

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Weekly Family Journal--Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1864.

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AT
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PUBLIC SQUARE.

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Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

WYLY, J. A. NICHOLSON, D. R. P. HUSS
WYLY, BUCHANAN & HUSS,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
WAYNESBURG, PA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greene and adjoining counties. Collections and other legal business will receive prompt attention.
Office on the South side of Main street, in the Old Bank Building. Jan. 26, 1863--13.

PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office in the Court House, one door east of the Old Bank Building.

MCCONNELL & HUFFMAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office in the "Wright House," East Door. Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention. Waynesburg, April 25, 1864--13.

DAVID CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in the Court House. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
Waynesburg, Pa., July 20, 1863--13.

BLACK & PHELAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!
D. R. P. HUSS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA.

Has received from the War Department at Washington, D. C., official copies of the several laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary forms for the prosecution and collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphan children, widows, mothers, sisters and brothers, which business, upon due notice, will be attended promptly and satisfactorily, by a due application to the office in the old bank building--April 8, 1863.

G. W. G. WADDELL,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office in the "Wright House," East Door. Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention. Waynesburg, Sept. 23, 1863.

DR. A. G. CROSS,
Physician and Surgeon,
Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.
Office and residence on MAIN STREET, between the Green House and the "Wright House," Waynesburg, Sept. 23, 1863.

DR. T. W. ROSS,
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Miscellaneous.

How Tecumseh was Killed.

The Western Christian Advocate of this week contains an obituary notice of Isaac Hamblin, Sr., who died at his residence near Bloomfield, Ind., a few months since, aged about eighty-six years. Mr. Hamblin was a man of deep piety and unquestionable veracity. He was in the battle of the Thames, and the writer gives the following as his statement in regard to the manner in which Tecumseh was killed:

He says he was standing but a few feet from Colonel Johnson when he fell, and in full view, and saw the whole of the battle. He was well acquainted with Tecumseh, having seen him before the war, and having been a prisoner seventeen days, and received many a cursing from him. He thinks that Tecumseh thought Johnson was Harrison, as he often heard the chief swear he would have Harrison's scalp, and seemed to have a special hatred toward him. Johnson's horse fell under him, himself being also deeply wounded; in the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty, and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him, and when he saw him fall he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger, sure for prey. Johnson had only a side pistol ready for use. He aimed at the chief over the head of his horse, and shot near the centre of his forehead. When the ball struck, it seemed to him that the Indian jumped with his head full fifteen feet in the air. As soon as he struck the ground a little Frenchman ran his bayonet into him, and pinned him fast to the ground.

Invisible Armour.

Gen. Schuyler was one of the American officers, in the army, which fought for our freedom. He figured largely in those stirring scenes which took place on the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, when the English generals hired the Indians to come and fight on their side. Gen. Schuyler had great influence with red men; they loved and feared him; so the English wished he were out of the way; and as he did not get shot on the field of battle, a plot was hatched to waylay and murder him.

Two men were picked out to do this bloody deed, an Englishman and an Indian. The day and time were set, they shouldered their rifles, and took their stand, behind a clump of trees which he had to pass on his way home. After waiting and watching some time, the General rode in sight. He was on horseback and alone. Now, or never! They took aim! In a minute more, the General would have been a dead man. At that instant the Indian knocked down the Englishman's gun, crying: "I cannot kill him; I have eaten his bread too often." The General rides on unharmed; he has buckled on an invisible armour stronger than brass, and he is safe. What was it? The armour of friendly action. The General had often relieved the distress of the poor red men; he had fed them when hungry, and clothed them when naked, and now British gold could not buy up the grateful memory of his kindness, as it melts the murderer's heart.

"I can't kill him; I have eaten his bread too often!"
O! what power there is in friendly actions. They not only make you friends, but disarm your enemies.

A Singular Occurrence.

We are informed, says the Rock Island Union, on reliable authority, that Mrs. Raymond, of Moline, wife of Sumner Raymond, a woman aged about 65 years, gave birth to a child on Wednesday morning the 3d ult. She had been married to Mr. Raymond some twenty years, and this is her first offspring. She had been complaining of a heaviness in the stomach for nearly a year past, and had consulted several physicians, Dr. Truesdale, of this city among the number, who gave it as his opinion that she had the dropsy. At last she consulted a spiritual doctor in Deavenport, and he at once declared her true condition to her. The child was alive at last accounts and doing well. It is certainly a very remarkable case.

Printing Paper.

A bill is now before Congress to abolish the duty on printing paper, and also to discontinue the home tax on it. Great Britain, that taxes everything possible, puts no tax on printing paper, and the London Times is printed on paper imported from Belgium. Its Government views it as a tax on the knowledge of the people. Bleaching powder, which enters so largely into the manufacture of paper, it is proposed to admit free of duty, for the benefit of home manufacturers. They now get foreign rags free of duty. Local papers all over the country are fading out, as they cannot stand the price of paper etc. It is not regarded as good policy to have the result continued.

Telegraph to China.

In three years it will be possible to send a telegraphic message from Peking to Paris and back again in a day. This will be by means of the telegraph now erecting in Eastern Siberia.

A Doubtful Compliment.

A writer in The Methodist recently furnished articles on the Life and Character of Rufus Choate, the eminent Boston lawyer. Among the incidents related by the writer we find the following:

On one occasion he was apprised by a witness of his fame as an advocate in a way that for a moment embarrassed him. The instance occurred in a trial of a question of salvage. It was the case of the Missouri, an American vessel stranded on the coast of Sumatra, with specie on board. The master of the stranded vessel, one Dixie, and Pitman, the master of the vessel that came to her aid, agreed together to embezzle the greater part of her specie, and pretended that they had been robbed of it by the Malays. Mr. Choate was cross-examining Dixie very closely to get out of him the exact time and nature of the agreement. The witness said that Pitman proposed the scheme, and that he objected to it, among other reasons, as dangerous. To which, he said, Pitman made a suggestion intended to satisfy him. Mr. Choate insisted on knowing what that suggestion was. The witness reluctant at giving it. Mr. Choate was peremptory, and the scene became interesting. "Well," said Dixie, at last, "if you must know, he said that if any trouble came of it, we could have Rufus Choate to defend us, and he would get us off if we were caught with the money in our boots." It was some minutes before the Court could go on with the business. He did not relish the nature of the compliment, and yet it was a striking tribute to his fame that two men, at the antipodes, should concoct a great fraud, relying upon his genius to save them.

Washington's Great Victory.

When George Washington was a boy he wanted to enter the Navy. Like many other boys he was anxious to go to sea. His mother gave her consent; and yet it was plain she was not willing to have him go. A midshipman's commission had been got for him, and the vessel was about to sail. The servant was at the door with his trunk. He went in to say good-bye to his mother. He found her in tears. He saw the look of distress that was in her face; but she said not a word. That was enough for him. He went out and said to his servant, "Carry back my trunk to my room. I will not break my mother's heart to please myself." He gave up his commission and stayed at home.

When his mother heard what he had done, "George," she said, "God has promised to bless those who honor their parents, and He will bless you." How true her words were!
God did bless George Washington, and made him a blessing to his country and the world. Washington gained many victories afterwards, but this was perhaps the most important victory he ever gained. He conquered the British at Trenton, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown; but when he gave up his own will to please his mother, he conquered himself. The Bible tells us, "He who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

How Grant Loaded Logs.

Some one who claims to have known Lieut. Gen. Grant from boyhood, communicated to the National Intelligencer a biographical sketch of the General. As showing his business turn in early life, the biography says:
At the age of twelve he aspired to the management of his father's draught team, and was entrusted with it for the purpose of hauling some heavy hewed logs, which were to be loaded with the aid of levers and the usual appliances by several stout men. He came with his team and found the logs, but not the men. A boy of more imaginative genius, and of equal but differently directed contrivance, might have laid down to listen or dream, or build houses of chips.

Not so with this boy, who, unlike others, acted upon the idea that where there was a will there was a way, and hesitating not at the undertaking, observing a fallen tree, having a gradual upward slope, he unhitched his horses, attached them to a log, drew it horizontally to the tree, and then drew one end of it up the inclined trunk, higher than the wagon truck, and so as to project a few feet over, and thus continued to operate until he had brought several to this position. Next he backed the wagon under the projecting ends, and finally, one by one, hitched to and drew the logs lengthwise across the fallen trunk, on to his wagon, hitched up again, and returned with his load to his astonished father.

The French Way of Making Coffee.

Put into a coffee-pot as many cups of water as you wish to make coffee; let the water boil; then put in as many table-spoonsful of coffee as there are cups of water; stir it in, and let it simmer till the head falls; then take it from the fire, pour in a cup of cold water, and let it stand on the hearth ten minutes, when it will be quite clear. A cup of this coffee, added to a cup of boiled milk, and sweetened according to taste, will be found luxury.

THE POOR WASHER WOMAN.

"I declare, I have half a mind to put this bed-quilt into the wash to-day. It does not really need to go, either; but I think I'll send it down."

"Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does not need to go?" asked her good old aunt in her quiet and expressive way.

"Why, you see, aunt, we have but a small wash to-day; so small that Susan will get through by one o'clock at the latest, and I shall have to pay her the same as though she worked till night; so--"

"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady gently, "stop a moment, and think. Suppose you were in the same situation poor Susan is, obliged, as you tell me, to toil over the wash-tub six days out of the seven, for the bare necessities of life, would you not be glad, once in a while, to get through before night, to have a few hours of daylight to labor for yourself and family, or better still, a few hours to rest? Mary, dear, it is a hard, hard way for a woman to earn a living; begrudge not the poor creature an easy day. This is the fourth day in succession she has risen by candle light, and plodded through the cold here and there to her customer's houses, and toiled away existence. Let her go to noon, if she gets through; who knows but that she may have come from the sick bed of some loved one, and counts the hours, yes, the minutes, till she can return, fearing that she may be one too late? Put it back on the bed, and sit down here, while I tell you what one poor washer-woman endured because her employer did as you would to make out the wash." And the old woman took off her glasses and wiped away the tears that from some cause had gathered in her aged eyes, and then with a tremulous voice related the promised story.

"There was never a more blithesome bridal than that of Ada R. None ever had higher hopes; more blissful anticipations. She married the man of her choice, one of whom any woman might be proud. Few, few, indeed, had a sunnier life in prospect than she had."

"And for ten years there fell no shadow on her path. Her home was one of beauty and real comfort; her husband the same kind, loving man as in the days of courtship, winning laurels every year in his profession; adding new comfort to his home, and new joys to his fireside. And beside these blessings God had given another; a little crib stood by the bedside, its tenant a golden-haired baby-boy, the image of his noble father, and dearer than aught else could offer."

"But I must not dwell on those happy days; my story has to do with other days. It was with them as it has often been with others: just when the cup was the sweetest it was dashed away. A series of misfortunes and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept away from them everything but love and their babe. Spared to each other and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and at length became once more to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home. But a little while it stayed and then the shadows fell. The husband sickened and laid for many months upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain, but often times for food and medicine. All that she could do, the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till, at length, she, who had worn a satin garment on her bridal day, toiled at the wash-tub for the scantiest living. In a dreary winter, long before light, she would rise morning after morning, and labor for the dear ones of her lowly home. Often she had to set off through the cold, deep snow, and grope her way to kitchens which were sometimes smoky and gloomy, and toil there at rubbing, rinsing, and starching, not unfrequently wading knee deep into the drifts to hang out the clothes that froze even ere she had fastened them to the line. And, when night came, with her scanty earnings she would grope through the cold and snow to her oftentimes lightless and fireless home; for her husband was too sick to tend even the fire, or strike a light. And oh, with what a shivering heart would she draw near, fearing ever she would be too late! It is a fact that for six weeks at one time she never saw the face of her husband or her child, save by the lamp-light, except on Sabbath. How glad she would have been to have had, once in a while, a small washing gathered for her!"

"One dark, winter morning, as she was preparing a frugal breakfast, and getting everything ready before she left, her husband called her to his bedside.

"Ada," said he, almost in a whisper, "I want you to try and come home early to-night; be home before the light goes; Ada!" "I'll try," answered she, with a choked utterance.

"Do try, Ada. I have a strange desire to see your face by daylight. To-day is Friday; I have not seen it since Sunday. I must look upon it once again."

"Do you feel worse?" asked she anxiously, feeling his pulse as she spoke.

"No, no, I think not, but I want to see your face once more by sunlight; I cannot wait till Sunday."

"Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till the sunlight had stolen through the little window; but it might not be. Money was wanted, and she must go forth to labor.

Be Clean and Tidy.

"When I was six years old," says a well-known merchant, "my father died, leaving nothing to my mother but the charge of myself and two young sisters. After selling the greater part of the household furniture she owned, she took two small rooms in W-- street, and there, by her needle, contrived in some way--how I cannot tell, when I recollect the little money for which she worked--to support us in comfort. Frequently, however, I remember that our supper was simply a slice of bread, seasoned by hunger, and made inviting by the neat manner in which our meal was served, our table always being spread with a cloth which, like my good mother's heart, seemed ever to preserve a snow-white purity."

Wiping his eyes the merchant continued:

"Speaking of those days reminds me of the time we sat down to the table one evening, and my mother having asked the blessing of our heavenly Father on her little defenceless ones, in tones of tenderness that I remember yet, she divided the remnant of her only loaf into three pieces, placing one in each of our plates, but reserving none for herself. I stole aroud to her, and was about to tell her that I was not hungry, when a flood of tears burst from her eyes, and she clasped me to her bosom. Our meal was left untouched; we sat up late that night, and what we said I cannot tell. I know that my mother talked to me more as a companion than a child. When we knelt down to pray, I gave up myself to be the Lord's and to serve my mother."

"But," said he, "this is not telling you how neatness made my fortune. It was some time after this my mother found an advertisement in the newspaper for an errand-boy in a commission house in B-- street. Without being needful to wait to have my clothes mended, for my mother always kept them in good order, and although on close inspection they bore traces of more than one patch, yet on the whole they looked very neat; without waiting to arrange my hair or clean my shoes, for I was obliged to observe from my earliest youth the most perfect neatness in every respect; my mother sent me to see if I could obtain the situation. With a light step I started, for I had long wished my mother to allow me to do something to assist her."

"My heart beat fast, I assure you, as I turned out of W-- into B-- street, and made my way along to the number my mother had given me. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and stepped briskly into the warehouse, and made my way into the counting-house, and made known the object of my calling. The merchant smiled, and told me there was another boy who had come a little before me, whom he thought he should engage. However, he asked me some questions, and went out and talked with the other boy, who stood in the back part of the office. The result was that the lad was dismissed, and I entered the merchant's employment, first as an errand-boy, then as a clerk, afterwards as a partner, until his death, when he left me the whole of his stock and trade. After I had been in his service some years, he told me the reason he chose me in preference to the other boy was because of the general neatness of my person, while in reference to the other lad he noticed that he neglected to be tidy. To this simple circumstance has probably been owing the greater part of my success in business."

"Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered. "Ah, ma'am! I left my baby almost dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow. I know it, I have seen it too many times; and none but a child of nine years to attend to him, Oh, I must go, and quickly!"

And, grasping the money she had toiled for, while her baby was dying, she hurried to her dreary home. Shortly after they followed her; the young wife who had never known sorrow and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble, followed her to her home--the home of the drunkard's wife, the drunkard's babes. She was not too late. The little dying boy knew his mother. But at midnight he died, and then kind hands took from the mother the breathless form, closed the bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and told about it the pure white shroud; yes, and add more; they gave, what the poor so seldom have, time to weep.

"Oh, Aunt," said Mrs. M. with tears in her eyes, "if my heart blesses you how much more must poor Susan's. Had it not been for you she would have been too late. It has been a sad, but holy lesson. I shall now always be kind to the poor washer-woman. But, Aunt, was the story you told me a true one, all true I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head when it had seen but 30 summers, and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange, therefore, that I should pity the poor washer-woman."

Boys out at Night.

The practice of allowing boys to spend their evenings on the streets is one of the most ruinous, dangerous and mischievous things possible. Nothing so speedily and surely makes their road downward. They acquire under the cover of night the most pernicious habits, and become educated in mischief, and in the use of profane and vulgar language, and associate with the vicious and depraved. Hundreds of boys belonging to worthy families in every town, who are permitted night after night to select their own company and place of resort, are on the direct road to ruin. Confiding parents who believe their sons are safe--that they will not associate with the vicious--will one of these days have their hearts crushed, as thousands have before, by learning that their sons whom they regarded as proof against evil, have been from early youth, on the road to ruin. Again we say keep your boys at home at night, unless you accompany them yourself. Make your houses such that your children will delight to spend their evenings there, and you will find your task a light one.--Exchange.

The wife of Gen. P. T. Beauregard died in New Orleans on the evening of the 23d inst., and was buried on the 4th. Her funeral was very largely attended.

home by illness, the inquest will probably be held by Alderman Donaldson, who is officiating in his stead.

The accident is one of the most serious and painful which has occurred in this vicinity for some time, and has cast a gloom over the neighborhood in which the deceased parties resided.

The "Blues."

Cheerfulness and occupation are closely allied. Idle men are very rarely happy. How should they be? The brain and muscles were made for action, and neither can be healthy without vigorous exercise. Into the lazy brain crawl spider-like fancies, filling it with cobwebs that shut out the light and make it a fit abode for "loathed melancholy." Invite the stout hand-maiden, brisk and busy Thought, into the intellectual chambers, and she will soon brush away such unwholesome tenements. Blessed be work, whether it be of the head or the hand, or both!

Foot Rot in Sheep.

The foot rot was discovered among my sheep last winter. I had blue vitriol finely pulverized, and a part put in water--more than the water would dissolve.

Each sheep was placed on its back and all the feet carefully examined. If not affected, the strong solution was applied between the hoofs with a small swab. If a foot was diseased, all of the hoof loosened from the quick was thoroughly pared off, the tender part wet with the vitriol water, to make the powder adhere better, and fine vitriol applied to the part affected. Swabbed between the hoofs, and removed all affected sheep from the well sheep.

The thirty or forty in the hospital flock were properly attended. If not cured by the first application, the foot was examined, and more vitriol applied.

The well flocks were closely watched. If a diseased sheep was discovered, it was removed, and the whole flock received an application of vitriol water between the hoofs with a swab. They were all (300) treated with the swab four times.

The manure under the sheds did not freeze. They were cleaned and well littered. In six or eight weeks the disease disappeared, and has not since appeared in the flock.--E. G., Half Day It., in Prairie Farmer.

Keep Stock off the Meadows.

Many meadows are seriously injured by stock in the spring months. They are permitted to run upon them when the frost is leaving the ground, which is soft and easily cut by the hoofs of horses and cattle. The scanty picking they get will not begin to compensate for the damage they cause the meadow. When the ground is soft, as it always is in the spring, stock should be carefully excluded. It is always very bad policy to pasture meadows in the fall. Every spring is generally eaten off, and the ground and roots are left cold and naked. If the growth after cutting grass had been left, it would have acted as a mulching, keeping the roots warm and uninjured by the severity of winter. A good coating of aftermath (towel) lying upon the ground all winter is equivalent to a covering of snow, which all know to be beneficial to land.--Valley Farmer.

Manuring Pear Trees.

A gentleman who has had considerable experience gives an account of his manner of manuring his pear orchard. In autumn he applies several barrow loads of coarse stable manure to each tree, spreading it several inches thick all around the tree as far as the roots extend. During the winter the soluble matter is gradually leached from the manure and carried into the soil. In the spring what remains of the manure is covered with a coating of salt hay (or any other cheap hay), and it is allowed to remain on until fall, when it is removed, and manure applied as before. By having the ground mulched in this way, it is kept moist and free from weeds. This mode of applying manure is approved by some of our most successful cultivators, and is preferred to ploughing in the manure, at the risk of disturbing the surface roots.

A Hint to Farmers.

There are three things easily raised and harvested, for which the farmers may depend upon it, there will be an enormous demand, and high prices paid during the war. We refer to potatoes, beans, and onions. The farmers could not do a better thing for themselves and their country than to plant these vegetables very extensively. If it appears, as the spring advances, that fruit will be scarce, onions, potatoes and beans must be had to fill the vacuum.

Good Farmer.

"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "O yes, massa, a first rate farmer--he makes two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why he sell all his hay in the fall and make more / once; den, in de spring he sell the hid / ob de entle dat die spring he want ob de hay, and dat makes money twisy."

Shocking Casualty--Three Men Killed.

On last Saturday, March 26th, between seven and eight o'clock, a distressing accident occurred at the coal works of Messrs. A. D. Smith & Bro., opposite McKeesport, which resulted in the instant death of three men, and the injury of two others. The particulars, as we obtain them from a member of the firm, are as follows:

"The checkman, Mr. John Dunn, was in the act of starting a loaded car from the top of the hill, when the 'hitching-plate' broke, and the car was precipitated down the incline with great velocity. On reaching the bottom, it struck the tippelman, Mr. Jos. Will, killing him instantly, and throwing him over the tippel into the barge which they were loading. A laborer, named John Kain, was struck almost at the same moment, and killed instantly.

The car was broken to pieces, and some of the fragments struck Mr. Wm. Nicol, managing partner at the works, who was knocked into the river. If the injuries which he received from the flying fragments were not fatal, death from drowning followed. The body was subsequently recovered.

James Forgie, employed as boat loader, was seriously injured by the fragments. One leg was fractured, and also discolored at the hip. His injuries, however, are not regarded as fatal.

Wm. Copeland was severely stunned, but he was so slightly injured as to be able to go about soon after the accident.

Mr. Will was a widower, and leaves four orphan children. Messrs. Kain and Nicol were both married, and leave families. They all reside in Millin tp., in the vicinity of the works, and their bodies were taken charge of by their friends.

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