and from throats dry as ovens cries and grossns went up on the fettid air, which fessetted the flesh of gaping wounds, while the men sweltered helplessly beneath the flaming sky. The continual movement of the litters among the stricken ones went on until evening, when the deep dug trenches were thickly packed, and the tent-cloth of the forms of the wounded.

Moaning and fevered mutterings mingled with the breaths of the sleepers as the captain opened his eyes and spoke, for the first time coherently since he had been borne from the field. The man bending over him detected life's last flicker in the burning eyes and stooped lower to catch the feeble murmur. Between these two men existed a mighty friendship, Even in the Sandhurst days they had been inchammed "David and Jonathan," and the joint sobriquet had followed them to the barrack-room and into camp. Now one of them was dying, and didn't know it!

"The only chipped," panted the captain. "That confounded knife slieded me from the shoulder strap to the breastbone. P'raps they'll give me sick leave; and while you're skirnish is level the me room the shoulder strap to the breastbone. P'raps they'll give me sick leave; and while you're skirnish is level the me. the stricken ones went on until evening, when the deep dug trenches were thickly packed, and the tent-cloth of the temporary hospital bulged with the forms of the wounded.

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"I'm only chipped," panted the captain. "That confounded knife slied me from the shoulder strap to the breastbone. P'raps they'll give me sick leave; and while you're skirmishing about the country. Dick, I shall be potted at home—and Marion—" His speech became inaudible and he fumbled about his breast among the bandages. At last, from the ripped lining of the coat, he brought to view a faded photograph. "You've never seen her, Dick," he whispered. "I've even been jealous of her picture. But—you may look at hen now, old man."

Thrust under the other's gaze was the likeness of a woman with deep eyes and a tender, smilling mouth.

"That's my girl," said the sick man proudly. "You used to wonder why I raved so over one woman. Can you now? Nine years she's waited, Dick, for a man with only a captain's pay and vague expectations."

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The unuttered allusion, following the heart of the patient of the patien

promise, if you can."

Dick groaned "Yes." There was no woman's memory to prevent the pledge, and in that moment of parting he would have granted anything.

Marion Temple looked wonderingiy

regarding him now with a pale, luster-less gaze, resembling drenched for-get-me-nots. He noted the incipient lines about her tired face, and the lack of freshness about her smile, as if that, too, had perished. Only her voice and her black dress had any link to the vividly-imagined "Marion." He had been prepared for a somber frock, and her tones were as soft and sweet as he had fancied.

"I'm very glad to know you," she was saying. "Tell me all you can about—about it. The official an-nouncement was the only news I had."

mont ho bent his lips to it, at the same time conscious of a disappointment gnawing at his senses. Dick was distinctly human and it was with a revulsion of feeling that he recalled the death-cry of his Jonathan and his own promise. It was easy then to pledge himself to lift the loneliness of the beautiful, bereaved girl, but its fulfilment with this calm, faded woman seemed a thing so different.

"Let us be friends for the sake of our dead," she said, as he left he and he winced.

A few days later Dick was with her

now? Nine years she's waited, Dick, for a man with only a captain's pay and vague expectations."

"As faithful as she is beautiful, "sighed Dick, looking at his comrade, and wondering how long this spurt of vitality would last. Then an involuntary pity for the patient girl in England rushed into his eyes as the 'first gray tint shadowed the tortured face before him. "Philip, dear old chum," he said chokingly, "what mesage shall I take her?"

"Be soldier who had feared nothing when under fire now prayed feebly for his life, and in the brief subsequent delirium shrieked piteously about the horrors of death. When Dick's hands, as tender as a woman's, touched him, the dying man kissed them and called his friend "Marlon." At nightful reason gleamed again for an instart; it was the final spark.

"Nine years she's waited, Dick, and this is the ond. Don'tlet her be lonely, Dick. I could trust her with you—you'll take my place, if you can—promise, if you can—promise, if you can."

Dick groaned "Yes." There was no woman's memory to prevent the pledge, and in that moment of parting he would have granted anything.

Marion Temple locked wordering to the discussion of the pledge, and in that moment of parting he would have granted anything.

Marion Temple locked wordering to the first compact was tense with sincerity. Her compact was tense when it her here she when ye was the flow that now smiled without effort. There was no was a restfulness in her face that now smiled without effort. There was a restfulness in her face that now smiled without effort. There was no was a restfulness in the face that now smiled without effort. There was a restfulnes when it met his which stilled any lurking regret that may have gardeally he locked for ward to his marriage with Marion was a restfulness in the face that now smiled without effort. There was no discussed, and gradually he looked for ward to his marriage with Marion was a restfulness in the face that now smiled without effort. There was no was a restfulness in the face that now sm

abstractedly.
"A darling! She's leaving school "A darling! She's leaving senior for good now, so you'll see glots of her. She has the bluest of eyes, and—another holly sprig for just here, please; thanks—and the brightest of hair you over saw! Once I—I was like her, Dick."

"The many and the many and the mon I."

A week later "the little sister" ar-

A week later "the little sister ar-rived from her Paris school, fresh as a newly fledged butterfly. "So you are to be my brother!" she said, smiling up at Dick. "Hadn't you better kiss me?" The officers' ball of the

the had been prepared for a somber frock, and her tones were as soft and sweet as he had fancied.

"I'm very glad to know you," she was saying. "Tell me all you can about—about it. The official announcement was the only news I had."

Dick pulled himself together, and, with much gentleness, recounted the scene at Jagai, speaking of Philip's death as a painless one.

She detected the kindly lie, as well as the tears in his voice, and impulsively held out her hand to him. It looked like a snowflake on the bronze of his, and in the emotion of the moment he beat his lips to it, at the same time conscious of a disappointment gnaving at his senses. Dick weat is a bank of plants, she caught a glimpse of yellow har beside a patch graying a bank of plants, she caught a sum of the same time conscious of a disappointment gnaving at his senses. Dick weat is a sum of the control of the meaning the sense of the same time conscious of a disappointment gnaving at his senses. Dick weat is a sum of the control of the season was nearly over and only a few couples meanly over and only a few couples were enjoying the last wait, while others, shrinking in dim corners, were meanly others, shrinking in dim corners, were enjoying the last water, with a sum of the saming the mean only over and only a few couples for the saming the heat and others, shrinking in dim corners, were meanly were enjoying that set of the saming the mean of the carning the mean of the corners, were many others, shrinking in dim corners, were meanly were enjoying that set of the saminking the mean of the charge of the saming the mean of the charge of the saming the mean of the charge of the saming the mean of the charge of the saminking the mean o of a bank of plants, she caught a glimpse of yellow hair beside a patch of scarlet. "The little sister's" voice gimpse of yellow hair boside a patch of searlet. "The little sister's" voice reached her faintly, but the tones of Dick were distinct. Marion stood there only a moment, then hurried away to the cloak-room, the man's words throbbing in her brain, and an insistent ache oppressing her like a nightnare.

nightmare.

Marion was one of those brave women with an insignificant outside, whom nobody credits with emotion. Her pain was expressionless when, afterward, she faced the girl whose joy added gall to the bitterness of disillusion.

"Hasn't it been lovely, Marion?" cried the little sister, when they were seated together in the carriage. "I have enjoyed my first ball! And all my partners danced superbly: and I don't know whether to laugh or cry with happiness."

Dick commented on Marion looking "rather tired" when he said goodnight to them, and involuntarily she shrauk from his touch.

"Come around to-morrow," she said, in tones slightly querulous, "I've some news for you, Dick."

When alone in her room she neither sobbed nor fell into melancholy. After changing her ball dress for a loose wrapper, she dragged out a box from a cupboard, and with quiet deliberateness, turned out its contents until the bed and all the chairs were laden with the miscellany of a trousseau. Every stitch, every shred of it was an evidence of her misery, and she fingered the things with the lingering touch of a good-bye. One freek, prettier than the others, and trimmed with little pink rosebuds, she fondled very much, and finally, in guilty haste, pat it on, standing before the glass shamefaced. The candlelight fickered in her shaking hand, casting odd shadows about herself as she turned this way and that admiringly. "So I shall never wear them after all," she moaned, when at last, she folded and replaced each thing, gazing with unutterable tenderness into the depths of the box, as if into the earthhole of her dead.

Then, for the second time, she turned the key on a hallowed hope, and so began again her desolation.

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It was all over. Dick's head was buried in his arms when Marion seased speaking, and moved to the door. The twilight shrouded them, so he couldn't see how ple was her face when he went toward her with outstretched hands and humble words of thanks.

"No; don't say any more," she pleaded. "It was my fault not to have bet

sister."
"We were just talking of you, dar-ling—Dick has something to tell you."—London Answers.

Number of Postage Stamps Used.

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Two hundred million two-cent postage stamps that are reported as worthless by postmasters throughout the country have been called in by the Postmaster-General and will be destroyed.

Although 200,000,000 seems to be an enormous number, it is really trifling compared with the number of stamps used by the American people each year, and would last less than twenty days. It requires about 12,000,000 stamps a day to conduct the correspondence of our population, or a total of 4,380,000,000 for the year. There is not as much letter-writing these times as there was when the country was more prosperous, but a decided increase has been noticeable during the last two months. The weight of the mails is an accurate barometer of business affairs—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Marion Temple looked wonderingly at the visitor's card, until a flash of remembrance rendered the name intelligible to her. There was the slightest possible flutter about her fingers as she turned the handle of the drawing room door, but the man who rose to meet her was far less composed.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he faltered. "I--I was Philip's friend." "I remember," she said, with a perceptible pressure of the hand. "His letters always mentioned you as —Dick.'"

Captain Esmond, of the Forty-third Light Infantry, shifted his glance to the window and back again to the small, spare figure in front him. So this was Marion!

His second contemplation was a long one, and detailed her from head to foot, and he questioned sliently if this woman and the photograph treasured so reverently against his breast were one and the same. The hair he had mentally painted golden was in reality colorless, and the pictured eyes that had suggested a fathomless blue were The bequest of \$115,000 which the late Robert Stanton Avery has left in and sufficient with the first in the first in for "lectures and treatises upon and it would



CARE OF THE RASPBERRY.

If the old wood of the raspberry bushes has not already been cut out, leaving only the last summer's growth, it should be done now. The long canes should be cut back. Tender varieties can all be bent over one way and weighted down or pegged down and covered with three or four inches of soil. After freezing weather is over in the spring the vines should be loosely tied to single stakes or to a wire if preferred. The hardy varieties, such as the Cuthbert, Turner and other of the newer varieties will need no protection.—American Agriculturist.

GROWING ONIONS FROM SETS.

Onion sets are the small bulbs produced from late-sown seed on poor land and taken up in the fall and dried. They are planted on rich land in the spring in rows twelve inches apart, and three inches apart in the rows, requiring about twenty-four bushels to the acre. The plants grow quickly and make marketable onions by July or August. It is necessary to watch the crop, and when the swollen seed stems appear these are twisted and broken down to prevent the formation of blossoms, by which the growth of the bulb will be checked. Onions may be kept quite safely if thoroughly dried and stored in a dry, cool place, and if frozen in the winter will not take any harm if kept in that condition and thawed gradually in the spring.—New York Times.

MEREDING UP STOCK.

When engaged in breeding up a native stock to some one of the improved varieties, there should be a definite point aimed at from the first. This must be adhered to, or the stock will soon become entirely unreliable for breeding. Our native animals are of no particular breed, but if good specimens of their kind, they are better to breed from than a half-bred or three-quarter-breed animal of some other.

When engaged in breeding up a native stock to some one of the improved varieties, there should be a definite point aimed at from the first. This must be adhered to, or the stock will soon become entirely unreliable for breeding. Our native animals are of no particular breed, but if good specimens of their kind, they are better to breed from than a half-bred or three-quarter-bred animal of some other strain. For example, if you are breeding from a Holstein bull for milk or butter, a half blood of shorthorn or Jersey or Guernsey will not give as good results as will a first-rate native cow. In the former case there is prepotency on both sides and the offspring will be widely variant. With a native cow and a thoroughbred bull of any kind, the prepotency is all in the same line. If the breeding is continued further the same strain of breed should be used as at first. The established breeds are all too firmly established to be crossed more than once with any certainty that the once with any certainty that the breeding will perpetuate the desirable qualities on either side of the house.

—Boston Cultivator.

THE BEST BREED OF FOWLS

THE DEST BREED OF FOWLS.

The question of which is the best breed of fowls narrows down to this: What fowl do you like best? Which style and color takes your eye? Can you give the proper housing and care that the tenderer breeds require? Will you have to subject your fowls to just ordinary houses and care? The breed one fancies most will in the majority of cases receive the best care, which naturally results in the most profit. If one prefers fine feathers and a beautiful form and carriage rather than a strictly economic fowl, rather than a strictly economic fowl, there are many breeds from which to make a selection. If a general pur-pose fowl is wanted, the list to select there are many breeds from which to make a selection. If a general purpose fowl is wanted, the list to select from was never so long as it is to-day. If beauty and utility combined are wanted, there are several breeds to select from, either one of which should satisfy any reasonable person. There is much truth in the saying, "feed makes the breed." The best breed in the world, whichever one may be so considered by the owner, will be a failure and disappointment if kept under unfavorable conditions and injudiciously fed. Therefore we would add to the above, "feed and care make the breed." We do not know of any be reed which with proper care and feed will not prove reasonably profitable but in pleasure and money. In making selection one's circumstance, and sufficient proper care and feed will not prove reasonably profitable and the profectly hardy and thrive well, another breed would not do at all well. Therefore it behoves one to guard against letting a sudden fancy run away with good judgment. The subject, I would carnestly advise taking plenty of time to look the field over thoroughly before making up their minds. One is apt to be favorably impressed with the appearance of a certain breed, which after due thought would be rejected for good and sufficient reason, whereas if on the first impulse it had been bought, it would prove a disappointment and entail a loss. Those who are continually changing the breed very seldom are satisfied with anything and usually and by giving the whole up in disgust.

—American Agriculturist.

CURRYING HORSES.

The horse is a very cleanly animal, and if he is not running in the fields and brains make pork profits.

Kerosene emulsion can most easily be applied to stock to destroy lice and brains make pork profits.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

After the leaves drop is a good time to prune the grape.

Take your choice, eggs or lice. You can't have both in the same poultry

yard.

A teaspoonful of glycerine and few drops of nitric acid to a pint of grinking water will generally cure fowl that shows symptoms of thronchits, when accompanied with a gurgling sound in the throat, as if of choking.

Stirring the gold.

Stirring the soil in warm weather Stirring the soil in warm weather makes it warmer by admitting more outside air. It also stimulates decomposition of any vegetable matter that the soil contains, and thus directly adds to the available supply of fertility.

The more manure that the farmer applies the wors they could have the farmer applies the wors they could be applied to the worse they are they they ar

applies the more thorough should be the cultivation of the crop. Only thus can its full value be secured. Besides, unless the cultivator is kept busy, the manure makes the weeds grow as well

manure makes the weeds grow as well as the crop.

Much can yet be done to make the poultry quarters comfortable for winter weather. The roof may be mended, the walls battened, or lined with paper, the broken glass replaced with new, or a sash put into a front that now has none.

now has none.

A colt was to all appearances nearly dead, the breath of life being barely perceptible. It soon revived by giving it a couple of fresh eggs. The same results have attended the administering of eggs to weak cattle and to feeble, chilled lambs.

All sick or alling fowls should be at

The horse is a very cleanly animal, and if he is not running in the fields where he can roll and rub, his hair and skin should be thoroughly cleaned every day to keep him in good health and condition. Mud and manure should be rubbed off with a handful of straw or hay, and the wet hair wiped dry with other clean handfuls. Then the whole skin should be gone over with a currycomb having fine.

Hiding all of nature In a dusky shroud? Have you seen the light snow And the virgin streets grow Black as ink again Have you seen the ashes, When the flame is spent, And the cheerless hearthston Grim and eloquent?

Have you see the ballroom When the dance is done
And its tawdry splendor
Meets the morning sun? Dearest, all these plotures
Cannot half portray
How my life has altered
Since you've gone away?
—Harry Romaine, in Munsey's Magazin

A CHANGE

Have you seen the full moon Drift behind a cloud,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A silent worker—The yeast cake.

'Held by the enemy''—The ulster
which we are unable to redeem.—
Texas Siftings.

Every man knows in his own heart
that the fools are not all dead yet.—
Albany Args.

Ibany Argus.
This pig went to market,
This one refused to roam:
But the one that takes two seats in a car
We wish would stay at home.
—Inter-Ocean.—Inter-Ocean.—bod ti

"Well, that baits all," remarked the Irish fisherman as he looked into his can in vain for a worm.—Philadelphia The only thing we can recommen o women for the management of susband, is to feed him and trust tuck.—Atchison Globe.

Sibyl-"When Steve proposed to

Sloyl—"when Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water." Tirpie—"Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."—Yankee Blade. "Tis new about the time of year When each friend, overhold, Fires of this question in your ear, "Where did you get that cold?" —New York Herald.

When a woman begins to show a dislike to being called by her pet name she may be considered as officially out of the matrimonial race.—
Hudson Register.

Her brow was like the snowdrift,
Her throat was like the wan,
And her hat it was the largest
He'd ever looked upon,
Inter-Ocean.

He—"I could believe that this was one of mother's own pies, dear." She -"Could you, really, darling?" He -"Yes; it tastes as if it had been nado about ten years ago."—Inter-

Witts-"Talk about word painting! I know a man who is the equal of any in that line." Watts--"Done some-thing wonderful in books, has he?" Witts--"Er-no; in signs."--Buffalo Courier.

Jourier.

Break! Break! Break!
On thy cold, gray stones, oh sea,
Thou'lt not, I'lt bet, be able to get
As broke as I soon shall be,
—Washington Star.

As broke as I soon shall be.

Stockly—"I hear that your son went into the office to work this morning." Jobly—"He went into the office to work the morning." Jobly—"He went into the office to work me. I was out, but I guess I'd have been out more if I'd been in."—Philadelphia Record.

A girl isn't going to be married soon if a number of gentlemen call on her on a Sunday afternoon. When anything serious is in prospect all the men except the one who is in earnest drop off.—Atchison Globe.

No more he pulls his father's bear!
And drives him to despair;
He much prefers a handful of His brother's toothall hair.

"How do you like the way I wear

"How do you like the way I wear my hair now?" asked the football player. "It's lovely," replied the girl. "If your head only had some slik sewed around it, it would be a lovely soft pillow."--Deproit Free Press.

Press.

"Do you think," said the passenger on the front platform of the street car, that it hurts a horse to dock its tail?" "Yes," replied the man who handles the brake, "but not as much as it does a driver to dock his wages."—Washington Star.

Little Ned—"Don't take away the light." Mamma—"I want you to learn to go to sleep without a light." "Must I sleep in the dark?" "Yes." "Well, then, wait a minute. I guess I'll get up and say my prayers a little more carefully."—Good News.
"Are you used to serving roast beef

more carefully."—Good News.

"Are you used to serving roast beef rare?" said the lady who was endeavoring to learn whether she suited the new cook. "No, ma'am," was the loftily-spoken reply. "Up to me prisint employment Oi've been used to serving it frequent."—Washington Star.

Jagwell-"I've made an awful mis-Jagwell—"I've made an awful mis-take. I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Cashley's with a lot of flowers, thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow." Wigwag—"That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time."—Philadelpnia Record.

The art of making money leads
All other human passion.
And mankind generally concede concedes And mankind generally
"Tis quite an honest fushion.
Yet, when a man to make the same
Has to the next arison,
Then justice "tumbles to his game"
And sends him straight to prison.
—Richmond Dispatch

Substitutes Petroteum for Coal.

United States Consul Richman, at St. Gall, Switzerland, has transmitted to the State Department diagrams and a detailed description of a new device for burning petroleum to general steam, known as the Gleeman-Baumsteam, known as the Gleeman-Baum-gartner apparatus, The results ob-tained were strikingly successful, and in the opinion of experts indicate the displacement of coal as a steam pro-ducing fuel wherever petroleum can be procured.—New York Advertiser,