THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—a failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., February 15, 1868. No. 24.

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.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

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

STILL LATER & STILL CHEAPER.

JOHN W. CHEEZUM has just returned from the city, and has now open, the largest stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

ever offered by him, and purchased at the great decline of prices the last week.

For Ladie's—a great variety of dress goods, adapted to the season. For gentlemen—cloths, cassimeres in great variety of styles and prices, kerseys and flannels, red and white, cotton flannels and heavy drills, bleached and brown muslins.

He invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call to examine his stock and prices. [oct 12]

1867. 1868.
FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

Millinery & Fancy Goods.

MRS. E. A. LYCH has just returned from the city with a new assortment of all kinds of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, such as Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Ruffings, Corsets, and a great variety of all kinds of goods in the above line too numerous to mention. She invites her friends and the public generally to give her a call. Store corner Washington an Dover Street, Easton, Md.
oct 12

Look Here!

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public that he always keeps on hand, and is constantly receiving new supplies of

Ready Made Clothing,

such as

COATS, PANTS, VESTS, UNDERGARMENTS, &c., &c. Also, Trunks and Hats.

His supply of Fall and Winter Suits is very large. Selling at Baltimore prices.

Being thankful for the patronage heretofore extended to him since he has been in Easton, he hopes by strict attention to business, and keeping a good stock of goods, to merit a continuance of the same. J. L. STEINEM,
jan 4 1y One door from Talbot House.

NEW
Fall & Winter
GOODS,
AT TRAPPE, MD.

JAS. T. MULLIKIN & CO. have just returned from the city with a new and very large stock of Fall and Winter Goods, viz:
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS, SHOES
CLOTHING,
HARDWARE.
QUEENSWARE, TIN & WOODWARE,
Groceries, &c., &c.

Particular attention given to the selection of Ladies' and Gents' DRESS GOODS.

The above stock will be sold at as reasonable terms as any house will sell them on the shore.

N. B. Mr. WM. FRANK MADDUX has been admitted to an interest in our house from Oct. 1st, 1867. oct 22-1y

Fashionable Millinery.

NEW STYLES FOR
FALL AND WINTER, 1867.

MRS. M. A. STEWART, has just returned from the city, with a full and complete assortment of all kinds of the best fashionable MILLINERY GOODS & NOTIONS. All of which have been selected with care and judgment, and will be sold very reasonable. All kinds of Millinery Work, *STAMPING FOR BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERY,* done with neatness and dispatch.

Thankful for past favors, she hopes to merit a continuance of them. Stand 3d doors below the M. E. Church.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, sold and repaired at the above place by
oct 12 C. H. STEWART.

FASHIONABLE
FALL AND WINTER
Millinery for 1867.

MRS. E. A. MASON, has just returned from the city with her usual variety of the above goods. She would name in part all the latest styles of Bonnets and Hats; also a full supply of Bonnet Materials, which will be made to order in the latest styles, ribbons all colors and widths, very cheap, Belting and Belt Buckles a large lot. Velvet Ribbons all colors and widths—full supply, latest styles Dress Trimmings. In Notions, she would name Ladies' and Childrens' Gloves, Childrens' Mérino and Yarn Hose, Ladies' Merino Vests a fine article; Woolen Goods, such as Hood and Breakfast Shawls, Yarn and Zephyr Worsteds—all shades, Braids of all kinds, Skirt Braids, best quality, fine Mohair Braids, Whale Bones, covered Steel Corset Springs, the Empress Corset—best in use, and a great many other articles too tedious to name.

Having purchased her goods with great care, and to the best advantage, she will be enabled to sell them at the lowest possible price for the cash

She returns her thanks to the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and will leave nothing undone to merit a continuance of the same.

☞ She will have her regular opening of ready-made Bonnets, on Saturday (to-day) and Tuesday, to which she invites the ladies generally.

Stamping, of all kinds done as usual.

DRESS MAKING.

She has secured the services of a first class Dress Maker from the city, and is now prepared to carry on the above business.

All the *latest fashions* received monthly.
oct 19

DOBIN'S ELECTRIC SOAP.—Saves time, saves labor, saves money, saves clothes, saves women. Sold by.
sep 14 SAML. PATCVETT.

PLASTER—Pure ground Plaster for grass crops, barrel or ton.
apr 20 NICOLS & BARTLETT.

WANTED.
SAGE, BEESWAX and FLAXSEED, by
nov2 DAWSON & BRO.

AXES, AXES—Stewart's best, just received and for sale by
nov23 T. H. A. HARDESTY.

Are the Children at Home?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We too are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They are all home long ago:"
And I stop to my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for Heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom,—
The red sword sealed their vows;
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God, floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night,
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the West,
And the wee ones tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
"Yes, my dear, they are all at home."

In the Fire-Light.

Often in the winter fire-light,
While the shrill-voiced crickets sing,
Slowly rise the quiet beach woods,
And the world is glad with Spring.

Embers shine, and shadows flutter,
But I see the violets grow;
Under foot the brown leaves lingering,
And the white anemones blow.

And my darling, in her coffin,
Loves me as in days of yore;
Thirty years have flowered and faded,
But a dead grief lives once more.

Wild birds call, and May-flowers beckon,
And my sweetheart, gone to rest,
Sits beneath the swinging larches,
With the anemones in her breast.

Night winds sigh, and snow is falling;
But with fire-light fancies flow
Back to how we loved and parted,
In the spring-time, years ago.

[*Chambers' Journal.*

Bonner of the N. Y. Ledger.

Mr. Robert Bonner's Stables—Famous Horses, and How they are Cared for.

THE STABLES.

The main stable, which contains within its walls six almost priceless horses—the fastest trotters, probably, at this moment, in the whole world—is an unpretending building of pressed brick externally, standing in a small court yard on West Twenty-seventh street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues. Within this building is divided into wagon house and stable, harness room, hay and grain lofts. The wagon room is also used as the wash room, one side of it being paved with flagstones, graded to drain properly, and furnished with the necessary water apparatus, thus enabling the groom to cleanse the vehicles under shelter, and also economising space.

The stable proper, opening by a broad archway from the wagon room, is divided by a passage-way about six feet broad, on one side of which are four roomy stalls, and upon the other two large "loose boxes," each about twelve feet square. These "boxes" are enclosed with solid wooden walls six or eight feet high, and separated from each other by a similar partition.

The floors of the stalls are made of Georgia pine, up to the point occupied by the fore feet of the horses; the remaining portion is well pounded dirt, which is thought softer and more wholesome for the horse to rest upon with his front feet. The floors of the boxes are also of Georgia pine, over which is placed a layer of narrow plank, set slightly apart, to facilitate drainage and give an elastic surface. Both stalls and boxes are, when in use, kept plentifully strewn with fresh straw. The drainage is taken through a gate fixed in the centre of the stall or box, through which the fluids run off under the stable to the street sewer.

HOW THE HORSES ARE FED.

There are no racks in these enclosures, the horses eating their grain from a simple box or trough set in one corner, and picking up their hay from the ground in front of them, where it is thrown. Mr. Bonner thinks that nature placed the horse's food at his feet, and he means to follow nature as far as he can. Another simple contrivance is a long wooden roller inserted horizontally into the partitions between the stalls. Horses are fond of rubbing themselves against partitions, and frequently thus rub off the hair and injure their coats. When Mr. Bonner's horses rub themselves, these rollers turn as they rub, and so there is no friction.

Behind the main stable is another building containing three "boxes," similar to the two in the front building.

There is no attempt at display or ornament in any part of this establishment; everything is plain, solid, and for use and comfort.

Finally, around the main building is a soft dirt path, upon which the horses are regularly exercised every day at a walk, by a boy whose express and only duty it is to ride them carefully in this ever-recurring round. Spite of this monotonous occupation, the boy seems healthy and cheerful. Besides this youth, there are three men employed in the stables, one of whom is specially devoted to the famous "Dexter."

THE HORSES.

Lantern, Peerless, Flatbush Mare, Lady Palmer, Pocahontas, The Auburn horse, Dexter—what a tale of wondrous and unrivalled speed does each of these names unfold to the mind of the sporting man, culminating in the "2.17¼" of Dexter.

Let us take them in the order above written, and give a few words of description to each:

Lantern, then is a bay, with a long tail, standing about sixteen hands high; not remarkable for beauty or form, but rather so for muscular development. His head, though somewhat long, is well shaped, and his eye clear and mild. His hind feet are white for some distance above the fetlock, and he has a white streak on his face. Lantern is the double team champion, having made 2.24¼ in a dead heat against Ethan Allen and his mate; and having been driven since then, privately, a mile in 2.20

Peerless is a spotted white or rather a gray mare, about sixteen hands high, with a long white tail, a good head, clean legs, and remarkably gentle demeanor if one may so express himself of a horse. Indeed she is so gentle that she is used as a country driving nag by the ladies of Mr. Bonner's family. Yet she has made the fastest time on record to a wagon, trotting her mile in 2.23¼.

Flatbush mare is a double teamster. She is a brown bay, about the size and make of Lantern, and, with Lady Palmer in double harness has made the fastest time ever trotted in a two mile heat to a road wagon, namely: 5.01¼.

Lady Palmer is a chestnut sorrel, about sixteen and a half hands high, with two white feet and a white nose. She is somewhat heavily built behind, but has a fine head and a clean sweep from the shoulder. Besides her famous time with Flatbush Mare, she has trotted two miles to a 316 pound wagon and driver in 4.50—the greatest feat of the kind ever performed.

Pocahontas is assuredly the handsomest trotter, and one of the most symmetrical, graceful, and perfectly formed horses in this country.—Standing about fifteen hands, a dark rich bay, with a small, fine head, proud arched nostril, brilliant eye, her ears wide apart, her tail sweeping the ground for at least a foot, and luxuriant as a fox's brush, she is a splendid picture of equine development. Her appearance in public is always the signal for enthusiastic admiration among connoisseurs; and Commodore Vanderbilt once said to Mr. Bonner that "it was worth one hundred dollars a day to look at her." This beauty trotted in 2.23 when only six years old, but has made even better time since in Mr. Bonner's hands.

The auburn horse is a sorrel, with four white feet and a white face; he is not specially a handsome nag to look at, but, as a sporting butcher said, he is "a nasty thing to go." He has, however, never been fairly tried in public, Mr. Bonner having bought him immediately after his first appearance on the turf, on the strength of Hiram Woodruff's remark, "that he was the fastest horse he ever drove."

Last but greatest, so far as speed is concerned, comes the famous Dexter. This champion of the trotting turf of America is a sturdy, short barrelled, dark-brown horse, with four white feet, a white nose and streak, a large, though well-formed head, a rather wicked eye and a flowing tail. There is nothing particularly attractive about the appearance of Dexter; he is to the gaze of the ordinary looker on a very ordinary "chunk of a horse," as the Jerseymen say; but then he has made a mile in 2.27¼ in harness, and 2.18 to saddle; feats which are so far unequalled in the turf annals of the world.

This completes the list of "stars" that now occupy Mr. Bonner's stables. No such array of remarkable horses, nor any approach to it, was ever before gathered together under the ownership of a private gentleman in any country. And when it is remembered that Mr. Bonner has purchased these horses for his own pleasure, that he does not permit them to be driven for any wager under any circumstances, nor will he drive them himself for any such wager, the existence of such a stud becomes the more extraordinary.

A curious circumstance, by-the-by, will be noticed in connection with these horses. It will be observed that Lantern, Lady Palmer, The Auburn and Dexter are each marked by two or four white feet and a white nose. These horses are or have been avowedly the sovereigns, so to speak, of the turf, in their several degrees. Yet there is an old quatrain, familiar to turfmen which says:

"Four white feet,
And one white nose;
Cut off his head
And fling him to the crows."

Dexter, the fastest trotter; Lexington, the fastest runner; and Pocahontas, Senior, the fastest pacer in the world, have or had "four white feet and one white nose."

So much for old saws.

SHOEING AND GENERAL MANAGEMENT.

The proper shoeing of horses is a matter of great importance in all cases; but in those of delicate hoofed, high blooded trotters it becomes a vital question both for speed and comfort.—Mr. Bonner is so particular about the manner in which his horses are shod, that he always superintends the operation himself, remaining in the shop during the fitting and nailing of the shoes, both of which details, he not only directs, but even assists in, personally.

As the perfect flatness of the shoe is necessary to even and comfortable stepping, Mr. Bonner has procured a smooth and flat block of marble; upon whose surface he places every shoe before it is nailed to the horse's hoof, and if the iron does not lie plumb on the stone it is hammered and filed until a thoroughly level surface is obtained. He has also a theory about fastening the shoe. He makes the smith hammer alternately on each side, stroke for stroke, nail by nail, left and right, so that the tightening of the shoes to the hoof is gradual and equal on both sides. He also has the shanks of the shoe stretched a very little wider than the hoof; and by his system of driving the nails, the foot it brought out to the shoe, and the frog and heel are expanded in the operation. The result is highly conducive to the soundness and toughness of the hoof and the freedom and firmness of step in the animal.

Mr. Bonner's horses are driven solely by himself. Occasionally a trusted man drives one or a span under Mr. Bonner's eye, but he never allows his grooms to take his horses out for exercise into the public streets or roads, unless he is present himself. The only exercise they have, besides that which Mr. Bonner gives them in his regularly daily drives, is the monotonous "walk around," as the minstrels would call it, on the stable path, under the boy before mentioned.

The food of these famous steeds is the same as that of the most ordinary horse. Oats are the staple of diet, with occasional "mashes," and now and then a little corn or carrots, in proper season. The vehicles used by Mr. Bonner are simple, and of the ordinary road form; and, though lightly and well made, without any attempt whatever at ornamental display. Some are with and others without top, some double and others single; but all equally plain and neat. The harnesses are in keeping with the vehicles, light but strong, neat but not gaudy, as the saying has it, with nothing to attract the gaze of the passer by.

How to Entertain Guests.

Emerson says: "I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man, or this woman, who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behaviour, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparely, and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and the bed be dressed for the traveller; but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds."

The most obtuse must see in this quotation the whole phylosophy of hospitality. One of the greatest delights of having a home of our own is to have in it a place for friends and strangers. We do not build a house simply to meet the wants of our own families. We have one or more guest chambers and the extension table, to which we may welcome our friends. The larger a man's means, the more liberal provision he makes for hospitality. They are greatly to be pitied who can barely supply their own physical wants, who dwell always in narrow quarters, who have no pillow or plate for friend or stranger. The farm-house generally has room enough for all, and some that we wot of have an indefinite power of expansion, that rivals India rubber. The rail car of our cities is not more accommodating. There is always room for one more, and where the welcome is so hearty, the one more sends his regrets for absence, and comes next time. There are others with houses roomy enough, but unblest with friends the year round. No one breathes the fragrance of their roses, or wipes the bloom from the clusters that are supposed to grace their tables. They live to themselves very elegantly and comfortably, it may be, but very narrowly and selfishly. The door-step is always clean, and the lawn in front always shorn. It is kept for the eyes and not for the feet. No children play there. The dogs are not at home there.—We hope the folks are and enjoy it.

There are others who would like to make their friends welcome, but spoil their pleasure by over exertion. The guests are made to feel uneasy by the visible effort put forth to entertain them. The whole secret of putting our friends at their ease is *to be at ease ourselves.*—And in order to be thus, we must not misinterpret their visit. They have not come to see our furniture, our equipage, our dress, but ourselves. Courtesy, then, rather demands our society and conversation than our silver ware and cookery. There is no objection, of course, to the best tea urn and the cups and saucers to match, but they should set upon the table as if they were every day ware. By all means kill the turkey, if that is your humor, but do not tell the guest that the bird has been waiting his coming a month.—Let the rare dish be served up with as much ease as if it were always upon your table. Keep your art, whatever it may be, out of sight. Do not let your guest suspect that you are making an effort to entertain him, lest he go away pained with the feeling that he has been a burden to you, and never come again. Study his aptitudes and tastes, and make him instruct you in those things of which you know more. He must be a rare man if he have not some experiences in life to which you are a stranger. He comes from another sphere of toil, and has different surroundings from your own. Make him your superior and benefactor, by drawing out of him his knowledge and experience for your own benefit. So shall you part at the gate, both enriched in your mental and social natures.

Nor should we turn aside wholly from the routine of our daily life to make our guests welcome. Every one worthy to sit at your table knows that life has its necessary duties. Do not burden him with the thought that your business is suffering derangement and loss by his coming. Your intercourse will be all the sweeter and more profitable for coming in the intervals of your regular cares. Give him to day only that which you have to spare to-day, that there may be no stain on the morrow to recover your lost possession, and no wish in your heart that he had not come when he did, or had not come at all.

Aunt Hetty on Matrimony.

"Now girls," said Aunt Hetty, "put down your embroidery and worsted work; do something sensible, and stop building air-castles, and talking of lovers and honey-moons. It makes me sick; it is perfectly antimonial. Love is a farce; matrimony is a humbug; husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neroes, Alexanders,—sighing for other hearts to conquer, after they are sure of yours. The honey-moon is as short-lived as a lucifer-match; after that you may wear your wedding dress at breakfast, and your night cap to meeting, and your husband wouldn't know it. You may pick up your own pocket-hankerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your own gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it was the last meal he should eat in this world. When he gets through he will aid your digestion,—while you are sipping your first cup of coffee,—by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesterday; if the charcole is all out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought. Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper, that you have not had a chance to read; gives two or three whiffs of smoke—which are sure to give you the headache for the afternoon—and, just as his coat tail is vanishing through the door, apologies for not doing "that errand" for you yesterday,—thinks it doubtful if he can to-day,—"so pressed with business." Hear of him at eleven o'clock, taking an ice cream with some ladies at a confectioner's, while you are at home new-lining his coat sleeves. Children by the ears all day; can't get out to take the air; feel as crazy as a fly in a drum. Husband comes home at night; nods a "How d'ye ye do, Fan?" boxes Charley's ears; stands little Fanny in the corner; sits down in the easiest chair in the warmest nook; puts his feet up over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug nose grows blue with the cold; reads the newspaper all to himself; solaces his inner man with a cup of tea, and, just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing gown and slippers and begins to reckon up the family expences; after which he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he sleeps till nine o'clock. Next morning, ask him to leave you a "little money," he looks at you as if to be sure that you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long enough and strong enough to inflate a pair of bellows, and ask you "what you want with it, and if a half a dollar won't do?" Gracious king! as if those little shoes, and stockings, and petticoats could be had for half-a-dollar! O, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots or lap dogs; but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way of getting a living.—You never know when your work is done.—Think of carrying eight or ten children through measles, chicken pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever,—some of them twice over. It makes my head ache to think of it. O, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and contrive and economize and die; and your husband will marry again, and take what you have saved to dress his second wife with; and she'll take your portrait for a fire board!

"But, what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it the first chance you get; for, somehow, there's a sort of bewitchment about it. I wish one half the world were not fools, and the other half idiots."

Signs of Character.

A lady who appears to have given the subject much thought, submits the following suggestions to enable women to trace the character of men by outward signs:

If the man you contemplate has thick red lips, he will be simple, good natured and easily managed.

If he speak and look with his mouth extended, it is a certain mark of stupidity.

If he speak quick, but distinct, and walk erect, he will be ambitious, active, and probably a good husband.

If he blush, it is a favorable sign; but a speaking bluntly and positively betokens much of head-strong self will.

If he lose at cards snappishly, he is impatient; and to cheat at play for gain shows a mind unworthy of trust.

If he boast of a lady's favors, he is to be avoided.

If he look pale in a passion, with pale lips, he cannot have either true love or real courage to defend you.

If he have a manly dark beard, and handsome nose, he will be furnished with good qualities and abilities to please.

If he be of yellow complexion, it implies moroseness and jealousy; if he have a pug-nose, snappishness and vulgarity.

If he be beetle-browed, it shows duplicity and fickleness.

If he has a dimple on the check or chin, he will be the father of a handsome race, or generous.

Red hair shows great amorousness; auborn, love and zeal; a mellow-brown, fidelity; black, love and jealousy.

The open bold forehead is amiable; blue and black eyes are more amorous than gray and hazel; the Grecian nose implies manliness; the bottle-nose, late hours and drink.

Kiss Me.

A very funny incident occurred not a thousand miles from this city a few days since, and one which is too good to be lost. One of our celebrated composers has written a very pretty song entitled "Kiss me." A very pretty, blushing maid, having heard of the song, and thinking she would get it with some others, stepped into a music store to make a purchase. One of the clerks a modest young man, stepped to wait on her. The young lady threw her veil, saying:

"I want 'Rock Me to Sleep.'"

The clerk got the song, and put it before her.

"Now," said the young lady, "I want the 'Wandering Refugee."

"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk bowing, and in a few minutes he produced the 'Refugee."

"Now, 'Kiss Me,'" said the young lady, of course meaning the song above mentioned.

The poor clerk's eyes popped with fire almost as he looked at the young lady in utter astonishment, for he was not aware of the fact that a song by that name had been written.

"Wh—what did you say, Miss?"

"*Kiss me,*" said she.

"I can't do it; I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk.

And about that time a veil dropped, a young lady left in a hurry, clerk felt sick, and dealer lost the sale of some music.

HIS OWN BOOTS.—An old-fashioned, wealthy fellow, who was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once, and that when he was going on a journey, had to purchase a new pair of boots. The coach left before daybreak, and so he got ready and went to the hotel to stay for the night. Among a whole row of boots in the morning, he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones; he hunted and hunted in vain. The coach was ready, and so he looked carefully round to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter and told him the circumstances, giving him ten shillings for the ower of the boots when he called for them. The owner never called. The old man had bought his own boots.

☞ "And where was the man stabbed?" inquired an excited man of a physician.

"He was stabbed an inch and a half to the medium line, and about an inch above the umbilicus," was the reply.

"O, yes, I understand now; but I thought it was near the court house."

"Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the iron horse has got but one ear?"

"One ear? Merciful gracious, child! what do you mean?"

"Why, the engin-eer, to be sure."

— Gail Hamilton says: Women's love of men is so much stronger than their love of justice, that they would go wrong with men, rather than right, against them.

"I'm going to raise your rent," said a landlord to his tenant. "Thank you," replied the tenant, "for I'm blessed if I can raise it."

"I know every rock on the coast," said an Irish pilot. At that moment the ship struck when he exclaimed, "And that's one of them."

"Capital weather, Mr. Jones, capital weather. My wife's got such a bad cold she can't speak. I like such weather."

"I have the best wife in the world," said a long suffering husband, "she always strikes me with the soft end of the broom."

— There are many graceless preachers on grace—many uncharitable ones on charity.

FOR THE FARMER.

Little Things in Farming.

The whole success of a farmer hinges upon timely attention to little things. This, mainly, makes the difference between thrift and poverty. The philosophy of success is expressed in that old adage, "For want of a nail a shoe was lost, for want of a shoe a horse was lost, for want of a horse a man lost." It is a little thing to keep accounts of the pecuniary transactions upon the farm. A half hour Saturday evening would enable most farmers to know just how they stand with the world. Yet we suspect half of the men who cultivate the soil never make an entry in a book, and for want of this the account runs on, footing up the score, and many articles of luxury are purchased for which they are unable to pay at the end of the year. Debt accumulates, the farm is mortgaged, and finally lost, for want of a little paper and ink. It is a little thing to put up a tool in its place when not in use. Yet many have no tool house, or place of shelter for any implement or vehicle. Things are left where they were last used, the plow in the field, the cart in the yard, the chains in the stable, the harness in the wood-house, the axe at the wood pile, and the rakes in the corn-crib. Many do not even house the expensive implements they have bought, and reapers and thrashers are treated like old plows and harrows.—The parts made of iron and steel grow rusty, and the wood decays. A machine that is good for thirty years with care is used up in five by abuse. It is a very little thing to turn a nut when it is loose. Yet for want of the tightening the nut is lost, the bolt comes out, and the loaded wagon breaks down on the way to market, and a whole day for man and team is lost. It is a little thing to keep a horse properly groomed, yet for want of clean fetlocks the skin cracks and the horse is lame and the owner loses the use of him for months or weeks. Ventilation is a small affair, yet for want of it the health of stock in stables suffers severely, and disease sets in.—It is a small affair to provide good seed at the beginning of the year, but the whole success of the season depends upon it. It is an easy thing to deal fairly with your neighbors and make a name that is better than "precious ointment." Many cheat on small occasions, do not deliver what they sell, and get a reputation for meanness that stands in the way of their success.

Receipts for Cooking.

The following are contributed by Mrs. D. W. Sutton, Westchester County, New York.

Crumpets.—Make a batter of one quart of milk and flour, add a little salt, and one half cup of yeast; when very light, add nearly one cup of butter bake on a greased griddle in rings.

Muffins.—To a batter of one quart of milk, add 4 eggs, a little salt, and half cup of melted butter; may be baked in small tins in the oven instead of in rings on a griddle. They may be made of rye.

Cream Muffins.—One pint of cream, one pint of flour, a little salt, and three eggs, well beaten, and one half teaspoonful soda; stir the whites in last. Nice baked in new cups, kept clean with dry cloth, and not wet or greased.

Rusk.—One pint bowl of light sponge, with two potatoes mashed *fine*, added while warm; one half cup of melted butter, one cup of sugar, sponged with two cups of milk. When light, knead up and make into biscuits, or roll and cut with a tumbler; place close together, when very light again, bake; when a little browned, wash with sweetened milk.

Rusk With Eggs.—One pint bowl of light sponge, one half cup of melted butter, one cup of sugar, and two to four eggs, sponge. When light, bake. If washed with sweetened milk or water, when nearly done, it will give them a nice color. The same recipe will also make nice doughnuts.

Pop-Overs.—Batter two cups of milk with two cups of flour, add the yolk of two eggs, a little salt, lastly the whites; bake in small tins.

Corn Griddle Cakes.—Three cups of meal, one cup flour, one cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar, three eggs, well beaton, a little salaratus and salt, thinned with milk.

Potato Cakes.—To a scant half peck of potatoes grated, add two eggs, salt, thicken with a little flour, and fry in a spider, or bake. Boiled grated potatoes may be used, but are not quite so nice.

Soda Biscuit.—Rub up fine into five tumblers of sifted flour a lump of butter or lard the size of a large egg; if lard, add more salt. Before the flour is sifted, stir in one teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream tartar, thoroughly mixed; add enough sweet milk or water to make it knead nicely, then either make into cakes with the hand or roll out and cut up to suit the fancy, and bake in a rather quick oven.——*Another.*—Eight tumblers of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of soda, and flour of cream tartar, and butter the size of two eggs, and wet with sweet milk enough to knead nicely. Sour milk and less shortening may be used, instead of cream tartar which disagrees with some.

Other Receipts.

Frost Bitten Feet.—These are in order at this season of the year, in all carelass families, and in some that are quite careful. This is one of the cases in which an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. But if the ounce has not been taken, and the frost has, much depends upon timely remedies. The feet should be put immediately into cold water and thawed out very gradually. The sudden thawing does more injury than the frost. Apply sweet oil or the glycerine ointment, to the injured parts, and keep quiet until the system has time to repair damages.

To Prevent Stoves from Rusting.—A correspondent asks how to prevent stoves from rusting. One who speaks from long experience recommends common stove blacking, and no kind of oil but elbow grease. Much depends upon the condition in which stoves are put away, and upon the place of deposit. If in a filthy, rusty condition, they will rust still more. If put in a cellar or damp place they will be likely to rust with any amount of polish. If thoroughly polished—the elbow grease not spared—and set in the garret or upper chamber, they will ordinarily go through without damage. But as mortals are engaged in the manufacture of stove polish, and as servants that ply the brush are also mortal, we advise the housekeeper to look occasionally at stoves not in use.

'My boy,' said a distinguished merchant to his son, who was meditating matrimony, 'be sure in your selection, to get hold of a piece of goods that will wash.'

"Tom, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?"—"I'm mourning over departed spirits," was the reply.