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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not exceeding one square (12lines) inserts THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. Contracts for yearly advertisements reasonable. Where no time is marked, the number of insertions desired will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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, post-paid, will receive prompt attention.

PARTING AND MEETING.

Grief parted us,—shame parted us,—
Sin parted us,—weeping for aye,—
Pitiful dread of the world outhearted us,—
Memory was poisoned—what should we say?
Mountains stand up 'twixt our eyes; and forever
Twixt our deep heart-sighings heaveth the sea;
Tell me if further on earth we could sever?
Day breaks with her when it closeth with me.
Best so!—all life's sorrow holds not a pain
That could equal the anguish of meeting again.

God parted us,—frowning upon us—
God parted us,—tearful and meek,—
God then slew the foe that won us,—
He was almighty, and Satan was weak.
Each at the world's limit learn to forget it,—
Learn there's spirit-love deepest of all,—
Blot out the past now; nor dare to regret it;
Stamp out the record of passion and fall.
Best so!—all life's sorrow holds not a pain [gain.
Like remorse for the past hour, that comes not a-

Earth parted us,—seas parted us,—
Life parted us, cold and stern; [us;
Love himself, whom we worshipped so, thwarted
Best friend, bitter foe, each in turn.
Heaven may have joined us now in our loneness
Closer than ever we mingled before;
Making our parted souls grow to oneness,—
One, HERE to endure—one, HEREAFTER to soar.
Best so!—all sinful, we parted in pain.—
Let God speak, and through sorrow we mingle again.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

FRAGMENTS OF LETTERS

FOUND IN AN OLD BOX.

BY AGNES SATHER.

MY DEAR MARY!—There is nothing people are so much ashamed of as truth.

Those things which are most melancholy are generally those who are most lively in society and in conversation.

I think we are ashamed of our *real* nature and strive to appear, not so much *better* than we really are, but *different*.

I did, indeed, say that I thought "no woman ever becomes an author unless a disappointed woman." It may be in external circumstances; oftener, the *heart* has been a sufferer, and, take my word for it, a skeleton, ever present, has been in the most successful authoress's closet.

Genius ought to be true to itself, and its organ the Divine Mind; to its home, the undying spirit; to its power, that of being a blessing; to its reward, that of being remembered.

But the heart, or life of a woman, needs *crushing* before it will exhale its perfume, or give forth its sweets.

You know Stella Brown, whose fame and renown as an authoress would certainly satisfy the most craving heart, or gratify the most lofty ambition. Know you her life history?

In the days when religon was thought to consist in a stern observance of severe duties, old Deacon Brown was the ruling spirit under the pastor, in our quiet village parish. He was descended from the old Puritanic stock, and looked upon mirth and joy as transgressions never to be forgiven.—Feeling no love for the beautiful, no exhilaration of spirits himself, he had no sympathy with those who did. His wife was a gentle, dove eyed woman, whose religion consisted in dutifully obeying her husband: but her influence was like the gentle moonlight, shining upon the iceberg of the Polar Seas.

Woe to the sinner that transgressed, if he fell under the stern eye of Deacon Brown! He had no pity, no mercy in his nature. His God was an avenger, a God of hell-fire, not a long-suffering, merciful Father.

Deacon Brown's children were models of good behavior. He said go, and they went; with a wave of his hand, they obeyed. They dare to smile only at his bidding—Stern, unbending man, who his children feared him! Six little ones, gathered around his hearth, ate at the same table, living in the same house, without a caress, or a word of love, except given by their saintly mother in her stolen interviews.

When it ever happened that the father was called away by business, as the echo of his last footsteps died away upon the gravel path, how the glad, buoyant spirits of his children bounded up; who so happy as they, with their gentle mother? what a happy evening they passed!

Stella was the third daughter, and the only one that seemed to possess a spice of her father's indomitable will.

Kept from all pleasure, what wonder that when she grew up, and become the inmate of her gay aunt's house in the city, she should enter into gay life with unwonted ardor? Every thing was like a fairy scene.

Beautiful, and the daughter of a rich father, she was courted and flattered in society. Ignorant of the world, guileless in heart, she became the dupe of a designing villain.

Arthur Clare was a specious fortune-hunter, and when he persuaded the loving Stella to elope with him, he thought she had but to write asking her father's forgiveness, and be called to his home again. But he knew not the stern, unrelenting man.

When the old Deacon found she was gone, he shut his door, and commanded none ever to open it again to her. "Were she starving, she should never enter this house; she has chosen ungodliness, let her abide by her choice."

When her husband found that there was no hope for pardon, he showed his true colors.

He had only married her for money, and while there was any hope of being received at the old Deacon's he treated his wife well, but yet with indifference—that stung her sensitive heart

Years passed, and she made repeated trials of the mother's affection, but not one of her letters were ever read. The stern old Deacon returned all unopened; and, as his head whitened for the grave, his heart seemed to grow harder, sterner, more unyielding.

She had three children, for whom and her unworthy husband she labored day and night. Occasionally, Authur gave her money, but many times she was without comforts and even the necessaries of life. Seldom was her husband at home at night, and very few meals did he ever take with his family

He gambled at the lowest, vilest resorts in the city, and when flush with his winnings spent them lavishly upon the creatures that appeared beautiful to him in contrast with his wan and faded wife.

Stella bore all uncomplainingly until he deserted her, when, left with her helpless children, she sent another imploring letter which was again returned unopened.

She sold nearly all the furniture which was left her, moved into a tenant house in B———street, and leaving her two youngest children in the care of the eldest, who was only eight years of age, she went out into the street to seek for work.

Then shone forth her father's spirit: repulsed at one place, she tried another; rudely spoken to, stared at, after the first effort, she persevered; when her steps faltered, and her heart fainted, she said to herself:

"I am doing nothing dishonorable; my children *must* have bread—I *must* ask for work: it is not begging."

At last she entered a store, and advancing to the desk, an old stern-looking man glanced at her over his glasses. Awed, but true to herself, she asked for work.

"Can you give me a reference?"

"I cannot."

"Then you must leave a deposite, for you may be an impostor, and keep the materials."

He scanned her from head to foot, with his cold, grey eyes, and she remembered the old feeling with which she was wont to receive such a look from her father.

As he handed to her a shirt and took her three dollars, the blood curdled in her veins.

And all the way to her miserable home, her proud spirit rebelled, her mind scorned being a slave to such a taskmaster for the bare pittance necessary to support existance.

She told me her story herself, long afterwards, and said she, "As I mounted up the four long flights of stairs to my room, on each landing meeting with some repulsive sight—and when, on opening my door, I found my two little ones asleep on the floor, covered by the care of my little Sarah, the great tears still wet upon their cheeks, the heaving little breasts even in slumber drawing long sighs, and the little eight year old guardian sitting with drooping head and folded arms, keeping silent watch, I almost cursed the rich and happy.

"Under my arm I carried a loaf of bread, and with a little water this was my children's supper.

"When they were put to bed, I took out my work, and by the light of a miserable tallow candle began to sew, to make a shirt, for which, when finished, I was to receive *sixpence*—just enough to buy one such loaf as had been my children's supper. Oh, horrible reality. Must I work all night to earn one meal, and spend half the next day in taking my work home—for it was a weary two miles to the store, and I could not afford a stage ride. The hours passed, and I sewed, and stitched; my eyes were dim, my back and arms ached, but my work was still unacomplished, when I heard a movement, and a suppressed sigh. I stood by the bed; my little Sarah's eyes, large, restless, and wide awake, met mine.

"Dear ma," she murmured "kiss me, and do come to bed."

"I cannot, Sarah," I said; "you will starve if I do. See here, dear," and I drew out my purse: "here is the last of my money—all that is left of the sale of our furniture."

"Two bright half dollars fell into her tiny hand; she put them back into the purse, without a word, and turned to the wall with closed eyes.

"I resumed my work, but my brain was on fire. When the morning light broke, I had finished, and rolling it up with a sort of desperate energy, I determined to tell my story, to write a history of my life struggles; perhaps as many others had done before me, I might be fortunate in finding friends to publish it. I had but little paper, that I soon covered; and then I took my husband's old love-letters, for I had preserved them heretofore.

"I tore off the writing, and I watched the leaves as they shriveled in the flames, and the black and crisped remnants floated about the room. The blank pages I wrote upon—mechanically I washed my children, gave them breakfast and left them.

"I took my work to the stern, old man—he objected to it, and would not pay, and even refused to refund my three dollars.

"I know not what I said, but he only stared at me with blank amazement and some gentleman who overhead, said something which sounded like—'Crazy.'"

"I reached home again, and I brought some potatoes and a little milk to my eager litte ones.

"One more meal, my dears, and die."

"See," said I, as the steaming potatoes were on the table, "a feast fit for the gods, and milk, drink darling little Alice."

"A grand dinner, ma," said the little angle.

"Again I wrote, wrote—the words came thick and fast, and when finished, I took it to the office of a paper that I used to read with great interest while at my Aunt's—for my father never allowed any "trash," as he called it, to be admitted within his doors.

"Admitted to the presence of the editor, I saw in a moment that he was a gentleman.

"Although my garments were worn and faded, he treated me with the courtesy that would have greeted the proudest lady in the land.

"He told me he would read my manuscript, and if possible publish, but that applicants were numerous, and mentioned his terms per column.

"I was raised to happiness if he *would* publish, small as I have since learned the compensation was; yet to me, then, it was as the gates of Paradise opened.

"I waited one week, two weeks, God alone knows how we existed.

"One Saturday night, with a brow flushed with shame, and a trembling voice, I begged at the rich man's door for food for the morrow, but we lived, and the third week my communication was published.—For a year I lived a paltry existence it is true, but we were comfortable on the compensation allowed me.

"I had determined to write a book, and each day I wrote a page in the manuscript, until at the end of the year "it was finished."

So far, my dear Mary, I have told you Mrs. Clare's struggles, as she told them herself.

When the manuscript was finished, she made many and fruitless efforts to find a publisher, but could get no one to *read* it, even.

I had known her years before as a school girl, and meeting her one day in the street, carried her home with me, and forced from her the truth. My husband, ever generous, read the M. S., saw how full of talent it was, became responsible for her, advertised extensively, and when her volume appeared, the first edition of five thousand was sold in two days.

She made ten thousand dollars by this book, not a romance, but a stirring life history; true, and bitter as her own experience—coming from the heart, it appeared to the heart.

Do you suppose Stella Brown, the iron-governed Deacon's daughter, the gay lover of pleasure, the happy married wife, the loving mother of well luxuriously tended children, could have written that book? never.

I could mention several instances coming under my own observation which will prove the truth of my assertion.

You say, "there is Miss Stanton, rich, admired, courted and flattered, she is a successful writer."

True, my dear, but she has had a struggle, which made her what you see her, not the less severe that there were few witnesses.

Then there is Mrs. Chandler, you know her mournful story. Once, rich, wife of a great East India merchant, mother of a lovely family of children, she toiled years, when reverses came upon them, to support a husband, whose energies died and who sought relief in the intoxicating cup, while she labored with ceaseless care, to educate the family—you know *how* she has succeeded.

Does prosperity call out our best feelings: are we not indolent, lovers of ease, forgetful of the sorrow and misery of those around us?

But let us once suffer, then is the heart opened to the sufferings of others.

From childhood, we hear of some great names to which mind has given immortality: their words and writings are familiar to our lips, our first mental pleasures are derived from their pages. We admire and think how glorious to win a place in men's heart's, winning praise, and good will.

We forget that time and sorrow have sanctified them, that the loftiest heart and the proudest ambition, may be clothed in sackcloth and ashes internally.

"Dearly we pay for our primal fall,
Some flowers of Eden we still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

How true is this, do you not say so?

ANNA.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—Some years since, a young lady, remarkable for her maturity and good sense, daughter of a distinguished lawyer, and a member of Congress from Worcester county, was placed at a young ladies' boarding school in the neighborhood of Boston. Her unaffected manner and sprightliness won the affections of many of the young ladies, who were full of their kind offices, until one day they inquired the occupation of their fathers. Our young friend perceiving the drift of their inquiries, gave them to understand that her father was a shoemaker; when many of them were struck with horror at her vulgar origin, and a change took place in their conduct towards her. She, however, thoughtfully understanding them, remained quiet.

After a while, the father of the young lady visited the school. As he was a good looking man, and as they observed the principal and others treating him with such great deference and respect, the scholars were led to inquire of their instructress who he was and what was his business: and on being told that he was the father of Miss H., and that he was a member of Congress, they were filled with amazement, and immediately made an attempt to renew their attention as formerly: but it was too late.—She looked upon their conduct with such contempt that they were obliged to keep a respectable distance, while those who treated her kindly, without regard to her father's supposed occupation, were ever afterwards her favorites.

KITCHEN MEMORANDA.—Potatoes to be washed; meat to be put to soak; lamps to fill; knives to scour; furniture to be dusted; silver to be polished; front entry to be washed; beds to make; apples to be pared; flour to sift. shirts to be ironed, dishes to be washed; beets to be cleaned; carpets to be swept; fires to be tended; dinner to get; pig to be fed; pudding to be made; a run to the store; front door to tend; children to be waited on; baby's frock to be washed; stockings to be darned; buttons to be sewed on the shirts; skirts to be done up; tea to get; griddle cakes, dough nuts, custard, gingerbread, preserves; dishes to clear away; company; evening meeting; bed time.

What merchant, politician or president has a longer list of daily avocations than the good housewife: and yet how little they are considered. The hard and constant fatigue of the mother should elicit a deep sympathy and a more strenuous effort to lessen her burdens

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NICE QUESTION IN MORALS.—The following question is now before the Tilladelem Debating Society: "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" It is expected that the answer will be—"No! but impossible."

For the Easton Gazette.

PENCIL DOTTINGS.

BY PIONEER.

As a prelude to these "Dottings," I will state, gentle reader, that they will be in a measure disconnected; subjects caught up from the different points of my wanderings. Having the rough material dotted down in an extensive note-book or diary, it will be framed into perhaps a little more pleasing and extended, or explanatory form. Their interest, should they be deemed possessed of any, will rest entirely upon the subject matter of which they will treat—my humble pen will be entirely inadequate to the task of portraying these beautiful realities of nature, of picturing to the mind's-eye the advances of civilization, the accomplishments of man.

THE WEST INDIA ISLES.

The hour and time will scarcely perhaps ever fade from my mind, when having escaped from the violence of a storm on old ocean. and having sailed pleasantly on our rout for a day or so previous, recovering in a great measure from my violent sea-sickness, attendant upon such a boisterous time, and having the sweet anticipation of beholding "land, ho land," generous old terra firma, lifting up above the dark blue waters, we at length realized the exquisite pleasure.

It was indeed most charming weather, although mid-winter, and we were up the next morning long before day, strolling about the deck of the ship, enjoying the delicious mildness of the early morning breeze, wafting us gloriously onward, and watching intently for the bright light which must presently show itself in the dim horizon at the prow. We waited a short time before the rays of the revolving apparatus were seen every few seconds reflecting above and below, on water and sky far, far in the distance its never failing timely warning to the mariner. Even the first indication of land after having been out of sight of it for some twelve or fifteen days, tossed by the wild wave and crippled by the mighty tempest, this first bright glimpse of civilization and hope, the comforts of home and the pleasures of a terrestial life was an enjoyment which one can more thoroughly, in fact, only appreciate after experiencing the disa comforts of a sea voyage. But who can express the feelings of delight, the sweet prospect which gladdened the hearts of every one on board, when with the soft gray light of morning, a dim object slowly peeped above the rich blue wave, and as we rapidly advanced before the flowing breeze lifted its emerald head higher still higher until hills and dales were distinguishable, and the silvery beach and smiling cottages, and tall neat looking light house near at hand were plainly to be seen with glass. The morning sun had not yet cheered us, if possible, yet more with his dazzling rays, and presently a glory inconceivable inexpressible, was shed upon the beautiful isle of the ocean. The surf dashing against the rock-bound coast, in places where there was no beach, flew up, in white froth or foam, the craggy sides of the cliffs, full sixty feet, sparkling in the rich light, with a brilliancy that would throw the brightest jewel in the shade; it was a spectacle of that peculiar grandeur and magnificence that is indeed rarely witnessed. A stupendous rock or tongue-like projection, with a vast arch through the centre, shoots out into the sea from the island, having the appearance of a rocky bridge thrown across the chasm, presenting a strange and grand object of the mighty inundations of this sea; this eternal roll of old ocean, this unceasing dash of surf has excavated the flinty boulders of stone, on either side and which lay scattered around, leaving this invincible rock still standing, and jutting out as above represented.

The great orb of day was now pretty well up in the blue heavens, and shedding his bright beams of splendor around, on every sweet object: the flowing sea was sparkling and dancing in his joyous smiles, and the beautiful island that lay stretched out so charmingly before us, beams a glorious smile in the radiancy of the rich foliage of the cocoa nut forest, the sett velvety slope of hill and the sweet laughing pearling little brook, as it came leaping down its sides, now hid in the rich cluster of forest, now twinkling in the morning light.

We made no halt here but kept steadily on our course, running very close in, deep water making close to the shore, and I had a fine opportunity of witnessing the beauty of the landscape. The beach was most beautiful, it may in time be a great bathing place—this was one of the Bahama group of the West India isles—the delicious climate, convenient position and the rage for bathing grounds, may in due course of things, make it a spot of some note. We could see the herds of cattle grazing near the settlement and the large flocks of snowy sheep browsing on the hill-sides. We could almost fancy that we could hear the tinkling chime of their bells, as they scattered about, to crop the tender plants.—The shepherds were sitting under the cool shades of the cocoa nuts, the most graceful of trees, with fringe-like leaves, presenting a most beautiful appearance, with their noble dogs either lying at their feet, or gathering the flock into safer and more reasonable bounds. We could hear the very whistle of the cow-boys as they drove their cattle quietly along to the gushing crystal spring at the foot of the hill, or to the pretty milk-maid at the sweet little cottage, up on the brow of the slope.

It was a scenery, a landscape of peculiar pleasure to look upon, we who had been rocked on the mighty atlantic, and buffeted and tossed until thoroughly sick of the illimitable ocean, its blue sky and blue water. We who had left behind, in the North, the snow piled up on snow, and ice sleeting the high-ways, the naked forests of oak, &c. and the naked fields, or blocked up the rivers and bays with its invincible charms, and the freshness and beauty of such a picture can only be appreciated when seen as we saw it, after having undergone the weary, weary hours, of a fifteen day's sea-trip.—Nothing but sky and water, no hill and dale, no charming moorland, no winding river, no smiling lakelet to relieve the eye. I am a thorough landsman I must confess, and although fifteen days out of sight of land is of course nothing, yet it was like fifteen months to me The ocean is undoubtedly grand and wonderful to behold, its storms and tempests too are beautiful beyond description, but the weariness and sea-sickness in being tossed upon its wave is insupportable.

A few hours and we had left this charming Island and charming scenery a long way in the distance; but a glimering view could be seen of it, and finally it sank behind the blue horizon of water and from the lingering gaze of all. Yet, we had not very long to look upon the blue expanse of sea and arching sky, for we pretty soon run down upon a bright group of isles, around which were hovering the wreckers in their gay craft, with snowy pinions stretched to the wind, tacking about and standing out to sea, watching like hawks for their prey, the unfortunate ships and other vessels, that may happen to strand upon reefs or shoals, scattered around this cluster of islands, or lying quietly moored in a safe and commodious harbor which is formed by this group, It was a beautiful picture, this fine harbor in the midst of these charming little isles, with their steep declivities twining above the water, and the rich green slopes, sweeping to its edge. In the back ground were the wreckers cottages, with their white smoke curling above the dark forest: the white palings could be seen tracing out their vegetable gardens, with the pretty paled yards in front. Their houses indicated comfort and neatness, and forcibly carried me back to home, sweet home; to dear old Talbot, the fireside of my childhood.—Where I have so often disported in boyhood along its beautiful shores, as I witnessed the children of the wreckers' disporting along the magnificent sea-beach gathering bright colored shells, or running out a little way to meet the bursting surf. It was a picture of bright spring, delighting the heart in the midst of winter—the scenery of these isles—springing up on the bosom of the dark blue sea. They were like emeralds smiling in the water of a vast waste, an oasis indeed in the desert—and with the rich Italian sky, the light fleecy and more dense clouds floating in the delicious atmosphere, tinged with the many colors of the rain-bow softly shaded, as the setting sun sank quietly behind the glimmering horison, presented a scene of uncommon splendor.

We had but a faint glimse of other islands, which are embraced in the great West India group—perhaps equally as beautiful, but so faint that we could discern little or nothing: sometimes a dark head peeping above the wave, and again a frowning object in which hill, forest and valley were commingled in dim obscurity. The sea where the water is shallow around these islands, the keys and little clusters, has a charming pea-green appearance: the water is so very pure and clear that frequently you can look down in the depths of old ocean several fathoms and see the beautiful coral growing at the bottom. In passing Key-West, in going to Florida, the Gulf is of such extraordinary purity that you can see distinctly the bottom fifty or sixty feet below you. When crossing the banks to reach the Gulf of Mexico, the water has assumed a milky appearance: it looks in fact like a great sea of milk. Here the coral covers the bottom effectually, reaching up its gigantic branches of snowy purity, like immense leaves, so high as to frequently grate against the ship's bottom, tho' of so brittly a character as to do no harm

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A BIT OF ADVICE.—Have you enemies? Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way, walk around them, regardless of their spite. A man that has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that everybody has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies.—They are as necessary to him as fresh air—they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which if you do not blow, will go out themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk—there will be a reaction, if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

SOMETHING NOVEL.—A Frog Supper was given in Boston a short time since, by a distinguished *bon vivant*, to a few friends.—The Times says the "game" was of his own procuring, and of the right kind—having a proud manor of the same near Chelsea.—The frog business is becoming one of importance, and the Times hears that 1,000 fat green hides are procured a day, by good sportsmen. They sell for $2.50 per hundred; and when they become better known as a table delicacy, they will command a till higher price. No taste has to be cultivated to enjoy them, when properly cooked. The time will come, when the quotations of the frog market will be considered as essential as those of the Brighton or Cambridge cattle market.

MACKEREL.—The number of barrels of mackerel inspected in Massachusetts during the past year was 214,312. The quantity caught was greater by 3,000 barrels than in 1855, and the largest in seven years, excepting in 1852, when there were 317,540 barrels taken. Notwithstanding this success in fishing, and although the price of provisions, barrels, &c., were higher than they were the previous year, mackerel have brought much less, and the business has not paid.

AGRICULTURAL.

A TALK IN THE POULTRY YARD.

A few days ago our ten-year old Master Lu—the youngest of the little Harrises—asked us to advance him a fip, (having spent all his loose change for Christmas presents,) wherewith to buy a porcelain egg; for he said that on these cold nights the eggs in the nest at the barn were sure to be frozen. The origin of his poultry business was on this wise: having a few dimes, saved up from his mother's commutation money, of a dime a month for abstaining from coffee at his breakfast, Master Lu went into the live stock business, and invested his capital in hens, on which he has more than doubled his money in the first three months. So much for a preface to what we were going to say of

Hens Among the Farmers.—Few people are aware of the value of the poultry crop of the country. We have no official statistics to show what it is worth, but have taken some pains to arrive at a good guess, by a careful observation, comparison and estimation, during the past season. We have actual reports from several shipping points in Ohio, and for the rest will give the result of our own *cackle*-ations, based upon the actual and possible yields of hens, as they are and can be kept under ordinary circumstances by farmers.

Suppose every farmer to keep ten hens—a low estimate—worth ten cents each, at home. If these are a good, well-bred sort of hens, as they should be, they will each lay four dozen of eggs in a year, besides a dozen or fifteen in early spring, from which they should raise ten chickens. (One of Lu's common hens has raised twenty chicks, at two settings, and will still make out her four dozen eggs in the season. Then we have one man's hen crop thus:

10 hens, worth at home ten cents each,	$1 00
10 chicks from each, at 10 cents,	10 00
4 dozens of eggs, each 10 cents,	4 00
Total,	$15 00
Deduct feed and expenses,	5 00
Net profit,	$10 00

Or one dollar from each hen. At the above rates, there is sufficient margin for the cost of marketing, as we pay on an average fifteen cents for chickens and fifteen cents a dozen for eggs, in our city market. Now we pay twenty or twenty-five cents for eggs, and eighteen for chicks.

There are in Ohio, say 165,000 occupied farms. Then there are a great many mechanics and people in towns, villages and cities, who make a fair show of hens, enough to make up at a very low estimator 200,000 families. Give to each a profit of $10 in hens, and you have the sum of $2,-00,000 as the proceeds of the hen crop alone, which is one-third the assessed value of all the hogs,—though the assessed value of hogs is not one-half the real worth of those animals. Do you call this counting chickens before they are hatched? Not at all. We have left too much margin, for the hens upon the farm need not cost $5 a year for keeping; they will almost pick up of their living the year round, of insects, worms, waste grains among the cattle, etc. Now add to the hens all the geese, ducks, turkys, and other domestic birds, and the poultry crop of the country assumes an importance worthy of ranking it in the lists of the proprietors of the State.

As pertinent to this subject now, we wish to say a few words upon

The Care of Hens in Winter.—Farmers keeping a dozen or twenty fowls, do not generally have a separate establishment for them, but give them the liberty of the barn and yards. This is more for their health than where they are confined to small henneries, and enables them to pick up most their living. If left to themselves, hens will usually choose out a roosting place in the trees, out of the reach of polecats and other terrestial poachers, subject only to the depredations of owls. This is well enough in warm weather, when the trees are covered with leaves; but when the habit is established, the hens do not often quit their airy perch at the approach of winter, and the consequence is, that they get their combs and toes frosted, and lay no eggs during the cold weather. The better way is to have a perch in a sheltered place, and teach the hens to resort to it early in the fall, if not all the year.

The Feed in Winter should be—besides the grains and seeds which the hens pick up—a frequent lunch of lean boiled meat, cut small, or bits of raw meat, boiled and mashed potatoes; sunflower seeds are also an excellent winter feed: these will tend to keep the hens in laying, except in the very coldest weather. They should have access to water, and a bed of sand and ashes, with bits of lime and burnt bones, at all times.—Some people advise to keep hens in a warm cellar during winter, to secure plenty of eggs We tried it faithfully one winter, and came to the conclusion that it did not pay. —*Ohio Cultivator.*

WOLF TEETH IN HORSES.—Wolf teeth are quite common, and many good horses are made blind by them. I had two horses which had them last season. The cure is simple and easy. Take a piece of iron with a square end, one-fourth of an inch in size. Let one hold the horse and open the lip so as to enable the one with the iron to place it against the tooth, and with a small mallet knock the tooth out. There is no root to the wolf teeth. The best way is to take the horse to a blacksmith shop, and the smith with his punch will knock them out in two minutes. When you see the horse's eyes begin to run and look glassy, look for the wolf teeth. It is a small sharp tooth, just forward of the grinders of the upper jaw.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Never waste animal or vegetable refuse. The very soap suds from the laundry are rich manure.

TO DARKEN MAHOGANY.—Drop a small piece of lime in a basin of water, and wash the mahogany with it.