FASHIONABLE EMBROIDERY.

In the rich easy chair of the window,
She sits so sedately and lady-like,
Her face glancing out from the shadow
Of the queer old-fashioned arm-chair.

Glancing out, with her face like a lily,
From the shadow of crimson and gold,
With that alabaster rose of white satin,
Floating over her, fold upon fold.

With her foot in the daintiest slipper—
Ah, the array! she knows how it charms!
And the soft, slender, tapering fingers,
And the snowy-white gem-circled arms;

With the pearls looping back the dark tresses—
These warm, wavy curls of brown hair!
And the cheek, with its faint tint of opal,
And the shoulders so amazingly fair;

There she sits at her ease, in her beauty,
With—ah me! and the air of a queen!
And a rosebud she daintily fashions,
Half sheathed in the delicate green.

Of its leaves, not these great golden lilies—
No blossoms or bud one can name—
So fair as the face bending over
The glowing embroidery frame.

As she lifted her dark hazel eyes, then
Did that quick glance of hers understand
How wofully little the wiser
I grew from the book in my hand,

That the rose of her cheek kept unfolding
Its delicate crimson on the white,
And the wise little mouth dimpled over
With such an arch, coquettish smile?

Oh, her needles are Cupid's own arrows,
And this garland a spell which she weaves
'Round my soul, while she ruthlessly stitches
My quivering heart in these leaves!

AGRICULTURAL.

Fattening Stock in Autumn.

SHEEP or cattle that are intended for the butcher, either late in the Fall or during the Winter, should be pushed with grain while they are eating grass in the months of October and November. It is economy to do this. And more flesh and fat can be laid on with one pound of corn during these months than in cold Winter weather with dry hay, instead of grass, for the balance of the food. What is gained at this time of the year can be cheaply kept until the period for marketing arrives. Fattening stock frequently suffers and declines in weight and condition for lack of sufficient food during the seven or eight weeks preceding the time of yarding or stabling for the Winter. Grass is neither so nutritious nor plentiful as it should be for their good; pastures get bare very quick, because there is no growth to replace what is eaten. The cold weather, constantly increasing in severity as Winter approaches, sharpens the appetite of the animals, which, on frost-bitten grass, they are scarcely able to satisfy. They are consequently restless; they take much exercise, and their coats lose their smooth, glossy appearance. They want richer food. If it is not given they shrink a good deal when changed on to hay, and it will take a month or two of Winter feeding to bring them to the same weight they had on full grass. No matter how abundant the grass may be at the period in the Autumn we have indicated, it will pay richly to feed grain. Sheep will lay on fat wonderfully with some grain at this time, and they will go into the yards without shrinking, and be fit in advance by the first of January of those that have had the same amount of grain, but have eaten it wholly in the yards, and with dry fodder. A flock of wethers might hardly hold their own during the last sixty days of pasturing on ordinary grass without other feed, with a certainty of shrinking and remaining stationary for some weeks when yarded and put on dry food; but if a half bushel per head were given them during this time, and under these conditions, they would each gain at least fifteen pounds on it. Every feeder can figure the cost of the grain and the price of the mutton, and satisfy himself whether such feeding would be a paying operation.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Preventing Potato Rot.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *North British Agriculturist* writes: "Upon the first appearance of the well-known spots seen on the leaves, I immediately cut the stems with a hook as closely by the surface as possible, and remove them from the field, then compress the drills with a heavy stone roller, so that the plough with a good deep furrow may the more effectually cover the top of the drill to keep the roots from the influence of the atmosphere. This should be carefully done, as I have found more than once that cutting the stems and not covering them up was of no avail in checking the blight. The only objection I can see against the above mode of treatment is, when the blight comes on early in the season, before the potatoes are full grown, that it does not ripen so well, and consequently is not so dry; the more so on heavy soils; but I have never had any cause to complain, as my potatoes always gave satisfaction. In all stages of their growth the crop can be saved from the effects of the blight by adopting the plan I have stated."

Wintering Ruta Bagas.

RUTA BAGAS may be easily and cheaply Wintered in long heaps. Select dry ground, smooth with the hoe, and place the roots in an oblong pile, not over four feet wide at the bottom, as high as can be evenly and smoothly laid, and as long as may be convenient. Cover this heap with several inches of straw, and just before freezing, with several inches of earth. If enough straw can easily be obtained to make a compact stratum nine or ten inches thick, four or five inches of earth will be enough in the Northern States. If only half as much straw can be had, the earth should be doubled. Ventilating holes, each filled with a wisp of straw, should be placed three or four feet apart along the top. Tubular draining tile are best for these holes. Ruta bagas are quickly injured by confined or foul air, and ventilation is important. Cellars may be made in dry places in the field, well walled with stone in mortar, and covered with a double roof, containing a foot or more of chaff, or six or eight inches of sawdust. In new countries, logs might be used for the cellar wall, but would not last long.—*Country Gentleman.*

Chicken Meat Cheaper than Pork.

EVERYBODY almost loves chickens, roasted, broiled, fricasseed, pie, or boiled. By itself or in one of its forms it is pronounced first rate by all who ever sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner of the olden time. But chickens, it is said, always taste of silver, if you buy them, and if you raise them they are thought to cost more than they come to. "Very nice is chicken, but the dearest food upon the farm." "Poultry is more plague than profit, and the less care bestowed upon them the better." This has not been our experience. We intercede for the "biddies," and beg for them a little attention that is bestowed upon their more gross and unattractive neighbors—the pigs. Give them a fair trial, and they will pay any farmer for his care much better than pigs, and will supply his table with much greater luxuries, and at a much cheaper rate.—*Country Gentleman.*

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

Florinda and Florindel.

ONCE upon a time, in the midst of a large thick wood, there lived an old witch by herself. By day she changed herself into a cat or an owl; but in the evening she resumed her right form. She was able also to allure to her the wild animals and birds, whom she killed, cooked, and ate; for whoever ventured within a hundred steps of her castle was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the spot until she allowed it. But if a pretty maiden came into the circle, the witch changed her into a bird, and then put her into a basket, which she carried into one of the rooms of the castle; and in this room were already many thousand such baskets of rare birds.

Now there was a young maiden named Florinda, who was exceedingly pretty, and she was betrothed to a youth named Florindel; and just at the time that the events which I am about to relate happened, they were passing the days together in a round of pleasure. One day they went into the forest for a walk, and Florindel said, "Take care that you do not go too near the castle." It was a beautiful evening, the sun shining between the stems of the trees, and brightening up the dark green leaves, and the turtle-doves cooing softly upon the May-bushes. Florinda began to cry, and sat down in the sunshine with Florindel, who cried too; for they were quite frightened, and thought they should die, when they looked round and saw how far they had wandered, and that there was no house in sight. The sun was yet half above the hills and half below, and Florindel, looking through the brushwood, saw the old walls of the castle close by them, which frightened him terribly, so that he fell off his seat. Then Florinda sang,

"My little bird, with his wing so red,
Sings sorrow, and sorrow, and woe!
For he sings that the hurtleberries soon will be dead,
O sorrow, and sorrow, for, for, for!"

Florindel lifted up his head, and saw Florinda was changed into a nightingale, which was singing, "Jug, jug, jug;" and presently an owl flew around thrice, with his eyes glistening, and crying, "To-whit, to-who." Florindel could not stir. There he stood like a stone, and could not weep, nor speak, nor move hand or foot.

Meanwhile the sun set, and the owl flying into a bush, out came an ugly old woman, thin and yellow, with great red eyes, and a crooked nose which reached down to her chin. She muttered, and seized the nightingale, and carried it away in her hand, while Florindel remained there incapable of moving or speaking.

At last the witch returned, and said, with a hollow voice, "Greet you, Zachiel! if the moon shines on your side, release this one at once." Then Florindel became free, and fell down on his knees before the witch, and begged her to give him back Florinda; but she refused, and said he should never again have her, and went away. He cried, and wept, and groaned after her, but all to no purpose; and at length he rose and went into a strange village, where for some time he tended sheep. He often went round about the enchanted castle, but never too near; and one night, after so walking, he dreamt that he found a blood-red flower, in the middle of which lay a fine pearl. This flower he broke off, and, going therewith to the castle, all he touched with it was free from enchantment, and thus he regained his Florinda.

When he awoke next morning he began his search over hill and valley to find such a flower. Nine days had passed away, when at length early one morning he discovered it; and in its middle was a large dewdrop, like a beautiful pearl. Then he carried the flower, day and night, till he came to the castle; and although he ventured within the enchanted circle, he was not stopped, but walked on quite to the door. Florindel was now in high spirits, and touching the door with his flower, it flew open. He entered, and passing through the hall, listened for the sound of the birds, which at last he heard. He found the room and walked in, and there was the enchantress feeding the birds in the seven thousand baskets. As soon as she saw Florindel, she became frightfully enraged, and spat out poison and gall at him; but she dared not come too close. He would not turn back for her, but looked at the baskets of birds; but, alas! there were many hundreds of nightingales; and how was he to know his Florinda? While he was examining them he perceived the old woman secretly hiding away one of the baskets, and slipping out of the door. Florindel flew after her, and touched the basket with his flower, and also the old woman, so that she could no longer bewitch; and at once Florinda stood before him, and fell upon his neck, as beautiful as she ever was. Afterward he disenchanted all the other birds, and then returned home with his Florinda, and for many years they lived together happily and peacefully.—*Land the Giants of Gotham.*

WHO ROB ORCHARDS.

IN a certain village in the far West was an atheist. He was a great admirer of Dale Owen and Fanny Wright, but he could see no beauty in the Christian religion. Of course he never entered any place of worship. In fruit season he was specially busy on the Sabbath in defending his orchard from his great enemies, the woodpecker and the idle, profligate persons of the village, who on that day usually made sad havoc among his apples and peaches.

One day, while at work with his son-in-law—an atheist like himself, although a more kind and courteous gentleman—as a pastor of a congregation was passing, he, very rudely, thus accosted the minister:

"Sir, what is the use of preaching? What good do you do by it? Why don't you teach these fellows better morals? Why don't you tell them something in your sermons about stealing, and keep them from robbing my orchard?"

To this the minister pleasantly replied:

"My dear sir, I am sorry that you are so much annoyed, and I would most willingly read the fellows who rob your orchard a lecture on thieving; but the truth is, they are so like you and the Major here, that I never get a chance."

"Good, good," replied the Major laughing, on which the elder atheist blushed a little, and, in an apologetical tone, said:

"Well, well, I believe it is true enough; it is not the church-going people that steal my apples."

CATAWISSA RAILROAD.—From and after October 2, 1866, the trains will run thereon as follows:

GOING NORTH.—Express Mail at 1 P.M.; Express at 2.20 P.M.

GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 4 P.M.

GEORGE WEBB, Supt.

GREAT PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE TO THE NORTH AND WEST.
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Fast Line	7.30 A.M.	12.00 P.M.
Pittsburg and Erie Ex.	4.30 P.M.	7.20 P.M.
Pittsburg and Elmira Ex.	7.10 P.M.	9.15 P.M.

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LOW FARE AND QUICK TIME.
Cars run through from Baltimore to Pittsburg, Erie, or Elmira without change.
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Time of Passenger Trains at Northumberland:
LEAVE EASTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 9.25 A.M.; Erie Express Train, 2.55 A.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 10.55 A.M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 5.40 A.M.; Erie Express Train, 7.10 P.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 2.55 P.M.
Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.
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S. H. PORTER, Jr., corner of Twelfth and Market streets, Philadelphia; J. W. Reynolds, Erie; Wm. Dunn Brown, Agent N.C.R.R., Elmira.
H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
H. W. GANTNER,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
G. A. TYLER,
General Superintendent, Williamsport.
March 22, 1866.

LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD.
On and after March 12, 1866, Passenger Trains will run as follows:
SOUTHWARD.—Leave Scranton at 5.35 A.M. and 2.45 P.M.; Kingston at 6.05 A.M. and 3.05 P.M.; Bloomsburg at 8.10 A.M. and 5.20 P.M. Arrive at Northumberland at 9.05 A.M. and 6.15 P.M.
NORTHWARD.—Leave Northumberland at 7.5 A.M. and 4.25 P.M.; Bloomsburg at 8.05 A.M. and 5.05 P.M.; Kingston at 10.15 A.M. and 7.15 P.M. Arrive at Scranton at 10.40 A.M. and 7.40 P.M.
H. A. FONDA, Supt.
Kingston, March 15, 1866.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County, witnessed the trial of hay forks on the farm of Mr. Funsel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 7, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork, manufactured by SLIFER, WALTS, SHRINER & Co., of Lancaster, Pa., and the Rundle's Patent Hay Hook. The American Fork and hook did more hay in less draught than the Rundle's in three. We consider the R. will take as much for half the money as two good horses can draw. We also saw it working hay, and think it cannot be beat as a hay hook, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and hook we have ever seen.
C. BUTTENBENDER, DR. F. C. HARRISON,
W. B. EVANS, JOHN DOAN,
JOHN DETRICK, DANIEL NOYES,
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With the present number (the Magazine was enlarged to sixteen pages, making it to contain about one-third more matter).

ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

THE GALAXY will be an original American Magazine of the highest class. Arrangements have accordingly been made for regular contributions from the best known and most meritorious writers in the country; and moreover, the Editor will always seek to collect and encourage contributions from new authors of real ability or decided promise. The articles in THE GALAXY will be signed, with the names of their authors, who will be allowed a wide freedom in the expression of opinions.

The first and second numbers of THE GALAXY, for May first and fifteenth, 1866, contain contributions from John Esten Cooke, Frances Power Cobbe, Rose Terry, George Alfred Townsend, Edmund C. Stedman, the Author of "Ecrits d'une Femme," Professor Pierre Blot, Dr. W. H. Draper, William S. Conant, General Cluseret, and others.

"The Chouannes," by Anthony Trollope, and "Archie Lovell," by Mrs. Edwards, were commenced in the first number of THE GALAXY, and it is intended to be published serially simultaneously with the issue in England. The back numbers of the Magazine containing these stories may always be obtained from a newsdealer or from the publishers.

PROFESSOR BLOT ON COOKERY.

In the second number of THE GALAXY was commenced a series of articles on Cookery, by Professor Pierre Blot, the well-known teacher of the art. These articles will be made of great practical value to every family. Beside many gastronomical directions of essential importance, they will contain receipts and practical suggestions which must secure for them thousands of readers.

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April 23, 1866.

Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 8.20 and 10.05 A.M., and 2 and 9.20 P.M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 5.40 and 10 A.M., and 4.30 and 10.35 P.M. Sleeping Cars accompany the 7 A.M. and 9.20 P.M. trains, without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Hazleton, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 7.30 A.M., and 2 and 9.20 P.M., stopping at Lewisberry and principal Way Stations. The 9.20 P.M. train making no close connections for Pottsville or Philadelphia. For Pottsville, Philadelphia, Ashland, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 1.15 P.M.

Returning, leave New York at 9 A.M., 12 M., and 10.30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 3.30 P.M.; Pottsville at 6.35 A.M. and 12.45 P.M.; Ashland at 6 and 11.40 A.M., and 5.5 P.M.; Tamaqua at 6.45 A.M. and 1 and 5.45 P.M.

Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, at 7 A.M.

Reading Accommodation Train leaves Reading at 6 A.M., returning from Philadelphia at 5 P.M.

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G. A. NICOLLS, Gen. Supt.

Reading, Pa., April 26, 1866.

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