Select Poetry.

Written for the Montgomery Watchman. AND HAS THE SUMMER FLED?

BY "WILLIE MYRTLE."

"Leaves are but wings on which the

And has the beauteous Summer fled?

It seemeth but a day Since to our vales the flowers were brought By laughing blue eyed May! Now o'erhead's the Autumn sky, And red no more the rose's dye. And faded is the violet blue, The lily-that has withered too.

Sweet melody in Summer flung From off a harp of thousand strings, A harp-alas! that's now unstrung, While scarce a single minstrol sings. The murmur of the rippling stream, More hearse unto the ear doth seem : The feathered songsters of the grove Have ceased to warble lays of love.

The balmy breath of summer time, That kissed the dew drops from the flowers With all its sweets has fled afar To sport 'mid softer hours. Far upward in the mellow light The blue hills rise upon the sight. And mid the sunset's golden flush, The forest leaves in beauty blush.

A few short days, and winter will, With hail and snow come striding on: The woods, no longer lulled in sleep, Sway to the mighty tempest's plume Thus roll the seasons : varied still,-The falling leaf, the frozen rill, The budding flower, the brazen sky-Now the smile, anon the sigh.

How swiftly flies each passing year! The Summer's ended-harvest passed-And forest leaves of brilliant hue Float on the wintry blast. 'Tis thus when sun-bright youth has fled: How dark and deep the years ahead; But vain the sigh that sorrow heaves, When Winter's winds close up Life's leaver.

A Select Story.

BREAK OR BEND.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

" Hallo! Ned," shouted a tall, fine looking boy, to a poorly clad, but neat school fellow. "I want you to run down to our stable, and tell our man to saddle my pony, and bring him to school by four o'clock. I'm going to have a race with Jee Hunter; hurry your-

"There will not be time before the bell rings," replied Ned, coloring, "and I should not like to be absent then. Why don't you go yourself? You can get an excuse."

"You impudent, disobliging fellow," retorted Frank Wales, taking out his little gold watch—the object of many a boy's envy in that school-"there's five minutes yet and it won't take you more than ten or fifteen to go. If you don't you will rue it; and if you do I'll give you sixpence to buy a loaf of bread." that will save your mother a few stitches."

Ned's passion was aroused, but he pressed his lips together, lest wrong words should escape them. He knew that Frank was called rich, and he was poor; but saw in this difference no reason why one should be master, and the other servant. Had Frank asked him kindly to do a favor, no boy in school would have more readily obliged him. But as if no tempest had swept over the hill where the tone of command, and the taunting jeer | it dwelt. Truly it is better to be humble and about his poor mother's stitches, were more than his proud spirit could brook. O! how with impure and unlovely temper. The he did want to reply, "if the truth was known, perhaps you would be no richer than I; if your parents were honest as mine, maybe your mother might have to stitch too;" but the lesson of returning good for evil had been so strongly impressed upon his mind that he dared not; the eye of God seemed on him, and opening his clenched fist, Ned walked into the school and took his seat before the bell rung.

Had Ned known his own true standing, he need not have hung his head before any boy in town. While the sons of many a family above his own station were smoking, gunning, and racing horses, he was at his books. This diligence showed its fruit, and he stood at the head of all the boys for scholarship and deportment. But, being modest and sensitive. his life was made, for a time, very miserable by a few idle and envious boys. He could not bear to be despised. When the afternoon session of the school closed, Ned lingered behind the rest lest he might meet Frank going for his pony, and he did not care to walk the same way with him just then.— When he reached the door, however, there stood his tormentor, with two friends, await-

"Stop, Ned, don't be in such a haste," he said, "I want to talk with you." Ned knew very well that he only wished

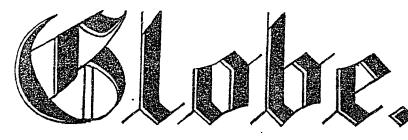
to get him into a quarrel, which he and his friends might report, with their comments to the teacher. So he said, "I cannot stop, now, I'm in haste to get home;" and walked rapidly on.

Poor fellow, see his limbs fly!" cried one. "I believe to my heart he is afraid of us!—
He thinks we'll turn highwaymen in the
grove and rob him of his cash and gold watch."

This sarcasm on his poverty brought a shout of triumph from the cruel trio.
"O! no, boys," cried Frank, loud enough to be heard by his receding victim, he isn't a coward; fear is not the cause of his haste.-His mother charged him to hurry home to do up the house-work, while she stuck to her binding. Say, now Ned, didn't I catch you

taking the clothes off the line, Monday, like a girl, ha?"
Ned stood still at the top of the hill, and replied, No, you didn't catch me, for I didn't run; I take them down every Monday. I





WILLIAM LEWIS,

---PERSEVERE.--

Editor and Proprietor.

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am not ashamed to do anything which will relieve her."

"That's a good girl, Betsy," cried Frank, in a tone of mock approval; run, it's nearly

time to put the kettle on." Poor Ned! between anger and wounded love, he was very unfit to go into the house to mother. His eyes were red, for he could not keep back the hot tears beneath this unprovoked insult. He mounted a hill before he came to the house, and threw himself down on the grass under an old oak tree, which, for its size, was the pride of the surrounding region. No one knew how long the monarch had stood there, but all knew that many a generation had passed away from him, and that growth after growth of his own descendants had been hewn down since he had reigned king of the trees. His magnitude and beauty had shared him from the woodman's stroke. A tender sapling stood beside the towering oak. It was not thicker than a man's arm, and every blast had power to bend it to and fro, until at times it almost touched the ground. "Ah," said he to him-self, "Frank is like that oak; I like the poor and weak sapling." As he looked up a strong breeze passed by, but the old tree stood firm in its grandeur, seeming to defy the wind to shake his huge trunk. He nodded sarcastically with his leafy head, and with his brawny outstretched arms beckoned the winds to conflict. When the gust dallied with him, he seemed to turn his top around, and with a scornful whistling among the branches, began to pelt the little sapling abandoned.

most unmercifully with his acorns. And

One thing more. It is a fact of such comwhat did the little sapling do in return, think you? Did she whistle back, and taunt her powerful foe? She had nothing of which to boast, not a missile to throw, she had not yet borne one acorn. So she just bore it, bowing her head when they struck it, and raising it as soon as they ceased falling. Ned looked cheered, although he did not speak. He had learned from nature a lesson of endurence. He ran blithely down to the spring at the foot of the hill; bending over its velvet brink, he took a long draught of the diamond water,

felt happy enough to meet his weary mother. Boys, this course of Ned's was a wise one. When vexed or insulted, you should rest an hour, take a good drink of spring water, and bathe your red cheeks, and the wounded heart will feel easier. You will not wish to retaliate; you will try to endure.

bathed his heated brow and cheeks, and then

The wind began blowing pretty fiercely as Ned walked on. It increased all the evening, and at midnight a perfect tempest raged around the home of the boy. It was such a night as we sometimes have, when the air seems laden with sounds various and indescribable. Moaning, creaking, flapping, rustling and waving, it shook the cottage to its very foundations, and forced itself into every crack and opening of the doors and windows.

The heart turned towards the deep, and all that there was "sorrow on the sea." The night waned, and ere daybreak, the storm had spent its fury. Ned rose and looked from the little chamber window. But alas! what desolation! an object familiar as the spire of the village church—the king oak was gone! The boy hurried on his clothes, and despite the wet grass, he sought the spot. There like a fallen hero, laid the tree, splintered, wrenched and torn. Its length and breadth, as it lay along the ground, was very great, but ah! when Ned examined it, the heart was decayed. Outside it was brave, fresh, and green, but within it was hollow, unsound, and filled with leathsome things .-The boy, who had almost envied the one he compared with the oak, looked around for the sapling; there it stood, strong and green, sound in heart than to be lefty and proud, spirit that will not bend has often to break; and in that breaking sometimes reveals the dark secrets of the existence of which the admiring world little dreamed. "I will strive," said the boy, "to keep my heart sound, and to keep low that I may bend rather than break."

When early manhood had set his signet on the brow of these two youths, they had exchanged stations in the world. Poverty came upon Frank Wales, but he wouldn't bow before it. He chose rather to be dishonorable, to earn his luxuries darkly at midnight, than to have the poor to say, "He who held his head so high, is now like unto us." His secret deeds whereby he kept up his horses, his tobacco and his wine, we do not seek to pry into. The pure and lovely shun his presence as they would not do, were he under only the

veil of honest poverty. The poor plodding boy, who even when insulted, was brave enough to declare, "I am not ashamed of anything that will relieve her;" the boy filled an honorable place in one of the learned professions. He was not rich and probably never will be; but he is above want, and very useful among men.-The poor mother, on whose account he was taunted, was relieved by his love from the necessity of stitching, and long filled the seat of

honor at her son's table. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." "The Lord will destroy the house of the proud, but He will establish the house of the widow."—N. Y. Examiner.

To RAISE GIANT ASPARAGUS.—In the autumn, as soon as the frost has blackened the tops, mow them; when dry, burn them on the bed, and scatter the ashes evenly over it. Mix thoroughly half a bushel of hen manure, with each load of stable manure, and spread a thick coating over the bed, and dig it under with a three-pronged fork, as well as can be done without disturbing the roots. As early as possible in the spring, turn the top of the bed over lightly, and cover it with salt quarter of an inch thick. In a short time you will have the largest kind of shoots. Repeat the same process every year.

ROLA fortune in the hands of a fool is a great misfortune.

Interesting Miscellung.

Our readers can spare us space enough to

say a word or two in favor of a radical reform in our present school system, as well as in favor of a radical reform in the currency with which the country has been so long cursed.

SCHOOL REFORM.

We have alluded to the terrible slavery, the repelling drudgery of attending to such a multitude of studies at once, overtaxing the brain, benumbing the intellectual faculties, and paralyzing the mental powers, making the precocious youth that gave such high promise of intellectual renown, a dull, plain, plodding individual, with scarcely mental stamina enough to enable him to keep out of harm's way.

It is an undeniable fact that not over one in a hundred of the native born population of our city, is perfectly healthy—possessed of strong muscles, strong and steady nerves, free and uniformly good digestion, with all and want of life at the close of the day, and the functions and faculties working in har- comparatively enfeebled powers at the close mony. We do not pretend to affirm that this almost universal lack of that which the animpress and arouse, and this cannot be done cients were so desirous of securing, viz., a after the exhausting process alluded to; while sound mind in a sound body, is exclusively it is palpable that this same occupation is so and entirely owing to the too great number prostrating, physically, as to be destructive of studies at once, or to too long confinement to health and life. So long as the system is in the school room; but we do affirm that it in fine tone and vigor, teaching in itself, is a has a great deal to do with it—it has caused pleasure; but the instant it ceases to be a

One thing more. It is a fact of such common and universal occurrence that it has grown into a proverb, that he who takes the highest honors at college is seldom heard of life of usefulness; but he was every day adapterwards. This is because the natural ding to his stock of information. To this equilibrium between the mental and vital end requisite time must be given. power has become permanently lost, and by a predominance of the mental over the vital, nature cannot supply the requisite fuel for a longer continuance of the effort.

Daniel Webster is represented to have been considered next to a dunce while at school, and to a considerable extent even after he entered college. The consequence was his brain was not overworked and had time to develope those wonderful powers that afterwards were the admiration of the whole civilized world.

William L. Crandall, Esq., of the State of ship and care. These suggestions, it seems the New York, very ably contended that three to us, are worthy of careful consideration. hours a day were all that could profitably be employed in school. He labored energeti-cally and industriously to emancipate the children from what he terms "school slavery"—he contended that it was an arrangement of the Almighty that children should grow, physically; that our present system of confining children in close, ill-ventilated rooms, six hours a day, where the constant breathing of impure air, stupifies the mind, The heart turned towards the deep, and all who were in danger there; and many prayers in their behalf from those who realized tive functions, is one that is rapidly making ticed. But his affianced resided several miles ples, intellectually, morally, physically. Diin the open air; a person in a close room the outrage: hence the numerous complaints

of "irregularity of school attendance." These three hours must be devoted to acbeing, under 21 years of age, can endure, and live up to the laws of his being. School attendance should cease 12 o'clock, M., as at that hour, if the afternoon can be devoted to play, children will go directly to their meals—the laws of our nature requiring that no active exercise be taken immediately before or after eating, as such exercise invariably sends the electricity, and blood ach, to the extremities and surface. Under our present system, 12 o'clock is the signal bles, so he quickly made his resolution. It strong, and perfect body is secured, without bor exhausts rapidly the energies of the body and this mental activity ceases when the

body refuses longer to supply the fuel. Parents often need the services of their children, a part of the day, and under the proposed reform a systematic pursuit of knowledge, and practical devotion to the labors of life would be combined.

Again before growth is completed, the human system cannot endure as much intellectual labor as it can after.

The prime objection to this system is "it will take much longer to get a school educa-tion, than it does now." This is answered tion, than it does now." by the proposition that the change proposed is in harmony with the natural laws, while the present system is a violation of them; they had been. What a pickle this was for consequently greater progress will be made in the business of a thorough education in a given number of years, under three hours a day. Secondly, if less, then less ought to be accomplished. Under the six or eight hours a day system, there is an attempt to overwork; consequently little or no real work is accomplished—or if accomplished at all, at how much suffering and injury to the victims. It is notorious that the present bondage, the high pressure system, works in the mind of the child a loathing repugnance to the school room, which cannot be scolded. coaxed, or flogged out of him, and that not more than one fourth of the six or eight hours of confinement is devoted to hard

We desire that the school room should be made so attractive that the children would look forward to the hour when it is to begin with pleasure and delight, instead of terror and apprehension. Everything should have a pleasant appearance; it should be governed by brute force. The rod is a relic of unmit-

school-studies should be a pastime and not right; if he had gone, why did he leave his onerous burdens.

Another reform proposed is to teach the natural laws. Facts in nature, such as the science of man, of mechanics, of farming, of housewifery. Teach children, things, facts, events; for children do not want to know anything of words, the shadow or sign, until they all know about the thing, or substance. Above all, teach our youth the laws

of their existence, physiology.

It is a wrong impression that the only time a person studies is when perusing a book.— An intellectual organization is studying and | improving most when not confined to a prin-

Teachers would, by the change from six to three hours school a day, be more useful; for the labor of the teacher is fatiguing-exhausting; requiring a constant expenditure of electric force which must have more time for a healthful supply. Impure air, bodily inactivity at the very hours proper for exercise, tend to a sense of weariness, lassitude comparatively enfeebled powers at the close pleasure, the teacher is worthless.

A teacher must be constantly learning by observation and study. No preacher or teacher knew at the commencement, all the knowledge imparted by him during a long

Finally, education is based on natural laws, the same as chemistry and natural philosophy; and parents, for the sake of their children, should make themselves thorough masters of these laws, which they can easily do. We hope the truths above stated will be sufficient to arouse the minds of parents to a sense of the fearful responsibility attaching to them in the education of their children. It is the duty of parents to see that a healthful body and a faultless mind are both attained by those committed to their guardian-Philadelphia Argus.

Courting --- Sad predicament.

An Iowa paper tells the following good joke which happened some time ago, but will lose nothing by its age.

A certain young man, in search of a wife, being out on a courting expedition, as is customary with young men, came late on Sunday evening, and, in order to keep his secret and where the lack of exercise, at the right | from his young acquaintances, determined to of the American people a nation of crip- from the town in which he sojourned; and so, to overcome the distance, required the use gestion cannot be perfected without exercise of a horse. Mounted on his horse, dressed in his fine white summer pants, and other 'fixcannot take to the blood, by respiration, suf- ins' in proportion, he arrives at the residence ficient oxygen and electricity to supply the of his inamorata, where he is kindly rerequisite nervous energy. This confinement ceived, and his horse properly taken care of is contrary to nature, and she rebels against by being turned into the pasture for the night. The evening, yea, the night, passed away, but how to the young man is nobody's business. Three o'clock in the morning artual work, which amount of labor is all, any rived. Our here was awake-nay, he had been so all night—but it matters not—three o'clock was the time to depart, so that he might arrive at home before his comrades were stirring. Not wishing to disturb the family or his lady love, who were then wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, he sallied forth to catch his horse. But here was a difficulty-the grass was high and covered with dew. To venture in with his white panindispensable to perfect digestion, from its taloons, would rather take the starch out of true and natural place in the body, the stom- them, and lead to his detection. It would not do to go in with his white unmentionafor the most active exercise on the part of was three o'clock in the morning and nobody children, and dyspepsia must sooner or later | stirring, so he carefully disrobed himself of be the result of these constant violations of his whites and placed them in safety upon natural laws. By their observance ahealthy, the fence, while he gave chase, with unscreened pedals, through wet grass, after the which a corresponding development of horse. But the steed was fond of clover, and mind, cannot be attained; for intellectual la- had no notion of leaving it. But our hero was not to be thwarted, although he began to realize the truth of the old adage about the course of true love, &c., and finally the horse was captured.

Returning to the fence where he had safely suspended his lilly white unmentionables-O! Mirabile Dictu! what a horrible sight met his eyes! The field into which his horse had been turned was not only a horse pas-ture, but a calf pasture too, and the naughty calves, attracted by the white flag on the fence, had betaken themselves to it, and calf like, had almost eaten them up! only a few well chewed fragments of this once valuable article of his wardrobe now remained-only a few shreds-just sufficient to indicate what

a nice young man to be in. It was now daylight, and the industrious farmers were up and about, and our hero. far from home, with no covering for his traveling apparatus.' It would not do to go back to the house of his lady love, as they were now all up and how could he get in without exhibiting himself to his fair one, which might ruin the match. No, no, that wouldn't do. Neither could he go to the town in that plight. There was only one resource left him, and that was to secrete himself in the bushes until the next night, and then get home under cover of the darkness. This he resolved to do, and accordingly hid himself

in a thick grove of bushes.

Safely hid, he remained under the cover of the bushes for some time, and it may be imagined that his feelings towards the calf kind were not of the most friendly character: but ere long his seclusion was destined to be intruded upon. The family of the fair one seeing his horse still remaining in the paswith love and the power of persuasion, never ture, enquired of the lady what she had done with her lover. She was nonplussed. igated barbarism, and should never desecrate | She only knew he had left about three o'a school room. There should be no tasks in | clock in the morning; things didn't look

mangled and torn to shreds. An inquest was is unfit for food. immediately held over them. Some awful fate had befallen the unfortunate young man. The neighbors were soon summoned to search all speed set off with dogs and arms to the search. The pasture was thoroughly scoured, the expense of our hero; but he was successishing towns in Iowa.

A STORY OF THE BATTLE FIELD.—A soldier | but not dark-colored, and the crust will be was wounded in one of the battles of the Crimea, and was carried out of the field; he felt that his wound was mortal—that his life sometimes burned in one part, while tho

was quickly ebbing away—and he said to his comrades who were carrying him:

"Put me down; do not trouble to carry me any further; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the fold. A form minutes of arranged at the said to dough is scarcely set in another.

Cleanliness in Bread Making.—of being satisfied with the asp loaves exhibited in the windows of shops, we were to descend into

field. A few minutes afterwards an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and asked him if he could do anything for him.

"Nothing, thank you."
"Shall I get you a little water," asked the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you; I am dying."
"Is there nothing I can do for you? shall write to your friends?"

"I have no friends you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man;

"I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour. God is with mo: I want no more." and

iour; God is with me; I want no more," and instantly expired.

For the Farmer.

The Horn Ail.

Several agricultural journals contend that there is no such thing as Horn Ail, or Hollow Horn in cattle; and that the boring of the horn, and the filling of it with severe remedies, is only a needless cruelty to the poor animal, and may result in inducing a disease, instead of curing one. Dr. Dadd, the able editor of the Veterinary Journal, of Boston, says he has had several opportunities of examining the bodies of cattle said to have died of horn ail, and that among these were cases of softening of the brain, which the remedy of boring could never reach.-Cold horns, which have been considered as evidence of hollow horn, is shown to be a symptom of catarrh, colic, constipation, scouring, or any other derangement of the digestive organs. Such being the fact, horn boring becomes a universal resort, and must add very much to the suffering of the cattle, and may, in some cases, actually produce death. Timri Howard, in the N. E. Farmer, recommends the following as a remedy for Hollow Horn, so-called: I had a cow several years ago, that was taken, as we supposed, with the horn ail. I tried almost everything, boring the horns, putting in saltpetre, pepper and salt, and salt and vinegar, to no purpose. I heard of a remedy which I tried, which effected a cure in a short time. It was British Oil, about a tablespoonful turned into each ear; I have tried the same several times since, and always with good effect. I never have had to put in but one dose to effect a

Value of Fallen Leaves.

No manure is so well worth the saving in October and November as the falling leaves of the season.

According to Payen, they contain nearly three times as much nitrogen as ordinary barn-yard manure, and every farmer who has strewn and covered them in his trenches late in the fall or in December, must have noticed the next season how black and moist the soil that adheres to the thrifty young beets. No vegetable substance yields its woody fibe and becomes soluble quicker than leaves and from this very cause, they are soon dried up, scattered to the winds and wasted if not gathered and trenched in or composed before the advent of severe winter.

As leaves are poor in carbon, and rich in alkaline salts, as nitrogen, they are especially valuable in compost with menhaden fish manure and dead animals, poor in potash, but abounding in carbon and lime phosphates.

But the great value of leaves is in the extra nîtrogen they contain. Prof. Jackson truly says that the compounds of nitrogen not only decompose readily themselves, but they also induce the elements of either organic matter with which they are in contact, to assume new forms, or to enter into new chemical combinations; and according to the long continued and varied Rothamsted, experiments of the indefatigable Lawes and Dr. Gilbert, nitrogen, in its compound form (ammonia) also exerts the same potent influence on the inorganic or mineral elements of the soil, rendering even sand into the soluble food of plants. Yet every farmer or gardener ought also to know that his own mechanical aid in trenching or ploughing in order to keep his soil permeable and absorptive is indispensable to aid nature in developing her chemical process .- Rural New Yorker.

Persons of defective sight, when threading a needle, should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assisted.

Never wish a thing done, but do it.

The Housekeeper.

Fermented Bread.

The following are a few extracts from a work recently published in England called "Acton's English Bread Book." They are sensible and instructive, and are formatted consideration by all those who eat fermented bread in any country:

Wholesome and Unwholesome Bread.-Whether it be made with wheat flour or meal only, or with a portion of sound floury potatoes, or of well-cooked rice, bread will be perfectly wholesome, provided it be sweet, light, and thoroughly baked, though it will be more or less nutritous. This will be the case also if it be composed in part of rye, or Indian corn meal, or oatmeal, or even of barley meal, unless it should be for very delicate eaters, to whom the Indian corn meal and barley are not so entirely adapted as flour or wheat. Hot, or quite new bread, is exceedingly unhorse? Suspicion was awakened. Bye and wholesome. Heavy bread is dangerously sobye the boys, who had been out to feed the That which has become sour, either from calves. returned with the remnants of the having been over-fermented in the making, identical white garments which adorned the or from having been ill-managed afterwards, lower limbs of their late visitor. They were is very objectionable, and mouldy bread also

The Tests of Well-Made Bread.—Good bread will feel light in the hand when lifted, which will not be the case with that which for his mangled corpse, and the posse with has been imperfectly kneaded. Good bread when cut will resemble a fine sponge of uniform texture, and be equally free from the and the adjacent thickets, when lo! our hero spaces caused by large air-bubbles, and from was driven from his lair by the keen scent of the dark streaks which show either that it the dogs, all safe alive and well, but minus has been inattentively prepared, or too heav-the linen. An explanation then ensued at ily kneaded when it was made up for the oven. The loaves also of well-made and wellful in the end. He married the girl and is baked bread will retain their shape, and not now living comfortably in one of the flourwill when the dough has been rendered too moist. They will also be equally browned, firm and crisp, without being thick and hard. Loaves which have been carelessly baked are

Cleanliness in Bread Making.—If instead of being satisfied with the aspect of the loaves exhibited in the windows of the bakers' shops, we were to descend into the offices where they are made, and witness the want of cleanliness and wholesomeness which attend their fabrication; could see here a reservoir of water which is never changed, their supplies of flour exposed to the influence of an impure atmosphere, either too damp or over-heated; and above all, sickly, perspiring men in contact with our food, we should turn away with a very legitimate feeling of disgust. These are revolting pictures, but they are true; yet much which repels us in them is beyond the control of the bakers themselves, arising from the want of space, and obliged; in my knapsack you will find a 165tament—will you open it at the 14th of
John, and near the end of that chapter you
John, and near the end of that chapter you
low. How can the air of the ill-ventilated
low. How can the air of the ill-ventilated tions are carried on generally in populous or crowded cities, be otherwise than most unhealthy, foul, destructive to the men employed in them, and having the worst effects on the food which they prepare? No article of our nourishment requires moré scrupulous nicety in everything connected with its fabrication than bread. Its value—which cannot

Bréad.

is effected.

well be over estimated—is dependant on its

purity; and this can be preserved (even when

it is composed of *genuine* ingredients) only by the utmost *cleanliness* in all the details of

its preparation, and the absence of every un-

wholesome influence in the locality where it

It is said that one of the most wholesome kinds of bread that can be used is made thus, without salt, saleratus, yeast, or rising of any sort.

Take bolted or unbolted flour or meal thoroughly moisten the whole with pure soft water, scalding hot, that is, about one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, make it up firm, not sticky, then roll and cut into strips, or any other form, not over a quarter of an inch thick, and half an inch broad.— Bake quickly in a hot oven until the dough has acquired a soft fine brown color, or until the water has nearly all evaporated.

Hydropathists say that a sweeter bread than this was never tasted. It certainly is pure bread, cannot sour, will keep almost indefinitely; and, if made of unbolted flour must be the most healthful and nutritious bread that can be prepared. But people won't use it, because they have not been accustomed to it—just as Hans would never use an iron tire to his cart wheel, because he had never seen one used. Besides, most persons have an unconquerable prejudice against using or doing anything that has unmixed food in it.—Dr. Hall.

A RECEIPT WORTH ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS. -Take one pound of sal soda, and half a pound of unslacked lime, put in a gallon of water, and boil twenty minutes. Let it stand till cool, then drain off and put it in a stone jug or jar. Soak your clothes over night or until they are wet through-then wring them out and rub on plenty of soap; and in one boiler of clothes well covered with water, add one teaspoonful of the wash fluid. Boil half an hour briskly—then wash them thoroughly through one suds and rinse with water, and your clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice before boiling. This is an invaluable receipt, and I want every poor tired woman to try it. I think with a patent wash-tub to do the little rubbing, the washer woman might take the last novel and compose herself on a lounge, and let the washing do itself. The woman who can keep a secret, has known this a year or two, but her husband told it while on an electioneering tour .- Ohio Cultivator.

PRESERVED CARROTS.—Take one pound of carrots, one peund of sugar, and four lemons. Boil the carrots separately, and cut them in small pieces of an inch long, and a quarter of an inch thick; pare the lemons very thin, boil the peels thoroughly, and cut them like the carrots; then put in the juice of the lemons; boil the syrup over next day, until quite thick, and after you have flavored it with the essence of lemon, pour it over the carrots again.

GERMAN TOAST .- Two eggs; one pint milk, and flour enough to make a thick batter-cut wheat bread into very thin slices, and soak them in sweetened water-cover each side successively with the batter and fry brown in lard. Eat while hot, with butter and white powdered or brown sugar. - Cor. Co. Gentleman.

Never expect to go the throne of grace without having some stumbling block thrown in your way. Satan hates prayer, and always trys to hinder it.

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend; but thou mayst a friend into an enemy.

Wealth has many friends.