

On one occasion the writer desired to erect a board-fence around a field which was free from stones, and he proceeded on the following plan: The line of the fence was laid out perfectly straight and small stakes were driven into the ground three feet apart. A sharp edge-shaped pointed cross-bar was procured, which holes were punched in the ground where each stake was placed. By working the bar back and forth in the ground, the hole was made large enough to fit the post closely, and two feet and a half deep. The post was pointed very evenly on each side so that it would drive straight. The top was beveled so that it would not split in driving. A triangular stool, with three legs three feet long, and a heavy beech completed the outfit. The beetle was made out of a piece of soft maple, fifteen inches long, cut from a small tree about a foot in diameter. The bark was trimmed off, and the edges were beveled off about three inches; a handle of ash two inches thick was put through the beetle and was trimmed down so as to be an inch and a half thick one way and two inches in another. This prevents turning in the hands when striking with it. When the posts were all ready to be driven, a man held one of them with the point in the hole, while another mounted on the stool and drove it down with the beetle. With a little care the man who held the post kept it upright and in a line with the rest. As the posts were driven, two men followed, nailing on the boards. These four men completed a five-board fence around a square ten-acre tract in about six days, half making the labor equal to six days' work. Had the holes been dug, the job would have taken at least four times as long. The cost of labor was less than ten cents a rod; the men were good mechanics, or it would have cost much more. Their labor at two dollars a half a day being probably twice as cheap as common labor at half that rate. In addition of the superior rapidity and cheapness of the work, the fence was much firmer than it could possibly have been had the holes been dug for the posts.

of this strange quarter, which is neither so filthy nor picturesque as the Judengasse of Frankfurt, but is quite as characteristic. We have a modified form, the same cabin, gorgonous and dirt. Such dingy, rickety, tumble-down houses—such ruinous, dismantled shops, are not to be seen every where, even in the lowest back-lanes of any of the metropolitan chambers of these houses, you will find a marked contrast between exterior and interior; you will find them fitted up in a loose, untidy way, with glaring carpets and curtains of rich material, grand gilt clocks, mirrors, and other showy ornaments. As for the people themselves, the men with yellow, wizened faces, keen, hungry looks, and greasy old garments, they look much below the sturdy costers, with their molehairs and "belchers," in the many of them, wealthy men, with a comfortable balance at their banker's and perhaps two or three chests of miscellaneous bullion aloft in the crumbling mildewed garret.

It is in the adornment of their women that the Jews are most conspicuous. Their innate love of splendor; and here we have Rachels and Rebekas, with their fat, dirty hands loaded with rings, with their ditto necks encircled with glittering necklaces, and with massive golden drops dragging down their ears. Their Jewish maidens of fifteen, with their wonderful black eyes, warm olive complexion, and pouting lips, is truly a charming creature; but the rapid way in which this little, graceful and beautiful creature becomes encased, enshrouded under layers of layers of fat, as soon as she is out of her father's house, and much in awe of Israelitish matrimony. A year or two at that critical age makes such a change even in a Hebrew Venus, that I think some allowance was to be made, after all, for the cooling down of Franco's passion for Hebrew beauties. In those days, generally attended to the shops, while the men are at the wholesale auctions.

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They take good papers and read them. They keep account of farm operations. They do not leave their implements scattered over the farm, exposed to the rain, heat and snow. They repair their tools and buildings at the proper time, and so not suffer subsequently three-fold expenditure of time and money. They use their money judiciously and do not attend sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap. They do not refuse to make correct experiments in a small way, of many new things. They plant their trees well, and care for them, and, of course, get good crops. They practice economy of giving their stock good shelter during the winter, allow good feed, taking all that is unseasoned, half rotten or mouldy off. They do not keep a tribe of cats of snarling dogs around the premises, which eat more in a week than they are worth in their whole life. They read the advertisements and know what is going on, and frequently save money by it. Successful farming is made by attending to little things. The farmer who does his best, earns his money with best appreciation and uses it with the best results. Such men are the salt of the earth.

It is estimated that at least nine hundred millions of oranges are annually imported to England, and that one-fourth of this number are retailed by itinerant vendors in the streets of London. The Jews enjoy almost a monopoly of the trade with the costermongers; and their chief market is Duke Street, Houndsditch, and the large square adjoining, called St. James Place. Here the children of Israel have established a numerous colony. Even if Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were not written up over their doorways: even if there were not a large synagogue at hand; a certificate of bullock at the corner of one street, who supplies meat slaughtered in accordance with the Levitical law; and a fish dealer at another, who sells fish cooked in oil, after a fashion peculiar to the chosen people, one could have no difficulty in recognizing the nationality of the inhabitants

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A man is out of harmony with his age who descends on the pleasures of society. No modern authority professes frank enjoyment in the company of his fellow creatures. A sensation of musty antiquity pervades every avowal of the sort. Such sentiments as "The hours we spend in conversation are the most pleasing any we enjoy," "That part of life we spend in company is the most pleasing of all our moments," tell their own date, and cannot be less than a hundred years old; as they are, in fact, some years more, being found in the *Tattler*. Nobody ever tells his dream now with the pride "Methodism" was in the midst of a very agreeable company." Every particle of the sort recalls the days of formal dresses and uneasy furniture. We are not sure that any divine of our day would owe to Philip Henry's vindication of a town life—that it was a goodly pleasure to him to see a woman pass along the street, and that two ways of saluting ourselves in fatigue or weariness of spirit—either by respect of head or limb, or by counter excitement and the exercise of other faculties. When dress was a restraint and bodily comfort was not viewed as a smoking or fireless hearth, the stimulus of company, talking, dancing, card-playing, and it is still the case in many countries that the peasants who work all day dance late into the night; voluntary movement is their rest. Home to them offers few attractions; meaning, it may be said by a smoking or fireless hearth, a place to shut till supper-time or bedtime comes. People in such circumstances are ready for any form of amusement. It is no new thing to like one's ease; but the arts and habits of life advanced slowly in this direction; and their arts and habits are independent of external aids. Relaxation, which once was social, now effects the hermit. We grow more sensitive to the annoyances of intercourse, and find it answers best for our immediate ends to consult self only. Of old, ennui interfered with this, and ennui is not the universal enemy it was of old. Time is not so often nowadays called "the enemy." The idleness of us have more resources than idleness once found ready to hand. Reading is an enormous power of spending time lazily and unprofitably, which used to be simply yawning.

How to make good coffee is a matter certainly not beneath the serious attention of all who value health and at the same time wish to enjoy this enjoyable luxury. Bacon said of coffee: "This drink comforteth brain and heart, and helpeth digestion," but upon this last point doctors disagree. Some maintain that coffee, when this gives his views upon the matter of making good and of avoiding bad coffee: "I will give the result of my experience, which is somewhat opposed to the statements in your article. The Turks, Arabs and Persians roast coffee as highly as possible without turning it; because if coffee is actually burned, the oil, which is the only good property in the berry, is consumed. After the coffee is thoroughly roasted, the Orientals generally pulverize it in a mortar, put it in an open vessel, and pour boiling water upon it, and drink it. We have a similar method, but we use a filter, and we do not drink it until it settles, when they carefully pour it off, avoiding the grounds or dregs. When required for use it is put into a small saucer, when it is placed over a fire, and it remains until the coffee is hot, when it is served in small quantities. Every person who has drunk coffee in Eastern countries knows the effect it has on the nervous system, the difficulty is that the aroma has all passed off, and the tannin remains, which will always produce a headache. There are three components in coffee—caffeine, tannic acid and wood; the first is a healthful stimulant, the second is very injurious to the stomach, causing headache and deranging the system generally; hence the reason why many are obliged to abstain from the use of coffee. Coffee should not be boiled. The mode of preparation suggested by the authority named in the article alluded to above is decidedly erroneous; it is simply impossible to envelop a vessel with steam produced from boiling water during a sufficient length of time to bring the liquid into the vessel to the temperature of the steam, which it must be to extract the caffeine without boiling it. Again the length of time required to do this is impossible to extract the tannin, which mingles with the liquid and renders the coffee unfit for drinking, and all who are friendly to him and do not "swear by the *Tribune*," that journal moralizes at some length upon the evils of our political system. It says that the "lurking devil" in it is that it corrupts the popular sense "and debases all standards of purity by breeding a race of timeserving, self-seeking, lazy, and thieving politicians."

The *Tribune* speaks from the card, for when was there ever such gathering together of "time-serving office-seekers, lazy, and thieving politicians" as we see in the *Tribune* in the last national contest? Search the slums of the metropolis, drag the Tammany sewers if you would find those who were first and foremost in supporting the *Tribune's* candidates. And now, I hope should know to whom it is that the *Tribune* refers in using such strong adjectives one need only to look over the list of those led by Cochran, Allen, Reid, and others of that kidney. They are nothing more than so many political courtesans, who are ready for any form of prostitution for them to fatten upon it. *Buffalo Commercial*.

The Toledo Blade says: "Up to this date twenty-seven Representatives and Senators have turned their extra pay into the Treasury. The lamp still holds out to burn? Perhaps—but the wick is getting awfully short."

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