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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

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All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.

A Highly Concentrated VEGETABLE EXTRACT.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY

DR. C. M. JACKSON, Phila'd, Pa.

WILL effectually cure Liver complaints, Dyspepsia; Jaundice, Cronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or stomach, such as constipation, inward piles, fullness or blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and pall pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits. And will positively prevent yellow fever, bilious fever, &c., they contain no Alcohol or Bad Whiskey! They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Induced by the extensive sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, [purely vegetable,] hosts of ignorant Quacks and unscrupulous adventures, have opened upon suffering humanity the flood gates of Nostrums in the shape of poor whiskey, vilely compounded with injurious drugs; and christened Tonics, Stomachics and Bitters.

Beware of the innumerable array of Alcoholic preparations in plethoric bottles and big bellied kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters which instead of carring, only aggravate disease, and leave the disappointed sufferer in despair.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!

Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale are not rivalled by any similar preparation.

The propietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent Clergymen, Lawyers, physicians and Citizens, testifying of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS,

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoofland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were frequently used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life to use his own language, has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862

Messrs Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case.—I am, and I have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Capt. R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflamation of the lungs, and was for seventy days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 29th of June, Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procure a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vauge fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CUDDLEBACK, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C., 11th Maine.
JOHN JENKINS, Co. B. 106th Penn.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," is on the Wrapper of each bottle.

Price per bottle 75 cents, or half doz. for $4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory, No 631 Arch St. JONES & EVANS, (Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.) Proprietors.

☞For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United State.

☞For sale by DAWSON & BRO., and L. H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers prices. (July 21-1y

The Song of Songs

As you walked through the town on a fine summer's day,
The subject I've got you have seen, I dare say;
Upon fences and railings, wherever you go,
The penny ballads you'll see sticking up in a row;
The titles to read you may, stand for a while,
And some are so odd they will cause you to smile,
I noted them down as I read them along,
And I've put them together to make up my song.
Chorus.—Old songs! New songs! Every kind of song,
I noted them down as I read them along.

There was "Abraham's Daughter" "Going out upon a spree,"
With "Old Uncle Snew" "In the Cottage by the Sea."
If your foot is pretty, show it" "At Lanagan's Ball!"
And "Why did she leave him" "On the Raging Canawell"
There was "Bonnie Annie" with "A jockey hat and feather,"
"I don't think much of you," "We were boys and girls together."
"Do they think of me at home?" "I'll be free and easy still,"
"Give us now a good commander" with "The Sword of Bunkers Hill."
Chorus.—Old songs, etc.

"When this cruel war is over," "No Irish need apply,"
"For everything is lovely when the goose hangs high."
"The Young Gal from New Jersey," "Oh! wilt thou be my bride?,
And "Olt in the Stilly Night" "We'll all take a ride."
"Let me Kiss Him for his Mother," "He's a Gay Young Gamboler,"
"I'm going to fight mit Sigel" and "De Bully Lager Beer."
"Hunky Boy is Yankee Doodle," "When the Cannons Loudly Roar,"
"We are Coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more!"
Chorus.—Old songs, etc.

"In the days when I was hard up," with "My Mary Ann,"
"My Johnny was a shoemaker," "Or any other Man!"
"The Captain with his Whiskers" and "Annie of the Vale,"
Along with "Old Bob Ridley," "A riding on a rail!"
"Rock me to sleep mother," "Going round the Horn,"
"I'm not myself at all," "I'm a bachelor forlorn."
"Mother, is the battle over?" "What are the men about?"
"How are you, Horace Greely?" "Does your mother know you're out,"
Chorus.—Old songs' etc.

"We won't go home till morning" with "The Bold Privateer,"
"Annie Lisle" and "Zouave Johnny" "Riding in a Railroad Keer,"
"We are coming, Sister Mary," with "The Folks that put on airs."
"We are marching along" with "The Four and Thirty Stars."
"On the other side of Jordan'; "Don't fly your kite too high!"
"Jenny's coming o'er the Green," to "Root Hog or Die!"
"Our Union's Starry Banner," "The Flag of Whashington,"
Shall float victorious o'er the land, from Maine to Oregon!
Chorus.—Old songs, ect.

From the New York Weekly.

NOTHING BUT A GOVERNESS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was a chill evening in late autum, the rain sobbing amid the dead leaves that carpeted the solemn avenue of oaks leading up to Orford Park, and the skeleton branches tossing restlessly in the moaning wind. The school-room fire had burned very low, but Helen Brooks, as she sat there, leaning her aching forehead upon her hand, thought not of that. She was weary and heartsick—but there was no kindly touch near to smooth back the disheveled brown curls—no voice to sooth her despondent mood. No; for Helen Brooks was only a governess in Mrs. Orford's family, and in the estimate of that haughty lady, a governess was a sort of flesh and blood machine, who occupied a position half way between a housekeeper and lady's maid.

"Miss Brooks!"

The door was flung open with a jerk that gave an additional throb to Helen's headache, and one of her little pupils appeared, dressed in flowing white muslin, with gold bracelets round her arms, and a row of stiff curls depending about her face.

"Miss Brooks, mamma says you are to come and play for us all to dance! She says there's no sense in your moping by yourself so much!"

Helen rose, without a word of remonstrance, and went to the mirror to brush out her disordered hair. Mary Orford waited to see the long bright ringlets curl around the governess' slender finger, as one by one she arranged them.

"How nicely your hair curls! Do you put it in papers?" asked the inquisitive little girl.

"No," said Helen, "it curls naturally."

"Well," said the child, "sister Georgia's don't. She had it twisted up all day, and only took it down an hour ago. She wants to look pretty to night, because Cousin Fred has come, and mamma says it would be such a nice thing if Fred were to marry Georgia, because he's oh, ever so rich!"

Helen did not reply; and while she was rearranging her little linen collar around her neck, the stiff rustle of Mrs Orford's silken skirts was heard in the hall, and that lady swept in—a portey, hard featured woman of about forty, literally blazing with jewels.

"Miss Brooks, I believe I sent for you some minutes since."

"Yes madam," said, Helen, meekly, "and was preparing to obey you. I am ready now."

Mrs. Orford surveyed the worn dress of crimson merino, and the linen collar, with a scornful curve of her proud lip.

"Really, Miss Brooks, that faided dress is a disgrace to my parlors. I think you owe it to yourself to wear nicer clothes. I am sure I pay you two hundred dollars a year!"

"Yes," said Helen, coloring deeply, "but you forget, Mrs. Orford, that my dependent mother and sister are to be supported from that sum."

Mrs. Orford tossed her head and muttered something about "not expecting to maintain the whole Brooks family," but sailed out of the room with great dignity no deigning further remark

When Helen entered the brilliantly lighted parlors, whose cheerful fires and velvet carpets were such a contrast to the dim grate and worn matting of the schoolroom, the apartments were full. Several guests were assembled beside the family, and Miss Georgia, the eldest daughter of the house of Orford, was radiant in a blue silk dress, flounced to the very waist, with her richest necklace and ear-drops sparkling, as if to help adorn a face which certainly needed all the auxiliaries it could command, for even Mrs. Orford saw with an internal pang, how very much prettier were Helen Brooks' soft brown eyes, shining hair, and clear oval face, than the pale blue orbs, freckled skin, and reddish looks of Miss Orford.

Georgia was standing in front of the mantel, against which leaned a tall, slender young man. Evidently she was in her element, smiling and tossing her curls, and bestowing her sweetest glances upon the rather attractive "Cousin Fred," at whom Helen had not even ventured a glance.

As she took her seat at the piano, Frederic Manyn glanced casually toward her, and asked his cousin,

"By the way, Georgy, who is that pretty looking girl who is palying for the children to dance?"

"Oh, that is only Helen Brooks, our governess?"

"Brooks—Helen Brooks—I thought her face as familiar to me!" he exclaimed, suddenly leaving the amazed Georgina, and springing toward the delicate little figure at the piano.

"Helen—Miss Brooks!" he said, as she raised her astonished eyes, "you surely hav'nt forgotten your old acquaintance, Frederick Manyn!"

And he clasped her trembling hand in both his.

"Mr. Manyn?" she faltered.

"Even so!" was his gay reply. "Don't you remember how we used to ride on horseback together, when your father lived at Melcliffe Hall?"

These words recalled Helen's wandering presence of mind.

"I remember it well," she answered quietly. "Times are sadly changed since then. My father's failure and death succeeded one another rapidly. We are poor now, and our only means of support are derived from my yearly salary as a governess in this family."

"Is it possible!" ejaculated Manyn. "And during my long absence in Europe, you have been reduced to these extremities! Helen, I never dreamed of this!"

"Miss Brooks!" sharply spoke Mrs. Orford, "you will oblige me by giving the children a lively cotillion."

It she hoped by this manœuvre to win Manyn away from the governess, to what she considered his more appropriate place, by her daughter Georgia's side, Mrs. Orford was mistaken—or Frederic leaned on the piano, apparently absorbed in the music that sprang, responsive to He'en's light touch, from the ivory keys. As for Georgia she turned red and white, with mingled feelings of jealousy and resentment.

"I must say, Frederic," she observed, with a forced giggle, as he brought her some ice-cream, after the dancing was over, "I can't see what you find so attractive about a common governess."

"She is not a 'common governess,'" was his calm reply. "Helen Brooks is the loveliest and most accomplished girl I ever saw."

Miss Georgia had not gained much by her remark.

"Never mind, dear, it's nothing but a flirtation," said Mrs. Orford, when Georgia sobbingly confided to her mamma how very neglectful Fred had been—"young men will act so sometimes; but as for that minx, Helen, I have given her a month's warning this very evening!—Fred will return to your allegiance after awhile—only wait patiently!"

Patiently—that was a new word to Georgia Orford.

It was about a week subsequently that Frederic Manyn requested an interview with his aunt. Mrs. Orford, supposing that he could only wish to ask her daughter's hand in marriage, graciously acceded, and received him in her morning-room, in an elegant *neglige* of lilac silk and fluttering purple ribbons.

"Aunt Maria;" he said, "I've come to confide to you my determination to be married."

"Quite right, my dear boy," said Mrs. Orford, smiling. "Then you are willing to give her up to me?"

"Certainly, Frederic—although, of course, it will be a trial to me to part with my sweet Georgia——"

"Georgia! pray, what has she to do with it?"

"Are you not asking me to give you Georgia?" shrieked Mrs. Orford.

"No—I am asking you to give up the services of Helen Brooks, your governess, as I intend to make her Mrs. Manyn!"

Mrs. Orford uttered a hysterical scream and fainted, and amid the confusion of hartshorn, burnt feathers, and cologne, Fred Manyn escaped!

From their wedding day sunshine came back to the heart of poor Helen Brooks. As Mrs. Manyn she presided most gracefully over her husband's home, but Mrs. Orford never would speak of her nephew's fair wife otherwise than as "that governess of mine."

THEY ALL WILL DO SO.

The following good story, illustrative of the rediculous excuses people will make when cornered, is told throughout the Western country as a *fact*:

A young gentleman, the son of a well-to-do farmer, had the misfortune to become deeply enamored of a young lady, and after a brief courtship proposed, and was accepted. But what was his surprise one evening, when about entering the parlor with the unceremonious freedom of a young lover, at discovering his inamorata upon the sofa, her arms around the neck of a neighboring youth, her lips in such blissful proximity to his, as to convince our hero that matters were fearfully in earnest. In rage and mortification he rushed homeward, arriving there just in time to surprise his only sister, the pious wife of the village minister, "squeezing to kill" a young disciple of Blackstone. Near frantic at such unlooked for disclosures among the people he had believed but little lower than the angels, he made a bold dash for the barn, running directly upon his mother, kissing the old family physician, who had "stolen a march" upon her as she was looking after the poultry. This was too much, and with a groan the young man turned, undiscovered, away, resolved to pass the night with his grief beneath the stars, fearful of farther revelations should he venture beneath the shelter of another roof.

The light of morning encouraged him, however, and dew drenched and sorrowful he sought his home, when his mother, with true solicitude, questioned him as to the cause of his sad looks; whereupon he related briefly the inconsistency of his fair betrothed, receiving in reply the gratifying intelligence, that she was a good for-nothing, miserable hussy, and he must never speak to or notice again one so wholly unworthy.—"But mother," he continued, faltteringly, "that is not all." "Not all? What, can there be more?" Was the next question. "Why, when I hastened home, what should I find but my sister, my godly sister, in the arms of a rascally young lawyer?" "Your sister?" shrieked the outraged mother, "my child! The ungrateful, wicked creature! It is for this I have given her a home and cared for her husband and children? I will do it no longer; such conduct is infamous—and so to be disgraced. She shall leave to-day and never enter my presence again." "But that is not the *worst*, mother." Not the worst? I can imagine nothing worse; what can it be?" "When sick and discouraged by such repeated exhibitions of sin, I left the home, determined to pass the night in the barn; I there found my mother kissing old Dr. F." "You did?" "I did." "Well, never mind my son, they all will do so."

The War Problem.

After a lapse of time, some one has been found competent to set forth the problem of the rebel dilemma. We find it in twenty propositions, which are based upon the leading opinions of North and South, and brought into phalanx by an enterprising contemporary. Each proposition established a quandary; and though the rebellion may be a powerful fact, it is at least a logical impossibility:

1. If they increase their army they cannot feed it.
2. Unless they increase their army they are whipped.
3d. Unless the press speaks out their liberties are gone.
4. If the press speaks out their Government will be gone.
5. Unless they draft the whole population they must surrender.
6. If they draft the whole population they must starve.
7. Unless they recover East Tennessee they can get no saltpetre.
8. If they undertake to recover East Tennessee they will get more saltpetere than they want.
9. Unless they free the negroes they're nothing left to fight with.
10. If they free the negroes they're nothing left to fight for.
11. Ever since the rebellion began negroes have been falling.
12 Nevertheless, their greatest fear now is, lest their negroes should rise.
13. Unless Jeff. Davis repudiates his present debts he can't borrow from anybody.
14. If he repudiates, nobody will lend to him.
15. If he impresses food he turns the land into a desert.
16. Unless he impresses food he turns his men into deserters.
17. They can't succeed in the war until they have got the means of building railroads.
19. If they fight they lose the day.
20. Unless they fight they lose every day.

Children's Feet.

Life-long discomfort, disease, and sudden death often come to children through the inattention, or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to, in putting a child to bed, should be to see that the feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of crup, diptheria, or fatal sore throat.

Always, on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or erand in rainy, muddy, or thawy weather, the child's shoes should be removed, and, the mother should herself ascertain if the stockings are the least damp; and if so should require them to be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hand until perfectly dry, and another pair of shoes, while the other stockings and shoes should be placed where they can be well dried, so as to be ready for future use at a moment's notice.

There are children not ten years of age suffering with corns from too close-fitting shoes, by the parent having been tempted to "take" them because a few cents deducted from the price, while the child's foot is constantly growing.—A shoe large enough with thin stockings is too small on the approach of cold weather and thicker hose, but the consideration that they are only half worn is sufficient sometimes to require them to be worn, with the result of a corn, which is to be more or less of a trouble for fifty years, perhaps; and all this to save the price of a pair of half-worn shoes! No child should be fitted with shoes without putting on two pairs of thick woolen stockings, and the shoe should go on moderately easy even over these. Having broad heels, and less than half an inch in thickness.

Tight shoes inevitably arrest the free circulation of the blood and nervous influences through the feet, and directly tend to cause cold feet; and health with habitually cold feet is an impossibility.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Iron and Steel.

Steel is iron passed through a process called cementation, the object of which is to impregnate it with carbon. Carbon exists more abundantly in charcoal than any other fusable substance, and the smoke that goes up from a chronical forge is carbon in a fluid state.—Now, if you can manage to confine that smoke, and put a piece of iron into it for several days, and heat the iron at the same time, it will become steel. Heating the iron opens the pores, so that the smoke or carbon can enter into it.

The furnace for this purpose is a conical building of brick, in the middle of which are two troughs of bricks or stone, which hold about four tons of bar iron. At the bottom is a large grate for the fire. A layer of charcoal is put at the bottom of the troughs, then a layer of bar iron, and so on, alternately, until the troughs are full. They are then covered over with clay, to keep out the air, which, if admitted, would prevent the cementation. Fire is then communicated to the wood and coal with which the furnace is filled, and continued until the conversion of iron into steel is completed, which generally happens in about eight or ten days. This is known by the blisters on the bars, which the workmen occasionally draw out in order to determine. When the conversion is completed the fire is then let go out, and the bars remain in the furnace about eight days more to cool.

The bars of steel are then taken out, and either sold as blistered steel or drawn to a convenient size, when it is called tilted steel. German steel is made out of this blistered steel, by breaking the bars into short pieces and welding them together, drawing them down to a proper size for use.

☞ De Quincy thus describes an hour's entertainment with opium on the brain:—I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seena laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with cancerous kisses by crocodiles, and laid confounded with all unutterable things, among the reeds and Nilotic mud.".

HABITS OF THE LOBSTER.

Many of our readers have a fondness for lobster fish, who may know little about the habits of this prince of shell-fish. As a kind of desert after a hearty meal on this luxury of the table, we commend to their attention the following sketch by Mr. G. P. Disceway:

Who does not like the flesh of the lobster?—Even the child knows the nursery riddle, "Black in the kitchen, red on the table." Without any warmth in their bodies, or even without red blood circulating through their veins, they are wonderfully voracious. They even devour each other, and may be said to eat themselves; for changing their shell and stomach every year, these remains are generally the first morsel to glut their new system. They are always in the harness, heavily armed to the teeth; seven jointed is the cunningly forged mail of their back. Beneath this projecting roof move four, yes eight sprawling feet, four on each side pushing forward the unwielding war engine, like the Roman legion under the shelter of the battering ram.

Two great claws are the lobster's instruments of provision and defence, and by opening like a pair of scissors, they have great strength, and take a firm hold. Between the two claws is the animal's head, very small, with eyes like two black, horny specks on each side, and these it can advance out of the socket or draw in at pleasure. The mouth, like that of insects, opens lengthwise of the body, not crosswise, as with men and higher races of animals. It has two teeth for its food, but three more in the stomach. Before the pointed nose, the long wire-feelers or horns are stretched out, that seemed to aid the dimness of its sight. The tail, or jointed instrument, is its great locomotive by which it is raised and propelled through the water. Beneath this we see lodged the spawn in great abundance.

When the young lobsters leave the parent, they seek refuge in small clifts of the rocks, or crevices at the bottom of the sea. In a few weeks they grow much larger and change their shell for lobsterhood. In general this is done once a year, and is a painful operation. For some days after this change, the animal discontinues its usual strength and vigor, lying torpid and motionless; but just before casting its shell, striking its claws against each other, every limb seems to tremble. Then the body swells in an unusual manner, and the shell begins to divide—it seems turned inside out, the stomach coming away from its shell. In like manner the claws are disengaged, the lobster casting them off as much as you or I would kick off a boot too big for us. For several hours it now continues enfeebled and motionless, but in two days the new skin becomes hardened, and within forty-eight hours the shell is perfectly formed and hard, like the one just cast off.

The lobster has now increased more than a third in its size, and like a boy has out-grown his pants, it seems wonderful how the old shell could contain so great an animal as fills the new. Below in his native element, he reaches the age of twice ten years, and loses a foot and a claw without feeling his loss, for he very well knows that they will grow again. At certain seasons lobsters never meet with each other without a fight, and when a leg or even a claw is lost the victor carries it off, while the vanquished retires for a thorough repair of his injured anatomy.—This is quickly accomplished, for in three weeks the new limb is nearly as large and powerful as the old one.

The lobster has his rocky hole at a depth of from six to twelve fathoms, and the propagation of his race is continued on in marvelous number. More than twelve thousand eggs have been counted in a single female. When he reaches the light he is inactive; but in his own realm he dashes with rapid speed over the chasms and rockey tablelands of the ocean. A motion of the tail is sufficient to hurl him down more than fifty feet deep, and thus escape the swiftest pursuit. So sure is this leap, that he never misses the entrance of his cavern, even in the most precipitous of his flights, although too, it merely offers space enough to admit the body.

RAGS.

Probably few know the full value of rags in any economical point of view, (I imagine they are more plenty than the whole cloth now,) and I venture to give a bit of information, though some interested in the price of paper may not thank me for it. Rags of any fabric s'ited fine like carpet rags, thrown loosely together and then spred evenly into a tick the desired thickness, and tacked like hair, cotton batting, etc., will make a good mattrass, or cushon for chairs, lounges, cribs, wagon seats or even beds. According to my way of thinking, they are almost as good as hair, and better than cotton batting. Care should be taken to spread them so that they will be the same thickness throughout when pressed down. Where they are part woolen, or heavy rags, spread each kind over the whole surface; or otherwise spread the thick ones thinner as they will not press down equal to the same bulk of light ones. The remnants after cutting carpet rags are a large share of them generally fine enough and only need freeing from dust; this can be done by pouring them slowly from one basket into another out doors, in a slight breeze. Heavy hems or seams should be thrown out. The ravelings of old worn-out carpets are good if only well cleaned.

TOO SMART.—We know of a man in a certain Western city who was very fond of ducks, but, on account of the number he bought at market, was not unfrequently troubled with tough ones. One day, wishing for a goodly number, he went to the poultry dealer, and said that he was an afflicted boarding house keeper—that his boarders were ravenous, especially when things were young and tender. "Now," said our character, with a wink, "I want you to pick out all the tough ones—all the tough ones—you've got." The delighted dealer finds no difficulty in picking out a number of tough ones. "Are these all the really tough ones you've got?" "All!" was the reply. "Then," said the epicure, "I'll take all of the other lot, if you please.

RICH CHEESE feels sotter under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither very good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a dry cool place. If mold appears on it wipe it off with a dry cloth.

A CELLAR which opens inside a dwelling should be kept as faultlessly clean all the year round as any other part of the house, because its atmosphere is constantly ascending, and impregnates every room in the house with its own odors. In reality, there ought not to be any celler under any dwelling.

FOOD.—The most easily digested articles of food as yet know, are sweet apples baked, cold raw cabbage sliced in vinegar, and boiled rice; the most indigestible are suet, boiled cabbage and pork; the former requires an hour the latter five.

KETTLES are cleansed from onion and other odors by dissolving a teaspoonfull of pearlash or saleratus in water, and washing them.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Coates Lodge No. 102 F. A. M. at Easton, very generously extended to Burns Lodge, No. 87 F. A. M., at St. Michaels, a most kindly invitation to visit Coates Lodge on the eve of the day ever sacred to the memory of the birth of the Father of his country—the immortal Washington. The invitation was most cheerfully accepted.

One of the most important and pleasing results of Masonry is the sentiments of friendly and fraternal regard existing between all brother Masons, and I may say, especially so between the brother membership of Coates and Burns Lodges. For several days we had been looking forward with most pleasing anticipations to the time when we were once more to receive the right hand of fellowship and brotherly affection of our bretheren of Coates Lodge, and also, perhaps, to the hour when we were to accept of the good cheer which we knew to be in store for us. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the memorable day appointed, every member of No. 87, except a few of sick, infirm or absent, started on this pleasant little jaunt to our county town.—The weather, notwithstanding the haziness of the atmosphere which partially shut out the bright rays of heaven's silvery lamp, was exceedingly fine and the roads in the best condition.—Our Bay Side bloods being as ever ready for a fast drive on a good road as are their owners, and on this occasion seeming to partake of the happy cheerfulness of their drivers, we were not slow in performing the trip. Long ere the deep shades of night had begun to settle down on the face of our hemisphere, the brotherhood of the two Lodges might have been seen thickly scattered along the streets and in the hotels, in little groups of two or more, extending to each other the Masonic as well as the ordinary salutations of the day.

At the usual hour of meeting, Coates Lodge was opened in due and ancient form by brother George Harrington, W. Master of Burns Lodge, after which the labor of the Lodge began, and though there was much to be done, the labor was all the more cheerfully performed. Messrs, Johnson, Gustavus A. Skinner and Joseph H. Harrison, were made entered apprentices, and brother Maloy, of the Maryland Anual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. Brother Jos. V. B. Wright, in a most impressive manner conferred the first degree, after which the W. M.'s chair was occupied by P. W. H. Thompson, who in his usual pleasing as well as solemn manner raised brother Maloy.

It was thought that the evening would pass away without the occurrence of anything to mar the happiness of the occasion, but for a time the spirits of the brotherhood were somewhat clouded by sympathy for brother George Harrington, W. M. of Burns Lodge, who, owing to sudden sickness occasioned by a slight hemorrhage of the lungs, was compelled to ask relief from further duties in assisting in superintending the labor of the craft, and leave the room. Comfortable apartments were immediately provided for him at the hotel of Mr. Tobias Merrett, and the skillful medical aid of brother Harper of Coates' Lodge secured. Undisturbed quiet, and the invigorating refreshment granted by

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

enabled him on the morning of the next day to take a long drive of twenty miles to his home, without inconvenience or injury. He is now doing well. At the close of the proceedings for the evening, brother I. C. W. Powell proposed a vote regretting the absence, and the occasion of it, of brother Harrington. The vote was unanimously in the affirmative, and was responded to by a member of Burns Lodge.

After the work of the evening had been finished, the craft were called from labor to refreshment, and at once proceeded to the Hotel, where a most sumptuous repast had been provided by Coates Lodge under the skillful supervision of Mr. Tobias Merrett, whose tables groaned with the might of good cheer, which keen appetites made keener by buoyant spirits and generous feelings, soon discussed, if not very calmly or dispassionately, certainly with great ability. I never saw so large a table surrounded by more happy countenances. Pleasing wit, happy repartee and merry laughter, gave new velocity to the tide of time, and an hour had thus been pleasantly passed away and counted among the days of Noah and the things that were, long ere we thought half the time had elapsed.

After thus regaling ourselves, we returned in a body to the Temple, and were once more called to labor, after which the Lodge was closed in due and ancient form.

Before finally leaving the room, the brotherhood amused themselves by relating and listening to some very funny stories, and brother Capt. Stafford of Brooklin Lodge, New York, being formally introduced, led off by the relation of a very laughable nautical story, and was followed by several others.

Rooms were provided for such as choose to remain in town till next day.

In conclusion I have simply to add that no pains were spared by our brethern of Coates Lodge to render our visit most happy and pleasant, and the brotherhood separated with sentiments of generous good will animating every bosom.

It may be well farther to add that we left most deeply impressed with the superior attainments which many of the brotherhood of Coates Lodge have made in the science and workings of Masonry, and the effect I trust will be to inspire Bay Side brotherhood with a laudable spirit of emulation.

Another item of interest ought perhaps to have been inserted in the foregoing. Brother Wm. H. Moreling has been a Mason for a little more than forty years, and though he had not been in a Lodge room for twenty eight years, he was sufficiently bright to make his way up to the Master's Lodge. He was received with a most cordial welcome. J.

☞ Fun should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a "funny man" to be a bad one? On the contrary, is he not nine times out of ten generous, humane, social and good? To be sure he is.—Fun—it is a great thing. It smooths the rough places of life; makes the disposition as fresh and rosy as a maiden's kiss.

☞ Fanny Fern says "if one-half of the girls knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased." If the men knew what their future lives were to be, would it not increase the list of old maids still further?

Now that eggs are only to be obtained by paying a fabulous price, we will state, as a matter of general interest, that corn starch is an excellent substitute for eggs for culinary purposes one spoonfull of corn starch being reckoned as equal to a single egg.

☞ It is a curious fact that in sacred history, the age, death, and burial of only one woman, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, is noted. Woman's age ever since anpears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

☞ "Tommy, what does b-e-n-e-h spell?"—"Don't know, ma'am." "What—you little numskull—what are you sitting on?" Tommy (looking sheepish)—"Don't like to tell."