

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 20.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:
If paid in advance.....\$1.50
If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1.75
If paid before the expiration of the year, 2.00
And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months.
1. All subscriptions are continued until otherwise ordered, and no paper will be discontinued, until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.
2. Returned numbers are never received by us. All numbers sent us in that way are lost, and never accomplish the purpose of the sender.
3. Persons wishing to stop their subscriptions, must pay up arrears, and send a written or verbal order to that effect, to the office of publication in Huntingdon.
4. Giving notice to a postmaster is neither a legal or a proper notice.
5. For one or more numbers of a new year have been forwarded, a new year has commenced, and the paper will not be discontinued until arrears are paid. See No. 1.
6. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional fraud.
7. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.
8. The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:
1 insertion, 2 do., 3 do.,
Six lines or less, \$ 25 \$ 37 1/2 \$ 50
One square, (16 lines), 50 75 1 00
Two " (32 ") 1 00 1 50 2 00
3 mo., 6 mo., 12 mo.,
One square, \$3 00 \$5 00 \$8 00
Two squares, 5 00 8 00 12 00
1 column, 8 00 12 00 18 00
2 do., 12 00 18 00 27 00
3 do., 18 00 27 00 40 00
4 do., 24 00 36 00 50 00
Business Cards of six lines, or less, \$4.00.

Advertising and Job Work.

We would remind the Advertising community and all others who wish to bring their business extensively before the public, that the Journal has the largest circulation of any paper in the county—that it is constantly increasing—and that it goes into the hands of our wealthiest citizens.

We would also state that our facilities for executing all kinds of JOB PRINTING are equal to those of any other office in the county; and all Job Work entrusted to our hands will be done neatly, promptly, and at prices which will be satisfactory.

Select Poetry.

TO THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.

Ye are welcome gentle warblers,
From the warm and sunny south;
With your tinkling voice of melody,
Ye breathe of vernal youth;
Ye are heralds of the coming flowers,
The deep and glowing sky,
The gushing streams, the leafy bowers,
And soft winds wandering by.

Ye are welcome, gentle warblers;
Ye are from the land of flowers,
Where life is but one summer's day—
And yet ye come to ours
To sing old Winter fast asleep,
And sooth the wayward Spring;
With glancing wing, and eye to peep
Where gentle violets spring.

Ye are welcome, gentle warblers;
From orange groves ye come;
Yet ye waken olden memories of
My far off mountain home;
Of absent ones, what changing throats
Your carols summon forth;
Voices seem blending with your songs,
Now heard no more on earth.

Ye are welcome, gentle warblers;
I have listened many a day,
When the warm south winds went gushing
By,
To catch your stirring lay.
Ye have come; but speed ye, fast and far,
My native hills among;
And to the loved ones dwelling there,
Pour your next matin song.

And O, ye bright winged messengers,
A group of grassy graves
You will find, amid those far off hills—
Near by the flower waves;
There is many a flower to mark the spot,
Nourished by many a tear,
O, warble forth your sweetest note,
For those who sorrow there.

Tell them, ye fearless warblers,
In "songs of lofty cheer,"
A Father's guardian care enfolds
The loved forms sleeping there;
Fearless, to trust in His embrace
The dear ones who are gone;
For He who guards your tiny race,
Will not cast off His own.

A Select Story.

THE LILY'S MISTAKE.

LOVE'S BLOSSOM AND ITS FRUIT.
BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Mr. Henderson, will you give me Alice I love her, and wish to make her my wife.

Mr. Henderson had lowered the newspaper, that he was reading by the shaded gas light, to nod to the youthful pair who stole into the library. He seemed a little surprised at the intrusion, but reverted at once to the 'shipping list' which he was reading.

'Brig J. F. Henderson,' he murmured, 'Larkins, from Chicago, 1200 bushels wheat, pretty good cargo, that will pay well. Ha! what do you want, Alice?'

'Mr. Henderson, will you give me Alice? I love her, and wish to make her my wife.'

'Your wife! You love Alice, and wish to make her your wife! Returned Mr. Henderson, with a startled air and lowering brow.'

He looked scrutinizingly for several moments at the two who, hand clasped in hand knelt at his feet. Very handsome they looked, perfect types it seemed to him of masculine and feminine beauty. The unassuming morning snow wreath which the night clouds twine about the casement is not fairer than was her pure brow. Her eyes were of the deepest and darkest blue with a wondrous power of change that puzzled the chance recipient of their glowing glances to decide upon their hue; and most rare accompaniment of that exquisite complexion, masses of raven hair, in clustering bands, framed the perfect oval of her face. Her petite figure, cast in the most exquisite mould of feminine proportions, with its own peculiar swaying grace reminded one of nothing so much as the lily, that loveliest of flowers, and had gained her the pet name of 'Lily,' among all her friends.

Mark Stanford's fair, regular features, his glossy curling hair of sunny brown, his light and rather restless eyes were very beautiful, but a wondrous contrast to the pure, noble lineaments of the 'Lily' bent there by his side. An impression of a want of power in Mark, a vague, general impression of his unworthiness of Alice came into Mr. Henderson's mind as he gazed. Hitherto he had seen little and known little of Mark Stanford. He recollected now that, when, after reading the evening papers and perhaps writing a letter or two, he strolled into the drawing room to ask Alice for a little music, he had several times been annoyed by finding Mark Stanford sitting beside her upon the sofa, and so evidently monopolizing her thoughts and conversation that he could not, with politeness, make his anticipated request. He remembered, also that though Alice would start upon seeing his annoyed expression, and move towards the piano forte, yet there was an evident reluctance, now, and till now unaccounted for, in the movement.

He knew it all now, saw everything, Mark Stanford's frequent visits and their cause, the Lily's reluctance to give him his evening treat of music, which, for years, had blotted out, with the divine harmonies of inspired composers the thousand and jangled discords of the Babbles of commerce, among which his days were passed, and sent him to pleasant dreams upon his nightly pillow.

He saw it all now, saw that his life was about to be made desolate, nay, already was desolate saw that this weak, fair-faced youth, had wiled with a few honied words, the love of that fresh young heart quite away from him, from his wife, from the home of her childhood and womanhood; had caused passionate visions of do light to pass across the unsummed mirror of her maiden soul, visions that should never meet their beautiful realization.

With a great, but repressed pang the merchant averted his gaze from the restless eyes of Mark Stanford, and looked straight into the deep orbs of his Lily.

'Do you love Mark Stanford?' he said very softly, and do you wish to take him for your husband?'

'Father! That simple word was all she uttered, but the swift, rosy blushes, that rose to her white brow were not more eloquent. He bent forward and touched with his lips the snowy, veined eyelids that closed beneath the gentle, loving pressure; he clasped for a moment the tiny hand in his broad palm. Then he said, in a voice from which he vainly sought to banish all traces of emotion.

'Go now, my Lily. I will speak with you again. Ask your mother to come to me my darling.'

Then, as if half reluctantly, he gave his hand to Mr. Stanford, in silence, and sinking back in his chair saw the two move down the long, dusky room, hand in hand and disappeared in the shadows that filled his lower space. The murmur of some low spoken words in Mark Stanford's voice, and a half broken sob that he knew was from the Lily's full heart, reached his ear. Then the door opened for a moment the two, with hands still clasped, stood framed in the arched and carved door place, through which the light from the hall beyond was streaming, and look back at him. Then they silently turned and went out, the door was closed, and he was alone. Alone and sad and desolate!

The thought had come to him vaguely sometimes, that Alice would marry, but he had never contemplated her marriage as an inevitable occurrence, a fixed fact, until now. Under any, the most favorable circumstances, he would have looked upon her marriage sadly, but now he was more than sad. It was not even that he knew nothing of Mark Stanford, the needed knowledge might be gained, but that he feared much. There was no power, and but negative goodness expressed in his face, while the restless movement of his beautiful eyes, and the delicate flexile lines of his smiling mouth and smooth chin betokened an unstable character.

With his paper lying forgotten upon the floor, where he had dropped it in his surprise, Mr. Henderson sat leaning his head upon his hands in deep thought, until the opening of the door again aroused him. Mrs. Henderson came hurrying in with a perplexed and pained expression upon her fair and usually placid face and advanced straight towards her husband. She took his outstretched hand, and dropping into a chair by his side, burst into tears.

'Laura, did you know anything of this? Has Mr. Henderson's first question, have you suspected that an attachment was going up between Mark Stanford and your Lily?'

'Never, husband; the thought has not once occurred to me, but you know how much I have been engaged of late in nursing my dear mother.'

'Trace, my love. I do not think of blaming you, replied Mr. Henderson with a reassuring glance, for Mrs. Henderson's words implied an apology. But how did he gain the entrance of the house? You know I leave all matters of that kind to you, and when I have seen him here, he seemed so insignificant that I never thought of enquiring about him. But I have always despised pretty men, and shall do so more than ever the remainder of my days.'

He is very handsome, Mrs. Henderson replied, with a little sigh. But, really, I do not see that he is to blame for that. He is very young still, and he may improve and settle down to business. So you know something of him. Tell me what you know.

Only this, husband. His mother was a sister to Judge Black. She is dead and Mark is an orphan. The Judge was very fond of him in his life time and left him a little property, and, besides that left him his fortune to Mrs. Black's charge. She is very fond of him, too, and has him down here whenever he can be spared from business, for he is a clerk for a wholesale firm in New York, and his aunt intends to advance the sum necessary for a partnership before long. Mrs. Black brought him here, a year ago, when he was visiting her, to Alice's birthday party; and, as she has Alice frequently with her, the two have seen a good deal of each other. And I have been so occupied with other things that I never thought of its coming to this, or I might have prevented it perhaps.

The very doubtful tone in which Mrs. Henderson pronounced the last words of her little speech, brought a shadowy smile to her husband's lips.

'There spoke volumes for the omniscience of young Love, my dear, he said—Young Love that laughs at locksmiths, and eludes the vigilance of duennas and careful mammas. But, and the shadow of sadness again settled upon his face, it seems that the mischief is done now, and the falling in love of this pair cannot be prevented. Their marriage can possibly. Is it better to try to prevent it?'

'Indeed I cannot tell, husband. I feel that our Lily is worthy of a more sterling man, I feel that in some respects her highest attainments, as a moral and intellectual being, will not, cannot be attained as the wife of Mark Stanford, and I have a strange fear that, if she marries him, she will find

that she has made her whole life, henceforth, a long mistake. But she believes that she loves him now, and is ready to put the utmost faith in him, even to the extent of taking him for her temporal guide and companion.

'With true womanly trust Laura; and with all love's blindness! Well, poor child she is only fulfilling her destiny. Would that it might have been a brighter one, for though in point of fortune and position, I have no right to look higher for Alice, yet I have a distrust of the young man which at present I am unable to overcome. I will make inquiries to-morrow, and if I find that Stanford's character is not entirely irreproachable, I will not allow my engagement to take place.'

'Yet you must be cautious, husband.—You know that people will talk about it if we dismiss Mark Stanford, they will say that if Alice had been our own child we would have done differently, that we wish to prevent her marriage, and to keep her for our own companionship.'

'Laura, do you think it possible that such very foolish and malicious things can be said of us? Is not Alice in all respects as our own child? Could any father love his daughter more?'

'I think not, indeed, my dear, and no mother loves her child more fondly, I am sure, than I loved Alice since I first took her in my arms, a pretty, smiling infant of a twelve-month's age. For seventeen years she has filled up that great blank of our childless existence. How I used to long, as I sit alone in these great rooms, for the prattle of a child's merry voice, and the pressure of little dimpled hands, and how I used to dream at night of cherub faces and rosy lips saying, "Mama," till we took Lily from the arms of her dying mother and brought her home to be our own. Oh, husband, how can we give her up, and see her go from us now?'

Mr. Henderson drew his weeping wife to his bosom, and said, soothingly: 'Let us still hope that she may not go from us. Our Lily must have lived out her woman's destiny, only I had hoped to give her to one eminently worthy of her. If we find Mark Stanford unworthy let us hope that she will be willing to resist this infatuation and remain in the sanctuaries of her home. Let us now go to the dining room and find if she loves this Mark Stanford so well as to be willing to trust him more than us.'

A month later Mr. Henderson sat in his library at evening and read his papers.— But it was not the shipping list which fixed his attention. He had read and re-read and each time the expression of his compressed mouth grew deeper in sadness, the following announcement:

Married, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. James Eastburn, Mr. Mark Stanford, of New York, to Miss Alice Henderson, adopted daughter of J. F. Henderson, of this city.

'Mr. Mark Stanford,' the old man murmured, 'Alice Henderson, only my adopted daughter, and so that popinjay came and stole her away, and left me very sad and desolate—yes, desolate, he added stretching out his hand to his wife, who just then entered the room, 'and utterly desolate but for you. Remember this, Laura, if I should die before you, a home must be always kept for our Lily here.—God grant she may not be forced to fly to it from sorrow and despair.'

'Amen,' said Mrs. Henderson, faintly, and then there was a silence until the clock upon the landing outside pealed forth the hour for retiring, and they went through the dim luxurious rooms, that seemed so empty now of all but shadows and stillness to the couch where rest was chased away by vague, but not the less anxious fears, for her who but yesterday had gone from them a bride.

Mr. Henderson had made every necessary inquiry in relation to Mark Stanford, and had learned nothing essentially disadvantageous to him. That was the utmost that could be said. The young man's character was one of negative good, no positive evil could be asserted of him, and in the same neither could any positive good.—And so, when Alice clung to her first love with all the ardor of her deep, passionate nature, from which the icy exterior had all melted away in the warmth of the hidden fires kindled by the touch of love, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson could only consent, with trembling anxiety for the result to her marriage. And so, all trustingly, she had placed her hand in that of Mark Stanford, and turning her back upon her home—leaving father and mother—she had gone out with him, to walk in this world, far apart from all the beautiful associations of her youth.

For a time she was very happy, wildly happy, coming home at unexpected times for flying visits, with her beautiful face radiant with joy and hope. Then followed a change, slight at first, and only to be discerned by the eyes of watchful love, and those noting it strove with well meant self-deceit to hope it was but the shadow of her new found maternal cares. But soon after there came whispers of reckless extravagance, of dissipation, insane in its extent at times, of high play and siren influence too easily gaining away over a weak mind, and all these whispers Rumor connected with the name of Mark Stanford. Years passed on, and whispers came no more, but instead, Rumor, trumpet-tongued, heralded far and wide the errors, and the vices, and the crimes of Mark Stanford. It told of bankruptcy, of ruinous play, of drunken debauchery, of a luxurious establishment that was not the home of his wife; it told of poverty for wife and children, tightly to be borne if instead of coldness and neglect, and blows, and curses, there had been our love in the shelter to which they had flown.

So passed away more bitter years, and Alice still clung to her unworthy husband, and resisted all entreaties to return to the dear old home where the warmest welcome and the most loving care awaited her—From that home, ere those years had passed, the kind old man, yearning for his drooping, broken Lily like a loving father, passed away, with his last strength exacting once again from his weeping wife her ancient promise to preserve that last refuge for the one he cherished. He died, lamenting to the last poor Lily's fatal marriage, yet never dreaming of inflicting the worldly penalty of neglecting and blame upon the misfortune from which he would have warned her.

But at last Mark Stanford's course was run. All traces of his former self had long been lost—all beauty, all of negative worthfulness, everything but the restless love of change, the facile disposition that could resist no new influence, especially if the first step had been taken, its direction was evil. He died and Lily shed some hot tears over the bloated face, so un-like the beautiful features of the Mark Stanford she had learned in her girlhood's love to love. She cut away one of the matted nut brown curls, now thickly streaked with silver threads—tok no note of age, but of restless scheming and unholy passions—and then, when they had borne him away, in his plain but decent coffin, to his grave, she took her little ones by the hand and left forever the poor shelter which she need no more call home.

She went back to the home that awaited her, and the tender mother love of Mrs. Henderson—went home to be very happy in that love, but to miss the tone of one kindly voice, the pressure of one loving hand, the kiss of gentle lips, that she should never hear or feel again. But she carried to those dim rooms, where luxurious appointments had, during the years of waiting for her coming, been shrouded from the light, the merry sound of children's voices, and pattering feet, that renewed the age of the self-styled grandmother, and caused her to live over, in many a simple memory and childish story, the days of her Lily's childhood.

The roles of her widowhood were worn the customary period, and then, throwing them aside, Alice once more entered society. So much respect she had rendered to the dead, for respect and her children's sake, but she was too truthful to keep up the farce of mournful devotion to the memory of a man, who, in outraging her dignity and wounding her self-respect, had forever destroyed the existence of her love for him. She condemned herself, therefore, to no forced seclusion, but came back to society with the zest caused long absence.

The Lily was more beautiful than in her girlhood. The suffering that had elevated her character had added new graces to her person. She was still young, still brightly admired, and once more she loved—not with the feverish passion that had linked her young life with that of Mark Stanford's, but with a deep and intense devotion to a noble character—fitting mate to her own, and giving full guarantee, in a spotless life of ceaseless and worthy activity that now she had not mistaken the true means of happiness.

The Lily's only sorrow, on her second wedding day, was that she missed the approving smile which she knew would have dwelt on one dear face, and the fervent blessing of lips that death had silenced.

Many peaceful, many happy years have passed away since that day. Lily's eldest daughter has asked her mother's permission to marry a man strangely like Mark Stanford, and that mother's warning words and the sad history of her first mistake, have saved the young girl from what might have been the saddest fate that can

befall a woman—a mistake in the bestowal of her early affections. Thus Lily's life and sorrows have not been in vain, and she is even grateful at times, for the experience that gives her words the solemnity of the deep utterance of an oracle—the power to warn and to save.

Moral Miniatures.

NO. 6.

CHEERFULNESS.

There is no fault more in want of immediate eradication, than the habit of regretting the past, and wishing for the recurrence of days and pleasures which it is not, evidently, God's will we should ever see again. Being social beings and dependent for so much of our social happiness upon our associations, we partake, individually, in a measure of each other's joys and sorrows, and our countenances gradually assume the aspect of the object we look upon. Therefore, it is greatly in our power either to sadden or gladden the companions around us. Cheerfulness is a habitual acknowledgement of gratitude to our Heavenly Father for his innumerable blessings, and we know it is one of our first duties. I prefer it to mirth, because the latter is a transient act, while the former may become a permanent habit. We daily see people who are subject to the greatest depression of spirits habitually, at times carried away by the most extreme transports of mirth, and youthful exuberance, perhaps only awakened by a trifle, yet they relapse again shortly into their former gloomy mood. And their mirth, like a flash of lightning breaking through the clouds and glittering but for an instant, dies out and leaves a darker pall than before. But on the contrary cheerfulness is a constant sunshine to the heart, filling it with a never ending serenity.

'Were it not worse than vain to close our eyes, Unto the azure sky and golden light, Because the tempest cloud doth sometimes rise And glorious day must darken into night?'

'The hearts of all mankind naturally flow out in friendship, toward those, who by a cheerful obliging disposition, win their affections.—Then keep your sorrows and regrets to yourselves, my friends, for all, separately, have enough of woe, without becoming enveloped in the shadows or gloom of others. But delay not to cheer up and strive to be, and make your neighbors happy, by being contented with the condition in which it has pleased God to place you.'

'If solid happiness we prize, Within our breasts this jewel lies, And they are fools who roam; The world has little to bestow, From ourselves our joys must flow; Our bliss begins at home.'

Some folks stamp their religion with an air of gloom, but I think if there is a being who should be cheerful, and move like a sunbeam thro' the world, it is he whose soul is buoyant with a lively hope of immortality. He should sing a constant strain of gratitude to God, because in a fearless happy state of mind; and such a person's influence would be incalculable for good. 'Let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth,' says the wise Solomon Ecclesiastes 11th ch. 9th v.; and St. Paul in his exhortation to the Romans upon their several duties urges mercy to be shown with cheerfulness. Go ye, my friends and do likewise. EDUCATOR

Counting in Good Style.

Git out you nasty pu-py, let me alone or I'll tell your ma cried Sally to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her pulling dirt from the chimney jamb.

'I ain't techin' on ye Sall,' responded Jake.

'Well perhaps yer don't mean to nuther do yer?'

'No I don't.'

'Cause you're too tarna' scary, you long legged, lantern jawed, slab sided, gangle kneced own you. you ain't got a tarna' bit of sense, get along home with you sir.'

'Now Sall, I love you, and you can't help it, and if you don't let me stay and court you, my daday will sue you'n' for that cow he sold him the other day, he said he'd do it.'

'Well look here Jake, if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set off there as if you tho' I was pizen.'

'How on airth is that Sall?'

'Why side right up here and kiss me as if you really had the bone and stnew of a man about you. Do you suppose a woman's only made to look at? No, they're made for 'practical results,' as Kossuth says to hug and kiss and such like.'

arm gently on Sall's shoulder, we thought we heard Sall say:

'That's the way to do it old hess, like a man.'

'Oh Jerusalem and pancakes!' exclaimed Jake; 'ef this ain't better than any apples-s ever marm made, a darned site. Sall, oh, how I love you!'

Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling at horses hoof out of the mire.

A Hard Story
There is a doctor in the North-western part of Philadelphia, who is especially remarkable, as the women term it, "short and crusty." A few weeks ago he was called to visit a patient who was labouring under a severe attack of cheap whiskey.

Well, doctor, I'm down, you see—completely floored—I've the Tremendous Delirium, you perceive.

'Tremens, you fool, where'd you get the rum?'

All over in spots—broke out promiscuously. Served you right, where'd you get the rum?'

Father died of the same disense; took him under the short ribs and carried him off bodily.

Well, you've got to take something immediately.

You're a trump, doctor—here, wife I'll take a nip of old rye.

Lie still you blockhead. Mrs. B. your husband should get worse before I return, it will be in an hour, just give him a dose of that trunk strap; may be that will fetch him to a sense of his folly.

The doctor sailed out, and within an hour sailed in again, and found his friend of the "Delirium Tremendous" in a terrible condition, writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the plain but ignorant school, came forward, and laying her hand upon the doctor's arm said—

Doctor, I gave him the strap as you directed.

Did you thrash him well?'

'Thrash him! I exclaimed the astonished woman, no but I cut it into hash, and made him swallow it.'

Oh Lord! doctor, roared the victim, I swallowed the leather, but I'm bloated if I could go the buckle!

The doctor administered two bread pills and made his exit.

New Species of Corn
They have a new corn in Georgia, called 'Peabody's prolific.' If the accounts are true, it must be very prolific indeed. One grain or kernel is planted in each hill from which springs a main stalk and from two to three suckers, bearing two or three ears each. Many of the stalks yield twelve ears apiece, and some more—many of the ears are twenty rowed, others sixteen. Certificates are given to show that the yield was at the rate of two hundred bushels per acre, on some farms; no statement makes the yield less than from eighty to ninety bushels per acre on the thin pine lands of Georgia.

Preparation of Seed Corn.
For more than twenty-five years I have been in the practice of preparing seed corn in the following manner, in order to prevent it from being taken up by the crows after planting. I procure a vessel sufficiently large to contain the quantity of corn that will be required to plant the ground prepared for the purpose. To about each bushel of corn, I add a sufficiency of water to cover it, in which has been dissolved about one pound of copperas for each bushel of corn, leaving it soak in the water until completely saturated, and its color changed; no other preparation is necessary. When prepared in this manner I have never known but a few hills to be disturbed by the crows, although they are very numerous in the neighborhood in which I reside.

BUCKINGHAM, 4th mo. 24th 1858. H. W.

The editor of the Amherst (N. H. Cabinet) says he has never had so good potatoes as the last two years, and he ascribes his success to the observance of the following points:

1. Change of seed. Our seed was all procured from a distance.

2. Planting on light instead of a heavy, wet soil.

3. Light manuring and seeding.

4. Early planting and late digging.

5. Manner of keeping.

Planting Fruit Trees.—McIntosh says: In planting fruit trees where the subsoil is of indifferent quality, it is advisable to place under each a piece of pavement three feet square and about twelve or fifteen inches under the surface, that the roots when they come in contact with it, may be made to take a horizontal direction. This is one of the great means of keeping them near the surface, and has been found of much advantage.

'William,' said a carpenter to his apprentice. 'I'm going away to-day and I want you to grind all the tools.'

'Yes, sir.'

The carpenter came home at night. 'William, have you ground all the tools sharp?'

'All but the handsaw,' said Bill; 'I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that.'