The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $2,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,50 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

D. J. M LOOP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
☞ Columbia, Pa. Office in Odd Fellows Hall.
Nov. 19 1864-tf.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster York counties.
Cola., July 2, 1865.

A. J. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
COLLECTIONS Made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.
Pensions, Bounty, back pay and all claims against the government promptly prosecuted.
Office—Locust Street, between Front and Second. Dec. 1'64.

SAMUEL EVANS,
JUSTICE of the PEACE.
OFFICE IN ODD FELLOWS' HALL.
COLUMBIA, PA.
June 18, 1864. ly.

J. Z. HOFFER.
DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut sts, Cola., Pa.

Dr. J. K. LINEAWEAVER,
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.
Office—Locust Street, between Second & Third Streets.
June 17 1y

WASHINGTON HOUSE HOTEL.
Front Street, Columbia Pa.
DANIEL HERR, *Proprietor.*

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
LOCUST STREET, COLUMBIA, PA.
THIS is a first class Hotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the traveling public.
JACOB S. MILLER,
Col., july, 15, '65 *Proprietor.*

MISHLER'S HOTEL,
EVAN MISHLER, Proprietor.
WEST MARKET SQUARE,
READING, PENN'A.
Oct. 7th. 1y.

WASHINGTON HOUSE RESTAURANT,
WHERE may be found Oysters always on hand, of the best quality served up in every style,
Also a room for the accomodation of ladies or families. Oysters can be had by the quart or hundred.
Dec. 3, '64.-tf

GEORGE BOGLE,
Dealer in
LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Also, PLASTERER'S HAIR
Office and Warehouse—Front Street between Locust and Union.
July 8, 1865.

Confectionery
AND FRUIT OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON. Parties and families supplied with
ICE CREAM
by the freezer, or in moulds, with promptness at
GEO. J. SMITH'S
Adjoining the Franklin House, Locust St
P. S. Also a fine assortment of Toys and fancy articles constantly on hand.
July 22,

COLUMBIA FLOUR MILLS,
GEORGE BOGLE, Proprietor.
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID for all kinds of Grain.
Superfine and Extra Family Flour for sale, also mill feed of all kinds. Wheat ground and packed to order
☞ Town and country custom solicited
July 29th 1865.

SUPPLEE & BROTHER,
Manufacturers of
STEAM BOILERS.
IN addition to our Foundry and Machine work, we are now prepared to manufacture every variety of Boiler and plate iron work,
Mending and Reparing Boilers
Promptly attended to. Thankful for past favors, we would invite the attention of our friends and patrons to this new branch of our business.
SUPPLEE & BRO.,
jan. 21, '65. 2d Street, Columbia.

GIFTS, GIFTS, GIFTS,
SPLENDID Christmas gifts at E. Sperling's Cheap Jewelry Store, consisting of
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
Gold and Silver Chains, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Silver-Plated Ware, *consisting of* Tea'setts,
DINNER AND TEA CASTORS
Magic Butter Dishes, Fruit, Cake, and Card Stands, Ice Pitchers Syrup Pitchers, Spoon Racks, Sugar Baskets, Call Bells, Goblets. Napkin Rings, Sugar Spoons, Pickel Forks, &c.

Susquehanna Planing Mill,
ON FRONT ST. AND PENN. RAILROAD
Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa.
THE subscriber would respectfully announce to the patrons of his Mill, that the advanced prices of labor and expences incident to carrying on the business of his establishment compels him to charge his customers an advance on former rates, and takes this method to inform them that the following are the prices for work done at his Mills:

For working Flooring per M		$4.50
" do Weatherboards	"	4.50
" Surfacing one side,	per M.	2.50
" do two do	do	4.50
" Re-sawing White Pine face measure,	per M.	5.00
" do Poplar face meas.	do	6.00
" do Ash, Oak & Cherry, face meas.	per M.	8.00
" Ripping 4-4	per line, 16 ft.	1¼
" do 8-4	do do	3
" do Joice	do do	4½

☞ Lumber hauled to the Mill and returned to Yard without extra charge.
Accounts for working or dressing lumber will be considered collectable every *four months.*
The subscriber has on hand an assortment of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER, which is for sale at Market Prices, and solicits a continuation of public custom.
JOHN B. BACHMAN.
Columbia, March 18, 1864.

BOSTON CHAIN!
WE Have just received 700 pounds best Boston Linen Carpet Chain, in all colors which we will sell at a reduced price. STEACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellow's Hall,
May 6, Columbia, Pa.

TO TOBACCO GROWERS!
I HAVE constantly on hand at my Plaining Mills, Tobacco cases, and will furnish them at reasonable prices, to those who desire to pack their Tobacco.
JOHN B. BACHMAN,
Susquehanna Plaining Mills.
May 13, '65.

COAL! COAL! COAL!
Baltimore Co. Lump for melting Iron.
" " No. 1, for Heaters, &c.
" " 2, for Cannon Stoves,
" " 3, for Parlor Stoves, &c
" " 4, for Ranges, &c.
" " 5, for Nanor Grates & Lime Burner.
Shamokin Stove & Nut, a medium burning coal
Pine Grove, " " "
Lyken Valley, a free burning coal.
Parties wishing to buy Coal by the car load, which comes via Readinr & Columbia R. R., can be accommodated at mine prices, the undersigned having made arrangements so that effect. Coal cleaned before leaving the yard. Our office has been moved south 200 from the old place.
Sept 9. BRUNER & MOORE.

J. DUNCAN COTTRELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
375 Penn'a Avenue, nearly opposite National Hotel, Washington, D. C.
Pensions Bounty, Back Pay, Prize Money, and all claims against the Government promptly attended to
Dec. 2 1865

SHOCKING ACCIDENTS.
MANY KILLED AND A LARGE NUMBER WOUNDED.
Over two hundred accidents from kicking and running away of horses occurred during the past year, in Lancaster county alone nearly all of which resulted in injuring the drivers, killing some, maiming and wounding others, and in most cases, breaking costly carriages and hurting the horses.
Of the above, nine-tenths were tame family horses. The safety bridle will put an end to all such needless accidents, and with the Safety Lines the speed of every horse is easily much increased.
At the special meeting of the Saddlers of Lancaster city, Nov. 27, 1865, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:
WHEREAS, The usefulness, power and safety of Dr. Hartman's Safety Bridle and Lines have been publicly demonstrated demonstrated in the presence of from one thousand to fifteen hundred persons to their entire satisfaction; and since it was proven at the Millersville horse exhibition on four of the most vicious and confirmed kickers and runaways, that with the Safety Bridle and Lines it is utterly impossible for a horse either to kick or runaway; therefore
Resolved, That we the Saddlers of Lancaster county, Pa., believe that the Safety Bridle and Lines accomplish all and even more, than is claimed by the patentee, in preventing horses from kicking and running away.
Resolved, that in view of the above facts we deem it our legitimate duty, both individually and collectively, to exert all honorable means to at once introduce the Bridle and Lines, because in doing so we in a very great measure prevent all accidents with horses, while with the old and defective bridle we put in great jeopardy both life and limb.
Resolved, That hereafter we manufacture no other but Safety Bridles, unless especially ordered.
The price of individual Rights is $5 each; County Rights, from 100.00 to 500.00 according to population—these containing large cities excepted.
No other investment before the public presents such inducements of making money. In every county there are at least twenty townships, and in each township at least one hundred persons who drive horses—which at five dollars for an individual right will amount to $500 per township, and ten thousand dollars ($10,000) for each county at the rate of twenty townships at five hundred dollars each! I have not the least doubt but that amount of money can be made out of a county with proper business tact and energy. The price of counties is so small as to place the investment in the hands of every one, for few are so poor as to be unable to raise one hundred dollars.
Another feature about this invention is that the proprietor of the territory need not manufacture the bridles and lines as the ordinary bridle can be easily altered into a Safety. The lines only require to be made to order, and these can be made by any saddler for a trifle more than the ordinary lines. Hence, unlike other patents, the *right to use it only* is sold.
No man need wish for a greater fortune than right of a State. To show the confidence the patantee has in his invention, he offers to pay 1,000 dollars for any horse that can either kick or run away when under the influence of the Safety Bridle and Lines. For County and State rights address for circular, and for Individual Rights, enclose five dollars to S. B. Hartman, Millersville, Lancaster co., Pa.
dec. 9 tf

AGENTS WANTED.
$10 A DAY EASY MADE BY SELLing Engravings, Card Photographs and Stationery. Our Stationery Packets excells all others; each Package contains Paper, Envelopes, Pencil, Pens, &c., and Jewelry worth a dollar at retail, Price only 30 cents. We will send Agents 100 Stationery Packages and a Silver Watch for $17. We will also publish splended Steel Engravings and Portraits, Lithograph prints, &c., very popular and saleable. Will send a fine assortment of 100 for $15.00 that will realize $50, or a $10 lot that will sell for $30 or over. Will send a sample lot for $5 that will sell for 15 dollars.
Send Stamp for Catalogue, Terms, etc.
HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St New York.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.—Below the afflicted will find a condensed statement of the cures of various individuals whose names are herewith appended, whose Certificates can at any time be seen by calling at the Store of the Proprietor, Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.
B. MISHLER, Sole Manufacturer.

John C. Walton, Lancaster, cured of Disease of Spine and Kidneys, &c., contracted in the Army.

Thomas Groom, Glen Hope, cured of Disease of the Back and Nervous system.

Henry Nagle, Lancaster, cured of a stroke of the Palsy, causing the loss of the use of the right arm.

Joseph Witmer, Philadelphia, certifies that Mishler's Bitters has restored him to health, having been much afflicted with various ailments for a long time.

James Kennedy, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Diarrhœa and Rheumatism.

Daniel Finefrock, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Rheumatism, which he was much afflicted with while in the Army—recommends the use of the Bitters to soldiers and others similarly afflicted.

Levi Hart, Sen., Lancaster, cured of Rheumatism occasioned by exposure in the Army.

Charles B. Williams, Lancaster, certifies that his daughter was cured of a lingering sickness of eight months from various diseases, by Mishler's Bitters.

Henry Maderf, Lancaster, was cured of difficulty in passing his water, by the use of the Bitters, and his wife also relievee from Rheumatic pains,

Philip Bonce, Lancaster, Cured of an affection of the Kidneys and Bladder, by the use of Mishler's Herb Bitter.

Daniel B. Herr, Rohrerstown, Lancaster Co., certifies that he was cured of severe stitches in the side which he was afflicted with for nine years.

Jas. Bicking, Litiz, Pa., was cured of a severe attack of Chronic Rheumatism.

Jos. H. Watson, Lancaster, relieved of pains in his shoulders and limbs, that he was unable to sleep

Andrew Eberly, Lancaster, Cured of Cramp Cholic—was so severe that he became apprehensive of Rupture.

Mary J. Carney, Lancaster, cured of weakenss of the breast and pain in the side by Mishler's Bitters.

Wm. H. Jordan, Lancaster, relieved of Cholera Morbus in 10 or 15 minutes, by the Herb Bitters.

Jacob Haag, Lancaster, says that his son was relieved of extraordinary pains in his arms and legs.

Samuel McDonnel, Lancaster, cured of Dispepsia of 20 years standing by Mishler's Bitters.

H G. Kendig, Farmer, near Lancaster, was cured of a severe attack of Dispepsia, by the Bitters.

Hugh Dougherty, Lancaster, says his daughter was cured of weaknes, phthisic sore throat, &c.

J. L. Baker, Lancaster, certifies that his family has been much relieved from affliction by the Bitters.

E. H. Rhoads, Reamstown, Lancaster Co., cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism of some years standing.

Jonathan Styer, of Haywood Hospital Va. was cured of Rheumatism by the Bitters—contracted in the Army.

Thomas Brophy, Lancaster, recovered from attack of Fever and Ague, by the use of Mishler's Bitters.

A. Musketnuss, Lancaster, cured of what is called a Running Leg, by application of the Bitters.

John Rote, Lancaster, cured of a Running Leg of 20 years' standing, by Mishler's Bitters.

Isaac McIntyre, Lancaster, relieved of a severe pain across his kidneys, by the Herb Bitters.

C. B. Mayer, Lancaster, cured of a severe cold which had settled in his teeth, by Mishler's Bitters.

J. F. Fredenberg, Lancaster, was entirely cured of a remarkable distressing Abscess by the Bitters.

Henry G. Kendig, Camp Potomac, was cured of Diarrhœa by the use of Mishler's Bitters.

A. Fairer, Lancaster Co., Poorhouse, cured of Dispepsia and disease of the Kidneys, by the Bitters.

Mary Rives, Lancaster, relieved of a terrible cold on the breast of three months standing, by the Bitters.

John Weidman, Lancaster, says that himself and wife were cured of severe Rheumatism by the Bitters.

A Lady of Lancaster, writes to Mr. Mishler, that the Bitters cured her of Piles of a year's standing.

John Gilman, Lancaster, cured of Disease of the Heart and a severe pain in his breast, by the Bitters.

G. W. Whitefield, Agent at Altoona, Blair Co. writes of the success he has met in selling the Bitters.

Amos Aument, of Strausburg, Lancaster Co., used the Bitters for a wound in the leg received at the Battle of South Mountain, and and has now no more pain.

J. C. R., a member of Co. E, 195th Regiment, P. V., writes to the Proprietor, that the Bitters cured him of a distressing cold which has unfitted him from duty.

Martha Bents, Lancaster, was cured Inflammatory Rheumatism, from cold taken by a broken arm.

John Neidich, Lancaster, was cured of Palpitation of the Heart, which he had for 25 years.

John Schock, Peques, Lancaster Co. was relieved from an attack of the Gravel by the Bitters.

Mrs. Druckenmiller, of Mount Joy, Lancaster Co., was cured of excruciating pains in her hands and feet by the use of of Mishler's Bitters.

John Lesher, of Reamstown, Lancaster co., was cured of a swell in the neck and jaw by the use of Mishler's Herb Bitters.

H. C. Ginkinger, Philadelphia, after being confined to the house for two years, was cured by the use of Mishler's Bitters.

Geo. W. Killian, Lancaster, was confined to the U. S. Hospital for 10 weeks, by prostration, is restored to health by the Herb Bitters.

Mrs. Margaret Kirk, Lancaster, was cured of a severe pain in her side and nervousness, by the use of the Herb Bitters.

Mrs. Eliza Wenditz, Lancaster. was cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism by the use of the Bitters.

Amos Groff, Lancaster, was relieved of a severe cold in the throat by the use of the Bitters.

Henry J. Etter, Lancaster, had his sight restored, (which he had been deprived of for about 5 years,) by the use of Mishler's Bitters.

Charles P. Miller, Philadelphia, writes of a lady in that city having been cured of the Dumb Ague, by the use of the Bitters.

Harriet Orr, Lancaster, was cured of inward weakness and pain in the back, by the Herb Bitters.

John Kantz, Lancaster, had a slight attack of Lockjaw, which was cured by the Bitters.

Theodore Wenditz of Pa. Reserves, was shot in the arm at the battle of Fredericksburg. By using the Bitters he was soon relieved from pain in the arm.

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

Enigmatic.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

My First is found in every glen,
On every mountain side,
In every country's broad expanse
Throughout creation wide;
I'm *white* and *black*, and *brown* and *blue*,
In one eternal sleep,
And equally *at home on earth*
Or *in the vasty deep.*

My second *was* before the world,
And is to-day the same,
Only a character, at times,
Existing in a name;
Although I'm ever valueless,
My value is about me.
And neither planets or the world
Can move in space without me.

My whole is held in memory
As sacredly the same
As when to earth it first appeard
A human creature's name;
My First is common—easy found—
My Second, valueless;
Hence, reader, it is left with you
The answer to possess.

Miscellaneous.

INTERESTING DIALOUGUE.

SCENE—John Smith's Country Store—TIME Evening—SPEAKERS, Sundry Villagers, and Farmers who have "happened in as usual."

Mr. Smith.—Trade is very dull nowadays; I don't sell half as much as I did five years ago.

Mr. Jones.—Good reason. Things 're so high, we can't afford to buy. You charge such awful prices, Smith

Mr. Smith —Can't help it. I have to *pay* so much more. When I sold sugar at 10 cents a pound, I made a cent a pound, and I only make a cent now on 20 cents, and this cent profit don't go so far to keep my family.

Mr. Brown.—I buy just as much as ever. I don't see as there is much change. I used to sell my 600 bushels of wheat for 75 cents a bushel, or $450 went for family store bills, and $200 to to pay off my farm debt. Now, when I sell for 1,50 per bushel, or $900, it takes about $500 for store bills, and leaves $400 to pay off the debt. In fact these high prices suit me. I wish Mr. McCulloch had kept out of the Treasury, for he threatens to make Greenbacks par and knock down prices.

Mr Price.—I don't see as it makes much difference. If there is twice as much money going, and everybody gets twice as much for everything he raises, and pays twice as much for everything he buys, it all comes out square at the end; and there is this gain in the operation: those who save money or make a profit, make a double, as neighbor Brown explains about paying his farm debt.

Mr. Butler —That's so.

Mr. Greene.—So I think.—*Mr. Moore.*—So do I.

Mr. Baker.—There is a little drawback. I keep the accounts of Widow Roberts, who has the mortgage on Mr. Brown's farm, and the $400 he pays, don't go only half so far in supporting her, and educating her children.

Mr. Travis (the School Teacher).—Yes it does, for I only get $30 a month for teaching Mrs. Roberts' and others' children, and I used to get $25, with wheat at 75 cents.

Rev. Mr. Corey.—And I only get $600 a year, while I always had $500 with wheat a 75 cents and sugar 10 cents.

Several Voices.—That *ain't* quite square.

Mr. Knox, (Editor.)—And you only pay me $2 a year for my newspaper, which you thought cheap at $1,50, five years ago, though I have now to pay three times as much for every thing I use in making a newspaper.

Mr. Greene.—Why don't you raise your prices, too?

Mr. Knox.—People won't stand it.—I must keep along with no profit, or even at a loss, hoping for better times, or else loose my subscribers, and let the paper go down. Why, when I raised the price from $1,50 to $2 a year, a good many stopped the paper—among them Mr. Brown himself, though I paid him double for his wheat.

Mr. Brown.—I didn't stop it so much for the price; I went in for paying for my farm by an extra economy.

Mr. Knox.—Yes, he followed my advice for people "to economize and pay their debts now." But let us see if Mr. Brown began at the right place. On one Saturday I published in my paper that wheat had advanced 15 cents a bushel. On Monday Mr. Brown went to market with his wheat, and sold 60 bushels at one cent advance over the old price, and thought he did well. He came home boasting about it, until he met neighbor Johnson, who got the 15 cents advance, because he read my paper, and was wide-awake. Mr. Brown's loss on 60 bushels would pay four whole year's subscription.

Mr. Brown.—Don't say anything more about that, Mr. Knox, and put me down a subscriber for life.

Mr. Knox.—I have heard of several other such losses by those who stopped my paper. Not to be too personal, as some of them are *here*, I will call them A. B, C, etc. Mr. A, paid 4 per cent more fees on $71 taxes, because he did not see the collector's notice in my paper, and thus lost $2.84, to save $2.—Mr. B. paid $3.60 the same way. Mr. C. failed to bring in his claim against an estate, because he did not see in my paper the legal notice limiting the time.—That, cost him $34, to save $2 subscription. Mr. D. sold 200 pounds of wool at 62 cents, because he did not see an advertisement of Mr. Smith, right here at home, offering 70 cents. That cost him $16, to save $2. Mr. F's boys went down to the village every night or two, to get the news and local gossip, because they had no paper at home, and one of them fell into bad company, and is ruined. I know twenty cases where people lost money for not learning what is going on. I gather up all that is going on in business and society, and condense it into my columns. It is important for every man to know all about home matters, and I doubt if there is a man in this whole town who would not, in the course of a year, get some information, that would pay him back more than $2 a year. And then think of a household sitting down together 365 days in a year, and having nothing to talk about, except their own affairs, and a few items of gossip, gathered up by occasional contact with other people.

Mr Taylor,—Let me help Editor Knox's argument. Wife read to me an item he published about a humbug, which he copied from the *American Agricultur ist*, of New York City. Next day one of those same humbugs came round with his article, and was so plausable that he almost persuaded her into paying him $3, for his swindling receipt; but the editor's caution kept her back.

Mr. Knox.—Yes, and do you know that the fellow sold more than fifty of the humbug recipes hereabout, at $3 a piece? but not to any one of my subscribers.

Mr. Potts.—Put me down as a subscriber, Mr. Knox, here is your two dollars.

Mr. Shaw.—And me too.

Mr. Knox.—Thank you, gentlemen.—I'll try to make a better paper than ever. Every dollar helps; a new subscriber only adds to my expense the cost of paper. If everybody took the paper, and thus divided the cost of getting news, setting type, office rent, etc., I could double the value of the paper to each.—Please talk the matter over with other neighbors and see, if it cannot be done.

Several Voices.—We will.

Mr. Smith.—And now while you are about it, I want to make up a club for a good New York paper.

Mr. Brown.—We can't afford to take so many papers

Mr. Smith —You have just seen that you could not afford to stop your home paper; let us see if it will not pay to join our club. Mr. Rich, you have taken the *American Agriculturist* for several years Does it *pay?*

Mr. Rich.—*Pay?* Yes, fifty times over. Why, I got two ten-acre fields ready to sow to wheat, and put in one of them.—That night my *Agriculturist* came, and I read a simple recommendation about preparing seed wheat. I called John and we put 15 bushels in soak for the next day. It costs 50 cents for the materials. Well, that second field yielded 5 bushels an acre more than the other—or 50 bushels extra, and better wheat too.—Pretty good pay for $1,50 expended for a paper. And I have got lots of other hints almost as profitable. You know I get better profits on my beef, pork and mutton, than any other man in the place. Now does this not come from any direct hint, like the wheat, but from a good many suggestions that I have picked up in reading the *Agriculturist*, and from the course of reasoning that I have been led into, by reading in it what others do, and think, and say.

Mr. Smith.—You are another subscriber to the *Agriculturist*, Mr. West, does it pay?

Mr. West.—Pay? Yes. You know what good cabbages and potatoes I had last season. Why the cabbages were worth double any others in town, for market or for home use. I had 400 heads, worth 5 cents a piece, extra; and they only cost 20 cents extra for seed.—My 250 bushels of potatoes are all engaged for seed at $1,50 a bushel, when other kinds bring only 50 cents. That's $250 clear gain, for the $14 extra I paid for seed, and the $1,50 I paid for the *Agriculturist*. It was through this paper that I learned about both the cabbages and potatoes. Its editors are careful, intelligent men, on the constant lookout for anything new that is really good, while the paper abounds in cautions, against the poor and unprofitable.

Mr. Smith.—What say you, Mr Tayler? Does it pay to invest $1,50 in the *Agriculturist?*

Mr. Taylor.—Most certainly. A hint in the paper led me to look after certain insects at the proper time, and the result was, I had 100 barrels of splendid apples which brought me a clean $5 per barrel, and this you know was better by $1, than the average prices here, or $160. Then I have read so much about good and bad grapes, the method of treating them, &c., that I can beat the town in raising them profitably. My son, William, got a kink into his head about Tomatoes, from something the Editors said, and sent for some seed. He made more money on the crop raised in his spare hours, than was cleared by half the farmers in this town.

Mr. Smith.—Let's hear from Crane.

Mr. Crane.—I only read in the paper what was said about hogs—what kind paid best, how to feed them, and the like; but if you will call around and see my porkers, and my expense account, I'll bet a pippin I can show fifty dollars more of pork for the same money, than any other man here. And this comes from reading what other men think and do.—But wife ought to be here to speak. She and the girls read the *Agriculturist* next to the Bible. They think the household department is worth more than all the fashion magazines in the world. They say, it is so full of good hints about all kinds of housework. All I can say is, that we do have better bread and cake; and Wife says, the cake don't cost so much as it used to. She has learned from the paper how a hundred other house-keepers do their work.

Rev. Corey.—Let me say, also, that Mrs. Crane and her daughters have added a good many beautiful but cheap home-made fixtures to their parlor and sitting rooms, which certainly make their home attractive. They told me, the other day, they got these up from pictures and descriptions in the *Agriculturist.*

Mr. Travis.—My salary has not allowed me to take the paper; though I must squeeze out enough to do this year. My school boys have brought me some copies to look at, the past year or two, and I find the Boys' and Girls' department of the *Agriculturist* the best thing I ever saw. It is full of items, etc., that amuse and at the same time instruct the children. Why, I could pick out the boys and girls in my school whose parents take the *Agriculturist*, just by hearing them talk—they are so full of new and good things they have learned from the paper. The paper has many beautiful engravings.

Rev. Corey.—As small as is my salary, I would have the paper if it cost $5 a year, instead of $1.50 The fact is, it helps out my salary. My little garden plot at the parsonage has yielded us almost all our vegetables, besides many beautiful flowers. The *Agriculturist* has been my constant guide. I knew but little of gardening; but this paper is so full of information about the best things to plant and sow, when to plant, and how to cultivate—all told in so plain and practical a way, by men who seem to talk from their own experience, that I know just what to do, and how to do it well.

The high moral moral tone of the paper, its common sense, the care it takes of all parts of the Farm, the Garden, the Orchard—the Household work, and the Children as well, with its hundreds of beautiful and instructive engravings—make it the most valuable periodical I have ever seen. I heartily wish every one of my parishoners would take it for himself and family. It would awaken thought and enterprise, give interest to the town and neighborhood talk, stimulate improvement, introduce new and profitable crops, animals and implements, and add to our wealth. Take my advice, and all of you try the paper a year. The $1.50 it costs is only three cents a week, and it is worth that any way. Why the large and beautiful engravings are worth many times that.

Mr. Davis.—I took the *Genesee Farmer* last year, and as that has stopped, I thought I would take a new paper.

Mr. Smith.—The "Genesee Farmer" was not really stopped. It united with the *Agriculturist*, and put its whole force into the latter paper. They paid him a large price for his office, and moved it with everything connected with it to their office. So the *Agriculturist* is really two papers joined into one, and of course better. I think we better go with Mr. Harris to the *Agriculturist*, that has been published for 25 years, and has a hundred thousand circulation, which, as Mr. Knox has told us, supplies the means and facilities for giving us a great deal more for the same money. Mr. Harris carries on his large farm, and in his "Walks and Talks on the Farm," and other things he writes for the *Agriculturist*, he tells us a great deal about all kinds of farm work.

Mr. Davis.—Put me down for the *Agriculturist.*

Mr. Smith.—I am glad to do so. I know you will like it. The January number, which has just come to hand, is alone worth the cost of a year. See here, (showing it,) there are 40 pages, twice as large as the magazine pages, and there are *thirty-five* engravings in it, two of them full page size, and see how beautiful! Why, I'll give any man who takes the paper a year, a dollar and a half in goods out of my store, if he says, at the end of a year he has not got the worth of his money many times.

Mr. Butler.—Put me in your club.

Mr. Greene.—And me too.—Mr. Brown.—And me.

Mr. Smith.—I have no interest in the matter, except to do a good a good thing for the place. You can join our club, or any one who desires can get the *Agriculturist* for all of 1866 (Volume 25) by simply enclosing $150, with his name and post-office address, and sending it to ORANGE JUDD & Co., 41 Park Row, New York City. The paper always comes prompt and regularly, and, also what is a good thing, it stops when your time is up, without you having to write about it. I predict that there will be plenty of others next winter, to talk as Mr. Rich, Mr. West, Mr. Crane and Parson Corey have done to-night.

—If "all the world's a stage," who's the driver? The propounder of this question is only hackneyed.

—The Phœnix Iron Company are making preparation for the cholera.—They have issued notice to their tenants that from and after April 1st, no cows, goats or swine shall be kept on their premises, and rigid cleanliness must be practised in and around the dwellings.

—Somebody who is posted up in sanitary matters asserts that New York city is afflicted with no less than twenty-five thousand nuisances, among which tenement houses, dumping grounds, defective sewers, slaughter-houses and fat boiling establishments are said to be the least important.

Novel Remedy.

A good story is told of a fellow who put up at an Indiana Cabin on the Wabash, and who, after eating an enormous supper of cucumbers, was attacked by the colic. The woman of the house, upon being consulted, said:

"I'll go an fetch mother;" cause stranger, I do reckon she be the awfulest best hand for curin colic in the whole Wabash bottom."

She went into another part of the house and ten minutes after one of the ugliest, sallowest, littlest old women I ever saw in any part of the civilized world, came hobbling in. Her gait was hardly a decent hobble; it was more like that of a rheumatic ostrich. Her nose and chin almost met over the sunken cavity, doing duty as a mouth, and as she shuffled toward me she mumbled as if chewing the cud. On the end of her nose was a great wart, with four or five grey bristles straggling from it.

"Stranger," says she, "Betsey Jane tells me she reckons you've got the colic powerful. Now I've been so myself nigh to a hundred times, I reckon, in the cowcumber season; and Betsey Jane she's been that way; Richard, he's been that way, and the biggest end of the rest of the family." Producing a musket ball—an ounce bullet of lead—she assured me I would be all right in five minutes after swallowing it; that lead was death on "colics." Being terribly racked, and hardly knowing what I did, I seized the bullet, and with a single gulp, down it went. No sooner was it down than I repented of having swallowed it. I remembered to have heard that lead was poisonous. Starting up, I cried out:

"You old wretch, you have killed me! Lead is deadly poison. I can feel it cold in my stomach now. It will kill me."

"Ha, ha, ha! he, he, he!" laughed the old crone; "he, he, he!" in a shrill, cracked voice—"kill yer! don't pester yourself with the idea. Why stranger that bullet's bin in the family nigh onto twenty years. Richard, he has swallowed it; the biggest end of the children, they've swallowed it, and I've swallowed it well nigh on to forty times."

"You?" I cried starting from my seat; you've swallowed this same bullet?"

"Sartain! that same bullet every cowcumber season for nigh twenty years."

"You old devil!" I cried, as I rushed from the house.

—A friend just returned from New York tells us a pretty good story of an Illinoisian who was stopping at the same hotel. On Sunday, the western man, being desirous of hearing several of the more famous pulpit orators of the metropolis, went in the morning to Dr. Chapin's church, but heard a stranger preach from the text: "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." In the afternoon he went to Beecher's Plymouth Church, and heard the same discourse from the same preacher. Going in the evening to Dr. Osgood's church, he found the same clergyman and the same theme: "Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The next day the patient hearer of the thrice-told discourse was crossing to Brooklyn in a ferry-boat, when the alarm-bell in the park agitated the air with its great shocks of sound, and a man inquired why that bell was tolling. Looking up he saw the now familliar countenance of the preacher, and was prompt to reply: "I think Simon's wife's mother must be dead; I heard three times yesterday that she was sick of a fever."—*Providence Journal.*

—In the very heart of this continent a population of one hundred thousand are ruled by one man—Brigham Young.

—Science does more for the brute than the man. Pigs, attacked by the most fatal disorders, are frequently cured after death.

—What game is a hunter after when he displays a Chistian trait? For-bear.

—Should I be discovered, I am lost!" exclaimed the hero of a mob-drama, as he concealed himself in a closet on the stage. "Should you be discovered, you are found," was the amendment of a wag in the gallery.

—An Oregon paper says, enough liquor has been sent across the mountains to keep every man in Montana drunk all winter.

—Rev. W. C. Blunt, pastor of the Dinwiddie Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Portsmouth, Va., was shot on his own premises on the 16th inst. The deed is supposed to have been perpetrated by a negro boy, named Richard Elliot whether designedly or accidentally can not be conjectured.