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., April 4, 1868. No. 31.

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, inserted without charge.

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.

All orders addressed to the editor, 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' Merino 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 *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. PATCHETT.

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

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

TWO Counter Show Cases—Mahogany frames and large glass, for sale by
oct 5 DAWSON & BRO.

"COSTAR'S"
PREPARATIONS

EVENYBODY—Tries Them!
EVERYBODY—Uses Them!
EVERYBODY—Believes in Them
EVERYBODY—Recommends Them!

Are you troubled by Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. box of Costar's Exterminators.

"Only Infalible Remedies known."—"Free from Poison." "Not dangerous to the Human Family." "Rats come out of their holes to die." Improved to keep in any climate.

Are you annoyed with Bed-Bugs? Can't sleep nights! Buy a 25c. or 50c. Bottle of—

"Costar's" Bed-Bug Exter.

"Destroys and prevents Bed-Bugs."—"Never fails." A Liquid, used by Hotels, Boarding Houses, Ships, Boats, Public Institutions, and Housekeepers everywhere.

For Moths in Furs, Woolens, Carpets, &c., &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Flask of—

"Costar's" Insect Powder.

Destroys instantly Insects on Fowls, Fleas on Animals. "Nothing exceeds it in power and efficacy." "Free from Poison." Imported and prepared only by "Costar."

"A sure thing." Thousands testify to its merits. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Box of—

"Costar's" Corn Solvent.

For Corns, Bunions, Warts, &c. "Try it." It is positively efficacious. Take away the cause. Apply the Corn Remedy, to your comfort. Then tell your friends about it.

Don't suffer with Pain! A Wonderful power of Healing! Every family should keep it in the house. Buy a 25c. or 50c, Box of

"Costar's" Buckthorn Salve.

Its effects are immediate. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Wounds, Sore Breasts, Piles, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itch, Scrofula and Cutaneous Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Lips, &c., Bites of Animals, Insects, &c. This Salve has proved a comfort and blessing to thousands.

"A Universal Dinner Pill," (sugar-coated) 30 years administered in a Physician's Practice. 25c. and 50c. Boxes—

"Costar's" Bishop Pills

Of extraordinary efficacy for Costiveness, Indigestion, Nervous and Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, General Debility, Liver Complaint, Chills, Fevers, &c. Not griping. Gentle, mild and soothing—cleanses the system of impurities, and builds up constitutions broken by the use of Tobacco, Liquors, &c.

"That Cough will kill you. Don't neglect it. Take home the Cure—the nicest improved article. 25c. and 50c. Sizes

"Costar's" Cough Remedy.

The children cry for it—its a "Soothing Syrup." For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Singers, Speakers, and all troubled with Throat Complaints, will find this a beneficial Pectoral Remedy.

For the "Toilet," for Beautifying the Complexion, giving to the skin a transparent freshness. Bottles $1.00

"Costar's" Bitter-Sweet and Orange Blossoms

Renders the skin clear, smooth and soft. Removes Tan, Freckles, &c.—Ladies of taste and elegance in New York are now using it altogether, to the exclusion of everything else. Try one bottle and see its wonderful quality.

☞ Beware! of all worthless Imitations. None genuine without "Costar's" signature 25c. and 50c. sizes kept by all Druggists. $1.00 sizes sent by mail on receipt of price. $2.00 pays for any three $1.00 sizes by express $5.00 pays for eight $1.00 sizes by express. Address,

HENRY R. COSTAR,
482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by LEVIN H. CAMPBELL, Easton, Md., and by all Wholesale Druggists in Baltimore, Md. (feb 1-6m

My Mother.

BY EMILY E. JUDSON.

Give me my old seat, mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've pass'd through many a changing scene
Since thus I sat by thee.
Oh, let me look into thine eyes—
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls, like a gleam of holiness
Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, mother;
Few suns have rose and set,
Since last the tear-drop on thy cheek,
My lips in kisses met;
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems,
Though every night I came to thee,
Dear mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, mother,
By the child thou love'st so well;
Thy prayers have circled round her path,
And 't was their holy spell
Which made that path so dearly bright,
Which strew'd the roses there,
Which gave the light, and cast the balm,
On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, mother,
A happier never beat;
And even now new buds of hope
Are bursting at my feet,
Oh, mother, life may be "a dream,"
But, if such *dreams* are given,
While at the portal we stand,
What are the *truths* of Heaven?

I bear a happy heart, mother,
Yet, when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones, and winning words,
I ever think of thee,
And then, the tear my spirit weeps
Unbidden fills my eye;
And, like a homeless dove, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Then, I am very sad, mother,
I'm very sad and lone;
Oh, there's no heart, whose inmost fold
Opes to me like thine own,
Though sunny smiles wreathe blooming lips
While love-tones meet my ear;
My mother, one fond glance of thine
Were thousand times more dear.

Then, with a closer clasp, mother,
Now hold me to thy heart;
I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own
Once more before we part,
And, mother, to this love-lit spot,
When I am far away,
Come oft—*too oft* thou canst not come—
And for thy darling pray.

THE FATAL CUP.

Merry was the peal the village bells sent forth at the wedding of Clair Willis. She was beloved by all—the pet and pride of the whole village of N———. Her father was a farmer, and she an only child. She had been wooed and won by one considered in every respect worthy of her—Vivian Hall, son of the village doctor; they had grown up from childhood together, and their intimacy had grown with their growth and strengthed with their strength, until they found, if seperated, life would be but a dull and blank void, and so they were married on one bright May morning, with the full conset of both parents.

We will now peep in on them after three years of conjugal bliss at their snug retreat, "Rose Cottage."

We do not find her as we supposed, enjoying the company of her husband. A little boy who two years old is lying asleep on the sofa; the shades of night are gathering around, and soon the room is left in total darkness; her head sinks wearily against the casement, and she too falls asleep; she is aroused by a heavy hand being laid upon her shoulder, and a well known voice saying:

"Asleep, Clair?"

She starts, and tries to pierce the darkness to find who is in the room, but the reassuring words of her husband sets all her fears at rest at once.

"So that is the way you welcome me home; you and Vivy fast asleep."

"Oh, Vivian, I was so tired waiting for you; what kept you so late?"

"Business in the city, my dear."

The same answer as she has received for the last year. The fact that her husband is with her does not serve to dispel the cloud upon her brow; she takes little Vivy in her arms, who has awoke crying, and carries him off to the nursery; now he is asleep, and she descends to the sitting room. Her husband is deeply absorbed in a book; he does not turn to welcome her to his side by a kind word or look, but continues steadily reading; she draws her work table near the grate, and commences sewing; but soon she folds it up with the same weary look passes around the table to her husband, and presses a kiss upon his brow; he makes an impatient movement and says:

"Clair, you are in my light."

She moves away to her own room, two great tears stealing down her cheeks, and there gives vent to her sorrow:

"Why, oh! why is it that Vivian treats me so? Have I not done all in my power to make home happy? Gradually for the past year has he grown colder and colder, until I can hardly bear it."

She starts, a faint suspicion has passed across her mind; in the same moment it is gone, but it has left its impress there, and while she cries, "No, no, I will not believe it," something whispers, "you may as well believe it now as later. Yes, Clair, you may, for it is all too true, he has tasted the FATAL CUP; that is why he treats you with such cold indifference, and is no longer the tender, loving husband and fond father." None but those who have felt the same heart-rending pangs, even sympathises with one who finds that her husband is gradually slipping down from the high pedestal on which she had placed him; slowly but surely slipping down, down into the great abyss wide open to receive him. With what fierce weight that first conviction fell; could it be possible that he of whom she was so proud, her noble Vivian, he who had promised to love and cherish her as his own life, could it be that he was yielding to that demon, intemperance, that destroyer of domestic happiness, of all peace, both of the mind and body, that instigator of crime at which every feeling of our nature would revolt, when free from its baneful influence.

Time will not allow me to follow him, step by step, down the broad road of ruin; we will allow three years more to pass away before we again visit them.

We reach Rose Cottage about five o'clock.—How sadly changed it is; how desolate its little garden looks. Weeds have taken the place of all the rare plants we so much admired at our last visit; trees have fallen across the path, and it is with difficulty we reach the door; we lift the ponderous knocker, and as it falls we can hear it echoing through the house; by and by we hear footsteps approaching, and a beautiful boy of five summers opens the door, and we at once recognize our little friend Vivy.

On entering *we* find Clair sitting with two children, one upon her knee, the other standing by her side, both girls; in every feature of her face is traced the burden she has to bear; one can see at a moment that that grim spectre, *Want*, has many a time paid a visit to that once happy home; we look around in vain for some of those little elegancies which always characterized the home of the Halls; they had all disappeared, and some of the necessaries along with them. Since last we visited Rose Cottage Mr Willis and Mr. Hall, senior, have both died, leaving Clair without an earthly friend to whom she can go with her sorrow; but we know that there is One who sticketh closer than a brother, who is willing to take upon Himself all our burdens and bear them for us.

But I am wandering out of my path. The children are all at play, when suddenly, at a well-known foot fall, there is a general search to find hiding places; Vivy under the sofa, Kate and Lottie behind their mother's chair.—The footsteps sound nearer and nearer, the door is thrown open, and our friend Vivian Hall enters, a mere wreck of his former self.

"What was the noise I heard?"

"Nothing, Vivian," replies his wife, whose spirit has long since been crushed down to the earth.

"Oh, as usual trying to shield those miscreants; who is that I see behind your chair?—Kate and Lottie go to your nursery at once, and don't let me hear your voices again."

Suddenly he discovers two bright eyes peeping from under the sofa.

"Vivy, come out here at once."

The child creeps out and barely escapes the uplifted hand by rushing out and up to his own room. The storm that had been gathering, now burst upon the head of his devoted wife; insult after insult falls from those lips, until, tortured beyond endurance, she speaks, fearless of consequences:

"Vivian, have I not done all in my power to make you a faithful, loving wife, and teach your children to love and respect you? but it is your own fault that you are not loved; you drive them from you, you are so harsh and unkind; they hate you and fear you, and so do I. Yes, Vivian, as dearly as I loved you once, I do so no longer; that feeling has long since been crushed out of my body. Oh! how I wish it had been otherwise," and with those words upon her lips she left the room. He remained sitting where she had left him, seemingly oblivious to all around him, and if in passing the room ten minutes later, you had gone in, you would have found him sleeping heavily, while overhead you would have heard the unceasing tread of the heart-broken wife and mother; how had he acted toward that precious charge consigned to his keeping; one can hardly refrain from glorying in the thought that there is a day of retribution coming for all such.

We must now leave them. Two years after! what I have related here, while sitting in one of the hotels of one of our leading cities, on picking up the morning paper, a piece headed "Found Frozen" attracted my attention, and I read this:

"Last night, on one of the roads leading to the suburbs of the city, a man was found lying insensible; he was carried to the nearest station, where it was found life was extinct; in his pocket was a letter addressed to Vivian Hall. If this should come under the notice of any one to whom this name is familiar, they would very much oblige the undersigned by calling at 94 George St.

JOHN BLACK.

I went to the place mentioned, but found that there had been one before me, Mr. Norris, the clergyman of the village of N———. We both started for the station, and there found the husband of our unfortunate friend, Clair Willis.—We provided means for his decent burial, and on the afternoon of the same day he was laid in the cold grave.

Such was the end of one who started out in life buoyed up with great hopes of success, which might have all been realized but for the root of all evil, INTEMPERANCE.

My readers will doubtless wonder where Clair was. She also was dead: she died six months before. Mr. Norris attended her death bed; it was from him I learned about her, from the time we left her until she died. She toiled late and early for the maintenance of her children; her last thoughts were for them, and her cries were heart-rending.

"Oh, God, spare me for my children; I cannot die and leave them alone in this cold world; oh, spare me, spare me for my children."

And with those mournful cries upon her lips, her soul winged its flight into the everlasting ages of eternity.

Kind friends took the children and provided for them, but I am sure they often felt the want of a father's guiding hand and a mother's loving care.

Young men, those of you who are fond of the social glass, read this, and in the truths you find in its lines see your doom inevitably fixed to fill a drunkard's grave. The years between fifteen and twenty-five are an awful important season. What you are at the end of that season you will probably be for life. I think it is a most lamentable sight to see such young men—men endowed with so many noble faculties, both of mind and body, made so upright that only the soles of their feet were allowed to touch the earth, debasing themselves below the reptiles which crawl beneath our feet. But so it is; they go on and on, step by step, never stopping to think; satisfied if from it they derive a few moments pleasure, but I am persuaded if they but knew to what interminable misery they are hastening, they would surely retrace their steps. Young men, you are walking on slippery ground; one false step and you are lost forever; you stand on the verge of a precipice, which at any moment you may fall over. In the words of Thomas Fuller, "It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell for fear of falling in."

Time is flying fast away, and with it your season for repentance. Awful will be the retrospect of the past when it can avail you nothing; to think you lived a whole life time in the full blaze of the gospel light without profiting by it. I sincerely hope and pray that you will be brought to realize that you have been acting in strict opposition to God's commands before it is Too LATE.

☞ Come up here, youngster, "Napoleon Alexis Dobbs, come up here and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?"

"It is the rain, sir."

"Why do not men grow?"

"Because they carry umbrellas, which keeps off the rain."

"What makes a young man and woman fall in love?"

"Because one of 'em has a heart of steel, and t'other a heart of flint, and when they come together, they strike fire, and that is love."

"That's right, my boy. Now go and play with the gals."

Wit is the god of moments, but Genius is the god of ages.

Promoting Talk.

He who presides over talkers must himself talk. How you are to do that, how prepare yourself beforehand, how proceed when the moment for action comes, I have attempted to show, in certain preceding chapters, all that it is necessary to urge now is that the time has come for putting every precept that you have mastered into practice. You must talk or nobody else will and you must begin at once. At the moment you present your arm to the lady whom you are to take down to dinner, you must have something ready in the way of remark, for if you go down the stairs in silence, you are lost. There are a hundred slight things which you may say at this time such as, "It seems to me that the old-fashioned practice of offering a lady your hand to lead her down to dinner was much more courteous and graceful than our modern way of proceeding," "I think I saw you in the Park today when I passed through about six o'clock." Some trifle of this sort—it would be intolerably wasteful to use anything of more value at such a time—will do perfectly.

Something must be said at starting, that is the essential. After that you will go on well as you can. And, besides talking yourself, it must be your constant endeavor to "draw out" to the very utmost the persons by whom you find yourself surrounded. If you see one of of your guests sitting, silent, either from natural diffidence or because he has fallen among or any other cause, it is your duty to look after him immediately, addressing your conversation to him, or in some other way giving him a chance of emerging from his present state of eclipse. A man owes something of attention and of protection to every person whom he askes to his table, and it devolves on him unquestionably, if he sees one of his guests unlawfully put upon, or ill-used, by a fellow guest, or reduced to silence by another's loudness, and disabled thereby from doing himself any sort of conversational justice, to interpose and come to the rescue without delay.

There is no doubt that much may be done in this and in other ways by a dexterous host towards making the party at which he presides a successful one. Sydney Smith—by all accounts a great master of our art—seems to have excelled in this way. "There is one talent," he says himself, "I think I have to a remarkable degree; there are substances in nature called amalgams, whose property is to combine incongruous materials; now I am a moral amalgam, and have a peculiar talent for mixing up human materials in society, however repellant their natures." "And certainly," adds his biograper, "I have seen a party composed of materials as ill assorted as the individuals of the happy family in Trafalgar Square, drawn out and attracted together by the charm of his manner, till at last you would have believed that they had been born for each other."

And these functions, which devolve upon the giver of an entertainment, need to be performed with the utmost tact and delicacy: It is very easy to make some fatal mistake a matter of this kind. If when you see, as described above, a diffident man sitting speechless at table you make a sudden assault, even of the most friendly kind, upon him, rallying him upon his silence, or urging him to relate some experience which he has recently passed through, or to tell some story for which he is celebrated—if you deal thus riotously with him, I say, it is ten to one that you simply frighten him out of his wits, and make him more reserved than he was before.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A Mother's Love.

Happy is he who knows a mother's love. What is so pure? The patriot expects fame, the friend sympathy, and the lover pleasure. Even religion, while she waters her faith with tears, looks forward to the best fruits of her labors and her love. But maternal affection springs from the breast, unmoved by the wand of hope, unadulterated by the touch of interest. Its objects are the weak and woful. It haunts the cradle of infantile pain, or hovers near the couch of the faint and the forsaken. Its sweetest smiles break through the clouds of misfortune, and its gentlest tones rise amid the sighs of suffering and sorrow. It is a limpid and lovely flower of feeling, which gushes from the fountain head of purity; and courses the heart, through selfish designs and sordid passions, immingling and unsullied. What is so firm? Time and misfortune, penury and persecution hatred and infamy, may roll their dark waves successfully over it—and still it smiles unchanged; or the more allurements of fortune, opulence and pride, power and splendor may woo her—and yet she is unmoved; a mother "loves and loves forever."

At a recent election in the State of New York, a lad presented himself at the polls to claim the benefit of the election franchise.

Feeling a deep interest in a particular favorite candidate, the father, who was evidently opposed to the boy's preference, stood at the ballot-box, and challenged his right to a vote, on the ground of his not being of age. The young man declared that he was twenty-one years old, that he knew it, and that he insisted upon his right. The father becoming in dignant, and wishing, as the saying is, "to bluff him off," before the judges, said.

"Now Bob, will you stand up there and contradict me? Don't I know how old you are? Wasn't I there?"

Bob looked his contempt for the old man's speech, as he hastily replied.

"Thunderation? s'pose you was, wasn't I there too?"

This settled the sire, and in went the scion's vote.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My, love said he, "I'm only like the prodigal son; I shall reform by-and-by." "And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I arise and go to my father," and accordingly off she went.

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy. "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subscription, abomination, justification, hallucination, deprivation, amputation, creation, and adoption." That boy will do for an engineer on a shortline railroad.

Perfect integrity and properly cooked beefsteak are rare.

When is a brick bat like medicine? Why, when it's put in the mortar.

Heaven sends us ten thousands truths, but because the doors and windows are shut to them, they sit and sing awhile upon the roof and then fly away.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth: the next, good sense; the third, good humor, and the fourth, wit.

There was a man so intensely polite that, as he passed a hen on her nest, he said, "Don't rise, ma'ma."

"Take care you don't melt," said a wag to an Irish laborer, who was perspiring very freely. "Oh, bedad! I would then, if I was soft as yees."

FOR THE FARMER.

Early Lambs.

Early lambs will suffer more or less from the weather. Some will come in the night and when the cold is intense. These stand a chance especially if unprotected, to be chilled to death Such a lamb is not only without wool, and is tender and small, unlike the old sheep (and they suffer,) but is wet. Some the hardiest, will survive; but many perish. To save such a lamb, when, just come, take it at once to the house if it is chilled, and exhibits weakness—and do not wrap it up—this will not warm it—put near or under the stove—put it where it is so hot as not to bear your hand without absolutely scorching the lamb. Keep it there till it revives and shows signs of animation and intelligence. Then feed (keeping it still warm) with milk from the ewe. Some prescribe a little stimulant mixed with the milk. After the lamb is strong wait no longer, and proceed to the ewe with it. As it has already been taught how to feed, you must direct it in the natural way, and aid in obtaining nourishment from its mother. Where the sheep are wild this will be difficult; and where they are unhoused, still more so. But a lamb is worth the trouble, and should not be sacrificed. It requires but one or two trials and all will be right.—*Ex.*

Care of Bees.

Mr. Blanchard, of West Gardiner, Maine, says:—The great secret of having success in bee-keeping is to have them strong at the commencement of the honey season, and to do this feeding in early is very necessary, as it promotes brooding. If strong at the commencement of the honey season; they will throw swarms early. In the fall instead of feeding weak swarms the swarms are united, and a strong colony is obtained from two or three weak ones. The best position for a hive is one sheltered from high winds from the north and west, about four or six inches from the ground as no injury will result from dampness. Bees at the height of the honey season require a large entrance to the hive. A plenty of box room is also necessary, as the bees will fill a large box in the same time they will a small one, and will also fill four boxes in the same time they will one. It is a Somewhat strange fact, but nevertheless true. The process of introducing an Italian queen was described. He regards a dry cellar as the best place for wintering bees. In winter bees require a great amount of ventilation, and the best method of wintering bees in a cellar is to invert the hives.

Rancid Butter.

We long ago cut from an exchange the following receipe.

"To a pint of water add 30 drops (about half a teaspoonful) of liquor of choloride of lime. Wash in this two and a half pounds of rancid butter. When every particle of the butter has come in contact with the water, let it stand an hour or two, then wash the butter well again in pure water. The butter is then left without any oder, and has the sweetness of fresh butter. These preparations of lime have nothing injurious in them."

We forthwith obtained from Mr. D. Nicholson, as a personal favor, some of the most rancid butter he had in his very extensive establishment, and it was bad enough for any stomach that had more sensibility than a wagon wheel. We doctored it as per recipe, and when placed on the table along with good butter, very able judges could not distinguish which was the butter. Here is a fact worth a years subscription to a paper.—*Colman's Rural World.*

Agriculture.

Study is essential to the highest success of agriculture, and farming ought to rank among the learned professions as a field of intellectual labor and enjoyment. It is beautifully adapted to the want of man. The general laws of vegetables are so simple that they can be understood by men in a low state of civilization when the wants are few; and they are also so complicated and nicely balanced in their higher relations that they require all the study, wisdom at skill of the highest civilized society. We find then in the very beginning, plants adapted to man as an intellectual and physical being. By the unlimited power of improvement they are fitted to call out forever his mental activity, and by this very dower of improvement they are fitted to gratify his increasing desires as he advances in civilization.—Prof. Chadbourne of Williams College.

Value of Grass Lands.

The time has not yet come when farmers appreciate, as they should, the value of grass. Every year dairy products are becoming dearer because, the grass region is limited, and only a few years will be required to give any farm natural for grass a value which now would be thought excessive. If I wished to buy a farm for my posterity which would continually increase in value, I would choose it in the region of grass, for I do know that during the course of one's life, a grass farm will bring more money, and comfort and with less work, than any other farm, whether on the Sciota, the Wabash, or the Mississppi bottoms, nor can a farm of equal value be selected and made any where within the belt formed by the tropics, the whole world round. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

To Cure Warts on Horses and Cattle.

Take a small quantity of blue vitriol, pulverize it, and add enough water to make it into a paste; rub the warts over once or twice, which will effectually cure them.

Salt with Wheat.

It is said that salt, sown with wheat, adds stiffness to the straw, prevents rust, and causes it to ripen much earlier.

PRESERVING EGGS.—A correspondent, I. H., of Chicago, writes that he is now using eggs two years old, preserved by a receipt which he has successfully tested for eight years. He gives it as follows: 1 peck good lime; 2 oz. cream tartar; 1 teacup of table salt. Slack the lime with hot soft water; when cold, stir in the salt and tartar.

APPLYING a mixture of salt and lime to hay, for the purpose of curing it, is loss of lime without benefit to the hay. The lime simply changes to chalk.

The body—that is dust; the soul tis the bud of eternity.