Ere the pleasant autumn weather -That we twain might wed When the leaves were ped, And live and love together

I cut me a tress from her nut-brown hair. As I kissed her lips of cherry. And gave her a ring of the old-time gold. With a stone like the mountain berry-As clear and blue As her eyes were true-

Sweet eyes, so bright and merry "The wealth of my love is all I have To give you," she said, in turning "The Gold that wears like the radient stars In yonder blue rault burning

And I took the trust As a mortal must Whose soul for love is yearning.

Yate kept us apart for many years,
And the blue sea rolled between us.
Though I kissed each day the nut-brown tress
And made fresh yows to Venus— Till I sought my bride.
And Fate defied.
That had failed from love to wear us

I found my love at the garden gate When the dew was on the heather, And we twain were wed at the little kirk In the pleasant autumn weather; And the gold that wears Now soothes my cares, As we live and love together.

-Philadelphia Times.

Journalism Two Thousand Years Ago There seems to have been a necessity since time immemorial among at least

half-civilized nations to bring events of importance to the knowledge of the peo-ple by the medium of writing. To this purpose answered the hieroglyphic in-scriptions of the Egyptians, the tombs of Babylon, covered with Assyrian characters, the Phonician tablets, and the well-known Marmor Radium. The first Roman journal, over two

thousand years ago, appeared only once a year. This paper, intended especially to be read by the public, was known by the title "Annales Maximi." The editor of this paper was the Pontifox Maximus, whose duty it was to chronicle all the important events of the year. The news was written on wnite wooden tablets, and attached to the residences of the citizens. It must have been a very curious sight to see the old Romans crowding around the tablets to get a look at the latest news. But the thirst after knowledge and the the curiosity of the people grew so rapidly, and in such a measure, that the government, the only issuer of the journal, found itself obliged to issue a daily. It is very interesting to know that some of these journals, having reached 2.041 years, are still in exist-ence. The name of the journal was "Acta Populi Romano Diurna," and appeared daily, either as Album, i.c., while the contents hung out in public. or the contents were written with red contents of this journal comprised what would be classed as daily news in our modern papers. From the want of the necessary material political articles were not to be had. Nevertheless, ac-cording to the views of the Roman Government, it was a true journal, and lic, which might also be inferred from the fact that the archives of the State were carved in bronze and inaccessible to the public. Perhaps it would be of interest to some of our readers to peruse a copy of a verbal translation from the oldest journal known, issued 168 years before the birth of Christ "Consul Sicinus was the acting judge to-day. There was a heavy thunderstorm, and the lightning split an oak at the foot of the hills of Veli. In a hostelry at the foot of the hills of Janus there was a fight, in which the landlord

was badly injured. Titinius punished some butchers on account of their selling meat which had not been inspected; the money thus paid was used to erect a chapel to the Goddess Laverea. The broker Ausidius fled from town to-day taking money with him belonging to other people; he was caught, and had to refund the money. The brigand Demiphon, who was captured by officer Nerva, has been crucified to-day. The flotilla from Astia arrived to-day."

You can see from this that it was in olden time pretty much the same as in We would only wish that our officials would attend to the butchers s well as Titinius did. It must be of interest to journalists to know that Julius Casar, the greatest of all Romans, paid special attention to jour-nalism. He saw the necessity of instructing his people in everything ocquotation in Suctonius:

"Julius Cæsar, as soon as he had entered his public office, caused not only to be written, but also spread among the people, the proceedings of the Sen-

This was the first political paper, and, it contained news about buildings, births, deaths, executions, and anecdotes, it can be likened very much to our modern papers. It seems incredible, but it can be proved, that already in the olden times there were stenogra- phers who took down the speeches made in the Senate or in public. They wer called notarii; and we find a place in Suctonius where Augustus is angry because the stenographers reported the speech of Caesar for Metellus in a very imperfect manner. There must have been reporters, judging from a letter of Cicero to Cœlius, also private report-ers, who gathered the news and sent them by the cursus publicus an institution similar to our mail-throughout

u can see from this that Aleiba's saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," is verified once more. — Trenslated from the German.

The Coming Man.

The "coming man" will certainly be a marvelous creature. His prophets are on every hand, and to one and all the omens are full of the wonderful things he will devise and do. He is, to be sure, long in "coming:" we evidently have not yet seen him—but his progenitors, at least, may be said to

with the peculiar tastes and accomplishments, and often with the idioxynerssies, of the portrayer. The balloonist, for instance, is sure that the coming man will ride the air and send serene midway betwist sea and firmament; the skeptic doubts not that when the man coupes, he will be wholly emancie pated from tradition and superstition; to the socialist, the coming man will with angelic composure, divide up his yearly gains with his neighbor; the Malthusian will have the coming man cease to recklessly over-populate the globe. Much might be said, too, of what the "coming woman" will do and be. She has her prophets and prophetesses too. She will, no doubt, arrive at the perfection of combined convenience and grace in dress; perhaps she will vote and preside over legislative wrangles, and dine as envoy at royal Mr. Charles Reade, with a wit and

invention that might be expected from his performances in imaginative literature, has discovered a new attribute which he thinks is certain the coming man and woman will possess. What is remarkable is, that this attribute, though suggested by a brain which is above all fanciful, is a severely practical one. He says that the human phenomenon of the future will be an "ambidexter," or bothhanded person. Bringing the whole force of his brilliant rhetoric to bear upon this subject, Mr. Reade arraigns the distinction between the right and the left hand as a relie of remote barbarism. To think, he says, that the left hand is unlucky, is to subscribe to a heathen mythology. It was a tradition of the "juvenile world," as he calls what we commonly know as ancient times. The according of distinction and superior skill to the right hand has no warrant, either in the structure of the organs or even in human instinct. It is wholly a matter of custom by inheritance. Yet, in a long array of very rich historical learning, he shows how universal, in time and place, this custom has been We find it in the Bible. Jacob was "the son of Rachel's right hand." Jacob blessed Ephraim with the right hand. According to Moses, it was the Lord's right hand that gave the Law. Solomon seated his mother on his right hand at a mark of honor. Homer and the Greek writers. Virgit and the Latin ones, closely follow the traditional use and symbolism of the two hands. "Dexerous" came from the Latin word meaning right hand, and "sinister" from that meaning the left. Even in modern tongues the same "superstition" is fixed deep: the French use "droit," the English "right," for a moral attri-qute as well as for a physical locality; the French "gauche," or awkward, means also "left." The same significant peculiarity is to be found in Spanish and Italian. Always it is seen that words derived from "right" are culogistic, those from the "left" uncomplimentary and sometimes disgraceful Mr. Reade unlocks all this store of learning to prove that the distinction is traditional, and not instinctive; and he urges the world to hasten the coming of the "Both-handed," by beginning now to teach children to use each hand with equal skill. There would, no doubt, be great advantages in this; but we fear that Mr. Reade's own exposition shows mankind to be too closely the reform a rapid or easy one. - Appletons' Journal

Men's Part in Home-Making. Most of the preachments we seen from the texts of happy homes have been aimed at the women. This is natural enough, for they are the home-makers of the world; and in a future number we shall "join in the chorus," and also say something to the young folks about their part in a work from which no responsible member of the family can be excused. But just now we desire to nudge the heads of the households, and ask them how they are performing their responsible part in the realm of home. Their forte lies in breathing and enjoying the atmosphere after somebody else has made it—and not a few can't get along and make known their authority without "raising a breeze" in it. Men are too busy, too impatient and thoughtless, and—it must be said of some of them—too selfish to do their fair share of that pre-eminently millennial work, the creating of a happy home, wherein love raigns supreme, and amiability, affection, cheerfulness, joy and peace, are the natural conditions

of family life. Now in certain things man has been a constitutional shirk from the time of Adam if the scientific gentlemen have left us any Adam down to this day. Men will fight for their homes, and make slaves of themselves to their business to maintain them; but like the probverbial man who would die for a roman, but would never bring up a scuttle of coal, they can't tell what their children are studying at school, who their mates are, what they are learning of good or evil, nor hardly anything else that a father ought to know concerning his offspring. It is so sad a fact as to spoil the satire, when it is said that many a father finds his Sundays and ballidays too for the sanita his too. and holidays too few to enable him to "become acquainted with his boys." But we maintain that a man who hasn't time to be a father to his children, with all that includes. has no right to have any. He wrongs them, robs himself, puts an unjust responsibility upon the mother, and neglects his highest duties, human and divine.

There are so many ways in which a There are so many ways in which a father may contribute to happy homelife that it seems strange the number of homes should so exceed the homes. It takes so little to make children happy at home, that it is a wondrous pity so many little enes are miserable, or uneasy, or discontented. If for an hous after the evening meal the father should the himself to bis children, would the after the evening meal the father should give himself to his children, would the mother wear out so fast, or the children be so lawless, troublesome, and uncomfortable? What a ministry for good to both parties is a pape's frolic with the habitant. What an interest is with the babies! What an interest is added to the books, the drawings, the games, or even the studies if the father

nters juto them! Aside from the children, and in homes where haply there are none, men still progenitors, at least, may be said to have a more direct part than most of have arrived. It is amusing, indeed, to see how the prophesied "coming man." daily life pleasant. We hardly need as he is portrayed by this or that looker as he is portrayed by this or that looker into the future, is found to be endowed for the family in patience, cheerfulness. "I am engaged to his brother Bill."

courtesy, forbearance, and all the amiable moods and graces that are the soul of home happiness. The sort of men who display all their suavity and politeness on the street or at their business places, and save the storms, and sulks, and sourness, and all the evil brood of devilish dispositions that they characterize by the convenient euphem ism of "moods" well, we have out opinion of them, and if they will come within range, we don't mind expressing it privately; but we are afraid it would not look well in print!

The whole tribe of home tyrants men who make the entire household revolve around them as the center; whose tongues are chronically "furred" in the morning, and nerves so upset in the evening that the family must keep silence while they read and smoke; who 'can't bear" the noise of innocent and natural mirthfulness; who have to be toadied and tended and humored; they sught all of them to be doomed to pass their days in a shabby genteel boarding house, without sight of wife or children; with hash for breakfast, warmed-over pancakes for lunch, and lean mackerel and centennial hens for supper, with the lodger overhead always learning the trombone and servant girls that steal the hair-oil. They don't deserve a home, and no man does who will do nothing to make it. For man's rights do not include the right to all the comforts of a home without any of the work or worry, or sacrifice, or thoughtfulness and well-doing incident to its creation and maintenance.

A good many men think they have done their full duty if they pay the bills more or less grudgingly. But one migh as well try to warm a room with a fire-place and a pair of silver-plated and-irons, and no fuel or fire, as to make a home with money. The money simply makes a place for the home; to complete it the man must put in himself, and the best part of himself at that tiolden Rule.

Robin Hood's Miracle.

Fair, fair was the forest of Sherwood in the days of Robin Hood, long were the summers that garmented the forests with green, and bright were the autumns that browned the thickets and coverts from which the merry hunters, clad in Lincoln-green, started the deer. The silver horns of Robin Hood's merry men divi led in the morning and their notes were lost in the great, deep forests, but they blended again at evening, echoing at first from afar and ther drawing near.

Thei, merry were the tales of the hunters, as the red morn rose in the dusky shadows, and poured her light over the forest like a silver sea. Robin Hood performed a most won

derful miracle in his day. Perhaps, though, you may not think so wonderful after all.

We will tell it to you, as a very old ballad told it to us.
One day, Robin, being in a merry mood, took it into his head to go into the king's highway to the disguise of a friar. He put on hood, gown, crucifix, and heads, and walked off slowly, look-

ing very demure and woe-begone.

He had not gone far when he met two lusty priests, clad all in black, and riding

gallantly along.
"Benedict!" he said, "have pity on a morning, without meat or drink "In the name of the virgin," said one

of the priests, "we cannot help thee. We've been robbed, and haven't a penny to help ourselves." Robin laid hold of the priest's robes, and drew him from his horse. Robin

was so stout a man that the priest could not resist, and when he commanded the other priest to dismount, he dared not disobey him.

"You say you have no money," said Robin. "Neither have I." "You know how to pray?" said Robin. "Yes," said the priests.

"Then let us all fall on our knees, we three together, and for money we will pray earnestly, and we will see what Heaven will send." The priests knelt down.

"Now, pray," said Robin. They prayed, very dolefully. At last they began so weep and wring their hands. Then Robin began to dance. The priests' prayer became more oleful than ever. But Robin said— "Pray! Pray!"

They prayed a very long time.
"Now put your hands into your pockets, and see if you have received

an answer to your prayers."

The first priest felt in his pockets, then rolled up his eyes very solemnly and said—

"Nothing."
"Let me feel," said Robin. The priests now looked more troubled than ever.

Robin searched the pockets of one and drew forth a purse heavy with

gold
"What an answer to prayers!" said
Robin, and he searched the other, and
found another purse.

The two priests were struck dumbwhat could they say? If they had
spoken truly at first, here indeed was a
miracle! The old ballad says they

"sighed wondrous heavy."
"You have prayed well." said Robin. encouragingly, seeing their dejected looks. Here are five hundred pounds. Now we will divide it."

And divide it he did. He gave each priest lifty pounds for praying so well, and kept the rest himself. But the two priests did not seem very much pleased with Robin's division and liberal pres-ent, but rode away looking more woeful

than ever. "Always speak the truth," said Robin to the two priests as they departed, and we have a sort of suspicion that if they had spoken the truth about their money to the bold outlaw, as good priests ought, the miracle would not have been so great.

The children of ex-Governer Pinch back, of Louisiana, are nearly white, but they have been expelled from the public schools of New Orleans.

"I shall die happy," said an expiring husband to his wife, who was weeping most dutifully by his bedside, "if you

Carle Remus and the Silver Bullar.

Wat's die 'bemt dat silver bispess? asked Uncle Remus vesterday. I hear Miss Sally readin bont it, and axed her; but she say dat I mus' av Mas. John, an' den I av Mas. John, an' Mas. John say I mus' go ter dose nossepaper men wa't kick up all de devilment I believe dat was the languidge dat he best

'Oh, that's all settled, Uncle Remus

who hilt de biggiet han' in de game The silver-men. They didn't carry all their points, but they are tolerably well satisfied.

"What's de upshot er de fracas den?" "Why, we are to have the old-fash oned dollar the old silver dollar that suited so well '

"I notis dat I ain't got mine yit. "Oh it's too soon yet. They will be put in circulation just as fast as the mints can make them "
"Whar bouts in de sembly you speck

'm a settin, boas? How fur back fum le man wat rashuns out de skads due you reckon I is?" "Oh, the silver dollars will be circu-

lated just like any other money. You get it if you earn it." "Hav ter scramble arter it same as befo'? Well, den, in regards ter dat silver bill, I'd a been whar de little boy wuz when he made a mouf at de

"Where was that, Uncle Remus?" "On de top rail er de fens. But dar's nudder pint, boss," continued the old nan, reflecting a few moments. "I hear talk dat dese yere Mexican dollars ain't up ter de high-water mark in dere wuf-

"Well, those who pay you a Mexican dollar will give you a nickel to make up the value—that is, if you call their

attention to it." "Den I don't git de nickel, case a silver doller's good nuff fur me, wedder she's United States, or wedder she's furrin. Nobody don't hav fer ter coax me fer ter take a silver doller."

Uncle Remus sat thinking a few minutes, and proceeded: "Not much. Not dis season. Mars John gimme my wages I'll take de Mexikin doller an' lef' de nickle fer him an' his mudder 'in-law fer ter fight bout, an' I'm blest of I don't b'leeve de ole 'oman'd mount 'im an' gouge 'im fer a heap less dan dat. Ain' you got a bucket er water dat yon want brung

Whereat the old man toddled off to the pump. - Atlanta Constitutionalist.

Dr. Helmes to a Boy.

The kindly autocrat, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, has been writing, says the New York Tribune, a pleasant letter to Master Holmes Duniap, an eight-yearold Tennesseean, whose parents so admired the Doctor that they gave their son his name. The little fellow wrote a pretty, childish letter to the autocrat, adding this postscript: "P. 8.—My little sister said to mamma 'As Buddy is writing to a poet. I think I shall write to Shakspeare." And thus Dr. Holmes agswered: "My Dear Little -I have so mary letters that can not do more than saswer yours in a very few words. I am glad that you go to school, and have already learned o write and do sums in arithmetic and find places on the maps. I suppose you is a pretty large city, but what do you suppose I saw this forenoon out of the window of my library? It was a flock of wild ducks in the Charles river, swimming about just as much at home as if they were tame ducks in a pond. We have had a very great snowstorm. Yesterday I saw a boy, not much bigger, suppose, than you are, stand on the top of a snow-drift, and his head was as high as a street lantern on the top of a tall post where it was placed. I am sorry that I cannot do everything that every good little boy wants me to. I am sorry that I cannot write you a speech, but you see I have written you a letter. Be good and industrious and obedient, and then you will do credit to the name your father has given you. Kiss your little sister and tell her there are no postoffices where Shak-speare is now. Your friend, speare is now. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

The Physical Effert of Thought. An interesting paper was read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society on "Experimental Researches on the Temperature of the Head," in which the writer, Dr. Lombard, showed that meatal activity will at once raise the tem-perature of the head, and that merely o excite the attention has the same effect in a less degree. This is a curious result, as appearing to show that anya waste of nerve tissue which is not involved in involuntary perception and observation. There is no difference, we believe, between the temperature of the sleeping body and that of the waking body and of the head, so long as no act of effort is involved. But if even the east intellectual effort raises the temperature of the head above that which it reaches in amused and idle observation, it would seem to show that there is a waste involved in volition which belongs to no so-called "automatic" ac-tion of the mind. And that is itself a fact of no slight significance. - London Spectator.

Home. It has often been remarked that the

rench language contains no word anaogous to our word "Home." Maison is perhaps the nearest approach to it, but that word conveys to the mind nothing more than the Euglish word "House." This peculiarity of the French language may be accounted for by the peculiar social characteristics of the French pecple. They live mainly in cities and vil-lages, and nowhere maintain that full system of household economy common to the English speaking race. The house of a French family is but little mere than a logging. They cat at caiffes and restaurants, and their recreation is almost wholly found at the theaters, public balls, parks or other public re-sorts. The "home circle" as a place of mutual and exclusive family amuse pent, instruction or entertainment is imost unknown in France.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortunes; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

MUMOROUS.

THE RED CLUMN CHE

Hornets cannot talk the English language, but when they tell a picnic par-ty to leave, it is as clearly understood as if uttered by the most grammatical person.

The difference between riding a b and a hobby is said to consists in this, that one can get off a horse at any time, but once on a hobby a man cal never get off.

An frishman, on seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my word, if the river was but a little higher

the ship would go to the bottom."

Frankie (aged four): "Mamma, a lady at school kissed me to-day." Mamma. "Did she, dear? I hope you kissed her back." Frank (very infignantly): "Kissed her back! No, I didn't, I hossed her check."

Titles of rank are not conferred by the laws of the United States, though this is only one of the reasons why we never see boarding house butter alluded to in the Constitution.

An eastern paper has for its motto-The pen is mightler than the sword, but the scienors are easier to handle." Solomon didn't get away with all the wisdom

"Does your sister Annie ever say any thing about me?" asked an anxious lov-er of a little girl. "Yes." was the re-ply; "She said that if had rochers on your shoes they'd make a nice cradie for my doll."

"Hoys," said a rural school-teacher "knowledge never comes without seek-ing. Stick a pin there!" And then, as he shot up from his seat like a jack in the box, he offered a reward of five dollars for the boy who had stuck the

A black eyed man is always the most jealous of his wife; a gray eyed one the most true and faithful; the brown eyed the best providers, and the bine eyed always henpecked. Take your choice, girls.

Nothing destroys the appetite quite so quickly as the announcement that Jones, of whom you have just agreed to accept ten cents on the dollar, is going to Europe with his family to spend a year. In the bright lexicon of sek there is no such word as fail.

Monor in Mis Own Land.

Saya Comley in his recently issued work, The listery of New York State, "The day has passed when the benefactore of humanity were allowed to live in hymomistens purerty—their sacrifices, their labors unrecompensed. To day the benefactore of the people—the men who devote their lives and energies to the interests of humanity—these are the men whom the world delights to honor, and whom it rewards with princely fortunes. As an earnest wurber for the welfare of his follow-men, Dr. R. V. Pierce has wen their warmest sympathy and esteem. While seeking to be their cervan cody, he has become a prince among them. Yet the immense fortune forthed upon him by a generous people he heards not, but invests in the execution and establishment of institutions directly contributive to the public good, the people thus realising in their himomatical in the execution and establishment of institutions directly contributive to the public good, the people thus realising in their himomatical interests of easing bread spans the waters. Noted in both public and private life for his unswerving integrity and all those steriling virtues that enrodic manhood, Dr. Pierce ranks high among those few men, whose names the Empire State is justly proud to insertic upon her roll of henor. Aminitous, yet moved by an ambition strictly ammentale to the most discriminating and well-bainness judgment, his fusions ambition strictly assemable to the most discrim-inating and well-bainneed judgment, his future career promises to be one of unparalleled ac-tivity and usefulness, ship supplementing the work he has already accomplished, by a life at once noble in effort, enviable in the grand re-enits. White Dr. Pierce's genius and energy have won for him so enviable a position on the records of a nation, having been elected flean-tor by an overwhelming majority, his justly eclebrated Household Remedies have gained for him a yet more designable place in the hearts of a grateful people. His Golden Medical Dis-covery and Favorite Prescription have brought health and happiness to ten thousand house-holds.

Graefenberg Vegetable Pills have been acknowledged for over Thirty Years to be a certain cure for Headsche, Liver Complaints, Discusses of Digestion, Billiousness, and Fevers of all kinds. These pills act with great mildness, and will restore health to those suffering from General Debility and Nervousness. Price 25c. per loss. Send for Almanac.

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An old physician retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India Blastquary the formula of a simple regutable remedy, for the apossly and permainent cure of consumption, broachitis, cataryh, asthum, and all threat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for servous debility, and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his ouffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering. I will sand free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe with full directions for preparing and using in Greeness. French and English. Sent by mall by addressing with stamp, naming this pager.

125 Power's Block, Rochester, New York.

Cremation.

Or the method of burning our bodies after death, created some little sitr in this country, but met with very little favor. To place our child, our mother or father into a fod oven, after death, and to stand and gaze at its rapid crisping, burning and conversion into a few ounces of ashea, is, in our estimation, cruel and sinful. Now ladies, you who are suffering from some female complaint, who have become irregular, or have putes and ashea, bysteries, hervousness and general prostration, we advise you to use English Female Bitters at once, and cialin a new lease upon your lives. It is awonderful female regulator, and also a quick and powerful female regulator, and also a quick and powerful female regulator, and also a quick and powerful female curing chronic cases in an incredibly abort time.

KIND Patent:—I write to-day to let you have what I think of your medicine. I bought for my wife; she has been coughing for the last year and a haif. Have always had a physician for her, but she has found no witef from their treatment. The bottle I got from you is now nearly, bad up, and it seems that the medicine has done ber some gued, and relieved the coughing to some extent. Her throat is also very sore, and she seems to feel that it is always filled up. Her cough makes her very sick and weak. I will now send you \$5 for six hottles, to be sent to Wetmore, free, as you advertise. Send immediately.

Kespectfully, Kichola, Statestay, Konone.

Petrusry 6th, 1876.

Price per bottle, \$1.00. Six bottles for \$5.00.
Express charges paid. Remember, every bottle warranted.

4.common Colds.—Every one is practically familiar with common colds. The chillness and shivering, the dillness and language, the sorehest of the throat, pain in the head, and stuffed nestrils. We would resommend a timely use of Madam Porter's Curative Court limely use of Madam Porter's Curative Court Balance. A safe, reliable, and pleasant remedy. Full direction on each bottle. Small bottles

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