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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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

POETICAL.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SCOTT.

His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drum bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
Is an unsetting sun.

The measured tramp of battle
Beats in his pulse no more;
He hears no more the rattle,
He heeds no more the roar,
Fixed within
By the din
On bloody fields of yore.

In him through years unsleeping
The early conflicts lay,
His great, still spirit keeping
The fight of Chippeway,
Lundy's Lane
Through the grain
Struck deeper than the bay.

And D'Ulloa's towers within him,
And Cerro Gordo's height,
Like giants watched to win him
From life's small, creeping blight;
High and calm
In their psalm
He kept the way of fright.

And Aztec halls repeating
His firm victorious tread,
Found in his spirit meeting
Fit for their mighty dead;
Weaker men
Ne'er again
Their influence around him shed.

In time when others faltered
Before the storm that blew,
His mighty soul unaltered
By error's specious view,
Stormed in vain,
With no strain
Stood up unmoved and true.

And he, in mercy loving,
Through weariness of years
Was kept unto the proving
Of hopes that knew not fears;
Gentle then—
First of men—
He passed and left us tears.

His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drum and bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
Is an unsetting sun.

Miscellaneous.

THE REWARD OF COURTESY.

A TRUE ACCOUNT.

A few years since, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who from their conversation appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of the large workshops in Philadelphia for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance if he would permit him to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about if you please," said the superintendent, evidently apparently at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspaper. He scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plain clad, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolf, the elder of the two strangers.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent; "we are all too busy to attend to every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."

It was not so much the matter as the manner of the reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolf and his companion. It was spoken with a certain air assumption of superiority, coupled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolf, bowing, and taking his companion's arm, they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike, it is civility," said Mr. Wolf, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over his establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many careless visitors, but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with such a ungracious consent."

"Perhaps," said the other stranger, "we shall have better luck here," and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk apparently, who in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "O, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way." So saying, he hurried them along the arena strewed with iron, brass, broken and rusty heels of iron, fragments of old boilers and cylinders into the principal workshop.

Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along, with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they passed where the workmen were riveting the external casing of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience, whereupon Mr. Wolf remarked: "We will not detain you any longer, sir," and with his friend took leave

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolf, "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."

The strangers walked on for nearly a half mile in silence, when one of them pointed to an humble sign, with a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and workshop. "Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list." Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion "Nevertheless let us try," said Mr. Wolf.

They entered, and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect and apron around his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and counting room.

"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection," said Mr. Wolf.

"It will give me great pleasure to show you all that is to be seen," said the mechanic, with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell, telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office.

He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He then told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showed with what care he provided for security from bursting.

Two hours passed rapidly away.—The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive and unsuspicious manners.

"Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," said Mr. Wolf.

"I am afraid we have given you a deal of trouble," said the other stranger.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and I shall be glad to see you again."

"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolf, and the strangers departed.

Five months afterwards, as the mechanic, whose means were quite limited, sat in his office meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs and all sat down.

"We come," said Mr. Wolf, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia, to visit St. Petersburg."

"From the Emperor? Impossible!"

"Here are your credentials."

"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolf. "Because we were strangers you did not think it necessary to treat us with coldness or distrust. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we might have exhibited."

The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon after wards removed his whole establishment there He had Imperial orders there for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret Agent of the Czar of Russia.

Malignant Christians.

Some person pride themselves on being blunt, or, as they call it, "honest;" but very blunt people do little good to others and get little love to themselves. The Scriptures recommend gentleness and kindness. There is nothing in all this world of ours half so mean as a vindictive and malignant disposition. Yet many Christians gratify this spirit, and deceive themselves with the idea that they are rebuking sin. Christians should take heed of getting fond of the work of 'rebuking.' Such 'spiritual constables' do a great deal of mischief without intending it. They are in the church what a very witty and sarcastic person is in society, or what a tell-tale is in school; and approximate very closely to that class which the apostle terms 'busybodies in other men's matters' Such Christians come in time to be regarded as nuisances in society, constantly to be avoided, and the little good they may do is thrown away.—Our manner must be tender and winning. The nail bt reproof, says an old writer, must be well oiled in kindness before it is driven home.—*Boston Recorder.*

A LADY asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce a congestion of the brain. "Oh, no," he replied, "ladies who have brains don't wear them."

A Legal Anecdote

H. T. Tuckerman, in a recent volume of essays entitled "The Criterion in the test of Talk about Familiar Things," just published, tells the following amusing anecdote: "A venerable justice in one of our cities was remarkable for the frequent reproofs he administered to young practitioners in his court, and the formal harangues with which he wore out the patience of those so unfortunate as to give testimony in his presence. On one occasion it happened that he was summoned as a witness in a case to be defended by one of the juvenile members of the bar whom he had often called to order with needless severity. This hopeful limb of the law was gifted with more than a common share of the cool assurance so requisite in the profession and determined to improve the opportunity to make his 'learned friend" of the bench feel the stinging he so often inflicted. Accordingly, when his honor took the stand, the council inquired facts of his personal history—though all were familiar to himself and every one present as the old church, or main street of their native town. The queries were put in a voice and with a manner so exactly imitated from that of the Judge himself as to convulse the audience with laughter; every unnecessary word the hampered witness used was reprimanded as beyond the question; he was continually adjured "to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" he was tantalized with repetitions and cross questions about the veriest trifles; and finally, his tormentor, with a face of the utmost gravity, pretended to discover in the witness a levity of bearing, and equivocal replies, which called for a lecture on "the responsibility of an oath;" this was delivered with a pedantic solemnity, in words, accent and gestures so like one of his own addresses from the bench, that judge, jury and spectators burst forth into irresistable peals of laughter; and the subject of this clever retaliation lost all self-possession, grew red and pale by turns, fumed, and at last protested, until his young adversary wound up the farce by a threat to commit him for contempt of court.

The True Standard of Dress.

We are always excessive when we sacrifice the higher beauty to attain the lower one. A woman who will sacrifice domestic affection, conscience, self-respect, honor, to love of dress, we all agree, loves dress too much.—She loses the true and higher beauty of womanhood for the lower beauty of gems and flowers and colors. A girl who sacrifices to dress all her time, all her strength, all her money, to the neglect of the cultivation of her mind and heart, and to the neglect of the claims of others on her helpfulness, is sacrificing the higher to the lower beauty. Her fault is not the love of beauty, but loving the wrong and inferior kind.

In fine, girls, you may try yourselves by this standard. You love dress too much when you care more for your outward adornings than for your inward dispositions, when it afflicts you more to have torn your dress than to have lost your temper—when you are more troubled by an ill-fitting gown than by a neglected duty—when you are less concerned at having made an unjust comment, or spread a scandalous report, than at having worn a *passee* bonnet—when you are less troubled at the thought of being found at the last great least without the wedding garment, than at being found at the party to-night in the fashion of last year. No Christian woman, as I view it, ought to give such attention to her dress as to allow it to take up all of three important things, viz: *all* her time, *all* her strength, *all* her money. Whoever does this lives not the Christian but the Pagan life—worships not at the Christian's altar of our Lord Jesus, but at the shrine of the lower Venus of Corinth and Rome.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

TRIBULATIONS OF A PHILANTHROPIST.—Of course, everybody remembers Mercer, the sympathetic individual, who conceived the bright idea of supplying the matrimonial market of Washington Territory by importations of blooming spinsters from the New England States. It is not yet forgotten what a sorry time he had of it here—how he was sued by disgusted aspirants for Western matrimony, and how he set sail, with the echoes of wrathful females ringing in his ears. It now seems that his troubles here were only the commencement. From our California and Washington Territory exchanges we learn that Mercer is now running a gauntlet of prosecutions in both of these regions. So far as we can judge from the reports, his assorted cargo of loveliness failed to suit the demands of the Pacific coast bachelors, and consequently very few investments were made. The spinsters are now after Mercer, savagely demanding that he shall fulfill his agreement by finding them somebody to marry, and the probability is that they will distract him to such a pitch that he will turn Mormon and marry the whole lot himself. Poor Mercer!—*New York Sun.*

A GAROTER attacked a bruiser in Cincinnati one night last week, and demanded his fives. He got them—in the way of shoulder hits, and was left in a bleeding, senseless condition.

Raising the Devil.

Everybody has heard of Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric itinerant preacher. Belated one night in his travels, he entered, quite unceremoniously, an out-of-the-way house and requested lodgings. The woman objected, having for a friend one whom Lorenzo soon ascertained was not her husband. But Lorenzo insisted, and she at length consented, immediately fastening, against other unwelcome visitors, the outside door of the house. Soon a loud knocking was heard. It was her husband unexpectedly returned. Unable to leave the house, the friend, to conceal himself, jumped into a large box, and hastily covered himself with the hatchelings of flax it contained; by which time the wife had unfastened the door, and admitted her husband. Having spent the evening at the tavern, he was just tipsy enough to be both boisterous and courageous. He soon made the acquaintance of Lorenzo, whom he had heard much of but never seen. He had been told that he could raise the devil, and he insisted upon him immediately doing so; not that he believed in any; but, if there was one, he wanted to see him. In vain Lorenzo objected, protesting his unwillingness, and the danger attending it, etc., but the more than half drunken husband insisted. At last said Lorenzo:

"If you are determined to see him, open the door, put out the light, and stand out of the way, or he may take you with him; for, when he comes, it will be in a flame of fire, and I warn you of the consequences."

Lighting a bunch of matches, that there might be a greater smell of brimstone, and muttering over a few unintelligible sentences, Lorenzo set fire to the hatchelings, and cried out—

"Come forth, thou evil one, and begone forever!"

Out sprang the man, completely enveloped in flames, and put for the open door, leaving the house, with a most unearthly yell.

To his dying day, the husband was ready to testify that Lorenzo not only *could*, but in his presence, *did* raise the devil; for he had seen and smelt him.

Where the Danger Lies.

Hon. Glenni W. Scofield, Member of Congress from Warren District of this State, in a speech in that body recently, set forth the great danger to our institutions which the success of the Democratic policy of Reconstruction would create. He showed that, if the entire South should be permitted to take part in the next Presidential election, it would, in conjunction with the Border States of Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland and Delaware, and only three of the strongly Copperhead States of the North, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut be able to elect a President and Congress of the same political stamp, and so take hold of the reins of government and undo all the beneficial effects of the war and inflict positive hardships upon the loyal masses of the country. We quote from his summary of evils which would be certain to follow such a Rebel Victory—for Rebel victory it would be indeed:

"Pensions must then be surrendered, or divided with Confederate claimants; service in the Union Army, would be an impediment to political success, and the Treasury, supplied by the industry and economy of the North, would be steadily absorbed in Confederate damages. Then your creditors might count their worthless bonds and learn exactly how much it cost to reclaim their fugitive masters. Then the pensionless widows and orphans of our valiant dead might bemoan in poverty and neglect the ingratitude of a Republic saved by a husband's and father's blood. And then our surviving soldiers must conceal their honorable scars to save an humble position in the Capital they helped to preserve—for the enemy. Then, sir, we will all see, feel and realize what the opposition in different phraseology constantly assert, that the object of the war was to force the Rebels to become our rulers."

A STRONG, hearty, lazy fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence to working for a sure one, called at a house of a blunt Massachusets farmer, and, in the usual language of his race, asked for "cold victuals and old clothes."

"You appear to be a stout, hearty-looking man," said the farmer, "what do you for a living?"

"Why, not much," replied the fellow, "except traveling about from one place to another."

"Traveling about, eh?" rejoined the farmer, "can you travel well?"

"O, yes," returned the sturdy beggar, "I am pretty good at that."

"Well, then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "*let's see you travel!*"

AN old sea captain, who was in the habit of spending his time while in port among a set of hard drinking fellows, returned to his hotel one evening in a partially intoxicated condition. In going up to his room, he walked out of the window, in the second story, and landed upon the pavement. Fortunately he was not injured by the descent, and upon going back into the house, met the landlord "Look here, Mr. ——," says he, "if you don't shorten the steps in your stairs, I won't stop with you any more."

[From the Louisville Journal.]

FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, a long adieu,
I whisper ere you go!
Its echo falls upon my heart,
Though whispered soft and low.
Hark, ye! What mournful sound is that?
It is the parting bell,
And sighing, throbbing, on its breast,
Lies my heart's sad farewell.
Such a moaning and a groaning
Is heard from this old bell.
How it throbs and sadly sobs
As it groans the long farewell.

The gloomy hour comes rolling by
When you and I must sever.
We, who have loved so long and well,
Perhaps part now forever.
The winter winds in black array
Go wildly shrieking by,
And as they pass their hollow voice
Is whispering good bye.
Hear the sighing and the crying
Of the hollow winter wind,
As round your heart, ere we part,
Their icy arms are twined.

And must we part? Well, be it so;
Alas! I know it well.
The rod of separation moves,
And I hear the parting bell.
We part, I fear, to meet no more
On earth, where pleasures fade.
But may we meet where crowns of light
And wreaths of truth are made—
Where bright, bright day ne'er fades away—
Where holy angels dwell—
Where spirits move through fields of love—
Where's breathed no sad farewell.

An Anecdote of Gen. Scott.

That Gen. Scott was of hasty and rascible temper in these latter years, no one knew better than himself.—That he was as ready to recall as to utter an unjust rebuke is not, perhaps, as well known to the public as it should be. On one occasion, while coming out of his headquarters at Washington city, an orderly stepped up with, as it appeared afterward, a letter from one of the Bureaus of the War Department, which he had been directed to deliver to General Scott at once—of course to his adjutant general or chief of staff. The willing but not well learned volunteer interpreted his order literally, however; and carelessly giving the salute, began: "Oh, General, here's a paper I want you to look at before you——"

The haughty veteran of fourscore seemed dumbfounded for just one or two seconds, and then straightening to his full height, and raising his cane, with a sudden sweep of the arm—I think he had a cane—he exclaimed, in a weighty voice: "Clear out, sir—clear out!" The astonished orderly sprang away, and the General passed to his carriage, and was driven off.—The carriage was driven no more than twenty or thirty rods before it turned about, and the driver called to the unfortunate orderly. He of course met it with hat in hand and fear in every quivering muscle. He was beckoned to the door, and the General asked his name and regiment—as he told two or three immediately after ward. He gave both, and the General answered "Well, sir, report to your Colonel that you were guilty of gross disrespect to General Scott as an officer, and that General Scott was guilty of gross disrespect to you as a man. General Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty, sir."

LOYAL MEN PERSECUTED.—There are reports from Richmond, on good authority, that two gentlemen, long residents of that city, who were on the grand jury which found a true bill against Jefferson Davis, have already been so marked and made the object of persecution in their social and business relations, that they have been compelled to close up their business, and are making preparations to leave the city. Such facts are a sorry commentary on the progress of loyalty and conciliation in the late rebel capital.

DISAGREEABLE POPULARITY.—A Massachusetts paper remarks that Mr. George Peabody, now at Georgetown, Mass., is daily reminded that his fame has penetrated every village as well as city in this country, by the numerous appeals for him to show charity, in behalf of this or that person, or object; every mail brings him solicitations, some of them being of the most ridiculous nature. Of course no attention is paid to any of them.

A UTAH letter speaks of one of Brigham Young's sons as follows: "Joseph, or 'Joe' Young, as he is familiarly known in Utah, is a fast young man. He has been on a mission, travelled in Europe, smokes, chews, gets drunk, swears, preaches the gospel, has three wives, whom he whips and otherwise shamefully abuses, and is a good Mormon, in full fellowship with the Church."

AMONG the curiosities of English justice is mentioned that a man was lately found guilty of manslaughter for killing an old woman by furious driving, and sentenced to eight months imprisonment, while a woman has been sent into penal servitude for seven years for stealing a yard of ribbon valued at 6d.

DE LAVE, the acrobat, proposes to walk a wire stretched over Niagara Falls, carrying his wife and son on his back.

Increasing Immigration.

The great immigrant emporium of this country, New York, shows the arrival of 40,049 aliens in May, mostly from Europe. There were 10,132 in January, 6236 in February, 14,831 in March, 17,462 in April, and 40,049 in May, or 88,710 in five months. This is at the rate of more than 265,000 per annum. The total arrivals for five months in 1865 were 48,225, or 44,125 less than in the current year. The total immigration of 1865 was but 196,347. We have, therefore, seven months left in the most favorable season of the year to secure the 107,637 new comers needed to make our current returns equal to those of 1865, while the figures just given are so much in excess. The rate of increase, if continued—and it promises to grow—will give us 875,000 for the year, or some 56,000 more than in 1854, when the greatest immigration to this country took place.

There is a good reason for presumsuming that the immigration of the hot months and of the fall will exceed that of the months past. The more settled condition of this country, the greater demand for labor, the growing knowledge of the facts abroad; the unsettled condition of Ireland and of Germany, whence the bulk of our immigration proceeds, as well as the general tendency of Europeans to come to the States, favor the expectation of large arrivals. Such arrivals will in a short time do more than make up the tale of our losses by war, and compensate us numerically for our suffering. We are happy to meet these facts, and shall look forward with more confidence to what the future has in store for us.—*Phila. North American.*

THE ARAB'S PROOF.—Some years ago a Frenchman who, like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the Great Sahara in company with an Arab guide.—He noticed with a sneer that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacle might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God.

Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed, till at last one evening the philosopher, when he arose from his knees, asked him with a contemptuous smile, "how do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his burning eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said, solemnly, "how do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man and a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so! and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were dashing over the lonely desert, "that footprint is now that of man!"

ANNA DICKINSON, in a Woman's Rights meeting at Boston lately gave some reminiscenses of her early life. She had done hard manuel labor sewed, taught, copied letters, stood in a store, worked in a Mint, before she chose the platform as a profession. Miss Dickinson brought down the house in enthusiastic applause when she said that the first money she ever earned was by scrubbing walks in Philadelphia, and that she was actuated to undertake the labor by a determination to obtain the means to buy a ticket to hear Wendell Phillips lecture.

THE Keowa (S. C.) *Courier* publishes an appeal to the citizens of Pickens, signed by some of the most influential men in the community, in behalf of the poor in its vicinage The *Courier* says there are not less than eight hundred families, or an aggregate population of four thousand, allowing an average of five souls to a family, on the point of starvation in that district. Of these, at least two thousand are widows and orphans, almost entirely helpless, and made so by the misfortunes of war.

A NUMBER of young Germans engaged in commercial pursuits are now compelled to leave London, having received orders to join the Prussian and Saxon armies. If they do not obey the summons they lose rights of citizenship, and any property they may inherit is forfeited.

MAJOR JAMES F. MILLIGAN, the chief of the signal corps of General Lee's army of Northern Virginia, has been offered a similar position in the Imperial army of Austria by the Emperor Francis Joseph.

THE planters of Texas have organized a joint stock company with a capital of $1,000,000, to employ agents whose duty it shall be to visit Europe and induce the immigration of laborers to that State.

"SAM." said a mother to one of her "very obedient" sons one day, "how many logs have you sawed, eh?"—"Why, marm, when I get this un and three others sawed, I'll have four."

THE insignificant tax of one cent on every box of matches sold in the United States, netted the Treasury last year $500,000.

"Now, my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop" For a minute all was still, and a little boy shrieked, "Let her drop!"

Farm, House, &c.

THE CRANBERRY.—A correspondent asks for information about the culture of the cranberry—whether it can be successfully grown on dry land. We think not as a profitable market crop. A supply for home use might thus be grown. This berry requires moisture, not stagnant water in the subsoil, or on the surface, but pure water within easy easy reach of its roots. Some low and meadows are excellent. As to soil, sand is acknowledged to be the best. Pure beach sand stands highest in the estimation of the cranberry growers of Cape Cod, which is one of the strongholds of the berry. The best way for a beginner in the business of cranberry growing is to visit those localities where they are already extensively planted, and learn from actual examination the method of planting and culture. It is essential to procure the best varieties from good yards. One should not purchase plants without previous knowing something about the stock from which they are taken. One great object is to prepare the ground so as to keep it free from weeds until the vines become matted. A good method of planting is to cut the vines into two-inch pieces with a hay-cutting machine machine, sow them on the prepared ground and drag them in.—*Rural New Yorker.*

LOOK OUT FOR BEE MILLERS.—Now is the time to get rid of the miller for the summer. If you kill every worm in your own hives you will have no trouble with them unless you have careless bee keepers in your own neighborhood. Examine the bottom boards every morning, the bees will do their part and gnaw them from the combs, when it you do yours as well and kill all that are dropped, you will save yourself much trouble in the future. A few moments spent in this way will avail you more than all the "moth traps" ever invented. The miller has no terror for careful bee keepers with strong colonies.

TOMATO SOUP A LA OYSTERS.—To one quart of canned tomatoes, or others which have been boiled about 15 minutes, add 2 quarts water and boil 15 minutes more; then drop in carefully a little at a time, enough pulverized saleratus or soda to neutralize the acidity, which you may know by its ceasing to foam—usually about an even teaspponful to a quart. Then add one quart of rich milk, six or eight crackers pounded finely; butter, salt and pepper as for oysters; let it boil up, and serve immediately. It strongly reminds one of oysters, and is very nice for sick persons as well as highly palatable for well ones.

COOKING BEEF STEAK.—Prepare the steak by pounding and otherwise as for boiling. Have ready a pan *quite hot;* grease it as for bread, lay in the steak, turn frequently to prevent its adhering to the pan until the juice is extracted. When cooked through, turn the gravy upon a platter in which has been previously put about half the usual quantity of butter, with a little water. Slightly brown the steak on both sides, then take up, and boil up a little water in the pan to secure any remaining juices; season as desired. By this method a much larger and richer amount of gravy is obtained, with less butter, than by the usual process.

TO KEEP CREAM SWEET.—A good deal depends upon the proper management of the cream, if the churning does not take place every day, as it ought to where the dairy is large enough to warrant it. If it is to be kept till the quantity is sufficient to make up a churning, put it into a stone jar, in a cool place, and, when fresh cream is added, let it be thoroughly stirred in, and a very little fine salt added. In this way it may be kept sweet several days.

TAKE CARE OF TREES.—He who has planted trees has done well, but he who has watched them and cared for their early growth has done better.—There need be very little said about pruning, were the young trees properly looked after. The rubbing off a superfluous bud here, pinching a rampant shoot there, and the judicious use of the pocket knife, as occasion requires, will soon put a young orchard in the way it should go.

FLY DESTROYER.—A correspondent writes that the following simple preparation, originating with her servant, has proved very effective: "Beat up the yelk of an egg with a tablespoonful each of molasses and finely ground black pepper; set about in shallow plates every two or three days for a week, and the flies will be rapidly destroyed, and may be swept up in handfuls."

CATTLE.—It can never be too much impressed upon the minds of agriculturists that without dung there is no corn—without cattle there is no dung. Every means should, therefore, be used to encourage the breeding and feeding of battle, and none can be more effectual than to show that the profits of a farm are always proportioned to the number of cattle kept, and the abundance of food prepared for them.

Mr. B. P. Johnson, President of the New York State Agricultural Society, gives official notification of the existence of Rinderpest among the cows in the cities of New York and Brooklyn.