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BEAVER ARGUS.



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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.
A space equal to twice the time of the type measured as a square.
Special notices 25 per cent additional to regular rates.
Business cards, 75 cents a line, per year.
Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political, and other notices of a public nature, free.

POETICAL.

THE "UNSURPASSED" HYMN.

In the New Englander, for August, 1860, Dr. Bacon pronounced the following exquisite hymn composed in the English of any other language, and adds that "perhaps it is the best perfection as any unprinted language has yet seen." It is usually ascribed to Hillhouse, but the Rev. James A. Hillhouse, sec. of the Congregational Church, at New York, writes to Dr. Bacon, it was written by his brother, Augustus L. Hillhouse, who died near Paris in March, 1859.

Trembling before this awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own,
Justice and mercy for my life,
Content! Oh! smile and heal the wound.

The Savior smiles! upon my soul
The vision of hope tumultuous roll,
The voice proclaims my pardon found,
Thou dost transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Thou dost avert dimmed joy's light.

Yew of old, on chaos rise,
The columns pillars of the skies,
The towers more exalted springs,
Brightening folds her drooping wings.

Angels heralds of the Eternal Will,
Aloud thy words fulfill,
Thou dost in floods of benediction,
Thou dost in his presence play.

Lead us the song—the heavenly psalm
Lifted with the choral strain—
And thy echoes floating far,
Thou dost in our hearts shine.

Let us thy choir shall shine,
And all our knowledge shall be mine,
For our hearts must learn to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

MORMURINGS.

Falling, falling—gently falling,
Falling on the window pane,
Like a wined spirit calling,
Come the heavy drops of rain.

Sweep by the crazy casements,
Where the creeping fly clings,
Sounds the wind in gusty gusts,
Loudly speaking "muffled things."

Hush! the tresses are sinking lower,
Sweetest strains of music hover,
Like a wined spirit calling,
Come the heavy drops of rain.

Where the creeping fly clings,
Sounds the wind in gusty gusts,
Loudly speaking "muffled things."

Hush! the tresses are sinking lower,
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Miscellaneous.

MEMORIAL OF JAMES FRAZER.

IS MEMORIAL OF JAMES FRAZER, Company F, 46th Regt. Penna. Vols., who died July 21st, 1861, of wounds received in the battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga., the day previous, whose remains were brought home and interred in the graveyard of the U. P. Church of Frankfort Springs, on the 10th of March, 1865.

Alas, we fear it not for incidents such as this, I fear in the day of peace we would forget the brave hearts that have sacrificed themselves for their country's salvation. And among all the sainted host, who have made this sacrifice, there shines not a brighter name than that of Sergeant Frazer's. He was among the first to leave his home for the three years service— cheerfully exchanging the pleasures of home for the rude and savage life of the soldier; a life of all others, least compatible with his nature, which was as mild and gentle as a child's. And yet, in that gentle heart was a grand, brave, heroic and patriotic spirit, that deserves to be remembered forever. Bravely and well he fought through the arduous campaigns of '61, fighting bravely at Winchester, Cold Springs, Cedar Mountain, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Then again in the Army of the Potomac, charging up a Lookout Mountain, not flinching at that brutal courage that makes ready to destruction, but by that higher courage which arms a man for life and death. He was a man who had much to live for, and yet he feared not to die, whose life was not to those that afford a pleasure to pass through every stage of existence from the school boy to the man, soldier and hero; and from the hero to heaven— a life that united virtue, nobility, religion, and every grace that could adorn the human life, and who was a man in all things whose life we shall not soon see again.

Would it Not be Humiliating?

It is a well known and undeniable fact that the copperhead nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania was offered, first, to General Meade; and then to General Hancock. The hero of Gettysburg scarcely knew how to treat the tender. He was not certain whether it was designed as a personal insult or a good political joke. Viewed in any light, it was distasteful to the grim soldier, and he therefore indignantly rejected it. Next, General Hancock was nominated, or rather essayed to be handled, for copperhead purposes. But this gallant soldier had many contacts with traitors, and was therefore accustomed to their tactics. He knew all about the strategy of traitors who had courage to meet him in fair fight, and could easily penetrate the veil of those who too cowardly to fight, for what they believed to be right, supposed him mean enough to lend his glory that the wrong might be enabled to triumph at the ballot box; after it had been so signally defeated on the battlefield. General Hancock, therefore, with indignation and disgust, declined the offer of a copperhead nomination for Governor, and the torch of the man, who made it. This rebuffed and rebuked, the copperheads of Pennsylvania could do nothing less than nominate Hester Clymer. Two gallant Pennsylvania soldiers refused that ignominious nomination, because its acceptance would have been tantamount to stultification. The man who had this copperhead nomination to give, are those who opposed the war as unjust on the part of the Government. Step by step they cast obstacles in the way of the military success of such heroes as Meade and Hancock, and yet when the soldiers had crowded themselves with glory, the Copperheads had the audacity to ask that their glory should be prostituted for their political success. And when this request was refused by the soldiers, the Copperheads turned to their idols—turned to the demagogues who had been true to their opposition to the Government, who had maintained all who assisted in the effort to crush treason, and from among these selected one fully worthy of their confidence, and crowned Hester Clymer with the honor which Meade and Hancock had cast from them and spat upon. And yet, it is now asked that the President of the United States should support a nomination of a party which two of the most gallant soldiers in the country rejected. The very proposition is monstrous, and sends a chill to the heart of every loyal man in the State.—*Har. Tr.*

JOHN B. GOUGH'S FIRST EXPERIENCE IN LECTURING.

At a banquet given in Chicago a short time since, to John B. Gough, he told his first experience as a public speaker. His first speech was when he signed the pledge, in a temperance meeting at Worcester, Mass. His comrades sneered as he went forward, and he, looking them square in the eye, exclaimed aloud: "What are you laughing at? Do you see that hand? (He held it up.) It trembles. But with that hand I am going to sign this pledge, and then you may laugh as much as you please. A little while after he attended another temperance meeting. The Chairman called on him to state to the audience how he got along, etc. He arose and said he was getting along finely; hadn't drunk a drop since taking the pledge; was going to stick to it and felt happy about it. This was his second public speech. He soon made another and longer one; a collection was taken; this, the first remuneration he ever received for a lecture, amounted to exactly two dollars. He was soon solicited to make a stump tour for temperance of a fortnight's duration. He asked and obtained permission of his employer, who was a bookbinder, to go, with the understanding that his situation should be retained for him. The books he had in hand were just ready for gliding. He wrapped them in his apron, turned his back upon them and has not seen them since. He spoke at one stretch almost every night for a year, and averaged less than two dollars per lecture.

How to Judge the Weather.

The colors of the sky at different times are a wonderful guidance. Not only does a clear sunset promise fair weather, but there are other hints which speak with clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow in the evening indicates a pale yellow, yet a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening—an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If they are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unclouded hues betoken wind and rain; while more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.—*Rural New Yorker.*

An Invention.

When the great elephant Hannibal was passing through Maryland, an ancient colored lady who had never seen an elephant met him on the road, and throwing up her hands in admiration, exclaimed: "Bress de Lord, what things they do get up for dis war!" The old lady took him for a new Yankee invention.

Elegant English.

The Nation thus comments upon the use of "fine language" in this country: "How few people live in houses; how many reside in residences, or mansions; how few schools there are left; how many academies and institutes, and establishments.—The race of woman is nearly extinct, while ladies warm all over the land. Such a thing as a lowly, now hardly ever seen, on a dinner table; the oldest cock that is ever served up is sure to be a chicken. Mutton, too, is becoming scarcer and scarcer; fambis plentiful. There has not been for many a day such a thing in the United States as a storekeeper or shopkeeper; the smallest peddler is now a merchant. We hardly ever hear of anybody in the newspapers, not a day-laborer, who does not move in the very best society and who does not boast of fine talents and distinguished manners. No man now delivers a speech or an address on any set occasion; he delivers an oration."—The President is fast ceasing to be President, having been promoted to the office of Our Chief Magistrate. There are even very few men of moderate attainments; most men who lay claim to anything beyond a common school education, and are actually not engaged in business, are spokes of a tripe scholars, and they at the same time do not spit or cheer, and abstain from morning drinks, they become accomplished gentlemen. If anybody advocates negro suffrage he takes his stand on the platform of the brotherhood of man. Stewed oysters and chicken salad are neither a supper nor a lunch, but an elegant collation. Soldiers are nearly all—or at least all those that are considered worth speaking of—powerful discourses. Even wives are gradually disappearing men write themselves down in the hotel books, as being accompanied by their ladies, whatever they may mean. In most parts of the West, even academies and institutes bid fair to become extinct, their places being taken by universities.

No Girl now ever leaves school; she graduates.

Inns and taverns have disappeared long ago; we find nothing but hotels in all directions. There are even signs that the fair sex will soon be superceded by single boys. The process has already been begun in New York. People do not teach things now; they are professors of them. Corn doctors are chiropodists. Barber-surgeons to be found in all parts of the large cities, while hair dressers abound. Members of Congress and politicians even are becoming somewhat rare. They are gradually becoming falling off in our numbers, but in our language at least the high politics was never more successfully cultivated.

Bad Sons.

A large number of those peaceful people, the Quakers, have been obliged to leave their homes in North Carolina, on account of the persistent annoyances and vexations that they received from their neighbors. They must have lived there before the war, and of course, under the more abusive and violent than they were then. We are sorry to hear of such conduct among those whom we supposed submissive to the laws. It bodes no good to themselves, and it brings a cloud on the prospect of a speedy return of the country to a healthy condition. These friends, unable longer to endure the annoyances to which they were exposed, have determined to remove to the State of Indiana. And it may be true, that if these old residents were not allowed to live in peace among the late rebels of North Carolina, strangers attempting to settle there would be still more liable to inconveniences and danger from their bad conduct.—*Exchange.*

Warrior's Talk.

The following is told of the "Hard-shell" Baptist preachers: Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, "When Abraham built the ark." The one behind him strove to correct his blunder, by crying aloud—"Abraham war'n't that." But the speaker rushed on heedless of the interruption, and only to occasion shortly to repeat, still more decidedly, "I say, when Abraham built the ark." "And I say," cried the other, "Abraham war'n't that." The Hard-shell was too hard to be bent down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed, with great indignation, "I say Abraham was that or that about."

Restoration of Glycerin to Curran.

The soldiers of Pennsylvania, it is stated, intend to prepare a valuable and reliable testimony to his Excellency Governor Andrew G. Curtin, who during the rebellion always proved himself to be the soldier's friend. If the public are sometimes as ungrateful to soldiers as not, and they intend to give a practical demonstration of the fact on the 10th inst. by the presentation of the testimonial to him. It will be such as to afford every Pennsylvania soldier, no matter what his rank, an opportunity to be equally represented.

Good Democratic Endorsement.

Forney's Press says that after the bloody battle at Washington, which ended in a glorious victory for the Union troops under the command of the gallant Geary, and the relief of the army at Chattanooga, General Sherman, the commander of the Twelfth Army Corps, and recently the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State of New York, addressed the following letter to the hero who is now leading the forces of the Union in this State against the enemies of their country:

HEADQUARTERS 12TH CORPS, ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND, MORRISTOWN, TENN., Nov. 19, '63.

My DEAR GENERAL: I am very happy to hear the good reports which reach me from all sides relative to the conduct of your command in the recent operations. The contest was one of very great importance. The highest credit is awarded to you and your command, not only by General Thomas, but by all officers conversant with the circumstances. As I was not with you, I can claim no portion of the credit gained, nor can I, with good taste, publish an order expressing thanks to you; but I wish you and your command to know that I have been informed of all the facts in the case, and that I feel deeply grateful for their gallant conduct, and for the new laurels they have brought to our corps.

Your old and sincere friend,
H. W. SLOCUM.

Brig. Gen. J. W. Geary, commanding 2d Division, 12th Army Corps.

Too Many in a Bed.

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the year 1834 and 1835, that after the houses were filled every night with travelers, every traveler there at that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in the hotels, even if he had two or three "strange bedfellows."

The Rev. Hosea Brown.

An eccentric Methodist minister, stopped one night at one of the hotels in Ann Harbor, and inquired if he could have a room and bed to himself. The bar-keeper told him he could, unless they should become so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him.

At an early hour the Reverend gentleman went to his room, looked the door, went to bed, and sought for a comfortable sleep. Along toward midnight he was aroused from his slumber by a loud knock at his door.

"Halloo you there," he exclaimed, "what do you want now?"—particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, sir, in with you," said the voice of the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why, yes, there's only one in here, isn't there?"

"One! Why, here's Mr. Brown, and the Methodist preacher, and myself, already; and I think that enough for one bed, even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so, too, and left the trio to their repose.

Taking Cold.

Thousands take cold and bring upon themselves various forms of intractable disease, by laying aside an extra garment when perspiring from heat or vigorous exercise. When exercised has been taken the person should rest awhile before removing an extra garment, and if lying down or exposed to a current of air, more clothing, instead of less, should be added till well rested. When exposed to cold from getting the feet or person wet, dry clothing should be put on, and vigorous exercise taken, however stupid the person may feel, unless too much exercise has been previously taken, in which case, removes the damp clothing, retire immediately to bed, cover very warm and put warm bricks or flat irons to the feet so as to create warmth in a short time. Before, and during the continuance of exercise, a person may drink cold water, but never immediately on ceasing from exercise, however thirsty.

Kentucky.

The Democrats of Kentucky have called a State Convention to reorganize their party, to meet at Louisville, May 1st. The Louisville Journal objects that those who call it are ex-Republicans. But the Journal cooperated with that breed in supporting McClellan and Pendleton in 1862, and in successful opposition to the Radicals in 1865. The Journal's "Conservative" party has enfranchised the Rebels, and they are destined to rule the State till they drive her over to the Radicals. The Journal and its clique of half and half are now stigmatized by the Democrats as "fossil remains of extinct parties that have been re-created by the Democracy." His 'em again.—*Tribune.*

How to Grow Rich.

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody, to befriend none; to get everything, and to save all; we get, to stand ourselves, and every body belonging to us, to be the friend of no man, and to have no man for your friend; to have interest, cent upon cent, to be mean, miserable and despised, for some twenty or thirty years; and to die, to come as early as disease and disappointment.

A Country Home.

The following tribute to the charms and elevating influence of a rural life is from the pen of the Hon. Horace Greeley, principal editor of the New York Tribune:

"As for me, long tossed on the stormy waves of doubtful conflict and arduous endeavor, I have begun to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary tempest-driven voyagers longing for land, the wanderer yearning for the hamlet, where in childhood, he posted by his mother's knee, and was soothed to sleep on her breast. The sober, down-hill of life dispels many illusions, while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long smothered or overlaid, for that dear, but, oh, home."

Not one business man out of ten knows how to write an advertisement.

Not one business man out of ten knows how to write an advertisement so as to attract the attention and excite the interest of the reader. Stewart pays a man several thousand dollars a year for writing his advertisements.

The great mistake in most advertisements is that they crowd too much into one advertisement. Almost everything they have to sell must be named in fifty words or more, and not one man in fifty reads it. One thing at a time should be advertised, and that frequently; and the aim should be to excite, not satisfy the curiosity of the reader. For instance, advertise Sugar! Sugar! People would have thought attention attracted by that one word, and would buy sugar. The result would be established. Stewart advertised his cotton alone all over the country. It brought him immense returns; and to-day he is the merchant prince of New York city. Bonner bought the Ledger for \$200, when it had only one hundred and seventy-five circulation.

He went to see Mr. Barnum to consult what was the best plan for advertising.

They at last fixed upon a plan, which was to have a story written especially for the purpose and printed in every paper in the State of New York in cities, and towns and villages. The name of this story was the "Gambler of Moscow." The first part of this story was put into every paper on the same Saturday morning. At the end of that part it stated that it would be continued in the New York Ledger, published by Bonner. The story was copied into Pennsylvania papers, and thence into those of other States, and Mr. Bonner soon became one of the richest publishers in the United States. The great advantage of having a large column advertisement in a paper was, that it covered other advertisements—people could not help seeing it.

Mr. Bonner once went to Bennett, the editor of the New York Herald, and asked him if he could leave three pages in the morning's paper for his advertisement of the Ledger.

The answer was yes, if he would pay double rates, he might have as much as he pleased. Upon which Mr. Bonner said he would have the whole paper. The consequence was that the next day the paper had nothing but Bonner's advertisement in it.

On one page in large letters, it was stated that an article written by Henry Ward Beecher would be in the Ledger; and so on through the whole eight pages.

Mr. Bonner did not advertise all he had to sell, but only attracted attention to the Ledger.

To-day the Ledger has over three hundred thousand circulation, and Bonner drives his twenty thousand dollar span of horses.

Barnum paid \$200 for his manuscript with a debt of \$8,000 upon it. He thought of advertising, and finally hit upon the following plan: He employed a number of painters, making them promise not to say anything about what he was going to do, and ordered them to paint pictures of all the animals in the country, and a few that never was in any country. These were one night stuck all over the front of the building. When people came past in the morning they had all come from; and before the day was over, the museum was crowded. And this was repeated day after day, when at last he saw several thousand unable to get in. He then made a passage to Ann street, and advertised that he had "an egret" in his museum; which drew greater crowds than ever, whom he showed through the egret to Ann street.

Mr. Barnum says of advertising: "I never patronize a business that don't advertise, for the reason that I invariably get cheated. The pernicious principle that prevents a man from keeping his business before the people by advertising, will prevent him from selling cheap."

Cure for the Small Pox.

The Richmond Times gives the following receipt for the cure of small pox. The mode of treatment is as follows: When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking internal organs. This is said to be the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, by general orders, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

An exchange informs us that Basil Duke, who furnished the rebel marauder John Morgan with brains, is in Cincinnati, engaged in the produce and commission business.

Barnum and Bonner on Advertising.

Prof. H. G. Eastman, of Eastman's Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., delivered a lecture in Chicago, a short time since, and took for his subject, "Advertising, and How to Do It." He appreciates the benefits arising from advertising, and understands how to do it with profit. There are only three men in this country who thoroughly understand advertising—Barnum, and Stewart, of New York, and Bonner, of the N. Y. Ledger.

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Farm House.

Mixen Stock's Pasture.—It is not so long ago, a good deal, written about keeping a mixed stock on pastures. As I have been a keeper of stock for very many years, until now, I venture to give my opinion. And first, I have found that the very best amongst cattle, but cattle do badly amongst sheep. To prove it, let the farmer take the fodder left by the cattle, even when part of it has been trodden under their feet, and if the sheep are not fully fed, he will see the sheep eat it up greedily; then let him take what his sheep leaves and offer it to his cattle, and he will find they won't taste it if they can get anything else; or let him turn his milk cows in a sheep pasture, and he will find them fall in milk. Cattle do well where horses pasture. In proof of this, every farmer must have seen that cattle will eat the litter of horses, even if fully fed, but horses won't eat what cattle leave, unless compelled to do so. But horses and sheep will do well in some pastures; especially the horses. To prove this, let the farmer turn out the sheep from their yards, turn in his horses, and they will eat up all the sheep have left, even the litter around the racks.—*John Johnson.*

About Chickens.—A lady correspondent of the Rural New Yorker writes as follows:

"Chickens have been highly recommended by Solon Robinson as a substitute for coffee. It is a very good medicine for people who are subject to costiveness, possessing about the same medical properties as the dandelion. It is dangerous to use in summer when diarrhoea is prevalent. The flavor of pure Java will hang in the minds of children around the old kitchen cookery, like the scent of the rose under mother's favorite window. It is cheaper to raise corn, or potatoes, or berries, and buy coffee, than to poison the ground with chickens. For instance, last year a friend of mine gave me one day with a large paper of chicken seed, thinking to supply a certain coffee vendor with the commodity. The roots sprang long and deep into the earth; when dug out some fibres yet remain, to again spring up. His labor to eradicate the chicken was sufficient to buy pure coffee for six ordinary families one year, and the end is not yet."

Yellow and White Cows.

A meeting of the White Cows (N. Y.) Farmers' Club, the discussion turned upon the comparative sweetness and nutrition of the different varieties of corn. Dr. Isham said that yellow meal, when old, was apt to have a bitter taste. Yellow corn contained more oil than white, and when the meal was kept some time, the abundance of oil had a tendency to become rancid—hence the bitter taste of the meal.

Spring is a Horse's Enemy.

Every one knows the additional power of resting or sustaining concussion and weight any fibrous substance has, if struck or pressed in the direction of the fibres, besides its effect on any other. The hoof of the horse is composed of an infinite number of dense fibres, strongly agglutinated together, and to enable it with the greatest advantage to meet and support the concussion there is when it strikes the ground, these fibres are every one of them so placed in the unshod foot as to receive the shock directly on their ends. In addition to this, the front part of the hoof, where the force of concussion is greatest, is twice as thick and strong as the sides and heels, its slope indicating exactly the direction of the descent of the horse's weight.

Remedy for Sore Throat.

In answer to an inquiry for a remedy for sore throat, I will give you one which I use for thirty-five years, with complete success, having never failed in one instance. Take a white pine, pine, hickory, beech, and honey, one ounce each; fresh lard, one-half pound; melt together over a slow fire, then add one-half an ounce of sulphate of copper, stir till it is quite thick, so that the parts may not settle and separate. This makes an excellent application for sore throat, cuts and sores of all kinds on horses and cattle.—*Turner and Gardner.*

Evergreens.—Plant evergreens around your dwellings. Take up the trees in the spring or in the early part of the fall, handle them carefully, and set them with proper regard to the rules of transplanting, and they will rarely fail to do well. In removing such trees, care should be taken to remove as much dirt with them as possible, and in transplanting them be careful that no injury occurs either to the tops or the roots. Evergreens have a splendid appearance during the winter season, and in the summer months they produce a cool and refreshing shade.

Fruit.—Generally speaking, the smaller the quantity of fruit on a tree, the higher the flavor; therefore thin all fruits in moderation, but avoid excess; a single gooseberry, on a bush, or a single bunch of grapes on a vine, no matter how fine it may be, is a disgrace to good fruit growing.

One animal well fed is of more value than two poorly kept.