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The Man.

Is a man a whit the better For his riches and his gains? For his acres and his palace-If his inmost heart is callous-Is a man a whit the better?

And if a man's no whit the better For his coffers and his mines, For his purple and fine linen, For his vineyards and his wines, Why do thousands bend the knee, And cringe in mean servility. If a man's no whit the better?

Is a man a whit the worse For a lowly dress of rags? Though he owns no lordly rental, If his heart is kind and gentle, Is a man a whit the worse ?

And if a man's no whit the worse? For a poor and lowly stand, For an empty, even pocket, And a brawny, working hand, Why do thousands pass him by, With a proud and scornful eye, If a man's no whit the worse?

A WHISTLING GIRL.

"A whistling woman and a crowing hen never come to any good end,'" said Ben, prophetically. "That's the fourth tune you've whistled in the last half hour, Lute.'

Lute first finished the concluding bars of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and then retorted, calmly :

"Thanks, for keeping count. I will begin the fifth as soon as I've regained my breath."

You can whistle better than any boy in this town," pursued Ben, in a grudg-ing way. "I'd be ashamed to whistle

better'n a boy, if I was you." "I'm not as easily shamed as you, Mr. Benjamin. Whatever I do, I hke to do well. If I played marbles, I'd try and

do it better than any body else." "Well," remarked Ben, with the beautiful candor of boyhood, "all I can say is, I hope you won't come to a bad end. Grandpa, don't you think it's awful for girls to whistle?"

"That depends on the way they whistle," said grandpa, smiling, in h's slow, gentle way. "If they whistle as well as Lutie, why, let them whistle. I'd as soon hear her as a flute." "Lute shymes to flute, you know,"

observed Ben, as though that accounted

"Heaven deliver me on a counter- her sense when she was in love? The this place is far from dismal or swampy much! I have been so mad about you FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. "Heaven deliver meyon a counter-hopper!" said Ben, piot-ly. "Before I'd make my living by skipsing round a store with a yard-stick in m hand, I'd —I'd dance the tight rope." Lu seen-ed to think he was uttering a heroic sentiment, and put on his most vii ous look. "But I bet I know what you ke merchants for."

Lute's only response was to purse up her lips and elevate her chin.

beards.

erately good-looking. "Good-evening, Miss Lutie; good-evening, Mr. Farra," cried Mr. Spurr, in his sprightliest manner. "How are you, Ben? How is your cold Miss Lutie?"

"It's because we love you so much," said Mr. Spurr, in a tender under-tone,

and pulling his mustache with a senti mental air. Mr. Spurr was much given to tugging at his mustache, which was weak and whitish-looking. Ben said he pulled it to make it grow fast; but so far his efforts had not been crowned

with success. Lute's only reply was another danger-

ous smile. Cousin Reuben, who had seated himself off at some distance, now locked up and said gravley: "You have a very bad cold. You are quite hoarse this evening. You must let me mix you some medicine before you go to bed."

"Thanks, no," returned Lute, coolly. "I prefer a bad cold-to something worse.'

"You needn't fear my giving you dis-greeable medicine," he said, smiling. In the book after it, but it fortunately fell in the bottom of the boat instead.

The doctor lighted a cigar and puffed away in thoughtful silence. He finished be citar, and grandpa went in to bed, "It's because Dick Spurr's in a store, What you can see to like in that little whipper-snapper is a mystery to me. His beard ain't one-tenth as long as Cousin Reuben's." Ben valued men according to the abundance of their with a very vesolved air and a much

benedicion, and marched off to bes. for? Don't you feel how cold it fr? I with a very resolved air and a much roughene forhad.
The next fterhoon was so tempting that Lute fould it impossible to sit in the house and york. It seemed a sin to stay in-doors while there was such sunation and new fisher and such fr h green outside. So she put on her synbonnet, and with "Endymion" in onthand and her fisher ing tackle in the other set out for the poddle. He picked it up, and asked, quickly: "Did you drop this out of the boat? Haven't you the other one beards. "Yonder comes Reuben now," said grandpa, looking up from his paper. "And your everlasting Dick Spurr with him. If I was that fellow, I d take up my board here at once. It would be more decent than spending half his time here free gratis for nothing." The two gentlemen came up to the steps as the candid Benjamin finished his remark. Cousin Reuben was tall and reserved-looking. Mr. Spurr was small and talkative. Both were mod-erately good-looking. "Good-evening, Miss Lutie; goodful trees, and was so large tha strangers often mistook it for a lake, much to old

Mr. Farra's delight. It had ben dug by the present owner's father when the adjoining city was but a humble vilage. It was a favorite resort of Lute's, pathy on account of the fine fish in which it thing," said Miss Lutie, smiling in his face, and making room for him on the seat beside her. "You all make a mountain out of a mole-hill. You are determined to have me an invalid." It was a favorite resort of Lute's, path on account of the fine fish in which it lovely quietness. She went to the skift path her throat and chest. "Good heavens !" he repeated, tearing off his coat and overcoat, " she is so hoarse she can't speak. Oh, caild, you'll

and then got in herself, unloosed it, and paddled out beyond the shadows of the trees into the warm sunshine. She took in her paddle and laid it across her lap. baited her hook, and dropped it gently in the water, elevated her feet on the seat in front of her, and began to enjoy

herself greatly. After a while she began to read, at first with her attention divided between her bobbing cork and her book, but the book soon got the best of it. The ven-turesome fish nibbled away at her bait without her noticing it; but finally a big fellow got the hook in his unfortunate mouth, and gave the line such a jerk as to bring her back from the classic shades of Mount Latmos. It did not bring her

back without a start, though, and that start sent the paddle in her lap spinning' in the water, and came very near send-

stay out-of-doors all night, no matter how beautiful it was. The footsteps drew nearer; they came hurrying down the slope, and in a few moments Cousin

Reuben stood in a narrow strip of moon-

of the boat? Haven't you the other one in there ?"

Lute nodded to the irst question and shook her head at the ast.

"Why don't you speak ? Have you lost your voice ?" She nodded vehemently, and touched

kill yourself !" He jerked up the paddle, and was in he water, swimming toward her, before he knew what he was doing. When he caue to the boat he lifted himself in lightly, and sat with his back to her, so his let knees and feet would not touch her. Lute watched him with a peculiar look during the few minutes he was pad-ling bak to shore. He did not speak till he had fastened the boat and heped her out. Then he took up his overboat and said : "You are shivering ; let me put this around you."

"Oh, no, you are wet," she whispered. "You hust put it on."

"A little witting won't hurt me," he said; "I'm as tough as a pine. Jou must let me put it around you. Will you put your arms through the sleeve ? Well-there ! Dun't touch me, or ['ll get you wet."

"I will touch you; I don't care if Ho get wet," she said, ina sobbing whisper. laying her hand on he dripping sleeve. 'I was so rude to w ought to have let me staid out there ill night in the cold.". "Oh no," he said, smiling, and wray- rose in full view of all and acknowledged

as even to be jealous of poor little Dick Spurr. Last night I felt like killing

How TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM day. him when you smiled on him so." She was too happy to feel a passing pang for poor Dick. How could she think of any one but Reuben, with his pang for poor Dick. How could she think of any one but Reuben, with his cheek against hers and his eyes on her? week brush of the clay. It may be nec-"You told me not to touch you," she said, presently; "don't you think you are acting inconsistently, sir?" week brush of the clay. It may be hec-essary to repeat the process, but one ap-plication is usually sufficient. If the grease has penetrated the floor it is best

"God forgive me!" he said, loosing her. "I am a selfish brute, to be holding you against me, wet and dripping as I am I forgot every thing but myself.

"Maybe the overcoat kept you from getting damp. I never thought to have hugged that old Ulster with as much hugged that old Ulster with as much a fine sieve, and while mixing the cake zest as I have done to-night. Come, let dry thoroughly on the back part of let's hurry home, and I'll begin giving the stove ; then cover well with sifted you that barrel of medicine you were so flour, and mix them in the batter at the anxious to take."

"You must take part of it yourself, "You must take part of it yoursell," sne sail, as they started up the slope in double-quick time. "I'm dreadfully afraid this wetting will make you siek." "I'm too happy to be sick," he said, looking at her in a way that made her blush and tingle to her finger-ends.

"We'll give grandpa and Ben a double surprise. They think you are in town somewhere; but I had a presentiment

you were at the pond, so I slipped down there quietly, without telling anybody." "Yes, they will be surprised at our —" And Lute stopped and reddened. "At our what, darling ?"

"Oh, here we are at the house now," said Lute, irrelevantly.

an appropriate manner.

"Yon're a nice doctor," said Lute, disengaging herself, in a very rosy state, "to be putting such cold wet arms around a person home with the cold." "Oh, I'll soon cure you," making as though he would seize her again but she eluded him, and fled up the steps and into the house.—Harper's Bazar.

through the winter that they may be

The Spectres of Congress.

horses rather than either alone. If you A Washington correspondent says have been in the habit of feeding either The House of Representatives has its alone try half of each at a meal and daily habitues and noted characters mark the result. whose histories are interwoven with the

Remedies for Wakefulness.

web of politics. Last year it had its "little Miss Flite," who watched the proceedings day after day with starvi

Items of Interest.

The present product of the oil country is estimated at over 40,000 barrels per

Out of the 33,000,000 people in Great Britain 15,000,000 live upon imported food

Barbers in Denmark are compelled to pass an examination in elementary surgery.

At the Krupp cannon works in Ger-many is a hundred - thousand - pound trip-hammer.

Fourteen ex-Governors in the Senate and eight in the House; so "How do do, flour and stir them in the batter quickly. Gov.," rarely strikes amiss.

It is announced that the order of Or-angemen in the United States has a membership of 65,000.

The principal resemblance between a man who stops a team on the crosswalk of a crowded street and half a barrel of flour is, that both make about a hundred wait.

A Boston minister recently roused some of his sleepy hearers by stating in a very positive way that, notwithstand-ing the hard times, the wages of sin had not been cut down one iota.

The problem of buying a ten-dollar Christmas present with seventy-five-cents available cash will present itself for the elucidation of the brave Youngman-who-goes-to-see-his-girl.

Tack black velvetine on board or pasteboard, arrange white, yellow, and green ferns upon it to your liking, fasten them down with a drop of gum here and there, and you will have pleasing fern nictures "Maxann, aont you know that your baby will catch its death of cold there?"

"No, sir," she promptly responded. "Well, it's such carelessness as that

them in the pot until the water boils; when done pour off the water and re-move the cover until all the steam is gone; then scatter in half a teaspoonful of salt and cover the pot with a towel. Around the Farm. Take good care of the implements through the winter that they may be toody to do thorough work another sea-ton. ed him.

There is what seems a preposterous rule in the Turkish army, according to which a Turkish soldier's limb cannot be removed by a surgeo.1 without the sanction of the authorities at Constanti-

Now that the year is near its close layed for weeks, and the poor fellows farmers should begin to think of closing will lie day after day in agony, awaiting Allegheny's talk is about the attempted elopement of a pair of lovers whe be-Keep an eye on the manure pile and longed to the wealthiest families in the city. The respective parents were as full of hatred as the Capulets and Montagues, and would not sanction a marriage. Romeo went at night underneath Juliet's window. She let down a string, to which he attached a rope ladder, which was then speedily placed in posi-tion. Juliet descended, and had barely reached the ground when her father popped his head out of the window. He climbed down the ladder as fast as he could, and caught her. Then there was a struggle between the father and the lover for possession of the girl, who, of course, fainted. The father was the victor, and she is now under close guard.

After the batter is all ready for the rais-ins, cover the raisins well with sifted

very last.

Household Ilints.

to raise the carpet and put the clay on

TO PROPERLY DISTRIBUTE RAISINS .-

the floor and scrub thoroughly.

To WASH GLOVES. - Have ready a little new milk in one saucer and a little brown soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel, folded three or four times. On the cloth spread cut the gloves smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, and then rub off a good quantity of soap to the wetted flannel,

and commence to rub the glove down-ward toward the fingers, holding it firm-ly with the left hand. Continue this ry with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy vellow, though clean; if col-ored, till it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to dry, and the fair operator will be wratified to see that her old gloves look

"At our loving one another?" said Reuben, inclosing the ulster in another rapturous hug. "Oh, my precious flower-my darling-my-" You may be sure the doctor filled these blanks in the many new, They will be soft, glossy, smooth, sharp and elastic. To BOIL WATARY POTATOES. - Let the potatoes be of a size; do not put them in the pot until the water boils; when done pour of the water and re-move the cover until all the steam is gone; then scatter in half a teaspoonful

of salt and cover the pot with a towel

for the fact. "I'll tell you how I learned to

whistle," said Lute, softened by these compliments. "You know when I had that dreadful cold, winter before last?' "You ought to be more careful, child," said grandpa, looking at her anxiously. "You've got a bad cold now -enough to put any body else to bed.

And sitting on the steps bare-headed

this late in the evening ! Come in, child,

come in." "Oh, there ain't much the matter with me now," said Lute, carelessly, coming up on the porch and seating herself by grandpa. "I only feel a little hoarse morning and evenings. I forgot what I was talking about. Oh, I remember-about my dreadful cold. Well, I could hardly speak above a whisper for a month, and singing was out of the question. You know how 1 love to sing, grandes. It seemed to me I never thought of as many beautiful strains of music before in my life as I did then. They used to buzz in my head till I change the subject, and saying the first thought I should go crazy. I believe thing that popped into his head. "Do they would have tormented me to death you like the spring, Miss Lutie ?" if I hain't learned to whistle. I used "I do," responded Miss Lutie, to go into the attic every day and prac-tice till I had mastered the art. You don't know what a relief it was to me, and is to me yet. I feel quite independ-ent of colds;" and Miss Lute stretched out her feet, and leaning her head against the wall, pursed her red lips in

a preparatory way. "If you knew what somebody thinks your about whistling, you wouldn't be so stuck up about it," observed Ben, with a turned-up nose expression. It galled the spirit of Master Benjamin mightily to have a mere woman excel him in that manly art. "I bet you'd stop it in a

jiffy." "Who is that dreadful somebody?" "Guess."

"I won't guess. I don't care to know." "You do care. It's Cousin Reuben'

-triumphantly, "What did he say ?" demanded Late, quickly.

"Ob. I heard him and Dick Spurr talking in his room about you. Dick said he didn't care how much you whistled; whatever you did seemed pretty to him. I'd be ashamed to have any fellow as spooney about me as Dick in to see him." The doctor drew his Spurr is about you, Lute.'

"I don't care if you would. What did Cousin Reuben say ?"

"Oh, he said he thought it was unladylike, ill-bred, and all that sort of thing. He said lots about it. I'll be bound you never whistle before him again, Miss Lute."

"I'll be bound I do," cried Lute, flushing hotly. "I don't care two figs what he thinks. I'll begin whistling the minute I see him, and never stop till he goes away. There !" "Will you whistle at meals too?" in-

quired Ben, charmed at having put his sister in a rage. "How will you manage about eating?"

"I wish to goodness, grandpa," she continued, not noticing Ben's remark, "you'd never taken him to board with

"Why, child, he had to board somewhere ; a young man like him couldn't keep house. Of course I couldn't let my nephew's son board anywhere else. I did want him to live here without paying any board," pursued grandpa, in his slow, reflective way, "but he wouldn't

them. years. He is an illiterate man, cannot We are taught to clothe our minds, as knocking him up in the middle of the way that came near making Richard ling every thing she knew; she even better. and do it steadily for several minutes. night and waking the whole house." "Lute Farra, you know that's a fib," said Ben, impressively. "Cousin Reu-ben hasn't been called but twice in the how so much "he continued as ther read a line of print or manuscript, but can write page after page as smoothly and correctly as any bookkeeper in the ben hasn't been cal'ed but twice in the night since he's been here. What if you do get waked up? Can't you go to sleep again?" "I don't see how she could, "respond-lente, snappishly. "I don't see how she could, "respond-lente finest profession on earth," "I's the finest profession on earth," "She has too much sense to fall in love with him." "I don't see how she could, "respond-lente finest profession on earth," "I's the finest profession on earth," "I to the finest profession on earth," "I to the finest profession on earth," "I'm construction on the profession on earth," "I'm consthis te iy. "She has too much sense to fall in love is if she was enchanted, love ne or not."
iy. "She has too much sense to fall in love is if she was enchanted, love ne or not."
ive was: She felt as if she was enchanted, love ne or not."
ive retorted Ben. "You don't know what love with such a rattlebrain as he." you do like." "I like merchants."

"I wasn't alluding to any bad taste Lute was too keen a fisherwoman to waste in your medicine; I was thinking of the a thought on such triffing things as paddles and books at such a moment as effects of it; it might make me worse off this. Her whole heart was on the end than I am now," she said, looking studiously away from him, and whistling a of her line. After a dozen abortive efforts, in which she came near capsizing little under her breath. her little skiff, she brought the fish out

He looked at her in surprise as he caught the sting of her remark, and his of the water, panting and wriggling, dark face reddened, but he answered, and regarded him in triumph. quietly, "You will do as yon please: I "What a beanty !" she said, disengaging her hook from his month. "He's press my services on no one.'

the biggest one I ever caught here. He Grandpa had fallen into one of his reveries, and had heard nothing that must weigh at least five pounds." Lute's ideas of weight were defective. "Won't passed. Mr. Spurr was too well bred to Ben be jealous? There, old fellow, lie show any surprise at this little passage of arms; but Ben wasn't. He stared at there. Now I must get that plagued paddle.' his sister for a while in a markedly as-But that plagued paddle was far betonished and indignant manner, and then said, in good strong English, vond her reach now, and was floating "Lute, you're a brute, and deserve a tranquilly off to shore. "It's a good good whipping." With that, young Master Farra went his way in disgust. thing there's another in the bottom of the boat, of I should be in a bad fix," "Ahem ! it's a very delightful evesoliloquized Lute, as she threw out her ning," observed Mr. Spurr, anxious to line again. "I'm glad my book didn't fall in the water. I don't think I'll read change the subject, and saying the first any more now; I feel in a fishing hu-

allowed to lie neglected in the bottom of "I do," responded Miss Lutie, taking the boat-a touching example of the her eyes from the tree at which she had fickleness of human favor. been looking and dropping them on him. "Likewise summer, autumn and winter She fished on till nearly dark ; even then the fish were biting so well that -I like 'em all."

"Most ladies like spring," said Mr. she could hardly prevail on herself to Spurr, gallantly. "Tis the season of stop. But the air was growing chilly, and she knew she ought to be in the flowers, and budding leaves andand_" house. She resolutely drew in her line

and wrapped it around the pole, lowered " Fresh onions and green peas," said Lute, laughing. "It's a good time for fishing, too. Do you ever go fishing, her feet, reached down in the boat for the remaining paddle-Mr. Spurr ? I'm devoted to it.' The paddle wasn't there ! "N-no; I'm not especially attached She felt nervously in every impossible place for the missing paddle, but it was nowhere to be found. Well, she was in to it. I believe Reuben there is. Aren't you, doctor ?"

"Yes. I like to fish when I have the a fix! Out in the middle of the pond, time for it, which I never do," replied with no possible means of getting to the doctor, coming out of a brown-study. shore! Night was coming on rapidly, "Not that I have such an immense and she was already shivering with cold. practice," he continued, hastily, seeing Nobody at the house knew where she was; they would think she was in town slight curl on Lute's lips; "but what leisure I have, I think I ought to devote

visiting some one. to study. But the house wasn't very far offmaybe they could hear her if she called "I wonder you are not studying now," said Mr. Spurr. "I never saw out very loud. She rose to her feet, and such an old book-worm as he is, Miss opened her mouth to give a prodigious Lutie. He looks as if he grudges yell; but she couldn't speak above a stopping study to talk to me when I drop

her cold to this climax. long beard up over his lips to hide the Lute sat down, overwhelmed. There smile on them. "I'll be bound, now, he doesn't waste much of his precious

conversation on you all here.' "We rarely see him except at meals," no use mincing matters-it would be the replied Lute, indifferently. "I feel like taking a walk. Would you like to death of her. She looked tragically into the growing darkness, and thought, even

go, Mr. Spurr ?" "I should be delighted," responded that gentleman, gallantly, twirling his wouldn't be able to utter a sound to let mustache. "You had better put something around you. Miss Lutie.

"Bring me my shawl out of the hall. thank Heaven, she could whistle. Her then," said Miss Lutie, rising and shaking out her draperies. "Grandpa, you face brightened as she thought of this had better go in now; it is getting cool despised accomplishment of hers. With out here.

"Child, you cughtn't to go out this over shoulders to keep herself warmer, late in the evening," said grandpa, and began to whistle Schubert's "Sereanxiously. "Reuben, it is too cool for nade" in her finest style. The birds her to go out, is it not ?" started in their nests as the strange

"Cousin Lute thinks she knows what sweet notes floated toward them, then is best for her," said the doctor, disslept more soundly than ever. Music is tantly.

"I'm going to wrap up well, grand- a good thing, but sleep is a better-at pa," said Lute, taking the shawl--a night.

recently been a county official for thirty

ping the overcoat more tightly around the victory with pantomimic gratitude and a stately courtesy, which the House "And it was all about nothing," sle received with laughter and loud apsaid. "It was all because Ben said that plause. This year we have the "Man you-you-" His name is Schell ;

"That I what ?" asked Reuben, bene he is a tall, heavy man, with light gray eyes and straw-colored whiskers. Every ing his head closer, so he could hear day, as re ularly as the House meets.

"You thought it was unladylike and he may be seen hovering in the rear of -and ill-bred in me to whistle. Do yot the seats, loitering in the lobby, or think it is so bad ?" she asked, looking watching for his prey, in the person of humbly up in his face. "If you do, I'l some innocent member whom he thinks never whistle again." Poor Lute way is to procure him the position he is after. completely subdued by Cousin Reuben' | He is a very harmless-looking individu-

returning her evil with good in such a al, but woe unto the person who arouses magnanimous way. "He's not only giv his wrath, as his record in that respect en himself an awful wetting," she is something alarming and stands thus : thought, remorsefully "but he's spoiled One night last winter he had a little his best business suit. His pantaloons stabbing affair with Col. Fairfax, of will never be fit for a dog to weat Virginia, at the Ebbitt House; another again."

"I don't think I ever used such strong words as ill-bred and unladylike in re by pitching him up to the ceiling like an mor;" and the lately caressed book was gard to your whistling," answered the doctor, smiling in her troubled face "Ben exaggerated a little. But I mus | ened out of his pertness ; another of his confess that I used to dislike to hear + exploits was an attempt to hammer a lady whistle, but-"

voiceless condition would allow.

"But," he continued, still smiling, "I don't dislike it nov. I love to hear you whistle. Besides, it was your whistling directed me to you to-night Perhaps I shouldn't have found you

without it. So take back your rash yow, Cousin Lute."

"I wish you would do something to reader. punish me for my indeness," she said hurriedly. "Give ne as much medicing as you want; I will take a whole barrelful if you say so."

"But I shan't say so," he said. There was still a smile on his lips, but none in his eyes; they shone strangely.

"I don't know what made me so cross," she went on. "I know I'm spoiled and willful. I never had a mother to show me how to be gentle and good; but I am not often so dreadful as I was to you yesterday. Oh, Cousin Reuben, can you forgive me?" whisper. The chill night air had brought

"Lute," he said, in a voice almost as ow as hers, "look at me."

They were standing in the narrow was nothing she could do-absolutely strip of light, and the moon lit up both nothing. She would have to stay out their faces. She raised her wet eyes there all night, and she knew-there was obediently, but the strange look in his made her drop them suddenly, while a startled, painful flush bathed her face. "Shall I tell you why you were so if they came there to look for her, they couldn't see her from the shore, and she

cross to me?" he asked. "No, no," she marmured, hiding her

them know she was there. She forgot face in her hands. "Was it because you cared for my there was such a thing as a moon at night. But stop ! she could utter a soundopinion, because yot-loved me ?" His wet arms were around her nowsupply is lessened sufficiently to make it was well she has on his thick overan impression. Certainly, when the coat-and were pessing her closely to mind is uncontrollably active, and so

prevents sleep, persons whose observarising spirits, she drew her overskirt his wet breast. "My innocent darling," he whistion was worth trusting have testified pered, "you knot now why you were so cross with me.'

"How long lave you known ?" she said, her voice coming smothered from dropped their drowsy little heads and his shirt boson.

"Know wlat, dear love?" "Why I vas so cross to you."

"Not five minutes. It flashed on me

up their running accounts. Prepare to their fate without a murmur. hopefulness until her suit was gained. keep a good set of books at the beginand then from her seat in the galleries she ning of the year.

seen that this bank of the farm increases in size and quality.

Experiments have shown that it is

best to feed oats and carrots together to

Plowing under green clover is highly beneficial to sandy soil, making it in time rich and mould-like. On heavy lands it loosens the soil making it more light and porous.

Push open ground work forward before severe weather sets in, get everything in readiness for winter. "A stitch in time saves nine.

The communications of farmers are always the most valuable matter in any paper ; they deal with the practical details, familiar to the man who comes face to face with difficulties and overcomes them. The editor can select such items of news of general interest as he time, when he was custodian of the floor thinks will be interesting and useful, of the House, he punished a saucy page but to build up a truly useful and practical paper he must rely very largely upon the assistance of practical infuriated bovine would toss a dog, the boy came down again considerably frightmen. - Massachusetts Plowman.

We have long been an advocate of the grocer who presented his bill to him at use of salt as a fertilizer, and have used "I'll never whistle sgain," interrupted the door of the House while it was in it upon our own promises with good Lute, with as much decision as her session, but the grocer returned this effect. It would do good to sow it broadkind of payment by knocking him over cast every year or two in the spring, say two rows of seats and half a dozen about two bushels to the acre. We Congressmen ; he also bruised a Phila- should like to see some of our intelligent farmers giving it a fair trial, varydelphis reporter into a tinge of bluish ing the quantity per acre from two to black for daring to comment on these stunning actions, and how he will re- five bushels. Of course any refuse article is good enough .- Germantown buke the present writer is left to his ingenuity and the imaginations of the Telegraph.

To Winter Hogs.

During the winter is when we all fail Tiousands suffer from wakefulness that makes but very little bone or muswho are otherwise in good health. cle, virtually a fat producing food only. With some of them this becomes a habit, and too often a growing one. Not a fow resort to soporific drugs, and the paste for opium is thus often initiated. this year raised an acre of mangel wurt-Others try alcoholic liquors, and there can be no doubt that in this way the foundation of intemperance has been turnips; these I will put where I can get laid. Many people, however, have at them in the winter, and when the found a way of going to sleep without weather will permit I will feed them to eat hardly any bread, fat, or vege-resorting to such dangerous measures. freely. The swine eat them eagerly, tables, his breakfast consisting mostly For instance, looking at a fixed point steadily will often succeed in inducing sleep; or, if it is too dark to do this. closing the eyes and in imagination watching attentively the stream of air the winter, perhaps cut short and moistentering and leaving the nostrils. Another plan has recently been proposed by Dr. Cooke who tells us that in many all they will drink of warm swill made of cases of sleeplessness it is only necestwo parts bran, one part shorts, and one sary to breathe very slowly and quietly part meal, and at night a feed of corn. for a few minutes to secure refreshing Now, with this bill of fare and variety sleep. He thinks that most cases deof diet I hope to secure health for them pend on hyperæmia of the brain, and that in this slow breathing the blood and profit to myself .- Prairie Farmer.

Words of Wisdom.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

From the lowest depth there is that the breathing was quick and short, and they have found they became more path to the loftiest height. disposed to sleep by breathing slowly. It is less painful to learn in youth

This supports Dr. Cooke's practice, but than to be ignorant in old age. at other times his plan quite failed. It Those who blow the coals of others'

is certainly worth any one's while who is strife may chance to have the sparks fly occasionally sleepless to give it a trial. in their own faces.

A Cure for Intemperance.

It was sugggested some years ago that the use of cod-liver oil would have a tendency to promote a distaste for alcoholic stimulants. According to the same authority many people had found they could take wine with animal food, but

not with farinaceous or amyraceous nutriment. A well - known man of science, Mr. Charles Napier, has undertaken to test these assertions, and the results of his experiments are set forth in a paper read before the physiological section of the British Association, and which has attracted much attention in England.

The experience of Mr. Napier's own family had furnished a seeming proof of the accuracy of Liebig's statement. They had for two years adopted a vegetarian diet, and although brought up in the

moderate use of alcoholic liquors, now at handling hogs. The long months with felt no inclination for them. More but one kind of food, and that a kind | decisive evidence, however, was supplied by the application of the theory to twenty-seven cases, one of the more the best article to lay on fat with, but striking of which may be briefly cited. not the best to build up the constitution The case is that of a military officer, and give health and strength. I have sixty-one years old, of an aristocratic Scottish family, who had contracted zel and sugar beets, also half an acre of habits of excessive whisky drinking while on service with his regiment in India. We are told that his custom was even now, and I feel surely that such a of salt fish, and his dinner almost wholly change of diet occasionally in winter will of roast meat. During the day he conbe a great benefit. I also cut a few sumed from a pint to a quart of whisky, acres of clover second growth, cured it and was not sober more than half his carefully, salted it well, and fed during time. By Napier's advice he was induced to return to the breakfast of oatened. I have quite a number of late meal porridge on which he had been pigs; these I intend to feed each day, brought up, and to adopt a dinner of which peas and beaus formed important ingredients. He does not seem to have liked the change at first, and made the significant complaint that he could not 'enjoy his whisky" as much as formerly. About this time there was a panic among flesh eaters in England, owing to the cattle plague, and, consequently, the whole family was put on a vegetarian diet. For some weeks the husbaud

grumbled very much, but his taste for whisky gradually disappeared, and in two months from the time he became an entire vegetarian he relinquished alcoholic stimulants, and, according to Mr. Napier, has not since returned to either flesh or alcohol. - New York Sun.

Can Write but not Read.

In doing so they should breathe very There are sixty-eight different sewing just nov, while you were asking me to quietly, rather deeply and at long inter-The Raliegh (N. C.) Observer says : fleecy white thing-from Mr. Spurr's Whistling is proverbially good for machine stitches, and a hundred and There is a man that resides in Buckhorn vals, but not long enough to cause the keeping up one's courage. Lute found punish rol. Township, this county, who has until hand, and arranging it around her be-"I'm glad," she said. "I didn't sixty-eight different ways of lying about "I'd rather have a Hottentot in the comingly. "Please let me go;" and her courage mightily refreshed by it. "I'm glad," she said. "I didn't least feeling of uneasiness. In fine, house than a doctor. Somebody's always she kissed and hung around him in a She sat there for nearly an hour, whist-