

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published the following rates:  
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## 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 instantly 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.

### MY CHILDREN.

Have you seen Annie and Kitty,  
Two merry children of mine?  
All that is winning and pretty  
Their little persons combine.  
Annie is kissing and clinging  
Dozens of times in a day,  
Chattering, laughing, and singing,  
Romping, and running away.  
Annie knows all of her neighbors,  
Dainty and dirty alike—  
Learns all their talk, and the jabs,  
Says she "adores like Mike!"  
Annie goes mad for a flower,  
Eager to pluck and destroy—  
Cuts paper dolls by the hour,  
Always her model—a boy!  
Annie is full of her fancies,  
Tells most remarkable lies,  
(Innocent little romances)  
Startling in one of her size.  
Three little pray-ers we have taught her,  
Graded from winter to spring!  
Oh, you should listen my daughter  
Saying them all in a string!  
Kitty—ah, how my heart blesses  
Kitty, my lily, my rose!  
Wary of all my caresses,  
Chary of all she bestows,  
Kitty loves quiet places,  
Whispers sweet sermons to chairs,  
And, with the gravest of faces,  
Teaches old Carlo his prayers.  
Matronly, motherly creature!  
Oh, what a doll she has built—  
Guiltless of figure or feature—  
Out of her own little quiet!  
Nought must come near it to wake it;  
Noise must not give it alarm;  
And when she sleeps she must take it  
Into her bed, on her arm.  
Kitty is shy of a caller,  
Uttering never a word;  
But when alone in the parlor,  
Talks to herself like a bird.  
Kitty is contrary rather,  
And with a comical smile,  
Mutters "I won't to her father,  
Eying him slyly the while.  
Loving one more than the other  
Jan's the thing I confess;  
And I observe that their mother  
Makes no distinction in dress.  
Preference must be improper  
In a relation like this;  
I wouldn't toss up a copper—  
(Kitty, come give me a kiss!)  
—Atlantic Monthly.

## Select Miscellany.

The following beautiful essay, was read by a young lady, at a recent examination in one of the Seminaries in Missouri.

### LET THERE BE LIGHT.

"In the beginning," deeper than Egyptian darkness was that which enveloped the earth.

No twinkling star relieved the solemn darkness of the sky, nor tiny ray from the fire fly's feeble lamp enlivened the chaos; but all was silent heavy darkness.

Around the throne of the mighty God was collected all light, which there shone with illimitable splendor.

At last the omnipotent voice of the Creator pronounced the words "Let there be light," and from the throne there issued a vast flood of glowing radiance which descended on the swift wings of morning to illumine the earth.

Then arose a mighty shout of joy from the assembled host of heaven, and "God said, it is good."

Darkness drew her sombre mantle around her, and fled affrighted to the secret caverns of the earth.

The light danced merrily on the sparkling waves and penetrated the deep ocean. Softly it called the hidden verdure from the cold bosom of the earth, and joyfully it was obeyed.

The merry insect sported on its wing, and life was throughout the regions of the earth.

Water dissolved into vapor and floated as fleecy clouds in the air.

Then the seven colors bent in a loving embrace across the sky, forming the rainbow arch and parted to do their appointed work.

The red painted with fairy pencil the robes of Aurora, kissed the delicate petals of the flowers then divided into the sea, and left a glowing blush on the sea shell's cheek.

Green moved quickly over the earth, touching trees and grass with its refreshing color.

Yellow sprang to the sunset sky and pencilled it with its bright golden hue; then glided gently to the peeping stars, and left her color in their mellowed rays moved along the sea shore on the shining sands and sought the dark caravans of the earth at last, where it left its magic impress on the glittering metal.

Blue spread the heavens with its soft, ethereal azure, then rested on the bosom of the clear, transparent waters.

Purple went to the over-burd-ned vine, and left its tint on the luscious grape. Violet abashed fled to a modest flow'ret and hid in its jeweled cup.

Orange, as it pass over the fields, colored the little wild flowers with its brilliant hue, then sought the delicious fruits of the South, and smiled upon them.

A gray were the colors sent on their mission when man was created.

Red tinged the rich blood which coursed through his veins, pressed his cheek with the glow of health, and lingered enraptured on the lips of a life long kiss.

Blue dwelt in the mild radiance of his beaming eyes. Yellow danced in the wavy ringlets of his hair, and the seven colors uniting in a beautiful combination, left their snowy impress on his noble brow.

Then God the maker, pronounced in loving tones those thrilling words, "Let there be light," and living light from the Divine Spirit illumined man's frame, and he became an immortal being.

He looked at the earth and saw the springing flowers and the creeping reptiles. He gazed above him and beheld the vast ocean swelling and dashing, and the tall forest trees covering the earth for many miles, and affording shade to the innumerable animals that dwelt in peace and harmony. He raised his eyes to the heavenly vault studded with stars, and strove in vain to penetrate the mysterious curtain. Then man reasoned, "Who could be the author of these wondrous things?" and a mighty voice replied "It is I—the First and the Last." And man worshiped the great "I am," for he felt that he was his maker.

But soon the clouds obscured the light, the tempter came with his insinuating wiles, and man forgot his God.

Then came Death the King of Darkness, to take the place of the lost Light. But God was merciful, and sent the glorious Sun of Righteousness to drive darkness away forever.

The heavenly decree "let there be light" has been issued every time a new soul is born into the kingdom of Christ, and whenever the light of intelligence beams upon the soul though often in mercy the Good Father's voice remaining silent, and the weeping friends, and the heart broken mother lament the birth of an idiot child,

for those blessed words have not yet been spoken, but they are spoken when "The soul, freed from its cumbrous prison of clay.

Greet the eternal morn of a heavenly day."

At last, when "the earth is consumed by fire, and the earth passes away with a great noise," the light will return to Heaven, and shine with renewed splendors around the "Great White Throne."

There for an eternity will it shine reflected on the pure and happy faces of the blest.

### The Oldest Bible in America.

This is a volume of 600 pages, containing the whole Bible in the Latin language. It belongs to the Rev. Dr. Duffield of Detroit. The book is made entirely of vellum and the printing is all done by hand with a pen and ink. Every letter is perfect in its shape, and cannot be distinguished, by any imperfection in form, from the printed letters of the day. The shape of the letters is of course different from those now in use, but in no other respect can they be distinguished from printed matter. The letter is of about the same size as that in which this article is printed, which will give an idea of the difficulty of forming so perfect a work. The immense amount of labor may be conceived from the fact there are two columns on each page, each of which lacks only about six letters of being as wide as the columns of this paper. They will average sixty lines to the column. The columns numbering 1200, we have about 72,000 lines in the whole book. No thing short of a life time could accomplish such a work.

The date of this book is A. D. 920. It was consequently made 500 years before printing was invented, and is 928 years old. There is probably nothing on this continent in the shape of a book, equal to it in age. The vellum upon which it is printed is of the finest kind, and is made of the skins of young lambs and kids, dressed and rubbed with pumice stone until it is very smooth. It is some what thicker than common paper, being a medium between that and the drawing paper now in use. The fine veins in the skin are distinctly visible in many places. A pencil mark was drawn by the operator to guide the construction of each line. Many pages have these lines visible on their whole surface, no effort having been made to rub them out. Two lines running up and down divide the columns with mathematical accuracy. At the beginning of each chapter, lightly colored ornamental letters are placed. These are the only marks of the division of chapters. There are no subdivisions into verses, the chapter running through in one paragraph to the end, and no descriptive headings.

This invaluable relic was presented to Dr. Duffield, by Lewis Cass, Jr., our Minister Resident of Rome. He procured it of a Greek monk who brought it from the Greek convent of St. Catharine at the foot of Mt. Sinai. Mr. Cass befriended this monk, who was in trouble, and he, in return, presented him with the volume we have described. According to his story, it is the work of one of the ancient monk scribes in the convent above named. When it became known that Mr. Cass was parting with it, and that it was going out of the country, the round sum of \$3,000 was offered him for it by the monks of the city of Rome. This was of course refused, for the pleasure of placing so inestimable a relic in the hands of one who can appreciate its value so well as our learned divine, Dr. Duffield. At the time of the late fire in the Doctor's house, this book was thrown into the street among others, and came very near being lost. It was picked up on the sidewalk by one who recognized it as one of Dr. Duffield's most valuable relics, and preserved it.

### A Hint to the Ladies.

It is very rarely indeed, that a confirmed flirt ever gets married. Ninety-nine out of every hundred old maids may attribute their ancient loneliness to juvenile levity. It is very certain that few make a selection from ball-rooms or any other place of gaiety; and as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in the streets, or other allotments of dress, our opinion is that ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery which women load and decorate their persons with, go for nothing, so far as husband catching is concerned; here and how then, do men find their wives? The quiet homes of parents and guardians, at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. —Excelsior.

## The Use of Tobacco.

Were it possible for a being who had resided upon our globe to visit the inhabitants of a planet where reason governed, and to tell them that a vile weed was in general use among the inhabitants of the globe it had left, which afforded no nourishment; that this weed was cultivated with immense care; that it was an important article of commerce; that the want of it produced real misery; that its taste was extremely nauseous; that it was unfriendly to health and morals; and that its use was attended with a considerable loss of time and property; the account would be though incredible and the author of it would probably be exploded from society for relating a story of so improbable a nature. In no one view is it possible to contemplate the creature man in a more absurd and ridiculous light than in his attachment to tobacco.

The progress of habit in the use of tobacco is exactly the same as in the use of spiritous liquors. The slaves of it begin by using it only after dinner; then, during the whole afternoon and evening; afterwards before dinner, then, before breakfast, and, finally, during the whole night. I knew a lady who had passed through all these stages, who used to wake regularly two or three times every night to compose her system, with fresh doses of snuff.

The appetite for tobacco is wholly artificial. No person was ever born with a relish for it; even in those persons who are much attached to it, nature frequently recovers her disrelish to it. It ceases to be agreeable in every febrile indisposition. This is so invariably true, that a disrelish to it is often a sign of an approaching, and a return of the appetite for it, a sign of a departing fever. I proceed now to mention some of the influences of the habitual use of tobacco upon morals.

1. One of the usual effects accompanying smoking and chewing is thirst. This thirst cannot be allayed by water, for so long as the system is under the influence of the stimulus of the smoke or juice of tobacco. A desire, of course, is excited for strong drinks, and these, when taken between meals, soon lead to intemperance and drunkenness.

2. The use of tobacco, more especially in smoking, disposes to idleness, and idleness has been considered the root of all evil. "An idle man's brain," says the celebrated and original Mr. Bunyan, "is the devil's workshop."

3. The use of tobacco is necessarily connected with the neglect of cleanliness.

4. Tobacco more especially when used in smoking, is generally offensive to those people who do not use it. To smoke in company, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners; now, manners have an influence upon morals. They may be considered the out posts of virtue. A habit of offending the senses of friends or strangers by the use of tobacco, cannot, therefore, be indulged with innocence. It produces a want of respect to our fellow-creatures, and this always disposes to unkind and unjust behavior towards them. Who ever knew a rude man completely or uniformly moral.

In reviewing the account that has been given of the disagreeable and mischievous effects of tobacco, we are led to inquire, what are its uses upon our globe, for we are assured that nothing exists in vain.—Poison is a relative term, and the most noxious plants have been discovered to afford sustenance to certain animals. But what animal besides man will take tobacco into his mouth? Horses, cows, sheep, cats, dogs, and even hogs, refuse to taste it. Flies, mosquitoes, and the moth are chased from it. But let us not arraign the wisdom and economy of nature in the production of this plant. Modern travelers have at last discovered that it constitutes the food of a solitary and filthy wild beast, well known in the deserts of Africa by the name of the ROCK GOAT. I shall conclude these observations by relating an anecdote of the late Dr. Franklin. A few months before his death he declared to one of his friends that he had never used tobacco in any way in the course of his long life, and that he was disposed to believe there was not much advantage to derive from it, for that he had never met with a man who used it who advised him to follow his example.—Benjamin Rush.

DIGNIFIED.—The Syracuse Journal, wishing to tell the editor of the Albany Knickerbocker that he lies, avoids that vulgarly by the severer method of a scriptural reference, and assures the Albany man that "he is perfectly well aware that he is guilty of the sin for which Ananias was struck down by an indignant Deity."

## KANSAS.

### SOIL, CROPS, PRICES, &c.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. St. GEORGE, Potawatamie, K. T., July 15, 1858.

Our last year's crops have been consumed without altogether relieving the people from their embarrassment occasioned by the encroachment of the country. No country was ever settled so fast and with as industrious a population as this, and the improvements almost beggar fiction to describe them. I have lived in prairie countries before; but of all the countries I have ever seen, this rewards the toils of the husbandman the best, and with the least toil. I have it from the authority of *The Herald of Freedom* (by the way, a good paper) that fifty seven bushels of wheat have been harvested to the acre (this summer, and such crops of corn, potatoes and other vegetables I think cannot be beat even in the American bottoms on the Mississippi, and farmers have spread themselves this season, and have planted generally from twenty to one hundred acres of corn, which is now silking, and the appearance is now there will be a great surplus; but it cannot be put in market in time to meet the land sales. There are thousands of claims worth from \$500 to \$2,000, and \$3,000, many with large improvements, and the owners not able to raise the means to secure them. There are, however, speculators in some places in the Territory with warrants, loaning them at various rates, taking mortgages for them—some of which I have seen binding the mortgagee to pay \$300 at the end of the year, with costs of recording, interests, &c., or they must lose their lands, and a chance for the holders to be out of reach a time of payments, thereby making it impossible to have them redeemed. Now if the system is left in the hands of these sharks, our enemies may yet steal a march on us. The remedy I am about to propose is this—that our Eastern friends who have the means, send their agents here to every county with warrants, to let out on mortgage securities at \$200 for 160-acre warrants, at say from 10 to 20 per cent per annum, and have the arrangements so made that payments shall be made in the same county where the lands are situated. And by this system of operation we will be befriended indeed, and those philanthropists will be amply paid for their benevolent actions. We would like to see men of means coming in, as there is much valuable land yet unoccupied and splendid openings for those wishing to go into the milling business. Steam mills under present laws get one fourth for toll; water mills, one eighth. Grain is high, lumber \$40 per thousand, mechanics wages \$2 50 to \$4 per day, and the people are preparing to sow wheat extensively this season. I wish others, have experiment with it, and I can say that I never saw it excelled in Eastern Ohio. I have also tried fruit trees and the Osage orange, and many other useful things which have answered my highest expectations. The Kansas River has been navigable for small boats all this season, and large ones could navigate it part of the time, and at this time it would float the largest ship in the Atlantic Ocean it can be navigated with boats (any season) bust, expressly for it. The Kansas Valley is one of the finest, richest and most beautiful valleys on the globe, and healthy also, and is destined to be a principal avenue for the tide of the floating millions westward bound on their mission, peopling the eastern slopes of the Rock Mountains, where the antelope, elk and buffalo now quietly feed in countless numbers, soon to give place to bleating sheep and lowing cattle, and the wilderness be made to blossom like the rose.

A REMARKABLE "COLD HOLE."—In what is known as the Swatara Gap, in the Blue Mountains, on the borders of this county, is what is called "Cold Hole." The *Lebanon Courier* says, this "hole" is only eighteen inches in depth, but even in the hottest days of Summer the air in it is very uncomfortably cold. A gentleman tested it, the other day, with a thermometer. In ordinary shade the mercury stood at 90 degrees. He removed the thermometer to this hole, and in about an hour, without any change in the outside atmosphere, the mercury fell to fifty degrees. He then placed the thermometer in spring water, and it went up to 50 degrees. Why the air in this hole is so cold has not been explained, but there appears to be a current of air ascending from beneath, probably from an under-ground cold spring.—Har. Telegraph.

There is only one bad wife in the world and every crusty husband thinks that she has fallen to his lot.

## Humorous Poetry.

### THE PHILOSOPHICAL DUTCHMAN.

BY MYNHEER VON KROPPLES.

I've a tollar vot I spend,  
But I've nothing for to lend,  
For I nefer borrows nothing, dont you see, Yohn Schmidt.

I've a preddy little frow,  
Und I've friends in plenty now,  
Un a lot of preddy children at mine knee, Yohn Schmidt.

I haf noting to desire,  
Ven I sit beside mine vire,  
Un I smoko mine self into a sleeping state, Yohn Schmidt;  
I'm so happy vot can be,  
So you listen now to me,  
Un I'll dell you vot I love, un vot I hate, Yohn Schmidt.

I love der lager bier,  
Ven it's goot, un isn't dear,  
I can triek 'pout sixty glasses in a tay, Yohn Schmidt;  
But I hates der liquor law,  
(Sooch a ding Ineler saw.)  
Vot would dake our schnapps un lager all way Yohn Schmidt.

I love a Deutschen song,  
'Pout a hundred verses long,  
Mit a phoar for a thousand voices, too, Yohn Schmidt;  
But I hate der snuffel psalm,  
Vot isn't worth a—Kreutzer,  
For to sing it makes your vace grow long un plue. Yohn Schmidt.

I lve some Deutschen food,  
Yaw! I likes it butty goot,  
Der spech un sauerkraut, un salat slaugh, Yohn Schmidt;  
But I hate der milk of swill,  
Un der meat dey nefer kill,  
For it dies before dey've dime to hit a knuck, Yohn Schmidt.

I love the ready flowers,  
Vot grows in garden bowers,  
Der cabbage, un der radish, un der beet,  
Un I hates der toads un frogs,  
Un der sausage made of togs,  
Un everyting vot isn't good to eat, Yohn Schmidt.

Now I've a fiddel store,  
Un it sits before der door,  
Un I dells der preany schnapps, un pretzel cake Yohn Schmidt;  
Un I dinks I'll butty soon  
Haf a lager bier salon,  
Un don vot plenty money I vill make, Yohn Schmidt;

Un ven enough I've got,  
I vill pay a "house un lot,"  
Un a corner grocery I'll have besides, Yohn Schmidt;  
Don so happy I vill be,  
Mit mine schilren pr mine knee,  
Mit mine money, un my fro, but mit no pride Yohn Schmidt.

## Moral Miniatures.

### NO. 11—CURIOSITY.

Of all the traits and passions in the character of man none has such striking features as curiosity, and none are more instantly visible. It is a principle which operates continually, and it is universal throughout the world. The student is in a great measure actuated by it while intently and in silence poring both night and day over the volumes of a remote age; the child in its advancement to the age of discretion, and the traveller in search of new worlds, and other objects of attraction, unknown before, are alike urged on by this propelling power. In almost every circumstance, situation, or period of time, we may perceive its powerful influence upon the mind by means of the actions of the body. But however universal and powerful this trait may be, it is only when connected with laudable purposes that its exercise should be encouraged and approved of. Otherwise it would tend to pervert our deeds into acts of sin, and thus conquer our sense of duty. Here it may be necessary to enumerate some of the methods by which a tribute is improperly paid to curiosity, and which degrades us below the level of righteous human dignity. The man whose curiosity leads him to mingle in a crowd of acquaintances merely to ascertain their various opinions of his own actions, uses it from a spirit of self-vanity. The one who minds the business of others to the neglect of his own, the religionist who is not satisfied with the plain revelations of the Scriptures, but searcheth unwearily for that which may pervert their meaning to ridicule or contradiction, and which tendeth not necessarily to salvation. These with many other instances in everyday life are censurable, and tend to decrease the ratio of real happiness in the world. Turning to contem-

plate its use in a worthy manner, curiosity becomes the parent of many useful inventions, arts and sciences. It has cherished the tree of knowledge, and endeavors to spread its branches over all the earth. Man has thus been led into the intricate mazes of philosophy, proved his ideas—whether correct or incorrect—by researches into the arena of Nature, whose progress in either the animate or inanimate sphere he has noted, but without lessening his desire for increased opportunities of operation. Certainly there is in our nature other incentives to virtue, but none so well calculated to improve and enlarge our store of knowledge, because one object to its gaze is no sooner attained, than another is presented with equal claims to attention. It was this among other motives, that led Columbus through the vast expanse of water to explore space for a new world, which seemed almost a certainty to his expectant eyes. Curiosity, too, in opening the Book of Knowledge to man, led Newton to discover the revolutions of the planets, where by the phenomena of the starry system was solved, and Galilea was in the same manner brought to think, and we know the light he has left behind him to guide his fellow-men. Franklin made the lightning useful to man, and Fulton showed how the seas could be traversed by steam. In fact, my friends, uninfluenced by curiosity all our scientific researches would be laid aside, and praiseworthy deeds in various spheres, would be consigned to the oblivion of past things. Dr. Johnson says curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first passion, and the last, and it always predominates in proportion to the strength of the mental faculties. Guide well yourself in this respect, dear readers and "be not curious in unnecessary matters—but 'whatsoever thy hand findeth (of good) to do, do it with all thy might.'"

## EDUCATOR.

### Sumner's Column.

He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself, must either hold or drive.

### Hints to Farmers.

Tomatoes make excellent preserves. Toms are the very best protection of cabbage against lice. Plants when drooping are revived by a few grains of camphor. Peas are greatly improved by grafting on the mountain ash. Sulphur is valuable in preserving grapes, &c. from insects. Lard never spoils in warm wether if it is cooked enough in frying out. In feeding with corn, 60 pounds ground will go as far as 100 pounds in the kernel. Corn meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it. Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that large ones have. Ruta Baga is the only root that increases its nutritious qualities as it increases in size. Sweet olive oil is a certain cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. Apply it internally and externally. Rats and other vermin are kept away from grain by a sprinkling of garlic when lacking the shueves. Money skillfully expended in drying land by draining or otherwise, will be returned with ample interest. To cure scratches on a horse, wash the legs with warm soapuds, and then with beef brine. Two applications will cure in the worst case. Timber cut in the spring and exposed to the weather with the bark on, decays much sooner than if cut in the fall. Experiments show apples to be equal to potatoes to improve hogs, and decidedly preferable for feeding cattle. Wild onions may be destroyed by cultivating corn, ploughing and leaving the field in its ploughed state all winter. TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes, remove the fruit again and boil until the syrup thickens. On closing, put the fruit into jars and pour the syrup over it, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious. REMEDY FOR THE HOVEN.—Cattle pasturing on clover in a wet state are apt to become bloated. I have relieved them in a short time by simply placing a straw band in their mouth as a bit, and tying it over the head. In their endeavors to get it out the wind is expelled from the stomach.—Country Gentlemen.