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TERMS.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., March 21, 1868. No. 29.

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 ly 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 the cash

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

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

Stamping, of all kinds done as usual.

DRESS MAKING.

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

All the *latest fashions* received monthly.
oct 19

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

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

WANTED.
SIDE, 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 Infallible 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

The Lost Arm.

"You were at Cold Harbor, soldier?"
"Ay, lady, that I was,
Fighting for home and freedom,
The Union and the laws.
I got a ball in my thigh there,
But I limp'd on through the days
When death seem'd clutching the army
In the swamp's bewildering maze."

"You were at South Mountain, soldier?"
"Ay, lady, I mind that day,
For the fight was long and bloody
Ere the stubborn foe gave way.
When our Colonel fell I caught him;
He died in my arms that night,
And I buried him on the mountain
By the moon'seed, misty light."

"You fought under Sherman, soldier?"
"Ay, lady, that I did;
Through blood, and fire, and slaughter,
I followed where he led.
I went through Atlanta with him,
As proud as man could be,
And I followed him without flinching
From the mountain to the sea."

"You have lost an arm, brave soldier?"
"Lady, my loss is gain;
For I gave my right arm gladly,
And smiled at the bitter pain.
I gave it for home and country,
For the Flag of the boys in blue;
And had they needed the other
I'd have given it gladly too."

Don't Leave the Farm.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins,
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia,
They're wealthy in gold, without doubt,
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low,
Better risk the old farm awhile longer
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so,
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the saftest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day,
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember, you're nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

Our Southern Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, S. C., 2nd mo., 17th, 1868.

DEAR COUNCELL:—We are now on our return from the South—have spent most of to-day in viewing the city and its suburbs. It is situated on a point of land between Ashley and Cooper rivers, some fifteen miles from the ocean. The city is built on a low level piece of land, and the streets are mostly narrow and crooked—very few fine buildings are seen as compared with Northren cities—nor are there any public squares to be seen, the State Arsenal which is located here is very extensive and occupies several squares, is the only place of much attraction we saw; a fire swept through the centre of the city during the war, burning from river to river, and laid one third of it in ruins in one day, and much more of the city was destroyed during the war, at other times. We find but little business is done here, none except in cotton.—From what we have seen, Savannah, though much smaller than this place, will soon take the lead in the cotton trade, if it has not already done it. We find the colored people have come here in great numbers, and many of them in a destitute condition, caused mostly from a failure in raising a crop of cotton by the planters last year and who failed to pay them for their work, and hence they migrate here and at other places where oysters, fish, &c., are to be had, to live on. Many white persons are equally destitute of the comforts of life, even those who were once wealthy—if added to their wants they had to encounter the rigor of a northern winter great and lamentable would be their condition and suffering. The climate here is mild and pleasant in winter, rarely ever any snow—but not so pleasant as further South. Yesterday as we approached the city from the sea, we were much interested in viewing where so recently transpired some of the most important and thrilling events occurred during the war—as we ascended the river to our left was Morris' Island, a little higher up was Sulivan's Island lying on our right; it was covered all over with sand batteries—a little to our left as we approached towards the city and nearly in the centre of the river stands the ever memorable Fort Sumter, some five miles from the city; its seaward walls are all battered down to the waters edge as left at the end of the war—thousands of tons of metal lies buried in its sand and around it, sent from the Union batteries on Morris Island and from our Iron clad fleet. No living thing could have breathed long above its ramparts, when shot and shell fell thick and fast upon it like rain, scattering bricks and sand in every direction, as we remember reading the account of it when attacked. Fort Moltrie, Fort Ripley, and Castle Pinkney were each particularly noticed as we passed them—the swamp Angel was also recollected sending shells into the heart of the city from a battery on Morris' Island at a distance of over seven miles, a feat heretofore unknown even in modern warfare; but as these things are past and unpleasant to dwell on, because of so much carnage and strife between our *own people*, apart from the horrors and wickedness attending all wars, I will therefore close for the present on this subject.

2nd mo., 19th.—We are now in Richmond, came by Rail Road from Charleston. On our trip through South Carolina it seemed to us as though the hand of Providence was yet dealing destitution and destruction to her, thousands of buildings yet in ruins—a general failure in her crops last year; cotton is their main crop, nearly all their grain and hay they must get from the North, before they can raise another crop, and no money to buy with to get another start; her citizens discouraged and dejected, and desirous to sell out on most any terms and leave their native land. How the mighty have fallen, and so proud and haughty; on our trip we fell in with many Northren people, at one time all on board the cars (they only run first class car) we found to be from the North, among which were the company recently formed and who have purchased or leased twenty thousand acres of land on Ashley river a few miles above Charleston. The marel they say there, has assumed a character somewhat like that of a bone or calcine state, and contains by analysis near fifty per cent. of Phosphate of Lime, which when mixed with Peruvian Guano, will be, they claim superior to any other manure yet found—they have commenced working it. We passed through several small towns in South Carolina; at one place called Greentree, we passed within a few rods of the jail burned last year containing twenty-three colored persons who were burned alive sooner, it was said, than the Jailor would let them out to run away, a horrible deed it was, if true. Florence was the only place which showed signs of improvement, that we passed in South Carolina. It is noted for being one of the prisons for Union soldiers during the war. The soil is mostly a light sandy soil, and generally level, especially towards the coast. We passed along the line many plantations of turpentine, each plantation had a still—they make spirits turpentine and rosum, from what they get out of the trees—each plantation contains some twenty thousand trees boxed, as they call them, cut so as to hold a quart of juice. Some has three boxes to a tree. Every two weeks they hack them a little higher to run fresh and dip out each box. A plantation will often last ten or fifteen years, if no fire gets in it and destroys the trees. We found more in North Carolina than South Carolina, but many of them are yet idle. Wilmington, S. C., was the largest place we met with. At Welden we found the first sign of winter, a little ice—on as far as Petersburg the land was poor. Many buildings in ruins near Petersburg. Here is as far North as cotton seemed to be cultivated to any extent. King cotton has lost his cepter; especially in the States we have just passed through. Cotton hereafter will be cultivated only to profit on the rich river bottom lands or where they can raise Sea Island cotton, and along the Gulf coast and Texas, which will hereafter be the cotton districts of this country. Near Petersburg we saw the lines of breast works still standing, built by Grant and Lees troops—could see them stretching away on each side as far as the eye could see—buildings, trees, and everything leveled to the ground for miles—then we passed a Union burying ground said to contain 30,000 graves, the stars and stripes was floating over it; this city is built on a number of romantic hills and is destined to become a beautiful and enterprising city. We spent several hours today in the State Convention, about one-third of the members were colored—they seemed to have learning and conducted themselves well, so far as we could judge—they sit mixed with the white members, and when one rose to speak the President of the Convention always recognized them, calling them the gentleman from such a county—the same as the white members were called.

2nd mo., 22nd.—We are now in Baltimore; came by Rail. We took the Virginia Central Rail Road to Alexandria and Washington, which brought us through the memorable battle fields of Bulls Run. Bulls Run stream we found to be much smaller than we expected—only about large enough to turn a good size mill, it is full of stones and rocks. We also passed through Hanover, Louisa Court House, Orange Court House, Rapidan River, Culpepper, Fair Fax Court House, and other places of note during the war. From the junction at Gordonsville to Washington, some 60 or 70 miles, the country is yet mostly in desolation—every mile of which had been fought over and over by the contending armies or skirmishers.—Many places not a house, tree or fence was to be seen for miles. In Orange county the soil is a deep red—so is a part of Culpepper; it is the finest farming country we have seen—the soil is what is called the slate or shell lands; it is part of the celebrated Piedmont rigion. At Gordonsville we had to lay over some time, waiting for the train—there as at all other points on our trip, we found the travelers to be mostly from the North, who had been spending the winter in the sunny South; they amused themselves greatly by hiring the freedmen to sing and dance their plantation gigs, hodowns, &c. It was great fun for them—many of them never saw a plantation dance before. This is my fourth letter, and with it closes the account of our Florida trip. WM. T. KELLY.

Old Time Winters.

In 1614 the cold was so intense that the Thames was covered with ice sixty-one inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

In 1691 the cold was so excessive that the famished wolves entered Vienna and attacked beasts and even men. Many people in Germany were frozen to death in 1695, and the winters 1697 and 1699 were nearly as bad.

In 1709 occured that famous winter, All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the sea for several miles from the shore. The ground was frozen nine feet deep. Bird and Beast were struck dead in the fields, and man perished by thousands in their houses. In the South of France, the wine plantations were almost all destroyed' nor have they yet recovered from their fatal disaster The Adriatic sea was frozen, and even the Mediterranean about Genoa, and the citron and orange groves suffered extremely in the finest parts of Italy.

In 1716 the winter was so intense that people traveled across the straits from Copenhagen to the provinces of Senia, in Sweeden.

In 1729, in Scotland, multitudes of cattle and sheep were buried in the snow. In 1740 the winter was scarcely inferior to that of 1609. The snow lay ten feet in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder, Zee was frozen over it. And the lakes in England froze.

In 1744 the winter was very cold. Snow fell in Portugal to the depth of 23 feet on a level.

In 1754 and 1755 the winters were very severe and cold. In England the strongest ale exposed to the air in a glass, was covered in 15 minutes with ice one-eighth of an inch thick.

A TOUGH ONE.—A few evenings since, in our private crib, there was a learned dissertation-subject, Bed Bug, and their remarkable tenacity of life, one asserted of his own knowledge, that they could be boiled and then come to life.—Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequence. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he, some years ago, I took a bed bug to an iron foundry, and dropping it into the ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well my old woman used that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the other day it got broke all to smash, and what do you think gentlemen? that 'ere insect just walked out of his hole, where he'd been lyin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost, up stairs! But, added he, by way of parenthesis, he looked mighty pale."

☞ The following toast was recently pronounced at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause:—"The Ladies—their eyes can kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

Eulogy on Women by Mark Twain.

At the dinner given by the correspondents' club at Washington a short time ago, "Mark Twain" was called on to respond to the usual toast to "Woman," which he did in the following characteristic style:

Mr. President I do not know why I should have been singled out to receive the greatest distinction of the evening. (Applause.) I do not know why I have received this distinction unless it be that I am a trifle less lonely than the other members of the club. But be this as it may, Mr. President I am proud of the position and you could not have chosen any one who would have accepted it more gladly or labored with a heartier good will to do the subject justice than I. Because sir, I love the sex. (Laughter.) I love all women, sir, irrespective of age or color. (Laughter.)

Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman, sir. She sews on our buttons, (Laughter,) she mends our clothes, she ropes us in at the church fairs; she confides in us; she tells us whatever she can find out about the little private affairs of the neighbors; she gives us good advice and plenty of it; she gives us a piece of her mind sometimes—and sometimes all of it; she sooths our aching brows, In all the relations of life, sir, it is but a just and graceful tribute to woman to say of her that she is a brick. (Great laughter.)

Wheresoever you place woman sir—in whatever position or estate—she is an ornament to the place she occupies, and a treasure to the world. (Here Mr. Twain paused, looked inquiringly at his hearers, and remarked that the applause should come in at this point. It came in and Mr. Twain resumed his eulogy,) Look at the noble names of history! Look at Cleopatra! Look at Desdemonia! Look at Joan of Arc! Look at Lucretia Borgia! (Disapprobation expressed. "Well," said Mr Twain, scratching his head doubtfully, "suppose we let Lucretia slide.") Look at Joyce Heth! I repeat, sir look at the illustrious names of history. Look at the Widow Machree! Look at Lucy Stone! Look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton! Look at George Francis Train! (Great laughter.) And, sir, (I say it with bowed head and deepest veneration,) look at the mother of Washington! She raised a boy that could not lie. (Applause.) But he never had any chance, (Oh! Oh!) It might have been different with him if he belonged to a newspaper correspondents' club. (Laughter, groans, hisses, cries of "put him out,"—Mark looked around placidly upon his excited audience and resumed.)

I repeat, sir, in whatever position you place a woman she is an ornament to society and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors, (laughter;) as a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable distemper, she is precious! as a wet nurse she has no equal among men. Laughter.

What, sir, would the people of the earth be without woman? They would be scarce, sir—mighty scarce! Then let us cherish her—let us protect her—let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance. Laughter.

But joking aside, Mr. President, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful, worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordially, for each and every one of us has personally known, and loved and honored the very best one of them all—his own mother. Applause.

She Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to enquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What! do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man visited that young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for his wife. The lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant, the silly, miserable girl is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of a mechanic, eh? You whose brothers are but well dressed loafers. We pity any girl who has so little brains, who is so verdant, so soft, as to think less of a young man for being a mechanic—one of God's noblemen—the most signified and honored personages of heaven's creatures.

Beware young ladies, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may one day be menial to one of them yourself.

Far better discharged the well-fed pauper with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness and pomposity, and take your affection of the callous-handed, intelligent and industrious mechanic.

Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly who have turned their backs to honesty. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.

TRIUMPH OF THE TELEGRAPH.—FROM CALIFORNIA TO IRELAND AND BACK IN TWO MINUTES.—At an early hour this morning Feb. 1 the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company from San Francisco to Plaister Cove, Cape Breton, and the wires of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company from Plaister Cove to Heart's Content, were connected, and a brisk conversation commenced between these two continental extremes. Compliments were then passed between San Francisco and Valentia, Ireland, when the latter announced that a message was just then being received from London direct. This was said at 7:00 A. M., Valentia time, Feb. 1. At 7.21 A. M., Valentia time, the London message was started from Valentia for San Francisco; passed through New York at 2:35 A. M., New York time; was received in San Francisco at 11:21 P. M., San Francisco time, Jan. 31, and was at once acknowledged—the whole process occupying two minutes actual time, and the distance traversed being about 14,000 miles!

Immediately after the transmission of the message referred to, the operator at San Francisco sent an eighty word message to Heart's Content in three minutes, which the operator at Heart's Content, repeated back in two minutes and fifty seconds. Distance about 5,000.—*N. Y. Journal of the Telegraph.*

"Where did you get that hat, Jerry?"
"Borrowed it."
"Borrowed it?"
"Y-e-s, borrowed it of a fellow asleep in the Park. Pete Myers borrowed his coat, Pat Gaffany his boots, I borrowed his hat. Do you think I'd steal No; I'd scorn the action."

A Lady took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instanter. "Sit down," said the mother. "I won't," he shouted, "I want to see the monkey!"

FOR THE FARMER.

God Save the Plough.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Sees—how the shining share
Maketh earth's bosom fair,
Crown her brow—
Breed in its furrow springs,
Health and repose it brings,
Treasures unknown to kings,
God save the plough!

Look to the warrior's blade,
While o'er the tented glade,
Hate breathes his vow,
Strife its unsheathing wakes,
Love at its lightning quakes,
Weeping and woe it makes,
God save the plough!

Ships o'er the deep may ride,
Storms wreck their banner'd pride,
Waves whelm their prow,
But the well loaded wain,
Garnereth the golden grain
Gladening the household train,
God save the plough!

Who are the truly great?
Minions of pomp and state
When the crowd bow?
Give us hard hands and free,
Culturers of field and tree,
But friends of liberty—
God save the plough!

An Old Farmers Slate.

Writing about improvements reminds me that a farmer does not always think of what is needful and may be done when leisure times occur, and it recalls to my mind the practice of a large and successful farmer, who at his death left his affairs in a prosperous condition, and his premises in complete order. His neighbors often wondered at the ease with which he conducted his operations; he never hurried, but the right thing was always done at the right time and his work never lagged. Much of the improvement he made was in odd spells when the routine of regular farm work was broken by rainy weather, or after finishing the work on a crop, and while waiting for another to get to the proper stage. He kept a large slate hanging in the kitchen where all his workmen could see it, and whenever a job occurred to him it was noted on the slate. For instance, some of his entries ran thus: "Make a gate for the brook lot," "Clean out the open ditch in the wheat field," "Lay a new floor on the scaffold over the barn floor;" "Bury the large stone in the middle lot;" "Get some whitewood trees to mill for making garden fence pickets;" "Plant shade trees along the roadside;" "Dig the alders out of the fence corners and look after the wild mustard that came up where the thrashing machine stood in the field last year." In this way his slate was filled, and if a leisure half day occurred, his men all had plenty of work; and if the master happened to be absent, the slate told the workmen what to do. After a time it was his custom to lay out the day's work on the slate each evening previous, and when a job was finished the record was erased. To get the slate clean was the ambition of the workmen.

What a Half Acre Will Do.

A Shoemaker in Jersey City bought a half acre lot. He was fond of fruit and read the papers. The soil was wet clay, and he selected fruit suited to the climate. He built a house and put his land in a condition to produce fruit. He had no manure but the droppings of street cattle: In his leisure, he brought from the woods bark, rotten wood, moss and leaf mould, which he mixed with oil three feet deep This was done by degrees, and as fast as the ground was prepared he planted fruit. He became so interested that he retired from the cobbler's bench. I was his neighbor and knew him intimately.—His half acre supported himself and wife comfortably—almost in elegance. She had no servant and had plenty of time to cultivate flowers. Strangers inquired about their beautiful home. Isabella grapes and common currants formed the bulk of its fruit. With a better selection his income would have been larger,—others have had the same success on small pieces of ground. One I knew who supported his family on an acre. Half was in grapes, the crop of which in one season sold for $800, and he had no labor bills to pay. If concentration will give success, let us know it and practice it. —*Dr. Peck in the Tribune.*

Improvements which Do not Pay

A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* says: "I recall instances where farmers went ahead with improvement, without counting the cost, till it took the farms to pay for them. Improvement are a nice thing, if one has the cash to make them; if not, beware of the temptation. Only those should be made at first that will return the outlay again. Farming should be conducted on business principles. If a merchant is not able to own a store, he rents one. If a farmer has not money to erect new buildings, he had better get along with old ones. If a merchant invests money he expects to get it all back again and more too. If a farmer buys manure, or merino sheep, he should see that they are so used that they return the original cost and a profit. If a farmer lays out money in ditching he should do it where two or three crops will pay it back with interest."

Nest Eggs.

To have a supply of these indestructible to heat or cold, just empty some eggs as you need them, through as small an aperature as possible, mix up with water to the consistency of cream, some Pulverized plaster; fill up the shells brimming full when they have hardened, if you choose to peel them you will find them perfect; and if you think your Brahamas will be fastidious about color, a little annatto mixed in will render the allusion perfect.

SOWING SEEDS IN THE OPEN AIR.—Select a plot of ground facing the south, and well protected from cold winds by a close fence or by some other contrivance, and heavily dressed the soil will finely decomposed barn yard manure Dig the manure in, rake the soil fine, upon the beds thus made sow the seeds of Cabbage, Cauliflower, Broccoli, Lettuce and Radish. Rake the seed in lightly, and compress the soil about them with the back of a spade.

Feed your poultry with raw onions, chopped fine, mixed with other food, about twice a week. It is better than a dozen cures for chicken cholera.