

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.	
Per annum in advance	\$2.00
Three months	1.00
One month	.30
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.	
One square, 10 lines, for first week	\$1.00
Two squares, 10 lines, for first week	1.50
Three squares, 10 lines, for first week	2.00
One square, 10 lines, for second week	.75
Two squares, 10 lines, for second week	1.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for second week	1.50
One square, 10 lines, for third week	.60
Two squares, 10 lines, for third week	.90
Three squares, 10 lines, for third week	1.20
One square, 10 lines, for fourth week	.50
Two squares, 10 lines, for fourth week	.75
Three squares, 10 lines, for fourth week	1.00
One square, 10 lines, for fifth week	.40
Two squares, 10 lines, for fifth week	.60
Three squares, 10 lines, for fifth week	.80
One square, 10 lines, for sixth week	.30
Two squares, 10 lines, for sixth week	.45
Three squares, 10 lines, for sixth week	.60
One square, 10 lines, for seventh week	.25
Two squares, 10 lines, for seventh week	.35
Three squares, 10 lines, for seventh week	.45
One square, 10 lines, for eighth week	.20
Two squares, 10 lines, for eighth week	.30
Three squares, 10 lines, for eighth week	.40
One square, 10 lines, for ninth week	.15
Two squares, 10 lines, for ninth week	.25
Three squares, 10 lines, for ninth week	.35
One square, 10 lines, for tenth week	.10
Two squares, 10 lines, for tenth week	.20
Three squares, 10 lines, for tenth week	.30
One square, 10 lines, for eleventh week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for eleventh week	.15
Three squares, 10 lines, for eleventh week	.25
One square, 10 lines, for twelfth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for twelfth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for twelfth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for thirteenth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for thirteenth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for thirteenth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for fourteenth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for fourteenth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for fourteenth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for fifteenth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for fifteenth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for fifteenth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for sixteenth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for sixteenth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for sixteenth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for seventeenth week	.05
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Three squares, 10 lines, for seventeenth week	.15
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One square, 10 lines, for twentieth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for twentieth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for twentieth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for twenty-first week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for twenty-first week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for twenty-first week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for twenty-second week	.05
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One square, 10 lines, for twenty-fifth week	.05
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Three squares, 10 lines, for twenty-fifth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for twenty-sixth week	.05
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Three squares, 10 lines, for twenty-sixth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for twenty-seventh week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for twenty-seventh week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for twenty-seventh week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for twenty-eighth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for twenty-eighth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for twenty-eighth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for twenty-ninth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for twenty-ninth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for twenty-ninth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for thirtieth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for thirtieth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for thirtieth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for thirty-first week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for thirty-first week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for thirty-first week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for thirty-second week	.05
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Three squares, 10 lines, for thirty-seventh week	.15
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Two squares, 10 lines, for thirty-eighth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for thirty-eighth week	.15
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Three squares, 10 lines, for thirty-ninth week	.15
One square, 10 lines, for fortieth week	.05
Two squares, 10 lines, for fortieth week	.10
Three squares, 10 lines, for fortieth week	.15

# The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.

-PERSEVERE-

TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance.

VOL. XXII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1866. NO. 22.

**THE GLOBE**  
JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete in the country, and possesses the most complete facilities for promptly executing in the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as HAND BILLS, CIRCULARS, BILL HEADS, POSTERS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, LABELS, &c., &c., &c. CALL AND EXAMINE SPECIMENS OF WORK. LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.

**ACCA DE MORGONA.**—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It covers the color of the complexion, and adds delicacy to the skin; it is a delicate perfume, always headache and inflammation, and is a necessary component in all skin preparations. It is obtained everywhere, and is sold by all Druggists. Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

**S. T. 1860.**—The amount of the plantation Bitters sold in one year is something astonishing. They would fill Broadway 30 feet high, from the Park to the street. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the best medicine for the blood. It is sold by all Druggists. Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

**Wear this!**—A young lady, returning to her country home after a sojourn of a few months in New York, was hardly recognized by her friends. In place of a pale, thin, and emaciated girl, she presented a healthy, rosy, and plump countenance. She was asked how she had managed to do this. She replied, "I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is sold by all Druggists. Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

**Worms!**—A young lady, returning to her country home after a sojourn of a few months in New York, was hardly recognized by her friends. In place of a pale, thin, and emaciated girl, she presented a healthy, rosy, and plump countenance. She was asked how she had managed to do this. She replied, "I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is sold by all Druggists. Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

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**The Globe.**  
To the Memory of a Sister.  
Can it be, my darling Mary,  
That thy gentle spirit's fled;  
Gone from earth, and for ever,  
Numbered with the holy dead!

Cold, my sister, thou art lying  
In thy narrow bed to-day,  
And the chilling winds are sighing  
O'er thy grave a funeral lay.

Soon the snows of early winter  
Will o'er thy tomb a mantle spread;  
White and pure (like thee, Mary),  
They will fall upon thy head.

When the Spring shall come, Mary,  
And the flowers begin to grow,  
We'll not forget thee then, darling,  
To thy resting place we'll go.

With the choicest flowers, Mary,  
We'll bedeck thy simple mound;  
And the birds for thee, Mary,  
Shall make their sweetest sound.

Then fare thee well, dear Mary,  
Thy joy on earth we meet no more—  
But 'tis joy to think, sister,  
We'll meet upon the other shore.

Nov. 19, 1866. McCARDLE.

**Looking Under the Bed.**  
It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges in this habit. I do not object to it the least so long as she does not enforce the performance upon myself, but when, as is sometimes the case, she forgets it until she has put out the light and ensconced herself under the comforter, then it is hard that I, who am not troubled with nervous apprehensions, should have to get out in the cold and do it for her. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better half invariably rejoins: "Laz, Evergreen! What harm does it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under there. And then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed!"

"I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigation further and look into the clothes basket, and the clothes basket!"

"Evergreen!" she will rejoin, "don't mention the idea, or I shall certainly do so. Come to think of it, a man could very easily get into the clothes basket."

"Certainly he could, my dear, quite as easily as Falstaff. You should certainly include the clothes basket, and by-the-by, there's the chimney; who not look up at that as well?"

"Now, Evergreen, you're laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and I never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it."

So under the bed goes the candle, and no signs of humanity being discovered. Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace. But as already observed, this precautionary act is some times forgotten, and I am myself obliged to rise, light the lamp, and report. Two days rather more frequently of late than is agreeable, and have intimated as much to Mrs. E. She says: "Very well, Evergreen, I'll do it myself."

But this procedure is almost equally as bad, for she invariably takes the cold in on me both in getting out and getting in. If it were not for increasing this mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen, by giving her some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public most particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature, rather apprehensive and slightly superstitious, and that what I have to say must under no circumstances be told again. If for two-and-twenty years I have been in the period of my wedded life, and happy years they have been—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partner of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as we know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have loved affairs before they eventually fix their affections on the one who is to bless their lot in life. I know that I had, and I don't regret it. Regret it I had, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that if I had my life to live over again I'd like to go through with the same sentimental experience, particularly if it was to be succeeded by again leading to the hymeneal altar the present Mrs. Evergreen.

I was not bad-looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and confidentially say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believe that I could have had any of them "for the asking." As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and I indulge my thoughts some what more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any of the Oakville girls, however and I might have kept my heart whole this day if it had not been for the circumstances which I am about to relate.

Fred Bronson, who had been my chum at school, came to make me a visit at Oakville for "a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd

heard her utter those words: "Bless my dear mother, sisters, and friends; bless all around me, and, O God bless him! love, Augustus Evergreen, and show down thy mercies over him. Amen." "Ah, Augustus," said my divinity to herself, as she rose from her devotional attitude, "if you but knew that I named your very name in my prayers, you would be less indifferent to me!"

If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle, who was an angel to me then, and white as a snow flake, proceeded to turn off the gas and get into bed. I felt her soft pressure over my head, and shrunk closer and closer to the hard floor upon which I was extended. What thoughts rushed through my brain above me lay a young unscrupulous girl wholly unconscious of the fact that she was the cause of my suffering, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him, by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven! I knew then that the night must pass away, and the morning come, and that Belle must first leave the apartment before I could venture to change even my position.

Belle had lain perfectly motionless for several minutes, and I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed to herself, "There—I haven't looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me; all is lost; what should I do? Belle rose, and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving toward the gas-light, when the lucifer went out, leaving all darkness again. Blessed relief, but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and trying to light one after another, as they failed to ignite; then an "Oh, dear, there are no more!" escaped from her lips. "Safe! safe!" whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God in silence for my deliverance. Belle groped about the bed, but did not immediately get up; she stood up and lifted the curtain which hung around the bottom and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far as it could reach. I almost felt her fingers graze my face as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far, just too far for her reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near, she lay down in the bed again, and I counted her respirations till she was fast in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was utterly out of the question. I never was so wide awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought the night out!—thought of her, and her love for me, thought of myself and my love for her. Yes, I was convinced from that moment that the hand of destiny was laid upon me, and that I was to be a husband to her. Providence had set me down in this ordinary way to open my eyes to the path of happiness and peace.

With the morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious room-mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room, but my fears were groundless. She arose and dressed expeditiously, and then she gave me a look that said, "I'm off to breakfast, and she had overleaped herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of concealment and escaping from the hotel. On the stairs, I met Fred coming out of his room, who exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow? You look like the last day of the year. Are you all right? You look too—why it's all over feathers and dust. Where have you been?"

"Why, I stepped out last night; that's all. Our house is full, and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just getting home to dress."

"I should say so decidedly. I see it all, old fellow! You've been on a lark, and bad to put up in the watch house; come now, own up and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, if not a lark, what kind of a bird was it? From the looks of the feathers I should say it was a goose."

"You're the goose, Fred. But seriously, I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. By a man, I mean, and make up your mind to hear something exceedingly disagreeable. I must be told you sooner or later, and I may as well tell it now."

"Good Heavens, Gus! how earnest you look at me; you don't mean to say that—that anything has happened to Belle Bronson?"

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she'll never be anything to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has long been attached to somebody else, and that somebody else means to marry her. There's no mistake about it; so bear up and try your luck elsewhere."

But Fred Bronson was not to be discouraged by mere hearsay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville, and I did not see him for several years, when, meeting him in town one day, I insisted on bringing home with me and presenting him to his old flame, Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Gus!" said she, after dinner, when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—"Ah, Gus, you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you!"

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence, of course, as I tell you, reader,) all about the bedroom affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

**Popular Fallacies.**  
The following is from *Hall's Journal of Health*: "That warm air must be impure, and that, consequently, it is hurtful, to sleep in a comparatively warm room. A warm one is as easily ventilated as a cool one. The warm air of a close vehicle is less injurious, be it ever so full from crowding, than to ride and sit still and feel uncomfortably cold for an hour. The worst that can happen from a crowded conveyance is a fainting spell; while, from sitting over less than an hour in a still, chilly atmosphere, has induced attacks of pneumonia, that is, inflammation of the lungs, which often prove fatal in three or four days. It is always positively injurious to sleep in a close room where water freezes, because such a degree of cold causes the negatively poisonous carbonic acid of a sleeping room to settle near the floor, where it is breathed and rebreathed by the sleeper, and is capable of producing typhoid fevers in a few hours. Hence there is no advantage, and always danger, especially to weak persons, in sleeping in an atmosphere cooler than the freezing point."

**Capital Ghost Story.**  
DEDICATED IN AN ESPECIAL MANNER TO ALL NEWSPAPER READERS.  
That apparitions do not always wander without sufficient cause, is proved by the well attested fact which we give below:  
Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs. —, a lady of rather literary taste and studious habit, sat reading in the drawing room, the clock on the mantle-piece struck twelve; as the last stroke reverberated through the apartments the door was flung wide open! in the act of raising her head to repel the intrusion (arising for) of her servant, her eyes rested on the form of her late husband! She screamed and fell senseless on the carpet! This brought up such members of the family as had not retired to rest; restoratives were administered, and when Mrs. — had regained her suspended faculties, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been pursuing and her late loss, operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She however, considered it advisable that her maid servant should repose in her chamber, lest any return of what she considered a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family. Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger and in better spirits than she had been for several months past, Mrs. — dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve she was awakened from sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen, advancing from the table, on which stood her night lamp, till it stood opposite to and drew aside the curtains of her bed. She describes her very blood retreating with icy chilliness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life wore not its benignant aspect; the eyes once beaming with affection, were now filled with stern regard on the trembling, half-dissolved being, who with the courage of desperation, thus addressed him, "Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?" "Jessie," slowly and solemnly aspirated the shadowy form, waving in his hand a small roll of writing paper, "Jessie, pay my newspaper accounts and let me rest in peace!"

**THANKSGIVING DAY.**  
Proclamation of Governor Curtin.  
Twenty-ninth Day of November Appointed as a Day of Thanksgiving.  
In the Name and by the Authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,  
ANDREW G. CURTIN,  
GOVERNOR OF THE SAID COMMONWEALTH.  
A PROCLAMATION.  
Whereas, it hath been the good and worthy custom of the Commonwealth to set apart, annually, a day for the special acknowledgment of the goodness of the Almighty, and for expressing, by the whole people, at one time and with a common voice, the thanks and praise which throughout the year are springing from the hearts of men; therefore,

**THE TRUE SYSTEM OF FARMING.**  
Trying to do too much is a common error into which the farmer often falls. His great eagerness in striving to be rich is doubtless the cause of this error. He is ambitious, and forms plans on a larger scale, and often, perhaps, without counting the cost. He buys a large farm, and wants to be called a "large farmer," and often without understanding or considering the true elements that constitute a real farmer. He fancies the greatness of that profession, as is too often the common estimate, to be in proportion to the number of acres, not to say cultivated, but embraced within the boundaries of his domain.

A large farm does not necessarily make a man rich, contented, happy, but, on the contrary, the reverse, unless well tilled, when his labor is rewarded by fair success in the various departments in which he is engaged. To realize a full benefit of his profession, a farmer must adopt a thorough system of culture. Success always depends upon the manner in which he prepares his ground, plants his seeds, and rears his stock. Neither of these departments will take care of themselves. The soil may be rich, but it needs culture. His seeds may be sown, but it should be in due time, and always on soil well prepared and of a suitable quality for the production of the crops required; and his stock must be constantly cared for. The farmer's better judgment must be constantly exercised in keeping up this system of reciprocal benefits.

The very corner stone of the whole system of farming is to do what you do thoroughly. Nature will not be cheated, and never gives full returns to the half-way work that is practiced by many farmers. If the land has been worn, the extent of that exhaustion and the requirements must first be considered; and when ascertained, the full measure of these requirements must be given to bring out good returns.

And with the labor—two men cannot suitably till one hundred acres of land, when the labor of two men, and perhaps, four might be profitably employed on seventy-five acres. This is the great error in farming. Two men strive to do what four can hardly do, and thus hundreds of acres are half tilled and produce but half crops. The land is run over till worn out, and made to sustain year after year the unnatural tax, till its energies are exhausted, and will remain so till the first elements of its powers are returned. This is especially the case in many of the Western and Southern States. The great boast of the West is large farms and large fields of grain; plow, sow and reap, is the business of the western farmer, drawing out the very life of the soil and sending it away in the heavy exports that are constantly going on, and returning but very little to the soil to make it productive.

The light that is being spread abroad on this subject is beginning to correct this practice to some extent. When tillers of the soil understand their true interests, they will cultivate no more land than they can do well. Fifty acres of land for tillage, brought to a high state of cultivation, pay better than one hundred run over in the way that many do.

—Philo. Home Weekly.

**THE HOG TRADE.**  
The Hog Trade.—Hogs declined 50c in Cincinnati on the 15th, and were dull at the decline. Some fair average lots sold at \$5 50@5 75; most of the sales made are to slaughterers, who are careful to dispose of the pieces before buying the hogs, so little confidence do they feel in the future of the market. The packers have lost money during the last two years when they had an outlet for the hog product through the foreign and army demand. Now they will have neither unless prices should come down to a point which will give a margin for shipment to Liverpool, and that point would be about \$6 50 net for hogs here. There will be the Southern demand but it would not be safe to calculate on that source, while the increase of hogs will be nearly fifty per cent. Whether farmers will sell their hogs on this basis remains to be seen. But how can they do better? The meat is in the country, no matter whether it is packed at home or at the packing centers, and if they do not accept present or lower prices for their hogs, they may have to sell their meat at relatively lower rates. We want to see the farmers get all that their hogs are worth, but we think they have their views too high.

**How to Select Choice Fowls.**  
Some one who has been talking notes in the poultry line gives the following directions for selecting fowls that are young and tender: A young turkey has a smooth leg and a soft bill, and if fresh the eyes will be bright and the feet moist. Old turkeys have scaly, stiff feet. Young chickens have a tender skin, smooth legs, and the breast bone yields readily to the pressure of the finger. The best are those that have yellow legs. The feet and legs of old fowls look as if they had passed hard service in the world. Young ducks feel tender under the wing, and the web of the foot is transparent. The best are thick and hard on the breast. Young geese have yellow bills, and the feet are yellow and supple. The skin may be easily broken by the head of a pin; the breast is plump and the fat white. An old goose is unfit for the human stomach.

**THE NUMBER OF EMIGRANTS LANDED IN NEW YORK LAST WEEK.**  
The number of emigrants landed in New York last week, was 6,113, making a total of 212,752 landed since Jan. 1st, against 168,338, arrived in a corresponding period in 1865.

**IF YOU SEE A MAN GO INTO A TAV-ERN.**  
If you see a man go into a tavern, it is a sure sign he is out of spirits, and likely to be ailing.

**THE TRUE SYSTEM OF FARMING.**  
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