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, will have prompt attention.

J. S. RUTAN & Co. Eds. & Pro'rs.

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 42--No. 17. Beaver, Wednesday, April 25, 1866. Established 1818.

POETICAL.

SMILE AND BE CONTENTED.

The world grows old, and men grow cold
To each while seeking treasure;
And what with want, and care and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure.
But never mind—that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gaily if we will
But smile and be contented.

If we are poor, and would be rich,
It will not be by pining,
No! steady heart and hopeful hands
Are life's a bright silver lining.
There's ne'er a man that dared to hope
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth are those
Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap
And consolation borrow.
If thorns will rise when roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented;
So make the best of life you can,
And smile and be contented.

Miscellaneous.

Character in Dress

It would seem indeed as if men's dress were fixed beyond all power of its adjustment to character; but no ways or repressing influences can readily hinder a man's showing it in his outer garments. Still, wherever there is a strongly pronounced character, a character of such originality, independence, or crotchetiness as to break loose from the habits and tone of thought of the age, though it be in points merely abstract, with no perceivable relation to the coat, or neck tie, or arrangement of hair, these externals will be affected by them, and will declare the man a dissentient from, or a leader of, the tho't of his age. Something about the set, the color, the form of his attire, will show him remarkable. This of course, applies to speculators and theorists.—Men of action, practical men, politicians—all who carry on the world's business, whose concern is with men as they are, and whose occupation depends on the continuance of the existing state of things—dress, as they think and act, with the world, but every deviation of thought, every consistent resolution in a man to think and act for himself in any material point, social, political or religious, certainly expresses itself in some external peculiarity. It is indeed wonderful how this connection between the inner principle and the manifestation—though perhaps unconscious—of marking this by some marked peculiarity in external development, will show itself in spite of every hinderance that custom, and we might almost say, intention, imposes.

A man cannot be a prig in his notions without the tie of his cravat, or some lines somewhere, showing it.—He cannot be a skeptic, actively controversially intent on making proselytes, without not only his features, his hair, his gait, his backbone showing it, but some eccentric upper garment, collar, shoes, something about him. A man cannot set about industriously subverting the constitution of his country without everything, from his hat to his boots, and every loose flying intervening garment, telling it; a man cannot be a liberator without some signal, answering to Garibaldi's shirt; the mantle of the prophet was necessary to express the spirit of the prophet; such intimate connection is there between man and the outer self that immediately surrounds him.

Clothes are but an extension and further enhancing of the same subtle influence which moulds the features into a reflection of the habitual working of the mind. Until a man's garments have formed this intimate relation with him, he is an image, a property of the scene, a lay figure—We can predicate nothing concerning him. Who can tell what a king is in his coronation robes? a herald in his tabard? or a soldier on parade? Who can tell what a beggar is—hung about in garments that have received every curve and fold from other men's backs? Even the dogs bark at him as at something incomprehensible and in disguise.

"Never Knock Under."—No, never. Always rally your forces for another desperate assault upon adversity. If calumny assails you, and the world—as it is apt to do in such cases—takes part with your traducers, don't turn moody and misanthropic, or worse still, seek to drown your unhappiness in dissipation. Bide your time. Disprove the slander if you can; if not, live it down. If poverty comes upon you like a theft in the night—what then? Let it rouse you, as the presence of a real thief would do, to energetic action. No matter how deeply you may have got into hot water—always provided that you did not help the father of lies to heat it—your case, if you are made of the right kind of stuff, is not desperate. Effort is in accord with divine order and sweep of things that life should have no difficulties which an honest and determined man, with Heaven's help, cannot surmount.

"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of signing the Declaration of the American Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways." "Yes," observed Franklin, "we must all pull together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

THE CHOLERA.

The following letter was written by Dr. Hamlin, for many years a missionary at Constantinople, and whose experience in treating cholera extended through three visitations of that disease in Turkey:

DEAR SIR: The cholera, which has just left us after committing fearful ravages, is making its way into Europe, and will probably cross the Atlantic before another summer has passed.

Having been providentially compelled to have a good degree of practical acquaintance with it, and to see it in all its forms and stages during each of its invasions of Constantinople, I wish to make to my friends in Maine some suggestions which may relieve anxiety or be of practical use.

1. On the approach of cholera every family should be prepared to treat it without waiting for a physician. It does its work so expeditiously that, while you are waiting for the doctor, it is done.

2. If you prepare for it, it will not come. I think there is no disease which may be avoided with so much certainty as the cholera. But providential circumstances, or the thoughtless indiscretions of some member of a household, may invite the attack, and the challenge will never be refused. It will probably be made in the night, your physician has been called in another direction, and you must treat the case yourself or it will be fatal.

CAUSE AND SYMPTOMS.

3. *Cause of Attack.*—I have personally investigated at least a hundred cases, and not less than three fourths could be traced directly to improper diet, or to intoxicating drinks, or to both united. Of the remainder, suppressed perspiration would comprise a large number. A strong, healthy, temperate laboring man had a severe attack of cholera and after the danger had passed I was curious to ascertain the cause. He had been cautious and prudent in his diet. He used nothing intoxicating. His residence was in a good locality. But after some hours of hard labor and very profuse perspiration, he had laid down to take his customary nap right against an open window through which a very refreshing breeze was blowing. Another cause is drinking largely of cold water when hot and thirsty. Great fatigue, great anxiety, fright, fear, all figure among inciting causes. If one can avoid all these he is as safe from the cholera as from being swept away by a comet.

4. *Symptoms of an attack.*—While cholera is prevalent in a place, almost every one experiences more or less disturbance of digestion. It is doubtless in part imaginary. Every one notices the slightest variation of feeling, and this gives an importance to mere trifles. There are often a slight nausea, or transient pains, or rumbling sounds, when no attack follows. No one is entirely free from these. But when diarrhœa commences, though painless and slight, it is in reality the skirmishing party of the advancing column. It will have at first no single character of Asiatic cholera. But do not be deceived. It is the cholera, nevertheless. Wait a little, give it time to get hold, say to yourself, "I feel perfectly well, it will soon pass off," and in a short time you will repent of your folly in vain. I have seen many a one commit suicide in this way.

Sometimes, though rarely, the attack commences with vomiting. But in whatever way it commences it is sure to *hold on*. In a very few hours the patient may sink into the collapse. The hands and feet become cold and purplish, the countenance, at first nervous and anxious, becomes gloomy and pathetic, although a mental restlessness and raging thirst torment the sufferer while the powers of life are ebbing. The intellect remains clear, but all the social and moral feelings seem wonderfully to *collapse* with the physical powers. The patient knows he is to die, but cares not a snap about it.

In some cases, though rarely, the diarrhœa continues for a day or two, and the foolish person keeps about, then suddenly sinks, sends for a physician, and before he arrives "dies as the fool dieth."

COURSE OF TREATMENT.

1. *For Stopping the Incipient Diarrhœa.*—The mixture which I used in 1848 with great success, and again in 1855, has during the epidemic been used by thousands, and although the attacks have been more sudden and violent, it has fully established its reputation for efficiency and perfect safety. It consists of equal parts, by measure, of one laudanum and spirits of camphor, two tincture of rhubarb. Thirty drops for adult, on a lump of sugar, will often check the diarrhœa. But to prevent its return care should always be taken to continue the medicine every four hours in diminishing doses; twenty-five, twenty, fifteen, ten, nine, when careful diet is all that will be needed.

In case the first dose not stay the diarrhœa, continue to give increasing doses—thirty-five, forty, forty five, sixty—at every movement of the bowels. Large doses will produce no injury while the diarrhœa lasts. When that is checked then is the time for caution. I have never seen a case of diarrhœa taken in season which was not thus controlled, but some cases of advanced diarrhœa, and especially a relapse, paid no heed to it whatever. As soon as this becomes apparent I have always resorted to this course. Prepare a teacup of starch boiled as for use in starching linen and stir into it a full teaspoonful of laudanum for an injection. Give one third at each movement of the bowels. In one desperate case, abandoned as hopeless by a physician, I could not stop the diarrhœa until the seventh injection, which contained nearly a teaspoonful of laudanum. The patient recovered, and is in perfect health. At the same time I used prepared chalk in ten grain doses, with a few drops of laudanum and camphor to each. But, whatever course is pursued, it must be followed up or the patient is lost.

2. *Mustard Poultices.*—These should be applied to the pit of the stomach and kept on till the surface is well reddened.

3. The patient, however well he may feel, should rigidly observe perfect rest. To lie quietly on the back is one half of the battle. In that position the enemy fires over you, but the moment you rise you are hit.

When attack comes in the form of a diarrhœa these directions will enable every one to meet it successfully.

4. But when the attack is more violent, and there is vomiting, or vomiting and purging, perhaps also cramps and colic pains, the following mixture is far more effective, and should always be resorted to. The missionaries—Messrs. Long, Trowbridge, and Washburn—have used it in very many cases and with wonderful success. It consists of equal parts of laudanum, tincture of capsicum, tincture of ginger, and tincture of cardamon seeds. Dose, thirty to forty drops, or a half a teaspoonful in a little water, and to be increased according to the urgency of the case. In case the first dose should be ejected, the second, which should stand ready, should be given immediately after the spasm of vomiting has ceased. During this late cholera siege no one of us failed of controlling the vomiting and also the purging by, at most, the third dose. We have, however, invariably made use of large mustard poultices of strong pure mustard, applied to the stomach, bowels, calves of the legs, feet, &c., as the case seemed to require.

TREATMENT OF COLLAPSE.

Collapse.—This is simply a more advanced stage of the disease. It indicates the gradual failing of all the powers of life. It is difficult to say when a case has become hopeless. At a certain point the body of the patient begins to emit a peculiar odor, which I call the death odor, for when that has become decided and unmistakable I have never known the patient to recover. I have repeatedly worked upon such cases for hours with no permanent result. But the blue color, the cold extremities, the deeply sunken eye, the vanishing pulse are too signs that the case is hopeless. Scores of such cases in the recent epidemic have recovered. In addition to the second mixture, brandy (a tablespoonful every half hour,) bottles of hot water surrounding the patient, especially the extremities, sinapisms, and friction will often in an hour or two work wonders.

Thirst.—In these, and in all advanced cases, thirst creates intense suffering. The sufferer craves water, and as sure as he gratifies the craving the worst symptoms return, and he falls victim to the transient gratification. The only safe way is to have a faithful friend or attendant who will not heed his entreaties. The suffering may be, however, safely alleviated and rendered endurable. Frequent gargling the throat and washing out the mouth will bring some relief. A spoonful of gum arabic water or of camomile tea may frequently be given to wet the throat. Lyndenham's White Decoction may also be given, both as a beverage and nourishment, in small quantities, frequently. In a day or two the suffering from thirst will cease. In a large majority of cases it has not been intense for more than twenty-four hours.

Diet.—Rice water, arrowroot, Lyndenham's White Decoction, crust water, camomile tea, are the best articles for a day or two after the attack is controlled. Camomile is very valuable in restoring the tone of the stomach.

The Typhoid Fever.—A typhoid state for a few days will follow all severe cases. There is nothing alarming in this. It has very rarely proved fatal. Patience and careful nursing will bring it all right. The greatest danger is from drinking too freely.—When the patient seemed to be sinking, a little brandy and water or arrowroot and brandy have revived him. In this terrible visitation of the cholera, we have considered ourselves perfectly armed and equipped, with a hand-bag containing mixture No. 1, mixture No. 2, (for vomiting, &c.,) a few pounds of pounded mustard, a bottle of brandy, a paper of camomile flowers, and a paper of gum arabic.

A RICH VIRGINIAN.—Franklin Stearns, the richest man in the Old Dominion under the new *regime*, is a Vermonter, who has passed thirty years in Richmond, been twice married, and who is now worth, in real estate and cash, $1,500,000. He was a violent Unionist, suffered in Castle Thunder, and never kept Confederate scrip a week in his pocket, but loaned it for mortgages on all the farm lands around. Every day enriches him; and as the benefits of peace and freedom are fully developed, he will probably be the proprietor, by the enhanced value of his lands, of $12,000,000 or $15,000,000.

THE FEDERAL CHAMELEON.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF SCOUTING STRATEGY.

One evening about an hour after the sun had gone down, a couple of stout men, dressed in soiled rebel uniforms, each holding in his hand a good Austrian rifle, tapped at the door of a small frame building near the C—— road in Virginia.

The knock was answered by an old woman whose face was almost concealed by the tangled masses of her gray, uncombed and disheveled hair.

'And what do you want here?' she exclaimed, as her deep set eyes flashed on the two men. 'I haven't the smallest bit of johnny cake in the house to offer ye, for it was all——'

'No, no,' interrupted one of the soldiers, 'we don't want anything to eat, but we want you to tell us, and that in quick time, too, whether or not you've seen a slight but strong looking slip of a man go by here of late?'

'Dressed in blue, and carrying a double barreled rifle,' added the other.

'Hey, hey!' cried the hag, lifting her hands and speaking in a sharp, angry voice, 'if you hadn't interrupted me, I reckon you would have heard me speak of him just now, as he was the very man who come here and bought all my cakes. It was about two hours ago, and——'

'Which way did he go after he left you?' inquired both men eagerly.

'Before I answer that question, you must tell me who he is,' said the old woman with the curiosity natural to her sex.

'He is a celebrated Union scout whom we call the "Federal Chameleon," because he changes his uniform so often. Sometimes it is blue, other times grey, and he has even been seen wearing the disguise of an old farmer. He has shot more of our men than is pleasant, and we have a roving commission from our Colonel to go and hunt after him, if we can, either dead or alive. And now we have replied to you,' continued the speaker a little impatiently, 'we demand that you answer our question, and——'

'Demand!' interrupted the hag in shrill, piercing tones. 'Is that the proper way to speak to a woman—an old woman at that?'

'Come, come, answer us and you please,' cried the soldier in a milder tone. 'I mean no harm—it's only my way of speaking.'

'Well, perhaps I may give, and perhaps not,' said the hag, softening her head—'How far is it to your camp from here?'

'What is that to you? what has that to do—'

'There you go again with your cursed incivility,' shrieked the hag fiercely, 'but you shall answer my question before you get another single word out of me. Now, then, how far is your camp from here, and how many men have you in and around it? I intend to carry your fellows some corn cakes, d'ye see, and I want to know the number of mouths I have to cook for.'

'Oh, in that case,' said the rebel, 'I do not see any reason why I should not satisfy you. Our camps, then, are about five miles from here, near the cross roads, and our number may be about five thousand.'

'That will do,' cried the old woman, with a grin of satisfaction—'yes, that will do. And now you are sure that the man who came here to buy his supper is the one you are after?'

'We are sure of it, for although we have never seen the man's face, we'd know him by the double-barreled rifle, as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind.'

'Ay, ay, it's the right one, then,' said the hag. 'After he had finished and paid me for his meal, he says to me: 'Friend, I should like to put up here for the night if you have no objections.' But as I did not like the idea of accommodating a Yankee any more than I could help, I told him there was no room for him, as I expected visitors before many hours—'Well, then,' says he, can't you tell me of a place where I can pass the night a little comfortably? You see,' he added, looking toward his double barreled rifle, 'I don't like to camp out, as it looks like rain, and this piece might get hurt by it.' I know of no place, I answered, short of four miles from here, in an old barn, which is tight enough, I think, to keep off the rain. 'Four mile is a pretty long distance, said he, 'and as I have been tramping about considerable to-day, I don't feel much like carrying this heavy load so far,' pointing at his knapsack as he spoke. 'Will you be kind enough to let it remain till morning?' Well, yes, said I, hesitating a little, and throwing a glance at the well filled pocket book in his hand.—He understood the look and gave me a greenback dollar. All right, said I and he then departed, saying he would call for his luggage in the morning, after he should wake from his sleep in the barn.

'Now, then,' continued the woman, 'which will you do—go go after him at once, or wait in ambush for him till morning?'

They drew back a few paces and held a short consultation, after which they advanced to the woman.

'We will go now,' said one of them; 'that is if you can describe to us the exact position of the barn.'

'I don't think that I could describe it so you could find it in the dark, but as I am willing to do everything in my power for the Confederacy, I will go with you and show the place.'

'That's right,' answered the rebels and we will see that you are rewarded for your zeal.'

'I don't want any reward for helping my countrymen,' repeated the hag. 'I am always ready to help along the cause.'

With these words she disappeared into another room, but came forth in a few moments, with a gray blanket thrown over her shoulders.

'I took this out of the Yank's hay stack,' said she with a short, dry laugh; 'Don't you think it becomes me?'

'Aye, aye, my good woman, very much; but lend on if you please, for we have no time to loose.'

'Forward, march!' she exclaimed, imitating the voice of a man with strong lungs. 'Forward, march! Close up! close up!' And she moved along the road at the tottering pace to a person of her years.

The night by this time had become very dark. The sky was obscure with thick driving clouds, and the wind screamed and roared among the tall pines that towered upon each side of the road. Occasionally a branch wrenched from its native trunk would fall into the road with a terrible crash, and more than once the rebels started back and cocked their pieces in belief that the din was caused by the discharge of some Yankee rifle.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the old hag upon one of these occasions, 'it seems to me you are easily startled. Don't you think your commander might have picked a pair of bolder hearts than yours for this expedition?'

'You'd better keep a silent tongue in your head, my good woman, until you have an opportunity of witnessing as many battles as we have, answered one of the men, 'a good soldier is always on his guard.'

'Aye, aye!' replied the old woman, 'but should be able to distinguish between the crackling of a branch and the ring of a rifled musket.'

The rebels did not relish the sound made by the loud shrill tone of the female guide, and in order to put an end to it he controlled himself sufficiently not to reply to her last remark. The party then continued on their way in silence—which was not broken by either of them until they had gone about three miles, and a loud clear challenge suddenly startled the rebels.

'Halt! Who comes there?'

'Friends,' answered the old woman, in a ringing voice, 'friends with prisoners.'

'We are betrayed!' yelled her companions, and even as the words passed their lips, they were surrounded by a dozen Federal soldiers, one of whom carried a lantern.

As the rays of the light fell upon the hag, the rebels saw the gray hair, the blanket, and female apparel drop to the ground, revealing the slight but iron like frame of a Union soldier in the prime of life.

'It is he,' exclaimed the prisoners simultaneously, as their glances wandered to the double barrelled rifle, which he now held in his hand; 'it is he—the scout—the Federal Chameleon!'

'Aye, aye!' answered the latter as he leaned upon his weapon, with a quiet smile, 'you are trapped sure enough, thanks to my disguise, which is only one of the many which I carry in my knapsack. Allow me to express my thanks to you for the information you gave me in regard to the position of your camp and the number of your men; I have already sent a message to my Colonel in relation to the matter, and I perceive he has commenced to act upon it.'

And as he spoke he pointed down the road where the dark outline of troops forming into line might be faintly distinguished.

They are soon in motion, and in the course of half an hour the booming cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the cheering of Federal troops proclaimed that the combat had commenced. The din continued for about an hour, when the prisoners heard from others who were brought to share their quarters, that the Southern troops had been surprised and totally routed.

A Frank and Noble Boy.

As I was taking a ride in our pleasant village, on which we have a few plague spots left, I took in a lad of some ten years. As I had occasion to stop close to a rum shop, I noticed the boy looked surprised, and I said to him: 'Shall we go in and take a little whiskey, as we may be cold before we get back?' I shall not soon forget the frankness with which he looked me in the face and said: "My mother don't allow me to drink rum." Then I said, "Won't you go in there and warm you?" and he as honestly said, "I don't think my mother would allow me to go into such a place."

Now I want to say to all the boys, never be ashamed to follow the counsel and good advice of a pious mother, for it will be a safeguard to you through life.

And to mothers, I would say, be evermore vigilant to cast a goodly influence around the young, for it will keep them in fierce temptation's darkest hours, and save our country and the world much sorrow.—*Zion's Herald.*

Pleasant Homes.

The homes of America will not become what they should be until a true idea of life shall become more widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes than anything—than all things else. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is lost which hangs a picture upon the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of childhood. Is this the whole of human life? Then it is a mean, meagre, and most undesirable thing. A child will go forth from a stall, glad to find free air and a wider pasture. The influence of such a home upon him in after life, will be just none at all, or nothing good. Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities. They crowd into villages.—They swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance; and the old shell of home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres have no sacredness, and when the father and mother die, the stranger's presence obliterate associations that should be among the most sacred of all things.

I would have you build up for yourselves, and for your children, a home that will never be parted with—a home which will be to all whose lives have been associated with it, the most interesting, precious spot on earth. I would have that home the abode of dignity, beauty, grace, love, genial fellowship and happy associations. Out from such a home I would have good influences flow into neighborhoods. In such a home I would see ambition taking root, and receiving all generous culture. And then I would see you, young husbands, and young wives, happy. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences as will come through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances but those of utter poverty can justify you in denying the influences to your children.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

The Wrong Hat.

A certain Jersey lawyer who loved "lager," one sweltering day got pretty "mellow," having moistened his throat too much with the German beverage, and proceeded to navigate to his law office. He took up a substantial looking white hat, and with a rather puzzled look tried to put it on *sideways*. Of course it wouldn't fit. He looked inside, holding it up toward the light, and read aloud: "Jonas Shooter, Esq., Attorney at Law, Jersey City."

(Soliloq)—"That's my hat—of course it is."

Another attempt to put it on sideways; no use. Again taking it off, and again read "Jonas Shooter, Esq., Attorney," &c.

After another trial, and finding it didn't fit, the gentleman commenced feeling all over his head, evidently as if to assure himself that no protuberance had suddenly declared itself.—Having satisfied himself on that point, he once more read the address, had another trial, and still sideways. There he stood, perfectly mystified; but an idea lightened up his face, and he called the waiter whom he apostrophised thus—

"Can you read writing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, will you be good enough to tell me whose hat this is?"

Herman took the head case and having read, said—

"It belongs to Jonas Shooter, Esq., Jersey City."

"Does it?" and looking all around with the most comical air in the world he exclaimed—"does it?—*then who in the* (hic) *mischief am I?*"

CONCERNING DOORS.—When you go into a neighbor's premises, be sure to leave the doors as you find them. If you find a door shut, you may reasonably suppose that your friend wanted it shut, and therefore you have no right to leave it open; and if you find it open, no matter how cold the weather is, do you leave it open, for it is reasonable to suppose that it was left open for some good purpose. And the same is good for all places, whether they be houses, stores, factories, offices, or whatever they may be. Remember the rule—it has no exception; leave the doors as you find them. If the owner of a door does not know how he wants it, how do you know how he wants it?

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—An exiled Pole describes, in an English paper, a cure for drunkenness. He says that the patient is shut up in a room, and debarred from all communication, except with his physician. As often as he pleases, spirits are given him, mixed with two-thirds of water. So, also, are all other drinks, as well as beer, coffee, or wine, mixed with one-third of water. The various kinds of solid food are all prepared with brandy; consequently the patient is in a continued state of intoxication. This lasts about five days. At the end of that time the patient implores other food, and ever afterward the smell of alcohol acts as an emetic.

THE Cleveland *Leader* says that at Corry, Ohio, the same gentleman is owner and editor of the two local papers, one of which is thoroughly Union and the other strongly Democratic.

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Farm, House, &c.

Broken Bones in Animals.

Fracture of bones, occurring among neat stock, is generally considered as a justifiable cause for their destruction. But I object to this summary mode of disposing of unfortunate yet valuable animals; for the truth is, many are killed that might be saved.

The trouble of managing, and the expense of treating cases of fracture, often deter husbandmen from performing a duty incumbent on them in view of protecting their property, and acting the part of the "good Samaritan;" but the fact is, the trouble and expense are mere trifles when the usefulness of a valuable animal is involved.

The remedy in case of a simple fracture of bones, under the improved system of practice, is neither tedious, nor expensive. The bones unite very readily, if kept in contact, and the unity is secured by means of splints and bandages. Where there is any laceration of the soft parts, and the bone is broken into several pieces, the better way is to put an end to the suffering of the creature, for recovery is impossible.

An animal under treatment for fracture, may be placed in the trevis, if necessary, but I prefer to let the patient have its liberty in a box stall. The limb opposite to the fractured one will have to sustain more weight than usual; therefore, I try to prevent swelling and stiffness by occasionally hand rubbing, or by bathing it once or twice daily with a portion of the following: oil of wormwood, one ounce; alcohol, two ounces, new rum, two qts., mix.

Cutting Potatoes.

The practice of cutting potatoes is adopted by many as a matter of economy. Experience, however, seems to have established, that the practice has an injurious influence upon the crop, especially when the planting is early, and the soil and weather cold. Last season, in order to test the thing, I tried several experiments, the results of which were in every case in favor of the uncut seed. The method adopted was as follows: Two rows of cut potatoes were planted in the centre of a piece—the tubers being divided as nearly in the centre as practicable—and two pieces allowed to each hill. On digging the roots it was found that the yield of the cut rows was less by one-tenth, by weight, than that of the uncut ones, and in point of size, a still more marked difference. I never plant the the smallest or the largest potatoes, but select those of medium size, and allow two potatoes to the hill.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Temper in Treating Stock.

The farmer's stock around him partakes more or less of the quality of the owner or of those who attend upon it. A man's influence is imparted to his beasts, particularly the horses, the working cattle, and milk cows.—A man of irascible temper gets up a nervousness in a horse or a cow—The brute becomes afraid of him; and if of a vicious nature, is apt to be hurtful, spitefully influenced, perhaps irreclaimably spoiled—whereas a mild tempered, discriminative man will gradually smooth down the asperities of a harsh disposition. We have known milk cows, wild as deer, brought to a placid tractibility. The man is a superior—and his superior influence will be communicated. Wise stock raisers keep fools and irritants out of their stockyards.—*Exchange.*

Sound Horses.

First and foremost, if you wish to have sound horses get clean limbed and sound breeders; be sure to breed from no other than perfectly sound animals on both sides. The animals you breed from should not only be sound themselves, but be from sound ancestors. Ringbones, spavins, pinched feet, and many other troubles about horses, are quite as transmissible to the offspring as the color of the hair, or any other trait, either good or bad.

When farmers fully comprehend and realize the importance of selecting the best animals for breeders of all kinds of farm stock, farming interest will then have advanced a long stride ahead of what we have seen.—*Maine Farmer.*

Ashes.

Save coal as well as wood ashes.—At some asheries the leaches are shoveled into a river. It will pay to collect them in heaps, and cover the wet ashes with boards so that they will dry out by next winter, when teams may haul them to the fields where they are to be spread. They are greatly valued in the older parts of the country, and should be.

PEA STRAW is richer in oil and albuminous, or flesh forming matters, than the straw of the cereals. The woody fibre is also more digestible.—This fully accounts for the repute in which it is held as fodder for sheep and cattle.

SWEET OIL is a certain cure for snake bites. Apply internally and externally.