

Baudian to Agriculture, Fortigulture

APRIL 27, 1871-

FERGUSON'S AVENGERS.

A STORY OF PARTISAN DAYS.

IF STATISTICS AND A STATISTICS

This for the gallant Ferguson !"

The foregoing five words had instituted a roign of terror in one of the loveliest dis-tricts of the Palmetto State — a district wa-tered by the Catawba and Pacolet rivers and

their gentle tributaries. In the manth of September, 1780, Corp-wallis detached the notorious Col. Ferguson to the frontiers of North Carolina, for the ostensible purpose of encouraging the tories of that region to take up arms for the king. Ferguson's force consisted in part of the most profligate and abandoned characters of the partisan days, and his march war mark-ed by atrocities of the most shocking des-cription. The hardy men of the Carolinas, Kentucky and Virginia rose against the ma-rauders, and, led by Boone and other backwood's worthies, gave them a decided defeat at King's Mountain. Ferguson was slain in the battle, and his fellow-foreigners, numbering about one thousand, were nearly all captured or killed.

This conflict revived the hopes of Southern patriots, and forced Cornwallis to return to Charleston discomfitted and cast down.

We shall have rest now," the patriots said, after the battle. Ferguson, the dreaded, is dead, and the few tories who es-caped with their wretched lives are not strong enough to do us harm.'

Everywhere in the visibility of the battle field, the Americans breathed freer, and the loyalists in whose interest Ferguson had marched to his death, curbed their loyalty.

nd in secrecy swore revenge. But the settlements were soon to learn that the victory of King's Mountain had nerved the arm of a foe more terrible than any which they had hitherto known.

The existence of the new terror was discovered by a boy one morning about a fortnight after the battle. He found the family of Archibald Meltson murdered in their own house, and to the corpses had been pinned a paper bearing these words : "This for the gallant Ferguson !"

This terrible atrocity aroused the country, and the excitement was quickly heightened by the finding of the body of another mur-dered patriot. On the cold breast which had been pierced by pistol balls, was the pallid paper and its words of terrible import, and the country knew that a fearful yengeance would be taken for King's Mountain.

During the week that followed the dis-coveries I have mentioned, the work of the Avengers was terrible. They fell upon dear patriot houses at the dead of night, and has the on the bosom of their victims the five works to which had already terrorized the country. It was in vain that the patriots summoned their cunning and energy for the capture of the band of demons, which, as it had been discovered, numbered, six men, mounted on black horses. They came and went like ghosts but always left behind the terrible sentence which had made their existence exeorable. At times they fell upon their huntors, and left them by the roadside, marked with the signs of vengeance. Fear began to paralyze the Carolinians; many aban-doned their homes for the sake of their families ; and it is probable that the entire

during deeds of the Revolutionary War. The noise in the house increased, and oaths and rude jests preceeded and followed the lighting of a fire on the hearth. Alice, who had louged for a sight of the

dreaded six, crept to a spot near the bereau where there was a crack in the floor. Then

where there was a crack in the floor. Then applying her eyes to the peep-hole, she saw six wild looking men directly beneath her. They were, beyond doubt, the 'Avengers of Berguson's death, for several masks lay on the table, along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patrict's cellar. Tall, rough-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines and sabres, the kind of men who never court. the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleading of innocence. Just such fellows as they were Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoders taken at King's Mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots. There were true men in South Carolina

at that time who would have given their right arms for a chance to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice knew where a little party of patriots lay, but, alas, they were

not very near. 'We'll rest here and finish that wine,' said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that he had already imbibed freely. 'Bring in the poultry and on old Beau-champe's hearth, we'll prepare a feast.'

At his command one of the men left the ouse, but soon returned, bearing with him a duck and several chickens, from whose

freshly wrung necks the warm blood was

Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table. 'Standing like rocks,' was the reply. 'Such

horses as they are don't need watching, and besides, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this place.'

'Why, there's the widow Hartzell.' 'I didn't think of her,' was the reply.--'How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we

caught him at last.' 'And presented him with a breast-pin! He ! Ha !'

And the laugh went round the room. Alice Beauchampe did not wait until the

laugh was ended ; while yet it filled the house with devilish echoes, she glided across the room to a window that looked out upon the dark palmetto grove.

. There was no sash in the window, and the cool winds of the night kissed the pallid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness be-neath the window, but failing in her en-deavors, she crept over the sill. resolved to hed to

Alighted without injury.

the friend she had lately left ; but immediate flight in that direction was not her intention.

'Heaven aid me !' she murmured, as the glided around the old house and approached the horses which the tories had left tethered to a small tree a few yards from the door. A glance in the room revealed the forms

had completely terrorized the country, and

hate are in their power." I have thought that I commanded men, not drunkards !' and he struck the table with the butt of his pistol, but could not rouse his stupid followers.

The next moment, with an oath on his lips, he strode to the door, which he jerked

"Ourse such dogs as I lead I' he hissed. "I suppose I must lead the horses up and tie

suppose a must lead the horses up and the each fool in the saddle.' I add He was stepping from the perch for the purpose of attending to the horses, which he supposed were still tethered at the tree, when a form rose before him and he started back with a gasp of terror. 'Who in the mischief '---

'Alice Beauchampe !' was the interrup-tion of the apparition. The daughter of the old man basely murdered by your hands.' Down on your miserable knees, Godfrey Lang, and beg for the mercy you have nev-er granted others. Down, I say l' Perhaps the shadow of the window sash

did not permit him to see the pistol that was clutched in the hand of the fearless girl, else his rashness might have been curbed.

'Kneel to you ? Never !' he cried.

The weapon which he raised dropped be-fore the flash that followed his words, and with a groan of pain he staggered back to drop dead among his drunken comrades.

Alice Beauchampe, amazed at her own courage, stood silent amidst the smoke of her own pistol. She saw the bacchantes try to shake off their torpor at the sight dripping. 'How's the horses ?' asked one of the his feet to fall as soon as he needed sup-

Now for the swamp ! she cried, with triumph, and the next minute rushed from the disgusting sight. An hour passed away and the drunken

tories began to recover; their chief, who dropped to the floor, seemed to sober them with his cold face and staring eyes, and when they had all recovered their scattered

wits, the foe they dreaded was upon them. Alice Beauchampe's voice had fired the hearts of the patriot hand for vengeance. On her way to the swamp she had encoun-tered the partisans who had captured one of the flying horses, and were followingsthe trail.

The conflict between patriot and tory was brief and almost bloodlers. The five avengers were made prisoners

an sued like cowards for the mercy they had never granted to a living being. I need not describe the scene that follow-

ed. Suffice it to say that the trees in front of Alice Benuchamne's home bore the

The vengeance of the patriots was as complete as it was terrible, and when the georious sun rose again, the dreaded men of the lovely district had ceased to frighten people with their name. Alice Beachampe, whose courage had led

to the extermination of the avenging band, became the heroine of the day, and after the termination of the hostilities wedded a A glance in the room revealed the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine and watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear dapger, for their horrible deeds in the Palmetto State.

Sad is the heart of the mother Who sits by the lonely hearth, Whore never again the children Shall waken their songs of mirth. And still through the painful silence. She listens for voice and tread, Outside of the neart—there only She knows that they are not dead !

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

Here is the deplate cradle,

The pillow so lately pressed, But far away has the birdling Flown from its little nest. Croosing the ullables over That once were her babe's delight, All through the misty spaces She follows its upward flight.

Little she hought of a moment So gloomy and sad as this, When close to her heart she gathered Her child for its good night kiss. She should be tenderly cherished, Never a grief should she know, Wealth, and the pride of a princess, These would a mother bestow.

And this is the darling's portion In Heaven—where she has fied; By angels securely guarded, By angels securely led. By angels securely led. Brooding in sorrowful silence Over the empty nest, Can you not see through the shahows, Why it is all for the best?

Better the heavenly kingdom Than riches of earthly crown; Better the early morning flight, Than one when the sun is down; Better an empty casket, Than jewels besmirched with sin : Safer than these without the fold,

Are those that have entered in. The Scotama COTTON GROWING AND FOOD.

It is now a settled thing that war is break out between Russia and Turkey in he course of a few days. Should the struggle be confined to these two powers, we need not apprehend very serious results to the oction producing industry, although the effect will be depressing. Russia consumes in her manefactures at least four hundred thousand bales of cotton and Turkey is a pretty large consumer of cotton goods. Both these countries will be crippled in these particulars by the war.

But it is a very general idea abroad that other powers will probably be drawn into the struggle in spite of themselves, and that there is real and serious dapger that a general explosion may follows in which all Europe will become involved, and the political map of the continent be a good deal chan-

ged before quiet is restored again. It is unhappily the case that this is com ing, (if it comes.) at a time when all the dition. Every one of them is head over beels in debt, and cannot carry any more. Russia and Turkey are already bankrupt. Austria and Italy are in not much better condition, and Germany, France and Great Britain, cannot safely increase their liabilities.

There is no telling what disastrous financial results would therefore, follow a general war. And it is certain that the common people, in poorer food, in scantier clothing, higher taxes, in lighter supplies of all the motorts of life, the production of which kes trade active and bring labor, and raw ducts in demand. Any such catastrophe d probably put the cotton

AN EPIDEMIC OF MURDERS AND SUICIDES PARIS, March 20 .- Paris to day has a sufficient number of horrors to satisfy the most morbid of natures. Simple murders are the most common place of occurrences, and so we are to be congratulated on the extraordinary number of extraordinary

crimes, which are constantly occurring. If we seek parricide, there is the case of Geor-gel, who murdered his mother the other day in the Rue de la Providence. He was a lazy ne'er do-weel, who, after taking all his mother's money away from her and spending it in a night's debauch, cut her throat because she had no more to give him. Louis Pigue has just killed bis br ther for calling him a "gamin." The disposition which murderers make of the bodics of their victims-such as cutting them into minute pieces, burning or distributing them over a great area-is also notable, but even what, with apparent lightness, is called "l'affaire Billoir," or "l'affaire Moyaux"-although the French do not connect with the word "affaire" the levity which attaches to the English "affair"—is far outshone by the epidemic of suicide which has of late set in and assumed most remarkable proporcions. Le Gaulois newspaper considers itself justi-fied in saying that before long, if things continue as they are at present going, the journals will have to issue supplements which shall be devoted simply to chronicling the number of self-murders that are committed from day to day. Here is a notable case : Day before yesterday a respectably dressed. white haired gentleman, apparently about sixty years old, prescuted himself at the tower entrance of Notre Dame, and asked the concierge if a good view of Paris was to be obtained from the tower on a clear day. Of course he was answered in the affirmative, and so, giving the keeper fifty centimes, he mounted to the gallery and at once threw himself beadlong into the parvis, hor-ribly crushed and mangled by the fall.

Formerly suicide was mainly confined to the great cities, and especially to Paris, but now it has extended its works into the rural districts and is noticed in all the telegraphic dispatches to the newspapers. The suicides leave behind them such notices as "I kill myself because life borcs me," and they desert the ranks of life for the most trivial and inconsequent of reasons, except the "spleen" which came to us from England with jockeys and water-proofs. A rich young fool falls in love with an actress, and spends money on her. Presently he learns that she is unfaithful to him, so he purchases a nicely-mounted revolver, goes to her home, makes a speech as near as possible like one taken from a novel by Dumas fils, bursts pentance, and blows his brains out. A oung girl gets into a tiff with her family, and anon is found hanging from a beam in her father's barn. Another falls in love with a man who in his youth has been condemned by some magistrate as a thief. She pardons his youthful indiscretion, and the two are happy as doves. Then the father discovers the truth about his proposed sonin law, and naturally enough objects to havng in his family a forcat libere. The lovers do not hesitate; they kill themselves. Such are the true stories of the day, and I doubt very much that this recklessness of life is

SELECTED RECIPES. TOMATO CATSUP .- Take a half bushel ripe tomatoes; cut up and boil till done; rub through a sieve; to this add half cup of salt, one pint vinegar, one of sugar, and cloves, clunamon, pepper and allspice, each one tablespoonful; boil one hour; bottle and seal.

TOMATO CHOWDER .- Soak one peck green tomatoes in salt water over night; chop fine and add a few onious, one cup mustard seed, with pepper, cloves and cinnamon ; boil sufficient vinegar to cover up the mouths of the jars, and you have an excellent pickle.

TOMATO PRESERVES .- Scald and peel smooth, round, ripe tomatoes; to seven pounds add five pounds sugar; let stand all night; drain off the juice, boil and skim; add the tomatoes; boil gently twenty minutes; skim them out into jars; boil the syrup till just enough to cover them; as it cools pour it over the tomatoes, and you have one of the nicest preserves.

PICKLED PEACHES -Rub the peaches smooth and steam until done; stick a clove and a bit of cinnamon in each, and put in a jar; boil vinegar to cover, adding one pint sugar to each quart. These pickles will be good in one week, and are very nice.

ICING THAT WILL NOT BREAK .- The whites of three eggs beaten very stiff; add one pound white sugar, with one tablespoon-ful corn starch ; flour the top of the cake as soon as taken from the oven; put on the icing with a steel knife wet in warm water.

DELICIOUS BROWN PUDDING .- One cup Graham, one of meal, one of sugar, one of cream, one of raisins, one-half of sweet milk, one egg, one tenspoonful soda; stir all together and bake one hour ; with sauce this is a delicious pudding.

LIFE IN TEXAS .- A new comer in a Texas town always enjoys himself. After spending a short time looking around the place, he grows weary and finally asks the clerk of the hotel if there is any chance of having fun that day. And the clerk, scratching his head a moment says : "Well, I dunno; reckon we can get up something for you before night- Haven't been shot at yet, have you? No! Oh, well, you will be soon. Just loaf around the streets a little while, and even it you ain't shot at yourself, you can dodge the bullets intended for some other person. Maybe you might object to its coming in that way, sort o'second hand, you know; and if you do, why wait a little while and I'll go out with you, and I guess we can get up something real is studying the time table for the leaving time of the next train, and not even the clerk's promise to let him carry the revolver that he shot a man with last week can keep the guest in town over night. Scene at a hotel-"Good morning, stranger, it looks like rain ?" Stranger-"I think not." A shot is heard, and the stranger is rolled out of the back door.

Moral-Texas is a fine grazing country.

How TO RAISE TOMATOES .- The French mode of raising tomatoes is as follows: As soon as a cluster of flowers is visible, they top the stem down to the cluster, which soon pushes strongly and produces another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level ; and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes. not above eighteen inches high. In order are stretched horizontally along the rows; so as to keep the plants erect. Ia addition to this, all laterals that have no flowers, and after the fifth topping, all laterals whatever, are nipped off. In this way; the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquire a beauty, size and excellence unattainable by other means. Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, the rebel of the harem, in her "Wife No. 19," tells of a cousin who married a Gentile. The girl's parents were devout saints, and grieved over their daughter as one dead. The disconsolate father consulted the oracle of the Lord. who gave him the following godly advice : Put Hatten out of the way, it is a sin and a shame to have so good a woman dragged around che world by a Gentile." Of course the voice of the Lord spoke in his chosen servant, and in a few days came the startliog news that this audacious outsider had been killed by Indians. Dancers will be interested to know that several new contillion figures have been introduced at private assemblies in Paris .--One of them is called "La Poste." The gentlemen wear armlets, with bells attached. and on these the name of a post town is written, as "Poste de Montigny," "Poste de St. Cloud," &c. Fancy cards, bearing corresponding names, are distributed among the ladies, each of whom calls out the name on her card, and thus obtains a partner.

ould have been der nulated in a short time, had it not been for the caurage of one woman.

Her name was Alice Beauchampe. It was a dark night in the last week of November, when the heroine of my story left the house of a friend. Her own house, which had been descried for several days, was not far away, and she had determined to return to it for the purpose of securing an article of apparel left behind in the recent

flight. Before she set out on her journey, she was warned of the dangers that environed it; but she smiled, and declared that she did not fear them. She could enter the house through the kitchen, in the rear, find the garment without a light, return safely to har friends

The path she had often traversed was The path she had often traversed was barely discernible, but she made good head-way and reached her home without inci-dent. The silence of the grave hung about the forsakeu place, and the lifting of the latch sent a chill of terror to the young girl's heart. Through the kitchen, across the descred parlor and up the stairs, she crept up to the room where she had left the object of her nocturnal quest. The drawer of the old bureau yielded without noise, and Alice was drawing forth the garment when the voice of men fell upon her cars.

She started, dropped her prize, and with her heart in her throat crept to the window that overlooked the porch in front of the

She could see nothing, for the night was too dark; but the voices of men mingled with champing of bits, continued to salute her ears.

no week prior to their visit, her father One week prior to their visit, her father, one of the King's Mountain herces, was found dend in a palmetto grove, and the words of Ferguson's Avengen lay on his breast. Then she had deserted her home, knowing that the band that had struck the fother, would not apare the daughter. Well might the lone girl tremble when she found herself to noise the dreaded scour-gers of the country, and she did not move until she heard the front door opened by a kick, and heavily booted feet in the room below.

Then the calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beau-

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under the sway of their law fast becoming a desert. Alice counted them before she touched

ingle rein; and then in a brief period of time she loosened the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidance, and when she had reached the copse, she struck them with a whip which she had found beneath a saddle. It was a smart blow that she administored, and the horses started forward and disappeared in an instant.

Thus in a few moments, Forguson's Aven ers had been deprived of their horses .-lushed with triumph, Aliee Beauchampe returned to the house, and again looked in upon its hilarious tenants.

She now held a pistol in her hand—a weapon which a holster had granted her, and she crept to the edge of the porch before she halted. There was a flash of vengeance in the dark eye of the partisan girl while she gazed upon the party beyond the called "dipping." So it was. Threshold. Once or twice she raised the I soon found out that I was in a neigh threshold. Once or twice she raised the weapon, but lowered it again, as if playing with the life of the leader of the six, whose burly form was revealed by the light of the

She saw the fowls smoking and well burned, placed upon the table, and watched the greedy men crowd around for their share. Their tongues and movements told her that their tongues and movements told her that stolen liquor was doing its accustomed work on all save the giant, who had superintend-ed the cooking of the late repast. This man appeared perfectly sober, and the an-gry glances which he often cast at his comrades told that he did not sanction their onduct

"Come ! enough of this !" he suddenly Come I enough of this I' he suddenly cried, rising from the table, which had been dragged to the middle of the room. 'Get up, boys, and let's be going. I told you at Wiley's that you had wine enough, but you must bring some here and drisk yourselves stupid. Tom Scott and you Blakeson, I sim ashamed of you! What could we do if a gaug of rebals should eatch us is this con-dition?. You know the merey we would get, and yet you at there as cameres as statues te as statuce and yot you all there as camere as statu-drunk as old Bacchus himself.' Then an expression of contampt pas dover the man's face, and stopping b mind :

But his cry of alarm did not infuse much life into the men at the table. One or two heads were raised, but the drunken leer that made the faces hideon and the analytic pro-voke a smile even from and tory. "Man I' he "measure memory and tory.

UNCLE WILLIAM ON "DIPPING."-Dean Children : I was at church last Sunday .--Nothing strange about that, since I have been going to church pretty regularly for forty years, or thereabout. Yet I saw some-

thing that was very strange to me-some-thing that I had never seen before. A brother invited me to go with him to dinner. I got in his wagon to ride.

Besides the man and his wife there were three young ladies in the wagon. I noticed all of these had sticks about as large and as long as yoar little finger, sticking out of their mouths. I noticed that they kopt spitting

like their mouths were sore. Then there was a dark streak reaching from one side of the mouth to the other.

circling under the lower lip, in the shape of a new moon. Presently one took out her stick, which

had a swab on the end, dipped it in something and put it back in her mouth again. Then it occurred to me, that this is what is

borhood of regular "dippers."

I had a conversation this morning with good woman, the mother of three shildren who is herself a "dipper." She said, "it is wrong; and as you do not use tobacco. cheerfully receive your reproof; but they who chew and smoke ought not to condem us." True.

"They who live in glass houses ought not

to throw stones." Dipping, like smoking, drinking, playing cards, etc., is a social evil. I do not say it is worse than other evils. But I do say it is vile, dirty, filthy, wicked, wrong. Let me beg my pieces, who have com-menced dipping to quit it. And those who have never done such an ugly thing to pro-

mise me they never will. There are but few things that would pain

me more than to see my own daughters en-gage in this vile practice. Please, my little ladies, keep these ugly sticks out of your mouths.—St. Louis Ohristian Advocate.

A divicey came to town yesterday driving as on named Hayan While he was in a store making some purchases a farmer came up with a wagon load of fodder and stopped in front of the darkey's cart. The or pul-led up to the fodder and commenced sating it. In a few minutes the darkey came out, found herself so near the freeded scour-of the coustry, and she did not move I she heard the front door opened by a , and heavily booted feet in the room w. hen the calm thought of her situation s fear from her heart, and Alice Beau-perpered to perform one of the most the rebels hiding there that the men they is perpered to perform one of the most is block as an ind to rebels hiding there that the men they is and heavily booted feet in the room w.

roduct back in magnitude and demand half a gene-

rution. Now, the possibility of such a result is worthy of serious contemplation by the cotton producing people of the South. They may well remember that the cotton crop they are new planting will most probably be a large one—not far from five millions of bales, as we believe; and that it may very possibly have to seek its principle mar-

ket in a continent racked by the convul-sious of war, and dependent to a far greater extent than usual on the surplus food pro-duct of America for subsistence. Such a state of things will make cotton

worthless to producers, and if the latter are worthless to producers, and if the latter are compelled to rely upon it to procure their food supplies, it will not be easy to escape inconvenience and suffering. It is a con-junction of facts and possibilities which no prudent man should lose sight of, and which should stimulate very farmer to active ef-forts to render the self independent of oth-er sources for the food supplies.—Macon Telegraph.

UNREELING A PULL-BACK .- A most ownerships and a public Back.—A most amusing scene was witnessed on K street the other day. A lady with a vigorous pull-back and au claborate polonaise was walking up K from Fourth street. In that unac-countable outside pocket which the fashion prescribes shall be trained to the rear and hung as low down as possible upon the last named garment, she had a new, full spool of thread-just purchased evidently. An end of this escaping from the open pocket, caught the eye of a K street gamin — a six or seven year old specimen. He deftly caught the end, and holding to it, found caught the end, and holding to it, found that it reeled off without the promenader being aware of it. He at once squared him-self, sailor fashion, in the middle of the walk, and as she 'paid off he 'hauled in,' hand over hand, to the infinite amusement of half a hundred men who witnessed the operation. In a brief time the line reached clear up to In a brief time the line reached clear up to Fifth direct, from near Fourth, and as the lady alopped out on the flagging to cross the street, the and ran off, and she went on with the empty spool, blissfully unconscious of the merriment behind her back at her ex-pense. The cruel men-and by this time a hundred had seen the process—then began to speculate upon the look of blank astonish-ment which must have overpowered her constants.

countenance, when on reaching home, she found the spool empty, which she could as-sert was full when she purchased it.

The conversation turns upon the fastidionances of the times. "Why," says a mem-ber, "they'll soon say marriage is improper." No, no,"replies Douglas Jerrold, "they'll always consider marriage good breeding."

due to books like "Joseph Noirel's Revenge,' and to the sensational plays, so much as it is to the levity with which nearly all the journals deal with the most serious matters. An atrocious murder is the cause of puns and jokes, and every crime is treated in the same way. It is to be hoped that before long some means will be found to stop the epidemic of erime, and especially of suicide, even if the measures of the Middle Ages should be called in,-N. Y. World.

love babies, and also anybody else who loves babies. No man has music in his soul who doesn't love babies. Babies were made to be loved, especially girl babies-when they grow up. A man isn't worth a 'shuck' who loesn't love a baby, and the same rule applies t) a woman. A baby is a spring day in winter, a hot-house in summer, a ray of sunshine in frigid winter, and, if it's a healthy, good-natured baby, and if you are sure it's yours, its a bushel of sunshine, no matter how cold the weather. A man can not be a hopeless case so long as he loves babies -one at a time. We love babies all over. no matter how dirty they are. Babies were born to be dirty. Our love for babies is only bounded by the number of babies in the world. We also have sorrowful feelings for mothers who have no babies. Wemen lways look down-hearted who have no bapies ; and men who have none always grumble and drink and stay out nights, trying to get music in their souls; but they can't come it. Babies, are babies, and nothing can take their place.—Atchison Patriot.

SAVE THE SOAPSUDS .- However deplor able washing day may be to the household (and the careful house mistress or tidy maid has it in her power to greatly modify its discomforts,) to the garden it is a very boun-tiful day. Our hungry and thirsty grapevines and flowers are glad of every drop of wash water, and will repay every bit of faigue it may cost us to give them this fer tilizer. If the sun is shining hot when we go out to dispense our favor, it is best for us to dig a slight trench not far from the root of the plant, and pour the water into it, and cover again with the top soil. This the water go farther, and at the same time does not tempt the rootlets to the sur-face of the ground. No better liquid can be prepared than the sospends from the woolen tubs" as they are sure to nourish

the foliage of the plants, wash it off by syringing smartly-plants always pay for this extra care.

A greased dog cannot run so fast as a bo in a cellar who hears his mother say she preserves .- A. T. East Union,

It is a noteworthy fact that whenever one

of our farmer correspondents expresses him-self as comfortable and happy, with no creditors pressing him, he explains the fact by saying "plenty of corn and meat of my own raising." That's the secret of it. Show us a man that raises plenty of corn and meat for his own use, and we will show you a splendid, jolly fellow, beloved by his neighbors and popular wherever known.--Pren-tiss Pleader.

'Man wants but little here below nor wants that little long,' is a libel : Man wants everything he can see, or hear ov, and never is the roses-if any of the liquid rests upon willing to let go ov his grab. Whenev-er you find a man who is thoroughly satis-fied with what he has got, you will find either an ideot, or won who has tried hard to get some more and couldn't do it. The older a

man grows the more watchful he bekums : must go down and WIS & CO., dis after the as his hold on life slackens- his pinch on a arown grippy .- Josh Billings.