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BEAVER ARGUS.

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POETICAL.

SUMMER.

Summer, lovely queen, is here,
Beauteous things her steps attending;
Crown with glory now the year,
Thousand harmonies are blending;
Summer's sister, joyous Spring,
Followed on the south wind's blowing;
Birds returned on lightsome wing,
When old Winter ceased his blowing.

Spring, the summer's harbinger,
Strewed her sister's path with flowers,
Bid the stagnant forces stir,
Waked to life by sun and showers;
Summer looks with beaming eye
On the earth, now robed in gladness;
Must this scene, so beauteous, die,
Causing us to mourn in sadness?

Must again Winter come again?
Must the earth to him resigning,
Feel again his icy chain,
And in bondage be repining?
Yes, indeed, it must be so,
Ordered by the wise Creator;
All the seasons truly show
His great love for every creature.

Hail we, then, year's glorious queen,
Now in joy and beauty reigning;
Who, amid this dazzling scene,
Would of life be found complaining?
Yet there is a world more bright,
Where the summer shines eternal,
Filling all with pure delight,
On those fields forever vernal!

Miscellaneous.

Getting and Holding Money.

On this topic of general concern, Corry O'Lanus, the Brooklyn *Eagle* sage, discourses as follows:

Every man his own landlord is a capital doctrine.

I should have adopted it myself long ago but for want of capital.

This is the difficulty with the most of tenants.

All the real estate I own is located in a dozen flower pots, which Mrs. O'Lanus devotes to the cultivation of geraniums, verbenas, cactuses, and other ornamental vegetables.

There is not enough for a building lot, and it can only be regarded as movable estate.

The earth is man's inheritance, but I have not come in for my share of it yet. *Some capitalist* has got the title deeds to my estate, and won't give them up till I can raise money enough to redeem them.

My father neglected to leave me a fortune—a habit which runs in our family.

From present appearances, I think I shall hand it down to my posterity.

As Shakspeare observes, some men are born poor, some acquire poverty, others have poverty thrust upon them.

The O'Lanuses were always distinguished for their ability to spend all they could get. All my rich uncles died before they made their fortuns.

Getting rich only involves two questions.

First, get money.

Second, hold on to it.

I understand the principle first-rate.

As soon as I can accomplish the first condition, I am going to try my hand at the second.

When I got married, Mrs. O'Lanus and myself passed a joint resolution that we would get rich. Getting the furniture took all our capital in hand; but I was to give Mrs. O'Lanus all the money I got, she was to buy only what we wanted, and put the balance in the savings bank.

The first year we wanted more than we could buy, and the bank account came out without a balance.

The next year my salary was increased.

So was my family.

Likewise my expenses.

Bank account same as year before.

Third year ditto.

We continued to accumulate at same rate for several years in succession.

Then the war broke out, and we concluded not to put money in the bank for the present, because things were then so uncertain.

Since then living has been high, and we have concluded to postpone the accumulation of a fortune until the income tax is abolished, and groceries become reasonable.

AN ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—The following anecdote is good enough for a second reading, if any one has chanced to meet with it before:

When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back. They said it could not be done. Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward, stretched forth his hand, and said in deep, stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back." It cannot be done!" they shouted.—"Gentlemen, stand back," said he, without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster; impossible."—"Impossible?" repeated Mr Webster; "impossible? *Nothing* is impossible on *Bunker Hill!*" and the vast crowd swayed and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

A Strange, Eventful Life.

Reports received several weeks ago from China told of the death, at the hands of his enemies, of General H. Burgevine, the leader of the 'rebels' in China who for a long time successfully resisted all efforts of the imperialist troops for his defeat or capture. The career of this man has been a wonderfully eventful one, and at twenty-nine he had seen more of life and adventure than any ordinary long life contains. He was born in 1836, and at ten years of age removed with his mother and sister to Washington, where he supported them for years upon his salary as page in the United States Senate. He was an ardent scholar, and at seventeen understood French, Latin, and Greek, beside being an accomplished draughtsman and civil engineer. Of his further career we quote from an article in the Washington *Star;*

"In these days of his early youth the writer of this sketch has often heard him speak of his plans for the future in such terms as would lead a stranger to suspect his sanity. Now it was to build up an empire in Egypt; to unite the nations of Orient; to regenerate China, and found an enlightened nation of four hundred millions of people; to found a new Assyria, with a Nineveh for its capital, and so on through a long train of schemes, all of which were sublime, if not practicable.

"In the spring of 1853, Burgevine, whose settled purpose it had been to seek his fortune in foreign lands, bade farewell to his mother, sister and friends, and arrived in New York with a few dollars in his pocket. No one knew exactly where he was going, or for what purpose, and it is likely his own plans were somewhat disarranged by the fact of his being without a penny in a few days, and compelled either to return to Washington, or take passage in some ship and work his way. He did the latter, and six months after wrote from San Francisco, then from the Sandwich Islands, next from China, then Australia, where he worked in the gold mines for a few weeks with success.

"The next we hear of him he had been 'wrecked on the coast, forty miles from Bombay.' After this he was six months in Calcutta, learning the Hindostanee language, and regretting that he did not understand Arabic, that he 'might take command of small vessel trading to Judea, on the Red Sea.' Next he was a British-man-of-war sailor. Then, for a few months, weary enough to be sure, with his head shaved in the hospital at Naples. And next, *tempora mutantur*, leading the life of a private gentleman in London. And finally, after more than four years of wandering, he appears like an apparition to his friends in Washington, bronzed, and bearded like a pard. Remaining a few months at the capital, he removed to Detroit, Michigan; accepts a position as clerk in the Post-office, and edits the *Vindicator*, a Democratic newspaper of that city. And here it may be as well to state, that in matters of literature, Burgevine possessed a most excellent taste. Had he adopted that as a pursuit his success would have been certain. He wrote much, and published enough in prose and verse to exhibit his talent in that line. But he preferred a life of action, and was frequently heard to say, that he would rather 'make a history than write it.'

"Burgevine's manner of life in Detroit was too tame for him. He groaned under the common places of every-day life, and longed to be yet again chasing the phantoms of ambition, which had already led him so far out of the beaten paths of life. And yet he had accomplishd nothing. He must be up and doing if a name were to be achieved for himself.

"In 1859, Henry Burgevine again left the shores of America, alas! never to return. This time his schemes were more tangible. History could give him notable examples of men who had risen above their kind as if by magic, in the great political convulsions of the world. China should be the field of his glory, for here a gigantic war had waged for years, and here, if anywhere, was the place to win distinction, power, *empire!* To China he went, and the rest of his story is the history of China for the past five years. Whether Burgevine went with Ward from this country or met him in China the writer cannot say. At all events they were friends, Ward being first in command and Burgevine second. In a great and successful battle Ward was killed; Henry Burgevine became commander in chief of an army of 60,000 disciplined men, mostly Europeans and Americans.—In the eyes of our here it was the first step to a throne. After setting forth these facts in a letter addressed to T. Young, Esq., of this city, he says:—"After years of patient labor, watching, waiting, and suffering, my day at last has come. *In two years I shall rule China!*"

"The dream was never realized; the life which was all action, all hope, and all ambition, has gone out in wretchedness almost unparalleled. The mother, to whom in his palmiest days Burgevine transmitted a sufficient sum to make her comfortable in her last hours, was spared the misery of outliving him, and knowing he died.—She expired peacefully, in this city about a year since, and lies in Greenwood cemetery.

"It is almost impossible to estimate the advantages to the world which have been lost by Burgevine's failure in China. Had he achieved all his ambition hoped for, civilization and the highest enlightments would have followed him, and an empire such as Napoleon might have dreamed of, would have dazzled the world, and the name of Burgevine, which in a few years will be lost to all save a few that knew and loved him, would have appeared among the 'few immortal names that were not born to die.'

"Burgevine was a scholar, a man of refined taste and literary habits; modest, simple, and unaffected in his manners; inclined to be silent and gloomy at times, but generally affable and pleasant, seldom speaking of himself; indeed, it was with the utmost difficulty his most intimate friends could get at his history. No foreigner who has up to this time been identified with the Chinese war has had a title of the ability of Burgevine; nor has the worl known the real scope and extent of the plans of 'that sleepless soul which perished in its pride.'"

Bread and Butter.

Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, gives the following bit of wisdom:

Bread and butter are the only articles of food of which we never tire, from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour of Indian meal contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef; and if the whole product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent. more of nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest of which gives soundness to the teeth and strength to the brain, is generally excluded. Five hundred pounds of flour give to the body give to the body thirty pounds of bony aliment, while the same quantity of bran gives more than one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

This bone is lime, the phosphate of lime, the indispensible aliment of health to the whole human body, from the want of which multitudes of persons go into general decline. By swallowing phosphate in the shape of powders, or in syrups, to cure these declines, has little or no effect. The articles obtained in these phosphates must pass through nature's laboratory; be subjected to her manipulations in alombites specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to frame, in plainer phrase, the shortest, safest and infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone and brain, thereby arresting disease, and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether wheat, corn, rye or oats.

Sayings of Josh Billings.

Early impreshuns are the most lasting." The fust kiss and the fust licking cum under this hed.

Things that are writ for bread, are apt tew taste of the emptings.

Reputashun is a good deal like a bonfire, you have got to keep pileing on the shavings. If you don't the flames will soon subdew.

I waz onse asked if my fourfathers waz Englishmen. I told the illiterate cuss who propagated the question that I didn't hav but one father, and he was strictly uv the Massachewsetts persuasshun.

Good wit iz something like good luck—the more soon and unexpected it iz the better.

Them who make the most blow have the least fragranse—it is jess so with the hollerhauk.

The best educashun a man receives in this life, he gits just before he dize and it mostly consists in forgetting what he haz larnt before.

The world looks with kold respeck upon an ackt of justis, but heav up thare hats at a display of mersy.

Yet the one is the strength ov virtue while the other iz most often the greatest weakness.

A mind that haz more imaginashun than sense is like a goose—first-rate to fli down hill.

I don't think the world haz enny civilization tew spare, but I think she haz more than she kan manage well.

Poetri, tew be excellent, wants tew be like nature, but about 4 times as big.

WONDERFUL RESTORATION.—Anna Cora Ritchie, in a letter from London, says: "The faded beauties who cling to their vanquished charms have taken great interest in the sudden rejuvenation of Miss Burdett Coutts, under the hands of the wonderful "Restorer," Madame Rachel. Miss Coutts, it is said, had to pay £400 before she commenced the baths with which the process of rejuvenation begins. After going through the regular course of treatment, Miss Coutts dawned upon the fashionable world with the "layers" of some twenty birthdays rolled off from her person. Her hair not dyed, but restored, and growing anew; her defective complexion clear and soft—the lines which tell such tales of the workings of the human heart and human brain smoothed out, and the impress of time suddenly effaced from her general appearance." Miss Ritchie neglected to add that Miss Coutts was four hundred pounds lighter—in pocket.

Terrible Lead Poisoning Case.

About two months ago the people of Middleton, in that part of Wallkill Valley in the eastern part of Orange county, New York, were attacked with a virulent disease, which baffled the skill of physicians, and appeared to exhibit the most positive symptoms of lead poisoning, yet the sufferers denied that they had eaten anything contaminated with lead. In many cases the patients died, and a great number have their constitutions ruined for life, and will waste away as victims of this malady.

The physicians were very much puzzled to determine the cause of the disease, the only symptom which was regarded as conclusive that lead was the primal cause, was the blue line at the margin of the teeth, which was present in almost every case. After patient study and investigation they became convinced that the malady was caused by lead in the system, and they immediately directed their efforts to ascertain how it was conveyed there.

After considerable research it was found that the lead was conveyed into the stomachs of the sufferers by bread and meal, and as a greater part of those staples were manufactured at the mill of a Mr. Marsh, at Philipsburg, an investigation was at once made in that direction, and the following facts were elicited, greatly to the surprise of every one, the miller himself included:

It appears that Mr. Marsh had gained an enviable notoriety for the superior quality of his flour, and that the farmers for many miles around were in the habit of bringing their wheat and corn to his mill to be made into flour and meal. Aside from this he exported so largely, that his mill, which had four run of stone, was kept constantly going—by night as well as by day.—One set of these stones was set apart for his 'custom' work. This was an old set constantly needing repairs, and large cavities frequently manifested themselves, which, instead of being filled up with the cement generally used for that purpose, were filled with common lead. Some of these holes were as large as a hen's egg, one, we are informed, being as large as the palm of a man's hand. If, when filled, the lead projected above the surface of the stone, it was hammered down level. They were then adjusted, the grain was run in, and the motion began and was gradually increased, until a very high rate of speed was attained. Of course the attrition caused by this velocity detached particles of lead from the stone and mingled them almost imperceptably with the flour. Each moment increased the amount, so that to every pound of flour there was enough lead imparted to make small buckshot. With the enormous business of Mr. Marsh, the reader can imagine how much lead was being distributed throughout the surrounding country, to be absorbed into the systems of those who partook of the flour.

The lead in this form was comparatively harmless, but when fermented and subjected to the baking process it was immediately transformed into carbonate of lead—the deadliest of all lead poisons. Bread of this kind was but little better than bread spread with white lead as a substitute for butter.

Were it not for the fact that the lead was taken in such large quantities as to produce a counter state of action, hundreds would have died before the cause could be discovered."

Samples of the flour were then analyzed by skillful chemists, who found that lead could not only be discovered in large quantities, but in many cases could be seen by the naked eye. As soon as these facts became known, a general panic was the result, the mill ceased running, those who had obtained flour of Mr. Marsh returned it to him, but the seeds of poison had already been sown at an alarming rate through a radius of from twenty to thirty miles.

In the town and immediate vicinity of Middleton 213 cases of this malady have happened, besides about 100 more at Goshen, a few miles off. The most heart rending details are given of the suffering of the people in these places. A great many children have died.—Scores of men who a few weeks ago were in the full enjoyment of health and strength are ruined for life, and totter to and fro, their faces having the appearance of dry parchment; their eyes sunken and encircled by a dark ring; their lips blue, their muscles contracted and their limbs distorted; for them to move is intense pain; relapse follows relapse, till in time they succumb to the effects of this fearful malady.

A SOUND ANSWER.—The other day a gentleman asked one of his neighbors what was his age. "I am not certain," replied he; "I am either 58 or 68." "What, not know your own age?" "No, sir," replied the farmer, "I count my money, my income, and my cattle; but of my years I keep no reckoning, because I am well convinced I shall loose none of them, and that nobody will rob me of them."

A FRENCH professor has just made the discovery that the earth turns less rapidly than it did some 2000 years ago, the falling off in the speed being somewhere about the fifteth part of a second. The learned man affirms that the slackening will continue at such a rate that in one thousand six hundred millions of years (1,600,000,000) the earth will come to a complete stand-still!

Mind the Door.

Did you ever observe how strong a street door is? how thick the wood is? how heavy the chain is? what bolts it has, and what a lock? If there were nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be needed; but as there are precious things within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong, and we must mind the door.

We have a house. Our heart and mind is that house. Bad things are forever trying to come in and go out of our mind and heart. I will describe some of these bad things to you.

Who is at the door? Ah! I know him; it is Anger. What a frown there is on his face; how his lips quiver! how fierce he looks! I will hold the door, and not let him in, or he will do me harm, and perhaps some one else.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as if it were too mean for his notice. Ah! wicked Pride!—I will hold the door fast, and try to keep him out.

Here is some one else. I am sure, from his sour look, his name is Ill-Temper. It will never do to let him in, for if he can only sit down in the house he makes every one unhappy, and it will be hard to get him out again.—No, sir; we will not leave you in, so you may go away.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his vaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in my fine fellow; we have too much to do to attend to such folks as you.—Mind the door!

Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace I think I know him. It is Sloth. He would like nothing better than to live in my house, sleep or yawn the hours away, and bring me to rags and ruin. No no you idle drone; work is a pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in!

But who is this? What a sweet smile! what a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in; we must open the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and bad are crowding up. O! if men kept the door of their heart, bad thoughts and bad words would not come in and go out as they do. Welcome to all good things, war with all things bad. We must mark well who comes in; we must be watchful and in earnest.—Keep the guard! Mind the door! mind the door! "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

And would you know how to keep it? Let Jesus in, and he will give you daily and hourly of his Spirit.—"Behold," he says, "I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—*Band of Hope Review.*

Gen Grant on the Situation.

Lieut. General Grant, in a recent interview with the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State of Maine, is reported as saying among other things:

"In my judgment the tone of certain men and certain papers at the North is such as to do incalculable mischief in making the late Rebels believe that they are just as much entitled to rule as ever, and that if they will only stand by what they are pleased to call their 'rights,' they will have help from the North."

"This," significantly added Grant, "is only playing over again the incipient stages of the rebellion." He was confident that the large majority of the Southern people would smother their resentments and become good citizens if these mischief-makers at the North (the Copperheads) would would only let them alone. For himself, if he had the power, the first thing he would do, would be to seize the New York *News* and kindred sheets, which are giving the South so dangerous an idea of their own position and rights.

General Grant is further quoted as saying that

"Lee is behaving badly. He is conducting himself very differently from what I had reason, from what he said at the time of the surrender, to suppose he would. No man at the South is capable of exercising a tenth part of the influence for good that he is, but instead of using it he is setting an example of forced acquiescence so grudging and pernicious in its effects as to be hardly realized."

THE late Judge P——, of Connecticut, was not remarkable for quickness of apprehension. At a certain time Hon. W. R. Sherman was arguing a case before him, and in the course of his remarks Mr. S. made a point which the judge did not at once see. "Mr. Sherman, I would thank you to state the point so I can understand you." Bowing politely, Mr. S. replied, in his blandest manner, "Your Honor is probably not aware of the task you are imposing upon me."

THE Masons, on the 4th of July, are to lay the corner stone of the Douglas monument. President Johnson is expected to deliver the oration.

The Crops of 1866.

The New York *Tribune*, of Monday, takes a survey of the crop prospect of 1866, and so far it has positive information. It is certain that the winter wheat in the State of New York and several other States will be a very short crop. Upon the "true wheat lands" of that State, of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, &c., the prospect for winter wheat is very unfavorable. The prospect of a large crop of spring wheat in Minnesota is flattering, and a larger amount was sown than usual. The same is true of the spring sown grain in other Western States. Winter wheat is badly killed in many places. There will be about half an average crop of winter wheat in Ohio, and something better in Indiana.—Up the valley of the Illinois from Alton, the winter wheat never was better, though nearly destroyed in the eastern part of the State. The prospect is fair for a good yield in Maryland, Delaware and parts of Pennsylvania, but as a whole, the prospect of a full crop of winter wheat in all the Northern States is certainly unfavorable. A large breadth of spring wheat has been sown, but it is too soon to begin to calculate what really it will be, as it has many enemies to combat before harvest time. The rye crop in New England, Eastern New York, and part of Pennsylvania and New Jersey bids fair, as a general thing, for a good crop. The oats crop is not promising except in some parts of the West. There has been a larger crop of corn planted than usual, but is too early to say what it may be.

IT seems that one L. P. Milligan, one of Vallandigham's Sons of Liberty, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life for treasonable practices during the war, and recently pardoned, has received a welcome from some men of like minds with himself, at Crestline, in Ohio, and read a written speech, of which the following passage is reported:

"Among the greatest sinners against God's righteous will were Lincoln, Brough, and Morton, and though he was not prone to believe in special providences, their fate was otherwise unaccountable. One had been summoned to the bar of retributive justice with his sins unrepented of. Another, covered all over with the mildew of debauchery, and wrapped in exhalations from which buzzards would turn their offended noses, carried to the grave the impress of infamy, while there yet remains one of the Godless trio, but the plague is on its westward march, his limbs are smote with the blood of crime, and tremble under their load of corruption. Still he prayed that the Governor might live long enough to realize in this world, rather than in the next, that God is just. He renewed his adhesion to the Democratic party, and exhorted his hearers to maintain the organization of the party, though cowardly men may have shrunk from the boldness of its truth, and attempted to corrupt its ritual and constitution."

HIDDEN TREASURE BROUGHT TO LIGHT.—The Dyersburg (Tenn.) *Gazette* of the 26th ult says:

A short time before our civil war threw its lurid light over the land, an unmarried man moved from Mississippi to this country, and settled a place a few miles from Dyersburg, and commenced the quiet but prosperous life of a farmer. When a call was made for troops he abandoned his occupation and enlisted as a soldier in the confederate army, and was killed in one of the battles in Mississippi.—Being almost an entire stranger in the county, nothing was known of his family or affairs. At the close of the war, his place was cultivated by a Mr. Wilson.

A short time since, during the cold weather, a negro of Captain Hall's went on the place to cut a "back log," which he did. On placing it on the fire he remarked that it was the heaviest log for its size he ever lifted. The fire burned brightly and merrily, and in a short time a stream of yellow lava commenced running on the hearth, which proved to be melted gold. We learn that the gold, all of which was not melted, weighed twenty pounds, and is still in possession of the fortunate finder. It is supposed that the Mississippian, on entering the army, stowed his gold away in the log for safe-keeping.

THE Memphis *Avalanche* (rebel) heartily endorses the following, which it credits to the *South Carolinian:*

"Again, it is insisted that, while we do honor to the graves of the Confederates, we should treat the graves of Federals with like respect. Absurd! Shall we adorn with wreath and garland the last resting place of those who pillaged our home, burned our dwellings, and insulted our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters? Is it to be expected that a lady should honor the memory of a man killed while robbing her hen-roost? If praying for the souls of the damned would be of any avail, they might have the benefit of our prayers—but honor them—never!"

The New York *Tribune*, in reply to the above, says: The thing we insist upon is, that those rebels who are permitted to do honor to the graves of the Confederates, be not allowed to hinder loyal women and children from doing like honor to the graves of Union soldiers who perished in defence of the Government.

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 one square.

Special notices 25 per cent. addition to regular rates.

Business cards, $5 per line, per year. Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

Is This Anybody's Picture?

A correspondent of the Ohio *Cultivator* has been word-painting, and we present our readers with the portrait he has perfected. Critical examination may bring to our recollection an old friend:

There's neighbor S——. He's content with his farm, and believes that draining is too costly to be practiced, and sheds will not pay as a protection to stock. He leaves a dilapidated fence in front of his dwelling, backed by a row of scraggy peach trees. His wood-yard is in front of the house, consisting of an unsightly pile of green logs, to be cut up as occasion requires. His barn! the roof decayed and ragged, with the boards there and there missing from the sides; an open yard, where all winter a herd of lowing cattle may be seen, pinched with cold, and trampling their fodder under their feet. His farming implements? they are few and simple. Go into the road, and there, by the fence—where they are carefully placed when not in use—you will see them. An old wagon with an older box, stands ready to go to pieces by its own weight, a three cornered drag rests confidently against it, while a little way off the plow, which by the wear and tear it has been subjected to, might be referred to any age since Methusaleh. Neighbor S—— believes one plow will answer for all purposes, and all soils, and thinks new inventions in this line humbugs. In the spring he yokes a pair of poor starved oxen, that have lain out to freeze in the open yard last winter, hitches them to his plow, and proceeds to spring plowing. He usually gets into his field by letting down the fence; an easy task by the way, for the corners are all down, or thrown this way and that, till he cannot make it worse. He usually begins in wet weather, as his team is too light to plow when it is dry. He plows shallow for his team is not strong enough to plow deep. He don't subsoil it; it would take another team. When harvest comes, he wonders why his fields yield but half a crop!

Such are the men—I will not say farmers—who disgrace the pursuit of agriculture. But their number is lessening. Stupid indeed must be the man who in this age does not improve. Every appliance science and art can bring, is placed in the hand of the farmer. He has but to signify his wants, and the inventor is ready to devote years in his service. He but asks and he receives. The leaven is working, and the farmer for intelligence stands equal to the best. If he does not, then he is to blame. If he will not read and think, if he will not strive to improve, then he merits contempt, and should be degraded, not only by other professions, but by all true farmers, as a reproach on the honor of their calling.

Take Care of Your Horse.

The *American Agriculturist* gives some useful hints in regard to the care of horses during the summer weather which should be observed by all who own or use horses. It says:

"Do not over-drive in hot weather. Never allow a horse to drink when warm, unless he is to be kept moving as usual. Where they are stabled during hot weather, clean the stables often, litter well, and allow each animal to have a breathing hole in the window or wall, if possible. Some horses gall very easily beneath collar and harness, where the parts do not fit well. Wash the wounds with clean water, and apply a paste made of white lead and linseed oil. Then provide a collar or harness that will not chafe. The comfort of working horses may be much promoted while in harness by hanging strips of cloth to the harness, so as to dangle about their fore legs. Many farmers in the country adopt the excellent practice of attaching a piece of white shirting to the bridle, protecting the entire under jaw and throat from the bot-fly."

Management of Hops.

Many farmers have but one or two hop vines, which produce only a sufficiency of hops for their own families. Dig around the roots carefully, and hoe in some hen manure; and after the vines have run ten or twelve feet high, direct them horizontally. There is nothing gained by allowing hop vines to run up too high. The ends should be pinched off after they have grown about fifteen feet, to promote the development of the hops. If allowed to grow, the vines will sometimes attain a great length and produce but a few hops.

Unproductive Fruit Trees.

Sometimes fruit trees are unproductive from other causes than poverty of the soil, or neglect of the orchardist. They often grow too luxuriantly to bear well. In this case root pruning is very effectual, and is performed by digging a circle round the tree. A fifteen year old tree, for instance, may be encircled at five feet from the trunk. No rules can be laid down for this; judgment must be exercised. If cut too close the tree may be stunted for years, and if too far it will not be effective. The aim should be to reduce the roots about one third.—*Gardener's Monthly.*