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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 21, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

THE STRANGER ON THE HILL.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

There is the orchard—and, as of yore,
The broad fields of wheat and hazel corn,
The lively home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shadowy doorway still—
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.
There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—O! painful proof—
His sleeves are piled to the heated roof.
There is the orchard—the very trees,
That knew my childhood so well to please,
When I watched the shadowy moments run,
And the sunbeams more of shade than sun;
The dew from the lough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.
In the shady spring below,
His footstep breaks where the hazel grows;
There I found the shadowy moments run,
And the sunbeams more of shade than sun;
The dew from the lough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.
In the shady spring below,
His footstep breaks where the hazel grows;
There I found the shadowy moments run,
And the sunbeams more of shade than sun;
The dew from the lough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

THE LADIES OF BRADFORD COUNTY.

Having been appointed for that purpose by the Pennsylvania Regent of the "Mount Vernon Association of the Union," the undersigned respectfully solicits your assistance, one and all, in carrying into effect the noble and patriotic purpose of that Association with regard to the tomb and late residence of Washington.

This purpose, and the considerations which impel it, are eloquently and beautifully set forth in the Address which will be found below; and which renders it unnecessary that there should be added in this brief appeal, except to suggest that it is desirable that the list of the different townships or neighborhoods should meet together and name one or more suitable persons to act as Assistant Lady Managers for each place, and on their names being presented, their appointment will be confirmed, and authorized subscription books and other useful papers will be sent them. It will only be necessary that reports of subscriptions be made monthly. Every lady subscribing one dollar becomes a member of the general Association and will be duly returned and registered as such. In performing the duties of this appointment, I shall be very happy to receive, by acknowledgment and forward, any collections which may be made in this County, and all correspondence in relation to the object in view, will be promptly and pleasurably attended to.

To obviate any possible error in special acknowledgments, the press of the County have kindly consented to publish monthly reports of subscriptions.

Mrs. C. L. WARD,
Lady Manager for Bradford County.

APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, FOR THE PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.

Chosen to represent in this State, the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union," I venture to appeal to the generous and patriotic people of Pennsylvania, on this day, the anniversary of the birth of WASHINGTON, for their aid, in union with the people of other States, to complete the purchase of Mount Vernon, the place of his residence and his tomb; and to secure it forever as a public and enduring monument of their unabated gratitude for his illustrious services, and increasing veneration for his illustrious name. Gratitude to one whose life was so generous and exalted; veneration for an example, such as his, of virtues that have elevated the character of a public man, may well enlist the deepest sympathies of the women of America, and embolden them to claim the aid, not of their own sex alone, but of every one who justly glories in being a countryman of Washington, and whose heart is moved by actions the purest and noblest that man can render to mankind.

The object of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association is to obtain, by voluntary contributions, a sum necessary to purchase and hold forever, two hundred acres of the Mount Vernon Estate, including the mansion where Washington dwelt and died, his tomb, the garden and grounds around them, and landing at the Potomac by which they are approached. To collect this sum, Vice-Regents have been appointed in different States, with lady-managers, associated committees of ladies, and advisory committees of gentlemen, in the various counties, cities and principal towns. Every person by whom one dollar, towards this fund, is paid, becomes thereby a permanent member of the Association, and is inscribed as such in a record which will be preserved at Mount Vernon. Similar arrangements will be immediately organized throughout the State of Pennsylvania, and a public announcement will be given of the persons by whom subscriptions will be received and the registry of names be made.

A large amount has been already collected from places where these arrangements have been completed. The public press, so influential in good works, has lent its powerful aid. Associations established for philanthropic purposes, the fraternity of Free Masons, to which

Washington himself belonged; that of the Odd Fellows; the voluntary military companies and firemen, and numerous bodies assembling together, for objects of utility and benevolence, have everywhere exhibited the deepest interest and united in this noble effort with most liberal spirit. Patriotic individuals have come forward with prompt sympathy, to lead and encourage their several communities; and the cheering prospect is held out that this wide-pervading spirit, spreading through all parts of our common country, is insuring complete success.

Into the alliance of general fellowship Pennsylvania is now to enter. Always distinguished by a devotion to works of voluntary benevolence, which is an inheritance blended with her name, she has, besides, peculiar associations connected with Washington, which relate to the noblest incidents of his great career. It was in Pennsylvania that, on the day when the delegates from the colonies first met together, he appeared among them to join in the task of forming a common country. It was in Pennsylvania that, with unexampled modesty, and touching expressions of anxious but devoted patriotism, he accepted the command of a little army, scarcely formed, and assumed the responsibilities of an arduous war. It was in Pennsylvania that, amid the fiercest severities of winter, with troops almost famishing and naked, he partook their hardships, cheered their spirits, and kept them united to win the triumphs to which he afterwards led them. It was to his "fellow soldiers and faithful followers in the military line of Pennsylvania," that he expressed, when the war was closed and when a mind deeply affected, his grateful sense of their attachment and aid. It was in Pennsylvania that he placed his all-concluding name to the Constitution which has cemented the Union. It was here that he became its first and most illustrious President; it was here that he addressed to his country that memorable Farewell with which he closed his public and immortal career.

To ask, then, the women of Pennsylvania to unite with their sisters throughout the Union in this tribute to the memory of Washington—to appeal to all of the people of Pennsylvania to give to this great object their generous encouragement and assistance—is but to solicit from them a patriotic service, to which his memory that cannot be surpassed, not hardly equaled, in any portion of that wide country which glories in his name.

LILY L. MACALESTER,
Vice-Regent for Pennsylvania of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association.
PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 22, 1859.

Selected Tale.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

AND WHAT GREW OUT OF IT.

One cool afternoon, in the early fall, I—Chester F. LeRoy, a gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson river boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet, still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and fitted through them in search of seats. Their increased numbers at length warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I followed them.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" I turned, in obedience to a touch on my arm, and saw a respectable-looking negro man before me, who bore the traveling bag and shawl, and was evidently, the attendant of a slender and stylish girl behind him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I address, sir, Mr. LeRoy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?"

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could perceive through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved little hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. LeRoy," she said. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Jenny described you accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment at being thus addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss, it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good-bye, and tell them I saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks, and handed me with the light baggage he had carried, but I was aroused by the young lady asking me if I had not better secure our seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect with that lovely face opposite me, but where was the use. Some strange mistake had undoubtedly happened, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name—but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge, how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine! While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspecting gaze decided me. "I will not trouble or distress her, by any knowledge of her position," I concluded, "but will

just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wished to go, if I can only find where it is!" I turned to her with an affection of ease, which I was very far from feeling, and said: "It is a very long journey."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant, isn't it! Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed!"

"Why, what a queer man!" she said, with a little laugh. "Does she never tell you as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when we get there."

So it was to St. Louis we were going, and I was her husband's cousin. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does Jenny look? and what is she doing? and how is my dear Aunt Beman? do tell me the news!"

"Jenny" said I musingly, and then, with a nervous smile, "she is in the world, you must know, only too far fond of her scamp of a husband—as to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile; "but about my dear Aunt's rheumatism?"

"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman is very well."

"Well!" said my fair questioner, regarding me with surprise, "I thought she had not been well for a number of years."

"I mean well for her," said I, in some trepidation; "the air of St. Louis," (which I have since learned is of the misty moist order,) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad," said he, and then, he remained silent for a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," said she, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that in all this time you had not once mentioned the baby!"

I knew I gave a violent start and think I turned pale. After I had run the gamut of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in the same proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her, "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jennie's letter—you should see how she cares for him?"

"Him!" Blessed goodness, then it must be a boy!"

"Of course," said I, blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say something, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiased, I shall not describe him to you."

"Ah, but I know just how he looks, for Jennie had no such scruples—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, whichever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?"

"We have not yet decided upon a name," I replied.

"Indeed! I thought she meant to give him yours?"

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No," I remarked, "one of the names is enough in a family."

The demon of inquisitiveness, that to my thinking, had instigated my fair companion, herefore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston. Yet, I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush stealing up my temples every time I met the look of those beautiful eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not as she thought it, that of a cousin and a married man. Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, I preferred the usual civility. She slightly blushed, but thanked me, and accepted it, by leaning her head slightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile, said, "As you are my cousin." Soon after, her eyes closed and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace. I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly pale with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the bounding of the cars jostled her very much. I sat remorselessly until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled. "It is no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said, "for it is very much in the way for me, and I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons and flowers, to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point: then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder and slept again. This time when the motion began to shake and soothe, and pressing my arm lightly around her slender waist, drew her upon my breast, where she lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but I need not say that I could not close my eyes or ease my conscience. I could only gaze upon the beautiful, slight face,

and imagine how it would confront me, if she knew what I was, and how I had deceived her, or dreaming more wildly still, reproduce it in a hundred scenes which I had never before paused to imagine as the face of my wife. I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possibility and far-off contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife—never before had I so longed to call my own, as I did that lovely lying on my heart. No, it was impossible for me to sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquent still. I do not think I looked at the Cataract as I looked at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me, in her innocent way, called me "cousin Frank," and seeming to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly with her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved and unnoticed to receive me—to have her hang on my arm—look up into my face—tell me all her little adventures alone, and chide me for leaving her so long, (how long it seemed to me,) while every word, look and smile, seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She bustled herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaged all over her trunks to find a book which I had expressed a desire to see—she mended my gloves, sewed the band on my travelling cap, and found my cigar case whenever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a day, which she declared almost equalled her own. Long ago she had given over into my possession her elegant portmanteau, "with all her money in it, which she was sure she would lose, as she could never keep anything," and as she had ordered me to take out what was wanted for her traveling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which, with pious care, she had packed in to the smallest possible compass, as much gold as her pretty toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small to fit my fingers, but hers—which I am afraid I kissed—a card with a name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand, "No—Olive street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of her cousin Jennie whose husband I was: a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far, I had not yet found "the way of the transgressor hard," in external circumstances at least, and when with her I forgot everything but her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be no more to her than her cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence my conscience made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; but when I was reserved and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me to be bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name, "Florence," that had I dreaded as much as I longed to do it, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmerited self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection more than any other I confessed, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last?" When the sight of those spires, and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the thought of coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew nearer. She was all gayety, and astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in, giving the address found in the portmanteau which, fortunately, was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face towards me—we were rattling up the street and my time was short, "how can you be so cool and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the time has come in which I must confess to you I have no more right in the house to which we are hastening, than the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either, is that of an impostor and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, towards me.

"Thank Heaven, I did not yet read fear and aversion in it."

"No right! No claim," she repeated; "what can you mean?"

I told her, frankly and fully the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, and concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You can not blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I hate or blame myself,"

I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I atoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke; she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears and said, in a low voice, "Do not misunderstand me, if I was so silent?"

The coachman threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and to assist her out. I hardly dared to touch that little hand, though it was for the last time but watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which she stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine looking black whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Le Roy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me."

I glanced at her face to see if she was mocking me; but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was to well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or anything except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from whom I could not bear to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of our journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger.

When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially invited me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all the unexpected kindnesses as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, I left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw, with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said, hurriedly, "I can not let you go away misunderstanding me, as I see you do. If I was silent while you humbly apologized for the noble, generous, and honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from anger, believe me, but because I was at first too much astonished, afterwards too much moved and grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revolution of my feelings was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down upon that lovely face that it was for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be reprieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jenny, (my cousin Jenny now,) so bitterly reproaches us in her last letter for not visiting her in all that time that we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps on my arm in the cars no more blushing, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I register our names in the hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy," and bless my lucky stars, as I read it over—Even, while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me, by past transactions, to write down this story,) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "my dear cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking with her. Stupid, indeed, to prefer a black pen to those rose lips.

Was ever a man so happy in a "Slight Mistake?"

When Anacharsis, the Scythian, was traveling in Greece, he was reproached by an Athenian with the barbarity of his native land. "It is true," replied Anacharsis, "that my country is a disgrace to me, but you are a disgrace to your country."

By slight difficulties he not dismayed, nor magnified by weakness and dispondency, but boldly met them and put them to flight. There are cobble stones in every road and pebbles in every path.—Adon.

With whiskers thick upon my face, I went my fair to see; she told me she could never love, a bear-faced chap like me. I shaved them clean, then called again, and thought my troubles o'er; she laughed outright, and said, I was more bear-faced than before!

"Ma, is nunny got bees in her mouth?"—"No; why do you ask such a question?"—"Cause that lettle man with a heap o' hair on his face coteh'd hold' of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste!'"

A Quaker, intending to drink a glass of water, took up a small tumbler of gin. He did not discover his mistake until he got behind the door and swallowed the dose, when he lifted both hands, and exclaimed: "Verily, I have taken inwardly the balm of the world's people! What will ANGEL say when she smells my breath?"

Calendar of Operation for April, 1859.

FARM.—April is no leisure month for the farmer. The plows and harrows are at work, manure is wanted in the fields, fences are not yet cattle proof. Early crops require putting in, and the farm stock need much care at this their season of increase.

If not promptly and closely pursued now, the work of the whole season will be delayed, and there will be the unpleasant necessity of being driven by work, rather than the pleasure of driving it.

It is important too that work be well done. If a piece of land is half plowed, no after labor can fully atone for it, although even in hoed crops, while nothing can be done for the grain. Undertake to cultivate no more than can be well put in and thoroughly tilled. If the farm contains more land than can be properly managed, turn out a portion to pasture, and till the rest.

BUILDINGS.—This is house-cleaning month in many places. Let the men or boys assist about the fences and out buildings, cleansing and painting or whitewashing, to give them a neat, healthy and attractive look.

CATTLE.—Do not turn off too early. In this latitude they will require feeding nearly through this month if not longer. Keep from tramping up mowing grounds. Cows about calving need especial care and close watching. Oxen are now performing heavy work; feed them accordingly.

CELLARS.—If not previously attended to, cleanse from filth, and accumulation of small roots, garbage, etc., and whitewash the walls and overhead, ventilating freely.

COVER.—If not sown with Winter grain last month, attend to it. Sow with Spring grain.

CORN.—Manure and plow grounds for planting next month. Provide and test seed previous to use.

DOOR YARDS.—Clean up the winter accumulations of chips and dirt, adding the latter to the manureheap.

DRAIN WELLS.—Make new and repair the old. Clear stones from meadows and put them into permanent line or road fences. Plant hedges, as frost and dryness will admit. Do not forget to replace those unbandy bars with convenient gates—they can be made under cover during wet weather.

GRAIN.—Sow Spring wheat and rye, oats, barley and peas. Allow no animals to feed upon the Winter grain fields. Bare spots may be resown with Spring grain, hoeing or harrowing it in.

HEDGE ROWS along fences should now be cleared up, that the plow or mowing machine may make clean work.

HORSES.—Attend to mares with foal, giving them ample space at night. Have working teams of horses and mules in good condition for heavy labor.

MANURES.—Cart out and drop in heaps or spread on lands as fast as it can be turned under. Heaps previously carted to the fields may be forked over or turned, breaking up finely. An addition of muck well worked in will improve the quality and add to the quantity. Cover with muck, soil, or plaster to retain the ammonia. Look well to every manure heap and allow nothing to go to waste. Wash water, chamber slops, etc., are too valuable to throw away. A vat or muck heap may be provided to receive them.

MEADOWS.—Keep well fenced and do not permit stock of any kind to trample over or feed off. With a "manly" scatterer any cattle droppings, pick up and cart off loose stones, and sow grass seed upon any vacant spots.

Plowing is one of the chief operations of April, and is too slightly attended to.

POULTRY.—Set hens, for early chickens, and feed the young with care during the first few weeks. Give cracked corn as soon as chickens can swallow it. Cleanse the houses thoroughly using the manure and dust with plaster.

POTATOES.—Plant early ones, selecting good market varieties not subject to rot. Try, say 10 bushels of coarse salt spread over an acre of land at planting time, and note the results.

ROOT CROPS.—Prepare the ground for onions and carrots by heavy manuring and deep plowing. Carrots may be sown. If the Winter supply failed too early this season, put in more for the coming year. Cattle long for green or succulent food in the Spring which is best provided for by a good supply of carrots and turnips.

Sheep are now dropping early lambs and need warm shelter at night. Keep separate from other stock and well fed. Give salt once a week.

Swine are also increasing in numbers, if proper care has been exercised. Keep charcoal and ashes accessible to them and give a little animal food which will frequently save the offspring from being eaten. The mother should have plenty of warm liquid food, and be kept from other animals. Do not neglect their manure making apartments.

TREES.—Sow, with Spring grain, and on bare spots of old meadows.

Tools, wagons, gear, harnesses, etc., should be provided at once and put in good working order. Some of the newer tools are real improvements upon the old, and well worthy of adoption. Throw away the old if twice as much labor can be done with the new, but be not too hasty to purchase every dinned improvement without trial.

TREES.—Set out for shade and fruit along the roads and lanes and about the yards. A shade tree near the house may very properly be a well trained cherry tree, which is ornamental at two seasons of the year at least.

We have seen places improved very much by a few such trees set out by the dwelling. Standard pears are also desirable.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.—This is emphatically a tree-planting month, both in orchard and nursery. Spring is usually the best season in which to plant all kinds of trees, and April is the best month of Spring except for Evergreens, which do better planted in May. Early planting is desirable, as the earth may become well settled about the roots, and the tree commence its growth before a dry season comes on.