THE BEAVER ARGUS
Will be Published Every Wednesday,
IN MINIS' BUILDINGS,
THIRD ST., BEAVER, PA.
At $2.00 per annum in Advance.

☞ Letters and contributions, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

D. W. SCOTT, Jr., Editor.

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 40--No. 49, Beaver, Wednesday, Dec. 7, 1864. Established 1818

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1 per square — each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers, and on long advertisements.

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Business cards, 75 cents a line, per year.

Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

POETICAL.

AUTUMN TIME.

Time, like a wrinkled hermit, sits,
Counting his beads, each bead a day;
From his long rosary of years
These beds drop silently away.

In solemn silence, one by one,
Puts on the smouldering funeral lamps,
And leaves the corpse alone and still,
Amid the charnel's dripping damps:

So dealeth Time, who stripes the leaves
Of bankrupt summer's rich array,
As fallers strip the trembling fool,
Whose spendthrift wealth has had its day.

Yet these are but the feeble types
Of higher looms the sons of clay,
Of shivered globes and falling worlds,
And earthquakes of the latter day.

Miscellaneous.

THE STORY OF MR. BULL AND GIANT ATMODES.

By Rev. W. Gresley. *London.*

Chap. I.

Mr. Bull was a very respectable elderly gentleman, well to do in the world, upright, honest, and hospitable, but rather too fond of money. To be sure, he had a large and increasing family, and was naturally anxious to provide a maintenance for them. Nay, to say the truth, he was very fond of making himself comfortable; and felt like many others into the error of thinking that the only way of doing so was by making himself rich. It was Mr. Bull's custom, after dinner, when Mrs. Bull had withdrawn, to sit and ruminate on things in general—such as the price of funds, cattle, and corn—the state of commerce—the glory and wealth of England;—then he would think how remarkable it was that one Englisman could beat three Frenchmen—and he would snap his fingers, and cry "A fig for Bony!" and hum a verse of his favorite song:

"While by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the sirloin smoking hot on the table,
The French may even burst like the frog in the fable.
O, the roast beef of England,
And O, the old English roast beef!"

One evening, having finished his *bottle*, Mr. Bull proceeded to the drawingroom rather earlier than usual.

Thomas, the man-servannt, had just laid out, the tea-things, and placed the kettle on the fire—for they were old-fashioned times of which we are speaking—and Mrs. Bull had gone to bed to see the children put to bed, where she was detained rather longer because little Dickey was naughty, and would not have his hair combed.

The old gentleman seated himself very comfortably in his arm chair, and placed his feet on the fender, intending to await Mrs. Bull's return; when—how it happened was never exactly known—but as he was meditating on the great increase of his family, and the necessity of doing something for them, he witnessed, between sleeping and waking, the following extraordinary vision:—

It appeared to him as though an unusual quantity of steam began to issue from the spout of the tea-kettle, until it spread through the whole room, condensing itself together, it gradually assumed the form of a gigantic human figure. The figure was that of a iron-founder: his shirt-sleeves were tuckled up, so as to display a pair of muscular arms; on his head was stuck a stripped cotton cap; and a rough leather apron overspread the nether part of his person.

Resting with one arm on an enormous iron crow-bar, and striking the other a-kimbo on his hip, the figure thus addressed him:

"Mr. Bull, you see before you the famous Atmodes."

"The giant what?" said Mr. Bull, who was least alarmed, for he had very good nerves.

"The giant Atmodes!"

"That is a very odd name," said Mr. Bull.

"You called by some the giant of steam," replied the figure.

"I know you speak English, I understand you," said Mr. Bull "and pray, Mr. Giant, what may your business be with me?"

"I am come," said the giant, to offer you my service."

"And what work are you able to do?" inquired Mr. Bull.

"Able!" said the giant, with a contemptuous smile, extending his brawny arm, "I am able to do any thing.—I could move the world if I had a place to stand on."

"You seem able-bodied enough," said Mr. Bull, "there is no denying that; and what wages do you ask?"

The giant paused a moment, and Mr. Bull awaited his reply.

"Well, sir," said he at last, "I'll tell you what. Though I look so strong, my constitution requires a good deal of heat, so if you will keep me well fed with fuel out of your coal-pits, I'll engage to work for you."

"Well, I'll think of a job for you," said Mr. Bull, "if you will call again to-morrow; or, perhaps, you had better leave me with your address."

"You have only to call," said the giant, "and I shall be at your bidding whenever you want me, please to put a kettle or boiler on the fire, and and pronounce the following words:—

Fe, fa, fum—come, giant, come.
With fire and smoke—with coal and coke,
Whizzing, fizzing—thrumping, bumping.
Come, giant, come!"

"This is very strange," thought Mr. Bull. "And pray Mr. Giant," he said, "how do I know that this is all true?—what token can you give me that it is a reality?"

"Oh, you want a token?" said the giant, with a cunning look; "let this be your token:" and with that he raised his mistive crow-bar, which was red-hot, and touching Mr Bull's toe, vanished with a loud laugh amidst a cloud of smpoke and steam.

Mr Bull started from his chair in agony of pain, and the giant was nowhere to be seen; only the tea-kettle had boiled over, and was pouring from its spout a torrent of scalding water, a portion of which had fallen on Mr. Bull's foot.

Chap. II.

Mr. Bull sat pondering in his chair at that evening, so that his wife complained that she could not get a word out of him. All night he lay without a wink of sleep, first turning on this side, and next to that, in great perplexity of mind. The next day he passed partly in his study, and partly walking up and down the gravel walk, with his hands in his pockets, in deep meditation. When the evening was come, and they were again alone together at tea (a meal of which Mr. Bull was accustomed to be more than usually communicative) he thus abruptly addressed his wondering spouse:

"My dear Mrs. Bull," said he, "have you ever seen a giant?"

"A giant!" answered Mrs. Bull; "no indeed, never."

"*I have*," said Mr. Bull, with a very marked emphasis.

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Bull; "why I thought they had all been destroyed in the time of Jack the Giant Killer."

"*Not all*," said Mr. Bull, in the same significant tone.

"And pray," said his wife, "when and where was it that you saw this giant?"

"Yesterday evening, in this very room," answered Mr Bull; "and if you like you may see him too."

It was a hard struggle which took place in the good lady's breast, between her fears and her curiosity; however, the latter prevailed, and she signified her determination to be introduced to the gigantic visitor. Accordingly no sooner had the servant removed the tea things from the table, when Mr. Bull said—

"Thomas, you may leave the tea kettle."

"Sir?" said Thomas, looking astonished.

"You may leave the tea-kettle, Thomas" again said Mr. Bull, in rather a peremptory tone.

As soon as Thomas was gone, and the door fastened, Mr. Bull, placed his wife in a convenient situation to witness the scene, and then proceed with his incantation. The steam poured from the kettle; the awful words were spoken—and the giant again appeared. Mrs. Bull uttered a slight cry of terror at the suddenness of the apertion, but otherwise conducted herself with great propriety

"Sir," said the giant, raising his hand respectfully to his night-cap, and drawing back one leg, "I have come at your bidding."

"'Tis well," said Mr. Bull; "I have thought of a job for you."

"Only name it and it shall be done," said the giant.

"One of my coal-pits," continued the old gentlemen, "is full of water, and if you are as good a workman as you profess to be, I shall thank you to empty it."

"To hear is to obey," said Atmodes; "all I shall want will be a good large kettle, and a few iron pipes."

Mr Bull promised they should be provided, and the giant vanished from the room, much to the relief of the poor lady.

Atmodes was as good as his word: the apparatus was completed, and Mr. Bull soon had the satisfaction to see the water disappear from the coal-pit and his men hard at work at the bottom of it. Unfortunately, as the giant was working hard to finish his job, the boiler burst, and the hot water and fragment of the vessel were scattered far and wide, scalding several men, and maiming one for life. Mr. Bull was very angry, and blamed the giant; but Atmodes declared that it was no fault of his, for Mr. Bull should have made the boiler stronger, and to this Mr. Bull had nothing to answer, but that the boiler should be stronger the next time.

Chap. III.

"Well, wife," said Mr Bull "what do you think of our new servant?"

"Why, he is useful sort of a giant," said Mrs. Bull.

"We must find another job for him now that he has cleaned out the pit. What shall it be?"

Mrs. Bull, who like her husband had an eye to what was useful, said, "Don't you think, dear, that the giant might make us a good piece of broad cloth for winter clothing?"

"I dare say he would," said Mr. Bull; "suppose we ask him." The giant was summoned, and had no objection, provided the proper materials were prepared: "And I shall want a few hands," he added, "to bring me coke and other refreshments."

"Well, suppose we send to the work house; there are a good many idle fellows there; it will be a nice job for them."

So the giant set to work at weaving and soon produced a fine large piece of broad cloth, enough to clothe the whole family from top to toe.

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Bull, "that now Watty is at work (for they had got quite familiar with the giant, and usually to called him Atty, or more commonly Watty), I have thought that he might make a few more pieces of cloth to sell to our neighbors. What say you Watty?"

"Well," said the giant, I must have a few more hands to feed me, no giant can work without victuals,"

"That's rather awkward," said Mr. Bull, "for all our hands are pretty well employed. However, I suppose we must send for Joe Carter from the field, and Will Ditcher. That bit of draining may stand over for a while." So the laborers were sent for out of the field, and turned into stokers, and had to supply coke and water to the giant. They did not much like the job, for it made them as black and dirty as colliers, and they heartily wished that Watty and his engine had been at the bottom of the Red Sea. However master would have it so, and they were obliged to submit. So Watty worked away, and made pieces of cloth one after another; and his master set up a great shop in the town, and supplied all the neighbors round. And so Mr Bull began to get very rich, though the farm was not so well looked after as it had been; and he was obliged to borrow now and then a few bags of wheat from his neighbors, for the consumption of the family, which he did not quite approve of.

Chap. IV.

One day Mrs. Bull said to her husband, "Our Watty is an excellent servant, to be sure, and can turn his hand to anything. I wonder whether he could make me a piece of silk for a gown."

"Let us try him," said Mr. Bull; so, Watty was sent for, and the question to him.

"Why, as to that," said he, "I can do anything where strength is required; but," he continued, extending a great horny hand, which would have crushed an ox, "you see these fingers of mine are not quite delicate enough to manage threads of silk or cotton; but," he added, as if a bright thought had struck him, "if you would just get some of the children stand by, and keep the threads right, I think it may be done."

"Oh, the little dears," said Mrs. Bull, "what a nice occupation for them! I will have them down from the nursery this minute. Accordingly the children were sent for out of the nursery and school-room, and set by the loom, and taught to tie the silk threads. At first they liked it very much, and thought it a nice thing to play at being useful; but in about half an hour little Mary had had enough, and began playing with her brother Dickey at something else."

"Holloa," roared out Watty, in a voice of thunder, "this will never do, Mr. Bull. What's the use of my working away in this manner, if those children don't keep the threads right?"

"Go on, go on," said Mr. Bull, calling out from his counting-house; "I will send some one to look after them." So he desired Mr. Grumpy, the foreman, to step in and see what the children were about, and if they forget to tie the threads, just to remind them what had to do. So the foreman, who was a cross sort of fellow, walked up and down, and presently saw Miss Julia making faces at her brother Tom.

"Mind your work, you young jade," said Mr. Grumpy, and gave her a blow with a strap, that made a great black mark on her back.

This gentle hint had the desired effect, and the children kept very steadily to their work, so that in a few days a beautiful piece of silk was woven, out of which Mrs. Bull made a gown—"the best," she declared, "she ever had in her life—so cheap, too, being all of home manufacture."

"We must have a few pieces of silk for our shop," said Mr. Bull.

"But," said Mrs. Bull, "I don't think it quite agrees with the children. Little Mary is getting as thin as a whipping post; and they all come home so tired at night, really it's shocking to see them; besides, they lose all their schooling, and on Sunday they were too tired to go to church."

"Oh, fiddle-faddle," said Mr. Bull; "you don't think I can afford to let Watty be idle while the children go to school? such a flourishing business as we are getting up—supplying all the country round!"

Mrs. Bull did not quite see why her children should be made the slaves of all the country round, when they might have lived very comfortably by themselves; however, her husband was hot upon his schemes of making money, and would not have the children taken from their work on any account; so the children worked on from morning to night, and from one week's end to another; and Watty vent on thumping, and bumping, and stunning them with his incessant noise; and there was the terrible man with the strap, or sometimes with a great heavy roller; and sometimes Watty himself would reach out one of his great hands—not meaning any harm, but just to keep the children awake—and would twitch a handful of hair from their heads. It was a sad time for the poor children, and all the family were kept in a bustle. He throve, and was the [illegible] whole neighborhood; [illegible] thought what a thri[illegible] Bull's was, and how [illegible] getting!

Chap. [illegible]

About this time Mr. [illegible] wanted to go to London on busi[illegible] and thought the might indulge Mr[illegible] to the capitol, which [illegible] had never yet seen. So, as the[illegible] were talking over the plan, "I won[illegible]" said Mrs. Bull, "how I shall tak[illegible] my trunks and boxes! Don't y[illegible] think Watty would carry them? [illegible] will be so long going by the can[illegible]." So Watty was summoned, and a[illegible] he could take the luggage.

"Ay," said he, "and [illegible] and master too, if you like to go [illegible]."

"But I am afraid," said Mr. Bull, "you will be a long ti[illegible] about it."

"Trust me for tha[illegible] you have not seen me with my se[illegible] league boots on yet."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bul[illegible] have you got a pair of seven league boots? What a useful giant you are!"

"But how shall we [illegible] Mrs. Bull, apart to her [illegible] when we get to London, an[illegible] want to go a[illegible] bout shopping, and visiting our friends? I don't thi[illegible] it would be quite fashionable to a[illegible] about London with Watty. He is rather an awkward servant, and might do mischief."

"Don't trouble yourselves," said Watty, who had overheard these family difficulties; "I'll take Thomas, and the coachman too, and the cook, and housekeeper, and all the rest of them; and, what's more, I'll take the horses into the barfiain."

Mr. and Mrs. Bull were quite delighted with this arrangement; so the old coach was brought out for them to ride in; then came a van with all the luggage, and the servants got into the tax-cart, and the horses were put inside of the break. As soon as they were all fastened in one long train, "Now for it, Watty," said Mr Bull; "away with you, as fast as you like;" and away went Watty, with his seven-league boots, scampering over hill and dale like a whirlwind.

Mrs. Bull felt rather giddy, almost lost her breath at first, but Mr. Bull, who had no fears, was quite elated at the rapidity of the motion.

"Well," said he, "this is something like travelling. I wonder how far we are going?" So he took out his watch—"I declare," said he, "we went that last mile in a minute and a half!"

"Look, what a beautiful new church!" said Mrs. Bull.

"Where?" said Mr. Bull; "I see no church."

"Oh, you should have turned your head sooner. It was gone while you were looking round."

"What silly noodles our fathers and grandfathers must have been," observed Mr. Bull, "creeping along at the rate of ten miles an hour! What would they have thought of travelling in this way? Well, I do declare our Watty is——"

What Mr. Bull would have added is uncertain, for just at that moment there was a crash, and a bang, and a scream, and Mr. and Bull's heads were violently knocked together. The only wonder was that both their sculls were not fractured.

Chap. VI.

When Mr. Bull came to himself, he was sensible of very intolerable pain. His limbs ached violently, his nose was flattened, one eye was bandaged up, and the other so bruised that he could not open it. He endeavored to recover his scattered senses, but could only call up a confused remembrance of a journey to London, and hedges, trees, houses, windmills, and churches, all passing by in rapid succession. As he lay thus ruminating, he heard a gentle sigh, and managing, with difficulty, to open his eye, he beheld Mrs. Bull, lying beside him in much the same predicament as himself; and assembled round the bed were all the little Bulls, thin and pale as so many spectres.

The sight of his afflicted family brought to Mr. Bull's mind the circumstances under which he was placed, and he exclaimed, in a voice not loud but deep,

"If ever I get up from this bed, I will call that rogue Watty to account."

"Oh, the villain, Watty," responded Mrs. Bull, in a plaintive tone.

"Oh, the cruel giant," said all the little Bulls at once.

Mr. Bull was as good as his word. After a few weeks he was able to leave his bed; and, as soon as he found himself in his arm-chair by the fire-side, with his wife opposite to him, and his family all around, he summoned Watty to his presence.

"A pretty trick you have been playing us, Mr. Watty," said he, "to use your master and mistress in this way?"

"A pretty trick, indeed!" said Mrs. Bull, and all the little Bulls.

"Why," said Watty, rather doggedly, "you ordered me to go as fast as I could—and how could I tell that there was a broad-wheeled wagon in the way?"

Mr. Bull could not deny that it was his own fault for ordering Watty to go so fast.

"Well," said he, "we will take care not to go so fast in future."

"Very well," said Watty, "only mention at what pace you wish to go, sir, and I will keep to it."

"However, that's not all," said Mr. Bull, sternly. "Look at these poor children. Here's little Sally's back [illegible] all black and blue, and Tommy's knees are growing crooked, and see how thin they all are! Are you not ashamed, sir, to treat your master's children in this way?"

"It was not I, sir, that beat the children. It was Master Grumpy that you set over them to watch them; and, as to their getting thin, you know it was your own self that would not let the mill stop."

Mr. Bull groaned, and acknowledged to himself that it was his own love of money that had been the cause of all this evil.

"Ah, Watty, Watty," said he, "you have plenty of excuses. I should not wonder if you deny next that it was you that burnt my toe, the first time I saw that precious face of yours."

"Why, sir," said Watty, grinning, "you should not have gone to sleep with you feet on the fender."

"Oh, you are a rogue, you are a rogue," said Mr. Bull, shaking his head gravely, but laughing at the same time, for he was never known to be long out of temper. "Well," said he, after a pause, "the long and short of it is this—that we must come to an understanding.

"You are not going to turn me off, I hope," said Watty. "However, if you do, I daresay I can get another place."

"Why, no; I don't intend to turn you off, you are too useful for that; but we must get into more regular ways. Next time you travel with me, or your mistress, remember you are not to go more than twenty miles an hour."

"Very well, sir," said Watty.

"And I shan't allow my children to do any work," continued Mr. Bull, "until they are twelve years of age, and then only nine hours a day, with a whole holiday on Saturday, so that they may get some learning, and be ready for church on Sundays."

"Very well sir," said Watty.

"And I won't have Ned Carter or any of the laborers taken off their work at the farm. I don't think it's respectable to be borrowing corn from one's neighbors; besides, suppose they did not choose to let us have any—we should be in a pretty way then—So I am determined to have the farm kept in proper cultivation."

"You will not get so much money by your farm as by the factory."

"Perhaps not. But I have lived long enough in the world to learn that money is not the only thing to make a man happy. A wiser man than you or I, Watty, has said—'There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing—and riches profit not in the day of wrath.' I begin to think that I have been over-hasty to get rich, and have reaped more trouble than profit.—Henceforth I intend to look more to the education and religious instruction of my family; and then, if God gives us riches into the bargain, we shall know how to make a good use of them. So now, Watty, you may go down stairs and leave me to get a little rest."

A Story of General Sherman.

The Baltimore *Clipper* tells the following story:

A distinguished official who was lately at the headquarters of Gen. Sherman, gives the following anecdote of the latter, in the necessity under which he lay of sitting in judgment on a certain class of men in Atlanta, when that place was evacuated by the citizens. Writing us, our friend says:

Let me give you a little incident which took place in my presence at Sherman's headquarters, Atlanta.

You will remember that an order was promulgated directing all civilians to leave Atlanta, (North or South), within twelve days. The day of its issue, a gentleman entered Sherman's office and inquired for the General. The latter answered in this way, very promptly, "I am General Sherman." The colloquy was very nearly as follows:

Citizen—General, I am a northern man, from the State of Connecticut; have been living at Atlanta for nearly seven years; have accumulated considerable property here, and I see that you have ordered all citizens to leave within twelve days. I came to see if you would make an exception in my case. I fear, if I leave, my property will be destroyed.

Gen. Sherman—What kind of property do you own sir? Perhaps I will make an exception in your case, sir.

Citizen—I own a block of stores, three dwellings, a plantation two miles out of town, and a foundry.

Gen. Sherman—Foundry, eh! what have you been doing with your foundry?

Citizen—Have been making castings.

Gen. Sherman—What kind of castings?—Shot and shell, and all that kind of thing?

Citizen—Yes, I have made some shot and shell.

Gen. Sherman—You have been making shot and shell to destroy your country, have you? and you still claim favor on account of being a Northern man! Yes, sir, I will make an exception in your case; you shall go South to-morrow morning at sunrise. Adjutant, see that this order is carried out. Orderly, show this man the door.

Citizen—But, General, can't I go North?

Gen. Sherman—No sir. Too many of your class there already, sir.

The President's Gift.

Recently the President was presented with a handsome Elk-horn chair made by Mr. Seth Kinnean, a renowned California hunter, who it will be remembered, presented one to "Old Buck," during the first part of his Administration and which Mr. Kinnean says, "is the only thing that he wished he had never done."

A number of ladies and gentlemen were present. Mr. Kinnean was dressed in a full suit of buckskin pants, heavy fur coat and a large fur hat. He wears a flowing beard, and dressed in his full costume, presents quite a unique appearance.

Clinton Lloyd, Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives on behalf of Mr. Kinnean, made a neat and patriotic presentation speech, and concluded by moving that the President "take the chair—that being the sense of the meeting." The President responded in a few pleasant remarks, and seated himself in the chair, which as soon as he had done Mr. Kinnean said, "there now Mr. President, you are the first gentleman *or lady*, that ever sat in that chair. I've had work to keep 'em out—especially the ladies, but I did it. Though tempted several times, I never sat in it myself."

The President examined it very minutely and expressed himself highly pleased with the workmanship. The chair is a unique affair. It is made altogether of elk horns, four large antlers forming the back, arms and legs. These are firmly braced together, the thick portions of the antlers being used for the rounds and frame of the seat. The four antlers forming the legs, arms and back are set on the feet of the elk, and it is ornamented by clusters of antlers ingeniously put together. The seat is made of elk skin with the hair on.

The elks from which the material was obtained, were shot by Kinnean himself, on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and the chair made by Mr. Kinnean. The rifle with which he killed the elks, and which he generally uses in hunting, is the identical piece with which the British General Packenham was killed at New Orleans, A. D., 1815, by Briggs, and was subsequently carried through the Black Hawk war by Kinnean's father, who served in the same company with Mr. Lincoln. It is in good condition. The old stock, however, is gone, a bear having damaged it with his teeth to such an extent that it was necessary to supply its place with a new one, which Mr. Kinnean did, hewing it out of hard wood, and whittling it down into a rather rough, but serviceable stock.

After Mr. Kinnean had told the President and the company several bear stories, he said that he had another little article with him; a fiddle made from the skull of a favorite mule, which when alive, appeared to have music in his soul, as he would always lurk around the camp on the plains whenever he heard the music of a fiddle. So after the mule had been dead some time, and as he was passing his bleached bones one day, the idea struck him that there might be music in the old bones. He accordingly picked up the skull and took it home, from which he manufactured the fiddle. He then returned to the "bleached bones" and procured one of the ribs and some of the hairs of the tail, from which he made a bow. Mr. Kinnean then played "Essence of old Virginia," winding up with "John Brown," much to the amusement of Mr. Lincoln and the spectators. The President remarked that if he could play on the instrument he would ask Mr. K. to give it him, but as he could not, it would be better for Mr. Kinnean to keep it. The President then shook hands with Mr. Kinnean, expressing a desire to meet him again during his stay in Washington. Mr. Kinnean is a Pennsylvanian born and was raised in Union county, where his people still reside.

☞ The danger of meddling with edged tools is well illustrated in the story that follows:

While waiting at the post office for my mail, I heard the following short but sweet dialogue. Mr. B. is a lawyer of considerable talent. The anxious inquirer after information, Mr. O, is an extensive dealer in cattle.

"Mr. B., said O., the profession of a lawyer must be a very rascally business, is it not?"

Mr. B. straightened himself up and looked grave.

"Mr. O.," said he, "I have always noticed, in my life, that when a man is rascally disposed he would be a rascal whether his profession was that of a lawyer or drover"

Mr. O. dropped the subject, seemingly convinced that if Mr. B. was not right, at least he, Mr. O., was no match for him.

A Patriotic Clergyman.—Cotton Mather was famous, as many other clergymen have been, including Bishop South particularly, for the dexterous application of Scripture to current topics. A clergyman at Middletown, Ct., recently won notoriety by a happy use of the same quality. On the occasion of a Union torch light demonstration, he displayed a transparency over his door, emblazoned with this quotation from Genesis 22:15—"The angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven a second time."

Agricultural.

Good Milkers.

It is an easy matter to distinguish a good milker. The farthest removed from the bull the better. As the male has no milking properties, and the female is devoted to them, and none so much as the cow, so we are to judge from this principle.

No person of ordinary intelligence would select a cow with thick neck, heavy bones and bull-like disposition. On the other hand, the true cow, the good milker, is easily known by its thin neck, sometimes almost amounting to deformity (the case with one of ours); small bones; thin, sensitive hide; thin taill and (most of all) a mild, placid disposition, showing absence of animal heat, which consumes, or prevents milk from forming. A quiet, motherly face, denoting intelligence, and domesticity, is what is wanted. The reservoir of milk, of course, must be large, or there cannot be stored a large quantity. A large, well-formed bag, therefore, is a necessity. A small udder is an invariable sign of a poor milker.

The form and size of a cow are not always to be depended upon. The disposition is, perhaps, as much, if not more, than any other one point, some say than all other points. We remember a heavy headed, coarse-bodied cow, but with the mildest of dispositions, as one of the best butter makers we ever knew; a good eater and always healthy. She made, during the month of June, fifteen pounds of the best butter a week, and gave a good flow of milk nearly the year round. Avoid the bull and seek the farther opposite qualitids for the best milker.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

Increasing Soil.

By deepening the cultivation of your soil you add to its quality. Thus, by having your soil eight inches deep, where before you had it only four inches, you double its capacity somewhat as though you had two acres now where you only had one before. Did you ever think of this? Eight inches of cultivated soil has double the strength of four. This is a new way of increasing your land—not new to our best farmers, who understand all this—and hence they cultivate deep—not deep at once, but gradually, each year a little deeper, or at every ploughing. Ploughing alone makes the soil mellow, has a wonderful effect, even without manures; but manure, it must be remembered, is the main reliance always.

In deepening your soil judgment is required. Not too much of the raw subsoil must be brought up at a time, unless it is well—then plough deep. In clay soils little at a time is the true theory. Cut or half an inch of clay, more or less at each ploughing. This, thrown up to the action of the elements, will be reduced to powder, and it at once goes to work, drawing strength from the atmosphere—clear profit, you see; it has the effect of of plaster. Then it is a manure in itself. These heavy clay beds are valuable beds of manure. As they are generally spread out with your soil, you need only to adjust your harrow to manure your ground. But this must only be done when the super soil is thoroughly friable, in good cultivated order. Too much clay brought up will stiffen your soil; and air, and heat and rain are kept out; and thus it remains stiff, cold, stubborn soil, on which little or nothing can be grown. Grass is the only thing that stands the least chance.—*Valley Farmer.*

A Good Smoke-House.

We find the following in the *Western Rural*, with the above caption:

We lately observed a well-planned smoke-house on the premises of a good farmer, worthy of a brief description. It was about six feet square, the lower half built of brick, furnished with an iron-lined door, and serving as an ash house and place for the fire. The upper part, about four feet high, besides the ascent of the roof, was made of word. It was separated from the lower part by scantling joists, a space of two or three inches between them, through which smoke and air could freely pass, but sufficient to catch any ham that might accidentally fall, and thus save it from the fire. The upper part, as well as the lower, was entered by a door from the outside; this upper door may be kept locked, except when admitting or withdrawing hams; but the lower may be left unlocked, to attend to fire, without any danger of the contents above being stolen, as the thief cannot pass through the openings between the joists.

☞ We have got fine sugar from sorghum at last. This announcement is far more important than it might at first appear. It is, or will be, a declaration of independence of Louisiana, Texas, or the West Indies, in the healthful and nutritious article of sugar. The specimen of the sorghum sugar made at Chicago, now on exhibition at the Museum of the Agricultural Department, has the appearance of light Havana sugar, and can be furnished in quantity at $9 per hundred pounds.—*Wash. Chron.*