

give my full consent to your marriage to Harriet."

"Sir, I cannot thank you sufficiently, but I will endeavor to prove my gratitude hereafter."

Harriet did not say a word, but she went around, and placing her arms around the old man's neck, she gave him a kiss, which repaid him for all he had said.

"One thing more," continued John; "when shall the wedding take place? Brouse my mentioning the subject at this early hour, but—"

"No apologizing!" cried the old gentleman; "you cannot be more anxious now than I. Name as early a day as you please—the earlier the better."

"Then I would suggest the day after to-morrow morning."

Jacob thought that was rather early, and was disposed to suggest that it would require longer time to make the necessary arrangements; but he looked at his daughter, and she seemed to smile affirmatively, and so he replied:

"Well, let it be as you wish."

At ten o'clock on the day mentioned the party were united. The affair was rather private, and went off to the satisfaction of all interested.

The same evening, a very hungry-looking young man alighted from the stage-coach in Flyburg, and, after partaking of a hearty supper, called at the residence of Jacob Muddleworth, and introduced himself as the son of Peter Wiggins. He was a good deal surprised when he found himself looked upon by that worthy man as an impostor; but Jacob was a great deal more surprised when his visitor produced uncontestable evidence that he was the true Robert Wiggins, and no mistake. An explanation ensued, and the young man retired with evident symptoms of disgust.

For a gay or two, Jacob Muddleworth was peculiarly savage; but his anger evaporated gradually, and he acknowledged that John Leggett and wife had played a shrewd game and had proved themselves worthy of one another.

An Old Time Sunday.

An antiquary, who has been making researches in the colonial traditions at Haverhill, Massachusetts, gives in the New York Evening Post, some peculiar traits of "the good old times."

"The Sunday—always called the Sabbath—began at sunset on Saturday. No labor was performed on that evening. Sunday's church services were announced by the blowing of a horn, or the hanging out of a flag. They began at nine A. M., and lasted until twelve. There was then an intermission of an hour. At one o'clock in the afternoon services were resumed and continued until four. The people were compelled by law to attend one service at least, and a fine was imposed upon all who rode rapidly either to or from meeting. The sexton called upon the minister and escorted him to the meeting house. There were few pews and those for "the quality" only, occupying the two sides of the front entrance. The people at large sat on benches arranged in the centre of the house, places on which were assigned at an annual Town meeting according to social standing. "To seat the meeting house," as it was called, was the most difficult duty of the year. No person might take offense and stay away, and no person might occupy another's seat. A fine was imposed in both cases.

The services began by prayer, which was followed by singing a psalm in metre, dictated by a deacon, line by line, to the congregation. Then followed the "long prayer," occupying from sixty to ninety minutes, during which time the people stood. Neither kneeling nor reading of the Scriptures was adopted for more than a hundred years after Plymouth settlement, both being regarded as imitative of the church of England. A second hymn followed the long prayer, and then came the sermon, invariably written, and occupying from one and a half to two hours in delivery.

A burly looking female of unmistakable Celtic origin was recently arraigned before a magistrate for some ordinary offense. While nature had magnificently endowed her with good health and physical strength, the question of good looks had been neglected in the haste in which she had been prepared for this world. "What are you up here for?" inquired the magistrate. "My beauty, I reckon." "Your what?" "My beauty." "Are you certain of that?" "Oh, bedad, there is no doubt." "Then I discharge you—you ain't guilty!" And the acquitted lady took her departure.

When you see an old man with straggling whiskers all around his throat, and a plug hat that was fashionable in 1849, sitting on a front seat and looking at the ballot girls through an opera glass, at a variety show, you can make up your mind that he's the kind or rooster Moody and Sankey have no business with:

"Dear me," said a lady, "I have such a cold. What do you do Doctor, when you have a cold?" "What do I do?" said the Doctor. "Why, Madame, I cough, and sometimes I sneeze."

"When I put my foot down, I'll have you understand," says Mrs. Nojoker, "there is something there." On investigation it was found to be a No. 16 shoe.

Professor Swing says that a hat won't be a bet "comes down over the eyes of the winner's soul."

Farm and Household.

Garget.

Garget is an inflammation of the milk vessels, and cows coming in in high condition are very likely to show a touch of it. At this season, these organs are, so to speak, at a high service pressure. The force of the animal seems all at once to be directed to the production of milk in expectancy of the coming calf. The organs have an excess of activity—the vessels are extended and pressed with the abundance of the incoming tide—and so long as the milk is accumulating and there is no withdrawal of it, the greater is the pressure upon the tissues; and it is this undue pressure that is in many cases the direct occasion of the ensuing inflammation. Garget may be present in an animal of otherwise perfect health. In such cases, the garget is apt to pass readily off, leaving no mark of its presence. It is but a trifle, and a strong healthy system can swallow up many little ills and make no account of them. My remedy for garget is to maintain most ample health in the animal. Observe at the critical period all the conditions of health; and see to it that all unfavorable conditions, as drafts of air, bad water, too dry food, hard planks to lie on, a hot sun, etc., are reduced to the minimum. Put six men on one end of a rope, and they can easily pull one man. With the best of health in the cow, garget is the one man. But let there be a little falling off in the health, let there be a little indisposition—and the cow is peculiarly sensitive at this time—and we are soon in trouble. Now and then garget, so commonly present, instead of passing off in the healthful life current, lingers and augments; until it becomes a serious evil.

When the udder is largely extended, and milk comes to the teat before the calf is come, as is not seldom the case, then it should be our office to act the calf; evidently nature is at fault and needs our interposition. I have had many cases of garget that have been somewhat troublesome; but scarcely a case where I could not look back and see mistaken treatment or more likely an omission to do something that should have been done. Feeding one's own stock, and thinking right along about each animal, as we care for them, I hold there need seldom occur troublesome garget. It is something that is born of the artificial conditions to which the cow is subject, and preventive measures are commonly at our command. There are, however, times when the services of a skilled veterinarian will be very desirable. The practical man will sometimes find himself at a loss either to explain the origin of the difficulty, or to prescribe a treatment. But this is an extreme of garget; and it is only such form of garget as is of frequent occurrence on every milk farm, that I now refer to.

But it will be asked what shall we do, when garget is anticipated or is already present? Give a dose of epsom-salts morning and night until its action is perceived. Three-quarters of a pound is not an excessive quantity. Dissolve this in a bottle filled with warm water, then pour it down the animal's throat. Don't look her in the face now, for cough she assuredly will. This is the stomach treatment; as to the swollen udder, keep it clean by washing with soap and water. It may be well to wash it with her own milk, rubbing much with the hands.—Cleanliness, frequent milking, and rubbing with the hands, are the three important ideas to carry into practice. The Scotch have a saying, "The cow gives milk by her mouth." Keep guard over this and the rest will usually take care of themselves.

Profit in Pickles.

Many farmers in this state do not know that they can realize more money from raising cucumbers, than from any other crop. There is always a good demand for them if they are picked small and well cured. They should be salted by making strong pickle, not dry salted, as that will shrink them up and cause a loss to the grower as well as to the parties who put them up for market. We are now compelled to go to Chicago for pickles, on account of the scarcity of them here. Even in Boston and New York the supply does not meet the demand, and millions of dollars go out of this state for the very article that we should ship to other large cities. This state is well adapted to the growing of cucumbers.—Maine Farmer.

The above fits our case in every respect, as well as it does that of Maine.—We could "beat all creation" raising cucumbers, and everything is decidedly favorable with us for the manufacture of pickles, yet we must send away to Chicago or St. Louis or Baltimore for every pickle used in our towns and cities! And we are decidedly a pickle-eating people. What a strange world we do live in?

A California paper recommends charcoal for fattening turkeys, and says that it should be pulverized and mixed with mashed potatoes and corn meal, as well as fed to them in bulk.

Quince Pie.

Pare, slice and stew six quinces till soft, press them through a sieve, add one pint of milk and three well beaten eggs, sweeten to taste, bake in a bottom crust, three-quarters of an hour, in a moderate oven.

Winter apples are rotting badly.

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NO MORE CRACKING OF FURNITURE—NO MORE DRY HUSKY HEAT.

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