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BY
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,
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TOWLES Patent Eliptic New Style Suspenders combines the qualities of BRACE and SUSPENDE , for sale by
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Especial attention given to the COLLECTION of CLAIMS. jly 4-1y

EDWARD B. BATES,
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PROMPT attention to COLLECTION of CLAIMS and purchase and sale of REAL ESTATE.
Office with I. C. W. Powell, Esq., Easton, Md. (aug 1

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A. A. TOWNSEND,
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Applications filed by applying at his office, opposite the residence of Thos. C. Clark, Esq.
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N.E. NICOLS,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE
COLLECTION of CLAIMS,
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FARMERS
TRY THE
ALTA VELA
Phosphate.
IT contains three per cent of Ammonia, an ample quantity to give activity without injury, and nearly fifty per cent. of Bone Phosphate of lime, (a large part of which is Soluble) together with Potash, Soda, and other valuable ingredients making a Complete Manure. Price $56 per ton of 10 bags 200 lbs. each, delivered at any depot in New York city. Ask your neighbor about it, and send for a phamphlet.
Address,
THE ALTA VELA GUANO CO.,
june 13 1y 57 Broadway, N. Y.
For sale by NICOLS & BARTLETT,
Easton, Md.

Accommodation for Travelers
AND OTHERS.

BRICK HOTEL,
EASTON, MARYLAND,
JAS. C. NORRIS, Proprietor.
ROOMS, TABLE, AND BAR *in the most thorough order, and calculated to please the most fastidious. COOKS, experienced. SERVANTS attentive, and all concerned ACCOMMODATING, and determined to give satisfaction.*

THE subscriber having taken sole charge of this well known HOTEL, desires to return thanks to his many friends throughout the county and elsewhere, for the liberal patronage extended to him, and at the same time to invite a continuance of the same.
Nothing in any department will be left undone for the comfort of his guests.
JAMES C. NORRIS,
sept 5 1y Proprietor.

NICOLS & BARTLETT,
DEALERS IN
Hardware, Iron, Seeds, Guanos
AND PRODUCE.
DOVER STREET, EASTON,
FOR the season of 1868, offer at prices greatly reduced, HARDWARE in all its branches.
FOR HOUSEKEEPERS,
Fine and Common Table Cutlery, Fine Plated Forks and Spoons, Waiters, Trays, Sauce Pans, Bake Pans, Roll Pans, Brass Kettles, Porcelain Kettles, Stove Kettles, Stove Spiders, Stove Waffle Iros, Irons, &c., in great variety and MECHANICS'
Tools of all descriptions, and various prices.
FOR FARMERS,
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Reaping and Mowing Machines, Threshers, Hoes, Spades, Forks, Shovels, Rakes, Cart and Plow Harness, Hames, &c.
FOR CARRIAGE MAKERS & WHEELWRIGHTS,
Hubs, Spokes, Rims, Axles, Springs, Bolts, every description of Malleabledron, Enamelled Leather, Enamelled Canvass and Muslin, Dash Leather, &c.
FOR BLACKSMITHS,
every variety and size of Iron, Steel and Tools
FOR SHOEMAKERS,
Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calf Skins, Linings, Bindings, Pegs, Awls, Bristles, Hammers, Lasts, Ready-Made Shoe, Boot and Gaiter Uppers, &c.
The celebrated **RED JACKET AXE** unsurpassed, for wood cutters.
Every description of BUILDERS' HARDWARE, such as Nails, Hinges, Bolts, Screws, Locks, &c.
Great reduction in price of PACIFIC GUANO, WHITELOCK'S CEREALIZER, Patapsco Guano Company's Phosphate, and Andrew Coe's Super Phosphate, and Rodunda Guano.
Lime by the barrel, hogshead and cargo.
FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Special and liberal terms allowed on all Fertilizers, which are delivered free of charge at convenient landings. fapr

LIME—just received the very best white-washing Lime, by barrell or bushel.
sept 12 J. H. GRACE.

LIME—Just received a supply of white washing Lime.
apr 4 NOBLE & WILLIAMS.

COAL OIL, warranted No. 1, at 50 cts. per gallon, for sale by SAML. PATCHETT.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in
1825.
THEY CURED YOUR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are
The greatest known remedies for
Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters
is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC *is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.*

DEBILITY.
There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.
Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.
These Remedies are the best
Blood Purifiers
ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.
I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.*
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of **C. M. Jackson** *on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.*

Price of the Bitters, $1 00 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $5 00.
Price of the Tonic, $1 50 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $7 50.
The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a large profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
At the German Medicine Store,
No. 631 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. Jackson & Co.
These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.
aug 29-1y

The Angel Boatman.

One by one we cross the river,
One by one we're ferried o'er;
One by one the crowns are given,
On the bright celestial shore.
Youth and childhood oft are passing
O'er the dark and ruling tide,
And the white-robed angel-boatman
Is the dying Christian's guide.

One by one we come to Jesus,
As we heed his gentle voice
One by one his vineyard enter,
There to labor and rejoice.
One by one sweet flow'rs we gather
In the glorious work of love
Garlands for the angel-boatman
To convey a realm above,
And the white-robed angel-boatman
Bears them to the realms of love.

One by one the heavy-laden
Sink beneath the noon-tide sun,
And the aged pilgrim welcomes
Evening shadows as they come.
One by one, with signs forgiven,
May we stand upon the shore,
Waiting till the angel-boatman
Takes the helm, and guides us o'er;
And the white-robed angel-boatman
Lands us on the shining shore.

The Grecian Bend.

—OXO—

A Louisville poet writes as follows APROPOS of the first appearance of a case of Grecian bend in that city:

She stepped upon the platform—
Her grace I can't forget—
For oh! that Grecian bend of her's
Clings to my memory yet.

Her smile was like the sunbeam;
Her bonnet "some" you bet;
But that lovely Grecian bend of her's
Was the heaviest bend I met.

Her waterfall was gorgeous,
And all who saw contend
That her grace was never equalled
By the Saratoga bend.

But alas, for maiden beauty,
Dust will return to dust,
And the most enchanting bender
Is doomed to moth and rust.

In stooping to assume her seat,
(I hate to tell, but must,)
Some whalebone that staid her up
Bent double—and then "bust!"

She softly sighed, and sweetly smiled,
And then in accents tender,
As she rubbed her back, she gently said,
"Thank Heaven, I'm off my bender!"

A Good Temperance Story.

Judge Bay, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts, got off the following hard hit at 'moderate drinkers:'

'All those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whiskey, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whiskey for years with moderation. If there is a person in the audience whose experience disputes this, let him make it know. I will account for it, or acknowledge that I labor under a mistake.'

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms across his breast, said:

'I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement."

'Are you a moderate drinker?' asked the Judge.

'I am.'

'How long have you drank in moderation?'

'Forty years.'

'And were you never intoxicated?'

'Never.'

'Well,' remarked the Judge, scaning his subject closely from head to foot, 'yours is a singular case; yet I think it easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story: A colored man, with a loaf of bread had a bottle of whisky, sat down to dine on the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread he dropped some of the crumbs into the water: These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread into the whiksy and feeding it to them.—He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate of it, became drunk, and floated helplessly on the surface. In this way he easily caught a large number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whiskey, with no perceptible effect. It was shy of the darkey to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a colored neighbor, and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment, and then said: 'Sambo, I understands dis case. Dis fish is a mullet-head; it ain't got any brain!' 'In other words,' added the Judge, 'alcohol affects only the brains, and of course those having none may drink without injury.'

The storm of laughter which followed drove the 'moderate drinker' suddenly from the house.—*Southern Sun.*

BY THE CARD.—A witness in court who was cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows:

'You drive a wagon?'

'No, sir, I do not.'

'Why man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?'

'No, sir, I did not.'

'Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?'

'No, sir.'

'What is your occupation then?'

'I drive a horse, sir.'

HOW SHE KNEW.—Two young misses, discussing the qualities of some young gentlemen, were overheard thus:

'Well, I like Charley, but he is a little girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of a beard.'

'I say Charley has got a beard, but he shaves it off.'

'No he hasn't, enher, any more than I have.'

'I say he has, too, and I know it, for it pricked my cheek.'

That's how she knew.

For the Easton Gazette.

Reminiscences of the Frontier.

Life in the garrison on the frontier is very monotonous, especially so to one of lively temperament. One regular routine is observed daily, a short experience of which creates a desire for a more exciting life, no matter how great the danger attending. Reveille is sounded at day-break, after which an hour is devoted to "polishing" (cleaning up) the quarters and surroundings; if there be recruits in the post, they are instructed in the manual of arms during this hour. (This is called "Company Q," or "awkward squad" drill, by those of the boys fortunate enough to have "served their time" in that squad.) Then follows breakfast at six o'clock. At seven the "fatigue" call is sounded, calling out those parties detailed for the labor of various descriptions performed in the garrison. At eight, the "guard mount" call is blown, when those detailed for guard duty that day assemble and relieve the men on post. At nine the drill call is sounded, when all men not otherwise engaged assemble for drill, which lasts until half-past ten, when "recall from drill" is blown.—At eleven "recall from fatigue" sounded. At twelve, dinner. At one, P. M., "fatigue" call again, drill at two, both parties being recalled at four. At five, supper is had. Half an hour before sunset the call for 'dress parade' is sounded, when the entire garrison, except those authoritatively engaged on other duty, assemble and are put through the manual of arms once or twice by the senior line officer present, after which the men are marched to their quarters and dismissed. At quarter to nine, "tattoo roll call" is sounded, when every man in the garrison, is expected to be present and answer to his name. At nine o'clock "taps" are blown, when every one is in bed, lights all extinguished, and no noise heard but the challenging of the sentry as some one approaches his post.

Such is not only *one* day's life, but *every day* for three or four years, varied only by the calls for extra men for guard duty, or for escort duty, or probably the whole garrison turned out of their warm beds on a chilly night by a sentry who swears he saw two or three hundred red skins, and fired his rifle as per orders. It is not very pleasant, even for a variation, to be thus suddenly roused from sound sleep to rush to unknown dangers, but strict orders are given in order to guard against surprise, and so the sentry fires his piece on the least appearance of danger.

I had often heard the theory that a person sleeps soundest during the hour before day, and that the Indians generally made their attacks at that time, for that reason, and for the reason also, that the night grew darker. During my temporary residence among the reds, I had ample opportunity of ascertaining whether this be so, and took the trouble of making certain solely for my own benefit. It certainly is darker within an hour before day than at any other period during the night. The reds, with the instinct of the best that they are, know this, and do their best to take advantage of it. In all cases where the reds attacked a party of which I was a member, whether at a post or on the open prairie, the attack was made just before day. As a general thing, however, I am very happy to say their attacks availed them nothing, as we kept strict watch for them at that particular time, and dosed them with leaden pills when they made their appearance.

Within a radius of fifty miles of Denver city, in Colorado Territory, are several of as rich silver mines as have been discovered in the Western country. Denver, which in 1860 contained but five thousand inhabitants, now holds more than double that number. The city boasts of fine buildings; stores filled with every luxury—every thing that can be procured for money. Day and night the mills at the mines are crushing the ore, making a deafening noise.—The silver bricks are carted around as the people of the East do ordinary bricks, literally speaking.

Let us descend into one of these mines; and as going down a shaft will be a novelty to you, we will try the experiment, and get a little nearer to the region of Pluto. We will descend by one in the old primitive way, where you put your foot in a bight at the end of a rope. Let us suppose the shaft two hundred feet deep, and two men at the windlass. Place yourself upon the platform which covers the mouth of the shaft. Nearly the whole of the rope is wound round the windlass, except a few feet that hangs over the abyss, with a noose on the end. You grasp the rope with one hand, having a candle in the other, and the men begin to lower away. You trust yourself to the rope—at first with confidence, but immediately you lose that and feel an all-overishness, as if you would back out but do not like to. Now the windlass begins to revolve, and down you go into the darkness, like one sinking into the waters of the sea. Down, down you go, not steadily, but by short, unpleasant jerks. You are utterly powerless and helpless, feeling certain that you are dangling at the end of a most rotten, worn-out rope—certain it will break if you wink your eyes or draw a breath. Your foot strikes the side of the shaft a sort of galvanic shock runs through your frame, and you shiver and grasp the rope much tighter than ever, as if that would prevent your swinging across the shaft and striking against the opposite wall, where you plainly see you are going. You would stick out your right foot and keep yourself off, but you are afraid to try it. Bump you go against the wall; and start, catch your breath, and start across against the opposite wall. You do not fancy this, and try to prevent it happening again. Delightful feeling—very! Now you go round, first one way than the other, like an orange at the end of a string. It is *rather* unpleasant; and another motion troubles you—you are going down, down. Pretty soon you get back to the pendulum motion again, and go bang against the wall; then as you go down by nervous and stated jerks, in sympathy with the cranks above, you spin about again. Your candle flares about strangely—sometimes going almost out, and again giving out a streak of flame, apparently to your excited imagination several feet in length. You vote it a bore, and would drop it, only you are afraid that the rope will break if you do so—Finally, with all this whirling and thumping, you become bewildered, and imagine you have descended several miles. At last, just as you are about to give up, and consider yourself as one doomed to descend forever toward the centre of the earth, without reaching it, your feet touch bottom. You grasp the rope tighter than ever, and take a look, to make certain you have reached *terra firma* in reality. You continue to hold on until your foot is out of the noose—those fellows above may take a notion to hoist you up again, hanging by the foot. It is wonderful you think of this—yet you do.—The workmen come out of the drifts to see who you are, and their lights blind you, and you stagger here and there, winking your eyes like an owl, and looking very sheepish. As you are on solid ground, and may put on airs without fear of relapse, you try to appear unconcerned. You say, "How do you do?" to the miners, in a friendly way, attempt a sickly joke, and wish you were out again. All this lasts about two minutes by the watch—you think it a month.

Once again in the streets of Denver City, we took a look at all the wonders to be seen, and were really astonished at seeing such an immense crowd of people, from every nation and every clime, all eager after their "pile of bricks"—silver of course. After dinner we wandered into a tunnel, and were soon in a labyrinth of underground streets, extended and running in every direction, like the streets of Boston—twist here, there, and in all directions. As we lost our way, we had to be conducted to daylight by a gentleman whom we fortunately met.

Denver, considering the number of different nationalities composing its population, is the most quiet and best regulated town I have ever met with west of the Missouri river. As a general thing, the frontier towns whose population are of many nationalities, are in an almost constant state of tumult. Denver, by reason of its connection with the Santa Fe trade, is open to a class of men, the most vicious, and yet that city is not cursed with half the violence and bloodshed visible in other towns of considerable less size in that section. Gambling hells and dance houses are in full blast, and every facility offered for a first class continual row, yet the leading mischievous spirits are kept in check by some unseen influence. Truly, the natives deserve credit that this state of things exists.

And now, Mr. Editor, my "Reminiscences of the Frontier" have drawn to a close—for the present, at least. If they have interested any of your readers, I am fully paid for the trouble of transfering them to paper. At some future time, if business will permit, and the editor of the *Gazette* consents, I may resume publishing such incidents as recur to memory. H.

WAIT.

Wait a moment, young man, before you throw that money down on the bar and demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask yourself if twenty-five cents cannot be better invested in something else. Put back in your pocket, and give it to the little cripple who sells matches on the corner. Take my word for it, you will not be sorry.

Wait mad man—think twice before you decide on that hundred dollar shawl. A hundred dollars is a great deal of money; one dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of good it will accomplish, in careful hands. Your husband's business is uncertain; here is a financial crisis close at hand. Who knows what that hundred dollars may be to you yet?

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breast pin you are surveying so earnestly through the jeweler's plate-glass windows.—Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wedding ring made to fit a rosy finger that you wot of. A shirt neatly ironed and stockings darned like lace-work are better than gilt brooches and flaming amethysts. You can't afford to marry? Wait and think the matter over.

Wait, mother, before you speak harshly to the little chubby rogue who has torn his apron and soiled his white Marseilles jacket. He is only a child, and "mother" is the sweetest word in all the world to him. Needle and thread and soap-suds, will repair all damages: but if you once teach him to shrink from his mother and hide away his childish faults, that damage cannot be repaired.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with family cares and household responsibilities, "as your mother did." She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted.—Remember the nights she set up with the little babe that died: remember the love and care she bestowed on you when you had that long fit of illness! Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait—wait with silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes, the old light of the old days.

Wait wife, before you speak so reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary and 'out of sort.' He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled, hand in hand, Care, and Selfishness, and Greed; and all the demons that follow in the train of money making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely; let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

Wait, bright young girls, before you arch your pretty eyes, and whisper 'old maid' as the quiet figure steels by, with silver in its hair and crow's feet around the eyes. It is hard enough to loose life's gladness and elasticity—it is hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn! You do not know what she has endured; you never can know until experience teaches you; so wait, before you sneer at the Old Maid.

Wait, sir, before you add a billiard-room to your house, and buy the fast horse that Black and White and all the rest of 'the fellows' covet. Wait, and think whether you can afford it—whether your outstanding bills are all paid and your liabilities fully met, and all the chances and changes of life duly provided for. Wait and ask yourself how you would like ten years from now, to see your fair wife struggling with poverty, your children shabby and want-stricken, and yourself a miserable hanger-on round corner grocers and one horse gambling saloons. You think that is impossible; do you remember what Hazel said to the seer of old: 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'

Wait, merchant, before you tell the palefaced youth from the country 'that you can do nothing for him.' You can do something for him; you can give him a word of encouragement—a word of advice.

There was a time once when you were young and poor, and friendless. Have you forgotten it already?

Wait, blue-eyed lassie, wait awhile before you say 'yes,' to the dashing young fellow who says he can't live without you. Wait until you have ascertained 'for sure and for certain,' as the children say, that the cigar and the wine bottle, and the card table are not to be your rivals in his heart; a little delay won't hurt him, whatever he may say—just see if it will.

And wait, my friend with brown moustache; don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure she will be kind to your old mother, and gentle with your little sisters, and a true, loving wife to you, instead of a mere puppet who lives on the breath of fashion and excitement, and regards the sunny-side of Broadway as second only to Elysium. As a general thing, people are in too great hurry in the world; we say wait, WAIT.

Some wag tells a story of an old gentleman whose eight or ten clerks bored him constantly with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a closed store by a countryman.

'Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?'

'Go to blazes with your conundrums,' cried he. 'I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks!'

'Oh, my dear sir,' said a poor sufferer to a dentist, 'that is the second wrong tooth you have pulled out.' 'Very sorry, sir,' said the blundering operator, 'but as there were only three when I begun, I am sure to be right next time.'

AGRICULTURAL.

Carting out Manure in the Fall.

Our springs are often so wet that the planting season is crowded into a very few days, and it greatly helps the hurried labors of seed sowing to have the manure upon the ground. Some of our best farmers cart out the most of their summer made manure in the fall and early winter, and if the heaps are properly protected the value of the manure will be increased. The advantage of making manure under cover is not that it is kept from moisture, but that the degree of moisture can be regulated, there neither being too much nor too little in any part of the mass. The compost heap needs water to regulate its fermentation. If it can be so constructed that it will receive just water enough, and so that the surface will not dry, nothing will be lost. The heaps should have six or eight cords of manure each, should be made four or five feet high, well trodden down, with sides sloping at an angle of 45 degrees, to shed a part of the rain, and both top and sides should be covered with a few inches of surface soil or muck.—The fermentation will go on through the winter, and when the compost is forked over in the spring previous to spreading, as it should be, it will be found very "short," and better if it had lain in the open yard all winter. Most farmers have not room enough in their cellars and yards to store all the manure their stock is capable of making, and it is a great advantage to clean out all their accumulations in autumn, as well as spring, and furnish a new supply of muck, loam, or straw, for the winter. A much larger quantity of manure is made by this course. If concentrated manures are used in addition to those made upon the place, they may often be mixed with the yard manure in these compost heaps with good results. The danger of burning the seed, which so often occurs when these artificial manures are applied in the hill in the undiluted state, would be avoided, and if the combined manure be used for spring grain, a more even distribution is effected.—*American Agriculturist.*

Selecting Seed Corn.

The following, from an exchange, is good, and a trial of it will, we think, well repay for your trouble:

"What you want is a corn that will bear twelve rows to the cob, of good length, a broad, thick grain, not too long, one that sits well down into the cob, carrying with it width and thickness, so that you have a grain that looks plump, and on a white cob. In collecting this kind of seed you will have to do three things—that is, collect at three given stages; first, go through your field before you cut up your corn, and about the time the corn is maturing, select the best looking ears, and tie a thread around them—say red yarn. Then, when you gather your corn, save those ears. Again, when you husk your corn, save out the best from the stock as you husk, and then, finally, as you are feeding out your corn to your stock, when you see an extra good ear, throw it aside.

Thus you will find that by spring you have collected about five times as much as you need, and from this body of your best corn sit down and carefully collect out ears of good length, white cob, twelve rows on a cob, plump looking grains, with a smooth, glossy wake, and about as large as you can span with your second finger and thumb. Here is a significant fact:—While we were in New England we paid, say $2 per bushel for corn raised there, and $1.00 for corn raised here in the West and shipped there for sale. Why this difference? For the very reason to which we have hinted above—the one has weight, the other lacks it; the one is hard and solid, the other soft and spongy.—But at this point we hear an objection: "It is too hard for the cattle: they can't chew it," &c. Friend; you will make money by steaming, soaking in weak brine, or grinding your corn and feeding the meal. This is often and mostly done East, and it pays well, or a Yankee wouldn't do it. Look well to your seed corn.

Cooked Food for Hogs.

The American Agriculturist says: The best farmers all through the East cook the greater part of their feed, after the swine are put up in the fall, and we think this practice is gaining ground in the West, as corn increases in price. Samuel H. Clay, of Kentucky, conducted a series of experiments in feeding corn to hogs, with the following results. One bushel of dry corn made 5 lb. 10 oz. of live pork; one bushel of boiled corn made 14 lbs. 7 oz.; one bushel of ground corn boiled made 16 lbs. 7 oz. There are other experiments upon record showing quite as great a difference in favor of cooking. If we save more than half the corn, we may as well invest in a cooking apparatus at once.—We shall save labor, or its equivalent, money, by doing it.

Keep Warm and Save your Life.

Within thirty days from to-day there will be many deaths which might be prevented by warmer clothing. Many a fatal case of dysentery is caused by the want of a woollen undershirt, or an extra blanket at night The sudden changes of temperature which occur at this season of the year are very trying to the constitution. People with lungs quickly feel the effect of them. Frequently the thermometer falls many degrees within a few hours. Not only the feeble, but robust and strong persons suffer from such great variations of temperature. When the weather grows cold rapidly the pores of the skin are suddenly closed, and the result frequently is a bad cold, which may hold on all winter and terminate in consumption, or a fatal attack of dysentery, or that dreadful disease the typhoid fever.

If the day feels ever so warm and bright, it is much safer to wear plenty of underclothing at this season. In the evenings the dews fall, and it grows chilly very suddenly. At all times, even when it feels the warmest, one experiences the difference which is marked between the autumn atmosphere and that of summer. There is something more than the mere difference in the temperature, it may be in the electricity.—An occasional fire in a room dries the walls and purifies the atmosphere. A little timely attention to all these things would prevent a great deal of the diseases and suffering which are among the ills to which humanity is liable.

There are many ready made coffins at the cabinet shops and undertakers—little, short, tiny coffins—which are going to be filled up soon by little children—some of them as sweet, beautiful children as anybody's but your own; and just to think of it—the coffins, might be left empty, and the little children might be left in their homes to play, and frolic, and make those homes bright, if only warm shoes and stockings, which would keep little feet dry, and warm clothes and soft woollen blankets were more plenty.

Do not bother yourself to hunt up a missionary. Be sure that whenever you send a pair of warm shoes to a needy child, a good enough missionary, though you do not see him, always travels inside of them. In warming feet and warming bodies you warm hearts also; and besides, it warms your own heart to do this.