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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns for advertising rates, including 'Per Line', 'Per Column', and 'Per Square'.

Agricultural.

THE VALUE OF SNOW TO THE SOIL.

The following beautiful remarks upon the value of snow will doubtless be read with interest by the reader. It is from the pen of the editor of the New England Farmer.

When the snow comes early and remains through the winter, the roots of the grain and grass remain green and succulent and ready for an early start in the spring.

The snow also protects the surface from the frosty winds, which freeze and remove the soil from the roots of the winter grain.

Why is the strap of an omnibus like a man's conscience? Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

There are two ways of going through this world. One is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it.

Those who take the latter course work for poor pay.

CALL a lady a "chicken," and ten to one she will be angry with you. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she will be more angry still.

A MAN asked a boy who was digging in a hillside what he was digging for. "A woodchuck," said the boy. "You can't get him," said the man. "I must get him," said the boy. "Our folks are out of meat."

A LADY made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly."

"That's none of my business," replied the King. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That repels me," said the King.

A BEGAR posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny, please sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in."

"Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret; I know the astronomer well; he is a very polite man, and I'm sure will begin again."

A COCKNEY conducted two ladies to an observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late—the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed.

"Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret; I know the astronomer well; he is a very polite man, and I'm sure will begin again."

THE application of raw linseed oil, applied night and morning, is said to be an effective and preventive of chapped hands.

To renew ribbons, wash them in cool suds, made of soap, and iron when damp. Cover with a clean cloth, and iron over it.

To keep knives from rusting, scour them on a board, crosswise, with a dry brick, and after having wiped them perfectly dry, put them away.

INSURERS in vases may be destroyed by mixing two pounds, each of flour of sulphur, powdered tobacco, soft soap, six ounces of water, boiled for half an hour. Apply lukewarm.

A good washing liquor for coarse articles, such as flannel, may be made by mixing lard, half a pound; soda, one pound; water, six quarts. Boil two hours, let it settle, and strain.

To take stains from silk, mix together in a phial two ounces of essence of lemon, and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Grease and other spots in silk are to be rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in this mixture.

A good paste for cleaning brass may be made by rotten stone, two ounces; oxalic acid, half an ounce; sweet oil, three ounces; and turpentine, enough to make a paste. Apply it with a little water.

To make cloth, linen, and canvas water proof, wash the cloth with a solution of tannin, and when dry, with a solution of nutgalls. The last solution changes the gelatine mass of tannin into a leather like substance.

To remove stains from moulting dresses, boil a handful of fig leaves in two quarts of water, until reduced to a pint. Bombazines, crapes, cloth, &c., need only be rubbed with a sponge dipped in this liquor.

To prevent snails and worms crawling up trees, form a paste with train oil and soot, and lay it on in a circle around the tree, four inches above the ground, and it will form a barrier over which snails or worms will not pass.

The presence of cotton in flannel may be detected by boiling a fragment sample of it in a solution of potash. The flannel will be converted into soap, whereas the cotton will be little altered, and may be collected and weighed.

A GOOD waterproofing for the soles of boots and shoes may be made with a little bees wax and mutton tallow, warmed in a pipkin until in a liquid state, then rub some of it lightly over the edges of the soles where the stitches are, which will repel the wet, and not the least prevent the blocking from having the usual effect.

Poetical.

THE OUT LOOK FOR INFANCY.

A boat lay on the summer sea. The light waves round it leaping. While laughing sunbeams, bright and free. Play'd o'er an infant sleeping.

And oh! 'twas sweet, and much to child. To see the ripples dancing. And o'er its brow, so soft and mild. The sunbeams bright its gleams playing.

I turned away, for who could see. That child awake to sorrow. The brightest smile so swift to flee. "That earth from heaven may borrow."

And still within, as fair and bright. The angel-spell that bound it. That pleas'd so soft around it.

But when far off upon the sky. I saw the tempest lower. A mournful red bedlam'd mine eye. For that unconscious flower.

For still that bark, that infant light. Was o'er the billows sweeping. And still within, as fair and bright. The angel-spell that bound it.

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JOHN VISITS WASHINGTON.

From the New York Times.

JOHN VISITS WASHINGTON. Reminiscences of the Lobster-back Invasion.

Two Striking Things—The Lemon-Peel Around the Capitol—New York Guards—The Story of Rollo's Wife—A Wonderful Telegraph Line—Shoemakers and Bakers.

WASHINGTON, November, 1872.—This is the State of the District of Columbia. It holds some times, hence a "fall" Columbia.

There are two towns in D. C. One is Georgetown and the other is Washington town, and the two together spells George Washington, who was the original father of his country.

Washington is the first meridian of all American geographers. Its public buildings and its public servants occupy elevated positions. If some of those public servants had occupied still more elevated positions posterity would profit by it.

The Capitol is a capital building. It's got a bell on the top of it. This bell is the Goddess of Liberty. In winter it's to be the figure of Justice.

It is a capital punishment for a member of Congress to go to Washington. When Congress is in session a darkey is in session too, who scoops up lemonade in a soup spoon at nothing a scoop, and the body politic, and the sovereign people too, can drink all the sour juice and waters they want for nothing.

THE MOST STRIKING THINGS IN WASHINGTON. The most striking things about Washington are the policemen's clubs and the lemon peel lying around.

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THE RAID OF THE LOBSTER-BACKS. The cornerstone of the Capitol would be an excellent place for a brindle cow to scratch its back.

THE NEW YORK GARDENS. I saw a man to-day who don't like New York. He swears the only grounds a man has around his house in New York are coffee grounds.

THE STORY OF ROLLO'S WIFE. I've got two temples that I had rather have than Solomon's temple. They are dedicated to my head.

THE INDIAN AT HOME. A correspondent writing from Columbus, beyond Omaha, on the Pacific Railroad, says:

AN ENGLISHMAN'S MISTAKE.

The Continental papers are circulating a story of an Englishman and his wife who, not knowing a word of German, but being able to express them-

self well in French, resolved to visit Berlin and Dresden. At Berlin they had been recommended to a hotel, where they were riding in a hack, when all at once the lady espied an imposing edifice, upon which were inscribed in large letters, the words "Hotel Radzivil."

She cried out: "There is a beautiful hotel, and the situation is splendid." "Suppose we go there?" suggested the husband.

When the servants had gone, "My dear," said the gentleman to his wife, "this is excellent. This hotel is evidently first class. But it must be very dear, and, as a matter of prudence it will be well to ask for the bill to-morrow morning."

But he neglected to do so, and two days more passed like the first. At last the bill was asked for, but it was not brought.

"I am beginning to be a little uneasy, my dear," said the husband. "For that we ought to be better cared for than we are here, but I am persuaded the charges will be frightful."

At that moment the gentleman of distinguished appearance entered, and the following dialogue took place in French:

The stranger: "I am Prince Radzivil." The Englishman (rising and bringing a chair): "To what may I attribute the honor of this visit?"

The Prince: "You have evidently taken this house for a public hotel." The Englishman: "Certainly."

The Prince: "Well, this is my private house, my hotel." The Englishman was so astounded that he could make no reply, and could not explain the mistake of his wife.

The Prince, who saw their confusion, politely expressed his satisfaction at having given hospitality to English people, and begged them to remain a few days longer that he might enjoy their society.

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A correspondent writing from Columbus, beyond Omaha, on the Pacific Railroad, says:

At Columbus we found "Lo," the "red man, the son of the forest." He was here in various forms—warriors, squaws, and papposes.

The "Pawnee Reservation" is only twenty miles from this town, and this explains why the Indians are seen here in greater numbers than in places more to the eastward.

The Indians gather around every train, and the squaws, each with a purpose of her own or a borrowed one, do not naturally solicit money.

They use but few words, but these they often repeat: "Pappose—thirty cents—give it to her."

"Pappose—thirty cents—give it to her." The Indian appears to better advantage the farther off you view him. "Distance lends enchantment," &c.

As Indians appear now around railroad stations, they are an unwholesome and unbecoming exhibition of humanity.

They are from that hooved animal, our train, one that hovered around, scarcely ten years old, had caught up, little child and tied it upon her back, that she, too, I suppose, might call out

to the passengers, "Pappose—thirty cents—give it to her." The Indians, we find, are not held in very high estimation by the people in the West, and our conductor declares that he has been unable to find the first man who could tell what an Indian was good for.

The Indians have ceased to show any hostility to the railroads. Only once, I believe, have they attempted to throw off the train on the plains. Once they tore up the track, and thus threw off a freight train. Afterwards the old chief who did it explained that he supposed that if they tore up the track in one place it would put the railroad company under the necessity of going back and re-laying the whole track.

But when he saw the train running as usual the very next day, he said, "White man too much for Indian," and thus should not trouble the trams any more. There is one conductor on the Union Pacific who, about three years ago, was attacked by a band of these red men, scalped and left for dead.

He had left his train—a freight train—for a few moments, and had gone only a short distance from the train. Fortunately he was soon found by his men, tenderly cared for, at length restored to consciousness, and finally he fully recovered.

Although there is now no danger from the Indians, each train, as a precautionary measure, is provided with the "best arms and a good supply of ammunition. Even this precautionary measure may soon be dispensed with, for the Indians will no longer be found where there are railroads and the activity of business which railroads develop.

THE DARKER OF MURDER MYSTERIES.

The darkest of murder mysteries.

Henry W. Armstrong, a well-known citizen of Madison, Indiana, and one of the proprietors of the Madison marine railway, came to his death about eleven o'clock on the night of October 17th, under circumstances that rival in mystery the celebrated Nathan murder case of New York.

The evidence before the coroner's jury disclosed the following facts: Mr. Armstrong had not been living amicably with his wife for some time past. During the previous week he had been at New Albany, and his partner received a letter from him, asking for information regarding his family. Mr. Jones informed him that his wife was selling off and preparing to move to New Orleans.

Mr. Armstrong questionably returned home on the night in question to his wife's room, up stairs, where, Mrs. Armstrong says, he beat her, abused her in every manner, and finally dragged her down stairs. At the foot of the stairs she screamed, and he released her. She went to bed immediately, crying, into a room occupied by her two daughters, when presently they heard a pistol shot, the daughters remarking it, but no further attention was paid to it. Mr. Armstrong then wanted her sister to go down stairs with her while she fastened the door, which her husband had gone out, and, as she supposed, had left before Susan B. Anthony's fortieth birthday. It was first used as the seat of Uncle Sam in 1800.

Subsequently one day the lobster-backs came up there on a visit with Em Bargo, the cross of St. George, and the cross of St. Andrew, and they were so darned cross they turned to and destroyed the building, and Uncle Sam didn't get another square sit down there again until 1810.

The British went got into Washington again until mustard plasters are put on thermometers to make July warm in New York. This splendid building commands Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania avenues. The President's house commands Pennsylvania, Vermont, New York, and Connecticut avenues, and the President commands the army.

Old Probabilities Lives here in the same house with Old Possibilities. I saw the Washington Monument to-day; I could hardly make myself believe it wasn't the Brooklyn end of the East River bridge.

I saw a man to-day who don't like New York. He swears the only grounds a man has around his house in New York are coffee grounds. He says he was on there last spring, and after tea, a gentleman invited him to walk to his garden, and he was much surprised to find his garden got into Washington.

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PROBABLE DOUBLE MURDER.

A woman killed her husband by a Russian.

John Radley, a notorious ruffian, who has for years been a terror to the well disposed inhabitants of the Seventh ward, New York city, while in a state of gross intoxication, went into the grocery store of John McTierney, 221 Cherry street, about eleven o'clock on Thursday night Nov. 8th, and became engaged in an altercation with Mrs. McTierney, who was in the store, causing her to give premature birth to a child, and was in turn stabbed in the breast with a large butcher knife in the hands of John McTierney, the injured woman's son.

Radley staggered into the store and decapitated Mrs. McTierney, who was behind the counter, some goods. These she refused to give him, knowing he had no money with which to pay for them. Radley became greatly excited at being refused the desired articles, and after heaping imprecations upon the woman ran behind the counter, and dealt her several murderous blows with his fist, and finally kicked her as above stated. The poor woman, who had been pregnant four or five months, broke away from the ruffian and rushed, screaming with pain and terror, in-

to a back room, where sat her son reading an evening paper. Radley followed her, and was met by the son, who seized a knife and plunged it into the villain's breast. Radley ran into the street, where he was being followed by the police. He returned to his mother John found her suffering great pain. He immediately went in quest of a physician, who returning he found two officers, and to them he gave himself up. Soon after this his mother gave birth to a child, and her condition is now so critical that the physician despaired of saving her life.

Radley was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where his injury was pronounced to be of a very serious nature. The son was committed to await the result of Bradley's injuries. He is a mere lad of eighteen, appears exceedingly bright and intelligent, and has about him none of the rowdy of the street. His eyes told plainly that he had been weeping, and his countenance, as well as his whole demeanor, indicated great mental suffering. "McTierney," said the reporter, "this is a sad case of yours."

"I know it of you, sir; it is sad because of my mother, but as for the part I took in it I don't see how I could well help myself. Do you know how my mother is? Will she die?" As he asked the question his eyes filled with tears and his voice choked. The reporter expressed a hope that the poor woman would survive the injuries she had received, and by way of diverting the youth's mind, from her suffering, asked him if he intended to kill Radley when he was established.

"No, I did not intend to kill him, although I was, as you may imagine, greatly enraged," said McTierney. "He is a desperate character, and I know it, and if I had killed him I don't think I could be seriously blamed for it; of course I will be kept here some time."

ANOTHER WESTERN WONDER. A Fossil Palm Tree in Colorado—How Old is the World? (From the Denver City News.)

Twenty-one miles south of Denver lie the remains of a palm tree preserved in stone. It is on the hillside, looking down upon Cherry Creek, and a hundred feet or more above the level of the valley of that stream. The soil is similar to that of most of the upland plains in Colorado, a coarse, gravelly soil, with a thin carpet of grass and weeds. Bunches of currant bushes, laden with fruit, cluster about the wooden rocks, and above, to the top of the ridge and along its crests, are scrubby young pines and a few large trees. At the foot of the hill, three hundred yards to the westward, passes the old stage road from Denver to Santa Fe. The traveler, looking up, could see a ledge or mass of rough-looking rocks, rising ten or twelve feet above the surface of the ground and about forty feet in length. Camp fires have been built against it and campers have doubtless sought shelter from winter's storm or summer sun under its projecting front, little dreaming that they reclined in the shadow of a palm tree. The pupils of a school-house near by have played about it many a day. Last winter a hunter for curious specimens stumbled upon it and guessed its true character. Specimens were brought to Denver and pronounced by the best authorities petrified-palm wood. But the mass was reported so large that the story seemed incredible.

A careful examination reveals the following facts: "The monster tree evidently grew where it lies, and there has been very little change in the surface of the ground at that point since it fell. It is a narrow tongue or spur of the hill, near the crest, on the south side of which it stood. The unevenness of the ground caused the part of the trunk now visible to break in two pieces. The first, or butt section, is thirty-nine feet long, and it has apparently rolled about half over, down the hill. In the heart was either a hollow or a mass of decayed wood, four to six feet in diameter. The upper side of the log has broken open by the action of the elements and frost, destroying the between one-third and one-half of its circumference, and the fragments lie scattered about in huge blocks. The more than half that remains intact is a huge trough; the surface of the earth is even with its rim on the up-hill side and ten feet below it on the down-hill side. As before stated, this section is thirty-nine feet long. As near as can be determined without excavating the adjacent earth, the diameter of the tree at its base is twenty-two feet. Midway of its length, or twenty feet from the base, it is fifteen feet.

"The second section is twenty-one feet long, and evidently lies where it fell. Striking squares across the crest of the ridge, the immense weight accumulated in the earth. Its outlines are hard to determine without digging, but at mid-length, or fifty feet from the stump, it is certainly nine feet in diameter. The two sections, as described, measure just sixty feet in length. Above that point the body of the tree fell into a gulch, which has since been nearly filled up by the wash from the hills above. Digging would doubtless reveal much more of the trunk.

"And all this immense mass of wood has turned to stone, hard and flinty as porphyry. Some of it looks like granite, finely veined and delicately tinted. Other with opaline lustre; some as white as the driven snow, or with the polished lustre of chalcedony. Portions of the trunk must have been rotten, for its stony remains are honey-combed, and the cavities filled with delicate crystals that sparkle in the sunlight like real diamonds. Breaking into the knots which heavy blows of the sledge hammer reveals miniature caves and grotesque glittering with stalactites and stalagmites of real opaline. Specimens of the bark can be obtained by cutting a natural groove, as when its own green leaves waved in the breeze and Darwin's noahs gambled among their giant stems.

"It is useless to speculate upon the time when this giant of the forest flourished of the hundreds of thousands of years during which a torrid sun blest the oblique leaves of its tall and stately stem in the allottous heat that changed its every fibre to flint. It is history in stone, telling of changes of the condition and climate of this part of the world that may well make one shiver if he expects

THE TALK WITH A SHOEMAKER.

There are some excellent shoe shops in Washington and my last visit to that after long absence led me into one of 'em.

I have no doubt the proprietor was a perfectly pious leather dealer. He had a leather head niche. Says I, "Got a nice store, ain't it?" Says he, "So, so."

Says I, "I thought in your business it was stitch, stitch." Says he, "A-hem."

Says I, "No, stich." Then I propounded a conundrum. Says he, "Why are shoemakers like ministers?"

Says he, "Blast your conundrums." Says I, "That ain't the answer: its because shoemakers and ministers both peg away at soles, and they both heel soles too."

Says I, "Well, do you want to buy anything. If so, I have everything in my line you can name." Says I, "You have, hey? Are gaiters in your line?"

Says he, "Yes." Says I, "And you can show every kind of gaiters?"

Says he, "Can." Says I, "Well, sir, if that is the case, I'll look at a pair of gaiters." He didn't take it pleasantly, and if I hadn't dispensed with his society just as I did, that leather dealer would have tanned me.

INTERESTING TERMS. Punk will be cheaper than Horioe slick until 4th of July. The duty is off native punk.

Buckwheat cakes are getting ripe fast. They are mellow now. Corn starch pudding aint good for shirt bosoms.

The garden of Eden never produced a sweeter lot of male and female L's than are on a visit here now. It is enough to give a pale face the whooping cough to see 'em. I shan't neglect a bride from that crowd.

PROBABLE DOUBLE MURDER. A woman killed her husband by a Russian. The Fossil Palm Tree in Colorado—How Old is the World? (From the Denver City News.)

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