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TERMS.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. II. Easton, Talbot County, Md., February 1, 1868. No. 22.

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.

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

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

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]

Look Here!

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public that he is offering 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. STEINER.

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 goods will be sold on 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 most 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 so doors below the M. E. Church.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, sold and repaired at the above place by

oct 12 M. 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, Crinolines, fine Mohair Braids, Whale Bones, 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 patterns received monthly.

oct 12

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

sep 14 SAM'L PARCHER.

PERRY'S PEERLESS Hair Dye. Plaster for glass windows, varnish for sale.

NICOLS & BARTLETT.

WANTED.

SASH, BEESWAX and FLAXSEED, by

nov 9 DAWSON & BRO.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, Stewart's best, just received.

Fresh Fish every Tuesday.

Soft by Lewis H. Clough & Co. T. H. A. Wappoo.

Wasted Time.

Along in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thought of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to light,
And good deeds come with a welcome cheer:
Along with the spectres of the past,
That come with the old year's dying chime,
There glides the shadow dark and vast,
The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died for the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb,
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk with Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving our need to win,
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold;
Shrinking from sought that the world could do,
Fearing nought but the touch of crime?
Laboring, struggling, all seasons through,
And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recall the vanished years?
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,
And washes away all things beside?
Who shall give us the strength o'er now,
To leave forever this holiday rime,
To shake off this cloth from heart and brow,
And battle with Wasted Time?

The years that pass come not again,
The things that die no life renew;
But e'en from the rust of this cankering chain
A golden truth is glimmering through;
To him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And makes each year undo the last,
There is no Wasted Time.

The Stammering Wife.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed if the maiden would only be mine
I would always endeavor to please her—
She blushed her consent, tho' the stuttering lass
Said never a word, except "You're an ass!
An ass—an ass—an ass—a teazer!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth,
For often in oblivious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—you're a dog—
A dog—a dog-matical curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard"
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceeding blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
A very ju-ditious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cus—cus—cus—
You were always accustomed to labor."

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that madame was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a cha-ra I am—
And sagely said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

A great many years since, when bright eyed and fair haired lasses were not so plenty in New York as they are now, there dwelt in the town of H——, (a pretty village, distant then about twenty-five miles, from the "markets town") a peculiarly comely and graceful maiden, who had a peculiarly crossgrained and ugly, but wealthy father.

Minnie was Danforth's only child; and a report said truly that she would be his only legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth fully ten thousand dollars—at that period a very handsome fortune, to be sure.

The sparkling eyes and winning smiles of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the inner feelings of the whole male population of the village and suitors were numerous, but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway with him or her.

In the meantime, Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret. Who would have supposed for one minute that such a fellow would dare to look upon beauty and comparative refinement? His name was Walker, or—as he was generally called—"Joe" Walker, and he was simply a farmer, employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted him with the management of the place for two or three years.

But, a very excellent farmer, and a bright, good manager was this plain, unassuming—but good looking Joseph Walker. He was young—too, only twenty-three—and had actually fallen in love with the beautiful, pleasant, joyous Minnie Danforth, his old employer's daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was, that Minnie returned his love earnestly, and truly, and frankly, and promised to wed him at the favorable moment.

Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them, which excited his envy and suspicion. Very soon thereafter Joe learned the old man's mind, indirectly, in regard to his future disposal of Minnies hand, and he quickly saw that case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem; and so he set his wits to work.

By agreement, an apparent coolness and distance was observed by the lovers towards each other for five or six months, and the father saw, as he believed, the success of his suspicions and fears had all been premature. Also, by agreement between them, Joe absented himself from the house on evenings; and night after night, for full three months longer, did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at a late bed time. This was unusual, and old Danforth determined to know the reason why.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter who resided less than three miles distant, but after a faithful attachment of several months, the old gentleman utterly refused to entertain his application for the hand of the young girl.

This was capital—just what old Danforth most desired. It satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child and he would help Joe to get married, and thus stop all further suspicions of trouble at home. So he said:

"Well Joe, is she a buxom lass?"

"Yes, yes," said Joe; "that's for other folks to say. I'm not much of a judge, myself."

"And you like her?"

"Yes, sir, yes."

"Then marry her."

"But her father objects."

"Pooh! Let him do so! What need you care? Run away with her!"

"Elope?"

"Yes. Off with you at once! If the girl will join, all right. Marry her and bring her here. You shall have the cottage at the end of the lane; I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased, and the old man may like it or not, as he wills."

"But—"

"No buts' Joe. Do as I bid you. Go about it at once, and—"

"You will stand by me?"

"Yes—to the last! I know you, Joe. You're a good fellow, and will make a good husband."

"The old fellow will be very mad."

"Who cares, I say! Go on, quickly and quietly."

"To morrow night, then?"

"Yes."

"I'll hire Clover's horses."

"No—you don't!"

"No?"

"I say no! Take my own horse—the best one—Young Morgan; he will take you and your bride off in style with the new phæton."

"Exactly."

"And as soon as you're spliced, come right back here, and a jolly time we'll have of it."

"Her father will kill me."

"Bah! He is an old fool, whoever he is.—He don't know your good qualities, Joe, as well as I do. Don't be afraid; faint heart, you know, never won a fair lady."

"The old man will be astonished."

"Never mind—go on! We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife at any rate."

"I'll do it."

"You shall," said Danforth; and they parted in the best of spirits.

An hour after dark on the following evening, Joe made his appearance, decked in a new black cloth suit, and really looking very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helped to harness Young Morgan to the new phæton, and leading the spunky animal himself into the road, away went Joe in search of his bride. A few rods distant from the house he found her as per previous arrangement, and, repairing to the next village, the parson very quickly made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took his bride and dashed back to the town of H——, halted at old Danforth's house, who was already looking for him, and received him with open arms.

"Is it done?"

"It is."

"Bring her in, bring her in!" continued the old fellow in high glee; "never mind compliments—no matter about the dark entry—here, Joe, to the right—in the best parlor—we'll have a time now, sure!" and away rushed the anxious old farmer for lights, returning immediately.

"Here's the certificate, sir."

"Yes, yes!"

"And this is my wife," added Joe, passing up his beautiful and bewitching bride, the lovely Minnie.

"What!" roared the old file. "What did you say, you scamp, you villain, you—you—"

"It's the truth, sir, we're lawfully married.—You assisted me; you planned the whole affair. You lent me your horse, you thought me that evening worthy of any man's daughter, you encouraged me, you promised me the cottage—"

"I did'nt—I deny it! You can't prove it! Youre a—a—"

"Calmly now, sir."

The entreaties of a happy couple were united to quell the old man's ire and at last persuaded him to acknowledge their union.

The father at length relented.

It was a job of his own manufacture, and he saw how useless it would be to destroy it.

He gave his consent reluctantly, and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be duly acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.

The marriage proved a joyful one, and the original assertion of Mr. Danforth proved truthful in every respect. The cunning lover was a good son and faithful husband, and lived many years to enjoy the happiness which followed his runaway match, while the old man never cared to hear about the details of the elopement, for he saw how completely he had overshot his mark.

Sketch of Philadelphia.

William Wirt Sikes has a graphic paper upon Philadelphia in the January *Northern Monthly*. We quote a few passages:

"A delightful aspect of Philadelphia life is that which is presented by the personal appearance of its better classes. The young men of that city are celebrated for their manly beauty, their clear, ruddy complexions, their erect, compact, well rounded figures, their bright eyes.—There is less dissipation among the youth of Philadelphia than among those of any other of our great towns. Young Philadelphia can play billiards without madness; it can drink its wines at parties without feeling required to get hilariously drunk; it can patronize bar-rooms without turning them into scenes of wild orgy; and it can go to the theatre in the evening without thinking it a duty, as a climax to its joy to adjourn to a summer-room afterward, and get to bed at three o'clock in the morning with the seeds of a thunderous headache sown in the jaded stomache.

"The same general truths apply with equal force to the other sex in Philadelphia. Girls trip along Chestnut street in a rosy loveliness which would put to shame the whitened Fifth avenue lady.

"With both sexes there is a modesty of costume which tones the whole human aspect of the town. English travelers who have formed some conceptions of our great cities from their readings previous to their coming over, generally have an idea that the Philadelphians as a rule wear drab coats, shad-belly in cut, and broad brimmed hats, shading smoothly-shaven faces. They pass through New York, where attire is often so "loud" as to suggest the roar of Broadway, and coming to Philadelphia find, instead of a city of Quakers, a city of Englishmen.—The well-dressed men of Philadelphia effect the English attire, and detest the French. They cultivate side-whiskers as a specialty. They know a New Yorker as soon as they see him—firstly, by his moustache; secondly, by his yawn, and his air of being immensely bored.

"Literature, as a profession, does not flourish in Philadelphia to any extent at all approaching that of the other great cities. To earn one's bread and butter by literature is of itself sufficient to close the door of genteel society upon the scribbler, no matter how able he may be.

"The newspaper craft of Philadelphia seems to be composed of remarkably steady-going, industrious, well-behaved, and, in many cases, even well-bred—in the fashionable sense—people, who have in them no more trace of what we, in New York, term Bohemianism, than they have of the blood of the Cæsars. One of New York's most prominent leaders of fashion is connected with literature, and the newspaper men and authors, who are familiar guests to the most ultra select of New York's social aristocracy, may be named by scores. In Philadelphia, I know of but one instance of the kind, and in that instance the favored (!) person is a man of great wealth; as to his connection with types, that is endured merely, with a shrug of the shoulders and a regret that he should not be in a more respectable business. Perhaps it may not be wrong to mention one or two names of Philadelphians well known in literature for purposes of illustration—Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, for example, and George H. Boker.

"A lady like Mrs. Rebecca H Davis would be a lion in the most fashionable circles in Boston. In New York she would not be unknown in those circles if she chose to move in them, and, if she choose to avoid them, she might still move in a circle where letters are the symbol of aristocracy. In Philadelphia, fashionable society knows no such person. As for literary society, there virtually is none in Philadelphia."

Woman's Trials.

Does'nt men think how much work they make a woman by going into a house with muddy boots? It would take but a moment for them to use the scraper and leave out side the dirt which they track over the floor, oil cloth, and carpet, or which they leave on the stove, hearth or fender—all of which must be mopped, cleaned, scraped, wiped and scrubbed off. If your wife, mother or sister fail to clean up the mess you, great big boy or man have made, what a howl you raise because things about "the house looks so like sin." And when you go home at noon or night, do you ever notice how you act? Of course not, or you would not do such careless tricks. You enter the door with a slam—it closes half, and some woman must close it after you. Your overcoat is thrown on a chair in one corner of the room, your hat sails away into another corner to light upon a stand, or under it: gloves are thrown on a table, neck wrapper hung on the first handy chair, and down you sit in the centre of the room where every one must navigate around you. After you have been two hours in the house, the place resembles the ground of a cat fight. Hats, boots, coats, newspapers, overcoat, gloves, books, jack-knife, hairbrush, and all articles you may have in your hands are scattered as though a hurricane had swept into the room. Books, papers, magazines, almanac and memorandum are routed from their place—and when you have to leave, what a time is here! No one knows where your things are. "Where is my hat?" "Where is my overcoat?" "Who had my gloves?" Every one in the house is put upon the witness stand, and it is more trouble to set you started down town than to launch a steamer or to start a new stage coach. Then, after you are gone, the woman must spend a quarter of a day, more or less, in picking up things which you have scattered. The trouble is, you don't think. It would take you but a moment to hang up your coat and hat, to put your gloves in your coat pocket, to draw your neck wrapper through the sleeve of your overcoat, and to cultivate your bump to order. It takes but a moment to put an article in its place and then it can be found. The woman who takes charge of the house has enough to do without choring after her liege lord or waiting on a lot of men all day. A woman's work is never done.—You expect her to keep the house neat and tidy. If it is not so you run to a saloon. You expect her hair to be always smooth, her dress always in order, her stockings always neat, your clothes always in order, the dust kept from its thousand gathering places, something good to eat three times a day, besides lunches, and her to be as neat and attractive as she was the night you popped the question. How can she be all this if she has to spend half her time in picking up what you throw down? If your wife, mother or sister be neat so should you. If not, teach her to neatness by good examples. This little chapter is written in hopes that it will make some men who read it a little more thoughtful and neat, and that it may help those who never have too much help.—*Fanny Fern.*

—A quack had instituted a suit, for medical services against one of his neighbors, when the opposing counsel subjected him to the following cross examination:

"Did you treat the patient according to the most approved rules of surgery?" asked the counsel.

"By all means," replied the witness. "Certainly I did."

"Did you decapitate him?"

"Undoubtedly I did. That was a matter of course."

"Did you perform the Cæsarean operation upon him?"

"Why, of course. His condition required it. And it was attended with very great success."

"Did you then subject his person to autopsy?"

"Certainly. That was the very last remedy I adopted."

"Well, then, doctor," pursued the counsel ironically, "as you first cut off the defendant's head, then dissected him, and he still survives it, I have no more to ask; and if your claim survives it, quackery deserves to be immortal."

The "doctor" lost his case.

The man who raised a cabbage head has done more good than all the metaphysics in the world," said a stump orator at a meeting.—"Then," replied a wag, "your mother ought to have had the premium."

FOR THE FARMER.

Steaming Food for Stock.

An established system of steaming or cooking all kinds of food for live stock—hay, fodder, roots, grains, etc.—although based on what would appear to be sound theory as well as successful practice, has as yet made very little progress among practical farmers. It is so easy of demonstration on a small scale, and the profit has been so repeatedly proven, that it is to be presumed the chief difficulty hitherto has been the expense of the apparatus as well as its inconvience, danger of fire to buildings, etc.—One farmer residing a few miles from us, who had a milk dairy, incurred an expense of nearly 2,000 in erecting a complete steaming apparatus to steam all the food for his cows. Its advantages were most obvious; but other difficulties, such as always securing the proper attention, and the dangers connected with it, caused it to be abandoned.

The introduction of the improved Prindle Portable Steamer, as easily managed as a common stove, and also convertible at will into an ordinary cauldron, would seem to avoid many objections on the score of expense, etc., and it is probable that the practice of steaming food before feeding will become more common.

In one of our back numbers, about three months ago, we gave a cut of the Prindle Steamer. It is also adapted for domestic purposes, such as boiling clothes—or any purpose for which hot water is required; and would appear to be at the same time, simple, safe, and efficient.

In the Agricultural Report for 1865, is an elaborate essay on cutting and cooking food for animals, by E. W. Stewart, North Evars, New York, which seems to cover the whole ground, and besides showing much research is based also on his own experiments and conclusions for a period of ten years. We copy from this essay what follows—and if we had room, would be glad to lay the whole of it before our readers.

"Steaming food is less practicable but even more important than cutting. Cooking food for animals is of comparatively recent date. A brief notice of its rationale will demonstrate its importance, as well to animals as to man.

"Pereira says: 'To render starchy substances digestible they should be cooked, in order to break or crack the grains; for of the different lamina of which each grain consists, the outer ones are the most cohesive, and present the greatest resistance to the digestive power of the stomach, while the internal ones are least so.'—'Starch,' says Raspail, 'is not actually nutritive to man until it has been boiled or cooked. The least of the stomach, is not sufficient to burst all the grains of the feculent mass which is subjected to the rapid action of this organ. The stomachs of graminiverous animals and birds seem to possess, in this respect, a particular power, for they use feculent substances in a raw state. Nevertheless, recent experiments prove the advantage that results from boiling the potatoes and grain, and partially altered farina, which are given to them for food; for a large proportion, when given whole, in the raw state, passes through the intestine perfectly unaffected as when swallowed.' Braconnot found unbroken starch grains in the excrement of hot-blooded animals fed on raw potatoes; hence he adds, 'the potatoes employed for feeding cattle should be boiled, since, independently of the accidents which may arise from the use of them in a raw state, a considerable quantity of alimentary matter is lost by the use of these tubers in the unboiled state."

"So much for the effect of heat upon grain and roots; but it may be asked whether we can derive the same benefit from cooking hay, straw and other coarse fodder for stock. The following quotation from Regnault will show what difference exists between them, the stems containing woody fibre as well as cellulose, while roots and grains do not:

"A microscopic examination of the various component parts of plants shows them all to be constituted of cellular tissue, varying in form according to the part of the vegetable subjected to examination. The cavities of the tissue are filled with very diversified matter; sometimes, as in the case of wood, the parietes of the cells are covered by a hard and brittle substance called *lignum*, or *woody fibre*, which frequently almost completely fills their interstices; while, at other times, as in the grains of the cerealia, potatoes and other tubers, the cells contain a quantity of small ovoidal globules, varying in size, constituting *fecula* or *starch*; and lastly, in the case of the young organs of plants, the cells contain only a more or less viscous fluid, holding in solution mineral salts and various organic substances, the principal of which are gums, gelatinous combinations, designated by the general name of *albuminous substances*.'—We conclude, then, that if heat aids in rendering the nutritive principles of roots and grains more accessible to the assimilating faculty, it will also assist in softening the fibre of hay and straw. The cell walls which imprison the alimentary substances mentioned, will, by the joint processes of cutting and steaming, be more or less broken and weakened.

"The following extract from Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry, shows the further effect of heat upon starch itself:

"When wheat flour, potato, or arrow root starch is spread upon a tray and gradually heated in an oven to a temperature not exceeding 300 deg. F, it slowly changes, acquires a yellow or brownish tint, according to the temperature employed, and becomes entirely soluble in cold water. It is changed into dextrin gum. During the baking of bread this conversion of starch into gum takes place to a considerable extent. Thus Vogel found that flour which contained no gum, gave, when baked, a bread of which 18 per cent., or nearly one-fifth of the whole weight, consisted of gum. Thus one result of baking is, to render the flour starch more soluble, and therefore more easily digested.' Of starch he says: "It is a property of starch of all kinds to be insoluble in cold water, but to dissolve readily in boiling water, and to thicken into a jelly or paste as it cools.' It is supposed that, by digestion, starch becomes converted into gum or sugar, and the latter probably becomes absorbed. It is also an element of respiration, and, according to Liebig, contributes to the formation of fat in animals. His theory is, no doubt, well founded, and explains the fattening of animals when fed upon Indian corn.

"RESULTS OF COOKING.

"1st. It renders mouldy hay, straw, and cornstalks perfectly sweet and palatable. Animals seem to relish straw taken from a stack which has been wet and badly damaged for ordinary use; and even in any condition, except 'dry rot,' steaming will restore its sweetness. When keeping a large stock we have often purchased stacks of straw which would have been worthless for feeding in the ordinary way, and have been able to detect no difference, after steaming, in the smell or the relish with which it was eaten.

"2d. It diffuses the odor of the bran, corn meal, oil meal, carrots, or whatever is mixed with the feed, through the whole mass; and thus it may cheaply be flavored to suit the animal.

"3d. It softens the tough fibre of the dry cornstalk, rye straw, and other hard material, rendering it almost like green succulent food, and easily masticated and digested by the animal.

"4th. It renders beans and peas agreeable food to horses as well as other animals, and thus enables the feeder to combine more nitrogenous food in the diet of his animals.

"5th. It enables the feeder to turn everything raised into food for his stock, without lessening the value of his manure. Indeed, the manure made from steamed food decomposes more readily, and is therefore more valuable than when used in a fresh state. Manure made from steamed food is always ready for use, and is regarded by those who have used it as much more valuable, for the same bulk, than that made from uncooked food.

"6th. We have found it to cure incipient heaves in horses, and horses having a cough for several months at pasture have been cured in two weeks on steamed food. It has a remarkable effect upon horses with a sudden cold, and in constipation. Horses fed upon it seem much less liable to disease; in fact, in this respect, it seems to have all the good qualities of grass, the natural food of animals.

"7th. It produces a marked difference in the appearance of the animal, at once causing the coat to become smooth and of a brighter color—regulates the digestion, makes the animal more contented and satisfied, enables fattening stock to eat their food with less labor, (and consequently requires less to keep up the animal heat,) gives working animals time to eat all that is necessary for them in the intervals of labor; and this is of much importance, especially with horses. It also enables the feeder to fatten animals in one-third less time.

"8th. It saves at least one-third of the food. We have found two bushels of cut and cooked hay to satisfy cows as well as three bushels of uncooked hay; and the manure in the case of uncooked hay contained much more fibrous matter, unutilized by the animal. This is more particularly the case with horses.

"These have been the general results of our practice, and, we presume, do not materially differ from those of others who have given cooked food a fair trial."

WITICISMS.

Married.

BOTTS—BISHOP.—On Thursday, by Rev. Thos S. Hastings, Mr. Julian Botts to Miss Harriet Bishop.

We thought the horses' ailments
Fell not to human lots;
The Church is not exempt, it seems—
A Bishop's got the Botts.

BELL—BARE.—On the 1st inst., the Rev. Thos. B. Bell to Miss Harriet Bare.

He once was deemed a bold man that
In Scotland dared to "bell the rat,"
But now-a-day's e'en churchmen dare
Far greater feats, and bell the bear!
Which merits most renown? pray tell;
He bells the bear—she bears the bell.

NEILL—TIER.—On Wednesday, Mr. William Neill to Miss Jane Tier.

A sad event, we rather fear,
She turned to kneel, and dropped a tear.

WRIGHT—BUCK.—On Monday, by the Rev. Mr. Seals, Henry W. Wright, to Miss Orlie Buck.

The parson seals their fate—'tis very clear,
She's right for once—the buck has got its dear.

COBB—WEBB.—Last week, Mr. John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb.

A gruff old fool, who sits now just beside us
Says in our ear, "Look out for little spiders."

LAMB—LYON.—On the 4th ult., Dr. Thomas Lamb to Miss Matilda Lyon.

Millenial advocates may sound
Their Gabriellic horns;
The end of time, the reign of peace,
This simple notice warns.

For lo! the lion lieth down
Together with the lamb;
And soon, perhaps, a little child
Shall lead them by the hand.

STEED—CURRY.—On the 9th inst., Thomas Steed, Esq., to Miss Sarah E. Curry.

Said Brown, "Tom Steed's so very small,
I fear he will be flurried."
"Oh, no!" said Jones, "a steed's a horse,
And a short one is soon curried."

TURN—TURN.—On the 14th, Mr. Joseph Turn to Miss Mary Turn.

Let's hope they were good children both,
And honored well their loving mother.
We can't complain such event,
For "one good turn deserves another."

MOORE—MOORE.—On the 1st, Mr. William Moore to Miss Maria Moore.

The happiness they will enjoy
Is great beyond degree:
But when they have a little "More,"
Oh, won't it greater be?

WILLIAMS—WILLIAMS.—On the 29th ult. Mr. William Williams to Miss Lizzie Williams, both of Williamstown.

"For further particulars, see small bills."—*Native Virginian.*

—A band of Indians made a sudden attack on a detachment of our soldiers in the mountains. The soldiers had a mountain howeizer mounted on a mule. Not having time to take it off and get it in position, they backed up the mule and let drive at the Indians. The load was so heavy that the mule and all went tumbling down the hill towards the savages, who, not understanding that kind of warfare, fled like deers. Afterward one of them was captured, when asked why they ran so replied: "Me big Injun, not afraid of little guns, or big guns, but when a white man load up and fire a whole jackass at Injun, me don't know what to do."

A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very *retaliating* disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing."

"Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel.

"Yes, sir, often."

"Well, what did she do on such occasions?"

"She always retaliated, sir."

(Great laughter, and the wife triumphant.)

SYRAMUS SIMPSON.—"Is Miss Blinkins at home?" asked Mr. Janders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door.

"Yes, I b'lave she is, sir."

"Is she engaged?"

"An' is it engaged, you say? Faith, an' I can't tell you, sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the like av him, and its engaged I b'lave they are, sir."

A waggish editor says that the streets of the Western cities are to be lighted with redheaded girls. We'd like to hug the lamp posts.

Why is a loafer in a newspapes office like a shade? Because we are glad when he leaves.