### A GERMAN "BAD."

Deep within a narrow valley, lies a busy little town,
While set as for its coronet, each mountain bears a chapel crown.

Every tongue on earth that's spoken, in the Babel mingled go,
Those whose characters are broken, those whose lives are white as snow,

Some for pleasure, some for play, ever marching to and fro,—
Sick, and well, and grave, and gay,—up and down the crowd doth flow,

Through the valley runs a river, bright and rocky, cool and swift,
Where the wave with many a quiver, plays around the pine-tree's drift.

But within the town the streamlet forms a clear and shallow pool,
Each detail reflecting clearly, down amidst its shadows cool.

All the men, and all the houses,—all the hanging flower-pots,
Booths and bonnets, beards and thoughts, and the Baroness de Kots.

And the grey cliffs overhanging, and the grim solemn pines,
Whose forests with their mighty shadows, close us in with dark green lines.

All,—except the cross which towers, high aloft into the sky,
Alone upon that mountain summit, as its Master here did die,

For the mirror was too narrow, and could not the whole contain,
So it took the lower portion, left out what o'er all should reign.

And methought our living mirrors, in that busy little town,
Gave back all that eager bustle, to and fro, and up and down.

Faithfully we there reflected, all the chatter, all the noise,
All the the talk on one another,—all the flowers, all the toys,

Only we left out the presence, and forgot the thought of Him
Whose calm and holy memory, in our hearts should ne'er grow dim.

Like an old Italian picture—where the men and women sit,
Unconscious of the glorious vision, which above their heads doth flit.

So the upper, better portion of our picture heeding not,
Broken, selfish, narrow, trivial—life becomes in that sweet spot.

—*Good Words.*

## RURAL TOPICS.

Written for the HERALD by a farmer, gardener and fruit-grower of great experience.

### HOW MOST TO BENEFIT MY READERS

In preparing a weekly column, or more of "Rural Topics," to be of the greatest benefit to the readers of them, it is necessary to give the views, or opinions, of different men on the subjects that I select. I therefore, embody in my "Topics" to a considerable extent, the cream of the Agricultural and Horticultural press short articles that come right to the points discussed. It is said that, "in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom;" and though it cannot be expected that every subject discussed will be of interest to all rural readers, I think I may say that it would be very difficult to lay before farmers and others of the many States in which these "Topics" are circulated, a weekly series of articles of more advantage to them. I may also, perhaps, be excused for saying that I have been a constant writer on rural affairs for over thirty years, with an extensive practical experience; and being a reader of all the leading Agricultural and Horticultural papers of the United States, I think my writings and compilations ought to be of general interest and benefit to those who do not read the agricultural papers extensively.

### MILK VEINS.

An experienced dairyman says in the *Ohio Farmer*: "It is generally considered a most excellent sign of a good milker to show large crooked veins running forward of the udder and entering the belly in two large holes. There is some truth and considerable fiction in this. It will be borne in mind that these veins lead from the udder and not to it. They are made to carry off the blood that the cow is not able to utilize in her udder. To prove this, place the finger on the vein, and if held hard and long enough, the blood will swell the vein between the finger and udder, and the vein will correspondingly decrease in size on the other side of the finger, just as a stream that is dammed up, thus showing which way the blood flows. I omit the scientific proof of this fact. In other words, this vein is a mere sewer to the udder, carrying off the water or refuse blood. It is like judging the working capacity of a carpenter by the amount of chips he makes. It is of course an indication, and a pretty fair one, but by no means conclusive. In my own experience, except with old cows, I have found this point very unreliable. In fact, I presume the size of the veins is more a freak of nature than a necessity, as the veins are always large enough to carry the blood, and their display depends upon the thickness of the skin and hair."

### A WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.

Soloman Jewett, one of the most noted farmers of Vermont, writes to the *New York World*: "Apply a wash of lime or soap to the bodies of trees. It will save them from the attack of many a pest which domicils in the bark and sap-wood. You will find that the old bark will fall off, leaving smooth, fresh healthy wood on the surface. It is also a good preventive from the attacks of the several species of borer. Be careful to wash very close to the ground, and upwards.

Tar is not advisable. Do not apply it to the bark of any growing tree; it is a common but bad practice. Tar penetrates the sap-wood, checks the growth of bark at the point at which it binds the tree, and checks the circulation up and down where applied. In 1825 I used a barrel of tar, with a brush, running a band around each tree. While chopping down the old trees afterwards I saw the effects. The bark and sap-wood were colored, and the body was smaller under the belt of tar. That same year I assisted in destroying at least 60 bushels of "forest worms," much resembling the common nest apple tree worm. Our trees were saved ruin, and bore much fruit, while the surrounding orchards stood leafless, and much injured. A long, cold storm was pending, while the worm in chrysalis was housed in his cocoon that year, by the million. A long rain and severe chill killed them off at that early stage. Orchards and forests of maple trees have not been materially injured since by this species of worm.

### ORCHARD GRASS.

At a late meeting of the New York Farmers' Club, a Long Island farmer was present, with a sample of orchard grass three feet high, showing what good cultivation will do for it. He said that this valuable, though much neglected grass, is indigenous to the soil of America, and from its adaptability to various soils, its early and late growth, luxurient foliage, and nutritive qualities, is well entitled to an equality with any grass, either native or foreign, which is being cultivated in this country. Many of our best farmers who feed all their hay value a mixture of orchard grass and red clover more than any other grasses. It makes a highly nutritious hay, and is much relished by stock of all kinds. Clover hay—that is, hay where clover predominates, grows too rank and coarse the first year after wheat, unless for soiling. Red clover is a biennial plant, and every farmer experiences that it is only after the second year from wheat that it makes the article so salable in market under the name of timothy hay. Orchard grass, when sown with clover, obviates this difficulty, grows as rapidly as clover, starts in the spring as early, and by this similarity of habit makes a suitable grass to mix with it. For pasture it stands the drouth better than any other, will bear heavier stocking and comes forward in the spring very early. Orchard grass quickly recovers and grows after being closely cropped; a week or ten days of summer growth will make quite a good pasturage. It also, by its great amount of fibrous roots, tends to improve instead of impoverish the soil. It is not at all fit for a lawn, as it sometimes grows in bunches or tussocks, especially when sown thin. The proper quantity when sown alone is but two bushels to the acre; when sown with clover one bushel is sufficient. Perhaps there are no two grasses that can be sown together with so great advantage as red clover and orchard grass. By their union the crop is nearly double what it would be if each were sown separately; they grow and flower well together, come to maturity about the same time, and the clover is supported from falling by the uncommon strength of the orchard grass.

### POTATO BEETLES.

"I take a pailful of water (say three gallons) and thicken it over the fire with rye or wheat flour, or with the common starch that is used for dressing satinet warps. I thicken the whole three gallons to the consistency of cold molasses. I then take a half pint of this starch, pour it into another pailful of cold water, and add one tablespoonful of Paris green, and mix the whole thoroughly, care being taken to keep it evenly mixed, and with a sprinkler or syringe apply to each plant or hill. One or two applications during the season will be sufficient. If the beetles are as numerous as I have seen them, the stench from the field the next day will be sufficient evidence that the work has been accomplished."—*Selected.*

### NOT RELIABLE.

A successful dodge in free advertising of commercial fertilizers may be expected in the papers, now that such fertilizers begin to attract considerable attention. For instance, a dealer in them writes articles for the press, stating fictitious results from their use, and signs his name "FARMER," or some other *nom de plume.* I have such a one before me in the *Ohio Farmer*, signed, "FARMER, New Hampshire," who gives a long statement of the wonderful results on a "New England farm," from the use of ground bones, fish pomace, wood ashes, guano, potash, oil of vitriol, sulphate of magnesia, nitrate of soda, nitrate of potash (saltpetre) and other fertilizers. Here is a specimen of what he says he produced: "One measured acre plowed in autumn and dressed in spring with five hundred pounds of pure, fine bone, sown broadcast, was planted with corn. A handful of superphosphate was placed in each hill. From this acre one hundred and fifty-seven bushels of corn in the ear were gathered. The following year, by the application of eight hunred pounds of mixture of ashes, bone dust and saltpetre, thirty-one bushels of winter rye were raised." He adds that his farm has never produced less than seventy bushels of shelled corn to the acre since he commenced using these fertilizers. This is, probably, one of the bogus free-advertising dodges to which I refer, and I allude to it to put farmers on their guard. The most of the fertilizers he claims to have used are useful and in some cases profitable to apply to crops, but the extraordinary products alleged to have been obtained from their application may justly be looked on with suspicion.

### PRUNING GRAPE VINES IN THE SUMMER.

Grape vines are managed in summer in different ways by different men; and when one has read the various methods of summer pruning, published in the agricultural and horticultural papers, he finds the opinion of grape growers so various that he is merely befogged by them, if he is a novice in the business. Even the books published on grape culture are of little value, as they were written from 15 to 20 years ago, and when our ideas on grape growing were very crude. I will state a few points that 25 years' experience have proved to me to be correct, as follows:

1. Thrifty vines, as the Concord, Hartford Prolific and others of very free growth, should leave trellises 10 or 12 high, in order to obtain the greatest amount of fruit, after the vines have fruited four or five years; and the summer pruning should consist in cutting away feeble shoots wherever found, thus throwing the vitality of the vines into the stronger canes, which will produce the fruit buds of the next season.

2 Pinching back bearing canes to with a leaf or two of the nearest bunches is of no benefit to the fruit, as the leaves of the canes are the lungs of the vines; and I claim that if the vines be shortened in at all, it should be done very moderately, merely stopping the further growth of canes by pinching them off near their ends.

3. In no case should the most thrifty canes be shortened during the summer, as they will be the canes which bear the next year's fruit.

4 As the fruit begins to turn in color, do not remove any leaves to expose the grapes to the sun, as they ripen no sooner by so doing, and the effect of the sun is injurious rather than beneficial, while the removal of the leaves actually retards the ripening of the grapes, by checking the flow of sap through the canes, which the leaves regulate according to the requirement of the growing fruit.

5. To produce the best fruit, and in perfection, the small clusters of grapes, when vines set a great deal of fruit, must be cut, or pinched off, leaving but one bunch generally to each shoot or cane. Many vines are often so productive that it is impossible for the roots to afford full sustenance to the entire crop; and in such cases I remove about one-half, always leaving the largest bunches, and the result is splendid fruit, while that on vines not so served is of much less value.

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A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note saying: "Too much sand for table use and not enough for building purposes."

### A DEED AND A WORD.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A careless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
Oh, germ! Oh, fount! Oh, word of love!
Oh, thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

### Two Lives.

About ten years ago two brothers left their home in Illinois and went to California. The elder was a man of the most steady habits, and had received a good business education, but the younger was inclined to be dissipated, and, indeed, had figured in so many scrapes at home that his departure was not regretted in his native village. The two brothers lived for a while in San Francisco while they looked for situations. The younger brother, however, fell into bad company, and they separated by mutual consent. The elder brother obtained a situation in a wholesale store as a porter, and by his diligence and steadiness so worked himself into the confidence of his employers that he rose from the position of porter to that of partner in the firm. He lately purchased a house in Bush street, married a lady with a considerable fortune of her own, and on last Christmas Eve he saw three beautiful children around him enjoying the delights of a Christmas tree. The family retired at midnight, but the gentleman had hardly closed his eyes when he was awakened by a noise down stairs, and moving stealthily to the parlor with a revolver in his hand, he saw a man endeavoring to open the buffet where he kept his silver. Leveling the revolver at the thief's head he exclaimed, "Stop, or you're a dead man!" The jimmy dropped from the hands of the burglar, who falling on his knees, cried out, "As God is my judge, Robert, I did not know that you lived here!" The gentleman discovered to his horror that the burglar whom he was about to shoot was the younger brother whom he had not met for nearly ten years. That night the burglar slept peacefully under the roof of his forgiving brother, who assured a friend with tears in his eyes, that he was about to give him employment in his own store, and that he had never spent a happier Christmas.—*Call.*

### Marvels of Men.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed; it has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor upon the living hands, but at the moment of death, it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on the sea, on land; in the valley, and on the mountain top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, and yet that eye is not blind, because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incesantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads it over the surface of the ball at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so mild, and so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to become scalding to the skin, and would rot away eyelids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufacturies, which spread over their surface a coating, as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeball washed clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life giving properties that to rebreathe it, unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over life and death would be occasioned; but it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions, above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated, and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is beautifully exhibited every frosty morning. But foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organ of voice, and makes of it the whispers of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle, making the navel its centre, will just take in the head, the finger ends, and feet, the distance from top to toe is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot; while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin, is one-tenth of the length of the whole statue.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in blood, phosphorous in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, and dust and ashes in all! Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two, of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpeter and charcoal; and such is man, the lord of the earth! a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of gunpowder, an atom of charcoal!—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

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A young Indian girl who had curiously watched the process of making barrel heads in a flouring mill in Winona, Minn., stole in one day and, taking possession of the stencils, ornamented her blanket with the words "Ellsworth's Choice," and paraded up and down the streets in great delight, but to the intense disgust of Mr. Ellsworth, who is a bachelor, and has made no such choice.

### The Silver Question.

A quite unneccessary tempest is raised over the silver dollar. The resumptionists are divided upon it, one class siding with what they conceive to be their immediate personal interest, the other following sound sense and common fairness.

Practically the situation is this, and the issue simple. Gold and silver were wont to be legal tender, one quite as much as the other. A few bright individuals at Washibgton in 1873 sneaked an Act through Congress virtually declaring that silver should no longer be a standard. Little attention was paid to the matter at the time. No notice was given the public of the Act until it went through; and even then the prospect of resumption with any sort of coin seemed so poor that there was no commotion.

But when the Act was passed fixing 1879 as a date to resume, of course the question arose whether the outstanding obligations of the Government, its bonds and notes, were to be paid in gold or in gold or silver, at the option of the Government. Now this was not difficult. It accords with the plainest principles of equity that if silver existed as a legal standard of value when these bonds and notes were issued, any subsequent change of law, should not affect the contract. Why this was the very point made in favor of paying the bonds in specie instead of Pendletonian greenbacks, they appealed to the honor and honesty of the people in 1868 and received their endorsement, though it involved a very considerable difference against them. They came up manfully then, and agreed to live fully according to the spirit of their contract with the bondholders. Well, shall the people not have justice done them now? They assumed, through the Government, debts payable in silver or gold, at their option. Must it be said that because silver has depreciated they are to redeem in the more costly metal? This is onesided with a vengeance.

Of course, on the other hand, no fair person will argue that the bonds issued since 1873, the new four per cent., for instance, are payable in silver. These, representing contracts entered into when silver had been stricken down by the Act of '73, are payable in gold: and it is this fact, among others, which makes them go off so readily, at the low rate of interest. But all bonds or notes issued prior to '73 are, unquestionably, payable in silver.

Congress did on asinine, unjust thing in passing the Act of '73. It should be repealed, for silver will enable resumption with much less embarrassment than must be otherwise experienced, and the remonetization of silver will also enhance its value. It was, at best, a gross oversight and error to allow the Act of '73 to be passed at all; but whether it is repealed or not, there is no question that all bonds and notes issued prior to it are honestly payably in silver or gold at the option of the Government. In all that the Eastern press has published on this question we have not seen a single argument to the contrary worthy of notice. President Hayes and Secretary Sherman, we believe, are emphatic in this view, and it is palpably the right one.

### Kinks of the Law.

I find in my budget of scraps an extract from a speech delivered, some twenty years ago, in the Wisconsin Legislature, by Hon. Mr. Elmore. One of my office boys, who had been engaged as a legislative reporter at the time, gave it to me, and assured me it was correct. The subject under discussion was a bill on the abolition of certain laws for the collection of debts.

Mr. Elmore said he had had a little experience in the law, some of which had been decidedly rich. He would give one instance. About 15 years before, he had purchased a yoke of oxen, and paid fifty dollars for them. A few days thereafter a son of the man of whom he had purchased came to him and claimed that the oxen were his, and insisted on having pay over again, which being refused, he brought suit in court. The jury didn't agree; but at length, through blunders of the Brushwood justice of the peace, the case went against him.

"I appealed to the circuit court of Milwaukee," said he, "and there I lost again." Said I to my lawyer: "I will give you ten dollars to quote Pennsylvania law to Judge Miller, making him think it's Wisconsin law, and have a new trial ordered." He took the fee, and performed the duty. A new trial was granted, and *venue* changed to Walworth county. Judge Irwin was on the bench. Any man who would gain a case in his court must either go hunting with him, and let him claim all the game shot, or pet his dog. Well, I petted the dog. I fed him with crackers. The case was decided in my favor. When I heard the decision, I concluded that dog had hung around me about long enough, and as he happened at the moment to be sniffing at my pockets, I gave him a kick. The dog yelped lustily, and when his yelping had subsided I heard the Judge say:

"Mr. Clark, this judgement is set aside, and a new trial granted."

Mr. Speaker, and fellow sufferers in the kinks of law, the kick cost me two hundred dollars!"

### Grant at Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, June 28.—Upwards of two hundred gentlemen, including representatives of all public bodies in town, attended a banquet given Gen. Grant, which was held in the large ball-room of Town Hall, and was a very grand affair. Gen. Grant who was in uniform, was received with great enthusiasm. He sat on the right of the Mayor. Next to Gen. Grant sat Lieut. General Sir Henry DeBath, commander of the forces in the northern district.

The Mayor, in proposing Gen. Grant's health, spoke of the sterling qualities he possessed as a soldier, which had enabled him to restore peace and prosperity to his country.

Gen. Grant, responding, said the reception he had encountered in Great Britain was far beyond his expectations, and was such as any living person might feel proud of. He believed, however, that it was an indication of friendly relations which existed between two peoples who were of one kindred, blood and civilization. He hoped that their friendship would continue to be cultivated, and long endure.

Referring to some remarks relative to the British army, he said there were as many soldiers now at Aldershot as in the regular army of the United States, which had a frontier of thousands of miles, but if necessary the United States could raise volunteers.

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A parrot is said to live to be two hundred years old. A barber does not live so long but talks more.

### Sleep Walking.

A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again; being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections in it, scratched out lines and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall notices a miller, who was in the habit of getting up every night, and attending to his avocations at the mill, then returning to bed: on awakening in the morning he recollected nothing of what passed during the night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Prichard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where the family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir Johb Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

### Tested.

Bunyan's pilgrim prayed him off out of the giant's dungeon. His devotion won him the key that unlocked the way to liberty. A story of a similar divine rescued from a situation that would have brought despair to a wicked man, is told in the writings of Hugh Miller, who probably heard it from the decendants of the chief actor in the scene:

A Highlander in the British army, during the war of the Revolution, was caught, one evening, creeping out of a thicket just beyond the lines, evidently returning from some secret errand. The American outposts (along the Hudson) were then quite near those of the British, and being concealed in the forests, their exact number and distance were always uncertain.

Under the circumstances the Highlander was suspected of being an informer, i. e., in communication with the enemy. It was shortly after the execution of Major Andre, and the British were in no mood to let a man go who was accused of sympathy with the Americans. The soldier was taken before his colonel, and the witnesses of his presumed guilt told their story.

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded the colonel with a threatening frown.

"Only this, sir; I had got away slyly from my comrades to pray a bit while in the bush, and come back when the soldiers took me."

"Are you in the habit of praying?" demanded the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"Then pray now. You never needed it more in your life." And the colonel took out his watch.

Fully believing that he had but a few minutes to live, the Christian soldier knelt and poured out his soul in such language as only a friend of God could use. All who heard it were astonished, the commander himself among the rest.

"Go," said he. "You have told the truth. If you had not been often to drill, you could not have done so well at review."

### A Murderous Sea Flower.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as a German aster, with a great many long petals of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with a rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beatiful waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish fish touches one of the rosy tips he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightnig. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge greedy mouth and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water.

### Stumped.

The vicar and church-wardens of an English church objected to having in their churchyard the tombstone of a professional cricketer, on which are sculptured stumps, balls, and bat. In Scotland, however, it is not unusual to cut upon the tombstone the symbols of the trade followed by the deceased. Thus at Dunblane about one-quarter of the tombstones that are from one to two hundred years old are marked with such symbols. A sugar-cone shows the grave of a grocer; an axe and saw the grave of a carpenter; while the hammer and awl are found on the grave of shoemakers; while a Burny Church, Nottinghamshire, the monument which was erected about the middle of the the last century to Sir Thomas Parkyns, who was famed as a wrestler, represents him in the cap and dress of a wrestler, wrestling with Death. At Brompton Cemetery, the monument of a well-known waterman exhibits his wherry and sculls.

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During the session of a temperance meeting in a neighboring town, one of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon who frequently interrupted the speaker by yelling: "Thank God for that." One gentleman was called upon, who arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place."

"Thank God for that," yelled the deacon.

"But ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am sorry to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening——"

"Thank God for that," said the absent-minded deacon, and then the chairman took him out doors; and two men set on him.

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Fools and their money soon part. It's worth while being a fool to have the money to part with.

### Too Good a Chance to Lose.

The Detroit *Free Press* tells this story: When a grocer's boy yesterday delivered a basket full of packages to a lady on Columbia street her quick eye detected the fact that she had received only eleven oranges in place of a dozen.

"Young man you ate that other orange as you came along?" she exclaimed, as she recounted the number.

"Never—never!" he earnestly replied.

Well, where is it then?"

"Perhaps they counted them wrong ma'am."

"Well, I'll go right back with you and see."

"I didn't eat that orange," he began, after a little reflection, "but I'll tell you how it was. Down here about two blocks I saw an old chap out in his garden, with his hat hanging on a plum tree as he sawed a limb. He was the bald-headedest man I ever saw, ma'am."

"Well what has that got to do with the orange?" she asked.

"Lots, ma'am, heaps. If you was a boy and saw such a head, and you knew you could hit it and get away all right, wouldn't you put an orange agin it?"

"It was very wicked," she softly answered.

"Well, I dunno but 'twas; but if you'd seen that old gent catch his legs and make a jump, and if you'd heard him yell out as he came down and grabbed for his hat, why ma'am, you'd lend me another orange to pop at some one as I go back?"

### Wellington's Strategy.

On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign in the Pyrenees, that "great captain," being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who had menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the dificulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This he 'Iron Duke' accomplished in person in the following manner: Doffing his cocked hat and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if to order a charge. Thereupon rose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up corps after corps until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line.

As the roar died away Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself, "Soult is a skillful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him". It turned out as anticipated. Soult naturally enough supposed these tremendous shouts to announce the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment, he would have won an easy victory; as it was he met with a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy, of genius, conceived and executed in the same moment. The idea was born of the occasion, and carried out on the instant.

### A Few Items for Mothers.

A correspondent writing to the Middletown *Press* offers the following seasonable suggestion to mothers of afflicted children:

We hope that mothers will remember that good brandy is a cure for summer complaint; in bad cases a teaspoonful in milk three or four times a day.

A flannel cloth wet in hot brandy mixed and heated, will relieve the pain of the bowels, if frequently laid over the stomach and bowels.

Bits of scraped ice are better on the tongue than drinks of water.

For stings and poisons, a strong solution of saleratus and water immediately, and then frequently applied, gives relief and sure cure.

For burns, an immediate application of flour, covering the burn and wrapped so as to exclude the air; then burn lard till it is quite brown and relief and cure will soon come. Do not wash off the flour if it clings, but put the lard over it.

At night, in extreme warm weather, a lemon squeezed in tepid water to sponge off the tired out little body, will give rest to the mother and child. Saleratus is good, but the lemon is best. Even washing off the little feet, neck and palms of the hand in tepid, never very cold water, will induce a healthful sleep.

### Managing a Saleswoman.

The subject was the employment of women as salesmen, or "saleladies," as the latest euphemism has it.

Mrs. S. said she always "hated to buy anything of a woman."

"That is because one woman does not know how to use another," said Spicer; "men have no difficulty in dealing with shopwomen; lemme show you," and as they entered the toy store he blandly approached an apple-faced girl, with flaxen hair, done up in small pats over her forehead, and slightly raising his hat, asked to be shown some toys suitable for a child of three.

Apple face turned a cheap locket hanging at her neck, right side out, smiled, and said, "yes, sir."

Spicer turned his eyes around in triumph, but his ears unfortunately heard the shop belle say, sotto-voice;

"Jennie, show this old bald headed noodle some cheap stuff, will you?—There's Jim Spooner jess come in, and I want to see him."

Mrs. Spicer chuckled, and Spicer thought that they had better walk on and see what there was at the further end of the store.

### Strategy Brutally Murdered.

"I don't cost you much, little hubby, do I? asked she tenderly patting his chin. "Please say I don't" continued she, winsomely laying her little cheek against his.

"Wal, aw—a—of course *you* don't cost me anything, darling," replied he, hesitatingly, and with visons of new silk dresses in his eye, "but—"

"But what?" asked she.

"O, nothing, nothing, was his hurried answer, "only I was going to say—"

"Say what?" sternly demanded the little woman.

"Why," said he confusedly, "why say—say that though *you* don't cost me much to s-speak of, y-your clothes do so—mightily!"

She stopped patting the brute's chin.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

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The drowned oyster has had his brief day at the church festival, and now the next martyr, a solitary strawberry, warehoused between two enormous slabs of dough, goes traveling around under the hollow, wicked alias of short-cake, and spreads dispepsia in its pious tracks.


# JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

## Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprise, very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Mulay and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kindss

**SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES.**

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

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# New Firm.

## SHOE STORE,

## SOLOMON UHL,

**Having purchased the Shoe**

**Store lately owned by**

**H. C. Beerits,**

We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect keep constantly on hand as complete an ment of

## Boots, Shoes and Gaiters

BOTH OF

**Eastern and Home Manufacture**

as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of

SOLE LEATHER,

MOROCCO,

CALF SKINS,

KIPS,

AND LINING SKINS

Of all kinds, with a full line of

## Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

N. B. Snyder, Esq.

Whose reputation for making

**Good Work and Good Fits**

is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best and sell at prices as low as the lowest.

## SOLOMON UHL.

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**JOHN H. MORRISON.**

UNDERTAKER.

A full line of city made coffins always on hand. Funerals attended to without regard to distance. A first class hearse kept. Terms moderate.

Address JOHN H. MORRISON,
April 4. Bakersville, Pa.

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The well known black horse, imported from England,

## NIGGER,

will stand for service at my farm from the 24 of April to the 4th day of July.

INSURANCE $15.00

The prices colts brought the past few months sired by this Horse is evidente that the half-blood mares bring the money, ranging from $145 to $300, twelve head having been sold at an average of $214.50. This may be the last opportunity farmers will have to breed to this fine Horse.

Also the Hambletonian stallion

**ALHAMBRA,**

will be allowed to go to a few mares during the season at $35.00 to insure.

March 4. PETER HEFFLEY.

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PREMIUM QUEENSWARE.

**L. S. LAYTON & CO.,**

Agents for Brunt, Bloor, Martin & Co's

IRON STONE CHINA.

Factory at East Liverpool, Ohio.

Also a full line of

GLASSWARE, Rockingham and Yellow Ware.

Our Queensware took the highest premium at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia; and also first premium at the Pittsburg Exposition last fall. Orders respectfully solicited.

Office and Warehouse; 153 Wood St., Near Liberty, Opp. 1st Pres. Church. PITTSBURG, PA.

Ware shipped from Pittsburg.

June 20.

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

(OFFICE OF THE SALISBURY RAIL ROAD CO.,)
MEYERSDALE, June 18, 1877.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting and an election of the stockholders of the Salisbury Railroad Company, will be held at the chief office of the Company in Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa., on Friday 24th day of August, 1877, at one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of determining by a stock vote, whether said Company will issue one hundred and ten thousand dollars of mortgage bonds, as is promised by the 7th section of the 16th article of the constitution, of the Commonwealth and the act of Assembly approved the 18th day of April, A. D. 1875.

NOAH SCOTT, Secretary. W. S. BISSELL, President.

June 20.

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## W. P. PRICE

Has opened a choice selection of Agricultural Implements and Farm Machinery, embracing the leading implements of the day; among which will be found the Wood, Kirby, Clipper and Hubbard Mowers and Reapers; Buckeye (lock lever) Sulky Hay Rake; Advance, Paddock, and Archer Hay Rake; round and square teeth Revolving Rakes, Pumps, Farm Bells, and all kinds of implements large and small, of the most approved patterns, for garden and farm use, also a full and complete stock of Wood and Willow Ware, Garden and Field seeds. The famous Oliver Chilled Plow will also be found in stock. Knives and sections for the leading Mowing Machines; extra parts for all Machines sold by us on hand. A visit for inspection is requested. On application dealers will be furnished with a catalogue, to which their attention is especially called.

**172 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.**

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**EVERY SOLDIER** who was wounded or contracted permanent disease in service, can get a pension by writing to John Kirkpatrick, Cambridge, Ohio.

April 25.

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# Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula**, and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions,** and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm,** and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility,** and **Leucorrhœa,** when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

*PREPARED BY*

**Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,**

*Practical and Analytical Chemists.*

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

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## GLENN'S S