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THE LADIES SAY

Our Pet Family Flour

IS SUPERIOR TO ALL.

We sell it at

$8.50 PER BARREL,

with the privilege of returning every barrel that does not give entire satisfaction.

We have been selling this flour for some time and have

Never Failed to Satisfy

every customer. We will trade this flour with farmers for wheat and save them the trouble of going to the mill.

GIVE US A CALL

Very respectfully,
WILLIS & REDDEN.

—A COMPLETE—

Country Store.

I believe that advertising pays. When one has goods that he wants to sell the best way to accomplish it is to let the people know what he has; then let the goods be examined and if the prices suit they must go. My aim shall be to keep my stock always complete and prices always low, and I invite an inspection of my goods.

B. W. PARKER,
Andersontown.

DON'T BE DECEIVED!

Residents of this County,

BY THE BAIT SOME OF THE EXPENSIVE STORES PUT FORTH IN THEIR CUNNINGLY-WORDED ADVERTISEMENTS. THEY WHO USE THEM HAVE NO REAL INDUCEMENTS TO OFFER, AND THEREFORE RESORT TO SUCH METHODS TO ATTRACT BUYERS

We Say to You, Do Not Allow Yourselves to be Deceived!

The Season is Backward, and we have still an immense stock--one of the best and most attractive we have ever shown you, all of which we will sell positively 20 per cent. less than expensive stores will ask you.

WE HAVE A LOT OF SEPARATE PANTS. ABOUT 100.
SUITS, ABOUT 40.
OVERCOATS, ABOUT 60.

Which are elegantly made, fashionably cut and in every way reliable goods, that we will dispose of at almost cost.

AT COST! AT COST! AT COST!

TO CLOSE OUT!

Our stock must move faster. The great reduction at which we are offering it will make business boom. Reader, take advantage of it. We have only a short time left to sell in and we call especial attention of buyers to our elegant goods, latest styles, extremely low prices, and positive guarantee given all patrons. You pay us only ONE PROFIT, the manufacturer's. You will be glad when you buy from us, if saving and getting value for your money pleases you.

Largest FASHIONALBE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS
230 West Pratt St., to 55 Hanover St.
CHAS. N. OEHM & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

CARPETS

J. C. SMITH & BRO.,
[LATE OF KENT COUNTY, DEL.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, etc. We have on hand a well selected stock which we offer at lowest prices. Remember name and number and do not fail to give us a call.

J. C. SMITH & BRO.,
444 W. Balto. Near Pearl, St.
Baltimore, Md.

Carrollton Hotel,

Baltimore, Light and German Sts,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Rates Reduced to $3.00 and $2.50 per day according to location of rooms, for all above Parlor floor. Extra charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors.

☞All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W COLEMAN, Manager.
12-31-81 y.

BRICK HOTEL,

EASTON, MD.,

J. C. Norris, Propri'tor

TABLE FIRST-CLASS.

House Newly Furnished.

july23

Rest.

My feet are weary and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed,
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only Rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren way;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer
For Rest, sweet Rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till th' soil and when tis till'd to
Weep o'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed:
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For Rest—for Rest.

My way has wound across the desert years
And cares infest
My path, and thro' the flowing of hot tears
I pine for Rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child I laid
On mother's breast
My weary little head—e'en then I prayed,
As now, for Rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the West
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall Rest.

—*Father Ryan.*

A PRESENTIMENT.

It was the spring of 1859 that I prepared to leave my Western home to attend the bridal of a brother in Huntsville, Ala. I have been such a Jonas of a traveler that I cannot avoid shuddering at the sight of water; but on that occasion my mind was so filled with pleasant anticipations of a reunion with relatives and friends, that I was not annoyed during my preparations with usual forebodings and vague fears.

I bade adieu to my friends at Shreveport with a light and happy heart, although my husband, being Judge of the Eighteenth Judicial District, of course could not leave his duties and accompany me. He was holding court at the time I repaired to the boat, and one of his personal friends escorted me thither, but, as the steamer would not leave until after dark, he would come down as soon as he could adjourn court to bid me adieu. I had on my arm a handsome traveling companion or satchel which I had just purchased, perfectly new and lightly filled. To my dismay and horror, I had no sooner put my foot upon the steamer than the chain of the satchel snapped in two, and it rolled down at my feet.

If I had had the intellect of an Alexander or a Cæsar, I could not have battled with the sudden gloom and terrible apprehension of approaching evil which from that moment took entire possession of me.

"There!" I exclaimed; "it's an evil omen. If it were possible, I would not go on this boat."

My companion, of course, laughed and endeavored to quiet my apprehensions; and conscious of the silly weakness I betrayed, I concealed my further evidence of it from him.

"Do not tell this to the judge," I requested. "He is afraid of my 'presentiments,' and I know he would feel uneasy."

I did not say any more, for I knew that boat was the only opportunity I would have of leaving for some time, the river being exceedingly low and navigation difficult.

My husband came down afterwhile and introduced me to the only person on board of his acquaintance, an elderly gentleman, Mr. E., whom he requested to take charge of his family.

I restrained all expression of uneasiness until my husband's departure, when I freely confessed to the old gentleman the singular hallucination which had taken possession of me.

The old man's genial and pleasant manner soothed my apprehensions and the boat went steaming down the river.

It was Saturday night—a sleepless one to me—and all the next day, with every knot the beautiful river palace made down the winding current my heart felt shortened of its throbs, as a malefactor who sees the gibbets rise in the distance toward which he veers.

Late in the evening of Sunday the boat was moored to the shore, wooding, and we were all leaning over the guards—some talking; but I peered out into the somber and melancholy gloom of a sad and solemn looking twilight.

My presentiment had taken by this time such possession of my mind that I had been able to speak of nothing else; but, oh! horror! while I was standing there a new revelation of terror smote upon my soul. Was it some voice whispering to me from the land of shadows? Whence, whence did it come? It was distinct as any utterance I ever heard in my life.

"You, you only are menaced—only your life trembles in the balance."

I held at that time my little daughter by the hand. I had just folded away two other darlings in their berth. Happiness and wealth were mine, I had all which could render life desirable.

I cannot describe the feelings which now took possession of my soul. Powerless, helpless, I was conscious that my fate agitated adverse powers, and that the dread moment sped onward on the wings of the lightning.

We adjourned to the cabin, where Mr. E. and myself sought a divan, the chandeliers now flashing with radiance in contrast to the solemn landscape without.

"Mr. E.," I remarked, "our catastrophe will soon arrive—and I shall only rejoice; for any certainty is better than the horrid state of suspense I have endured."

Mr. E. looked hard at me; he was impressed, in spite of his better judgment, by my pertinacious belief in some impending calamity.

"Indeed," he remarked, "you have nearly succeeded in frightening me, too, at last. Yet I do not see why this is not a very safe boat? It is finely officered."

"No," I replied, in a low tone; "you need not be alarmed; there is danger to no one but myself—and it comes now."

I had no sooner spoken than a deafening, crashing noise, like the tearing of timbers, smote upon the ear—loud, terrific and continuous. The floor of the gentlemen's cabin raised in the middle, like a sail bellying with the wind, and its convexity came traveling up to my locality. The ladies shrieked and rushed down toward the bow, flying past the mysterious enemy beneath our feet. I knew that that was generally considered the safest direction to seek in case of accident; but in the opposite one, in my state-room, lay my two rosy cherubs, and instinct turned my steps toward them.

I caught up my little daughter in my arms and flew ahead of the strange monster, which was rending so fearfully our struggling craft. I sought my state-room, that I might perish with my children; but, before I reached it, I was felled, stunned by a succession of blows from heavy substances. The last thing I remembered was tightening my grasp around my daughter, and protecting her with my own limbs.

But, although badly bruised, I emerged from a pile of wrecks, to the astonishment of all beholders, who had thought such a catastrophe certain death.

An immense sawyer had penetrated our boat just above the lower guards, and the pilot, imagining it a log, had steamed on, prizing it higher up from the water with every puff. It had raked along under the floor until it reached the stove in the ladies' cabin, where it had overtaken me, and where it had lifted up the stove, and snapping the pipe into several pieces, and precipitating every disjointed member, stove and all, upon my devoted head.

Nothing had saved my life but the little cane-bottomed chairs ranged around it, which some kind angel had woven into a kind of bower for my head, and which though splintered into fragments, yet broke the force of the descent of the iron missiles—my little daughter was unharmed.

I shudder now when I recall that narrow escape, and I am told Mr. E., verging to the forgetfulness of old age, yet never hears the word "presentiment," without insisting upon relating the narration you have just read.

The Old Sergeant.

He had been lying very still for the past hour, and the weary nurse dozed and nodded, struggled to keep awake—nodded again—and finally slept in her chair.

Then the old clock began calling "Tick! tack! tick! tack!"

The sleeping man moved uneasily, and the thin, bony hand on the coverlet was lifted as if in protest.

"Tick! tack! tick! tack!" called the clock in louder tones.

The sick man opened his eyes and stared about him in surprise. His hair was thin and gray; his face wasted and pale and gray; and death had stolen silently in as he slept and placed its seal on his brow.

"You were a soldier?" said the clock.

"Aye! that I was!" responded the man as he gathered sudden strength and half rose up. "Company G., fall in! Right dress! Front! Attention to roll call. Adams, Ansil, Artman, Averill, Allport, Amsden—"

"They do not answer," said the clock as the sergeant paused.

"No, they lie buried in trenches at Manassas!" solemnly answered the old man. "Bernard, Baxter, Buchanan, Bloom—"

"I do not hear their voices," said the clock.

"I had forgotten—they died at Fair Oaks!" whispered the sergeant. "Carter, Claxton, Coleman, Curtis—"

"And what of them?"

"We laid them side by side in the same grave at Malvern Hill. Davis, Denton, Danforth, Daugherty—"

"Absent without leave," said the clock.

"Absent forever!" answered the sergeant. "The green fields at Sharpsburg drank their blood. Enright, Eberman, Eckliff—"

"On guard," said the clock.

"Then the dead guard the dead!" whispered the soldier. I saw them lying stark and stiff on the field at Spottsylvania. Fenton, Fairfax, Foster, Forbes—"

"Dead," said the clock.

"Dead!" answered the sergeant. "Graham, Gormon, Gosport—"

"Where?" queried the clock.

"In the thickets of the sombre Wilderness! Hurlburt, Hill, Hanford, Hanover, Halman, Harker, Hooper, Henderson—"

"And those, too?"

"Aye! They answered no more to roll call after Gettysburg."

"Your lines are but the shadows of the dead!" said the clock. "The dead and buried can make no answer. Under the trees at Chancellorsville—under sod at Fredericksburg—in the meadows around Winchester—no roll call can awake them."

"Ingalls, Irving, Isham," called the sergeant.

"Dead at Kernstown," answered the clock.

"James, Justin, Jordan."

"They sleep at Petersburg!"

"Lampton, Ladue, Lurkison, Levering, Lumly—"

"Call no more! Only when the angel calls the roll of the numbered dead at the last great day will the dust answer! You alone are left!"

The sergeant fell back on his pillow and the shadows marched by the right flank into the darkness of midnight. The nurse started up with a shiver, looked at the clock, and then walked softly to the bedside and whispered:

"Sergt. Grim! it is time!"

"It is past time!" whispered the clock.

"Sergt. Grim, awake!"

"It was the roll'call," said the clock, "and he has answered to his name at the gates of eternity."

Who Kissed Away the Tears.

Is anything stranger than the human heart! Nature sends a frail, green vine creeping across the earth to reach a grim wall and cover its ugliness—to reach a dead branch and cover it with life. We bless nature as we see these things, and yet we do not realize that human hearts are ever doing the same. One day, months ago, a rosy-faced child looking from a window saw a queer old man go limping past. It tapped on the pane and the old man looked up. The sight of that sweet face opened his old heart, and he went on his way feeling richer than for many a month past. He was the grim wall—the child was the green vine. He passed again, and again the child was at the window, and for days and weeks they never missed seeing each other. At each meeting the vine crept nearer to the wall—the wall appeared less grim and forbidding. One day the "wall" laid aside his old hat for a better one. Another day he had a new coat. Again he was clean shaved, and the "vine" scarcely recognized him. No one knew the old man, but all knew that he was feeling the influence of the vine.

A week ago as the old man passed he missed the face at the window. Was he too early or too late? He lingered and looked and seemed lost. It was the same next day, but a kind heart pitied him and sent out word that the child was sick. The green vine had reached the wall only to be blighted. Two days more and there was crape on the door. The child was dead. It had fallen asleep in death without a struggle, knowing nothing of the grand hereafter, but having no fear. On its pale cheek was a tear—a single tear which glistened like a diamond. No hand dared wipe that tear away. It seemed a tie between the present and the past—the living and the dead.

"Please, can I see the—the child!" It was the old man—the grim wall—who knocked timidly at the door and spoke thus. They knew him by sight, and they led him into the room where the vine lay dead. He stood over the coffin for a moment, lips quivering and eyes full of tears, and then he bent over and kissed the face which would watch for him no more. When he had gone they looked for the tear. He had kissed it away! Old and poor and unknown, he had reaped a treasure such as all the millions of the world could not buy.

The Ideal Sabbath.

The ideal Sabbath is the Sabbath at home when the head of the household—farmer or mechanic, merchant or lawyer, capitalist or operative—enjoys the weekly rest among those for whom six days of labor have been spent. Whether the Sabbath institution was or was not erected by the fourth commandment, seems to be in these words: "Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant," a glimpse of the restful enjoyment which the day of rest, in the primitive conception of it, would bring to the families that keep it.

The day of rest, being rest, not revelry or dissipation, and being, therefore, a day of home enjoyment, with its opportunity for sober thoughts and conference. A Sabbath-keeping people will become a thoughtful people, and such thoughtfulness is manliness. All men, and especially the busy millions in advanced civilization like our own, need for the mind's sake, not less than for the sake of wearied nerves and muscles, the seventh day intermission of their ordinary work.

A true Sabbath is something far more restful than a day of noisy jollity. In its calm air the mind rests by thought, not thoughtlessness; by quiet musing, by conscious or unconscious retrospection; perhaps by consideration of what might have been, perhaps, by thinking what may yet be, perhaps, by aspiration and resolve toward something in the future, that shall be better than what has been in the past. The home in which Sunday is a day of rest, and home enjoyment is hallowed by the Sabbaths which it hallows. In the Sabbath-keeping village, life is less frivolous, and the same time industry is more productive.

An Elopement Prevented.

Erasmus E. Ruggleston, a young man of Saxon lineage, worked on a farm out here in Yellow Spring township. He was not rich, but he was industrious, and just too pretty for anything. So was the daughter of the farmer for whom he worked. She was wealthier than Erasmus, but she was not proud. When the chores were done in the winter evenings she went with him to the singing school and she walked by his side to church. She loved him, she had rather sit at her casement in the gloaming and hear him holler "poo-oo-ey," in long-drawn mellow cadences, at the hour of the feeding of the swine than hear Campanini sing "Macaroni del Vermicelli" from "Handorgzhanni in Venezuela." And he—he was clean gone on her. Mashed past all surgery. When they foolishly let the old man into their plans for each other's happiness and half the farm, the wrothful agriculturist said if he heard one more word of such nonsense, just another word, he would lay that farm waste with physical havoc and blight its winter wheat with the salt tears of his only child and that was the kind of father-in-law he was inclined to be.

Naturally the young people determined to fly. Their plans were laid, the night was set. So was the ladder. At its foot waited the ardent Erasmus Ruggleston gazing at the window for the appearance of his love. Presently the window opened softly and a face he loved appeared.

"Rasmus!"

"Florence!"

"Yes, dearest. Shall I drop my things right down?"

"Yes, love; I will catch them. Let the bundle fall."

The glittering starlight of the clear March night fell on Erasmus's upturned face. So did a trunk four feet high, four feet wide and about eight feet long. It weighed about 2,700 pounds. It contained a few things that no woman could be expected to travel without and Florence had spent three weeks packing that trunk for her elopement.

Erasmus Ruggleson did not scream. He did not moan. He couldn't. Not a bit. He had no show. Florence came down the ladder, having first with a maidenly sense of propriety, requested her lover to turn his back and look at the barn. He may have heard her, but he didn't look at the barn. He was busily engaged in looking at the bottom of that trunk and thinking how like creation he would yell if he ever got his mouth out doors again.

Florence reached the foot of the ladder. "Did you get my trunk, Erasmus?" she said looking around for him.

"Oh, yes," said a hoarse, mocking voice at her elbow. "Oh, yes he got it. Got it bad, too."

She turned, knew her papa, shrieked once, twice, again, and once more for the boys and fainted away.

"I never worried about it a minute" the heartless old man told his neighbors the next day, "though I knowed well enough what was going on at the time. I've been married twice, and I've married off four daughters and two sons, an' if I don't know what baggage a woman carries when she travels, I'm too old to learn."

And Erasmus Ruggleston. The jury brought in a verdict that he came to his death by habitual drunkenness and the temperance papers did not talk about anything else for the next six weeks.

Rules of Conduct.

Never exaggerate.
Never point at another.
Never betray a confidence.
Never wantonly frighten others.
Never leave home with unkind words.
Never neglect to call upon your friends.
Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.
Never give a promise that you do not fulfill.
Never send a present hoping for one in return.
Never speak much of your own performances.
Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.
Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.
Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.
Never question a servant or a child about family matters.
Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.
Never present a gift saying it is of no use to yourself.
Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies.
Never associate with bad company; have good company or none.
Never call attention to the features or form of any one present.
Never punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself.
Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.
Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.
Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect of any one present.
Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch. Speak to him.
Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.
Never, when traveling abroad, be over boastful in praise of your own country.

Advice to Young Men.

A lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestion to young men:

Dear gentlemen, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks.—When you make a social call of an evening on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought to use her charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent with music and other games, to lend variety; but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer. A girl—that is a sensible true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more.

Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feeling of her father and mother on the subject, and yet must sit on in mortal terror, lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentlemen to breakfast. Ah, we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed—for all parties—mother; and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to.

Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then monosyllable responses will be all you need expect. And if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs: "Isn't it time to close up" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and taking your hat, meekly depart, a sadder, and, it is to be hoped a wiser man. Do not get angry; but the next time you come be more careful to keep within bounds.

We want to rise early these mornings and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours, exhausted nature will speak, and, as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma who understands a little better her poor daughter's feelings, but still must disapprove outwardly to keep appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't—for pity's sake—don't throw down your paper with a pshaw! but remember the safe side of ten.

Opening the Car Window.

Maybe a man feels happy and proud and flattered and envied and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window on a railway car, and he jumps up and gets in ahead of the other boys and says, "Allow me?" Oh, so courteously, and she says, "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of the seat and tackles the window in a knowing way with one hand, if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist, but it kind of holds on, and he takes hold with both hands, but it sort of doesn't let go to any alarming extent, and then he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle a "leetle" closer into place, and then he comes around and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance and he grapples that window and bows up his back and tugs and pulls and sweats and grunts and strains and his hat falls off and his suspender buttons fetch loose, and his vest buckle parts and his face gets red and his feet slip and people laugh, and irreverent young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts and cry out, "Now then, all together," as if in mockery, and he bursts his collar button at the forward button and the pretty young lady vexed at having been made so conspicuous says in her iciest manner, "Oh, never mind, thank you. It doesn't make any difference," and then calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself together and reads a book upside down—oh doesn't he feel good, just? Maybe he isn't happy, but if you think he isn't, don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't want it.—*Hawkeye.*

PUTTING CHILDREN TO BED.—Not with a reproof for any of that day's sin of omission or commission. Take any other time but bedtime for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing and sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come all too soon when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them Give them their rosy youth. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love, not one.

A recipe for making lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if any one could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

FARM NOTES.

Feed fowls systematically two or three times a day summer and winter.

Young cows do not give as rich milk as those of a mature age. A lean cow gives poor milk and a fat one rich.

There is nothing better for a fertilizer of grape vines than ground bones. It seems to afford the vine and the fruit just the elements they require.

Poor soils yield their best results in seasons of slow, but continued growth, the crop having a longer time to collect the scanty supply of food which the soil contains. In hot seasons, with an early harvest, only soils well supplied with food can produce full crops.

The over-stocking of land is one of the surest methods of ruining pastures. Many farmers cannot be made to believe that they are getting the full benefit of a pasture unless the grass is eaten off a little faster than it has time to grown; consequently, all who put this method in practice always have bare pastures and poor cattle.

"Whatever may be the character of your soil you will never regret planting the Geswick Codlia, writes a correspondent of The London Journal of Horticulture. The same may be said of it here, for it is one of the few Scotch (or English) apples that will endure all the trials of our skies without flinching somewhere. It is the earliest bearer, and one of the most satisfactory varieties in every particular for culinary use during the summer. The tree is naturally dwarf, but narrow and erect as any pear, and never fails to show plump fruit buds on its last year's growth. All this fits it peculiarly for a place in every garden of limited size, when the space can be afforded for a few trees.

A correspondent of the New York Sun names the following remedy for fruit trees that are troubled with borers:

The fact is well known that all or nearly all the bearing peach trees are more or less infected by the borer, a destructive white worm or grub about an inch in length, which bores into the bodies of the trees, and attacks the roots also, causing serious injury to the trees and their ultimate destruction. The presence of the borer is always indicated by the gum found on the trees.

The writer (who has had many years experience in matters pertaining to fruit trees) would in good faith earnestly recommend to peach growers generally the free use of sulphur in reclaiming their trees in the following manner, viz.: Bore one or more holes in each tree, say one or two feet from the ground, two or three inches in depth, according to the diameter of the tree, with a three-quarter inch augur, then fill the flowers of sulphur, and solidly plug each hole with a pine plug, and saw it off close to the body of the tree. A careful examination of the roots of the trees should also be made, and the grubs found under the bark removed. A half bushel of wood ashes should be spread around the base of each tree. In the absence of wood ashes, use lime as a substitute. This work should be done early in the spring, before sap begins to ascend from the roots, the reason for which must be apparent to all.

The near approach of spring, as indicated not alone by the calendar, but by the bright skies and high temperature that so generally prevail, will admonish the flock owner that the season for his early harvest is near at hand. If he has not already provided such conveniences and necessities as will ensure the comfort and enhance the health and thrift of the lambs, upon which so large a portion of his profit depends, he should lose no more time in perfecting such arrangements. A lamb once on his feet, and well filled with its mother's milk, has escaped half the risk of lambhood, as is ready to grow and thrive; while its less fortunate associates are overcoming the backsets resulting from being chilled and hungry by reason of the oversight or carelessness of their owners. At this time, the shepherd cannot be overkind to the ewes, provided his attentions are reasonably bestowed. Comfort they must have; luxuries, if such can be secured, they will well repay—such luxuries as an occasional run over the pasture on bright days, a chance to nibble in the rye field, with extra articles of food when these are within reach.

TEACH THE BOYS ABOUT IT.—At home and at school the boys should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the process of human life. First, they should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital tissues—that it never enters into the elements of the structure; second, they should be taught that it disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get no help from it that can be relied upon; they should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, and debases the feelings; fourth, they should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly formed by those who use it, which destroys the health, injures the character, and in millions of instances becomes ruinous to fortunes, and to all the high interests of the soul; fifth, they should be taught that crime and pauperism are directly caused by alcohol.

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended her "treasure;" but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

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