

Agricultural.

Why Farmers Post their Farms. The time for trespass notices has arrived. It may be proper to state the views held by many on the subject of hunting game. There are two classes of gunners. One class may be called market gunners. These hunt wherever they can and destroy all the game they can, to sell and to turn into profit to themselves. As a general thing this class of persons do not own property to any considerable extent. The other class comprise those who hunt for the sport of the thing. And this class may be sub-divided into city sportsmen, or in general, those who live outside of our county, and as distinguished from our native residents, or the friends and acquaintances of those whose homes are in the county. The city sportsman makes great account of the shooting season. He fits himself out with an expensive gun of the most approved pattern, and has a dog or so that cost a handsome sum. He roams at his sweet will over the lands of the rustics, and if successful, sends his game to friends as a trophy of his skill, or takes home a bag full when his vacation ends. Each bird costs this sportsman four or five dollars, especially if he hires a guide to show him where the game is to be found. He carries back from his country rambles a warm glow beneath his sun-burnt skin, and works with new zest after his healthful exercise. The native sportsmen, sons of farmers or merchants, or themselves lawyers or doctors, or persons having or taking some leisure during the sporting season, or it may be again do-less sort of persons, who do not stick to any regular business, and are ready to drop everything when they hear a hound bay or a cur yelp, seem to regard the wide land as all their own, and that they have a right to go when and where they please in pursuit of game, when the law permits such game to be taken. Now against this free-booting many respectable citizens, and in general, most property owners feel, if they do not utter, an indignant protest. The law makes not only every man's house his own castle, but protects him in his property rights against all comers. Hence the law forbidding trespassing. No man has a right to invade another's property against his will. And this has reference to whatever is found upon that property. To take away the grain, the fruit, the live stock, the timber, the fences is theft, and is treated as a crime. Now many are ill-disposed to have sportsmen traversing their fields or woods, discharging their guns, frightening and perhaps ruining their stock, leaving gates open, or breaking down fences and carrying away game which is under the protection of the property holders, and may have been tenderly cared for and perhaps fed by him in cold winters with his own poultry. He naturally feels that in a certain sense the game on his own premises is his, and he wishes no outsider to interfere with it. This is the ground for notice to trespassers. And this all reasonably disposed persons will be, as a general thing, ready to accept. There is no objection to each man hunting upon his own premises, but when he intrudes upon his neighbor's premises, that neighbor may, in all propriety, appeal to the law for protection.—Ee.

"Keep the Pot Boiling."

If farmers, generally, would follow the city fashion of beginning their dinners, as a customary thing, with some kind of soup, they would soon find it healthful as well as economical. Much meat in odds and ends is wasted in farm-houses, that might be made into good, rich soup. It is the French fashion, and certainly a wise one, to have a pot perpetually on the back of the stove or range, into which all the scraps of meats and vegetables are thrown, and sufficient water added, from time to time. This is kept, not boiling hard, but simmering, and the family manage to have a supply of bouillon (or broth) for their daily use. If farmers would save their pieces of veal, and beef, and potatoes, and make use of them in the same way, they would certainly not be cold, wintry day, bless the housewife who kept "the pot boiling."—L. in American Agriculturist.

Miscellaneous.

Bennie's Essay on Old Maids. Old maids is curious folks. Ma's sister, Aunt Hannah is an old maid and pa sez ma would have been one too for all of him, if he hadn't been so all-fired green when he was young. I heard pa tell Uncle Dan so one day, after ma had been blowing pa up 'cause he wouldn't take her over to Gooseville to a picnic, and Uncle Dan looked sad and sed he knewed how it was himself. But Aunt Hannah is the darndest old maid I ever did see. She's visitin' at our house now, and I'm afraid she'll stay all summer. Pa sez he'd be perfectly happy if some old bald-headed mormon would come along and marry Aunt Hannah, and take her off his hands. And I guess it would make her perfectly happy too, 'cause she wants to get married orful; she's after old Daddie Platt like everything. He's most ninety years old and stays in bed most of the time; he's orful cross, and he don't know much—got softnin' of the brain or something; but Aunt Hannah don't mind that. She'd marry Methuselah if he was livin', and be mighty glad to get him.

The last time Aunt Hannah went to call on Daddie Platt, I went along, 'cause I wanted to see the way she courted him. We went in the afternoon when his folks let him sit up awhile. Aunt Hannah took a seat up close to him, and begun to holler at him, folks have to yell at Daddie Platt 'cause he can't hear very well, and when he does hear he don't understand more than half of what is said. Well, Aunt Hannah poked her false teeth into Daddie Platt's ear, and yelled loud enough to wake the dead: "How do you do to-day dear Mr. Platt? But I need not ask for I never saw you lookin' so well."

"Yes, yes," said Daddie Platt, "it's over 40 feet deep. I dug it myself in 1802. Its a crackin' good well, a crackin' good well." "Oh, Mr. Platt," sez Aunt Hannah, "I do admire an old-fashioned well like yours, a well sweep is so romantic. Don't you love a well sweep?" "No," sez he, crosser'n a bear, "No we won't sell cheap. If John Henry thinks of sellin' the farm he's an idjet, a blamed idjet! It's a good farm, a crackin' good farm."

"Oh! Mr. Platt," sez Aunt Hannah, sez she, "I hope your son will never think of such a thing. It is such a lovely place, I know I should never grow tired of livin' here." "No we don't," spoke up Daddie Platt, "We don't give the hired man any beer, and what's more we ain't goin' to; water's a good enough drink for him, water's a crakin' good drink." "It is indeed," sez Aunt Hannah, "what should we do without water. What a nice shower we had last evening. Did you see the lovely rainbow, Mr. Platt?" "No I hain't," sez Daddie Platt, might sharp, "I hain't seen nothin' of your lame bean, and what's more I don't want to. What do you come a whinin' to me about your lame bean for, I don't want to hear another word about your lame bean, and I won't. I want to go to bed. I'm tired, crackin' tired."—Pecks Sun.

THE story is told of a woman in Monmouth, Ill., who went bathing in a brook near the town and, seeing a horse in a pasture alongside, caught him and mounted. Then to her horror the steed started on a run for the town, and the inhabitants were shocked when they saw the modern Godiva riding without even extra long hair to cover her.

A ROOMY lounge in a bed chamber is a great convenience. It affords an opportunity for an afternoon nap without disarranging the well-made bed, and many a careworn woman would lie down for a few minutes upon a lounge in her bed room who would not think of resting in the daytime upon the bed.

ONE of the best foods for sick birds is parched wheat. It serves as a corrective, and invigorates them. Very often when a sick fowl will not eat it may be tempted by the offer of warm parched grain of some kind. THE trouble that lies down with us at night, and confronts us on our first waking in the morning, is not the trouble we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

Humorous.

THE MODEL MAN.

He don't play the fiddle, part his hair in the middle, nor dress like an Anglican dude. When he goes to a party with Meigs or McCarty, he never is noisy and rude.

He lives in frugality and sweet conjugality, and wants pie but two times a day; He never eats onions nor treads on your bunions, nor growls when you get in his way.

He's wise and he's witty, persevering and gritty, and has a magnificent head; He's all light and sweetness, he's thorough completeness, he's perfection in short—but he's dead!

—Lynn (Mass.) Union.

It seems absurd to write a book in this country and then have it bound in Turkey.

THEY say "one swallow does not make a spring." Just try boiling coffee and see if it won't.

THE burglar, like his friend the philosopher, "takes everything just as it comes," and not infrequently goes for it.—Yonkers Gazette.

DEEP waters run still. This proverb is sometimes written, "Still waters run deep." This is sheer nonsense; still waters don't run at all.

"UNCLE, why do the hippopotamus always have their mouths open in the show-bills?" Uncle (with malicious equivoque)—"To take in the public, my boy; and now go and play."

POSSIBLE Purchaser—I don't think these fish are quite fresh. Proprietress of Fish-Stand (indignantly)—"Dade, sir, they are. They're the same lot ye bought out of last week, and weren't ye satisfied wid them?"—Puck.

"MY colored friend, please lend me a quarter. I fought, bled and suffered four years in the Union army to make you a free man." Colored gentleman. "You did your duty, sah, but 'bout loaning you that quarter, don't keer, sah, to revive de bitter memories of de wah."—Texas Siftings.

Why it is Overlooked. Indignant Citizen—"Uncle Sam, do you know that smuggling is carried on by our naval vessels?" Uncle Sam—"Yes, I've heard about it."

"Why don't you do something about it?" Oh! the navy can't do any smuggling worth mentioning. It isn't big enough.—Omaha World.

A TENDER story is told by the Boston Journal of a prelate of the Church of England who, on accepting a country benefice, urged a friend to make him a visit as soon as he got settled, remarking in perfect good faith: "I have a nice little green field attached to the rectory. I mean to keep a couple of sheep, and we shall have mutton kidneys fresh every morning for breakfast."

An old colored man who sells newspapers at Yamasse, Ga., being asked for his theory of the earthquake, replied: "I think the Lord had a good deal to do with it. You know it took place just about the time most people had gone to bed, and my opinion is dis. that the Lord in winding up the day's business found that He was short of prayers, and He just take hold of de foundation ob de earth and shake up de sleepin' sinners to send in more prayers. And they came in, too."

"DUTCH COURAGE" has evidently something more than a metaphorical significance. During the battle of Shiloh, an officer hurriedly rode up to an aid, and asked for General Grant. "That's he, with the field-glass," said the aid. Wheeling his horse about, the officer furiously rode up to the General, and touching his cap, thus addressed him:

"Sheneral, I wants to make one report: Schwartz's battery is took." "Ah!" said the General. "How was that?"

"Well, you see, Sheneral, de she-shenists flanked us, and de she-shenists come in de rear of us, and Schwartz's battery was took." "Well, sir, you of course spiked the guns?"

"Vat," exclaimed the Dutchman in astonishment. "Schpikie dem guns! schpikie dem new guns! No, it would schpikie dem!"

"Well," said the General, sharply, "what did you do?" "Do? Vy, we took dem back again!"

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