Agricultural.

Season for Felling Timber.

The true cause of decay in timber may be traced, in many instances, to felling trees at a wrong season, and that *wrong season is spring*; for then the sap is in a peculiar state, and highly disposed to ferment when it can no longer flow through the tissues. It may be said to act as yeast acts on moistened flour. We do not mean to assert that the heart of oak will, in a short period become as tender as a loaf of bread. The quantity of sap which it contains is less in proportion to the solid parts than in softer woods. Many kinds of the latter, cut late in the spring, however, have frequently been observed in a state so thoroughly decomposed as to be easily crumbled by the fingers in one or two years from the time the pieces were cut; whilst the same kinds of wood cut in the beginning of winter, but in all other respects similarly treated, remained perfectly sound. Any person who can cut off a limb of a tree in the beginning of December, and another limb from the same tree in spring, immediately before the buds expand, may easily be himself that the beginning of winter is the best time to cut timber, and that the use of spring-felled timber ought to be entirely prohibited in all cases where the safety of individuals is liable to be affected by the want of strength in structures formed from this perishable material.

In order that wood may possess its greatest degree of natural compactness and elasticity, combined with hardness and durability, it must be felled in the early part of winter; and although means may be employed for fermenting, or putrescent sap, left behind in the late spring cutting, and for substituting antiseptic substances, yet there is no proof that the desirable properties, above mentioned, will be so ensured. On the contrary, it has been proved that strength and elasticity, or toughness, have been diminished in many cases, when wood cut in sap has been subjected to preservative processes.

In stating this, we do not wish to imply that the application of preservatives is unimportant. Quite the contrary. But the proper season for cutting timber should take precedence of all other considerations in regard to its preservation. If this is admitted and acted upon, means may then be employed for preventing that decay to which the soundest wood is liable, sooner or later.—*American Agriculturist.*

Benefit of Example.

Being among the number "who have gone to farming from the shop, store, office, &c.," I have been much interested in the details of farming by experienced and successful farmers, that have appeared in the last volume of the "Cultivator,"—those relative to the author's own operations, and the descriptions of farms and farming men in various parts of the country. Very few of us are at leisure to visit the different farms at the season of active operations, and must, but for those descriptions, be satisfied with such examples as appear around us, many of which are certainly not the most perfect patterns of good farming. I think we are most apt to adopt the example that meets us at the moment when we wish to put it in practice, if it is not palpably wrong—not recalling, in the hurry of business, the many better ones that we have met with before. Here is one of the advantages of the "Cultivator,"—a text book always at hand; any one may *take time* to look at the index and find each article that has a bearing upon the business he is engaged in, from which together with his neighbor's operations, he may select the best way. Theory won't answer then; it is practical details and results that tell—Theory is let alone to talk about at leisure.

The influence of one *good* farmer among his immediate neighbors, is greater than is generally supposed. I am led to think so from what came under my observation when a boy. My father, (whom I always set down as a good farmer,) purchased a farm in a neighborhood where the farms had descended from father to son, and the modus operandi was among the "appurtenances" bequeathed. Each innovation of my father on old customs, was hailed with sneer and a—"guess he will get sick of *that*." The muck was "cold stuff," the ashes would "kill the corn," the plaster "ruin the land," the cultivator was "not half so good as the plow," the spring-tooth rake "spoiled the hay, and would be torn all to pieces before haying was over." When asked to take an agricultural paper, the reply was,—"We know more farming than we can do now." But they were men who looked to interest of their pockets, and could not fail to see that my father's crops were ahead of them; so his work with less help. The consequence was, one after another might be seen starting the team for the muck-swamp, but stealthy, as a dog bent on mischief. The cultivator, the horse rake, &c., were purchased and brought home in the night, at first, that the neighbors might not see them. One or more agricultural papers are now taken in each family. They have found that although they knew before, "more farming than they could do," much of it may be unlearned, and what *needs* to be done, may be done quicker and better by adopting the improvement of the day.

I left home while young, and have not my father's example fresh before me; and as I before said, examples of good farming are not as frequent as they might be; I, therefore, on receipt of my "Cultivator," seek first and most anxiously for such examples from you and your able correspondents. I trust the interests of farmers, young in experience, like myself, will not be forgotten in the forthcoming volume.

INCONSISTENCY.—Dr. Lee asks the following very pointed question, which contains matter for a great deal of reflection for those who will reflect at all. "When will the cultivators of American soil instruct their representatives in Congress to vote one dollar to teach the arts of peace and science and agriculture to the young men of the republic, where they now vote thousands to instruct them in the art of shedding human blood by violence, or the science of war.

ELDER BUSHES.—The *Ohio Cultivator* says that the best way to exterminate elder bushes and briars, is to mow them closely to the ground two or three times during the summer; the roots will mostly die after the second year's practice of this remedy.—Nurserymen who have occasion to cut down near the ground, stocks which are grafted, or have been budded, have noticed that when the buds or grafts fail after the sprouts have been rubbed off, that the stocks usually dwindle, and frequently die. Cherry trees (which do not sucker readily,) are easily killed in this way: peaches, with more difficulty. No doubt a similar treatment would destoy bushes and briars on the farm.

The Empty Cradle.

The heaviest stroke of bereavement is not while the beautiful deal lies before us, and we are able to take another and yet another look upon the sweet innocence of our darling child. There is yet a power left us to do something more for even the body, and the void left in the home is but an echo to the ringing laughter of the little one, so more to be filled with that full, round foot that once sported in the house freely. The cradle is *empty*, and yet there lie the spread so daintily embroidered with such fondness—beauty for the beautiful—and there are the pillows still, but where is the form that once lay there, with rosy mouth to invite the kiss of fondness, such laughing eyes, and a gleeful voice to answer all the prattle that a mother's love impels to please the baby ear? It is now that then feels it reward. It is now that the crushing truth falls with its full weight upon thy heart, and that little shoe is more to thee than all the wonders of art. When thrown from the foot in the last sportive romping to the arms, it was but a plaything and I did little reckon to set as a spell upon the heart; but now that little form has lain upon thy bed in the heat of that sudden fever, and the little eyes closed and at last the solemnities of religion have prepared thy child for the burial, and all is over—now that thou sittest by that empty cradle which imagination can only fill, what a power has that tiny covering for the feet! How changed its power to arrest thoughts to awaken feeling, to stir the depths of the soul! Thou recallest something else to turn thy thoughts; some other element of feeling to pour its tribute into the tide of emotion and calm thy grief by imparting the balmes of the Gospel hope. Look up, mother! Look on yonder mirror, see that little flower that finds its image reflected in that glass; remove it, its image be no more seen there, see it its sweet face no more live on the air and its picture on the memory—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever." So thank thy God that sweet, sweet memories still are thine; and the heart still can cherish the dear image of departed loveliness; but oh, better than the flower, though the lily on which Christ smiled, is the infant soul. The dear creature once cradled in thy arms, shall be given to bereaved love again, and death's valley shall be cheered, when thou art called to tread it, by the sweet thought of what a beautiful spirit awaits to lead thee to a home of unshadowed joy.—*Ladies' Repository.*

Girls of the Right Sort.

In consequence of the reduction of wages in the Lowell factories since the girls intend to leave the mills. They would like good situations elsewhere, and the following paragraph, copied from one of their papers, will show that they are capable of doing:—"We are now working out our notice, and shall soon be out of employment—can turn our hand to most anything—don't like to be idle—but determined not to work for nothing where folks can afford to pay. Who wants help? We can make patchwork, dresses, puddings, pies or cake; patch up quilts, knit, sew, sew and fry; make butter and cheese, milk cows, feed chickens, shoe corn, sweep out the kitchen, put the parlor to rights; make beds, split wood, kindle fires, wash and iron, besides being remarkably fond of babies; in fact, can do anything the most accomplished housewife is capable of, not forgetting the scolding on Mondays and Saturdays; for specimens of spunk, will refer you to our overseer.—Speak quick! Black eyes, fare forehead, clustering locks, beautiful as a Hebe, can sing like a seraph, and smile most bewitchingly; any elderly gentleman in want of a wife, willing to sustain either character, in fact we are in the market. Who bids?—Going, going, gone. Who's the lucky man?

NEW GOODS!

ABEL TURRELL,

Is now receiving from the city of New York a large and desirable assortment of Goods, which comprises a greater variety than is usually kept in the country, and which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash, or approved credit. My assortment may be referred to in part as follows:

Drugs,
Medicines, Paints, Oils,
Dye-stuffs, Groceries, Dry Goods,
Hardware, Stone and Glass ware, Clocks,
Watches, Variety Woods, Spoons, Perfumery,
Musical Instruments, Surgical Do. Trusses, Canes, Canes Lancets, &c. &c. &c.

Medicines carefully compounded by a Medicinal Chemist of long experience, and warranted pure. Physicians and others can be supplied with Medicines, Chemicals, &c. at the lowest prices.

Burning Fluid, Camphene, Lamps, Wicks, &c. &c. Also, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, &c. &c.

New Goods--at Turrell's.

Hernia can be Cured.

Townsend's Sarsaparilla.

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DRUG STORE.

Fresh Groceries.
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BEST CUSTOM WORK.

READY MADE CLOTHING

Outfitting Establishment,

STOVES!

Important to Owners of Horses.

Dillow's Celebrated Horse Cure.

"Let Well Enough Alone."

Hyperion Vegetable Medicine.

Doctor Yourself for 25 cents!

Andrews' Pain Killer.

Great Scotch Medicine!

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Six Years Ago

Sherman's Poor Man's Plaster

Look out for Pain Killer!

STOVES, STOVES!

STOVES!

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DR. TOWNSEND'S
EXTRACT OF
SARSAPARILLA.

DR. TOWNSEND'S
SARSAPARILLA.

Consumption Cured.

Spitting Blood.

Rheumatism.

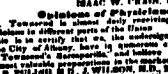
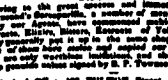
Female Medicine.

Sick Headache Cured.

Great Blessing to Mothers and Children.

Scrofula Cured.

Three Children.

Opinions of Physicians.

CAUTION.