The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

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Select Poetry.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Oh, be kind to each other!
For little ye know
How soon ye may weep
The sad tears of woe,
For a brother, or sister, or friend loved and dear,
Reposing in stillness on death's sable bier.

Be kind to each other!
For little ye know
How soon ye may weep
O'er a desolate home,
Or yearn for the forms that have passed away
To dwell in the light of a happier day.

Be kind to each other!
And strive, day by day,
To render some kindness
To soften life's way;
And remember that friends the last ones should be
To sneer at the faults in each other they see.

Be kind to each other!
For short is life's span;
We must crowd in its compass
All the good acts we can.
Each hour should recall, as it passes away,
Some being made glad by love's kindly sway.

A Select Story.

THE WIFE'S SACRIFICE.

"There Mary—now don't you think I deserve to be called a pretty good husband?" laughed the young man as he dropped down in the lady's hand half a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes you are, Edward, the very best husband in the world," and she lifted up her sweet face beaming with smiles, as a June day with sunshine.

"Thank you, thank you, for the very flattering words. And now, dear, I want you to have the cloak by next Christmas. I'm anxious to know how you will look in it."

"But Edward," gazing anxiously at the shining pieces in her rosy palm, "you know we are not rich people, and it really seems a piece of extravagance for me to give thirty dollars for a velvet cloak."

"No, it is not, either. You deserve the cloak, Mary, and I've set my mind upon your having it. Then, it will last you so many years that it will be more economical in the end than a less expensive article."

It was evident the lady was predisposed to conviction. She made no further attempt to refute her husband's arguments, and her small fingers closed over the gold pieces, as she rose up saying—

"Well, dear, the supper has been waiting half an hour, and I know you must be hungry."

Edward and Mary Clark were the husband and wife of a year. He was a book-keeper in a large establishment, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. His fair young wife made a little earthly paradise of his cottage home in the suburbs of the City, for within its walls dwelt two lives that were set like music to poetry, keeping time to each other. And here dwelt also, the peace that God giveth to those who love him.

Mrs. Clark came into the sitting room suddenly, and the girl lifted her head, and then turned it away quickly, but not until the first glance told the lady that the fair face was swollen and stained with tears.

Janet Hill was a young seamstress whom Mrs. Clark had occasionally employed for the last six months. She was always attracted by her young, bright face, her modest yet dignified manners, and now the lady saw at once that some great sorrow had smitten the girl.

Obeying the promptings of a warm, impulsive heart, she went to her and laid her hand on her arm, saying softly,

"Won't you tell me what is troubling you, Janet?"

"Nothing that anybody can help," answered the girl, trying still to avert her face, while the tears swelled in her eyes from the effort which she made to speak.

"But perhaps I can. At any rate, you know, it does us good sometimes to confide our sorrows to a friend, and I need not assure you that I sincerely grieve because of your distress.

And so with kind words and half-caressing movements of the little hand, laid on the seamstress' arm, Mrs. Clark drew from her lips her sad story.

She was an orphan, supporting herself by her daily labors, and she had one brother, just sixteen, three years her junior. He had been for some a kind of under clerk in a large wholesale establishment, where there was every prospect of his promotion; but he had seriously injured himself in the summer, by lifting some heavy bales of goods, and at last a dangerous fever set in, which had finally left him in so exhausted a state that the doctor had no hope of his recovery.

"And to think I shall never see him again, Mrs. Clark," cried the poor girl, with a fresh burst of tears. "To think he must die away there, among strangers, in the hospital, with no loving face to bend over him in his last hours, or brush away the damp curls from the forehead which mamma used to be so proud of. O—George—my darling, bright-faced little brother George," and here the poor girl broke down in storm of sobs and tears.

"Poor child, poor child," murmured Mrs. Clark, her sweet eyes swimming in tears.—"How much would it cost for you to go to your brother and return?" she asked at last.

"About thirty dollars. I haven't so much money in the world. You see, it's nearly four hundred miles off; but I could manage to support myself after I got there."

A thought passed quickly through Mrs. Clark's mind. She stood still for a few moments, her blue eyes fixed in deep meditation. At last she said kindly, "Well, my child, try and bear up bravely, and we will see what can be done for you," and the warm, cheeerful tones comforted the sad heart of the seamstress.

The lady went up stairs and took the pieces out of her ivory portmonie. There was a brief, sharp struggle in her mind. "Somehow I've set my heart on this velvet cloak," she thought, "and Edward will be disappointed. I was going out to select the velvet this very afternoon. But then, there's that dying baby lying there with strange faces all about him, and longing, as the slow hours go by, for a sight of the sister that loves him, and would not this thought haunt me every time I put on my new cloak? After all, my old broadcloth is not so bad, if it's only turned. And I'm sure I can bring Edward over to my way of thinking. No, you must go without the cloak this time, and have the pleasure of knowing you've smoothed the path going down to the valley of the shadow of death, Mary Clark." And she closed the portemonie resolutely, and went down stairs.

"Janet put up your work this moment—there is no time to be lost. Here is the money. Take it and go to your brother."

The girl lifted up her eyes a moment, almost in bewilderment, to the lady, and then, as she comprehended the truth, a cry of such joy broke from her lips, that its memory never faded from the heart through all the after years of Mrs. Clark's life.

"George! George!" The words leaped from her lips, as the sister sprang forward to the low bed where the youth lay, his white, sharpened face, gleaming death-like from amidst his thick, yellow curls.

He opened his large eyes suddenly—a flush passed over his pallid face. He stretched out his thin arms: "O, Janet! Janet! I have prayed to God for the sight of you once more before I die."

"His pulse is stronger than it's been for two weeks, and his face has a better hue," said the doctor, a few hours later, as he made his morning visits through the wards of the hospital.

"His sister came yesterday, and watched with him," answered an attendant, glancing at the young girl, who hung breathless over the sleeping invalid.

"Ah, that explains it. I'm not certain but that the young man has recuperative power enough left to recover if he could have the care and tenderness for the next two months, which love alone can furnish."

How Janet's heart leaped at the blessed words! That very morning she had an interview with her brother's employers. They had been careless, but not intentionally unkind, and the girl's story enlisted their sympathies.

In a day or two, George was removed to a quiet, comfortable private home, and his sister installed herself by his couch, his nurse and comforter.

Three years have passed. The shadows of the night were fast dropping already around. Mrs. Clark sat in her chamber, humming a nursery tune, to which the cradle kept a sort of rythmic movement. Sometimes she would pause suddenly, and adjust the snowy blankets around the faces of the little slumberers, shining from their own brown curls as red apples shine amid fading leaves in October orchards. Suddenly the door opened. "Sh—sh," said the young mother, and she lifted her finger with a smiling warning, as her husband entered.

"There's something for you, Mary. It came by Express this afternoon;" he said the words in an undertone, placing a small packet in her lap.

The lady received the packet with eyes filled with wonder, while her husband leaned over her shoulder and watched her movements.

A white box disclosed itself, and removing the cover, Mrs. Clark descried a small, elegantly chased hunting watch. She lifted it with a cry of delighted surprise, and touching the spring, the case flew back, and on the inside was engraved these words: "*To Mrs. Mary Clark. In token of the life she saved.*"

"O, Edward, it must have come from George and Janet Hill," exclaimed the lady, and the quick tears leaped into her eyes.—"You know she's been with him ever since *that* time, and she wrote me last spring that he'd obtained an excellent situation as head clerk in the firm. What an exquisite gift, and how I shall value it. Not simply for itself either."

"Well, Mary, you were in the right then, though I'm sorry to say, I was half vexed with you for giving up your velvet cloak, and you've not had one yet.

"No, I've not had one, but I've never regretted it." She said these words with her eyes fastened admiringly on the beautiful gift.

"Nor I, Mary, for I cannot doubt that your sacrifice bought the young man's life."

"O, say those words again, Edward. Blessed be God for them," added the lady fervently.

The husband drew his arm around his wife, and murmured reverently, "Blessed be God, Mary, who put it into your heart to do this good deed."

"Dodge the Big Ones!"—A gentleman relates an anecdote of the Mexican war, which has never been published:

When the American army was forming line for the battle of Buena Vista, General Lane was riding up and down the line of his Indiana regiment. The Mexicans had stationed some small guns on a neighboring height, which were blazing away most furiously on General Lane's regiment. But as their guns were badly aimed, the balls in every case passed over their heads, but sufficiently near, as they heard the peculiar whiz of the balls, to involuntarily "duck" their heads.

Gen. Lane happened to notice this, and in his rough, stentorian voice, he bawled out:

"Indiana regiment! No dodging!"

In about five minutes after, the tremendous whiz of a twenty-four pound shot passed close by the head of the gallant brigadier, who in an instant involuntarily bobbed his head. The men saw this and commenced tittering along the line, which the old general saw. Turning around with a sort of a quizzical expression, he thundered out:

"Indiana regiment! *Dodge the big ones!*"

A Mother's Love.

We are all subject to many vicissitudes in traversing the journey from baby-hood to man's estate, and how eagerly do they, whose guiding star is a mother's love, encounter trouble and bid defiance to a world of care.—If in the strife they are overcome, enemies multiplied, and the future frowning and foreboding no good; still the heart is yet light, when it remembers that there is one being to whom it can unburden itself; that there is one heart ever beating in unison with our own; one soul thrilling with hope despite the threatening storms; one bosom alive to every joy and sorrow, urging us to "press on," or ready to share our misfortunes and guide us in future; one on whom we can trustingly rely and fearlessly confide, feeling sure of that sympathy and advice such as mother's ever give. Who has not experienced a mother's pure and disinterested love!

In purity a mother's love
Rivals an angel's tear;
It ever pleads to God above
For those her heart holds dear.

Thrice happy should he consider himself, who is conscious of a mother's love. In pureness it exceeds the richest gem; its lustre is never dimmed, and resplendent brightness will surpass those shining orbs with which the "azure vault of heaven" is studded.—None but one bereft of a mother can know of what inestimable value, and how much allied to our good, were the gentle admonitions which fell from her lips. Not until she is separated from us—called to a brighter realm, are we *alone*. Then do we for the first time, experience that indescribable feeling of desolation which no other event can produce.—When she has flown to heaven, to chant hymns of praise with angels around the throne of God, we are indeed *alone*. Though we search the "wide world," not one can be found to fill her place. We poor mortals are doomed to many sorrows, but the greatest of these is the loss of a mother's love. It therefore behooves us, that while we possess so invaluable treasure—while we still have a peaceful bosom whereon we may recline our acheing heads, we guard it as a precious jewel, taking heed not to grieve her fond heart, or "send her with sorrow to the grave." Let our constant desire be to cherish, protect and screen her from her danger, that we may not hereafter feel the pangs of self-reproach, having wantonly neglected a mother whose love for us was boundless as the ocean.

"Truth Stranger than Fiction."

We have an illustration of this saying, too striking to be forgotten. Crossing the Hackensack Bridge, near Newark, one day, in the railroad car, in company with Governor D., of New Jersey, that gentleman observed that he had once witnessed a remarkable incident on that spot.

He was in a stage coach, with some eight or nine passengers, and, as they were crossing the bridge at this point, one of the gentlemen remarked, that one evening, thirty years before, he had been crossing the river at that very spot, in a stage coach, filled, as now, with passengers; that the bridge which then existed was a miserable, rickety structure, ready to fall from the least shock; that the waters of the river were very much swollen in consequence of a freshet, and that, when the coach got about midway on the bridge, one of the supports gave way, precipitating all in the rapid waters. After great exertion, however, the passengers all reached the shore, with the exception of a little infant, which had been swept from the mother's arms in the struggle, and now seemed irrecoverably lost. The hearts of the passengers were, however, too deeply touched by gratitude for their own escape and sympathy for the bereaved mother to allow of their remaining inactive, and those who could swim plunged again into the flood to make a thorough search for, at least, the lifeless body of their little companion. The narrator himself was so fortunate as to grasp it by the clothes, at some distance from the place of the accident, and, on taking it into the toll-house and instituting rapid measures for its recovery, it soon gladdened all hearts by opening its eyes and recognizing the face of its now over-joyed mother. The gentleman narrated the little history with a smile beaming in his countenance while speaking of the part he had acted on the occasion; but he had scarcely concluded, said Governor D., before one of the ladies of our company begged him to excuse the liberty she was about to take, in asking him if his name was not Mr. ——?

"It is," replied he.

"Then," said the lady, "I was the infant whom you rescued! My mother always remembered the delivery of her child, and taught the child also to remember him. But it is now after a lapse of thirty years from the time of the event, and here, on the very spot where it occurred, that child finds an opportunity of informing her deliverer how faithfully that name has been cherished."

So unexpected a *denouement* as this, said Governor D., filled me with the liveliest and most joyful surprise; and I am sure every one in the coach at that time will remember that journey as one of the most agreeable he ever made.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Perusing Old Papers.—How depressing is the overlooking of old papers long locked up, and filed away, written many years ago, when the world was brighter and friends more numerous than now, before misfortune had dimmed the one, or death had snatched away the other! Nor are one's spirits made more cheerful, when some old document or letter transports us backward to a season of bereavement or sad mischance. The sunshine of the present is clouded by these reminiscences which prodnce in all their gloom the shadows of a former day. But when it happens, as is most commonly the fact, that a day of darkness is selected for the melancholy review of past scenes, the sombre skies above us mingle their weeping with the tears of revived afflictions, and then a pall of darkest hue settles upon the mind. Beware of this; let no one unlock the trunk of old papers, especially such as concern the heart, except on a cloudless day—when the sun is shining in his meridian splendor.

Stump Eloquence.

One of the best criteria to judge of the eloquence of a speaker, is the effect he produces upon his audience. Every judicious speaker will adapt himself, both in his language and illustrations, to the capacity, the taste, and the prejudices of his audience. To address a fine speech, clothed in elegant terms, to a back woods hunter, would be absurd, and most certainly would fail of the desired object. Nobody understands this subject better than the stump orators of the West. The following is a real specimen of the tact to which we have alluded. It is a part of an electioneering speech, delivered by Mr. Garret Davis, a Congressional candidate in Kentucky, in 1830, in opposition to Mr. Daniels, the sitting member, whom he charged with gross inconsistency of conduct in regard to the Maysville Road Bill, vetoed by President Jackson:

"Here, fellow-citizens," said he, "we have a man who professed great friendship for this turnpike previous to his election—and afterwards, when a bill was before Congress to make an appropriation for it, he made speeches in its favor—voted for it—and it was passed and sent to the President for his signature, but returned with his *veto*. It then came before the House again, when lo! this ardent supporter of the bill turned and voted *against it!!*

"Now, gentlemen, what would you think of a *dog* that would go a coon-hunting with you—follow the track well—run well—catch the coon—bite well—and just as you had got up with him, and were in the very act of seizing the coon, would let him go, and turn and *bark* at you? I say, gentlemen, what would you do with such a dog?"

"*Kill him!* by thunder!" "*Shoot him!* by jingo!" was the universal shout of the audience.

Teach the Women to Save.

There's the secret. A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank yet established—one that receives deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The *idea* of saving is a pleasant one, and if "the women" would imbibe it once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus many, when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation for a competence, security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to save in, and the best way to make her comprehend it, is for her to keep an account of current expenses. Probably not one wife in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself or family. Where from one or two thousand dollars are expended annually there is a chance to save something, if the attempt is only made. Let the housewife take the idea—act upon it—and strive over it—and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds—where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty—not a prompting of avarice—a moral obligation that rests upon all—upon "the women" as well as the men; but it is a duty, we are sorry to say, that is cultivated very little, even among those who preach the most, and regard themselves as examples in most matters. "Teach the women to save," is a good enough maxim to be inserted in the next edition of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Politeness at Church.—In the good city of Baltimore, several years ago, a young man was seen to enter church in time of service; he paused at the entrance; the congregation stared; he advanced a few steps, and deliberately surveying the whole assembly, commenced a slow march up the broad aisle; not a pew was opened; the audience was too busy for civility; he wheeled, and in the same manner performed a march, stepping as if to "Roslin Castle," or to "The Dead March in Saul," and disappeared. A few moments after he returned, with a huge block upon his shoulder, as heavy as he could well stagger under; his countenance was immovable; again the good people stared and half rose from their seats, with their books in their hands. At length he placed the block in the very centre of the principal passage, and seated himself upon it. Then for the first time the reproach was felt. Every pew in the house was instantly thrown open. But, no, the stranger was a gentleman; he came not for disturbance, he moved not, smiled not, but preserved the utmost decorum until the service was concluded, when he shouldered his block, and to the same slow step bore it off, and replaced it where he had found it. The congregation is now the most attentive and polite to strangers of any in America.

Gems of Thought.

Graves are but the prints of the footsteps of the angel of eternal life.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never apart.

The gifts that circumstances make in our character we are apt to regard as its native fruit.

He who dreads giving light to the people is like a man who builds a house without windows for fear of lightning.

Our sorrows are like thunder clouds, which seem black in the distance but grow lighter as they approach.

That is a beautiful thought where some one says: Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web; if neglected it becomes a thread of twine; next, a cord or rope; finally, a cable—then who can break it?

Personal respectability is totally independent of a large income. Its greatest secret is self-respect. Poverty can never degrade those who never degrade themselves by pretence or duplicity.

It is folly for men of merit to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. Fabius Maximus said he was a greater coward that was afraid of reproach than he that fled from his enemies.

☞ "Did I understand you to say that I was lousy, sir?"

"O, no! I merely told my friend that when it rained lice in Egypt, I thought you had been walking there without hat or umbrella, that's all!"

Not Bad.

Any one who has ever lived in Cincinnati, Ohio, for ten or fifteen years will remember E——, the tailor, one of the oldest and best of his craft, as well as one of the jolliest, always as ready to take a joke as to give one. It used to be considered the 'fair thing' among a 'select party,' to send persons to his store for articles at variance with what usually constitutes the stock in trade of members of his profession. It happened one day as one of the 'party' above mentioned was descending the steps of the Burnett House, he encountered a specimen of Kentucky, who inquired of him where he could purchase a jewsharp. Of course he was directed to E.'s store, as the establishment where they kept the largest assortment at the most reasonable prices. Our friend proceeded at once to the place indicated, and found E—— (who, by the way, was troubled with an impediment of speech,) waiting on a customer, and, after stating his wants, was politely requested to 'w-wait a few mo-moments.' After despatching his business with the aforesaid customer, he gravely approached Kentucky with a pair of glove-stretchers, and observed, in a very mild tone, 'W-we shall h-have to-t-t-take your mum-mum-measure," whereupon he inserted the stretcher into his mouth, spreading open his countenance to the full extent of the 'stretch,' and, with a face indicating the utmost seriousness, remarked to the astonished Kentuckian, 'Y-young man, w-we haven't ger-ger-got any of y-your s-s-size!'

Gerrit Smith's Insanity.—The Albany *American* has the following paragraph:

"We learn that for some time past Smith had his house surrounded by armed men, to prevent his being taken to Virginia. He keeps his room, and presents a very haggard appearance—evidently the effect of fear.—He has sown the wind and is reaping the whirlwind."

The Utica *Herald* of the 19th ult., says that Mr. Smith is an inmate of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, on account of marked insanity. We learn that he is very violent and has exhibited a disposition to commit suicide, and that an attendant keeps constant watch over him to prevent him from laying violent hands on himself. The result we hear attributed to the connection of Mr. Smith's name with the Harper's Ferry affair, though many will regard it as the consequence of long-seated and marked disease.

☞ A recently married young man got intoxicated at a party, and in that state went home to his wife. As soon as he appeared she leaped from the sofa, on which she had been half reclining, and throwing her alabaster arms about his neck, inquired, "Are you ill dearest? What ails you? You do not seem to be yourself." "Well, the t-t-truth is that—that—that I went to sit-sit up with a sick brother, belonging to our-our lodge, you see, my love, and the li-light-light went out, and giving him brandy, as-as the doctor had pre-prescribed, I-I must have ma-made a-mistake-a-mistake in the da-dark, and taken the liquor myself; whi-which I should-should-ha-have hand-handed my friend—you see, my dear." This explanation was very satisfactory, especially to the husband.

For the Farmer.

Manner of Milking.

From an article on the "Dairy" in the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, we make the following extract:

"The manner of milking exerts a more powerful and lasting influence on the productiveness of the cow than most farmers are aware of. That a slow and careless milker soon dries up the best of cows, every practical farmer and dairyman knows. The first requisite of a good milker is, of course, *utter cleanliness*. Without this the milk is unendurable. The udder should, therefore, be carefully cleaned before the milking commences. The milker should begin gradually and gently, but should steadily increase the rapidity of the operation till the udder is emptied, using a pail sufficiently large to hold all, without the necessity of changing. Cows are very sensitive, and the pail cannot be changed; nor can the milker stop or rise during the process of milking without leading the cow more or less to withhold her milk. The utmost care should be taken to strip to the last drop, and to do it rapidly, and not in a slow and negligent manner, which is sure to have its effect on the yield of the cow. If any milk is left it is re-absorbed into the system, or else becomes caked, and diminishes the tendency to secrete a full quantity afterwards. If gentle and mild treatment is observed and preserved in, the operation of milking appears to be one of pleasure to the animal, as it undoubtedly is, but if an opposite course is pursued—if, at every restless movement, caused perhaps by pressing a sore teat, the animal is harshly spoken to—she will be likely to learn to kick as a habit, and it will be difficult to overcome it afterwards. To induce quietness and readiness to give down the milk freely, it is better that the cows should be fed at milking time with cut food, or roots placed within their easy reach. The same person should milk the same cow regularly, and not change from one to another, unless there are special reasons for it."

Trimming Grape Vines.—During April we had a great many letters asking "Is it too late now to trim grape vines?" We have written frequently on this subject, and really fear tiring the patience of our readers by repetition, and shall answer the question briefly. Grape vines should never be trimmed in the spring; November is the best time. At that date they will not bleed, and by freeing the vine from its useless portions you prevent the exhaustion of the roots by constant evaporation from the branches and consequent ascent by capillary attraction; the wind blowing among the branches also assists this action. Compare a vine trimmed November 25th, with one along side of it trimmed in the spring, of equal size and invariably the November trimming will give the vest results.—*Mapes' Working Farmer.*

Salt and Water for Stock.—It is a mistake, by no means uncommon, to suppose that there is very little for the breeder to do during the summer months in the way of providing for the wants of his stock. It is true that the same unceasing care and watchfulness which are so imperatively demanded of the farmer during long and severe winters, are not now indispensable; but the prudent and thoughtful breeder will not forget that even at this season, when the grass is green on every hillside, and the sleek coats and the rapid growth of his animals attest the richness and abundance of the pastures, there are important matters which require his attention Chief among these we would mention the provision of a constant and abundant supply of salt, and clear fresh water.—The importance of providing salt for stock is almost universally understood, and there are comparatively few farmers who entirely neglect it, but it is a common mistake to feed it at irregular or too great intervals, without any regard to economy.

The best rule for salting animals is to keep it constantly before them, and they will then take it in such quantities, and only in such quantities, as their systems require; but if deprived of it for some time, they become so eager for it, that they may eat so much as to injure them the first time they are liberally fed.

Salt boxes or troughs should be provided in every pasture, firmly secured, and covered with a small roof, raised sufficiently to allow room for the animals to put their heads into the box under the cover. The small roof or cover is necessary to prevent the rain from dissolving the salt. These boxes or troughs should be kept constantly supplied with salt, and your stock will take just such a quantity as they require, and none will be wasted.—It is well to locate them in such part of your pasture as you wish the stock to frequent; upon some dry knoll, if convenient, as more manure will be dropped in the vicinity of the salt troughs than upon other parts of the pasture.—*Southern Homestead.*

How Does Your Farm Pay?

A very important question this, which every farmer should be able to answer with a good degree of definiteness. It is not enough to know that one is getting along in a general way, without knowing what part of the farm is profitable, and what is not. It is possible to know how much profit there is in raising and fatting a steer, how much in a field of corn or wheat, how much in the annual produce of the whole farm.

A good way to do this, is to keep an account with the farm from the beginning to the end of the year. Under the head of debtor, put down the interest on the cost of the farm, the money paid out for the new buildings, fences, drains, for manures bought, for implements, seeds, live stock, hired work, taxes, etc., in short all the necessary expenses of carrying on a farm for a year. Then, on the credit side, put down all that the farm produces for home consumption and for market, and that is added to its real value in the way of improvements. If it supports a family comfortably, besides furnishing something to be expended in improvements, it is undoubtedly paying well. And if besides this general profit, each crop and each animal raised, affords a clear and known profit, the farmer is doing well, and he knows how it comes to pass.

Comforts for Cattle.—Good stables, good food, and good water, are the prime comforts for cattle in winter. For summer, whatever else they may have, how can they get along without a scratching pole? Rev. Sydney Smith, of England, was something of a farmer, and used to visit his cattle daily, and feed and pat them, until they knew his voice and welcomed his coming. He used to do all in his power to make them comfortable. He has been heard to say, "I am for all cheap luxuries, even for animals; now all animals have a passion for scratching their back bones; they break down your gates and pailing to effect this. Look! this is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn; you have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up. I have it in all my fields."—*Southern Homestead.*

Extirpating Thistles from Grass Lands.—A correspondent of the *London Field*, in commenting upon this class of pests, remarks that there have appeared few things more extraordinary in the history of farming knowledge than the perverse tenacity with which prejudice has so long preferred the scythe to the roller in keeping down the thistles. In the North Riding of Yorkshire as far back as forty years ago, the roller was an improved instrument for destroying thistles in pasture grounds; and most effective was it found to be, the bruise and crush of the top of the plant extending its mortification to the root. No doubt the scythe makes a clean sweep; so does a surgeon when he cuts a leg off; but let a crushed leg remain to the body, and the undertaker will assuredly have employment.

To Strain Honey and make Wax.—Take a tub or any vessel proportionable in size to the quantity to be strained; take clean long straw, shaken free from dust, and lay it across the tub; on this lay the honey comb, broken in small pieces, and let it remain until all the honey has dripped down into the tub, then take the comb and heat it over the fire until reduced to a liquid state. Have ready a tub of cold water, with a smooth board placed one end in the water, the other resting on the side of the tub; place a small portion of the liquid comb in a bag, and roll it along the board with sufficient force to press the wax through. Afterwards collect the wax off the water, and melt and mould it as may be desired.

How to make a Balky Horse Pull.—A correspondent of the *Cotton Planter* gives a method for making an obstinate horse or mule pull up a hill or anywhere else, when his muscles are equal to the work. "Take a small rope, double it, make a loop at the double end, and draw it snugly around the under jaw of the animal, just below his front teeth, with loop underneath. Throw the loose end over your shoulder, and 'walk in the way he should go,' holding fast and pulling steadily and firmly. Don't be troubled about him, for he will follow without fail, after he has discovered how you have 'got him.' This method will compel an animal to stand still and allow a bridle or collar to be put on him."

How to Prevent Sore Shoulders in Working Horses.—The Boston *Journal* says, the plan we have tried and never found to fail, is to get a piece of leather and have it cut into such a shape as to lie snugly between the shoulders of the horse and the collar.—This fends off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by friction; hence this remedy is quite a plausible one, and is much better than tying slips of leather or pads of sheepskin under the collar.