Special Requests.

1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post office

2. Business letters and communica-tions to to published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary note when required.

5. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legibte hand, and on couly one side of the page.

4, All changes in advertisements must reach us on Frisdy.

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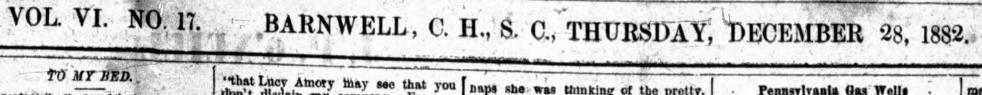
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Let poets strike the tuneful wird In scornful Beauty's praise, Far be from me the vala desire To emulate their lays A softer subject fills my brain, Insultant wasterful brain, Inspires my grateful song — To thee, my bed, this humble strain, Theer homely rhymes belong.

My earliest friend! how many hours Of rest 1 owe to thee! When friends are cold, and fortune lowers, Thou still art true to me. "Tis said that love's an empty sound, And friendship's but a name: But thee, my bed, I've ever found, Night after night, the same.

Visions of infancy arise, Of hursery days long fled, Of rosy checks and bleepy eyes, And tucking up in bed: A kiss, and then a soft good-night, And heavy eyelids closing: Who has not known the slumber, light, Of childhood thus reposing:

Sometimes to lie awake, and watch Th - moonshine on the floor, Or with a rapt attention catch The creak of distant door: Or, if in winter-time, to peep The cl sed currant dirough. And see the fire, while footsteps cre And lights go to and fro.

Twas so in childhood. Then in youth To thee, my bed, I owe The dreams, how far surpassing truth i That youthful sleepers know. Dreams of true love and friendship warm, That only come at night: The dawning day d spels the charm, And fades the vision bright.

When wearied with the discontent Of others, or my own, Such consolation thou hast lent That all my cares have flown. And I have risen on the morn, With purpose good and strong That virtue should my life adorn, Content to me below. ent to me belong.

And in that time when tears are shed, And davight looks I ke folly, Calm rest V find on thee, my bed, Alone with meiancholy. Then times and places, scenes I trace, For ever pass d by. And friends who've run their earthly race, And rest them in the sky.

Thus have I shown in thymes uncouth How thou, my bed, hast been, Through playful childhood, hopeful youth, A friend in every scene. On theo, her galet place of fest, How sorrow passed to weep. How anger field the ruffied breast, And y leided up to sicep.

And now, when evening breezes blow. And friends are hovering by. And are or sickness lays me low. And warns me I must die. Geatly I hope to rest a thee. My old, my carliest friend. That where young life first greeted me Our followship may end.

-London S

"that Lucy Amory may see that you haps she was thinking of the pretty, don't disdain my company. For you see," said Sam, who was not as black as he was painted, or as many liked to suppose, "Lucy can make me what she will; without her I shall be nothing and nobody; but they've teld her all kinds of wild things about me; they've told her she might as well jump into the river as marry such a scapegrace. And perhaps if I made her a little jealous-

you know there's no harm in that, is there? All's fair in love; and, perhaps, if the old folks see me driving about with Miss Becky Thorne, my stock may with Miss Becky Inorne, my stock may go up, and I may be 'saved from the burning,' as Parson <u>Amory</u> says.'' And Becky had consented: how could she refuse to do a service for such a true lover? So slight a thing, too! She had often traversed the same road since on foot, on her daily rounds of toil and mercy. Sam Eustis had married Lucy Amory years ago, and was the foremost man in the county today. Strange how that friendly drive had interfered with Miss Becky's prospects; how the simple fact of carrying home Mrs. Fustis' needlework should have determined her fate, and devoted her to a life of hardship and the "Old Ladies' Home' at the end! Talk of tritles! Poor Miss Becky! she remembered that once or twice the opportunity had offered when she might have made it up with Larry: but pride, or a sort of fine reserve, had locked her lips -Larry ought to know that she was above silly flirtations. Once, when they met at Lucy Amory's wedding, when they all went out into the orchard while the bride planted a young tree, and the guests looked for four-leaved clovers, she had found herself-whether by accident or design she could not tell-on

the grass beside Larry: their fingers met over the same lucky clover, their eves met above it, and for an instant she had it on her tongue's end to confess all about the drive and its result. to put pride in her pocket, but just then Nell Amory called to Larry. "Oh a ho rid spider!-on my arm.

Larry! Kill him quick-do! Oh-oh -oh! I shall die-I shall faint." And that was the end of it.

The old orchard, with its fragrant quince bushes, its gnarled apple trees, its four-leaved clovers, was a thing of the past; a cotton mill roared and thundered there all day long, where the

comfortable home waiting for her friend, and wondering why their fortunes were so unlike.

THE PEOPLE.

"... Write when you reach Plymouth, and let me know how you're suited," said Mrs. Dwight; and just then the cars gave a lurch and left her behind, and Miss Becky turned her glance inwards. Somebody had taken the seat beside her.

"Your friend was speaking of Parson Amory and Plymouth," said he. "I couldn't help hearing. I was born in Plymouth myself, but I haven't met a soul from there these twenty years. I'm on my way down to look up my old friends.''

"Twenty years is a long time," an-swered Becky. "I'm afraid you won't find many of your friends left You'll hardly know Plymouth."

"I suppose not-1 suppose not. Have you lived there long?" "I? I have lived there all my days."

"Good! I'm hungry for news of the people. Did Parson Amory leave a fortune? He was called close: Where's Miss Nell-married or dead? I can see the old place in my mind's eye; and the parsonage under the eims, and the orchard behind it, where Lucy Amory planted a young tree on her wedding day, and the gown little Beeky Thorne wore-by-the-way, is she alive? Do you know her?"

Miss Becky hesitated an instant. "Yes," she replied, "I know her-more or less. She's alive."

"And married?"

"Well, no; she never married." "She must be sixty odd; she was pretty creature, such dimples-I suppose they are wrinkles now! Where have the years gone? Is her home in the old place still?"

"Her home?" said Miss Becky, flushing a little. "She has none. She is on her way to the Old Ladies' Home. "To the Old Ladies' Home! Becky

Thorne!" he gasped, "and I-" "You seem to have known her pretty well," said Miss Becky, who was begin-

ning to enjoy the incognito. 'I should think so! I've loved Becky Thorne from my cradle; we had a silly quarrel which parted us-such a trifle! -when I look back. Do you ever look back, madame P"

The twilight was falling about them;

Pennsylvania Gas Wells

The steady decline in the yield of peroleum in the Pennsytrania oil regions is causing capitalists to turn their attention to the greater utilization of the natural gas, which is a peculiar feature of the region. The drilling of wells is always attended by the appearance of inflammable gas in larger or in smaller quantities, but its presence is not a nec-essary attendant of the finding of oil. Many years ago natural gas was discovered in Fredonia, Chautauqua County, N. Y., and it has been in constant use, both for fuel and light, at East Liverpool, O., for twenty years, and no petro-leum is found in either place. The presence of this gas in the oil regions has been one of the main causes of the development of the territory to so great an extent that the exhaustion of the potroleum deposit has been accomplished years before it otherwise would have been, for its adaptability and economy as fuel has permitted operations to be carried on where otherwise they must have been attended with loss to the producers. It takes from three to twentyfive days to drill a well, and companies controlling the supply of gas furnish fuel for the boilers at an average cost of \$1.25 per day per well. To buy coal or wood for this purpose would cost several times as much.

Bradford and nearly all of the oilregion towns are lighted and heated by the natural gas. The "gas streaks," as those districts are called where the gas. is found without oil, are very extensive in this field, and they were secured by companies years ago. These companies —the Keystone Gas Company and the Bradford Gas-Light and Heating Company-furnish nearly all of the gas supply. They are chartered by the State. The latter company supplies this city with light and heat. Its principal "streaks" are the Rixford and the West Branch. The former is seven miles sontheast of this city, and the latter lies two miles to the southwest. Six wells take the supply from these streaks, three on each. The Rixford gas is collected in immense iron reservoirs at the wells, whence it is forced to Bradford through iron pipes. For four miles of the distance the pipes are six inches in diameter, and for the other two miles

many fatal accidents. Veins of it are sometimes suddenly penetrated by the drill, and it issues with great force to the surface. In such case it is liable to become ignited by the lamp in the der-rick or the forge, or by the fire-box of the boiler. It is more by good luck than anything else then if occupants of the derrick house escape with their lives, for a frightful explosion occurs. Even if the lamp or boiler are removed far from the derrick, an explosion is apt to from the derrick, an explosion is apt to-occur, especially if the atmosphere is murky and heavy. Then the gas settles to the ground, and if blown toward the light or fire an explosion is inevitable. Gas is found in large quantities in the Sheffield district of the Warren oil field. One of the heaviest wells ever struck is at Sheffield. It as been burning with a flame fifty feet high for years, and its roar may be heard for miles. Another heavy well is the Murrayville well, in Washington County. There is a great gas streak in that region, and a com-pany has been formed and chartered by the State to supply Pittsburgh and other places with light and fuel from it.---Bradford (Pa.) Cor. Philadelphia Press.

\$2 a Year.

many fatal accidents. Veins of it are

Bradford (Pa.) Cor. Philadelphia Press. Farmers and Their Health. By "farmers" we include, of course, their wives, children, and we have often thought, with the general lack of pre-cantions for preserving health, what wonderful constitutions we have have had a great store of vigor from our the cestors to draw upon, we should have been long ago a nation of invalida. But as one cannot always draw upon a bank account without adding to his debank account without adding to his de-posits, so, sooner or later, if we con-tinue to violate all the laws of health, our dra'ts will be met with—"no funds." The farmer, of all men, needs health, The farmer, of all men, needs health, and farmers, as a rule, are the most healthy of all people, and this in spite of a general neglect of the sani-tary laws. If we were to say that we proposed to make same "Hygienic Suggestions," they would probably be passed by. So we give some sugges-tions about keeping well. One of the general rules given for every one, in all climates, is to take a daily bath, or, as least, a bath once in every forty-eight hours. A daily bath, as generally un-derstood, is impossible to most farmere; derstood, is impossible to most farmere; but a pail of water and a large to within reach of every farmer and ever one else. Wet one end of the and go over the whole body, and rub dry with the other end. If two towels can be afforded, all the better, but a large one, properly used, will mover. The comfort of a bath of this blad to

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-The world does not road to be informed as to be r Hannah Moore.

-At present the most valuable which can be bestowed upon we is something to do.-James A. Garj

-"Who shall decide when doe disagree?' We don't know who she but we do know that the Coroner of ly does.-The Judge.

-"Guilty or not guilty?" at TE-Dutch Justice of a prisoner. TE-guilty." "Den what you want Go mout your bizness." -Whatever you owe you pay promptly and cheerfully perhaps, a grudge, and that you'd win better continue to owe --N. T. B. d win

--The man who bragged a the source TED about being a good skater, has reached TED off from that topic, and is the boys what a "hose" CUTTER: wheat -- Chicago Cheek. -A Fouth End woman one servant to do her wo 50 (S & 0) 54 5

-A tramp applied to a Austin for a inickel to buy a bread. "Can't you go into ness that is more profitable that "I'd like to open a bank if I ap get the tools." was the candid zas Biflings.

-An esthetic Washington have moves in the best soc ety of the series lives in a suite of rooms and does h own cooking on an oil stove. The the that she has her kitchen hung with Japaneso fans-two for five cents-what saves her-thiladelphia News.

-The Vowela.-"We are little siry creatures, All of different voice and features; One of us in giass is set. One of us is found in jet; Tother you may see in the, USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

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CHARLES C. LESLIE Wholesale and Retail Dealer in inh. Game, Lobsters, Turtles, Terrapins, Oysters, Etc. Etc. Stalle, Nor. 18 and 20 Fish Market CHARLESTON, S. C. Il orders promptly attended to. Forms Cash or City Acceptance. soly] THOS. MCG. CARR.

FASHIONABLE wing and Hair Dressing Saloon. 114 Market Street, Das Dior East of King Street,) 1y] CHARLESTON, S. C. TRY **COLINA TOLU TONIC!** HE GREAT REMEDY FOR PONARY DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., 1

GENERAL DEBILITY.

MISS BECKY'S "HOME."

Miss Becky was going to the "Old Ladies' Home" at last. It was a sorry fact, but there was nothing else for her to do, it memed. Who would think of odering any other home to a poor, almost helpless old woman who had ontlived her usefulness? Having passed her days in other people's houses, so to speak, she might not mind it as much, perhaps, ma more fortunate being. in the

"Yes," she said, "there's a vacancy the "Old Ladies" Home," and the hundred dollars that Parson Amory left me will pay my way in, but it wouldn't hast me long if I began to spend it, you know, and I shall have a warm bed and my regular meals without worrying about where the next one's com ng from. I'm host tired worry ng about ways and means. Seems as though I have been about it all my life; ever since father was taken with heart d sease hearing the class in algebra. Now that the rheumatism has got the better of me, so that I can't work in co'd weather, and the doctor says it'll draw my fingers up so that I can't use them soon, it doesn't seem as if there was anything left for me in this world but the Home-and I ought to be thank ul

for that." Miss Beeky had had other expectations in her heyday, when young Larry' Rogers met her and carried her basket; when his strong arm paddled her down the broad river to church on Sunday mornings; when they sang together in the chor from the same hymn-book; when they boitered homeward in the fragrant summer dusk, and heard the whip-poor-will complain, and startled the fire-flies in the hedges as they brushed by. It sometimes seemed to Miss Becky as if all this had hap-pened in another planet. She was young than, with a bloom on her cheek; but although the rheumatism had bent her figure and rendered her more or less helpless at times, yet her dark, velvety eyes looked out like soft stars, and the ghost of a dimple still flickered on cheek and chin in spite of her sixty odd years. Miss Becky's father had been the district school-teacher in those far-off days of her girlhood. He had taught her the simple lore at his command, but it was Larry Rogers who had taught her music hour a ter hour, in the empty old schoolhouse: they had practiced together. while he wrote the score on the blackboard. But all this had not sufficed to enable her to earn a livelihood. Her education, musical and otherwise, had stopped short of any commercial value. In those days she had never expected to earn her living by the sweat of her brow. Larry was going to give her ev-erything. How trivial the little quarrel

seemed to day which circumvented this fine resolvo of his! But what magnitude it had assumed at the time! On his return from a trip to a neighboring city. some busybody had whispered to Larry that Miss Becky had been seen driving with Squire Existis' son Sam behind his trotters. Sam was just home from col-lege, a haram-scarum tellow they said, who made leve right and left and gambled a bit; and when Larry reproached her with it she had not denied; she had simply said: "What then? If you choose to listen to gossip rather than wait till I tell you -"But you didn't teli me, and I've been home a week."

"I had forgotten all about it till you reminded me," said Becky. "It's such an every-day affair for you,

birds built and the trees bourgeoned thirty odd years ago. It no longer b os-somed, except in Miss Becky's memory. She had turned her thoughts to raising

plants, when she was left to her own resources, but one cruel winter's night killed all her slips and the capital was lacking by which she might renew her stock. Since then she had gone out for daily sewing, had watched with the sick, had been in demand for temporary housekeeper whenever a tired niatron wished an outing; but latterly, her eyes no longer served her for fine work, and sewing machines had been introduced; she was not so alert in the sick room as of yore; she moved more slowly, and her housekeeping talent was no longer in request: a ided to this, the bank where her little earnings had been growing, one day failed and left her high and dry. Some of her friends had traveled to pastures new, some had married away, some had ignored or forgotten her. As for Larry Rogers, he had been away from Plymouth this many a year. Somebody had sent him abroad the year after Lucy Amory's marriage to develop his musical genius.

He had grown into a famous violinist, playing all over the country to crowded houses, before the finest people in the land. It was a beautiful romance to Miss Bocky to read in the Plymouth Record about "our gifted townsman;" she seemed to hear the echo of his violin when the wind swept through the pine boughs. She had no bitter thoughts; she did not blame him be-cause she sat in the shadow, because her life had been co'orless. She sang again the old tunes he had taught her. and made a little sunshine in her heart. All of happiness she had ever known he had brought her. Why should she | a bed, dead. Mrs. Huntcould give no incomplain? And now she was going to y telligent account of herhusband's death, the 'Old Ladies' Home." "It isn't exactly what I expected in my youth," she said to the old doctor's

"No; but you'll have a nice room and a bright fire, and the neighbors will drop in to see you and make it seem home-like. Now, there's old Mrs. Gunn. Nothing can persuade her to go to the Home. She says it's only a genteel alms house, after all; and so she rubs a ong with what little she can earn and what the neighbors have a mind to send in: and they have to do it mighty g ngerly, too, just as if they were ask-ing a favor of her. Lor', she doesn't carn her salt."

"I dare say," returned Miss Becky. "Now, if it hadn't been for the rheumatism, I could earn my living for years yet, and may be get something ahead again. But it seems as if the rheumatism laid in wait for the poor and friend-

"You ought to have married when you were young, Becky," said the doc-tor's widew, who had forgotten all about Becky's love affair, and labored under the impress on that she never had a chance, an impression which matrons are apt to entertain concerning their single friends. Miss Becky had been spending some weeks with Mrs. Doctor Dwight, who had moved away from Plymouth after her husband's death. She was there chiedy in order to put some stitches into the widow's ward-robe, which nondy else would do so "reasonably," that lady's grief having incapacitated her for holding a needle incapacitated her for holding a needle incapacitated her for holding a needle

"reasonably," that lady's grief having incapacitated her for holding a needle or giving her mind to the ma'erial de-tails of "seam and gusset and band." But during the visit Miss Bocky had been seized with her sharpest attack of rheumatism, which had kept her in bed for weeks, till her wares were exhaust.

Becky's face had grown a shade or two paler all at once; she turned her dark | wells the gas reaches the city through ve vety eyes full upon him with a startled

"You," she said, "you must be Larry Rogersl". Then the color swept to her cheeks in a crimson wave. "Do you know I never thought you had me? Inm Becky Thornes'

Just then the train thundered through the tunnel, and they forgot that they were sixty odd.

"Ou the way to the Old Ladies' Home," she wrote Mrs. Dwight; "I was persuaded to go to an old gentle-man's, instead."-Mary N. Prescott, in Our Continent

A Strange Tragedy.

A strage case is causing a sensation at Scituste. Jonathan Hunt, eighty years of age, who lived on Eay street with his wite, forty years younger than himself, had not been seen by the neighbors for several days, and sus-picions being aroused by the answers of the wife in response to inquiries about him, officers were sent to make an investigation. When the officers arrived they found the house securely fastened, and fin entrance was fore bly made. Here they found Mrs. Hunt in a very depressed state of mind. Upon being interrogated as to the whereabouts of her hashand. she informed them that he was at ed and then started on a run. She went swiftly through the rooms, coming to a fourth, when she shut the door and placed herself again t it, remarking: "He is here; you must not come in." She was removed, when the officers found Mr. Hunt lying upon but said he was taken sick Sunday n'ght; that she had wrapped him up in bankets and watched by him ever since: but nothing further could be as-certained from her. During the conversation she made many incoherent utterances regarding the past life of her husband and herself, and convinced the officers that she was hopelessly insane. When Mr. Hunt's death occurred, or what was the cause, is a matter of conecture at the present time. It was learned last night that he had been un-well for a number of days, and that last Thursday he called on Dr. Vinal, who found, upon examination, that he had every symptom of paralysis. In view of this eircumstance, coupled with Mr. Hunt's advanced age, this is thought to be the most probable cause of death. -Scituate (Mass.) Times.

-Figures giving the statistics of the manufacture of petroleum in the United States, received from the Census Bureau, show that for the year ended May 31, 1880, there were e ghty-six firms engaged in the business, with an invested cap tal of \$27,395,746, using raw material to the value of \$34,999,. 101, turning out of manufactured pro-ducts \$43,705,218, employing 9,869 per-sons, to whom the sum of \$4,881,572 was paid in wages.

eight inches. From the West Branch eight-inch pipes by its natural force. The pressure of this gas at Bradford is six pounds and a half to the inch. Ingenious pumps of recent invention force the gas from the Rixford receivers, where it has a pressure of forty pounds to the inch. Less than a year ago the Rixford gas reached this city by its, natural force at the wells-a force sufficient to supply Bradford with one million cubic feet. To drive the gas that distance now requires the use of a four hundred-horse power engine, and the natural force of 170 pounds to the inclhas declined to twenty-five. The machinery for pumping the gas cost \$50,-000 The natural gas is found in the largest

quantity and greatest force in the third oil sand, and seldom deeper than fifteen Teet in the sand. It is present, however, in all three of the sands in some wells. The wells are drilled just as oil wells are, and gas territory ranges from \$150 to \$500 an acre. It is destined to be worth much more when the finding of gas may be calculated on with certainty. In the Bradford field gas has been found at no greater depth than twenty-two hundred feet. It is used just as it issues from the depths of the wells, no refining being necessary. The gas of some districts is better and cleaner than that of others, the Bradford article being especially excellent in quality. There is no odor from It in burning, but before it is consumed it has the same as petroleum. In carrying it through the towns and into buildings the same system is employed as in conducting artifi-cial gas, and for illuminating purposes is burned in the ordinary gas fixtures. In many parts of the oil regions the pipes are laid on the surface of the ground, but in the larger towns and cities they are buried. For heating purposes a pipe is conducted from the main into the stove or range. The end of the pipe in the stove is perforated to give a spreading flame. A stop-cock on the outside of the stove regulates the sup-ply. The fire is kindled simply by turnng on the gas and throwing a lighted

match in the stove. In grates the effect of a coal fire is obtained by the placing of pieces of earthenware inside. These become red-hot, and glow with the true anthracite cheerfulness.

For illuminating purposes a uniform charge of fifty cents a month is made to the consumer. Where twelve burners are in use a discount of twenty per cent. is made. To large consumers, such as hotels, stores, etc., a further discount from the twelve-burner rate is given. An ordinary family parlor or cook stove pays \$4 a month for fuel, while ranges and large heaters cost \$6 a month. In the early days of gas burning in the region an ordinary stove consumed about 300 cubic feet an hour. The subject has been given much scientific study, however, and a regulator devised by which the amount consumed is much reduced without affecting the heating power of the fuel. The gas is not measured. It is a matter of much surprise to the stranger visiting this region to see the

gas in buildings and on the streets burning all day as well as during the night. No one takes the trouble to turn off the gas. It is believed that the gas would be consumed and wasted in other ways even if it was turned off, and so is burns from one year's end to the other. For heat and lighting the gas companies re-quire pay in advance per month, but

the farmer after a day's field, when the skin is dust, has only to be exp make it a custom. The the with 1-10 bathe so quickly, and rub dry so briskly, as not to get at all chilly. On going to Bed, change the clothes, and it those taken of are to be worn the next day, turn them so that they may air and dry thoroughly. In eat-ing, especially in warm weather, "go slow." Do not come in, hot from work,

and at once sit down at the table, but take time to cool off, and at meals eat slowly. Many look upon the time spent at meals as wasted, while it is really of the greatest importance. Eat slowly, and chew well. If you can prolong the time at meals by pleasant conversation, do 50. Do not be in a hurry to resume work after meals in hot weather. Take a long nooning. Better spirits, and increased vigor and strength, will far

morothan make up the time taken to rest. A general fault of our sleeping rooms is lack of ventilation. One rosson for th's is the attempt to keep out flies and mosquitoes, by closing the rooms dur-ing the day. Frames upon which wire-

cloth, or the cheaper mosquito netting is stretched, will keep out insects and allow of needed ventilation. Farmers who work all day, are not often troubled with sleeplessness, in-somnia, as it is called; yet is in some cases a disease, and the more fatigued one may be, the less he is inclined to sleep. A brisk walk before bed-time, and a sponging and rubbing of the whole body, with a wet towel around

the head, will often break up the very unpleasant habit. Farmers are very apt to neglect their teeth. Every one should have a tooth-brush, not too hard, and brush the toeth, using water freely, on going to bed and again on rising.--American

Searching for Papa.

Agriculturist.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, eviz dently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked

where she was going. "Down to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa." "But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?" "She calls him papa," persisted the

little creature. The lady then tried tolead her along.

'You had better come with me. Iguess "Yes, but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the lit-tle girl, crying afresh, as if her heart would break. you came this way?"

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss lum."

Just at this time a sister of the child, Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possess on of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's pape, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting, for him to come home, had gone out to find him. --Cleveland Herald.

Beans have the abiy-tour par sent of any lines I wheat -- N. T. Ecominer.

-It is said that the Peachblow potate has done remarkably well this season. While other varieties dried up and died in the summer drought, the Peachblow held on, and was ready to make a growth of tubers after the fall raise

-Cream Cabbage: Beat together the yelks of two eggs, one-half oup of regar, one-half enp of vinegar, butter due of an analysis alt and pepper. Put the mixt-ure two a sauce pan and stir totil it boils; then stir in one cup of cream. Pour over the cabbage while hot.-De-troit Part. roit Past

--Pork to the Bushel: One bushel of corn should give ten pounds of pork is fattening when fed on the ear. One bushel of meal dry fed will give eleven pounds of pork. One bushel of meal mixed with water will give thirteen pounds of pork. One bushel of meal cooked in mush will give fifteen pounds of pork -- Practical Comments -Pork to the Bushel: One bushel of pork -Practical Farmer.

-According to Secretary Gold's latest --According to Secretary Gold's latest report, agriculture in Connecticut may be considered a more than ordinarily remunerative business, none of the farms in Middleser County. for in-stance, yielding a return of less than five per cent. on the capital, while sev-eral gave twenty per cent., and one as high as twenty-eight per cent.

-Of all roots, except potatoes, best are most sensitive to frost. Carrets are most sensitive to frost. Car being mostly deep in the ground, stand considerable freezing with much injury, provided they are he thaw in the ground. Parsnips and y etable oyster plants are better for he loft out all winter; and of parsnips pecially, only enough should be put the cellar for use when these out doors cannot be get at - Excisions doors cannot be got at -Exchange.

-Save the buckwheat chaf, mys correspondent of the Husbandman, an correspondent of the Husbandman, and use it as an absorbent in the cow stable Being fine and dry, it makes one of the best absorbents for this purpose. If finds a corn basket full (one and a bit bushel) will absorb all the urine from ten cows over night, and keep them do and clean. He has made a practice of soving all of his own and having of the saving all of his own and boying of hi neighbors for one dollar per load o fifty baskots, and it pave well.

Empty and Full.

A gentleman who was looking for a boarding place rung the door to i of parsimonious old landlady and when the door was opened by a tail young man, who was one of the boardens, asked if he would get board there. The young man shock his head. "Is the house full?" "Yes," said the tail young man "the house is full, but" he added in a gaunt voice, "the boardens are empty?"

The pouse is full, out is an gaunt voice. "The boardens are The gratieman looked panel boarder walked of picking the case out of bollow weth, with copied air. But he had no o ask for further explanation. Pool.

-The Paris paper L But

