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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 TWELVE lines of this type measured as a square.

Special notices 25 per cent. addition 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.

LABOR.

There's never-dying chorus
Breaking on the human ear,
In the busy town before us
Voices loud, and deep, and clear,
This is labor's endless ditty;
This is toil's prophetic voice,
Sounding through the town and city
Bidding human hearts rejoice.

Sweeter than the poet's singing
Is that anthem of the free;
Blither is the anvil's ringing
Than the song of bird or bee.
There's a glory in the rattle
Of the wheels 'mid factory gloom,
Richer than e're snatched from battle
Are the trophies of the loom.

See the skillfull mason rising
Gacefully yon towering pile;
Round the forge and furnace blazing
Stand the noble men of toil.
They are heroes of the people,
Who the wealth of nations raise;
Every dome, and spire, and steeple
Rear their heads in labor's praise.

Glorious men of truth and labor,
Shepherds of the human fold,
That shall lay the brand and sabre
With the barbarous things of old,
Priest and prophets of creation,
Bloodless heroes in the fight,
Toilers of the world's salvation,
Messengers of peace and light.

Speed the plow and speed the harrow
Peace and plenty send abroad;
Better far the spade and barrow
Than the cannon or the sword;
Each in[illegible], each improvement,
Render[illegible] oppression's rod;
Every sigh and every movement
Brings us nearer truth and God.

Miscellaneous.

Wendell Phillips.

Somebody [illegible] the story a few years ago, that Wendell Phillips, the professional philanthropist and reformer, notwithstanding his high-toned morality of principle and speech, and endowed as he is with a [illegible] competency, is a man of [illegible] heartlessness in the stewardship of wealth. That he is a very rich man is true; but the gorgeous trappings of wealth, described by this scribbler, as [illegible] every-day wear of [illegible] of their graphic portrayer; if there is a man in America who, with the culture, refinement and kind [illegible] of Wendell Phillips, yet lives in a style so unostentatious and unassuming. I don't happen to remember hearing of him. Any body who ever seen the Boston Abolitionist home in his little one-eyed house, Essex street, Boston, will bear me out in the assertion that very few men of his means would be content to crib themselves within limits and surroundings so modest and mediocre. The only prominent characteristic of the Reformer's city house is the big, brave way in which he has had the name of "Phillips" painted on his front door, and this, too, throughout many a long year in the past when that name was a by-word and the accepted synonym of maniacal ultraism. No slavemonger's mob ever needed to look long for the house of the man they hoped to hang or wished to lynch, for the filmiest eyes could read from across the street those bold, black letters which stood for a beacon to the slave and a defiance to his master.— But Mr. Phillips is by no means the starry dispenser of his money this story-teller would have people think him. He has never withheld from those who were its fit recipients, and when the record of this world's generous deeds is finally made up there will be a good many misery ingrates, faithless stewards, who would gladly trade the very respectable character made for them by their conservatism for the benisons which hundreds and thousands of beneficiaries will forever heap upon the name and memory of Wendell Phillips. We have many names of note upon the roll of generous givers among Americans, but it is not indispensable that Phillips should have his name included there to make out for him a clear title to the character of a liberal, conscientious almoner.

SEPARATING A MOTHER AND CHILD.—In the Circuit Court in Morgantown, W. Va., recently, a deeply affecting scene took place. It occurred in the matter of the *habeas corpus* granted at the instance of Clerk Everly against his wife for the rendition of the body of a child born to the parties prior to their separation. After a full hearing, the Court gave judgment that the mother should deliver the child to the father. The Morgantown *Post* says: It was then that a scene occurred that beggars description. The mother pressed her infant to her breast and clung with all the tenacity of life to the object of her fond hopes. Her loud sobs and agonizing shrieks sent such a thrill of sorrow to the hearts of the bystanders as only the voice of women in distress can impart. The husband endeavored to wrest it from her arms, but could not do it, when the sheriff stepped forward to carry out the order of the Court, and succeeded in obtaining the child. The loud cries of the mother thus doubly widowed, were heard for several squares from the court house, as she was led away supported by her father and brother."

Biographical Sketch of the Life of General Scott.

We give below a biographical sketch of the life of Lieutenant General Scott, who died at West Point, on the 28th ult, in the eightieth year of his age:

Gen. Winfield Scott was born in 1786, June 13th, at Petersburg, in Virginia, and his family was most respectable, though it was not one of "the first families" of the Old Dominion. He received the usual education, and became a lawyer; but in 1808 he was appointed a Captain of artillery in the American army, and stationed in Louisiana. He had no employment of importance until the breaking out of the war of 1812. He was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2d Artillery in July of that year, and ordered to the Canadian frontier. His first active service in the war was to take part in the capture of two British vessels, October 9. He was present at the battle of Queenstown Heights, October 14, and though the [illegible] action was unfortunate [illegible] the men who crossed the [illegible] into the hands of the enemy [illegible] duct was all[illegible] to have [illegible] soldier-like. [illegible], he been [illegible] properly, the early success of the day won under his le[illegible] have matured into comple[illegible]ry. After his exchange, Scott [illegible] employed, in 1813, under the command of Dearborn, and then of Wilkinson, in Canada and had a leading place at the capture of Fort George, May 27. He was then a Colonel and Dearborn's Adjutant-General, but resigned the latter post when appointed to the comm[illegible] double regiment [illegible]. In [illegible] pedition of Com. Chauncey [illegible] Burlington Heights and [illegible] was [illegible]. When, toward the close of the [illegible], it was resolved to descend the St. Lawrence and attack Montreal, Col. Scott commanded the advance; but the expedition came to a sudden and inglorious end, because of quarrels between the American generals [illegible] ton and Wilk[illegible].

Two good Generals are said [illegible] worse than bad [illegible] General; but [illegible] that time [illegible] bad G[illegible] by the brace, [illegible] never [illegible] pretended that [illegible] ence [illegible] by their [illegible] cation. During [illegible] early part of [illegible] Scott [illegible] employed in making [illegible] [illegible] attached to General Brown's army.

Gen. Scott established a camp of instruction at Buffalo, in which his own brigade and that of Gen. Ripley were thoroughly drilled, together with a body of volunteers under command of Gen. Porter, and an artillery force. He introduced the French system into the army, and the good effects of his rigid discipline and patient instruction were seen as soon as the force took the field. Crossing the Niagara on the 3d of July, and taking Fort Erie and engaging in very lively skirmishing, these new American soldiers were found equal to all the demands of war.

The battle of Chippewa was fought July 5, and in that action Scott showed that he was as capable of handling and leading men in action as he was of instructing them in camp. The battle of Lundy's Lane was fought on the 25th, in which Gen. Scott received two wounds, and had two horses killed under him. It was supposed that his wounds were mortal, but he so far recovered by the close of September as to be able to comply with the Government's request that he would take command of the troops that were prepared for the defence of Baltimore and Philadelphia; and in October he took charge of the 10th military district, with his headquarters at Washington.

After the restoration of peace President Madison would have made him Secretary of War, but he would not accept the office. In 1815 he went to Europe, partly for the improvement of his health, but more with the view of studying his profession on the great scale that then was offered by the existence of the mighty armies created by the wars that had proceeded from the French Revolution. He was entrusted with a secret mission by his government, which feared the designs of England toward Cuba, and was anxious to know the purpose of Spain with respect to her American Colonies, then in a state of revolt in many places. He discharged his diplomatic duties so well that President Madison was highly pleased and caused him to be specially thanked.

On his return home he was assigned command of the seaboard, with his headquarters at New York. The condition of the country, fortunately, did not require much active employment on his part for many years. He acted against the Indians on several occasions in the Northwest the South and the Southwest. In 1832, at the time of the nullification troubles, he was sent to South Carolina, where his firm but conciliatory course commanded the approval of President Jackson, and his subsequent superintendence of the removal of the Cherokees was much commended.

When the revolutionary movements in Canada began, much excitement was created in the adjoining territory of the United States, many Americans "sympathizing" with and siding the revolutionists. War would have followed between England and America, but for the discreet conduct of Gen. Scott, who was sent to the Northern frontier. Equally useful was his action at the time of the troubles concerning the Northeastern boundary. He shone as conspicuously as a pacificator as he had in the character of a soldier a quarter of a century earlier.

After the breaking out of the Mexican war in 1846, our Government resolved to attack Mexico from the Gulf, and General Scott was placed at the head of the expedition, he having been Commander-in-Chief of the army since the early months of 1841. He landed 12,000 men near Vera Cruz, March 9, 1847. Operations were conducted with great promptness, and before the close of the month Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan were taken, and 5000 prisoners. He [illegible] moved into the interior, and [illegible] 18th of [illegible] [illegible]ated Santa An[illegible] Cerro Gordo [illegible] of the most m[illegible] icent [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

The battle of C[illegible] the 20th, wh[illegible] greed upon and [illegible] suspended until the 8th of [illegible] tember [illegible] battle of Molino del Rey was ga[illegible] Chapultepec on the 13[illegible] American army en[illegible] capital.

The brilliant service of Gen. [illegible] in Mexico completed [illegible] fame [illegible] dier, and gained foreign res[illegible] his co[illegible] more th[illegible] been [illegible] candidate [illegible] President and had received [illegible] [illegible] 1852 [illegible]

[illegible] Gen. Scott, as he received 1,386,580 votes, against 1,601,274 cast for Gen Pierce. Our system of choosing President does not give room for a fair expression of popular sentiment. There were peculiar circumstances connected with the election of 1852, which operated adversely to Gen. Scott.

Besides the want of Union in the Whig party, already mentioned, the Democrats had succeeded in getting up a "cry" against "agitation," and they had the art to make many well meaning people believe that Gen. Scott and his friends would renew the discussion on the slavery question—which discussion, it may be mentioned in passing, has never entirely ceased, and which the Democrats had determined never should cease, that being a portion of their political capital, and a large portion of it. The "platforms" of the two parties, in 1852, were essentially the same, as regarded the slavery question; but when the Democrats gained power they hastened to renew "agitation" with more heat than ever; and in the secession war the country saw the legitimate consequences of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, a measure to which Gen. Scott, had he been chosen President, never would have given his consent. True conservatism received its severest blow in the United States by the decision of the Presidential election of that year.

Gen. Scott received the brevet rank of Lieutenant General in 1855, that rank being revived expressly that it might be conferred upon him, as a partial reward for his eminent services in camp and in council. The popular approbation of this promotion was so pronouncedly expressed that it showed that the refusal of the people to elevate its object to the Presidency had proceeded from no ill-will to him personally.

Four years later, and at the age of 73, Gen. Scott again came forward in the character of a pacificator. That year a dispute broke out between America and England respecting the boundary line of their possessions in the far Northwest, on the shores of the North Pacific ocean, a military question essentially, and the local commander having carried matters with a high hand, Government deemed it proper to send Gen. Scott to the scene of difficulty. He proceeded to that remote region, and soon arranged matters so that the cloud of war disappeared almost as rapidly as it had risen. Sterner labors, however, were now approaching the aged soldier.

In 1860, and immediately on it being known that Mr. Lincoln had been chosen President, the secession revolt began. Gen. Scott's advice to the Buchanan administration was to take such a measure as would have the effect of bridling the insurgents and prevent them from proceeding to the last measures of resistance to established authority. He desired President Buchanan to imitate the action of President Jackson in 1832, and in carrying out which Gen. Scott had himself been one of the chief agents. Had his suggestions been followed rebellion would have been made very difficult, perhaps impossible on an extended scale. The principal forts at the South would have been adequately garrisoned, and naval forces would have acted in connection with their garrisons. The U[illegible] of the South would have ex[illegible] themselves; and probably the move[illegible] would have been restricted to S[illegible]th Carolina, a State be[illegible] destruction.— But more [illegible] members of the Buch[illegible] active traitors, [illegible] were disposed [illegible] rather rebel[illegible] or not— [illegible] victim of [illegible] of getting in safe[illegible] only to [illegible] defense of [illegible] efficient. [illegible] the war [illegible] tary af[illegible] public [illegible] then [illegible] home [illegible] the dis [illegible] England, [illegible] attention, [illegible] return [illegible], and [illegible] which [illegible]nts and [illegible] gives [illegible] imposi[illegible] country: [illegible] Republican [illegible] North it [illegible] nineteen[illegible] all Prot[illegible] the Epis[illegible] of the [illegible], almost [illegible] moral or [illegible] fifths of [illegible] men, teach[illegible] returned [illegible] of the [illegible] especially [illegible] bankers, [illegible] majority of [illegible] ever since [illegible] grow[illegible] its [illegible] from [illegible] change [illegible] Demo[illegible]cratic newspapers sneer at as radical, fanatical, incendiary. If there ever was, in the history of the world, a party that combined in a larger degree all the best elements of a nation, no record of its existence has come down to these times.—*Baltimore American.*

AN AFFECTING LETTER.—Our readers no doubt remember the recent passage, by the New York Legislature, of a bill preventing the use of free passes upon railroads, which bill was to take effect forthwith. The new law being inexorably enforced by a conductor of the New York Central railroad, he put off the cars at Utica a Fort Wayne (Indiana) editor, who had a "pass," but no money to pay his fare, and who thus tells his sorrows in an affecting letter to his wife:

UTICA, N. Y., May 31, 1866,
BLUE LION TAVERN.

"DEAR WIFE: Sell my t'other clothes for what they will bring, and remit at once. Had my linen duster for supper, and my spare shirt will have to go for lodging. May be able to make a light breakfast on a German silver comb and a pair of shears that I chanced to have with me. Don't know when I shall get home. It will depend a good deal on the walking. Don't marry for a few months; there is a bare possibility of my getting back.
SIMON."

A SERENADE.—Artemus Ward was out late one night recently. Here is his account of his return home:

It was late when I got home. The children and my wife were all abed. But a candle—a candle made from taller of our own raisin'—gleamed in Betsy's room; it gleamed fer I! All was still. The sweet silver moon was a shinin' bright, and the beautiful stars was up to their usual doins! I felt a sentymental mood so gently ore me stealin', and I pawsed before Betsy's winder, and sung, in a kind of op'ratic vois, as follers, impromto to wit:

Wake, Betsy, wake,
My sweet galoot!
Rise up, fair lady,
While I touch my lute!

The winder—I regret to say that the winder went up with a vi'lent crash, and a form in spotless white exclaimed, "Cum into the house you old fool. To morrer you'll be goin' round complainin' about your liver."

THE Richmond *Times* declares that the attempts to make Jeff. Davis "odious as a traitor, have canonized him in the affections of a brave and noble people." He as nobly deserves being canonized as did the rebellious Sepoys.

A COPPERHEAD editor exclaims, in view of the increasing strength of Republicanism, "Unless the people respond we are lost!" Then by all means, good people, don't respond.—Let the fellow be lost, for the country will be none the poorer.

A Shot at the Decanter.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

The inherent wrong of using intoxicating drinks is two fold. First: It exposes to danger the man who tampers with it; for no man was ever positively assured by his Creator that he could play with the "adder" that lies in a wine cup without being stung by it. Second. It puts a stumbling-block in the way of him which we are commanded to love as ourselves.

Now, on the same principle—not of self-preservation merely, but of avoiding what is dangerous to others—what right have I to sustain those fountain-heads of death from which the drink-poison is sold? What right have I to advocate their license, to patronize the traffic or even in any way to sustain the whole system of drinking alcoholic stimulants at home or abroad? If a glass of wine on my table will entrap some young man, or some one who is inclined to stimulants into dissipation, then am I thoughtlessly setting a trap for his life. I am his tempter. I gave the usage my sanction, and to him the direct inducement to partake of the bottle demon that sparkles so seductively before him. If the contents of that sparkling glass make my brother to stumble, he stumbles over me. If he goes away from my table and commits some outrage under the effects of that stimulant, I am, to a certain degree, guilty of that outrage. I have a partnership in every blow he strikes, or in every oath he may utter, or in every bitter wound he may inflict on the hearts of those he loves, while under the spell of my glass of "Cognac" or "Burgundy." I gave him the incentive to do what otherwise he might have left undone. The man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips is accountable for what comes from his lips under the influence of the dram, and is accountable too for every outrage the maddened victim of the cup may perpetrate during his temporary insanity.

In this view of the question, is it too much to ask of every professed Christian, and every lover of his kind, that they will wholly abstain from every thing that can intoxicate? For the sake of poor children, do it. For the sake of those who will plead your example; for the sake of the frail tempted ones you cannot say, No! for your fellow-traveler's sake to God's bar, [illegible] scales damnation bides its adder sting!

It is old fashioned total abstinence that we are pleading for. We ask it as Paul did, for the sake of those who "stumble." O, those stumblers! those stumblers! We dare not speak of them. It would touch many of us too tenderly. It would reveal too many wrecks—that angels wept over. It would open tombs whose charitable green turf bides out of sight what many a survivor would love to have forgotten. It would recall to me many a college friend who went down at midday into blackness of darkness.

And to-day I see this social curse coming back into our houses, into our streets, into our daily usages of life, with redoubled power. Would that every parent were a "prohibitory law," to his family! Would that every pulpit and every platform would thunder forth the old warning cry, "Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." At the last! at the last! But, O! who can tell when that "last" shall ever end? When will the victims' last groan be heard? When will the last horror seize upon his wretched soul?

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad,—the girls that are good for balls, rides, parties, visits, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home,—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home; the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other, a sunbeam, diffusing life and gladness to all around her.

A TRAVELLER stopping at a Western hotel exclaimed one morning to the waiter, "What are you about, you black rascal? You have roused me twice from sleep by telling me breakfast is ready, and now you are attempting to strip off the bed clothes"—"Why," replied Pompey, "if you isn't gwine to git up I must have de sheet, anyhow, 'cause dey'r waitin' for de table cloff."

PUSH AHEAD.—Woe to him who lacks energy in this age of push. He is a pigmy among Sampsons. The little life he has in him is sure to be trampled out. Onward is the word, and the vigorous marches are pitiless. They time their steps to the quick beating of their own hearts, and keep moving while the pulse-throb last.

"HOULD aisy MIKE," said one of two Irish pedestrians, as he reverently approached a milestone. "Tread lightly," said he, for here lies a very old man." Pat carefully spelled out the inscription, "Baltimore 154 miles," and then continued: "He was 154 years ould, and his name was Miles, from Baltimore."

The Horrors of Quarantine.

The condition of things in the Quarantine of New York to-day, says the New York *Times* of the 4th inst., is a disgrace and scandal to American civilization and humanity. Let our readers imagine themselves in the place of the poor German and Danish emigrants who have recently arrived here. They leave the European ports perfectly well looking forward to all the comfort, prosperity and liberty which America holds out to the foreign laborer and farmer.

Owing to the massing of passengers together in the steerage cabins, the imperfect ventilation and the new diet to which these strangers are unaccustomed, the terrible modern scourge of sanitary offences appears, and a [illegible] though not large number—die of cholera

They reach at length the great American port, where they expect an immediate escape from their poisonous bold and dying comrades, to tread on land again, breathe pure air, and be free from immediate contact with the sick and dead. Those who have ever heard of the most cruel and stupid Turkish quarantine know that a bit of land and a place to stretch the limbs is allowed, even to the most despised "Franks." They expect nothing less, and have certainly the right to look for something more from the science and humanity of New York. But, to their horrors, the healthy passengers discover soon that not an inch of soil is open to them to touch on all the continent. On one side is a barren but breezy island, the very place to recruit a sick man, and where he could infect no other; but this is closed as if inhabited by barbarians, because "Long Island" objects. Far out exposed to the healthful gales of Atlantic, is a narrow strip of land, of no earthly use, and seemingly designed by nature for a quarantine; but this is tabooed ground, because New Jersey forbids. So with Staten Island, and with every square yard of soil on which they might rest their feet.

These strangers, who have been sleeping by the sick and dying for weeks, learn with horror that now they must continue to live and sleep in the pestilential and gloomy hold, and be chained to this floating ship of death, and that all America has not a place even for a tent, where they could escape the pestilence, [illegible] pear every day. Thirty-five fresh victims were attacked on Friday.— The Deputy Health Officer reports that "something must be done soon, or the mortality among the passengers of the Peruvian will exceed that of any vessel over in this port." "The hospital, he adds, "is now much overcrowded. Every available space on the ship is occupied with dead and dying. * * We have buried thirteen this morning, and the number will be increased this evening." The Quarantine officer on the Falcon writes: "The old Falcon is as full as she can be of the worst cases of cholera I ever saw in my life."

There are now seven hundred persons together on these ships in our harbor, and the Health Officer states that some of them have very naturally attempted by force to break out from their floating *lazars*, and that a mutiny is liable to occur at any time.

But this is not all. There are now two cholera ships in the harbor. Dr. Swinburne publicly states to the Board of Health that if another ship with diseased passengers arrives, he has not a place in which to put a patient!

It is very clear what all this is tending to. If half a dozen more emigrant ships arrive with cholera cases, we shall make the Lower Bay an intensified centre of cholera, which will give the pestilence such maligancy that nothing will save the country from its attack, and New Jersey and Long Island may receive the punishment for their inhumanity in a direct and terrible form.

WHAT singular creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and then ten chances to one it the old woman can spare one of her girls. But just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life time for their vituals and clothes.

J. BILLINGS says: "I never could find the meaning of the word 'collide' in Webster. But riding one day on the New York Railway I saw it all. It was the attempt of two trains to pass each other on a single track. If I remember correctly it was a shocking failure."

ONE of the lady teachers in the industrial school at Petersburg, Va., was recently questioning her pupils from Scripture, and asked: "Who died for you?" To which a little fellow shouted in reply, "Abraham Lincoln."

MOST men work for the present, a few for the future, the wise work for both—for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

AN exchange paper thinks Hiram Powers, the sculpture, is a swindler, because he "chiseled an unfortunate Greek girl out of a block of marble."

THE New York *Herald* a Democratic paper, says: "The setting up of Clymer against Geary amounts to a democratic defeat in advance."

The Currant.

In the selection of small fruits specially adapted to planting in a new country, we should set high value on the currant. Nor is it much less desirable on an old homestead that is well furnished with fruit; but where the insatiable currant worm has established itself this crop is a costly and a difficult one to grow. For family use the currant is hardly surpassed by any one of the bush or vine summer fruits. Scarcely is the berry formed from the flower, ere it is plucked and used for food. When fully ripe, its taste is agreeably acid during the hot weather, and it has the peculiar and valuable quality, in so small a fruit, of keeping perfectly for weeks on the bushes, after its color and size announce its maturity. Its value in cookery is well known, and its fermented juice forms a beverage which is superior to any other manufactured from fruit, except that made from the apple and grape.

The currant is very easily propagated from cuttings taken from the latest growth. They should be long enough to reach to the moist soil, and they ought to be planted early in the spring—before the buds start. There are two methods of training—one to allow the bush to take its natural habit, assisting it by proper thinning and pruning, and the other to force it to grow in the tree form. For general cultivation the first method is preferable; it is more natural, and we think the plant will be longer lived and healthier. At proper intervals the old wood can be cut away and the growth renewed by suckers springing from buds below the ground. The tree form is very handsome, convenient for tillage, and for a few years produces very fine fruit. When this form is desirable it is only necessary to remove all the buds on the cutting below where you wish the branches to form. They should be cut out with a knife. If any suckers spring up from the ground, or branches start too low down, they may be easily removed, and when the plant becomes well established in its growth, no further trouble will arise from this source.— Four or five feet apart in the row is a convenient distance to plant.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

Dry Earth as a Deodorizer.

Dry earth, of a loamy sort, is the many places about and attainable to[illegible] hen house should [illegible] in material, and if it is stirred up every day with a hoe no disagreeable smell will emanate from the hen manure. In due time the earth will be formed into a very rich fertilizer, especially valuable for the garden. Loam may also be used with good results at the outlet of the drain from the house sink—down which so much of the soap suds flow—and also that, if you have one, from the barn yard, which often carries away a stream of liquid manure. In those positions the loam retains all the manurial ingredients cast upon it, turns dark in color, and becomes extremely rich. When thoroughly saturated it should be removed and fresh put in its place. Dry loam is also excellent to mix with night soil in the vault. A mistake is frequently made in the construction of the latter; the vault is made too deep, and without any outside opening. If possible it should be provided with a falling slide-door at the bottom of the vault on the back side, and so constructed that this opening is easily accessible from the outside. Then by freely putting dry earth upon the night soil from above, it is deodorized and converted into valuable manure, and it can be removed at any time, without offence, from the slide-door at the bottom of the vault.—*Exchange.*

Horses at Pasture.

Every horse in this country ought to have at least a few weeks' run in the pasture. It will do for him what no kind of medicine or nursing can do as well. It will improve his hoofs, his hair and skin, his wind, digestion, and blood, will take out stiffness and lameness, and put on flesh, and infuse new life generally.

Before turning horses out, it is well to accustom them gradually to that kind of food, by cutting a little grass for them to "bait" an hour so daily in the back yard. And when let out, they should not have "flush" feed at first, as they will be likely to over-eat, and injure themselves both in their looks and their wind. The best grass for a horse pasture is a mixture of timothy, blue grass, and red top. Horses relish this feed, better when it is moderately short. When they are to be turned out for any length of time, and not to be used much in the meantime, they should have only a light pair of shoes. This will allow the hoofs to come in close contact with the soft earth, and will prevent contraction. Where horses cannot enjoy pasturage, they should have fresh cut grass as often as convenient, and should have their stall floors covered with tan bark, or better, have the planks taken up and floors laid.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

FIVE cords of green wood are as heavy as eight of dry.

SAVE your suds for garden plants, or to harden yards when sandy.