SHENANDOAH HERALD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY,
JNO. H. GRABILL

—SUBSCRIPTION—
$1.00 Per Year,
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

All communications of a privat nature will be charged for as advertising.

THE HERALD JOB OFFICE
is complete in every respect. Work done on short notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Shenandoah Herald.

VOL. 85. WOODSTOCK VIRGINIA. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1902. NO. 6

SHENANDOAH HERALD

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Advertisements will be inserted at onedollar per square of 1 lines or less for the first insertion or cents for each subsequent insertion.

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls attention to causes of thanksgiving that are seldom recognized and shows how to cultivate a cheerful spirit; text, Psalms xxxiii, 2, "Sing unto him with a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings."

A musician as well as poet and conqueror and king was David, the author of my text. He first composed the sacred rhythm and then played it upon a harp, striking and plucking the strings with his fingers and thumbs. The harp is the oldest of musical instruments. Jubal invented it, and he was the seventh descendant from Adam. Its music was suggested by the twang of the bowstring. Homer refers to the harp in the "Iliad." It is the most consecrated of all instruments. The flute is more mellow, the bugle more martial, the cornet more incisive, the trumpet more resonant, the organ more mighty, but the harp has a tenderness and sweetness belonging to no other instrument that I know of. It enters into the richest symbolism of the Holy Scriptures. The captives in their sadness "hung their harps upon the willows." The raptures of heaven are represented under the figure of "harpers harping on their harps." We learn from coins and medals that in the Maccabean age the harp had only three strings. In other ages it had eight strings. David's harp had ten strings and when his great soul was afire with the theme his sympathetic voice, accompanied by exquisite vibration of the chords, must have been overpowering.

With as many things to complain about as any man ever had David wrote more anthems than any other man ever wrote. He puts even the frosts and hailstorms and tempests and creeping things and flying fowl and the mountains and the hills and day and night into a chorus. Absalom's plotting and Ahithophel's treachery and hosts of antagonists and sleepless nights and a running sore could not hush his psalmody. Indeed, the more his troubles the mightier his sacred poems. The words "praise" and "song" are so often repeated in his psalms that one would think the typesetter's case containing the letters with which those words are spelled would be exhausted.

In my text David calls upon the people to praise the Lord with an instrument of ten strings, like that which he was accustomed to finger. The simple fact is that the most of us, if we praise the Lord at all, play upon one string or two strings or three strings when we ought to take a harp fully chorded and with glad fingers sweep all the strings. Instead of being grateful for here and there a blessing we happen to think of, we ought to rehearse all our blessings so far as we can recall them and obey the injunction of my text to sing unto him with an instrument of ten strings.

Remember Daily Blessings.

Have you ever thanked God for delightsome food? What vast multitudes are a-hungered from day to day or are obliged to take food not toothsome or pleasant to the taste! What millions are in struggle for bread! A Confederate soldier went to the front, and his family were on the verge of starvation, but they were kept up by the faith of a child of that household, who, noticing that some supply was sure to come, exclaimed, "Mother, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

Have you appreciated the fact that on most of your tables are luxuries that do not come to all? Have you realized what varieties of flavor often touch your tongue and how the saccharin and the acid have been afforded your palate? What fruits, what nuts, what meats regale your appetite, while many would be glad to get the crusts and rinds and peelings that fall from your table. For the fine flavors and the luxurious viands you have enjoyed for a lifetime perhaps you have never expressed to God a word of thanksgiving. That is one of the ten strings that you ought to have thrummed in praise to God, but you have never yet put it in vibration.

Have you thanked God for eyesight as originally given to you or, after it was dimmed by age, for the glass that brought the page of the book within the compass of the vision? Have you realized the privation those suffer to whom the day is as black as the night and who never see the face of father or mother or wife or child or friend? Through what painful surgery many have gone to get one glimpse of the light! The yes so delicate and beautiful and useful that one of them is invaluable! And most of us have two of these wonders of divine mechanism. The man of millions of dollars who recently went blind from atrophy of optic nerve would have been willing to give all his millions and become a day laborer if he could have kept off the blindness that gradually crept over his vision.

You may have noticed how Christ's sympathies were stirred for the blind. Ophthalmia has always been prevalent in Palestine, the custom of sleeping on the housetops, exposed to the dew and the flying dust of the dry season, inviting this dreadful disorder. A large percentage of the inhabitants could not tell the difference between 12 o'clock at noon and 12 o'clock at night. We are told of six of Christ's miracles for the cure of these sightless orbs, but I suppose they were only specimens of hundreds of restored visions. What a pitiful spectacle Saul of Tarsus, the mighty man, three days led about in physical as well as spiritual darkness, he who afterward made Felix tremble by his eloquence and awed the Athenian philosophers on Mars hill and was the only cool headed man in the Alexandria cornship that went to pieces on the rocks of Miletus, once the mighty persecutor of Saul, afterward the glorious evangelist Paul, for three days not able to take a safe step without guidance!

Two Strings of Gratitude.

Have you ever given thanks for two eyes—media between the soul inside and the world outside, media that no one but the infinite God could create? The eye, the window of our immortal nature, the gate through which all colors march, the picture gallery of the soul! Without the eye this world is a big dungeon. I fear that many of us have never given one hearty expression of gratitude for treasure of sight, the loss of which is the greatest disaster possible unless it be the loss of the mind. Those wondrous seven muscles that turn the eye up or down, to right or left or around. No one but God could have created the retina. If we have ever appreciated what God did when he gave us two eyes, it was when we saw others with obliterated vision. Alas, that only through the privation of others we came to a realization of our own blessing! If you had harp in hand and swept all the strings of gratitude, you would have struck this, which is one of the most dulcet of the ten strings.

Further, notice how many pass through life in silence because the ear refuses to do its office. They never hear music, vocal or instrumental. The thunder that rolls its full diapason through the heavens does not startle the prolonged silence. The air that has for us so many melodies has no sweet sound for them. They live in a quietude that will not be broken until heaven breaks in upon them with its harmonies. The bird voices of the springtime, the chatter of the children, the sublime chant of the sea, the solo of the cantatrice and the melody of the great worshiping assemblies mean nothing to them. Have we devoutly thanked God for these two wonders of our hearing, with which we can now put ourselves under the charm of sweet sound and also carry in our memories the infantile song with which our mothers put us to sleep, and the voices of the great prima donnas like Lind and Patti and Neilson, and the sound of instruments like the violin of the Swedish performer, or the cornet of Arbuckle, or the mightiest of all instruments, with the hand of Morgan on the keys and his foot on the pedal, or some Sabbath tune like "Coronation," in the acclaim of which you could hear the crowns of heaven coming down at the feet of Jesus? Many of us have never thanked God for this hearing apparatus of the soul. That is one of the ten strings of gratitude that we ought always to thrum after hearing the voice of a loved one or the last strain of an oratorio or the clang of a cathedral tower.

Further, there are many who never recognize how much God gives them when he gives them sleep. Insomnia is a calamity wider known in our land than in any other. By midlife vast multitudes have their nerves so overwrought that slumber has to be coaxed, and many are the victims of chloral and morphine. Sleeplessness is an American disorder. If it has not touched you and you can rest for seven or eight hours without waking—if for that length of time in every twenty-four hours you can be free of all care and worriment and your nerves are retuned and your limbs escape from all fatigue and the rising sun finds you a new man, body, mind and soul—you have an advantage that ought to be put in prayer and song and congratulation. The French financier, almost wealthy enough to purchase a kingdom, but the victim of insomnia, wrote, "No slumber to be bought in any market." He was right. Sleep is a gratuity from him who never sleeps. Oh, the felicities of slumber! Let all who have this real benefaction celebrate it. That is one of the sweetest strings in all the instrument of ten strings.

Further, let us gratefully acknowledge the power of physical locomotion. To be able to go where we wish and all unaided—what a kindness! What multitudes have to call in the aid of cane and crutch and invalid's chair, and their whole life is a hinderment! How hard to get about with lack of strong and healthy and supple limbs! Congratulated ought you all to be if you have the usual physical endowment, and sympathized with ought all those to be who can neither walk nor climb nor enter upon any great activities. That is one of the thousands of reasons why I hate war with a complete hatred. It takes off with bullet or shell or surgeon's knife the capacity of men to achieve their own livelihood or do the work for which they would otherwise be fully qualified. Brave men, self sacrificing men, for the rest of their life are put on the limits and strangely suffer in stormy weather from limbs amputated.

Give Thanks For Sound Limbs.

How much of the human family in every century has been cut up and shot to pieces and passed into mutilation! American manhood had hardly recovered from the lacerations of the war of the Revolution when it was called to be carved by the swords and stabbed with the bayonets and blackened with the gunpowder of 1812. Hardly recovered was our American manhood from that when the war with Mexico began its butchery. Hardly was American manhood recovered from that before the civil war took hold of it and dug its grave trench through the north and its grave trench through the south. Hardly was our American manhood recovered from that when the Spanish war came, with its malaria and crowded hospitals. Thank God that now four of the greatest nations are allied in good understanding—the United States, England, Germany and Russia—and if they will do the right thing they can forever stop national and international strife and put an end to wholesale amputation. There are enough accidents in time of peace to keep the race mutilated more than it ever ought to be, and the human family needs all its arms and hands and feet to do the work that God calls it to do.

Further, celebrate on the instrument of ten strings our illumined nights. They spread their tents over us, and some of us hardly go out to look at them. During the nights other worlds come in sight. The author of my text chimed the silver bells in the tower of the midnight heavens, saying, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" We thank God for the day; we ought also to thank him for the night. Worlds on worlds in sight of the naked eye, but more worlds revealed by telescope. At least one night in his lifetime every man ought to go into astronomical observatory and see what has been done by the great World Builder. Thank God for lunar and stellar illumination!

Further, on the instrument of ten strings celebrate the possession of our reason. A severe stroke upon the head or a sudden calamity or any one of fifty kinds of accident might dethrone our reason and leave us worse off than the brute, for the brute has a substitute for reason in what is called instinct, but a man's brain shattered and he has neither mind nor instinct. The asylums for the insane, though all the time multiplying, are not enough to shelter the demented. Through the cramming system employed in many of the schools of this country there are tens of thousands of children having their brain depleted. Philosophers at ten years of age, astronomers at eleven years of age, geologists at twelve years of age. They will be first on examination day, but last in all matters of useful and successful life. It would be amusing to see how much children are expected to learn and know if it were not connected with the tragedies of damaged intellects which follow. Amid the increasing dementia of the world let us appreciate the goodness of God to us if our mental faculties are in equipoise. Voyaging from New Zealand to Australia, a storm swooped upon us, and we saw all around us fragments of ships that had been caught in the same tempest. And how thankful we were, sailing into Sydney harbor, that we had escaped! So that man and that woman whose intellect goes safely through the storms of this life, in which so many have foundered, ought every day and every night employ one of the ten strings in gratitude for that particular mercy.

The Blessing of Friendship.

Another string of this instrument I now touch—friendships, deep and abiding, by which I refer to those people who, when good or bad motive may be ascribed to you, ascribe the good; those concerning whom you do not wonder which side they will take when you are under discussion; those who would more gladly serve you than serve themselves; those to whom you can tell everything without reserve; those who are first in your home by person or by telegram when you have trouble. Oh, what a blessing to have plenty of friends! Aye, if you have only one good friend, you are blessed in that glad possession. With one such friend you can defy the world. But he must be a tried friend. You cannot tell who are your real friends till disasters come. As long as you collect vast dividends and have health jocund and popularity unbounded you will have crowds of seeming friends, but let bankruptcy and invalidism and defamation come, and the number of your friends will be 95 per cent off. If you have been through some great crisis and you have one friend left, thank God and celebrate it on the sweetest harpstring.

"While all this is so," says some one, "there are so many things that others have which I have not." I reply, it is not what we get, but what we are, that decides our happiness. With the bare necessities of life many are unspeakably happy, while others with all the luxuries are impersonations of misery. In the Roman empire there was no man more wretched than the Nero who ruled it. The porticoes of his palace were a mile long. A statue of him in silver and gold 120 feet high stood in the vestibule. The walls of his palace were mother of pearl and ivory. The ceiling was arranged to shower flowers and pour perfumes upon the guests. His wardrobe was so large that he never wore a garment twice. His mules were shod in silver. He fished with hooks of gold. A thousand carriages accompanied him when he traveled. His crown was worth $500,000. He had everything but happiness. That never came. Your heart right, all is right; your heart wrong, all is wrong.

The Gospel of Good Morals.

But we must tighten the cords of our harp and retune it while we celebrate gospel advantages. The highest style of civilization the world has ever seen is American civilization, and it is built out of the gospel of pardon and good morals. That gospel rocked our cradle, and it will epitaph our grave. It soothes our sorrows, brightens our hopes, inspires our courage, forgives our sins and saves our souls. It takes a man who is all wrong and makes him all right. What that gospel has done for you and me is a story that we can never fully tell. What it has done for the world and will yet do for the nations it will take the thousand years of the millennium to celebrate. The grandest churches are yet to be built. The mightiest anthems are yet to be hoisted. The greatest victories are yet to be gained. The most beautiful Madonnas are yet to be painted. The most triumphant processions are yet to march. Oh, what a world this will be when it rotates in its orbit a redeemed planet, girdled with spontaneous harvests and enriched by orchards whose fruits are speckless and redundant, and the last pain will have been banished and the last tear wept and the last groan uttered, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain! All that and more will come to pass, for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

So far I have mentioned nine of the ten strings of the instrument of gratitude. I now come to the tenth and the last. I mention it last that it may be the more memorable—heavenly anticipation. By the grace of God we are going to move into a place so much better than this that on arriving we will wonder that we were for so many years so loath to make the transfer. After we have seen Christ face to face and rejoiced over our departed kindred there are some mighty spirits we will want to meet soon after we pass through the gates. We want to see and will see David, a mightier king in heaven than he ever was on earth, and we will talk with him about psalmody and get from him exactly what he meant when he talked about the instrument of ten strings. We will confront Moses, who will tell of the law giving on rocking Sinai and of his mysterious burial, with no one but God present. We will see Joshua, and he will tell us of the coming down of the walls of Jericho at the blast of the ram's horn and explain to us that miracle—how the sun and moon could stand still without demolition of the planetary system. We will see Ruth and have her tell of the harvest field of Boaz, in which she gleaned for afflicted Naomi. We will see Vashti and hear from her own lips the story of her banishment from the Persian palace by infamous Ahasuerus.

Delights of the Future.

We will see and talk with Daniel, and he will tell us how he saw Belshazzar's banqueting hall turned into a slaughter house and how the lions greeted him with loving fawn instead of stroke of cruel paw. We will see and talk with Solomon, whose palaces are gone, but whose inspired epigrams stand out stronger and stronger as the centuries pass. We will see Paul and hear from him how Felix trembled before him and the audience of skeptics on Mars hill were confounded by his sermon on the brotherhood of man, what he saw at Ephesus and Syracuse and Philippi and Rome and how dark was the Mamertine dungeon and how sharp the ax that beheaded him on the road to Ostia. Yea, we will see all the martyrs, the victims of ax and sword and fire and billow. What a thrill of excitement for us when we gaze upon the heroes and heroines who gave their lives for the truth. We will see the gospel proclaimers Chrysostom and Bourdaloue and Whitefield and the Wesleys and John Knox. We will see the great Christian poets Milton and Dante and Watts and Mrs. Hemans and Frances Havergal. Yea, all the departed Christian men and women of whatever age or nation.

But there will be one focus toward which all eyes will be directed. His infancy having slept on pillow of straw; all the hates of the Herodic government planning for his assassination; in after time whipped as though he were a criminal; asleep on the cold mountains because no one offered him a lodging; though the greatest being who ever touched our earth, derisively called "this fellow;" his last hours writhing on spikes of infinite torture; his lacerated form put in sepulcher, then reanimated and ascended to be the center of all heavenly admiration—upon that greatest martyr and mightiest hero of all the centuries we will be permitted to look. Put that among your heavenly anticipations.

Now take down your harp of ten strings and sweep all the chords, making all of them tremble with a great gladness. I have mentioned just ten—delightsome food, eyesight, hearing, healthful sleep, power of physical locomotion, illumined nights, mental faculties in equipoise, friendships of life, gospel advantages and heavenly anticipations. Let us make less complaint and offer more thanks, render less dirge and more cantata. Take paper and pen and write down in long columns your blessings. I have recited only ten. To express all the mercies God has bestowed you would have to use at least three, and I think five, numerals, for surely they would run up into the hundreds and the thousands. "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." Get into the habit of rehearsal of the brightnesses of life.

Notice how many more fair days there are than foul, how many more good people than bad you meet. Set your misfortunes to music, as David opened his "dark sayings on a harp." If it has been low tide heretofore, let the surges of mercy that are yet to roll in upon you reach high water mark. All things will work together for your good, and heaven is not far ahead. Wake up all the ten strings. Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever. Amen!

[Copyright, 1902, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.]

Riches and Poverty.

The world has never seen such a rapid accumulation of vast fortunes as are amassed in this country every year. It is a shame and a disgrace that in the midst of all this excessive opulence any worthy person should suffer from poverty.—Kansas City Star.

THE TINT OF THE PEARL.

How the Venetians Put It Upon the Glass Beads They Make.

"You would hardly think," said a dealer in fancy goods as he held up a string of glass beads, each as big as a cherry, made in imitation pearls, says the New York Times, "that to put the pearl tint and luster on each one of these little globes the lives of at least fifteen beautiful fish had to be sacrificed, would you? But such is the fact, and, although the beads are made in Venice and this string of them represents a catch of at least 500 of those fish and the exhaustion of a good many cubic feet of glass blowers' breath, I can sell it to you for 25 cents and make a fair profit.

"They have been turning out beads such as these in Venice for nearly two centuries and a half. In the Adriatic lives a fish called the bleak, but why they named it bleak I can't see, for there is certainly nothing bleak about its appearance.

"It is a graceful fish, probably of the carp family, and has a glistening armor of silver scales. The fish are more prolific than the herring, which has been a good thing for them. One day in 1656 an observant citizen of Venice, with a turn for investigating things, his name Salvador Jacquin, placed a number of bleak in an aquarium that he might take note of their habits. After they had been in the aquarium some time he saw that the water took on a pearly hue.

"Believing that this was communicated by washings from the scales of the fish, the Venetian observer experimented. He found that water could be so densely charged with the tint from the fish scales that glass, when dipped into it and allowed to dry, had all the outward hue of a pearl. He coated glass beads with the substance, and the counterfeits were readily accepted as genuine pearls.

"The coating of these beads, it was found, though, had but slight resistance to friction and soon disappeared from the surface of the beads. Assured that a large and profitable demand for them would result if he could fix the pearly luster on the beads so it would defy friction, Jacquin conceived the idea of having the globes blown hollow and then attaching the fish scale solution to the inner surface. This was a success from the start, and the glass pearl business got its first boom.

"It requires the scales of 4,000 bleak to make half a pint of the liquid pearl. The fish are more easily caught than our menhaden. The scales are removed and soaked in tepid water.

"The utility of the liquid was improved some years ago by the addition of a small quantity of salammoniac and isinglass to it. These gave it a closer and firmer set to the glass and increased the luster. The liquid is introduced inside the hollow glass bead by means of a small tube, and when it is dry a coating of transparent wax is run over it.

"Fortunately for the race of bleaks, the trade in these beads, pretty and cheap as they are, is not so alarmingly large that extinction of the yielders of the pearl tint is imminent. There are apparently just as many bleak in the Adriatic now as there were two centuries and a half ago, and more than likely there will be just as many two centuries hence as now."

Quakers Not Nonresistant.

It probably conveys a wrong impression to call these Quakers nonresistants and noncombatants, says a Pennsylvania Quaker in The Atlantic. They did not hold the views of which Tolstoi is now the most distinguished exponent. They believed in fairness, in insistence on reason and its forcible presentation and on force up to the point where force used criminal methods. During all the colonial period they constituted the liberal party of the province and wrung from successive governors one concession after another. They showed ability to resist bravely and successfully whenever their rights were invaded.

In the struggles with the crown and parliament which preceded the Revolution they were united in opposition and adopted heartily the measures of nonimportation and protest which characterized the policy of John Dickinson. During the war there are good reasons for believing that the sympathies of the great majority were with the Americans, and several hundred of them, though under the disapprobation of their ecclesiastical bodies, gave active aid to the Revolutionary cause.

Some Biblical Facts.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,175 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The longest chapter is Psalms cxix; the shortest and middle chapter, Psalms cxvii. The middle verse is the eighth of Psalms xviii. The longest name is in the eighth chapter of Isaiah. The word "and" occurs 46,627 times, the word "Lord" 1,855 times. The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and the nineteenth chapter of the second book of Kings are alike. The longest verse is the ninth of the eighth chapter of Esther; the shortest is the thirty-fifth of the eleventh chapter of John. In the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra is the alphabet. The finest reading is the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts. The name of God is not mentioned in the book of Esther. It contains knowledge, wisdom, holiness and love.

ONE OF GREELEY'S LETTERS

It Could Be Read Upside Down as Well as Right Side Up.

Horace Greeley was noted for his unreadable handwriting, and only one printer on The Tribune could decipher it. The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post tells how one of Mr. Greeley's subscribers wrote to him for some advice about hens, stating that he wished to go into the poultry business. The reply to the letter was as follows:

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.

The war was a failure. I hoped to see Jeff Davis in the White House. A young man stands the best chance in Rhode Island. The Tribune is the poorest newspaper in New York. Yours truly,
HORACE GREELEY.

The next day the puzzled subscriber went to New York and called upon the great editor.

"Well, who are you, and what do you want?" he asked in a high keyed voice without looking up or missing a single pen stroke.

"I am Rev. Mr. Van Dee of Dutchess county," the subscriber answered, keeping one eye on the door in case he should become violent.

"Never heard of you," he returned, jabbing and boring with the pen.

"I wrote to you a few days ago, and I don't just understand your letter in reply."

"What'd you write about?"

"Hens. I"—

"Hens! Certainly. My reply was about hens. When you inquire about hens, you get hens in answer. What'd you expect—hippopotami?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Greeley, but you did not write one word about hens. I have the letter in my hand."

"Read it!" he snorted, beginning to let up a little on the pen.

"Very well." The letter was read.

"You blistering idiot!" he screamed, then whirled around and looked at the visitor ferociously. "Give me that letter!"

Rev. Mr. Van Dee stepped forward and handed it to him. He snatched it savagely, screwed up his eyes and began to study it. Gradually his face lengthened and grew blank. Then he read it in a low, squeaking voice as if thinking aloud.

He paused, with his mouth half open and looked at the Rev. Mr. Van Dee for a full minute. Then he suddenly recovered himself and struck a bell. A boy appeared, and he said:

"Go up to the composing room and ask Mr. Larkway to come down here."

The boy disappeared. The visitor remembered having heard the name as that of the only compositor who could read Greeley's copy.

In a minute or two Larkway shambled in, wearing carpet slippers and carrying a blackened cob pipe in one hand. He was short, thickset, very bald, and he looked at his chief keenly over a pair of misshapen iron spectacles, evidently expecting a row about some mistake in his work.

"Is that my writing, Larkway?"

"Yes, sir."

"Read it."

"NEW YORK, Sept. 8.

"The war was a failure. I hoped to see Jeff Davis in the White House. A young man stands the best chance in Rhode Island. The Tribune is the poorest newspaper in New York. Yours truly,
HORACE GREELEY.

As he finished Greeley sank back in his chair helplessly.

"I'm done for!" he gasped feebly.

Just then Larkway took a quick forward step, exclaiming:

"Hold on! There's a mistake! I have it wrong end up!" He seized the letter, gave it a quick turn and then read:

"CHAPPAQUA, Sept. 8.

"Dear Sir—You will find the best for your purpose. Leghorns are layers, but they require a high roost. If you decide on Leghorns, you can't do wrong. Please report how you succeed.
HORACE GREELEY.

As he finished Greeley sat up in his chair as if made of tempered steel springs. He turned his blazing eyes on the quaking visitor and in a voice which put his teeth on edge cried:

"Go back to Dutchess county, you man! Go back to Dutchess county! Stay there! Get down on your knees and see if you can't learn from your hens how to pick! Keep at it!"

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Mrs. J. W. C. SMITH.