

Agricultural.

T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

THE POTATO.

Fair excellent, what person, sattu or sinner. But welcome to each day upon his table. Especially at noon served for his dinner. Fresh from his bin or shattering bed of sable? How would a breakfast look without thee, facing With thy solid eyes its blazes faint and tender? How would it taste without thy round form gracing The dish or which its savory juices wander?

When dessert comes, a flaky paste or pudding. It follows well, if each day upon his table. But was it to, though plums its sides are studding. If thou dost not, fair heart, just proceed it. Old Ireland lifts her heart each year and blesses Thee as her friend; when corn and wine have vanished Thou hast relieved her wants, her sore distresses. When, but for thee, her thousands would have famished.

On rows, in hills, thy slender stems are growing; Thy thrives alike in shade or partial shadow; All through the pleasant land, their green is showing. From Maine's far coasts to plains of Colorado, I precede, healthful plant, for one would praise thee. Admire thy flower when I see thee blossoming As beautiful, though common, as the daisy. And greet thy spheres when'er I see thee coming.

Give all due praise to squashes and cucumbers. To sugar beets, the smooth, ripe, red tomato; But, genuine friend, to thee I write these numbers. Thou stalwart comrade! thou best potato! —National Free Press.

Maine Inspection of Fertilizers.

We are indebted to Secretary Gilbert of the Maine board of agriculture for a copy of the report of the inspector of fertilizers in that state. Notwithstanding the adoption by the inspector of the absurd and misleading standard of prices set up by the Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey inspectors for the main ingredients in fertilizers, hardly any of the fertilizers reported upon show a "value" equal to cost. Some of them are ten and even eighteen dollars in value per ton less than the estimate which persists in making phosphoric acid in a "soluble" phosphate worth twice as much as in raw bone. This we call absurd, for there is every reason to believe that the advantage, agriculturally considered, is with the raw bone, especially when it has been packed with ashes and moistened, as we have frequently advised. Yet the acid or soluble phosphate is reckoned twelve and one-half cents per pound for its phosphoric acid, while only six cents is allowed for the phosphoric acid of ground bone. At this rate every farmer ought to know which to buy, and if farmers generally did know, and would buy the bone in preference to such high priced fertilizers, the price of the latter would soon come down somewhat nearer to its true value. Ground bone, if pure, has from twenty to twenty-eight per cent of phosphoric acid and from two to four per cent of nitrogen. When ashes is added in the proportion of two to one, we have a fertilizer containing about eight per cent of phosphoric acid, one to two per cent of nitrogen and ten per cent of potash, which is just about right for all root crops except onions and all grain crops except wheat, both of which want about four per cent of nitrogen. This mixture at \$40 a ton for bone and twenty-five cents a bushel for ashes costs as follows:

One ton of bone (25 bushels).....\$40.00 Fifty bushels uncrushed ashes (3,000 pounds)..... 12.50 Cost of two and one-half tons..... \$52.50 or \$25 a ton, while phosphates in the market containing no more phosphoric acid or nitrogen, and less than two per cent of potash, are sold for from thirty-five to forty-five dollars a ton. We consider all estimates of value, based upon the tables used as mentioned above, to be about twenty-five per cent too high, yet figured at these rates, the Bowker fertilizers fall short nearly ten, while even the Bradley fertilizers and the Soluble Pacific Guano fail to come up to this depreciated standard, the Bradley reaching only to \$41.30 and the Pacific \$39.66. If we take twenty-five per cent from these figures, we have the Bradley down to \$31 and the Pacific to \$29.75, which is about their real agricultural value, and all a close-figuring farmer will find himself able to make a reasonable profit on.

The Tinkham Butter Package.

The Maine Farmer refers to Tinkham's felt-lined butter package as a novelty. We described it in these columns March 27, 1878. It does not seem to have been pushed into notice as it deserves to be, but this is so often the case with unpatented devices that we have often thought it a public benefit to have a good thing patented, as then it becomes somebody's interest to make it widely known. This has certainly been the case with the patent system of deep setting for cream. We here reprint the description of Mr. Tinkham's invention:

"Mr. Tinkham's package consists of a small spruce box nicely made, nearly square, though somewhat greater in length than in width, of the exact capacity of five pounds of butter, though each parcel is placed upon the scales and weighed to a nicety. Before placing the butter in a box a sheet of specially prepared paper, which is the product of wool pulp, and both tasteless and odorless, of a light buff color, and not costing over ten cents per pound, is used as a lining for the box, and also covers the butter itself, rendering the package almost impervious to the air. A shipping case is provided, made of pine or spruce, sufficiently large to contain twelve five-pound packages. This case is lined inside and the twelve packages covered with a piece of fabric, made up of wool and hair known as steam-felting. This felting is from five-eighths to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and costs about a \$1 to each case. It forms a complete protection to the butter from the atmospheric changes for at least thirty-six

hours after packing, even in the hottest weather. Butter shipped from Vermont to Boston under this arrangement arrives in splendid condition."

Among the advantages of this package are these: Neatness in cutting for the table above rounded packages, better adaptation in size to the wants of the consuming population, and a saving in freight above butter packed with ice, and also the absence of moldy taste, which not infrequently is noticed in ice-packed butter. The package is unpatented.

The Sorghum Industry.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

This long delayed report has at last been issued by the department of agriculture, and furnishes one of the most important contributions to sorghum literature ever before issued. It emanates from the highest scientific authority of the country, and embraces results of experiments at the department of agriculture, by Professor Collier, through a series of years, as well as those in connection with the various agricultural colleges of the country; and what is of equal or still greater value, the results of operations on a commercial scale, by sorghum sugar companies in widely-separated localities. Space will not permit of a publication of the report entire, but we gladly give place to the conclusions reached, which is a general summing up of results, as follows:

Summary of the results already obtained at the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C., and elsewhere in the United States, in the production of Sugar and Molasses from Sorghum.

The committee find, as the result of their investigation, by all the data which have come before them, as well as those obtained by the department of agriculture, during the years from 1878 to 1882, both inclusive, and those derived from other parties in different sections of the United States, that the following points are established by an amount of investigation in the laboratory, and of practical experience in the field and factory, which have rarely been devoted to the solution of any industrial problem.

A.—Of the Points Already Settled. 1.—The Presence of Sugar in the Juices of Sorghum and Maize Stalks.

From records examined by this committee, it appears that, during the three years prior to 1882, there have been made at the department of agriculture almost four thousand five hundred chemical analyses of the juices of about forty varieties of sorghum and of twelve varieties of maize. These analyses have shown the constitution of the juices of each variety at the successive stages in the development of the growing plant. They not only confirm the well known fact of the presence of sugar in the juices of these plants in notable quantity, but they also establish beyond cavil, what seems surprising to those who have examined the facts, that the sorghum particularly, holds in its juices, when taken at the proper stage of development, about as much cane-sugar as the best sugar-cane of tropical regions.

An examination of the analytical tables in the reports of Dr. Collier, synopses of which follow, will show that the juices of sorghum, in certain exceptional but not isolated cases, were remarkable for the amount of cane-sugar they contained, viz: Of true crystallizable sugar in the juice:

Table with 4 columns: No. of analyses, Varieties, Average per cent, and Range per cent. Rows include 5 varieties, 17 varieties, 79 analyses, and 152 analyses.

As compared with the juices of sugar-cane, which gave by analysis under fifteen per cent of sugar, these results are unexpected and surprising. But the average results obtained, during long periods of working and from different varieties, are of more value to the practical farmer than any exceptional instances.

The average results obtained from 122 analyses of 35 different varieties of sorghum, and during a working period of three months in the latitude of Washington, are as follows:

The Low Price of Wool.

Mr. A. M. Garland, president of the National Wool-growers' Association, whom some people accuse of having been untrue to the interests of the wool-growers when on the tariff commission, tells the wool-growers of Ohio that the low prices of wool to-day are not due to the change in the tariff (which only went into effect July 1), but to the competition of Texas, and other frontier states where land is cheap and the conditions of raising wool more economical than in the eastern and central states. The only way for the eastern and central state protectionists to ask congress to protect them with an inter-state tariff!

We cut the above from the Chicago Review, and are led by it to remember an article of ours published in the old Vermont Farmer, November 25, 1871. In it we said, under the heading of "The Future of Sheep Husbandry in Vermont,"—"If we may believe it to be a settled fact that upon the western plains wool can and soon will be grown in enormous quantities at exceedingly small cost, then it is evident that in Vermont we must cease to look upon wool-growing as among the profitable industries of our farms. If we find, as we do, that we cannot compete with the

West in growing grain or meat, still less can we compete with it in wool when those millions of acres of free pasture become stocked with sheep." We added that we might expect to feel the pressure of this competition in five or six years, and it is a matter of history that the decline in the price of fine wool did begin about four years ago. We also called the attention of our readers to the fact that this competition could only be in fine wool, and advised them to turn their attention to the rearing of the mutton breeds of sheep. This would be a profitable industry on many of our farms, if we could put an end to the simultaneous rearing by our neighbors of the domesticated wolf that we call "dog." He is the natural enemy of sheep.

Public Opinion.

But even this sinks into insignificance compared with the wrong and evil of the discriminations of our great railroads. Common justice, sound policy, every sense of duty, the whole spirit and letter of the law, require them to give every man equal facilities in the use of the roads, and to charge them at the same rates for the same class of goods, according to weight and distance. There can be no possible doubt about this. Every unprejudiced man who has sense enough to know his right hand from his left acknowledges that equality must be the rule of right; and he understands this perfectly well without looking at the constitution, where it is solemnly declared to be a part of the lex legum, the law of laws, and the rule of all rules on the subject. Yet this sacred principle is constantly and steadily violated, trampled under foot, and treated with heartless contempt. —Judge Black.

Such are the processes by which Jay Gould has grown rich, built his palace on the Hudson, with its gardens and conservatories, and obtained the opportunity of floating around the world on a pleasure trip in an imperial yacht. All his money has been earned by somebody's labor and extracted from thousands of people who have through toil-some years acquired the small investments which he has squeezed like a sponge into his own coffers. The worst of it all is that such success dazzles the minds of people until they lose their hold upon moral distinctions, and the greatest thieves and swindlers of the age are envied and imitated because the prevailing sentiment does not detest them according to their real deserts.—instead of becoming outcasts of society through all climates and kingdoms.—New York Times.

Our national government has squandered 296,000,000 acres of the people's land on railroad corporations. It is time that this wholesale plunder should cease, and the line must be sharply drawn on the Texas Pacific grant, long ago forfeited, but now claimed by the Southern Pacific. The domain which Huntington essays to grab will furnish farms of one hundred acres apiece to nearly 150,000 self-supporting American citizens and pay off a big slice of our national debt.—New York Star.

The vast increase of wealth of the last twenty-five years in this city has bred a variety of youth which is as uninteresting as it is lamentably deficient, both morally and intellectually. Perhaps after a few generations the stock may get better fitted to use wealth and leisure. But then the money may be gone.—N. Y. Sun.

Dates of the World's Harvests.

January—Harvest is ended in most districts of Australia and shipments have been made of the new crop; Chili, New Zealand, Argentine Republic.

February—Upper Egypt, India.

March—Egypt, India.

April—Coast of Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, India, Persia, Asia Minor, Mexico, Cuba.

May—Persia, Asia Minor, Algeria, Syria, Texas, Florida, Morocco, Mid China, Japan, Central Asia.

June—California, Oregon, Southern United States, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Hungary, Turkey, Roumelia, Danube, South Russia, South of France, Danubian Principalities, Greece, Sicily, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Utah, Colorado, Missouri.

July—Southern, eastern and midland English counties, Oregon, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New England, New York, Upper Canada, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, Poland.

August—United Kingdom, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Manitoba, British Columbia, Lower Canada, Hudson's Bay Territory, Denmark, Poland.

September—Scotland, England, hops and roots, America, maize, Athabasca, wheat, barley and corn, Sweden, North Russia, France, beet root, buckwheat.

October—Scotland, America, maize crop, France, Germany, vintage.

November—Australia (North), Peru, South Africa.

December—Australia (South), Chili, Argentine Republic.

We much regret to have to announce the death of Dr. John A. Warder, in his lifetime president of the American Forestry Association. Dr. Warder has done much in the last few years for the good cause to which he had devoted his time and labor, and seemed only lately to be as much interested and active as ever. His death will be a severe loss to the interests of American forestry.

AFTER all LeDuc's experiments and Loring's ridicule, we are now informed that "all the sugar of Japan is made from sorghum, and in 1878 71,000,000 pounds were exported."

The Fireside.

THE KING'S MOTTO.

A lover gave the wedding ring Into the golden's hand "Grave me," he said, "a tender thought Within the golden band." The golden ring was With careful art— "Till death us part."

The wedding bell rang gladly out. The husband said, "O wife, Together we shall share the grief, The happiness of life, I give to thee My hand, my heart, Till death us part."

'Twas she that lifted now his hand, "O love, that this should be!" Then on it placed the golden band, And whispered tenderly: "Till death us join, Lo, thou art mine, And I am thine!"

"And when death joins we never more Shall know an aching heart, The bridal of that better love Death has no power to part. That truth will be For thee and me Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill, Through fifty changing years, They shared each other's happiness. They died each other's tears.

Also said: "That death's cold dart Such love can part! But one sad day she stood alone Beside the narrow bed; She drew a ring from off her hand, And to the golden said: "Oh, man, who gravest With careful art, 'Till death us part,"

"Now grave four other words for me, 'Till death us join." He took The precious golden band once more, With solemn, wistful look, And wrought with care, For love, not coin, "Till death us join." —Selected

Not Her Reception Day.

It was one of the first tempting days in spring. My thoughts were awakened with fresh kindness toward my friends, and I devoted the afternoon to my social impulses. Not intending to be ceremonious in my visit, it was, perhaps, a little in advance of the usual calling hours when I rang at Mrs. Rolph's door. Though she was my neighbor, my acquaintance with her was not very intimate, and I afterward somewhat regretted that I had not remembered her special receiving day or at least made a more timely visit. I've no question that the waiter opened the door a minute too soon, for as I stepped forward in the vestibule, I saw Mrs. Rolph nearly at the stairs, in the unmistakable confusion of an attempt at escape. The soft, rolling edges of the carpet impeded her progress, and an unfortunate tripping, in her haste, secured to me the interview which I shall now in part describe.

In the embarrassment of her fall, Mrs. Rolph looked down and said, laughing, and yet with a half-provoked air: "O, Mrs. Lee! you've fairly caught me, and I suppose that I might as well come down to see you, if I am all in the dust. It will not hurt me to get a little rest, if you will excuse my appearance—I don't often see my friends in this rig."

The hall was full of extra furniture, and it required good navigation to get to the library, which room was mercifully left in order, not being "turned up" on this particular occasion. The parlor doors were open, as we passed, assuring me at a glance that it was a day of special putting to rights in those superb drawing-rooms. Curtains were tied up; the statue of Rebekah at the well was covered closely with a cotton saque, made after no extravagance of fashion; the indescribable bronze clock on the mantel might have been cheap imitation for all I could see of it; the sofa and the arm-chairs were protected with old sheets and all the endless catalogue of small ornaments, which made those rooms such a bewildering entertainment to guests (who came at proper time), were dislodged from their usual places, and thrust into temporary oblivion.

"I was just coming up from the luncheon table when I heard the bell," said Mrs. Rolph, as she seated herself, after lowering the shade to darken the room as much as possible. "All the morning I have been so hard at work that I thought I must stop and refresh myself with a bit of something to eat. Are not these sweeping-days dreadful?"

"I'm very sorry," I replied, "that I came this afternoon, for I see that my call is an interruption; and if John had just told me that you were engaged, I should have spared you it. But since you urged me to come in, I'll stay a moment; the work will all go on just as well while you are resting."

"Well," said Mrs. Rolph, "I'm glad to have a moment's talk with a friend, but I don't agree with you that the sweeping can go on quite as well when I'm not there."

"Dear me," was my reply, "it would wear me out, if I undertook to see to the execution of all that needs to be done. I should consider every ornament in the house an extra trial, if I had to overlook the care of it."

"Surely you do not let your girls sweep their elegant carpets, with no one to direct them and manage the work?"

"What skill of managing does it need?" I exclaimed. "I give Martha a fresh broom once in two months for the parlor floor, and I don't know but that I should die of consumption, if I had to stand in the dust every week or fortnight, while she sweeps."

"My neighbor then most generously testified to the ordinary neatness of my house, and to my fair success in domestic matters generally, but added, "You must have secured better servants than I can get, for certainly I would not trust any of mine to take the care of my heavy Aubusson. Why, I have to watch the two girls every moment. If I did not, they would begin and sweep from one end of the room to the other, instead of doing a few feet at a time, and taking the dust up on the spot. I've had experience of their ignorant and careless ways. My patience! the hours, and days, I might say, which I have spent over the carpet, are tiresome to think of!"

"I should think as much," I replied; "for sweeping days come pretty often, and with two or three boys in the family, as you have, I should judge that they might be serious occasions, if, as you say, it is necessary for you to superintend the work each time. My way is to devote myself to a girl until I have taught her what I wish her to do, and then leave her to do it. If she fails to please me, I notice it and require the careless work to be redone. Common sense in a few weeks teaches her that it is easier to follow my directions in the first place than to be obliged to do the work over again. Every day I spend about an hour examining the different rooms, from attic to cellar, and

if I discover neglect, I reprove it immediately. It is a real pleasure to find, as I often do, abundant reason for praise, and I do it heartily. There is nothing which I enjoy more than the pleased and happy smiles I get, once in a while, after my investigations."

"The excitement of the morning's exertion was reacting upon my friend, and she looked tired and troubled as she sat listening to my talk."

"Well," she said, "I think I could endure the care of the household, for there is some variety in that; but my greatest dread is in the silver cleaning, it is such an interminable job, and such a disagreeable one besides!"

"Is it possible that you have anything to do with the silver-rubbing?"

"Why, how can I help it? I have no daughter, as you have, and when the safe is all open and the dozens of little things which have to be kept bright are all exposed, I must set the work out, or I shall lose many a small piece, which I might never miss for months."

"What do you mean?" I said. "You're not afraid your girls will steal?"

"Of course I do not suppose that they intend to do it when they set down to the cleaning; but I know that such times are great temptations, and it is not always safe to trust these people. One of the trials in my life is that I have to lock up twenty closets and drawers before I can go out to ride or even to church. My husband says, 'Sarah, you'll make them all thieves and rogues if you never show any confidence in them.' I tell him, I can't undertake to barm them to temptation at the risk of losing things which I could not replace."

"Well, I don't see but that you have the hardest part of the work yourself. I should go distracted if I could not be at rest in my home. Of all places in the world, I want freedom and quiet and confidence there. I've made cake, and swept rooms, and cleaned silver, and I know how it ought to be done; but my time is precious to me for something else so long as I can hire the woman I need to attend to my house. I prefer exercise in the open air; and as to trusting my servants, I would not trust them for anything but the work of showing them that I had no confidence in them. I've no right to say that you do wrong in your suspicions, but I'm sure it is a wearing thing to feel yourself constantly served by people who would do you a wrong whenever they could without detection. Deliver me from silver and laces, if I must keep my eyes on them all the time. The truth is, I believe that those who serve us are almost exactly what we make them; they certainly must feel the influence of higher motives if we treat them kindly and honorably ourselves."

Feeling afraid that this last remark would offend my neighbor, without waiting for any reply, I took another turn and said, "With all the outside demands of city life, I don't see how you get time to read or study."

"I bless you," she replied, "my studying days were finished long ago, and really I haven't read a book, page after page through, in the last three years. I declare, since my trip to Europe, I've done nothing, it seems to me, but arrange and take care of the useless things we bought in all the different places."

"You might as well go to Europe again, I should think, for this kind of home life will wear you out in less than five years—there is no rest in it; I should rather suffer the risks and discomforts of traveling."

Rising, with an apology for staying so long, I hunted in my mind rapidly for some pleasant word to say, that I might depart leaving a less irritating impression than I feared I had made. A sudden inspiration, as I felt it, came to my relief, and I said, "Well, no matter how tired you are, Mr. Rolph can certainly boast that his wife is an excellent housekeeper."

"Yes," she replied, "I've got him so he appreciates a good dinner and a clean house, and I've no doubt that I do stand pretty high on his list of saints."

The door closed between us, and I went out to the sunshine, saying to myself: A woman should be something more in her home than a mere housekeeper. She ought to strive after such refinement and cultivation that her daily presence should elevate all who are near her. If, indeed, Mr. Rolph is perfectly satisfied with his wife as a hurried and harassed housekeeper, however successful she may be in ministering to his comfort and displaying the purchase of his money, I think that the wife herself may have had much to do with the lowering of his standard of woman's true life and excellence. This excessive devotion, in a mistaken way, to the beautiful art of home economy, prevents this good wife from withering in this direction of important activity; but what will become of the other faculties of her nature? She has proved herself such a bad manager that no time has been saved from hard drudgery of work and anxiety in which to refresh and cultivate the mind. By her own confession, she is not even glad and serene in the sacred hours of the Sabbath. The trouble is that she is living wholly and only as a house-keeper; to attain a high degree of excellence in this direction is all her pride and ambition. Other women rise or fall in her estimation, as they are compared with this standard, and she is satisfied to be the best housekeeper her husband has ever seen. The physical interests of the home are, as they should be, thoroughly attended to; but growth in other ways is discouraged by neglect. This woman's home is rich in a certain kind of beauty and comfort, but it is deplorably deficient in stimulating and elevating influences; it is not a home to which the affections cling with most delight, nor in which the best dispositions are cultivated and matured.—Intelligence.

He Was a Stumbling Block.

Negroes are sometimes very careful not to say anything to injure the reputation of a neighbor. A gentleman stopped at a cabin where an old negro woman lived, and while waiting for one of the children to get a bucket of fresh water, entered into conversation with her concerning the crop prospects. "I did hab fo' or five fine hogs," said the old woman, "but da's dwindled down till I ain't got but one now." "Somebody steal them?" "I never talks 'bout my neighbors, an' I doan like ter say what became of de shoats. I never make mischief, I don't."

"Did the hogs die?" "Da muster died; but yer ain't gwine ter git me ter say nuthin' agin my neighbors. De man what libed up dar is dead now, and I ain't agwine ter say nuthin' agin him. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin'; but I ain't agwine ter say nuthin' agin him." "Do you think that he took them?" "Mister, dat man's dead, and I doan wanner say nuthin' agin him; but, lemme tell yer, while dat man was libin' he was a powerful stumblin' block ter hogs."

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

New Advertisements.

WHAT WILL convince you of the wonderful curative properties combined in Hood's SARSAPARILLA, if the remarkable cures that have been effected by its use fail to impress upon your mind this repeatedly proven fact? Thousands are using it, and all declare that WILL. It is a medicine more powerful than any we claim for it. My friend, if you are sick or in that condition that you cannot call yourself either sick or well, go and get a bottle of Hood's SARSAPARILLA, and realize yourself how this medicine hits the right spot, and puts all the machinery of your body into working order.

From the Registrar of Deeds for Middlesex County, Northern District.

LOWELL, MASS. Messrs. C. I. HOOD & Co., Gentlemen:—It always has been my pleasure to recommend Hood's SARSAPARILLA. My health has been such that for some years past I have been obliged to take a course of some kind in the spring, and have never found anything that hit my wants as your SARSAPARILLA. It tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over. Respectfully yours, J. W. THOMPSON.

One of our prominent business men said to us the other day: "In the spring my wife got all run down and could not eat anything; passing your store I saw a pile of Hood's SARSAPARILLA in the window, and I got a bottle. After she had been taking it a week she had a rousing appetite, and it did her everything. She took three bottles, and it was the best three dollars I ever invested."

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. Price at a bottle, or six bottles for \$5. C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

A MAN



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R. By the central position of its line, connects the best and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union, through Iowa, all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. Its equipment is superior, its Pullman sleeping cars, being composed of most comfortable and beautiful Day Coach, Parlor and Dining Cars, and its Dining Chair Cars, Pullman's First-Class Sleeping Cars, and its Tourist and Excursion Cars, are unequalled in the world. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points, and two between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the famous "ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kanaboa, has recently been opened between Chicago and St. Paul, via the shortest route, and carries passengers without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union, through Iowa, all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. Its equipment is superior, its Pullman sleeping cars, being composed of most comfortable and beautiful Day Coach, Parlor and Dining Cars, and its Dining Chair Cars, Pullman's First-Class Sleeping Cars, and its Tourist and Excursion Cars, are unequalled in the world. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points, and two between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the famous "ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada. Baggage checked through, and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages. For detailed information, get the Maps and Folder. At your nearest Ticket Office, or address R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, CHICAGO.

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, covers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engineering. The composition metal gives it needed strength, stiffness and solidity, while the written guarantee of the manufacturers warranting each case to wear twenty years proves that it contains all the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from actual results, as many of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold.

I have used one of your James Ross' Gold Watch Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and know of the having been used before. I use it years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case until so informed by a jeweler. Your cases do all I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be, and they are represented to be, and more. O. McCASKEY, Dep. Col. Int. Res. Div. Dec. 1882. Send 3 cent stamp to Kravens Watch Case Factory, Philadelphia, Pa. for illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Ross' and Kravens Watch Cases are made. (To be continued.)

Auction Sale!

I will sell at public auction on Thursday, September 27, 1883, at one o'clock, P. M., my

Home Farm of 200 Acres situated one mile south of Marshfield village, on the road to Montpelier. There is a good sugar orchard of 300 trees and a good apple orchard sufficient for family use. The buildings are nearly new and in good condition. The house is mouse and rat proof, with cemented cellar, good water, double walling to house and barn, and never fails. The farm is well divided and under a good state of cultivation.

Will Out Eighty Tons of Hay. I have a quantity of back pasture for sale. I would like parties wishing to purchase to come and see it before the crops are put in or hay is cut and in the barn, and see for themselves what the farm is. Also, on Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1883, at one o'clock, P. M.

A Farm in Woodbury, Vt. at the head of West Long Pond, on the West Woodbury road leading from Hardwick through Worcester to Montpelier. Contains about 100 acres of land, the neighborhood being mostly mowed and intervale, and

Cuts Fifteen Tons of Hay, with pasture. Also contains a large assortment of timber, and a young apple and sugar orchard. It has two good barns, the main one being built two years ago. Never-failing soft water runs to the barns. Both farms will be sold on easy terms to suit purchasers. JOHN E. EDDY, Marshfield, Vt., May 25, 1883. 99-10

Fifty Dollars Reward.

On the morning of July 6 I discovered that a burglar or burglars had entered my house during the night and had taken my pants from my sleeping room, searched the pockets and left them on the front veranda outside. I am not aware that the thieves secured from me anything valuable. They overtook \$3 in my vest pocket, and a watch, several other articles, and considerable sums of money were stolen. I hereby offer a reward of FIFTY DOLLARS to any person or persons who will furnish information that will secure the arrest and conviction of any of the burglars who entered the house aforesaid during the night prior to the morning of July 6, 1883, payable immediately after conviction. This offer will remain in force until the morning of July 15, 1883. Montpelier, July 7, 1883. J. T. DEAVY. 94-7

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address Wm. & Co., Portland, Me.