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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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FAITH.

A swallow in the spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day, she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
Yet, not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and, last night, bearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man,—
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'er cast thy purpose, trust, or plan,
Have FAITH, and struggle on!

R. S. ANDROS.

(From the (Baltimore) Family Journal.

THE MAIMED HAND.

A STORY OF THE ROAD.

BY PERCY GARNETT.

SOME years ago, the village of Castleton, in Vermont, was thrown into a state of great consternation by various robberies which were committed in the neighborhood.—Scarcely any person left the village after nightfall who was not stopped and dispossessed of all his money and valuables. This state of things had been going on for two or three weeks when I reached the village in question, and took up my abode at the White Heart tavern, the chief inn in the place. It was the middle of December and intensely cold, so that I was very glad to take a seat near the large stove, which served to heat the bar-room—not that any liquor was sold there, for the Maine Law was in force—and I remember very well I was compelled to be very sick that night to procure some extremely ordinary brandy from the agent; and even then it was only by pathetically dwelling on my condition, and by twisting my unfortunately healty-looking face into the contortions of physical pain that I succeeded in my object.

But to return to the bar-room; it was filled with a motley group. There were the select men of the place there, there was Sir Oracle there, and there was the argumentative man there. It was really very amusing to hear their conversation; it touched on a hundred different subjects: politics, religion, and on Farmer Style's pigs; but at last it came down to the grand topic—the recent robberies. On this theme every one had something to say, and it was strange that nearly all agreed in the same particulars. It seems that every body who had been robbed had been stopped by two men who wore masks. No violence had been done any one who made no resistance, but one or two persons who had disputed the robber's right to their property, had been hardly dealt with, having been dreadfully beaten. The conversation on this topic was kept up till late in the evening. It appeared that every effort had been made to discover the offenders, but every scheme had proved in vain, and even the New York detective officer, who had been engaged to ferret out the criminals, had returned home, giving it up in despair

The whole affair made considerable impression on my mind, and I retired to bed with my thoughts full of it. I determined in my own mind, that I would make an effort to discover the criminals. From all that I had heard, I felt certain that the robbers were inhabitants of the village, for it appeared they always addressed the persons they robbed by their real names, showing that they knew them intimately; they always, however, used a feigned voice.

The next day I went from tavern to tavern in the village, and took care to let the fact be known casually in conversation that I was going to Whitehall that night, a distance of some miles from Castleton. When I mentioned the matter to the landlord of the White Heart, he used every argument to persuade me not to do it, but I was inflexible. I told him that my business was imperative, not hinting of course my real motive.

Soon after sunset I ordered my horse and buggy round, and taking only five dollars with me and no weapon of any kind—for I intended to make no resistance—I started on my journey.

It was a bitter cold night and intensely dark. For the first five miles nothing occurred to rouse my suspicions, and I was really afraid I had taken my trouble for nothing, when I heard footsteps in advance of me. I was going very slowly, little more than walking, in fact. I was suddenly aware that some one had seized my horse's rein, and immediately afterwards a man jumped upon the shafts of my buggy, and I saw the barrel of a pistol gleam before my eyes.

"Your money, sir!" exclaimed a gruff voice.

"Certainly," I returned. "I have not got much about me, but what I have you are welcome to."

So saying, handed over my five dollars. The robber was evidently disappointed, and insisted on searching me. This over he was more satisfied.

"You are the stranger recently come to White Heart?" said he, evidently in a feigned voice.

"I am."

"I suppose you expected you would be stopped, and that's why you did not bring more money with you."

"You have guessed the truth," I returned. "Well, we can't get blood out of a post, so I suppose we must be satisfied.—Good night."

"Good night! You have stopped my journey to-night. It is of no use me going on to Whitehall without any money. I must return to Castleton."

"Sorry to have inconvenienced you.—Good night!"

"Good night!" I repeated, and turning my horse round, started for the village I had quitted.

I had endeavored while talking with the high wayman to penetrate his disguise, but had been unable to do so. The mask he wore entirely concealed his face, and his voice was perfectly strange to me. I had not been able, owing to the darkness of the night, to catch even a glimpse of the man's form who held the horse.

I soon made up my mind what to do. I felt more certain than ever that the robbers were inmates of the village, and I determined that I would proceed to the entrance of the village and watch them until they should return, and then follow them to their place of rendezvous.

As soon as I reached the first house, I tied my horse and buggy in a neighboring wood, and took my station against the cottage of which I have just spoken. I stood in the shadow of the entrance, and leaned somewhat heavily against the door-way, for the purpose of resting myself. While in this position the door yielded to my weight and flew wide open. I listened attentively; not a sound could be heard in the dwelling, and I supposed it was uninhabited.—The thought then struck me that it would be an excellent place to watch from. I resolutely entered, and closing the door after me, stationed myself at the window which looked into the road: this I opened cautiously, and found that it was impossible any body could pass along the road without my being aware of the fact.

An hour might have elapsed, and I began to grow somewhat tried—the cold undoubtedly having something to do with it, for the wind blew very keenly through the open window. At last I heard a sound of footsteps; every minute they grew more distinct, and I felt certain these were the robbers approaching. I could even see their dusky forms in the darkness; but what was my horror when I found them actually approaching the house in which I was stationed.

To creep away from the window was the work of a moment, and on my hands and knees I reached a large cupboard placed in a recess of the room, which I had previously noticed. I had barely time to ensconce myself within and close the door when the front door opened and two robbers entered.

"How infernally cold it is here!" said one of them. "Where are the matches?"

"I the cupboard, on the shelf," replied his companion.

I trembled in every limb, for the cupboard referred to must be the one in which I was concealed. Despite the cold weather, my body was bathed in perspiration when I heard one of the robbers approaching my place of concealment. I drew myself into the smallest possible space in one corner, and could actually hear my own heart beat. The robber opened the cupboard door; I held my breath. As luck would have it, the first thing he put his hand on was the box of matches. He closed the cupboard door again, and I felt comparatively speaking safe.

I saw in a moment or two a light gleaming through the chinks of the cupboard door.

"What did you leave the window open for when you went out?" said one of the men.

"I didn't leave it open," said the other.

"Yes you did."

"I say I didn't," replied the other."

"Well, how is it that it's open now."

"I don't know, unless you left it open yourself."

"Well, it's no use arguing about the matter, it is open now," said the first speaker, shutting it down.

To my joy I found that neither of them suspected that any one had entered during their absence. I now peeped through the key-hole, and had a distinct view of the two men. One of them was tall and powerful, the other was slighter built; but to my extreme chagrin they neither of them removed the masks from their faces, so that after all I was not much better off as to recognizing them than before. One fact, however, immediately struck me, the tallest of the robbers *had a thumb wanting on one of his hands.* I treasured this fact in my memory.

"Now then to business," said the smallest of the two men; "what's our booty to-night?"

"Well, there's five dollars we took from the stranger, a gold watch we took from Farmer Styles, and the two rings we took from his wife."

"We had better hide the watch and the rings and divide the money."

"That's soon done; here's two dollars and a half; and now to conceal the other things."

So saying the tallest robber went to a particular plank in the floor and raising it up, revealed to me a deep hole which appeared to be filled with valuables. He concealed the watch and ring in this hiding place, and then replaced the plank. This done, he resumed his seat.

"I tell you what it is," said the younger robber, "this gospel dodge is a good one."

"You are right there," returned the other one, "it disarms all suspicion. But let's have a drink—where's the brandy?"

"The brandy's in the cupboard—I'll get it," returned his companion.

I now gave myself up for lost. The robber approached the door with the lamp. A sudden idea entered my head—it was the only thing left for me to do—and it might or might not prove successful.

The moment the door opened, quick as thought I blew out the light before the man had time to look in.

"Drot the draught!" he exclaimed,

Again I held my breath. Without waiting to relight the lamp the man groped about on the shelf, and to my joy found the bottle he was seeking. He closed the door and again the lamp was lighted.

I now hoped that they would remove their masks for the purpose of drinking, but again I was disappointed. They merely slightly lifted them up, and I did not catch the slightest glimpse of their features.

After drinking considerably, they took up their hats and left the house. When they had gone half an hour I also left, making my exit by the window. I proceeded to my inn, in my buggy as if nothing had occurred.

In reply to the interrogations of my landlord I was silent and he supposed that nothing had happened. I had formed my own plan, and knew that to carry it out successfully it was necessary that I should be as discreet as possible, so I kept my own counsel.

The next day was Sunday, and at breakfast mine host asked me if I intended to go and hear the next Baptist preacher who had lately appeared in the village. I was informed that he was now on trial, which meant he was preaching before the congregation to see if they would like him for their regular pastor. The landlord stated that he would be chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late pastor.

The old gentleman expatiated so much in praise of this new preacher that I determined I would go and hear him; and at the appointed hour found myself one of a large congregation. The preacher ascended the pulpit; he was a fine tall, handsome looking man, and possessed a sonorous voice.

For some time nothing struck me as peculiar in his appearance, when he suddenly stretched forth his hand in exhortation, and I almost leaped out of my pew with excitement. *On that hand was no thumb.* In a moment I knew that the highway robber was before me, and his voice immediately became familiar to me. That mysterious phrase which his companion had addressed to him in the cottage namely, "this gospel dodge is a good one," explained every thing.

I waited until the service was concluded, and could but admire the consummate impudence and hypocrisy of the fellow. The service over, I walked quietly into the vestry and before all the deacons and magnates of the church, placed my hand on his shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Rev. Jabez Clarke, I arrest you for highway robberry!"

The fellow turned pale and white by turns and at first attempted a faint denial, but when I rehearsed a little of what took place in the cottage he gave in. His accomplice who was considered a respectable man in the village, was arrested the same day, and they are both now undergoing a sentence of imprisonment for life in the State Prison.

Most of the property they had taken was discovered in their hiding place, and returned to their rightful owners.

Thrilling Adventure of a Sea Captain-Washed Overboard and Swims Ten Miles.

The Norfolk Day Book of Monday says: Capt. John Doughty, of Cobb's Island, Northampton, Va., was washed overboard opposite the new light House, on Smith's Island, when about five miles at sea, in a northeast storm on Tuesday last, the 19th ult., at five o'clock in the morning. He swam to Smith's Island and attempted to land, was unable to do so, on account of the heavy breakers. He then swam to the southern end of the Island, and was in the breakers for four hours, which were continually breaking over him, and washing him nearly to the bottom; about this time he caught a small piece of drift wood, which was insufficient to sustain him, but assisted him in keeping above water. He lashed himself to this stick with his cravat which was soon chafed in two—he was then left unsupported. About this time a schooner hove in sight, and came within a half mile of him. He then swam up North Channel and attempted to land on Wm. Knight's shoals. A strong current, however, frustrated his efforts here, and he then swam up and attempted to land on Linnen Bar, and was again prevented by the current.

The force of this current kept him in North Channel until he reached Chesapeake Bay. After getting well inside the Capes; he was picked up at one o'clock P. M., off Fisherman's inlet by Captain Conklin, of the schooner ——, and taken into Alexandria. When rescued he was almost exhausted, and it is supposed he could not have lived more than fifteen minutes longer. This is the most remarkable case on record; for any one acquainted with the coast will admit that he must have swam from ten to fifteen miles. Captain Doughty arrived here in the Jenny Lind, Captain Wm. McCown, yesterday, and left for home in the steamer Coffee this morning, where he will appear like one risen from the dead, since it was reported that he was drowned. It was a fortunate circumstance that the tide was running in at the time for had it set the other way he would have been carried to sea and lost forever.

What's in a Kiss!

"Mother, mother. Kiss!" pleaded a little cherub boy, with blue eyes, anxiously searching his mother's unusually serious face, as she tenderly laid him upon his soft warm bed, and lovingly folded the snowy drapery about him. "*Do* kiss me, mother!" and the rosy lips began to tremble, the tear drops to gather in the pleading upturned eyes, and the little bosom heaved with struggling emotion.

"My little son has been naughty to-day," replies the mother, sadly: 'how can I kiss those lips that have spoken such angry words?"

Too much, too much! Dutiful mother, repent! The little heart is swelling, breaking with grief, tumultuous sobs break from their agitated bosom: the snow-white pillow is drenched with penitent tears, and the little dimpled hand is extended so imploringly.—Relent.

'Tis enough! Once more the little head is pillowed upon the maternal bosom—once more the little cherub form is pressed to that mother's aching heart, and the good night kiss of forgiveness is given two fold tenderer. A few moments and the sobbings cease, the golden head drops, the weary eyelids close, and the little erring one is laid back upon his couch, penitent and humbled by one kiss from mama.

What's in a kiss—a simple kiss? Much, very much! More potent than the sceptre. Who has not felt its magic influence? 'Tis the lover's tender pledge of undying constancy; 'tis a bond of friendship and fidelity, and not only is it dear to the youthful and ardent, but also to old age, to the withered heart and blossomless cheek.

A Morning at the Corn Exchange.

At the corner of Second and Gold streets, Philadelphia, stands an edifice, the second story of which is daily devoted to the transactions of a hundred or two people. There business is attended with little excitement, and not the least display; yet upon it depends the price of bread to every man, woman and child who go to make up the six hundred thousand inhabitants of Philadelphia. Every morning for years past might have been seen many of the same faces that you see there to-day. Ten o'clock brings them to the spot, and twelve o'clock finds the room wholly deserted. In those two hours vast sums of money and ship loads of grain are passed from hand to hand, and the price of bread for the next day thereupon fixed. Enter the room at the business hour, and you find long rows of narrow tables, upon which lie samples of grain, seeds of grasses and clover, flour and meal. The samples are never more than a quart in bulk yet such are the ethics of trade, that whole cargoes are judged alone from this minute representative of their weight and quality. Buyers of seeds and grains, flour dealers, speculators in cereals generally, and sometimes producers themselves, constitute the parties in attendance. You enter the room an idle spectator, and almost feel the necessity of stopping your ears to exclude the buzz of voices

For every one of the multitude is talking simultaneously. Sellers are explaining that wheat must advance, while in the language of the wise men of Isreal. "It is nought, it is nought," saith the buyer, "and straightway he goeth his way and rejoiceth."—The market quotations for the previous day are produced as an argument against advance on the part of the buyer. The seller talks of wars, and "rumors of wars," short crops, drought in the great west, and twenty other reasons why his wheat should bring a dollar sixty-two and a half instead of a dollar sixty. They fail to come to terms, and part each with an air of indifference, until finally the buyer convinces himself that wheat has gone up, and pays accordingly. Sometimes at the Corn Exchange you find men, with lugubrious visage lamenting over a cargo of wheat or corn *heated* in transitu. Grain shipped before being well dried, *heats* when in buik, becomes damp, mildews, and sometimes wholly spoils before reaching market.—The samples look badly, and by regular dealers are eschewed. Yet there is no difficulty in effecting a sale. Some of the bakers turn it to good advantage while distillers are said to convert it into alcohol nearly as plentifully as from sound grain. Damaged flour is also in good demand.—Numerous bakers find even an advantage in mingling two barrels of sour flour with every five barrels of sweet. At the Corn Exchange, providing the discount be ample, it goes off briskly. For sizing purposes, enormous quantities of it are used in the manufacturing districts, while petty bakers correct its acidity by means of alum and alkalis generally, and serve it as superfine bread.

"There are tricks in all trades," if a vulgar proverb is to be credited, and the Corn Exchange is the theatre of some of them. Not that the articles are ever misrepresented there—for if they are not according to sample, transaction is at once repudiated; but in that, like everything else, an intimate knowledge of the business is necessary to ensure success. It is singular how *au fait* in such matters our corn and flour dealers become. To the outside world a barrel of flour, converted by a cent's worth of red paint into "Superfine Genesee," is looked upon as among the best in the market. The flour dealer, however, is independent of the brand. Place a dozen different samples before him, almost with his eyes closed, he will tell you—while you yourself are unable to distinguish one from the other—the minutest shades of difference which distinguish the lots. There are scores of druggists who with difficulty can tell epsom salts from oxalic acid, arsenic from pulverised sulphate of zinc, or morphia from corbonate of soda, except by taste; yet a flour dealer will manipulate a sample of flour, and not only tell you its quality, but the length of time it has been ground, its specific gravity and degree of fineness.

The same rule holds good with respect to wheat and other grains. The buyer weighs the sample in his hands, examines the thickness of the husk, the plumpness of the berry, and makes up his mind just what he will give for it. A new class of buyers of late has sprung up—the lager beer men, who purchase barley in enormous quantities. Most of the barley by them is brought from Canada and Buffalo, but occasionally a load is offered at the Corn Exchange, and if of good quality is eagerly snapped up.

In an hour or two the business of the Corn Exchange is completed. The Secretary ascends his rostrum and calls the assembly to order. The buzzing ceases, and the transactions of the day are read, for every seller gives to the Secretary the quantities he has sold, and in most cases the price also. The sellars then gather up their unsold samples, give orders for the transfer of their sales and both disperse to pursue the avotions of the day.—*North American.*

Dear Laura! when you were a lovely young miss,
And I was your dutiful swain,
Your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss,
Your frowns would overwhelm me with pain;
You were DEAR to me then, love; but now you're my wife,
It is strange the fond tie should be nearer,
For when I am paying your bills, on my life
You seem to get DEARER AND DEARER!

FARMER'S COLUMN.

[*From the Country Gentleman.*]

Meadows—Their Improvement.

WEBSTER defines as, "extended or flat depressed land." JOHNSON says, "a tract of low land, appropriated to the culture of grass." The Encyclopædia Brittanica gives the definition as, "pasture or grass land, annually mown for hay, but *more particularly*, land too moist for cattle to graze on in winter without spoiling the sward."

LOUDON, one of the most eminent and learned agricultural, writers of England, divided meadows into three classes: 'Those on the banks of streams and rivers—those on the uplands or more elevated grounds—and bog meadows."

In regard to the value of the grasses grown on meadows, it may be stated that that produced from river meadows, or bottom valley lands, is far more valuable for all feeding purposes, than that produced from the lower and more marshy places.—The soil of the former class of meadows is deep and rich, having been formed from deposites by the water, or washed down from the higher adjoining lands. The flowing of these lands during the spring and fall rains, causes an immense amount of fertility to be annually formed, thus keeping them in a state of rare productiveness. The upland meadows—as we generally call all mowing lands not classed with the other two—are next in order, and by them we understand, land well adapted for grass, but of a higher and less moist soil. The culture of these require more care, expense and attention, than the former. They demand ample supplies of manure, and will in the course of a few years without very close attention, begin to bind out—and moss being very common to grass land, takes the place of more important herbage, and can only be destroyed by effectual manuring.—This process gives new strength and vitality to the roots of the grass plants, thus making them capable of assuming their rightful position, and suffocating the enemy. Moss is seldom found on rich soil, unless it is very densely shaded by thick trees. Bog meadows are the least valuable of any, and upon many farms are considered as waste land—the cost of drainage being so expensive for them, that it would be considered more profitable to drain better soil, where a quicker and more remunerative compensation would be the result. These bog or peat meadows are commonly in low places, where the soil is completely saturated with water, and thus affording sustenance for the only coarser and more inferior grasses.

The reclaiming and improvement of meadows is a subject of the greatest importance, and closely connected with the best interest of agricultural improvement. To look at this in the proper light, let us refer to statistics. In 1854, Mr. Secretary FLINT stated that the aggregate amount rewarded for reclaiming meadow and swamp lands in Massachusetts, was but $142; for draining but $62, while the amount awarded at exhibitions for objects having no connection with agriculture, such as pin cushions, baby-jumpers and rabbits was no less than $1,591,53!

In this connection, we condense from the "abstract of the Mass. Agricultural Societies for 1855" the statement of Mr. JOSIAH FAY, of Lancaster, who entered for premium ten acres of reclaimed bog meadow. The work of ditching it was first commenced several years previous, and worked upon at intervals till it was completed. The value of the material taken from these ditches, he considered sufficient to pay the expense of digging. In 1852, an acre and a half was plowed and planted with potatoes. The next season it was planted with corn, manuring with compost in the hill, the yield being forty bushels to the acre.—This process was continued with small lots at a time, until the whole was reclaimed, at a total cost of sixty-eight dollars. Much of the meadow now bears two tons of good quality hay to the acre, where before only the coarsest grasses could flourish. B. L. S.

Culture of Asparagus.

MESSRS. EDS.—Late this spring, after potato planting, I sowed a large bed of asparagus seed. They came up well, but I don't understand much about cultivating them. I have carefully looked over every Country Gentleman I have received, but have been disappointed. Will you be kind enough to tell me how I must operate? I sowed a small bed in the garden, and when the sprouts were about five inches out of the ground, I gave them a sprinkling of fine salt. When I came to examine them afterwards, I found I had killed nearly all my sprouts. How much salt must I put on? Must I make a pickle for the young shoots, or use dry? Is liquid manure (cow,) weakened with water, good to manure them with?—And how am I to treat them this fall and winter. CORNELIUS STRYKER.

Asparagus will bear a considerable quantity of salt: we have seen the weeds in the bed all killed by it, while the asparagus flourished luxuriantly, but we cannot state the proper quantity. It is best, of course, to always err, if at all, on the safe side, and begin very moderately. The same sprinkling which killed the young plants, would doubtless have been perfectly safe for older and more deeply established ones. Dry salt soon dissolves and is carried down by rains.

Asparagus plants are usually set out in permanent beds early in spring, when one year old. At this age, if vigorous, they are better than two or three years of slower growth. The soil should be made very rich and should be dug or subsoiled a foot and a half or two feet deep—some say even three feet; but we have found that very deep beds thickly planted, produce smaller shoots than shallower beds, (with the same amount of manure,) with ample room between the plants. In the spring, fork in the manure as soon as the frost disappears.—*Ib.*

The Grape Crop around Cincinnati, Ohio, is said to be the largest ever grown, and estimated as worth $1 000,000.

Pickles.

Kettles lined with porcelain should always be used in preference to those of brass, copper, or bell-metal. The verdigris produced by the vinegar on these metals, is extremely poisonous.

For most kinds of pickles, cold vinegar is the best. By boiling, much of the strength is lost by evaporation—consequently, the pickles are more liable to spoil.

Those requiring hot vinegar poured over them, should remain uncovered until perfectly cold.

Pickles should be kept in either glass or stone jars, and closely covered to exclude the air, otherwise they soon become soft.—A small piece of alum in each jar, will make the pickles firm and crisp. One tablespoonful of sugar to each quart of vinegar, will be found a very great improvement to all pickles.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Throw your peaches, a few at a time, in hot lye, let them remain in it two or three minutes. then put them in clear water, and wipe off all the down.

Make a strong brine, lay them in, and let them stand for two or three days. Place them in jars, and cover with white wine vinegar, and loaf sugar, in the proportion of one quart of vinegar to one pound of sugar. Put them in glass jars, cover close, and keep in a dry, cool place.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Take a peck of tomatoes—the small ones are best—wash them, pierce each one with a fork, put them in a deep pan and sprinkle salt between each layer. Let them stand two days, then rinse them in clear water. Put them in stone jars, cover with vinegar and water in equal parts, and one gill of mustard seed, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of whole all-spice, with two heads of garlic. Separate the garlic and take off the skins. Take the tomatoes out of the vinegar and water, empty the jars; put the pickles into them again alternately with the spices until the jars are three parts full.—Then cover with cold vinegar, and cover close.

PICKLED GREEN TOMATOES.—Puncture the tomatoes with a fork, place them on a dish, and sprinkle with salt. Let them remain for two or three days; then rinse off the salt in clear water; put them in a preserving kittle, cover them with water, which keep scalding hot for one hour; then take them out, let them drain, and put them in jars.

Boil the vinegar, with some cloves, allpice and stick cinnamon. When cold, pour over sufficient to cover them.—*Widdifield's Cook Book.*

CURE FOR A FELON.—Make a thin mortar of soap and the lime—take a thimble with a top to it, fill it with the mortar, and place it directly over the part afflicted—bind it on so as to exclude the air, and renew it once or three hours till it eats through the skin. After that apply a poultice made of flax seed and Indian meal, till the inflammation has subsided. Then dress it with a salve of white pine turpentine, muton tallow and beeswax, equal parts. E. J.

EXTIRPATING WEEDS WITH THE ROLLER.—The use of the roller is said to be a most effective way of killing thistles, mullins, and other large weeds on grass lands. The Genesee Farmer adds: "No doubt the scythe makes a clean sweep; so does the surgeon when he cuts off a leg, but let a crushed limb remain attached to the body, and the end will be mortification and death."

In a far Western town—so they tell me the tale—
A shanty served both a stable and jail.
The judge of the courts was a man without guile,
Who carved up his justice in pretty good style.
The fact, notwithstanding, which can't be denied,
That he had the misfortune of being cross-eyed.
In a certain tough case he was charging the jury,
And working himself into eloquent fury,
When a voice in a rough boisterous strain,
Shouted "Go it, old gimlet eyes! hit him again!"
"Who was that?" roared the Judge, rather nettled
no doubt,
"Twas me, hoss," the culprit himself bawled out,
The Judge struck his fist on the Judicial table,
"Here, Sheriff," said he, put the hoss in the stable!"

A pedagogue tells a laughable story of one of his scholars—a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell hostility.—'H-o-r-s-e, horse, t-i-l-i-t-y, tility,' said Pat. 'Not horse-tility,' said the teacher, 'but hostility.' 'Sure,' said Pat, 'an' didn't ye's tell me the other day, not to say hoss? Be jabers, its the wan thing the day, and the other the nixt!'

A QUAKERESS, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant kissing and hugging the servant girl. Broadbrim saw the face of his wife, as she peered through the half open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general, thus addressed her: Betsy, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

—A little girl showing her little cousin, a boy of four years of age a star, said:

"That star you see up there is bigger than this world."

"No it ain't," says he.

"Yes it is."

"Then why don't it keep the rain off?" said he.

A witty exchange serves up the following queer hash to its numerous readers, viz:

'Unbustled ladies, pure and undefiled Christians, disinterested friends common honesty, sound patatoes, first-rate butter, unwatered milk, and rich printers—are carce!"

We endorse it all—particularly the last item!

A hungry Scotchman took a raw egg cracked the shell, and was raising it to his mouth when his ear was suddenly saluted by the shrill pipe of an unborn chicken.—"Ye speak too late," cried Swaney and down went the pullet feathers and all.

An incorrigible wag, who lent a minister a horse which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he would have some credit for spreading the gospel.

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