THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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Not generally sold in the country. Splendid Stock for Ladies and Gents., Misses, Boys, and children. *NEW STYLE KID SLIPPERS* for the Ladies. Gents. comfortable Shoes and Slippers, now opened

At the New York People's store.

WM. A. VICKERS.

May 25, 1872.

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HEATING STOVES.

All kinds of Stoves and Tinware.

The best Cook Stoves are the BARLEY SHEAF, NIAGARA, QUAKER CITY. The best HEATER is the *SUNNYSIDE.*

We guarantee the best quality at the lowest prices.

N. B.—Country Merchants supplied with TINWARE, at remarkable low prices, from our extensive Factory.

Stoves and Hollow Ware,

Wholesale, at less than Northern Foundry prices.

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Corner Gay and Harrison streets,

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September 7, 1872—6m.

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FRENCH and American Tinted Note Paper, Billet, Packet, Fools-cap, Legal-cap, Record-cap and Bill-cap paper. For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.

C. F. STAM & BRO.

Have just received a large and

WELL SELECTED STOCK OF BOOKS,

Embracing treaties on *The Trotting Horse of America*, by Hiram Woodruff; *The Horse in the Field and Stable*, by McClure & Harvey; *Farm Draining, Gardening for Profit, Grapes and Wine, Pear Culture*, by Quinn; "WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING," BY HORACE GREELEY; *The Practical Poultry Keeper, Beecher's Receipt* Book, Books of Song and Poetry, Romances and Novels by the most popular authors.

☞ Do not fail to call and examine our Stock. Remember, we take pleasure in displaying our Goods. Aug 17, 1872.

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Gun & Pistol

MANUFACTURER,

No. 116 West Pratt street,

(One Door East of South,)

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DUCK AND BIRD GUNS,

REPEATING PISTOLS,

SMITH & WESSON'S CARTRIDGE PISTOLS, COLT'S REPEATING PISTOLS, and every description of Pistol now in use.

Also, a Variety of Sporting Articles,

Such as Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Water Proof Caps, Wads, &c.

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GUNS neatly Stocked and repaired at short notice.

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A Fine Assortment of

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

IN WHICH I CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD. A discount of *ten per cent.* allowed on PATENT MEDICINES.

White Lead, Paints, Oil,

Turpentine, Varnish, Putty, Glass, &c., &c.

JOS. E. WEER,

May 18, 1872, Kennedyville, Md.

Selected Poetry.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek;
Nor for raiment nor food doth she care:
Through her tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak
On that withered breast, and her weather-worn cheek
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been:
The traveller remembers who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"What a night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied;
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who should wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a schoolboy, would tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear—
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win—for I know she will venture there now
And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night was dark, and the wind was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments she fearlessly passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough;
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear,
She paused and she listened intently in fear,
And her heart panted painfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head;
She listened, nought else could she hear;
The wind fell; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse they did bear.

Then Mary could feel the heart-blood curdle cold;
Again the rough wind hurried by;
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold,
Even close at the feet of poor Mary it rolled,
She felt, and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaims. "Nay, come on till we hide
The dead body," his comrade replies,
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
She gazed in her terror around;
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For—what a cold horror then thrilled through her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you now from the road may espy;
The traveller beholds them, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

THE WONDERFUL DREAM.

'Oh, yes, sartain! Yes, yes, I believe in dreams,' said old Silas Tatton. He took another whiff at his pipe, and then added: 'One of the greatest speculations I ever went into came of a dream—a wonderful dream. I will tell you about it.'

And we listened to the old man's story as follows:

You remember, some of you, of the great speculations here in Maine thirty years ago. Poor men, a few of them—were made suddenly rich; and rich men were made suddenly poor. Whitney, of Oxford, stopped at our place and showed us the map of a new town he had laid out at Sagadahoc. On the map she looked beautiful. There were brooks, and lakes, and broad plains of pine and oak, with streets all laid out, and spots for churches and school houses marked in proper array. I had a cousin living down that way, and I concluded to go down and take a look. I found the town of Ellenville, which old Whitney had shown me on his map to be a wild, worthless tract, all rock and swamps; but on the edge of this tract, in another township, my cousin owned a piece of good land, and I bought a hundred and fifty acres of it, and made me an excellent farm; and for that purchase I was not very sorry.

Meantime Ellenville was nearly all sold in hundred acre lots. The excitement was very great, and the people bought without thinking of coming to look at the land they were purchasing. But by and by the new comers began to look up their property, and you may rest assured they were a blue set when they were assembled on that territory. Within all the limits of the mapped out township there was not an acre that could be cultivated. On the side that bordered my farm it was a craggy ledge of rock; and beyond that the land settled under the mud and water of a sunken slough. Some of these lots had been sold as high as £1 an acre, and a few even higher than that One poor fellow, named John Twist, from Vermont, had paid £1 an acre for a lot that bordered on my farm. On the map it had been set down as a magnificent forest with a beautiful river upon it, bordered on which was a suprb water power. John Twist bought it and paid for it, and when he came to look at it found it to be a mass of rock with here and there a clump of scrub oak or a few Norway pines, and for a river he found a water course which tumbled melted snow over the crags in the spring, but which was dry most of the year. I did not see the poor fellow when he came to survey his property, but I can imagine how he felt. After a while, however, the excitement passed off, and the sufferers of Ellenville turned their backs upon the grave of their speculative hopes. On my farm I prospered. My land was of the very best quality, my wife was a true helpmate; my crops were abundant; my stock thrived, and I found myself at length with a goodly pile of money tied up in a stocking.

One evening in early autumn, after our crops had all been gathered a man riding a sorry-looking nag pulled up before our door. He was a well looking man with a sedate and solemn face and dressed in black. It was safe enough to conclude that he was a minister and so he announced himself. He said he was the Rev. Paul Meekmore; he was a missionary, on a home circuit, and asked shelter for himself and beast for the night. Of course we welcomed him cheerfully; and were pleased with him. He had traveled extensively, and his conversation was entertaining and instructive. Before we went to bed he read a chapter in the Bible and made a prayer; and Betsy said to me, after he had retired, she had never heard such a beautiful prayer in her life.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Meekmore was very desolate He asked a blessing, and then only answered such questions as were asked him. Finally Betsy told him she was afraid he had not slept well. He smiled, and said he had slept very well, saving the spell of a curious dream which had visited him three separate times during the night. Betsy asked him if he would tell what it was about.

'It was the old dream of hidden wealth,' he said, with a dream before, since by a wonderful dream in South Africa I led to the discovery of a diamond mine worth millions of dollars; and it never profited me a penny. But such wealth is not for me; I need it not. My calling has higher and holier aims. And yet this poor flesh is sometimes weak enough to lust after the dross of gold and silver!'

By degrees we got from him that he had dreamed of a silver mine among the crags of our hills. The mine seemed to his vision utterly exhaustless in the precious metal, but he could not locate it. Betsy, whose curiosity was aroused, would have pushed the matter, but Mr Meekmore finally shook his head more solemnly than ever, and said that he would rather forget the dream if he could.

When the missionary's horse was at the door, and the owner was prepared to start off, he informed us that he was bound toward the Canada line, and that he might return that way. Of course we told him that our house would be open for him; and he promised that he would abide with us again if he had an opportunity.

In two weeks Mr. Meekmore came back. He had received a summons, he said, from the home board to return to Boston and make immediate preparations for a winter's campaign in the west.

The second evening in the society of the reverend gentleman we enjoyed more than we had enjoyed the first. His fund of anecdote and adventure was literally exhaustless, and yet an odor of sanctity and delicacy pervaded his speech. We urged that he should spend a few days with us, but he could not. He said it would give him pleasure to do so, but his call to the new fields of labor in the west was pressing and imperative.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, our guest was even more sedate and thoughtful than on the previous occasion; and when questioned on the matter he told us that he had been visited by the same strange dream again.

'This time,' he said, 'the vision came with wonderful distinctness. I not only beheld the vast chamber of virgin silver, but I saw an exact profile of the overlying territory. It was a wild, desolate spot, by a deep ravine, through which the snows of winter seemed to find release in spring, rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark and widestretching swamp below. This would not impress me so seriously were it not that once before a dream of the same import proved a startling reality.'

We conversed further on the subject, and after breakfast Mr. Meekmore took a pencil, and upon the blank leaf of an old atlas he drew a picture of the spot he had seen in his dream; and he pointed out where, beneath the roots of an old stumpy pine tree, he had seen an outcropping of the precious metal.

He had drawn the picture, he told us, to show how vivid his dream had been; but he advised us to think no more of it. Even if it were possible that the dream had substance, the body of it was far below the surface, moreover, even allowing that such a spot existed.

For once in my life I had allowed my cupidity to get the better of my outspoken honesty. I allowed the reverend guest to depart, and did not tell him that I knew where there was a spot exactly the original of that which he had pictured, even the very rock, shrub, tree and ravine. And the spot was upon the wild lot which had been purchased by John Twist; probably owned by him still.

That very afternoon, armed with an old ax and a pick, I sallied forth to the rough outside of the Twist lot. I knew exactly where the pictured spot was to be found, and when I reached I was more than ever struck by the faithfulness of Mr Meekmore's draft. And when I reflected that this draft had been made by one who was an utter and absolute stranger to the place—made from the simple impression of a dream—is it a marvel that I was strongly and strangely influenced. I found the old tree which the reverend dreamer had particularly designated, and went to work at its roots.

And ere long my labors were rewarded. Beneath one of the main roots I found a lump of pure white metal as large as a hen's egg; and upon further chopping and digging I found several more smaller pieces. They had evidently been broken from a molten mass, and upon rubbing off the dirt I found them all pure and bright.

That night I slept but little. I could only lie awake and think of the vast wealth that lay buried in that hillside. But what could I do? The lot was not mine, and I should run great risk if I troubled another man's property. And, moreover, if I made further explorations while the land was not mine the secret might be divulged, and the vast wealth snatched from me. I must purchase the Twist lot, and I had no doubt I could buy it for a mere song.

On the next day I rode over to see my cousin, and he informed me that not only the Twist lot, but a number of others were for sale. They had been advertised and would be sold at auction in two weeks. *He* called me a fool when I told him I should bid on the Twist lot; but I told him I had looked it over and had made up my mind that my sheep could find plenty of grazing there throughout the summer months. He asked me if I had not already got all the sheep pasture I needed; but I told him he need not trouble himself.

During the next two weeks I kept quiet and held my tongue, giving no opportunity for my secret to become known. On the appointed day I went over to the settlement where the land was to be sold. It was to be put up in hundred acre lots, according to the Whitney purchase. Lot number one was put up first, and sold for a quarter of a cent an acre. The next lot was the Twist lot so-called, and I heard it whispered that iron and copper ore had been discovered upon it. A stranger, in jockey clothes, started it at fifty cents an acre. Another stranger, who wore a blue frock and top boots, bid seventy-five.

Then there was more talk about iron and copper. The man in the jockey suit said he had positive assurance that pure iron ore had been found in some of the gulches, and he bid one dollar an acre. At this point I entered the contest and bid one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. Up, up, up, twenty-five cents at a time, until I bid ten dollars an acre. People called me crazy. Ten dollars an acre was more than the very best land in the neighborhood was worth. But I held my bid and kept my own counsel.

And the Twist lot was knocked down to me for just one thousand dollars. The terms were cash, and I told them to make out the deed while I went home after the money. And away I rode. I emptied my old stocking of gold and silver and found nine hundred and fifty dollars. I borrowed the other fifty without trouble at the settlement and straightway proceeded to the office of Squire Simpkins, where the deed had been made. The instrument was duly signed and sealed and when the Squire assured me that the payment of the money would make all fast and safe I handed over the gold and silver.

I observed that the name of John Twist had been recently signed, and I asked Simkins if Mr. Twist was present.

'He was here a few minutes ago,' said Simkins, 'and will be back again after his money. He's feeling pretty good, I should judge, since he has got rid of his hundred acre lot for twice as much as it cost him, and for a thousand times more than any sane man would think it was worth'

Half an hour afterwards I called at the Squire's again. Mr. Twist had just gone out with his money.

'There he is now,' said Simkins, 'just bound off.'

I looked out at the window, and saw at the door of the inn on the opposite side of the street a tall man in a bottle great coat with bright glazed buttons, just mounting a horse. I recognized the horse and I recognized the man.

'Who is that man? I asked; 'he with the green coat and bright buttons?'

'That,' said Simpkins, 'is Mr. John Twist.'

In a moment more the man in the bottle green coat had ridden away, with his heavy saddle bags behind him; and buttoned up within that coat I beheld my reverend guest! It flashed upon me that the Rev. Paul Meekmore and Mr. John Twist were one and the same person!—And this was not all that flashed upon me!

A few days afterwards I took my lumps of white metal to a man who was versed in such matters, and asked him that they were. He took the largest lump and tested it, and said:

'Pewter!'

I asked him if pewter was ever dug out of the earth in that shape.

'Well, said he, 'seeing that pewter is an alloy of tin and lead, it could not be very well dug up, unless smebody had gone and buried it beforehand.'

Touching further explanations on my 'Twist lot' I will not speak. I will only add that I have pewter in it; and I never look upon it but I am forced to acknowledge that dreams are somstimes strange and wonderful things!

From American Farmer of October.

A Maryland Peach Orchard.

We passed a few days last month amongst the peach orchards of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, the guest of Col. *Edward Wilkins*, of Riverside, Kent County, who is widely known as probably the most extensibe peach grower in this country, or the world. One of the first to engage largely in 'peach farming,' the Colonel is justly regarded as an authority in all that pertains to the varied operations connected with the treatment of his crop, which within a few years has grown to such immense proportions. On the home place, *Riverside*, a beautifully situated and handsomely adorned farm on the Chester river and near the Chesapeake bay, there are, we believe, about 25,000 trees in bearing, an old orchard of about an equal number having been dug up last winter. The several out-lying farms bring the bearing trees up to about 120,000, besides which there are young orchards not yet fruited of some 6,000 trees, and preparations also in progress for the planting

[redacted]

clean and well stirred. An impression exists that oats are 'poison' to peach trees, and we were shown a portion of an orchard which had been sown with that grain, where the trees had a stunted look and were of much inferior size and vigor to those in the part where corn was grown. From the fourth to their eighth year the trees are in their prime, and will average from one to two bushels of fruit to the tree, differing somewhat according to the variety and season.

In these orchards no ladders are used in gathering the fruit. The pickers are divided into gangs, under suitable foremen, each being provided with a hand basket and a hooked stick with which the branches are pulled down and held until the fruit is removed. It is considered that fruit growing so high as to require a ladder to pick it, consumes more time in the picking than it is worth, while the practice of some of beating off the high-growing fruit with long poles is discarded, as tending to bruise such fruit, rendering it liable to decay, and also to spoil that packed with it. The pickers empty their hand baskets into the ordinary half-bushel peach baskets, which are conveyed in wagons specially built for the purpose, to the landings, where under sheds the fruit is assorted into three classes—*extra*, *prime* and *medium*—according to the size and condition. The brands and classification soon become so well known in the market, and their announcement to dealers is all that is necessary to inform them of the quality of the fruit offered. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that *it always pays* to classify fruit, and to keep to the standard once set up. Falling once below that standard, purchasers are ever afterwards doubtful of that brand. The fruit is picked before entirely ripe, though it must be fully grown and well colored, but any softening renders it liable to rot before it can be disposed of in the market.

The operations at Riverside, and the dependent orchards, are on such a scale, that arrangements are made for the transportation and marketing of the crop without any outside help. Two steamboats bring each day to the wharves large canal barges of the capacity of some 2,000 boxes each; these are laden with the fruit picked during the day, and at night are sent up the bay to Baltimore, the sole market for these orchards, where they are left at Col. Wilkins' own wharf to be unloaded, other barges being returned by the steamers in the early morning. The cargoes are sold by a representative of the grower without the intervention of any middle-man, and, after the packing season begins, in most instances, to the fruit packers. It has sometimes happened that for ten consecutive days one concern has taken 2,500 boxes a day of these peaches.

The crop all gathered, the orchards are at once gone over and trimmed, the broken and dead branches being cut off and removed. With a full crop such numbers of trees are broken down by the weight of the fruit that such a season may be said never to be desired by the growers, the loss of bearing-wood being so great that several years elapse before the trees regain their full size, by which time their most productive agehas passed. It is, however, remarkable how trees, apparently injured beyond restoration, will recover from their injures. The broken limbs are neatly cut off and fresh shoots put forth and grow with astonishing vigor. Now, too, search is made at the roots of the trees for the *borer*, that pest of the peach orchard These worms are found in the bark and sap-wood of the tree, and, unless removed, soon destroy it. Sometimes but one will be found, at others, half a dozen in one tree. Its presence is detected, by exudations of gum near the collar of the tree, upon the removal of the surface soil. It is killed by thrusting a wire into the whole in which it is at work. The gummy and decayed wood is at the same time cut away.

Then comes the fall plowing In many orchards the harrow follows the plow, but Col. Wilkins prefers to leave the ground rough. When stable manure is applied, it is ploughed under in the fall if practicable. Lime also is applied in the fall, but the concentrated manures are usually put on in the spring. We heard the belief expressed by experienced growers, that if orchards are ploughed in the fall, *before the leaves fall*, they never fail to yield a good crop the following year. One peach-grower, a compeer of Major Reybold and Isaac Pullen, declares that he never has known an exception to this rule.

In the spring and summer clean cultivation is practiced. The plow and harrow are kept going until the knocking off of the fruit prevents the further passing of the teams. A variety of manures are applied. In 'peach farming,' no more than in any other branch of culture, are crops to be continually expected without adequate returns being made to the soil. Above all fertilizers is placed stable and barn-yard manure for effectiveness. After this, a mixture of bone dust and muriate of potash. Super-phosphates seem too quick in their operation for use in peach orchards. Although an impression exists that a light or even sandy soil is the one best suited to the peach, Col. W.'s preference for an orchard is a soil rather stiff, provided, always, that is well drained, thorough drainage being an essential requisite of success in growing peaches. Except the borer, the peach seems to have few enemies in Maryland. The 'yellows,' the scourge of New Jersey, is, so far, almost unknown in Maryland.

Of varieties, Col. W. speaks authoriatively, of course, only of those tried in his immediate vicinity, remarking in response to our inquiries, that slight distances and differences of conditions made it impossible for any one grower to name a list which would be acceptable to all. He of course plants many varieties, to test their adaptability to his situation, but for general planting, he would limit the varieties to some twelve or fourteen, which latter number are here given, about in the usual order of ripening, although this varies somewhat according to location and season:

Troth's Early, W; Large Early York, W; Crawford's Early, Y; Old Mixon Free, W; Red Melocoton, Y; Reeves' Favorite, Y; Stump the World, W; Crawford's Late, Y; Mary's Choice, Y; Crockett's White, W; Early Smock, Y; Heath, W; Keyport White, W; Early Smock, Y. The varieties marked with Y. are yellow, and those with *W*, white finished peaches.

Hale's Early is so poorly esteemed, that 6,000 trees would be willingly exchanged, if possible, for that number of 'white hickory saplings.' The good quality of this peach when it does ripen and does not rot, cannot be gainsayed; but here when apparently mature, it is only ripe about ⅛ of an inch inwards, and rots before ripening through. This variety was fruited at Riverside in the peach house, and decided to be very satisfactory, before any plantings were made in the orchards.

Of the new varieties originated by Mr. Thomas Rivers, of England, Col. Wilkins speaks very favorably. He has several hundred trees each of the Beatrice, Louise, and Early Rivers, and probably be the first grower to market them, some of his trees having been imported direct from Mr. Rivers' nurseries.

In the early peach, which is now claimed to have originated with Col. Plowden, of Charles county Maryland, Col. Wilkins is no believer, and his knowledge of the circumstances connected with Col. Plowden's peach growing, enables him to present some facts which seem to definitely settle the question at issue as to the origin of the so-called Plowden seedling before Hale's Early. When Col. P. first planted an orchard, he received from Isaac Pullen of Hightstown, N. J., some of the first *Hale's* Early which were sent out—this being the same year that specimens of that variety were fruited under glass by Col. Wilkins, who, the next year, planted a considerable number of it in his orchard. When the season arrived for Col. Plowdon's trees to bear their first crop, he applied to Col. Wilkins for information as to the best mode of handling and marketing his fruit, and in this connection he showed, in the early part of July—about the 10th—fruit of Hale's Early, fully grown, though not matured or colored, and still attached to the branches of the trees, and which he declared was the earliest fruit ever grown in Maryland, giving it, in the conversation, its proper designation. This was *the identical year* in which it is now claimed the Plowden seedling *repined in June.*

Col. Wilkins is inclined to believe that peaches will do equally well in grass as with clean cultivation, provided they are properly manured. *He* is making the trial on a large scale. Two years ago, his bill for the clover seed sown in his orchards was $1030, most of which was lost in consequance of the dry season. On some of the lands sown in grass, 1000, lbs. of bone dust were applied to the acre. The Col. is not yet satisfiedd with the results of his experiment, but some of his neighbors oppose his idea very strenuously.

The peach crop of '72 is not large—it may be described as a medium and very manageable one, differing in this from that of last year, which caused growers much embarrassment from the irregular ripening of varieties. Prices have been generally satisfactory, and the net returns to producers much better than in '71.

In years of unmanageable crops, when a large proportion of the fruit becomes soft before it can be shipped, considerable quantities of brandy are made from these orchards, a large distillery having been erected on the farm, but this year the still is idle.

A considerable business was formerly done here in the growing of peaches, apricots and grapes under glass for market, but the demand for fruit so grown, is so very uncertain, that it has been discontinued, and portions of the glass houses have been removed, and others converted into cold graperies.

Those reapers who infer from the magnitude of Col. Wilkins' operations in peach growing, that he is a 'peach farmer' only, will fall into an error. Although seldom growing wheat, he raises large crops of corn and hay, *He* has extensive orchards of pears and apples, and he is now meditating an extension of his farming operations to embrace the 'growing' of oysters. His love of fine stock, and his success in breeding it, is attested by his possession of some of the finest horses in this section of the State, and of a herd of Jerseys, which for intrinsic value, it would be difficult to surpass, as we know from an inspection of the dairy where the golden products of the cows are kept.

At this season of the year there are from 120 to 200 hands employed by the Colonel, whose admisistrative ability is well proved by the regularity and system everywhere prevailing, the ease and smoothness with which everything moves being apparent to the most casual observer.

Homely Girls.

How did that homely girl contrive to get married? is not unfrequently remarked of some good domestic creature whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms, are rather prone to make observations of this kind; and conscienciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off readily, is no doubt in many cases at the bottom of the sneering question. The truth is, that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice.—Handsome women are sometimes very hard to please. They are apt to over-value themselves, and, in waiting for an immense bid, occasionally overstep the market. Their plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princly fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable.

A NEW YORK PIE FACTORY.—There exists in New York a company for the manufacture of pies, with a capital of $300,000. Some idea of the extent of the business may be conceived from the following summary of articles used per week: Sugar, 40,000 pounds; butter, 5,000 pounds; cocoanut, 1,500 pounds; pumpkins and squashes 60,000 pounds; milk, 12,000 quarts; eggs, 60,000; flour, 140 barrels; beef for mince pies, 800 pounds; apples, 500 barrels; berries 100 boxes; pie plates, 100,000.

A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.

When a man falls into a forty foot well at Omaha, and ropes are not at hand to draw him up at once, a bottle of whiskey is sent down to him as an elevator.

One of the newest novels speaks of its heroine as returning to her humble home 'when evening approached, clothed in the habiliments of woe.'

Bed-bugs are rarely found where an industrious and cleanly wife presides over the household; and the best 'exterminator' is a compound of water, soap and elbow-grease.

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