The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

New Styles—Prices from $50 to $125.

EXTRA CHARGE OF $5 FOR HEMMERS.

495 Broadway - - New York.

F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE.

These machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no rewinding of thread; they Hem, Fell, Gather, and Stitch, in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handkeedle, as is required by other machines. They will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, even if she works for *one cent an hour*, and are, unquestionably, the *best Machines*, in the market for family sewing, on account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing—executing either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their Machines, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY beg leave to respectfully refer to the following

TESTIMONIALS:

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's Machines in my family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed —Family Sewing."—Mrs. Joshua Leavitt, wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"After trying several good machines, I prefer yours, on account of its simplicity, and the perfect ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After long experience, I feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.

"I have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambric to Broadcloth. Garments have been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—Mrs. A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New York.

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you their testimonials to its perfect adaptedness, as well as labor saving qualities in the performance of family and household sewing."—Robert Boorman, New York.

"For several months we have used Grover & Baker's Sewing machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sewing *beautifully and quickly* done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these reliable and indefatigable iron needle-women,' whose combined qualities of *beauty, strength and simplicity*, are invaluable."—I. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

[Extract of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt, Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12th, 1858.]

"I had a test made in Melbourn, in 1853, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a *single* seam of that has outstood all the *double* seams sewed by sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up from his murky hades, he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more benignant miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce midnight skirt-making as 'the direful spring of woes unnumbered.'"—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover and Baker having an eternal holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity."—Cassius M. Clay.

"I think it by far the best patent in use. This Machine can be adapted from the finest cambric to the heaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, faster, and more beautifully than any one can imagine. If mine could not be replaced, money could not buy it."—Mrs. J. H. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my acquaintances and others."—Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."—Deary Brothers, Altisonia, Tenn.

"If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one 'three score years and ten,' and never get out of fix."—John Erskine, Nashville, Tenn.

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was made."—Maggie Aimison, Nashville, Tenn.

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine linen stitching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen."—Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to our sex."—Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ☜

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A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

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 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 flitted through them in search of seats, their increasing numbers at last 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 I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I address, sir, Mr. Le Roy?"

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

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, sir, who was to join you at Albany at six o'clock, this evening—I have charge of her."

He turned to the young lady behind him.

"This is Mr. LeRoy, Miss."

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," said she, "I thought I should know you in a moment. Jenny described you so accurately. How kind it was for you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble you much."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at thus being 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 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 7 o'clock boat. Good bye, and tell them you saw me safe off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks, and endued me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we 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 no 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 persons, and how to transfer her without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange than mine! While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspicious 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 wishes to go, if I can only find where it is!"

I turned to her with an affectation of ease, which I was very far from feeling, and said:

"It is a 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. "Doesn't 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 St. Louis we were going to, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

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

"Jenny," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world, you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband—as to 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 Aunty'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 moisty order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad to hear it," said her niece.

She remained silent for a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement seemed to dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," said she, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that it all this time you have not mentioned the baby."

I knew I gave a violent start, and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet 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 never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in some 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 Jenny'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 Jenny had no such scruples—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, which ever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him!

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

"Indeed! I thought she means to give him yours."

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No, one of a name is enough in a family," I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that to my thinking, had instigated my fair companion, heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had the belief 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 fresh question, 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 blue eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companions 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 what 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 proffered the usual civility. She slightly blushed but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head lightly against my shoulder, and looking up in 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 paled 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 remorseless 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, 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 fact 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 annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly round her slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes or ease my conscience. I could only gaze down on a beautiful, sill 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, reproducing it in a hundred scenes which I had never before paused to imagine on 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 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 anything my own, as I did, that lovely face 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 with the light of feeling and expression played over on her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or, was even more eloquent still. I don't think I looked at the Cataract as much as I looked at her, or thought it one creation more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me, in her innocent way, calling me "cousin Frank," and seemed to take a certain pleasure in the society and protection. I was delighted to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or 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 busied herself, too, while I was out, with our joint baggage, and rumaged all over her trunks to find a bonnet which I had expressed a desire to see—a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they mended my gloves, sewed the band on my hat, crowded about me, warmly expressing whenever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a day, while she scolded me for travelling cap, and found my cigar-case, their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, 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 I had appeared our host, Mr. LeRoy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the blushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, with one last look at her, and 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.

"Mr. LeRoy," she said hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me as I do. If I was silent while you so politely apologised for the noble, generous, possible compass, as much gold as her pretty, toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring too small delicacy of your conduct, it is not from anger, believe me, but because I to fit any fingers but hers—which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on was at first too much astonished, afterwards it and memorandum in a pretty hand. "No- much moved and grateful to speak. I owe Olive Street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly more than I can say, and should be conjectured, was the residence of her cousin. sorable, indeed, if a false shame, which Jenny whose husband I was; a very fortu- see has not prevented me from telling ate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far, this, should prevent you from continuing had not yet found the way of the transgres- acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust hard, in external circumstances at least, and sir, I speak the truth."

when with her I forgot every thing but don't know what answer I made, for the grace and beauty, and my firm resolution, tension of feelings was almost too great for 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 so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her own sweet name, "Florence," that had I dreamed as much as I longed to do, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an imposter, 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 confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized, 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 the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew near. 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 portmonnaie, which fortunately was the right one, to the driver.

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

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

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

Thank Heaven! I did not 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 told it here, denying nothing, and concealing nothing, not even the uselessness of my love for 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 cannot 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 have heavily 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 assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which we 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 was a loud exclamation 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, "Mrs. LeRoy, your husband's namesake and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me." I glanced at her face to see if she were mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. LeRoy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too 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 which I could not endure 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 raise 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 I had appeared our host, Mr. LeRoy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the blushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, with one last look at her, and 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.

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when with her I forgot every thing but don't know what answer I made, for the grace and beauty, and my firm resolution, tension of feelings was almost too great for

"I ran along the passage, reached the door and unlocked it, just as the governor, roused a second time, opened his door and seeing a man escaping from the house by a back way, of course cried 'Thieves! Thieves!' and made a rush after me.

"I was too quick for him though, opened the door, sprang out, broke for the door that opened into the room under mine, and had just reached it, when crash! within a foot of my head went a brick, and another voice, that I knew belonged to the next door neighbor, Tompkins, joined the governor in the cry of "Thieves! Thieves! Murder! Thieves!" I was safe though.

Rushing up the stairs, I shelled myself quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed and asleep in less than half a minute. Wasn't there a row though? I never heard so many dogs before, the mocking-bird, of course, was outdoing all previous efforts, the chickens even began to crow. Tompkins, next door, was hallooing 'Thieves!' and calling the governor. I could hear screams and all sorts of talking and noises among the neighbors until at length, the old gentleman's voice was heard in the yard calling: "Tom! Tom!"

Tom was sound asleep and snoring.

"Tom!" cried the old man in a voice that would have roused a man from an epileptic fit.

"I judged it prudent to wake then, and jumped from my bed, raised the window and rubbing one eye, and looking particularly frightened (which I was) asked:

"Why, father, what in the world's the matter?"

"There's thieves in the house!" was the reply; "get your gun and come down and be quick!"

"He's in the room below you, Tom!" hallowed Tompkins, "I'm certain of it. I saw him as he ran down, and threw a fire-brick at him. I know he didn't pass the door, Mr. Jones."

"I was directed to look out for myself; the governor stood sentinel at the door below, armed with a club, while Tompkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and less than half that, so thoroughly was every house alarmed, that there was a dozen or more men in the yard, armed with guns, pistols and sticks.

"The governor led the attack. Opening the door, he called, 'Come out here, you house-breaking scoundrel! If you attempt to run or resist, I'll blow your brains out!'

Nobody came however.

"Watch the door," was the order, "while I go in," and I was told to "look sharp," and "shoot the rascal if he came up stairs." A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in the room.

"He's up stairs then," cried Tompkins, "for I'll take my Bible oath he didn't pass that door."

"So up stairs they trooped, but I had a candle by that time, and there was no bug bear there. The strictest search even in looking under a bootjack, didn't show the faintest trace of him. The yard was next examined, then the house, and everybody being tolerably well satisfied that he had escaped, the neighbors dispersed to their several homes, but I was appointed as sentinel for the rest of the night, and ordered not to go sleep at my post under the penalty of a flogging.

"The articles missed on a thorough investigation next day, were two pies and the old lady's silver thimble. The thimble turned up in a week or two, but the pies have never been accounted for to this day. On oath I could have given very material testimony as to the disposition of the stolen property, but as the case didn't come before any court, I remained silent.

"Didn't the local editors loom! One of them elongated himself through a quarter of a column, and headed the item, 'A Diabolical and Atrocious Attempt at Burglary and Murder!' describing, with graphic particulars, the fiendish attempt to trottle Miss——and her servant, complimented the coolness and resolution of R. Tompkins, Esq., and perorated with a withering anathema on the want of vigilance displayed by our police.

"It was fun for me to see with what wide-awake sagacity the watch used to stop at the front door and listen, during their nightly rounds for a month after; and you couldn't have bribed a youngster to go under the porch on any account after dark. The excitement died away though, after a while, but I'll never forget the night I tried to get in "without making a noise."

Stowell's Sweet Corn for Milch Cows.

I prefer Stowell's corn because it grows larger than most varieties of sweet corn. It resembles the dent corn, but has more ears than suckers. It is excellent for table use, and remains good until hard frost.

Select good land, and plant from the 18th of May to the 10th of June, in drills far enough apart to allow the cultivator to pass through. Keep clean from weeds by stirring the ground often until the corn gets a good growth. Instead of drills, it can be planted in hills, near together in the rows, with eight to twenty kernels to the hill. You will have a fine growth of stalks, which the cows will eat with a good relish, and supply you with milk and butter of the right flavor, when the pastures are dry and scorched with the heat of summer.

If you don't believe it will pay, try it. Plant a few rods, and see what a growth you will get. If you think it wont pay to plant so thick, plant three or five kernels to the hill, and four or five feet apart each way, and you will have a fine growth of stalks, well loaded with ears good enough to feed man or beast.

It requires considerable labor to get the green stalks of an acre of land, but I know of no other way that the same quantity and quality of feed for cows can be produced on a small piece of land with so little labor.

How can we expect a good supply of rich milk and butter, when our cows are gnawing the ground for a few mouthfuls of sun burnt grass? Let us raise more green feed for our milch cows, and they will repay us with a rich flow of milk, and be in better order to stand the cold blasts of winter.—O. N. Cadwell, Loomisville, Michigan.

REMARKS.—Darling's Prolific Sweet Corn is considered better than Stowell's by all who have grown it.—Ed. "Rural Am."

☞ Roast beef, serenity of mind, and a pretty wife, will make most any man "felicitous." Try it, ye crusty bachelors.

A Quaker Cornered.

Old Jacob J.——was a shrewd Quaker merchant, in Burlington, N. J., and, like all other shrewd men, was often a little too smart for himself. An old Quaker lady of Bristol, Pa, just over the river, bought some goods at Jacob's store, when he was absent, and in crossing the river, on her way home, she met him aboard the boat, and, as was usual with him on such occasions, he immediately pitched into her bundle of goods, and untied it, to see what she had been buying.

"Oh, now," says he, "how much did you give for that, and that, and that, and that?" taking up the several pieces of goods. She told him the price, without, however, telling where she had got them.

"I could have sold thee those for so much a yard," said he mentioning a price a great deal lower than she had paid. "Thee knows I can undersell everybody in the place." And so he went on criticising and undervalueing the goods till the boat reached Bristol, when he was invited to go to the old lady's store, and when there the goods were spread out on the counter, and Jacob was asked to examine them again, and say the price that he would have sold them at per yard, the old woman, meanwhile, taking a memorandum. She then went to the desk and made out a bill of the difference between what she had paid and the price he told her; then coming up to him, she said:

"Now, Jacob, the is sure thee could have sold me these goods at the price thee mentioned?"

"Oh, now, yes," says he.

"Well, then, thy young man must have made a mistake, for I bought the goods from thy store, and of course, under the circumstances, thee can have no objection to refund me the difference.

Jacob, being thus cornered, could not, of course, refuse—as there were several persons then present who had heard his assertion.

Paint up your Iron Tools.

The action of the weather upon farm implements when they are not protected, we have found by experience, to do nearly as much, and sometimes more, toward their destruction, than the wear and tear. Plows, cultivators, and such like tools, are in use only in the warmer parts of the season. During the winter they lie around by their owners, but, unless protected sufficiently, the weather uses them pretty hard. The farmer's use of them is severe at times, but it is occasional and interrupted. The weather's use of them is constant, uninterrupted, either by day or by night; every moment of time the action of the elements, heat and cold, expands and contracts, moisture pervades and rusts them, and oxygen combines with them and forms coat after coat of rust, corroding and rusting them away.—It will be a good plan during some of the spare moments in winter time, say of a stormy day, to overhaul them, clean them up and cover the iron parts with paint and the wood parts too.

A mixture of sulphur and linseed oil boiled together with or without any coloring matter, is a good application. We also find the following recommended by an exchange paper, which will make a good covering:

Take of coal tar, two parts; common beeswax, one part; clarified beef's tallow, two parts; linseed oil, one part; spirits turpentine, one part, and fuse the whole over a slow fire. When liquified, stir in lamp black, or any other coloring matter that may be desired, and apply while warm. Plows, wheels, barrows, cow-bars, cultivators, and indeed any other farming implements, constructed either wholly or in part of iron, should receive a coating of this every fall. It fills the pores and prevents all possibility of corrosion. —*Maine Farmer.*

STARTING SEEDS EARLY.—Rev. Daniel Emerson, Summit County, Ohio, writes that he has been successful in giving garden seeds an early start, in the following manner:

Having selected the quantity needed, each sort is tied up by itself in a cloth, the name being plainly written on a slip of paper and enclosed with the seed. The packages are then buried about two inches deep in the earth for a week or two. When ready to plant the kinds needed for planting are taken from the bags and used. They will be found to have swelled, perhaps sprouted, and ready to grow. If the ground should be quite dry, it is best to water the drill after dropping the seed, and then cover with dry earth.

Mr. E. says by that plan he has never failed to raise plants from every seed planted, though when put up they were often sprouted. If each seed is placed where it is wanted to grow it will save the labor of thinning, though many prefer to thin their rows, leaving the most prominent plants to grow.

☞ One of the deacons of a certain church asked the bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings.

"Always," was the reply.

"And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?"

"In all such cases," replied the bishop, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons."

The deacon caved in.

☞ Fanny Fern says, "if one half the girls knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased," and the Boston *Post* adds "that if men could only look into the future life of the women they marry, the number of old maids would be greatly advanced."

☞ If there is a heaven on earth it is by your own fireside with your wife on one side, a smiling baby on the other, a clear conscience, a knowledge that you are out of debt, and don't fear the printer, the tailor, sheriff, or the devil.

☞ The lion called the sheep to ask if his breath smelt; she said,

"Aye."

He bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him; he said,

"Nay."

He tore him to peices for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him.

"Truly," said he, "I have got a cold and cannot smell."

Moral.—Wise men say nothing in dangerous times.

☞ "No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Courteous treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman.