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(From the Marlboro' Gazette.)

DORSEY'S METHOD OF CURING TOBACCO.

MR. EDITOR:—It is evident we are upon the eve of an entire change in the mode of curing Maryland Tobacco. The fact that our present management of Tobacco cannot be made to pay with hired labor, should induce every Planter to seek a better system. A careful examination of the manner of curing Tobacco pursued by Dr. George W. Dorsey, near Port Royal, Calvert County, Maryland, who is the originator of Dorsey's *Hot Air Furnaces*, must satisfy every one of the correctness of the principle, and the absolute necessity for its immediate adoption. I was surprised at his economical and simple method to cure Tobacco, which sold for $30 to $40 per hundred. Dr. Dorsey has devoted years to the study of curing Tobacco with hot air, which has resulted in building perfect his present furnace. His printed instructions for its management are so simple any one can understand them. He has incurred no other expense than stripping with laths an old forty feet barn; running up a small brick flue, (and over 200 bricks,) and the purchase of a furnace, $200 for the largest. These furnaces are made as substantial as an engine furnace, and will last for years. He estimates ten cords of wood to cure 20,000 lbs. of Tobacco. He uses fertilizers freely, to quicken the growth and improve the texture of the plant. His management, with the exception of priming the bottom leaves, is similar to the Virginia system—topping very low and leaving no tail ends. Tobacco must be well ripened, otherwise its injured, more than improved, by furnace curing. The Tobacco in the furnace room must be hung very thin, to prevent the moisture, when driven from the plant by heat, from discoloring the leaves. The reshanging in adjoining sheds or house must be close as possible. Great skill is required in stripping and culling the Tobacco—small bundles and short heads. His manner of hulking is entirely different from our—a man hulks around himself—next to outside. When shoulder high, he draws himself out of the hulk, leaving it hollow in the middle. The Tobacco requires no more conditioning, and is packed from these hulks. Dr. Dorsey showed me a couple of Virginia Tobacco, which sold last year for $100—his Tobacco was superior in color, and he believes that it requires only competition to make it sell as well. His crop of last year, cured by furnace heat, sold for $11 per hundred more than one of the best air cured crops raised in Calvert County. This year a few more than 100 furnaces will be sold in Calvert—which will cure more than 1000 hhds. The buyers now say they would not purchase air-cured Tobacco, if they could get enough furnace cured. Wherefore, the universal use of furnaces is a mere question of time.—A sample of Dr. Dorsey's present crop of Tobacco, valued at $30 to $40 per hundred can be seen at Dr. Harper's Store, Upper Marlboro'.

H.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

We add to what our correspondent says on the important subject of curing Tobacco, some remarks of Dr. Dorsey which we find in an article in the last Maryland *Farmer*:

"Messrs. Editors, permit me, in as brief a manner as possible, to compare the value of my present crops, cured by this process, and those of former years, under the old system. Before the war I cultivated with twelve hands and an overseer about 40 acres in tobacco, from which was produced 35,000 pounds annually—some years more, some less. The average price of these crops for 10 years prior to the war (with the exception of 1857, when the price was unusually high,) was from $6 to $6.00 per hundred. For three years just past I have only cultivated half the usual quantity, say 20 acres, with seven hands, and have made about 20,000 pounds annually; in addition, have cultivated my regular fields in corn, wheat and oats. Two of the three last crops have been sold. Putting the price of the crops together, I find they average $23 round. I would here remark that the cost of manuring the 40 acres originally cultivated does not vary materially from the amount expended on the 20 acres annually, for the past three years, the expense for each being about the same. And now for the figures:

NEW SYSTEM.

20,000 lbs. Tobacco, at 25 cts.	$4,600 00
Expenses of Cultivation.	
5 men, at $120 each.	600 00
1 boy, at	50 00
1 woman, at.	50 00
Board for 7 hands, at $40.	280 00
Day labor for securing Tobacco crop.	50 00
	1,030 00
	$3,570 00

OLD SYSTEM.

35,000 pounds, at $6.50.	$2,275 00
Expenses.	
Board for 12 hands, at $30.	$360 00
Clothing for same, at $20.	240 00
Overseer's wages and board.	300 00
Taxes on laborers.	30 00
	930 00
	$1,445 00
New system.	$3,570 00
Old system.	1,445 00
	$2,125 00

making a difference in favor of my present system of over two thousand dollars annually, not to speak of the care and support of old and young negroes, (which was a heavy item, as every former slave owner knows,) doctors bills, &c., at the same time saving for grass or grain 20 acres of land that was formerly cultivated in tobacco. Now these are stubborn facts, and show conclusively that at the present high price of produce (if labor can be produced) more money can be made by the planter than at any former period. And if the people of the Western Shore counties of Lower Maryland would adopt at once all the improvements of the day, including labor-saving implements and machinery, and apply these with intelligence and energy, with a thorough system of manuring and cultivation, I am satisfied we should hear no more complaints on the part of the owners of the soil of the inability to do more than meet expenses; but, on the contrary, from the many advantages a bounteous Providence has so lavishly bestowed upon us, would in a few years become a prosperous, contented and happy people.

THE FIDGETS.

There are people whom one occasionally meets with in the world, who are in a state of perpetual fidget and flicker. Everything goes wrong with them. They are always in trouble. Now, it is the weather, which is too hot; or at another time, too cold. The dust blows into their eyes, or there is "that horrid rain, or "that broiling sun, or that Scotch mist." They are as ill to please about the weather as a farmer; it is never to their liking, and never will be. They "never saw such a summer," "not a day's fine weather," and they go back to antiquity for comfort—"it was not so in our younger days."

Fidgety people are rarely well. They have generally "a headache," or "pains," or "nerves," or something of that sort; they cannot be comfortable in their way without trouble. Most of their friends are ill; this one has the gout "so bad;" another has the rheumatics; a third is threatened with consumption; and there is scarcely a family of their acquaintance whose children have not got measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, or some other of the thousand ills which infantine flesh is heir to. They are curiously solicitous about the health of every body; this one is exhorted "not to drink too much cold water;" another "not to sit in the draught;" a third is advised to "wear flannels;" and they have great doctors at their fingers' ends, whom they can quote in their support. They have read Buchan and Culpepper, and tell their fidgets upon their descriptions of diseases of all sorts. They offer to furnish receipts for pills, tinctures, and liniments; and if you would take advice gratis forthwith.

To sit at meals with such people is enough to give one the dyspepsy. The chicken has been sunking, and the soot has got into the soup; the fish is overdone, and the mutton is underdone; the potatoes have had the disease, the sauce is not of the right sort, the jelly is candied, the pastry is musty, the grapes are sour. Everything is wrong. The cook must be disposed of; Betty stands talking too long at the back gate. The poultry woman must be changed; the potato-man discarded. There will be a clean sweep. But things are never otherwise. The fidgety person remains unchanged, and goes fidgeting along to the end of the chapter; changing servants, and spoiling them by unnecessary complainings and contradictions, till they become quite reckless of ever giving satisfaction.

The fidgety person has been reading the newspaper, and is in a ferment about "that murder." Everybody is treated to its details. Or somebody's house has been broken into, and a constant fidget is kept up for a time about "thieves." If a cat's whisper is heard in the night, "there is a thief in the house;" if an umbrella is missing, "a thief has been in the lobby;" if a towel cannot be found, "a thief must have stolen it off the hedge." You are counseled to be careful of your pockets when you stir abroad. The outer doors are furnished with latches, new bolts and bars are provided for out-houses, bells are hung behind the shutters, and all other possible expedients are devised to keep out the imaginary "thief."

"O, there is a smell of fire!" Forthwith the house is traversed, down stairs and up stairs, and a voice at length comes from the kitchen, "It's only Bobby been burning a stick." You are told forthwith of a thousand accidents, death, and burnings, that have come from burning sticks. Bobby is pounced and horror-stricken, and is haunted by the terror of conflagration. If Bobby gets a penny from a visitor, he is consulted "not to buy gunpowder" with it, though he has a secret longing for crackers. Maids are cautioned to "be careful about the clothes-horse," and their ears are often startled with a cry from above stairs of "Betty, there is surely something singeing!"

The fidgety person "cannot bear" the wind whistling through the key-hole, nor the smell of washing, nor the sweep's cry of "svee-eep, svee-eep," nor the beating of carpets, nor thick ink, nor a mewing cat, nor new boots, nor a cold in the head, nor callers for rates and subscriptions. All these little things are magnified into miseries, and, if you like to listen, may sit for hours and hear the fidgety person wax eloquent about them, drawing a melancholy pleasure from the recital.

The fidgety person sits upon thorns, and loves to perch his or her auditor on the same raw material. Not only so, but you are dragged over thorns, till you fall thoroughly unskinned. Your ears are bored, and your teeth are set on edge.—Your head aches, and your withers are wrung. You are made to shake hands with misery and almost long for some real sorrow as a relief.

The fidgety person makes a point of getting out of humor upon an occasion, whether about private or public affairs. If subjects for misery do not offer within doors, they abound without. Something that has been done in the next street excites their ire, or something done a thousand miles off, or even something that was done a thousand years ago. Time and place matter nothing to fidgety. They overleap all obstacles in getting at their subject. They *must* be in hot water. If one question is set at rest, they start another; and they wear themselves to the bone in settling the affairs of everybody, which are never settled. Their feverish existence refuses rest, and they fret themselves to death about matters with which they have often no earthly concern. They are sponges in sympathy, which in them has degenerated into an exquisite tendency to pain. They are launched on a sea of trouble, the shores of which are perpetually extending. They are self-stretched on a rack, the wheels of which are ever going round.

The fundamental maxim of the fidgety is—whatever is, is wrong.

They will not allow themselves to be happy, nor anybody else. They always assume themselves to be the *most* aggrieved persons extant. Their grumbling is incessant, and they operate as a social poison wherever they go. Their vanity and self-conceit are usually accompanied by selfishness in a very aggravated form, which only seems to make their fidgets the more intolerable. You will generally observe that they are ill-persons; indeed, as a general rule, it may be said, the fidgety class want healthy occupations. In nine cases out of ten, employment in some active pursuit, in which they could not have time to think about themselves, would operate as a cure.

HINDOO JUGGLERS.

One of the men took a large earthen vessel with a capacious mouth, filled it with water and turned it up side down, when all the water flowed out, but the moment it was placed with the mouth upward it became always full. He then emptied it, allowed any one to inspect who chose. This being done, he desired one of the party to fill it up. Still when he reversed the jar not a drop of water flowed, and upon turning it, to our astonishment, it was empty. These and similar deceptions were several times repeated; although any as of that chose were allowed to upset the vessel when full; which we did many times, upon reversing it no water was to be seen, and yet no appearance of any having escaped. I examined the jar carefully when empty, but detected nothing. I was allowed to retain and fill it myself, still, upon taking it up, all was void within; so that how the water had disappeared and where it had been conveyed were problems that none of us were able to expound. The vessel employed by the jugglers upon this occasion was the common earthenware of the country, very roughly made, and in order to convince us that it had not been specially made for the purpose of aiding his clever deceptions he permitted it to be broken in our presence. The fragments were then handed round for inspection.—A large basket was produced in which was put a lean hungry Pariah slut. After a lapse of about a minute the basket was removed and she appeared with a litter of little puppies. These were again covered, and on raising the magic basket a goat was presented to our view. This was succeeded by a pig in the full vigor of its existence, but which, after being covered for the usual time, appeared with its throat cut. It was however, soon restored to life under the mystical shake of the wicker covering.

What rendered these sudden changes so extraordinary was, that no one stood near the basket but the juggler, who raised and covered the animals with it. When he concluded his exploits there was nothing to be seen under it, and what became of the different animals which figured in this singular decoration, was a question which puzzled all.

A man now took a small bag of brass balls which he threw one by one into the open air to the number of thirty-five.—None of them appeared to return. When he had discharged the last there was a pause for at least a minute. He then made a variety of motions with his hand and at the same time grunted forth a sort of barbarous chant. In a few seconds the balls were seen to fall one by one until the whole were replaced in the bag; this was repeated at least half a dozen times.—No one was allowed to come under him while this interesting juggle was performed.

A gaunt looking Hindoo then stepped forward and declared that he would swallow a snake; opening a box he produced a cobra di capello not less than five feet long and as big as an infant's wrist. He stood apart at some distance from us, and like his predecessors, would not allow any one to approach him, so that the deception appeared no longer equivocal. He then, as it appears to us, took the snake and putting his tail in his mouth, gradually lowered it into his stomach, until nothing but its head appeared to project betwixt his lips, when, with a sudden gulp, he seemed to complete the disgusting process of deglution and to secure the odious reptile within his body. After the expiration of a few seconds, he opened his mouth and gradually drew forth the snake, which he replaced in the box.

The next thing that engaged our attention was a feat of dexterity altogether astonishing. An elderly woman, the upper part of whose body was entirely uncovered, presented herself to our notice, and taking a bamboo twenty feet long placed it upright upon a flat stone, and, without any other support, climbed it with surprising agility. Having done this, she stood up with one foot on the top of the bamboo, balancing all the while. Round her waist she had a girdle to which was fastened an iron socket. Springing from her upright position on the bamboo she threw herself horizontally forward with such exact precision that the top of the pole entered the socket of her iron zone, and in this position she spun herself round with a velocity that made me giddy to look at, the bamboo appearing all the while as if supported by some supernatural agency. She turned her legs backwards until her heels touched her shoulders, and grasping her ankles in her hands, continued her rotations so rapidly that the outline of her body was lost to the eye, and she looked like a revolving ball. Having performed other feats equally extraordinary, she slid down the elastic shaft, and raising it in the air, balanced it on her lip, and finally projected it to a distance from her without the application of her hands. The next performer spread upon the ground a cloth about the size of a sheet. After a while it seemed gradually raised, and upon taking it up there appeared three pine apples growing under it, which were cut and presented to the spectators. This is considered a common juggle, and yet it is perfectly inexplicable.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

The following incident in the life of the Chevalier Bayard—the pride of French chivalry, and the knight without fear and reproach—is taken from the sketches of Venetian History, forming part of Murray's Family Library; but the original is found in the memoirs of the Chevalier by his secretary. In 1512, Brescia, a flourishing town in the north of Italy, and at that time belonging to the Venetian Territory, was taken, after a bloody resistance, by the French under Gaston de Foix. Bayard, in leading on the troops to the assault, received a very severe wound in the thigh, by a pike. After the capture of the city, the narrative thus proceeds:

Bayard meantime was placed upon a door torn from its hinges, and carried to the best looking house at hand. Its owner was a rich gentleman, who had sought asylum in a neighboring monastery; and his lady and two daughters, young ladies of extraordinary beauty, had concealed themselves beneath some straw in a granary "under the protection of our Lord." The mother, which she heard the knocking at the wicket, opened it, "as awaiting the mercy of God with constancy;" and Bayard, notwithstanding his own great pain, observing her pitcous agony, incontinently placed sentinels at the gate, and ordered them to prohibit all entrance, well knowing that his prime was a watchword of defence. He then assured the dame of protection, inspired into her confidence, and dispatching some archers for her husband's relief, received him courteously, and entreated him to believe that he lodged none other than a friend. His wound confined him for five weeks, nor was it closed when he remounted his horse and rejoined his comrades.

Before his departure, the lady of the house—still considering herself and family as prisoners, and her mansion the lawful property of her guest, yet perceiving his gentleness of demeanor—thought to prevail on him to compound for a moderate ransome; and having placed two thousand five hundred ducats in a basket, she besought his acceptance on her knees. Bayard raised her at the moment, asked her the sum, and seated her beside himself. He then assured her that had she presented him with three hundred thousand crowns, they would not gratify him so much as the good cheer which he had partaked under her roof; and he gave a permission to tell albeit to her daughters. "The damsels," says the chronicler, "were fair, virtuous and well trained, and had afforded much pastime to the chevalier during his illness, by their choice singing, playing on the lute and spinnets and their nice cunning needlework."

When they entered the chamber they thanked him with deep gratitude as the guardian of their honor; and the good knight, almost weeping at their gentleness and humility, answered: "Fair maidens, so you are doing that which it is rather my part to do—to thank you for the good company which you have afforded me, and for which I am greatly bound and obliged to you. You know that we few knight adventurers are ill provided with goodly toys for lady's eyes; and for my part I am sorely grieved not to be better furnished, in order that I might offer you some love token, as is your due. But your lady mother here has given me two thousand five hundred ducats, which lay on that table, and I present each of you with one thousand as an aid in your marriage portions; for my recompense I ask no more than that you will be pleased to pray God for my welfare." Then turning to the lady of the house, he continued, "these remaining five hundred ducats I take, madam, to my own use; and I request you to distribute them among the nuns who have been pillaged, and whose necessities no one can better know than yourself; and herewith I take my leave."

After having dined, as he quitted his chamber to take the horse, the two female[illegible] met him, each bearing a little offering which she had worked during his confinement. One consisted of two rich bracelets, woven with great taste from her own beautiful hair and fine gold and silver threads; the other was a crimson satin purse, embroidered with much subtility. Greatly did the brave knight thank them for this last courtesy, saying that such presents from so lovely hands were worth ten thousand crowns; then gallantly fastening the bracelet on his arm and the purse on his sleeve, he vowed to wear them both for the honor of their donors while life endured; and so he mounted and rode away.

A SAD INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

The Charleston Mercury of April 24th, relates the following tragic incident of the war of the city:

The Yankees threw now and then a bomb-shell into the city and no one pays any attention to it. But chance has wished yesterday that a bomb should throw all our society into mourning.

Miss Anna Pickens, the daughter of our old Governor, has never wished to leave the city. In spite of the representations of General Beauregard she has remained here, braving the bombs and the Greek fire, taking care of the wounded, and cheering every body by her presence. Among the officers whom she has had occasion to take care of was M. Andrew Rhett, Jr., who is descended from one of the most distinguished Huguenot families, who had formerly taken refuge in our city.

The young man was full of gratitude to his nurse; from gratitude he passed to a more tender sentiment; his wishes were listened to; Governor Pickens gave his consent; and the marriage was fixed to take place on yesterday, the 23d of April. Lieutenant Rochelle was on duty at Fort Sumter in the morning, and it was decided that the ceremony should take place in the house of General Bonham at 7 o'clock in the evening.

Almost at the moment when the Episcopalian minister demanded of the betrothed ones if they were ready to listen to him, a bomb broke on the roof of the house, penetrated the room in which the parties were, burst, and wounded nine persons, among others Miss Anna Pickens. The scene which followed is more easy to imagine than to describe. Order was soon restored, the wounded were removed, except the bride, who lay without movement on the floor. Lieutenant Rochelle, bending over her, wept bitterly and endeavored to stop the blood which flowed from a horrible wound over her left breast. A surgeon was called and declared that Miss Pickens had but two hours to live. We will not attempt to depict the general despair.

When her senses returned she wished to know her fate, and as they refused to tell it her, "Andrew," she said, addressing her future husband, "I pray you to tell me the truth. If I am to die, I wish to die worthy of you." The tears of the young man replied for him, and Miss Anna, recalling all her energy, made an effort to smile. Nothing could be more touching than the agony of the courageous woman, struggling against the agonies of death and against great physical suffering.

Mr. Pickens, whose courage is known, was almost senseless; and Madame Pickens' eye was like that of a person whose reason had fled. M. de Rochelle was the first to speak, and, addressing himself to his betrothed, "Anna," he said, "I too may soon die, but I wish that you should die my wife. There is yet time to unite us." The young lady did not reply; she had not strength enough. A slight flush colored for an instant her pale face—joy and sorrow divided her soul.

Stretched upon a divan, bleeding in her nuptial dress, she had never appeared more beautiful. Without being able to provide it, M. de Rochelle took her hand and prayed the Rev. Mr. Pickens to proceed with the ceremony. When it was the turn of the dying one to say "yes," [illegible] articulate a word. She barely [illegible] and a light froth appeared on her mouth. The last agony was approaching. It was only in sobbing that the minister could finish. One hour more, all was over, and the nuptial chamber was transformed into a chamber of death.

LEAP YEAR PLEASURE.—"Miss, will you take my arm?"

"Yes, and you too."

"Can't spare but the arm," replied the old bachelor.

"Then," replied she, "I can't take it, as my motto is, *get the whole boy or nothing.*"

Josh Billings says he don't care how much a man talks if he'll only say it in a hurry.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster was a firm believer in Divine revelation, and a close student of its sacred pages. On one occasion, a small company of select friends spent an evening at his house. Tea over, the Bible, and the relative beauties of its several parts, became the topic of conversation. When the turn came to Webster, he said: "The master piece of the New Testament, of course, is the Sermon on the Mount. That has no rival, no equal. As to the Old Testament writings, my favorite book is that of Habbakkup, and my favorite verses, chap. iii: 17—18: 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine—the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat—the flock shall be cut off, and there shall be no herd in the stall—yet, will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.' "This," continued Webster, "I regard as one of the sublimest passages of inspired literature. And often have I wondered, that some artist equal to the task, has not selected the prophet and his scene of desolation as the subject of a painting.

"When in Paris, some years ago," continued Mr. Webster, "I received an account of a French infidel, who happened to find in a drawer of his library some stray leaves of an unknown volume. Although in the constant habit of denouncing the Bible, like most infidel writers, he had never read any part of it. These fugitive leaves contained the above prayer of Habbakkup. Being a man of fine literary taste, he was captivated with its poetic beauty and lofty tone of the God-head, to announce the discovery to his associates. Of course, they were anxious to know the name of the gifted author, to which inquiries the elated infidel replied: 'A writer by the name of Hab-ba-kook, of course a *Frenchman!*' Judge of the infidel's surprise, when informed that the passage he was so enthusiastically admiring was not penned by one of his own countrymen, nor even by one of his own class of so called Free-Thinkers, but was penned by one of God's ancient prophets, and was contained in that much despised book—the Bible."

THE LAMA

The Lama is said to be the only animal which associates with man unbidden in the desert. It will bear neither beating nor ill-treatment. They go in troops, in Indian file, a long distance ahead of a guide. If tired they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great the Indian becomes uneasy towards sunset, and by applicating the beasts to resume their journey. If the Lamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill-humor they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker, but remain motionless, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air, at once noble and sensitive. It must be so in fact, for the Lama is the only creature employed by man, that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain either by force or threats, what the Lama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself ill-treated by word or gesture, he raises his head without dignity and without attempting to escape by flight; he lies down turning his look towards heaven, large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, and in half an hour or three quarters of an hour he expires. Happy creatures, who so easily avoid suffering by death! Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The Indians of the Cordileras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the Lama. It is doubtless from this extraordinary companion that he has learned to the when overtasked.

ONLY ONE BRICK ONCE ANOTHER.—A boy watched a large building, as the workmen from day to day carried up bricks and mortar.

"My son," said his father, "you seem taken with the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?"

"No, sir; I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick on another."

"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is in all great works. All your learning is one lesson added to another.—If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before another. Your whole life will be made up of one moment upon another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Be not discouraged by great labors. They become easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the large buildings went up only one brick upon another."

"Pray excuse a bit of stream," said Smith to Jones, "that you are an infamous liar and a scoundrel." "Pardon a touch of the gravy," replied Jones as he knocked him down with a potato.

HOW MUSKRATS SWIM UNDER THE ICE.—Muskrats have a curious method of traveling long distances under the ice.—In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take in breath at starting, and remain under the water as long as they can. They then rise to the ice and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice.—They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and ice, and then take it in again, and go on until the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the ice. The hunter sometime takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat in the following manner: When the marshes and pools where the muskrats abound are first frozen over, and the ice is clear, the hunter on striking into their recesses with his hatchet for the purpose of setting his traps, he frequently sees whole families plunge into the water and swim away under the ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him, and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter, and beaver travel under the ice in the same way; and hunters have frequently told me of taking otter in the manner I have described when these animals visit the houses of the muskrat for prey.—*The Taxidermist Gazette.*

THE MILLER AND THE CAMEL.—The Arabs report a fable of a miller, who was one day awakened by having the nose of a camel thrust into the window of a room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold out here," said the camel, "I only want to get my nose in." The miller granted his request. After a while the camel asked that he might get his neck in, and then he gained permission to have his fore feet in the room, and so, little by little, crowded in his whole body. The miller found his rude companion was now becoming excessively troublesome, for the room was not large enough for both.—When he complained to the camel, he received for answer, "If you do not like it, you may leave; as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

So it is with sin. It comes and knocks at the heart, and pleads for only a little indulgence, and so goes on, increasing the demands until it becomes master in the soul. What then shall the young do but guard against sin, beware of its very appearance, and, above all pray for the aid of the Holy Spirit, that by His grace they may be enabled to keep their heart with all diligence, and to guard against the entrance of anything that may defile or ruin the soul.

HOW SOON FORGOTTEN.—So lately dead, so soon forgotten. 'Tis the way of the world. Men take us by the hand, and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth. Some day we die and are buried. The sun does not stop for our funeral; everything goes on as usual; we are missed in the streets, men laugh at jokes; one or two hearts feel the wounds of affliction, one or two members still hold our names and forms. But the crowd moves in the daily circle, and in three days the great wave of time sweeps over our steps and washes out the last vestige of our lives.

☞ A bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions, met with a friend's gamekeeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to go to church and read his bible." The keeper in an angry mood responded, "Why, I do read my bible, sir, but I don't find in it any mention of the apostles going a shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

A wise little boy said: "I can understand how chickens get out of eggs 'cause they break the shell; but I can't see how they get in without breaking anything."

"Mister, I say, I suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was, "Yes, I don't."

Friendship has the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

"Take care you don't melt," said a wag to an Irish laborer, who was perspiring very freely. "Oh, be-lad!" I would then, if I was salt as yees."

Heaven sends us ten thousand truths but because the doors and windows are shut to them, they sit and sing awhile upon the roof and then fly away.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third good humor, and the fourth, wit.

There was a man so intensely polite, that, as he passed a hen on her nest, he said, "Don't rise, ma'am."