Bedford Inquirer.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c---Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1858. VOL. 31, NO. 29.

Select Poetry.

THE SOWER TO HIS SEED.

Sink, little seed, into the earth's black mould,
Sink in your graves, so wet and so cold—
There you must lie;
Earth I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'd tell, if words you could say!
What grief make known for the loss of the day!
Sadly you'd speak;
"Lie here, must I ever?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?"

Have faith, little seed. Soon, yet again,
Thou'lt rise from the grave, where thou art lain;
Thou'lt be so fair,
With thy green shades so light,
And thy flowers so bright
Waving in air.

So must we sink in the earth's black mould—
Sink in the grave, so wet and so cold;
There must we stay,
Till at last we shall see
Time turn to eternity—
Darkness to day.

From Punch.

HOOP DE DOODEN DOO.

A FASHIONABLE BALLAD.

Me go to ball de oder night,
De room wid gas was blazing bright,
De gals were drest in de fashion's hight,
Wid de Hoop de dooden doo.

Dere air-tubes dey were so blown out,
Each Miss was as good as a mile about,
De leanest figure she look stout,
In de Hoop de dooden doo.

But dere was one dey call de Belle,
As Big as Ben afore he fell,
O Golly! she were such a swell,
In de Hoop de dooden doo.

Her dress was white, her sash was red,
She wore a bucket* on her head,
Her neck look like de garden bed—
Hoop de dooden doo.

She stretch so far from left to right,
She cover up a sofy quite,
She put six chairs clean out of sight,
Wid de Hoop de dooden doo.

I ask dis gal to hab a dance,
But soon as we begin to prance,
De Crinnylean stop our advance:
Hoop de dooden doo.

De garment which dey call de skirt,
It trail behind to catch de dirt,
It trip me up, it gib me hurt:
Hoop de dooden doo,

When I get up de truth I tell her,
Says I, "Miss, you'll excuse a fella,
But I can't dance wid de gig umbrella!"
Hoop de dooden doo.

At dis my joke I laugh Yup! Yup!
She look as though she eat me up,
So den I take her down to sup
In her Hoop de dooden doo.

MORAL.

Now, gals, if you at parties show,
And in de dance would shake de toe,
Not like balloons but ladies go:
Hoop de dooden doo.

You tink de Crinnylean de ting,
But your partners it to grief do bring,
It bruise dere leg, it break dere shin—
Dis Hoop de dooden doo.

In polka, waltz, or in quadreel,
Dis child you see he lub to feel
Soft flesh and blood, not bone and steel;
Hoop de dooden doo!

*Bouquet?—[ED.

CRITICAL.—Sol Jones was a stage driver, for many years, before railroads became plentiful, and he has followed various occupations since. His principal employment now is drinking strong liquors, and his nose reflects constantly the 'everlasting bonfire.' One day last week, Sol stepped into one of our fashionable restaurants, and called for brandy. The decanter was handed to him, and he poured out a tumbler nearly full. With a look of aversion at the water pitcher, which was standing near, he tossed off the brandy, and set down his glass with a strong expression of disgust upon his humorous countenance.

'Anything the matter with the brandy?' inquired the bar-tender.

'Yes,' was the gruff reply.

'What ails it?' asked Boniface.

'Why, hang it, says Sol, I kin taste the water in it!'

They are tanning an elephant's hide at Cincinnati. It was purchased by a furrier in Wisconsin, where the animal, which belonged to a menagerie died. The frieght to Cincinnati cost $15. It is an immense hide, so bulky that the taners handle it with great difficulty. It is nearly two inches thick, and full a year and a half will be required to tan it thoroughly.

DEATH OF JOAN D'ARC.

We make the following extract from Appleton's work, "The World-Noted Women." It is from the pen of Mary Cowden Clarke:

"There is something indefinitely touching in the saint's and hero's relapse into simple humanity and womanhood, on the dark, unnatural May morning, when the heavy news was told her that she must die before sunset. She wept bitterly; like Jeptha's daughter, she mourned that her pure and beauteous body should be thus early sacrificed. She shrank, and shrieked, and writhed at the thought of the flames, pitying herself for the pain. But the saint triumphs soon—even through the fiery vista before her she sees a better kingdom than France—a better home than Domremy. Even in this death she recognizes 'the deliverance' promised her by 'the voices.'

"She appealed to God from the injustice and cruelty of earth; she partook of the holy sacrament with many tears; she uttered her touching and tremendous words to the Bishop of Beauvais, a summons to answer for her death before God. What child-like naturalness, a plaintive naivete marked the words she addressed to one of the preachers standing by: 'Ah, Maitre Pirere, where will I be this evening?'

"We can fancy the tearful, wistful look, the terrified tremble of the hands, and all the voice broken in sobs with which she said this. Then, as the priest replied: 'Have you not good hope in the Saviour?' the light of reassurance, the smile, the clasped hands, the heaven-ward gaze, the voice clear and fervid, as she said: 'Oh, yes, God aiding, I shall be in Paradise.'

"Bound and borne in a cart, like a common malefactor, surrounded by a guard of eight hundred English soldiers, Joan d'Arc passed through the streets of Rouen to the market place; but in the eyes of the angels that awful hour must have thrown into shade all foregone hours of triumph—grander to them than the proudest conqueror in his triumphal car, followed by princely captives and the spoils of kingdoms.

"At the stake the maid again bravely proclaimed her faith in 'the voices,' and nobly defended her King. Her sublime, yet meek composure, her marvelous womanly sweetness, filled many of her persecutors with wonder, pity, and vain remorse. The people looked on as in a horrible dream, weeping, groaning, praying, but powerless to help. One last word of reproach shivered the petrified heart of the Bishop of Beauvais, cleft its way to a deep unsuspected vein of human feeling, and let it out in tears.

"The scaffold towered high above the crowd, a huge pile of fagots lit it at the base, a gigantic altar of sacrifice, fiery Calvary.

"When the flames uncoiled themselves from below, and darted upward, in angry flashing lengths, hissing and writhing, when they struck their fangs into her flesh, the flesh cried out in shrieks that must have echoed forever through the guilty and craven souls who heard.

"Well had the young martyr learned the self-forgetful spirit. In her agony, through the flame and smoke of her torment, she saw the danger of the faithful priest who held the crucifix above, and entreated him to leave her.—He went; he bore from her sight the image of her crucified Lord, but he left beside her, in the midst of the flames, the Lord himself.—May not her last cry of "Jesus!" have been, not a cry of fear or supplication, but of joy and recognition, as she sprang through the fiery path of martyrdom into the welcoming arms of his compassion—into the bosom of his infinite, ineffable love?"

A GREAT CLOCK.

The great Clock in the Cathedral of Strasburg is thus described by a correspondent:

"The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the top to the bottom not less than one hundred feet, and about thirty feet wide and fifteen deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck, and the people are going, except a few whom the sexton or head man with a wand and sword is conducting around the building. The clock has struck in this way—the dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell, the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet above the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of time, a bell in his left, and a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of time, and then turns and glides with a slow step round behind Time, and out comes an old man with a mallet, and places himself in front of him As the hour of twelve comes the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, which echoes through the building, and is heard all around the region of the church. The old man glides behind Father Time, and the young comes on, ready to perform his part as the time comes round again. As soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus—there is a high cross with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve is struck, one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns facing the cross, bows, and on around to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes in. So twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church at some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it stood out of repair."

HORRORS OF THE MIDDLE PASSAGE.

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing on board the United States frigate Powhatan, at St. Helena, Feb. 1st, gives an interesting account of a visit to a slave vessel which had been captured by the British cruisers, and taken to St. Helena.—The slaver was a brigantine, built about four years ago, at New London, Conn., and admirably constructed for speed. She measured about 220 tons, and her slave deck was only four and a half feet high, yet no less than six hundred and fifty Africans had been crowded into this small vessel. The utmost compression compatible with life was resorted to, and, had not a large portion been mere children, they could not have been stowed away. The writer says the following method was employed to economize space:

"The Africans were placed in rows, face to face, lengthwise of the deck, and each one running one leg between the legs of the one sitting opposite. Another row was placed back to back against the exterior row first seated, and thus the whole deck was almost a solid mass of living human flesh To keep them still and powerless, and prevent insurrection, a ring was put on one ancle, to which an iron bar was attached, which reached up to the body, and to which the manacles were fastened which were put on their wrists. Thus situated, row facing row, and legs interlaced with legs, a long iron bar ran along over the whole line of ancles, to which the irons were attached which fastened the feet. Thus, nearly all motion of the body and exercise of the limbs was impossible, men in the stocks having as much liberty as they had, with all the advantages of light and air. Even for a day, such a position would be painful and almost intolerable; and what, then, a passage from continent to continent, over the broad Atlantic, amidst storms, and calms, and suffocation, and occupying often sixty days and more!

"Occasionally, the slaves are taken on deck in gangs, where they may breathe a short time, and where they are washed by having buckets of salt water thrown upon them, their fetters and manacles yet remaining on them, and the salt water washing the sores and raw flesh which their sitting position on the hard planks, their pressing against each other, together with the galling irons, have made.—Both men and women are either utterly naked, or else have a hardly the equal of a fig leaf for their protection. The stench and filth are necessarily horrible and indescribable, which a stable or sty can hardly exceed, and seldom equal. It is not strange that a frightful mortality soon broke out, which ended the woes of many, and would have done of all, but for the Providential capture."

Predictions for this Year.

The following sagacious predictions are made for the year 1858:

Through the whole course of this year when the moon wanes, the night will grow dark.

On several occasions during the year the sun will rise before certain people discover it, and set before they have finished their day's work.

It is quite likely that when there is no business doing, many will be heard to complain of hard times, but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation.

If bustles and hoops go out of fashion a, church pew will hold more than three ladies.

There will be many eclipses of virtue, some visible, others invisible.

Many delicate ladies, whom no one would suspect, will be kissed without telling the mama's.

If the incumbent of a fat office dies, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.

There will be more books published than will find purchasers, and more bills made than will find payers.

If a young lady should happen to blush, she will be apt to get red in the face without the use of paint; if she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something: if she dreams of him four times, or has a toothache, it is ten to one she will be a long time getting either out of her head.

Dinners and entertainments will be given to those who have plenty to eat at home, and the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal and medical excepted.

He who marries this year will run a great risk, especially if he does it in a great hurry.

He who steals a watch gives tattlers occasion to gossip, and will be apt to involve himself and pride in disagreeable relations.

Many young ladies who hope for it, but little expect it, will be married; and many confidentially anticipating the glorious consummation will be doomed to wait another year.

Finally, there exists but little doubt that this will be a most wonderful year, surpassing in interest all that have preceded it.

One of the best looking girls in a certain seminary, is a red-headed girl from Vermont. Out of compliment to her hair, they call her the 'torch of love.' Rather more poetic than complimentary.

There is a local editor out west so poor that he never stands on more than one foot at a time for fear that he "may wear out his boots too quick."

VALUABLE INFORMATION.—The width of the United States is 2,650 miles.

Its length 2,600 miles.

Area of square miles, 2,936,167:

Coast, line of rivers and lakes 15,204.

It has thirty-two States, of which 17 are free and 15 slave States; and seven Territories.

Its population is 23,189,876, of which there are 13,349,740, free at the North: and in the South, 6,221,518, and 3,204,313, slaves; there are also 424,305 free persons of color.

The area of square miles of the St. Lawrence basin is 130,000.

Atlantic slope, basin of square miles, 410,000

Pacific slope, basin of square miles, 600,000.

Mississippi Valley, basin of square miles, 1,200,000.

Texas slope, basin of square miles, 280,000.

Utah slope, basin of square miles, 280,000.

Red River of the North, basin of square miles, 20,000.

Area of the North in square miles, 61,897.

Area of the Territories in square miles, 1,500,925.

Number of miles of Railroad, 22,000.

River and Lake navigation, 19,720 miles.

ABOUT GIRLS' NAMES.—If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a young lady named Ann; for we have the authority of Lindley Murray and others, that "*an* is an indefinite article."

If you would like to have a wife who is "one of a thousand," you should marry an Emily or an Emma; for any printer can tell you that "ems" are always counted by thousands.

If you do not wish to have a bustling, fly-about wife, you should not marry one named Jenny; for every cotton spinner knows that jennies are always on the go.

If you want to marry a Bell, it is not necessary that you should be a sexton, just because you have to ring her at the altar.

If you marry one named Margaret, you may fear for the manner in which she will end her days, for every one knows that "Pegs" were made for hanging.

The most incessant writer in the world is he who is always bound to Ad-a-line.

You may adore your wife, but you will be surpassed in love when your wife is a Dora.

If you wish to succeed in life as a porter, very kindly, for so long as you continue at her this, you will be good to Carry.

Many men of high moral principles, and who would not gamble for the world, still have not refused to take a Bet.

KING CHARLES AND HIS FOOL.—This good fellow's influence was so great that the King once remarked to him, they had better change places. As Jean did not look to be well pleased with the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a King

"Oh content enough," was the reply, 'but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool.

It was this fellow who tried his master's nerve by rushing into the room one morning with the exclammation—

"O sir, such news! Four thousand men have risen in the city!"

"What!" cried the startled King, "with what intention have they risen?"

"Probably with the intention of lying down again at bedtime."

CAUCUS.—The American word *caucus* is introduced into English politics. The London Star speaks of "a caucus of Lord Palmerston's friends." This word (which Webster is at a loss to explain in his dictionary) is derived from early revolutionary history. The north part of Boston, which is celebrated for its anti-tea demonstrations, was the field of labor of the *caulkers*, and other mercantile laborers. These caulkers were the most active in patriotic movements against British oppression, and a 'caulker's meeting" became gradually to be called *a caucus*. The word, thus derived from revolutionary patriotism, is now adopted even in the land whose tyranny gave occasion to its origin.

GREAL EXPLOIT OF A HEN.—The "local editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, saw a hen the other day which had recently hatched out fifty-six chickens at one batch! of which all but twenty are alive. The lad who had charge of the fowl made a large nest in the ground, and had the hen sitting on some wads of cotton for a day or two previous to putting in the eggs. He then placed the eggs, fifty-six in number, under her in two tiers, placing the upper one beneath the other tier. In twenty-one days, the entire batch was hatched out safe and sound.

A JOLLY LIFE.—Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with a piller of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking yourselves up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sigh of the summer air, nothing to do when you awake but wash yourselves in a dew-drop, and fall to and eat your bed-clothes.

It would seem that men often value the work of human hands more than they do those of nature. In Florence, the marble statue of a girl often brings ten thousand dollars, but in Constantinople you can with that amount buy a dozen lovelier creatures of flesh and blood. He don't seem to know Prentice wrote that you need not go all the way to Constantinople to buy flesh and blood.

An Irishman making love to a lady of great fortune, told her "he couldn't sleep for dreaming of her."

VARIETIES.

CHOICE OF BOOKS.—Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Some books, also, may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important and meaner sort of books.

What makes man wretched? Happiness denied?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis happiness disdained:
She comes too meanly drest to win our smile;
And calls herself Content—a homely name!
Our flame is transport, and content our scorn;
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead—*Young.*

"JULIUS, what's a latitudinarian?" "A laty tudy what?" "A latitudinarian?" "A latyterdemarium, Mr. Snow, is a man what ascertains the circumference of de hemusfear, and brings de axle of de arf opposite to de hub ob de universe."

A SERIOUS QUESTION.—

Said Lady Bab to Lady Sue,
"I wish I were as blest as you;
Your husband is polite and kind,
Of gentle manners, generous mind,
Obliging, gay—in friendship warm,
With every quality to charm."
"Pray, Lady Bab," cried Lady Sue,
"How came my husband—*entre nous*—
So intimately known to you?"

A DISTINCTION AND DIFFERENCE.—

Fred, idly strolling out one day,
Was told that Kate had passed that way,
And though somewhat a fop in taste,
His clothes thrown loosely on in haste,
His hair dishevelled—stock untied.
With panting breath he reached her side;
Surprised, she gazed on Frederick's plight,
And justly angred at the sight,
Said, in a tone of jesting ire,
"I see you're running to a fire."
"Well, no," he naively said, but much the same,
I've just been hotly chasing up a flame!"

Our Jeems says he never travels by a "lightning express train" unless he's sure it has a good conductor.—*Carrington's Commisscionaire.*

Many of the Vigilants would have been appropriate adornments of the lower end of a perpendicular rope.—*N. O. True Delta.*

Exactly! but not inclining to the perpendicular, we presume they 'sloped.'—*Ed. Com.*

A WOMEN'S RIGHT-ER.—It is said that Middleton, the fashionable gaiter maker, is an earnest upholder of woman's rights—and lefts.

Patience waited, and the egg sang.—*Jerrold.*

EPIGRAM ON A DRUNKEN BRAWLER.

Who only in his cups will fight, is like
A clock that must be oiled well ere it strike.
Thomas Bancroft, 1638.

TIME.—

Time *was*, is past; thou canst not it recall.
Time *is*, thou hast; employ the portion small.
Time *future* is not, and may never be,—
Time *present* is the only time for thee.

The mother who saw a baby prettier than her own, has been sent to a lunatic establishment.

REVIVAL RHYMES.—A New York poet, in touching on the conversion of Awful Gardner, goeth it thus.—

We sing and shout our grateful thanks,
That Awful Gardner's joined our ranks;
That as the lamp holds out to burn,
There may be chance for Patrick Hearne;
And as his mercy's all endurin',
We may even hope for John Van Buren.

Paddy's description of a fiddle can not be beat: 'It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its back, and rubbed its belly with a crooked stick, and och, St. Patrick! how it did squale!'

'You'll have to bear the responsibility,' said a mother to a bright-eyed young daughter, who thought of marrying without the maternal approbation. 'I expect to bear several, ma,' said Fanny.

'Miss Julia, allow me to close the blind; the glare of the sun must be oppressive.' 'You are very kind, sir but I would rather have a little *son* than no *heir* at all.

The selfish man cannot see the miseries of the world—he cannot feel the pangs and thrusts of hunger.

An Irishman being asked for a certificate of his marrage, bared his head and exhibiting a hugh scar which loooked as though it was made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

'Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?'

'Yes, to the bone.'

'What is his character?'

'Didn't know he had any.'

'Does he live near you?'

'So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years.'

A dying West India planter groaning to his favorite negro servant sighed out, 'Ah, Sambo, I'm going a long journey.'

'Never mind, massa,' said the negro, consolingly, 'him all de way down hill.'

'Here's Webster on a bridge,' said Mrs. Partington, as she handed Ike the dictionary. 'Study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation.'

An Irishman on board of a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied that he did not wish to go on deck to see himself drowned

A FACT.—One of the wise men of 'Grease' recently declared in a public meeting that the size of sausages was not so important as the material of which they were manufactured.

Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

All is sugar to the vain—even the praise of fools.

AGRICULTURAL.

GRAFTING THE GRAPE VINE

We have met with many experienced persons who have never seen the grape vine grafted.—The process is so easy, that thousands who are anxious to possess the newer varieties, should especially take care of their old roots and insert scions of the new. No clay or covering of the grafted part is necessary, beyond the natural soil, below which the graft is to be inserted. Saw off your stock and put in your scion with two or three buds, wedge-fashion, as in the cleft-grafting of fruit trees, and then cover up a few inches, leaving one or two buds above ground; where the stock is very large and inconvenient to split, a gimlet-hole, so made as to bring the two barks together, answers. Tee sprouts of the old stock, as they spring up to rob the graft, must be pulled off. Grafts often bear some fine clusters the first season of growth and many more the second. In this way, the old stocks of wild grapes removed from the woods are very useful with due care. We have lately seen an old Catawba vine that was wanted for shade forty feet off, laid down for a year till it had rooted well, and then was grafted with perfect success, and fruited the first season.—*Horticulturist.*

One good way to keep hams in summer is to put a layer of coarse salt in the bottom of a barrel, then lay in a ham and cover it with salt and then another, and so on, till the barrel is filled. Of course this salt should be dry, and the barrel should be kept in a dry place.

Another and better way, is to sew up each ham in a coarse cloth bag, then give the whole a coating of whitewash, and hang up the bag in a smoke-house, or any dark, cool place.

Another way is to bag them as before mentioned, and bury the bag in the ash-hole, taking it out as wanted.

We have known them to keep very well by simply wrapping in several thicknesses of newspaper, and hanging in an open garret. A correspondent says they also "keep perfectly, as he has proved, by packing in sweet dry hay run through a hay cutter. Then wrap them with a single thickness of newspaper, and surround each ham with a portion of the hay,* tie the whole in large cotton bags, and hang in a dry place.—*American Agriculturist June.*

FARMERS OF AMERICA LOOK AT THIS PICTURE!—In Great Britain about 60,000 families own all the territory, which is occupied by over 27 millions of inhabitants. Five noblemen, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyle, Athol, Sutherland, and Buccleuch, own perhaps, one-fourth of all Scotland. The estate of the Duke of Sutherland, comprises about 700,000 acres, or more than one thousand square miles. The domains of the Marquis of Breadalbane extend 100 English miles, and reach nearly from sea to sea. By far the wealthiest proprietor in the lowlands of Scotland, is the Duke of Buccleuch, whose estates cover several counties, and whose palace at Dalkeith, is an establishment of regal magnificene.

BLOWING UP STUMPS.—Select a solid place in a large root, near the ground if an oak or any stump with a tap root, and with an inch and a quarter auger, bore in slanting downward, to as near the heart of the base of the root as you can judge; then put in a charge of one or two ounces of powder, with a safety-fuse, and tamp in dry clay or ordinary tamping material, to fill the hole, some six inches above the charge; then touch fire to the fus, and get out of the way. The blast will usually split the stump into three pieces, and make it hop right out of the ground. If the charge is put too high up the blast will only split the top of the stump without lifting it.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

WORMS IN HORSES.—The best remedy I ever tried is this: Feed your horses with plenty of ashes and tobacco once a week, and I will guarantee that they will never more be troubled with worms or botts. Tobacco kills them and ashes carries them away. I handle a good many horses, and this is my remedy. I never had a horse troubled with botts or sick with worms.—*Correspondent of Prairie Farmer.*

SOAP SUDS should never be wasted. In winter, or when not needed for the grape vines or flower-beds, they should be thrown over the manure heap. Roses and grapes are much benefitted by freqent applications of suds, and a proper trial is all that is necessary to convince unbelievers.