EASTON GAZETTE.

[WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

WORK FOR JUNE.

If the country generally has been visited with the same series and quantities of rains as have fallen to the lot of farmers in this region, we apprehend that much corn yet remains to be planted, and that much of the seed that has been put in the earth has rotted through the excess of moisture and the absence of heat; while in other locations owing to the long continued and soaking rains the cut worms have been rife in destroying the plants which had come up. It is, however, fortunate, that providence in the allotment of our climate has so far favored us, that there is yet time enough left to the provident to prepare his ground if that still remains to be done, put in his seed, and make a crop. In saying this we do not speak at random, but advisedly, for we recollect very distinctly that some ten years ago we did not finish getting in our crop of corn till the 2d of June, and yet realized a very fair return for the toil and sweat we expended in its cultivation. We mention the fact in order that none may despond, and that all who may not have got their corn in may busy themselves to get through their labors, and be animated by the confident hope of meeting a generous reward both in *quantity* and *price*. Of the first we do not entertain the least fear if the ground be either naturally rich, or well manured, provided the corn be kept clean during its growth; nor are we less sanguine of the latter unless the altered relations of our country should interrupt the auspicious prospect of a growing European appetite for corn bread.

With these prefatory remarks we will turn to the details of what should be done

ON THE FARM.

Corn.—We have already said that it is still in season to plant, and we will add the sooner the crop is pitched the greater will be the chance of success. We have so often laid before our readers our views with respect to the proper plan of cultivating this first of all grain crops, that it would be superfluous to repeat them, and we will content ourselves with the office of laying down a few general rules for the observance of those who may be ambitious to harvest a generous yield—plough deep—pulverize the ground thoroughly and until the tilth be as fine as roller & harrow can make it—manure liberally—and keep the plants clean from their first breaking ground until the crop be laid by taking care not to lacerate the roots with the plough after the first working, as every such laceration tends to curtail product. If owing to circumstances, there should be any corn-grower who may not have it in his power to put in a full measure of manure at the time he commits his seed to the earth let him bear in mind that a half shovel full at the first or second hilling, if given to the hill will promote the growth of the plants and ensure the formation of grain, and the more especially may he rely upon these effects, if to his manure he adds but the slightest traces of ashes and plaster, the first to combine with and convert silex into the silicate of potash, and the latter to attract and husband ammonia.

Fall Potatoes.—It is full time for every one who desires to succeed with this excellent root to be getting his ground ready for planting. So far as our experience goes we feel justified in saying that the early planted most always succeed best and yields the heaviest crop. As the rot has despoiled many a thrifty farmer of a moiety at least, if not more of his anticipated product, we would advise all to use preventive means. These are to be found in a soak made of salt and copperas, in which the potatoes should be immersed for a few hours, and as the sets are cut they should be dried in lime or plaster. Should fears be entertained of the disease, at the time of the first working, a mixture of lime and salt, in the proportion of 2 bushels of the former to one of the latter, should be sown over the hills or rows. The quantities named will be sufficient for an acre, but let no one deceive himself with the conceit that he can make a good crop of potatoes unless he shall give them a full dose of manure, and keep them clean until they are in blossom; for they delight in cleanliness and fat diet. If the barn yard does not contain a supply of manure, a very good substitute may be found in the woods-mould, which should be aided by being mixed with, say half a bushel of lime to each cart-load, which should be thoroughly incorporated together.

Milch Cows.—In a good pasture, the farmer, who may be so fortunate as to have one, has an ample resource for his cows to feed upon during summer and early fall but as it is the interest of all who may desire to have good supplies of butter, cream and milk through the winter & early spring so should it be their duty to take time by the forelock and lay the ground work of securing to themselves succulent food during these periods. Two acres in beets, carrots, or parsnips would furnish a dairy of 20 cows with a feed or two a day from the middle of November til the last of April which provided the cows be warmly quartered would keep them well to the pail.—

It is a fact which cannot be too strongly impressed upon every farmer, that a warm stable and a good bed for his cows will save at least one-third of the usual quantity of food.

Pumpkins—Though it is full late, pumpkins may still be planted with a certainty of their growing and ripening. Therefore put in an acre to feed your hogs and milch cows in early fall. But recollect that they require a rich loam, or sand, and to have plenty of nutritive manure given them.

Ruta Bagas.—It is time to get in this excellent root. Let the *seed* be soaked twelve hours in oil of some kind before being planted, as you drain off the oil dry them in lime, ashes, or plaster. They are cultivated like all other roots—in drills.

Mangel-wurtzel and Sugar Beet.—We have ever been the advocate of root culture and each succeeding year's experience but serves to justify the correctness of our opinion upon this subject, for we have so often witnessed the fact that comfort always abounded in that farmer's family who had been provident enough to grow roots to feed his milch kine through winter. We therefore, seize the occasion to state that the present is the time to put in these roots. In the preparation of the seed, we would prescribe the same treatment as we have for that of Ruta-baga.

Carrots and *Parsnips.*—This is a good period to put in these old fashioned but excellent roots and let us be indulged with the remark; that he who desires to have rich milk and butter through the winter, should by all means put in as much ground as will enable him to give to each of his cows in milk a peck night and morning, of either the one or the other of them. By attending to our advice now, you may enable your good lady to supply your table throughout the winter with butter as delicious as that noted as May butter. Corn stalks and marsh hay as winter food for milch-cows, may answer indifferently well to keep the skin and bones together, but he that delighteth in rich, high flavored butter, must, to be gratified in winter, add, by way of an anchovy, something of a more succulent and milk secreting nature—these elements may be found in pumpkins and beets and perhaps, more especially in parsnips and carrots.

Millet.—There are we know many who raise but little hay, and chiefly rely upon fodder for their horses, and corn tops and shucks for their cattle. To all such we would observe, that millet, if grown in a rich loamy soil, or one enriched by manure will yield from 3 to 4 tons of good hay to the acre. Besides the hay it will give some fifteen or twenty bushels of grain, which if ground makes most excellent food for either horses or milch cows. The time of sowing it is from the 10th to the 20th of this month; the quantity of seed to the acre is half a bushel.

Broadcast Corn.—To provide against short commons for your milch cows in the parched pastures of August, prepare an acre or two of ground, by manuring it with a heavy hand, plough deep and spare not the harrow, and then sow upon each acre 4 bushels of corn, harrow it in well and pass the roller over it. By so doing you may enable yourself to yard your milch cows from the beginning of August till frost comes with an assurance that your patch of broadcast corn will keep them deeply to the pail while you will be largely adding to your stock of manure. But before you begin to yard your cows, cover it with some six inches of mould and leaves, from the woods and take the trouble to add two or three inches of the same materials every two or three weeks. By doing so, by frost time you will have a stock of the very best manure.

Clover.—The best way to make good clover hay and prevent the leaves from falling off, is to cut when fresh in blossom, cure it in cocks and salt it in the mow, in the proportion of a peck to the ton.

Turnips.—It is too early to sow the winter crop of turnips, but not a day too soon to begin to provide the manure to put them in with. Have you a full supply on hand? No: then send your cart into the woods and haul in as much leaves and mould as will make a good big pile—spread this, cover it with an equal quantity of cow dung mix the whole thoroughly together, put it in heap turn it over twice before you mean to use it and when you are about to sow your turnip seed, mix with each 20 cart loads, 10 bushels of ashes or lime. When your turnip plants, *first* come up, sow over them each morning, while the dew is on the ground lime enough to dust the plants, until they get into the rough leaf, and you bid defiance to the fly. Make a point to sow your turnip seed from the 20th to the 26th of July, and you will be sure to get a good crop, provided you give to the earth plenty of manure.

Buckwheat.—Be sure to have a patch of this, and when you are threshing out the grain, take care of the straw, as it makes a most excellent hay for milch cows.

Harvest Tools.—See that these are in the very order, and you can lay your hands upon them.

Horticultural.

Cabbage Plants.—Plants of every variety must be set out, and in the preparation of the bed, be sure to have it well manured deeply dug and thoroughly raked.

Cauliflowers—It is time that the early planted should have their leaves bent over to encourage heading. Late plants must be set out.

Melons.—See that these be kept clean. Draw the earth up around the stem as high as the seed leaves. If they should be infested with bugs, make a mixture of equal parts, of flour of Sulphur, Soot and Scotch Snuff; sow this over the plants and it will drive off the bugs.

Beans.—Plant a bed to come up when the earlier planted ceases to afford a supply for your table.

Peas.—Sow a few rows of Marrow-fats for a late supply.

Pickles.—All vegetables intended for pickles should now be planted.

Cantalopes for Mangoes.—Plant these any time after the 10th inst.

Lettuce.—Set out your plants to loaf, and sow seed for a successive crop.

Small Salading of every kind may now be sown.

Radishes.—Sow Radish seed at intervals of two weeks during this and the next month.

Beets.—It is not too late to sow beet-seed, so drill in a bed, and be sure to get genuine blood-beet seed.

Early Turnips.—Sow a bed of these.

Okla, Egg Plants & Tomatoes.—Keep these clean from weeds and the ground well stirred.

Herbs—Medicinal & Pot—This is a good time to set these out. Select a rainy day to do so.

Fruit Trees.—Wash them in a weak solution of potash, or lye. In addition to this, empty your soap suds around the body of your trees.

Pepper Plants.—The sooner pepper plants are set out the better.

Cold Starch for Linen.—There is economy in stiffening the collars and wristbands of shirts with unboiled starch.—Take as much of the best raw starch as will fill a common tumbler, or a half-pint cup. Fill it nearly up with very clear cold water. Fill it well with a spoon, pressing out all the lumps, till you get it thoroughly dissolved. Next add a teaspoonful of salt to prevent its sticking. Pour it into a broad earthern pan, and add gradually a pint of clear cold water and stir and mix it well. Do not boil it.

The shirts having been washed and dried dip the wrist bands into this starch, and then squeeze it out. Between each dipping, stir it up with a spoon. Then sprinkle the shirts and fold or roll them up with the collars and wristbands folded evenly, inside. They will be ready in an hour.

This quantity of cold starch is sufficient for the collars of a dozen of shirts. Ladies' collars may be done also with cold starch, if the muslin is not very thin.

Miss Leslie's Magazine.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE DAY.—An old lady the other day in paying her fare on the Harlem Railroad cars was handed a bright Mexican dollar of recent coinage by Mr. Marks, the agent in making change for a bill. She looked at the dollar for an instant, and then handed it back rather spitefully. "What is the matter, good lady?" said Mr. Marks. "Don't you like the money?" "No, I don't." was the answer.—"And why not? is it not good?" said Mr. Marks. "You see," said the old lady, "we've got into a war with them infernal Mexicans, and their money won't be good for nothing now." Mr. Marks put the Mexican shiner in his pocket, and handded his customer a one dollar "promise to pay" of Beach's Plainfield Bank. She was satisfied, and Mr. Marks passed along.—*White Plains Journal.*

GEN. WASHINGTON.—The venerable Colonel Johnson, of Piqua Ohio, has been publishing in one of the Cincinnati papers a series of "Recollections," running back sixty years. Among them is the following anecdote of Washington.

Washington's last vote. At the general election in Virginia in 1799, this great and good man went to Fairfax Court House to give his vote. The *viva voce* custom is the law of that Commonwealth. Having entered the Court house, he addressed the Judge as follows: "Gentlemen,—I vote on the side of order—I vote the Federal ticket, and then gave in the name of his candidates. This information I had from J. W. Bronaugh, a gentleman raised in Fairfax County.

ROYAL FEET WASHING.—It is stated in our foreign papers that on the 9th of March the Queen of Spain went through the annual ceremony of washing the feet of twelve poor men and women, and then waited on them at table. The ceremony took place in the Hall of Columns. Maria Christina and the Infanta went through the same functions at the table of twelve poor women.—The grandees & officers of the household attended. The hall and galleries were open to the public. There were not fewer than 2,000 candidates for the honor of being served by the Queen. The *design* of this "annual ceremony" is not mentioned, but we presume it is intended to show after that fashion crowned heads sometimes "ape humility."

From Graham's Magazine for June.

WORTH AND BEAUTY.

BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

Mr Edward Neland had the good luck or the misfortune, which ever you choose, to be he own cousin of at least a dozen fine girls. Girls that one might be proud to meet on a winter's morning in Broadway, or a summer's evening at Saratoga bright-eyed, rosy lipped damsels, with merry smiles and soft silken tresses, and—and—bless me! what a task to portray a dozen fine girls at once, a thing my poor every-day goose-quill can never accomplish, I am certain, and so suffice it, that Ned had loved and flirted with them all, or nearly all, and at twenty-five was still a bachelor.

While Ned was still in college, his cousin Helen came out. There was a deal of beauty in the Neland family, particularly among the female portion of it, and Helen was a decided belle, *the* belle of the season perhaps; and Edward Neland worshipped her with all the enthusiasm of a first love the purest, holiest passion of man's heart. But Helen's smiles were not for him; her hopes of conquest soared higher than merely the hum-drum affection of a boy-lover & while he was sighing his heart away over his books, or weaving sonnets "to his mistress' eyebrow," she became the wife of a southerner, and there was an end of poor Ned's day-dream.

Fanny came next, but Edward had never really *loved* Fanny, it was only a *smitation*, as Webster or some one else hath it, a side-thrust of Cupid, which proved only a scratch, and when she chose to refuse his invitation to a sleigh ride, and accept that of Ben Lyde, who drove a splendid pair of grays, why, Ned consoled himself with a cigar and a merrier male companion, and after being mad with Fan for a week or two, thought no more about the matter There was Carry, too, pretty Carry Lindsay, the veriest little flirt in Christendom, whose step was like a fay's, whose cheek made one think of June roses, and her mouth—such a mouth!—reminded you of all sorts of delicious things. Ned fell half in love with Carry when she was sweet sixteen, and he danced with her at the first ball she ever attended: Wasn't he proud of his pretty partner? And didn't his heart keep tune to the music that night? In fact, I know not what might have happened, but Ned discovered, just in time, that she did not care a fig for him, and so *that* romance was given to the winds. What an unfortunate fellow!

But Ned had other cousins. Kate, a black-eyed creature, with a step like Juno, and a shower of jetty ringlets, that served to shade, without concealing, a pair of dimples, so deep they seemed fit hiding places for Love. There was Emma, but Emma was literary, a bas blue, a scribbler for annuals and the magazines; Ned had a horror of literary ladies a decided aversion; he liked woman in her own sweet sphere of home and home duties, a ministering angel to man; a fireside companion; a dispenser of life's charities; but a woman who wrote—regular book maker, bah! he couldn't endure one, so he turned, as we may, to Harriet and Sophy, because they were sensible girls, but not exactly bookish. Harriet and Sophy were what is styled *clever*, excellent housekeepers, quite celebrated for preserves and pickles, and famous for delicious cruders and oily-cooks, at Christmas. They were not so pretty, perhaps, as some of the Nelands, but every body liked them, and dropped in at his uncle's of an evening, he found them sitting with their needlework in such a cheerful parlor, there wasn't another like it in all New York: Harriet ready at his first request to play and sing, and as to Sophy, who she was always ready for a waltz, and didn't mind waltzing *"with her cousin"* and so they used to twirl about for awhile, and then sit down round the fire and chat, till the old gentleman would say, "Sophy, bring out the decanter and some glasses, will you? And the basket of apples, too, Sophy. And, Sophy, some of the pie I saw you making this morning." And off trips Sophy, and in a few minutes in comes little black Joe, with a tea-board, and his young mistress all smiles behind him, with a bunch of keys in her hand; and Joe sets the tray upon the table; and Harriet cuts the pie; and Sophy helps papa and mama, and cousin Ned is told to help himself; and while they are eating, cracking jokes as well as nuts, and drinking the girls' health, the clock strikes ten, or it may be eleven, and it is time to be gone, and Ned often asked himself after one of those social evenings, what there was about them that he likes so much.

Ned was, as all men are, I suppose, an admirer, nay, a worshipper of beauty, with the most susceptible heart that any poor young gentlemen was ever troubled with, the most romantic, vexatious, lovemaking heart in the world; every bright eye shot an arrow which pierced it, and every handsome face left its impress there, as surely as if that heart had been formed of white wax, rather than of real flesh and blood.—He knew every pretty girl in Broadway, and scarcely a day passed that he had not a new flame, or did not imagine himself smitten with some smiling damsel, more lovely than the last. Ned, too, was a tolerably good looking fellow himself. It must be confessed, that is, when he did not disfigure his countenance with a most garish mustache, and so he was considerably in demand with his pretty cousins whenever there was a party on the tapis.—Fanny, and Kate, and Carry, and even Emma, occasionally claimed his services as an escort, and could you have peeped into his escritoir, you would have found numberless little notes running somewhat thus—"Mrs. B. gives a charming party tonight, Cousin Ned, and we are to bring our beaux; of course you are one of them," etc.; or, "Your beauless cousin, Carry, dear Ned, will be exceedingly obliged, if you will escort her this evening to Mrs. D's soiree." And upon these occasions Ned could not say nay for his life, and the girls knew he would not when they asked him. What a grand thing it is to be a favorite.

But one September, as ill-luck would have it Ned was seized with a sporting mania; so with fowling piece, game bag, and pointer, off he started a pedestrian expedition into Jersey. Now the merits or demerits of the case, whether young gentlemen thus accoutered *should* go about the country, popping at all the innocent little birds they see, is a subject which at present we need not pause to discuss, and I shall merely tell you, that after a three days' ramble, Ned Neland, pretty well tired, and considerably "travel-soiled." made the best of his way to the inn of a certain village, where he called for a hot supper and a bed, and inquired for a gentleman of his own name, who lived somewhere in the vicinity.

Squire Neland so styled by his neighbors, was an uncle of whom Edward knew comparatively but little; the squire having inherited, and passed his days at the old homestead, while his brothers had left the parental roof early in life and formed new homes for themselves, and stronger attachments in New York. The squire was in all respects a man well to do in the world, a farmer on a large scale, a justice of the peace, a violent politician, and a regular good fellow. His opinion was worth something in Jersey at least for twenty miles round and was quoted as setting all questions of importance, either in law or equity. Every body knew the squire, as he knew every body, and when Ned made his enquiries in the public room of the inn that night, there were half a dozen voices to assure him the squire was at home and to direct him by the nearest road to the long, low, antiquated dwelling, beneath the shadow of whose roof-tree the elder branches of the Neland family had gamboled in their infancy and childhood.

Early the next morning, therefore, Ned betook himself to the "old place," where he was heartily welcomed by all, and overwhelmed by questions respecting each and every member of the Neland race. His uncle shook him warmly by the hand, and his aunt wished he had come to them at once, and not spent the night at Jacob Warner's for a more miserable place to lodge at was not to be found any where. Here, too, Ned discovered a bevy of cousins, of both sexes whom he scarcely knew existed until now and among them a hardy youth of sixteen, expert in all manner of wood-craft, who was only too happy to be his companion. How they strolled together all day, and come home to frolic at night, it boots not now to tell, but *this* I must tell you, because it was the pivot upon which the wheel of Ned's fortune turned; that one day while he and Tom Neland were climbing a high wall some of the stones gave way—Ned fell, and with him a huge fragment of rock, and that he was taken up with his leg broken, and carried back to the farm, there to remain for months instead of days.

The whole house, and indeed the whole neighborhood was astir at this disaster.—A doctor was sent for and found at last—old ladies came with lotions and plasters—Aunt Neland, pale with fright drenched him with vinegar—while his cousin Mary held salvolatile to his nose, and bathed his temples with eau de cologne. The leg was set with some difficulty. Mrs. Neland summoned to the bedside of her son—and there lay our hero, with the prospect of a long confinement, endeavoring to be patient, although it was a hard task, and deploring the hour he had left home upon this most unfortunate expedition.

But if his mother, with all the tenderness of her nature, watched over him soothing his anguish, and anticipating his wants, Ned was not without other nurses, nor was any thing left undone by any member of the family, which might tend to pass the time of his imprisonment pleasantly away. Tom slept in the room with him, for Tom had taken a violent fancy to his city cousin, and insisted that if he could do nothing during the day, *he must* be useful at night. His uncle brought him the newspapers, and the political items he could gather, for he and Ned were on the same side in politics, and the squire deemed every man an honest fellow who agreed with him on this point. Then his aunt made the nicest, the very nicest things in the world for him to eat, and his cousin Mary sat with him for an hour or so to read aloud because his mother had requested it, and it made Ned forget his pain and captivity. Now ought any man of common sense to have been discontented in such a situation, even with a broken limb?

This cousin Mary, for it becomes us now to speak of her, was one of your nice girls not striking, not brilliant, not even pretty—no, she wasn't pretty a bit, and of course Ned was in no danger of falling in love with any woman, whose beauty did not at first attract him; so she went very quietly about her daily duties, coming to his room now and then to inquire about him, and Ned resumed his book when she was gone, and thought of something else. What was a plain country girl to an admirer of Broadway beauties? But shut up a man with only a spider for his companion, and he will become interested in it, and it so happened one day by some unaccountable accident, that Ned made a remarkable discovery, which was that his cousin Mary possessed a peculiarly sweet voice, that "most excellent thing in woman," and soon afterward, he came to the conclusion that she had certainly a pair of soft blue eyes, full of truth and goodness. Whether it was that he was so far removed from all other young ladies—that Kate, & Fan, & Carry, and an hundred more of his divinities were out of the way; or how it chanced exactly, I know not, but so it did occur and he could not help wishing that some clever fellow would offer himself, for Mary would make a sweet little nurse, and notable housekeeper, and all that sort of thing never dreaming that he might perhaps secure such a treasure, to lighten with her presence his own fireside; and when his mother talked of Mary's good qualities, and said in return for all the kindness they had received, she should invite her niece to spend some time with them in N. York Edward merely answered "Very well ma'am I shall be glad if you do," and returned to his book again. Cousin Mary was nothing more to him than a kind relative, that was certain.

By and by our invalid was enabled to leave his room and get into the parlor.—how delightful it was to be once more one of the family circle to meet them all at the merry evening meal; when uncle Neland's mirth inspiring laugh was awakened by Tom's jokes or Ned's witticism—where aunt Neland poured out the tea in large generous cups, and little Sue dropped in the sugar by way of helping along. Ned began to fancy he should like a country life almost as well as he did country fare. Here too, our hero made still further discoveries in his cousin Mary's character.—He saw her with her parents, such a dutiful daughter; with her brothers and sisters, so kind and gentle; with her friends, so courteous and attentive. Every day brought some new excellence to light, which far outweighed the want of personal charms. Personal charms! why she wasn't a plain looking girl after all—Ned's opinion was changing—hadn't she blue eyes and white teeth? and if her mouth was rather large was it not garnished with smiles? and was not her hair smooth and glossy? What a sophist had Ned become.—But there was one thing which annoyed him a little though he could not exactly tell why, and that was, the frequent visits of just such a clever fellow as he had wished his cousin Mary might fall in with. A handsome fellow, too, who bore the stamp of nature's true nobility in form and feature, with a well lined purse to boot; a desideratum in those days as well as now. These visits decided the fate of our hero. A man can stand anything better than a rival, and so one morning, when his mother & aunt were out visiting, and he and Mary were left *tete a tete* in the parlor, Ned popped the question. He did n't go down on one knee because he could n't but he just told her that he loved her better than any thing else in the world, and could not be happy without her.

I believe ladies seldom make any response upon these interesting occasions, at least Mary did not, but she suffered him to retain the hand he held, and when she looked up, those gentle blue eyes were full of tears, and Ned kissed them away, and Mary did not forbid him.

"What strange things come to pass sometimes," said fair Carry Lindsay, as she and Fanny Neland were strolling down Broadway, about six months after this. "Who would have thought, Fan, that cousin Ned with all his boasted love of beauty, would have married such a plain girl"

"Who, indeed?" said Fanny. "He who was such a worshipper of female charms, and once declared that his wife should be the most beautiful creature in the world."

"All men are alike, said Miss Lindsay," with a toss of her pretty head, "and are sure to do the very thing they once abjured.—You never heard a man rave about beauty in your life, who did not in the end marry a fright."

"And Ned has not proved an exception to so general a rule," replied her cousin, laughing. "Now if Mary had been rich we might perhaps say that he had found something better than a pretty face

And Fanny Neland was right, though not exactly in the sense in which she intended—for Ned acknowledges that his plain little wife is worth a dozen sparkling belles, and that he has found something far superior to beauty, in her good understanding and warm affections. Something that will last, when time, with ruthless finger has stolen the roses from the cheek, and turned each shining tress to gray.

TABLE CIVILITIES.—"Shall I help you to some butter?" said a landlady of a cheap boarding-house, to one of her guests.

"Don't trouble yourself," was the reply, "the butter is plenty strong enough to help itself."

A GOOD story is told of professor Humphrey, of Amherst college. One morning, before recitation, some of the students fastened a live goose on the president's chair. When he entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat he turned upon his heel and coolly observed: "Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies."

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