

The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS,

Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME VI, NUMBER 12

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 272

Selected Poetry.

Song of the Winter Wind.

I come, I come, from the north afar,
And my breath is piercing cold;
I scold through the forest trees,
And I sing both young and old!

I come, I come, from the north afar,
And I sing to the winds of death,
I make for me the drift of snow,
And I fill the hearts of men with woe.

Our Wives.
Heaven bless the wives,
Who fill our lives,
With little bees and honey;
They are life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
And they spend our money!

When we are sick,
They heal us quick—
That is, if they do love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
And raise tomb-stones above us.

Selected Sketch.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

It is Better to Give than to Receive.

"And you strip yourself of comfort for the sake of adding to this rich merchant's gains?"

The widow replied with a flushed cheek, "It may seem a light thing to you, but the thought that I am slowly and surely wiping every stain from my husband's honor, is my greatest earthly comfort. Mr. Milner is his last creditor, and God willing every cent shall be paid."

Her coarser relative responded with an emphatic "fiddle-sticks," and angrily left her presence.

"At last I have it," said a silver voice; and a sweet face, glad and brilliant, brightened up the gloom.

"Only see, mother, ten dollars, all my own; ten more makes twenty; so we shall have a nice little sum for Mr. Milner."

Tears trembled on her mother's lashes, and glittered on her pale cheek. "It is to be the price of thy life, my precious one," she thought. "Is the canker-worm at the heart of my beautiful flower? Must I give thee up to weary toil a sacrifice upon the altar of duty? Can it be that God requires it?"

Eva had knelt at her mother's feet, where she had fallen with all the abandon of a child, her glance fastened to the shining gold.

Lifting her glance, she met that of her mother, full of anxiety, touched with sorrow. A saddened smile broke over her delicate features.

"I was only thinking of endless things this money would buy—don't look so grave, mamma; such a beauty of a warm shawl for you, and a neat crimson cover for that untidy old arm chair; a bit, ever so little, of carpet, to put down by the bed, that your feet might not touch this cold floor, and a pretty cap, besides coal, and tea and sugar, and such nice comfortable things—but never mind, I'll be able to write a book some of these days, that'll make you and I rich."

And, dear mother, you shall ride in your own carriage, and may be those that scorn us now, only because we are poor, may be thankful for our notice. A trace to romance," she continued; "eternally reality tells me to go directly to Madison street, and Mr. Milner, give him this twenty dollars, take a receipt and then come back and read and sing to my mother."

Harriedly Eva passed from her own home along the narrow streets. As she went onward, street after street diverging into pleasant width and palace lined splendor. The houses of greatness and wealth glittered in their marble beauty under the golden sunlight. Up broad steps, through portals carved and shining, passed the timid steps of Eva Sterne.

At first the pompous servant smiled a contemptuous denial, but after a moment, perhaps softened by her childish simplicity and winning blue eyes, he deemed it best not to deny her urgency; and she entered this palace of a rich man's home.

Softly her feet sank in the luxurious

carpets. Statuary in bronze and marble lined the way to the staircase. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for use, and he who came in with his kindly glance and handsome face, the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well young lady," he said, blandly smiling, "to whom am I indebted for this pleasure?"

"My father, sir, died in your debt," said Eva, blushing and speaking very softly. "By the strictest economy and hard work, my mother and I have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account—I am sorry they must be so small sir—we can in the course of a few years fully liquidate the sum, and then we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor."

She paused a moment, and said again—"My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years, but, sir, he was honorable; he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

Mr. Milner sat awhile, thoughtfully, his dark eyes fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said:

"I remember your father well. I regret his death. He was a fine fellow," he added, musingly; "but, my dear young lady, have you means—do you embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

Eva blushed again, and looking up, ingenuously replied:

"I am obliged to work, sir, but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace."

This she spoke with keen emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glistened on his lashes.

Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces—he took them, and bidding her say a moment, hastily left the room.

Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note, saying—

"There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add, that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. You will see by my note what arrangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory."

Eva left him with a lighted heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was so gentle, so fatherly, that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

At last she got home, and breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened her letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank note enclosed; she held it without speaking or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand; here are fifty dollars—what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears, "is a receipt in full, releasing us from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man. Heaven will bless him, God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh, what shall we do to thank him?"

"Mother," said Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he were an angel of goodness. Oh, they do wrong, who say that all who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible that we are so rich? I wish he knew how very happy he has made us, how much we will love and reverence him, whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of."

"He has bound two hearts to him forever," murmured her mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Milner little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now, we need not stint the fire, we may buy coal, and have one cheerful blaze, thank God. And the tea, the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you, dear mother, and a very few books for myself. I declare I am so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live."

That evening, the grate, heaped with

Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to their benefactor. Her mother's face lighted with the loss of cankerous care, shone with a placid smile, and her very thought was a prayer calling down blessings on the good rich man.

In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, and whose light made richest the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" asked Lina, a beautiful girl, passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"Don't I always look happy, my little Lina?"

"Yes, but you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so," and her bright face reflected his own. "I think you have had something very nice to day; what was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what has made me father so happy? Here is my Bible, let her turn to the Acts of the Apostles, 20th chapter, 35th verse, and read it carefully."

The beautiful child turned reverently the pages of the holy book, and as she read, she looked up in her father's eyes—

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ah, I know, she said," laying her rosy cheek upon his hand; "you have been giving something to some beggars, as you did last week, and he thanked you and said, 'God bless you,' and that's what makes you so happy."

Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile—but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Miscellaneous.

Bashfulness in Youth.

Young people, on their first admission to this outer world are especially afflicted by false shame; so that it may be regarded as one of the moral diseases of the mind's infancy. It is at the bottom of a great deal of their shyness. They cannot feel at ease because they mistrust something about themselves or their belongings, and have that feeling of barrenness and exposure in the presence of unfamiliar eyes which attaches to sensitiveness under untried circumstances. Everything then assumes a magnified, exaggerated character, the place they occupy on the one hand, and the importance of the occasion on the other. The present company is the world, the universe, a convention of men and gods, all forming a deliberate and irreversible judgment upon them, and deciding to their disadvantage on account of some oddness, or awkwardness, or passing slip in themselves, or in accessories about them. But, in most persons, time and experience bring so much humility as teaches them their insignificance. It is not, we soon learn, very likely that at any given time a mixed assemblage is thinking very much about us; and then the horror of a conspicuous position loses its main sting. There is one hand; on the other, we are not as dependent on the award of society as we were. Even a roomful of people, to our enlarged imagination, by no means the whole creation. There is something worth caring for outside those walls. And also we have come to form a sort of estimate of ourselves. There is now a third party in question, in the shape of self-respect. We realize that we are to ourselves of immeasurably more consequence than any one else can be to us. Thus, either by reason or by the natural hardening and strengthening process of the outer air, most people overcome any conspicuous display of the weakness. By the time youth is over, they have either accepted their position or set about in a business like way to mend it.—*Essay on Social Subjects.*

Precise Bore.

Avoid in conversation all singularity of accuracy. One of the bores of society is the talker who is always setting you right; who, when you report from the paper that 10.00 men fell in some battle, tells you that it was 9,000; who, when you describe your walk as a round of fashionable dissipation; but every man of sense and genuine taste will prefer the ruddy glow of health, the active, agile step, and exuberant gaiety of her who is accustomed to spend some time every day in active exercise on foot or on horseback in the open air.

You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, and he must go to shop-keeping, or street loafing, or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure that he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms, or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and who are willing to work at their trades or professions; if they get a little before hand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business—and by this time will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life are men who stick to business and make money before they buy farms and houses, and commence speculating. Look at our successful men and you will see where lies the secret of success.

You will find they never were above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job which they could just as well do themselves. We know a man worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars, and no laborer works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat and do any kind of work about his premises. Such a man is not above his business; but we think he is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure; if all men will be prompt and punctual, stick to their business and not be too proud, they will eventually succeed and become independent.—*D. C. Cedarville.*

Religion and Health.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his Lecture Room talks, thinks that health is the first step toward a healthy religious experience. He says:

"You will say, perhaps, 'What, then, is there no religion for the infirm and sick?' Yes; but that does not alter the fact that in their religious experiences, they are more or less gloomy and desponding. It is not always the effect of disease to produce gloom and despondency; sometimes it heightens the sensibilities; but as a general thing, religious experiences are sadder and more rational in a healthy mind and a healthy body. So—I say first, as the first step toward being healthy, if you expect to have broad and deep and sweet experiences. Health is a Christian duty. I have heard persons praying, and praying for the presence of God; and I have thought that, if they would exercise and work more, and spend twice as much time in the open air, they would not need to pray so much. What they wanted was not answer to prayer, but simple obedience to the laws of God in nature."

It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, and he must go to shop-keeping, or street loafing, or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure that he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms, or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and who are willing to work at their trades or professions; if they get a little before hand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business—and by this time will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life are men who stick to business and make money before they buy farms and houses, and commence speculating. Look at our successful men and you will see where lies the secret of success.

Above His Business.

It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, and he must go to shop-keeping, or street loafing, or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure that he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms, or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and who are willing to work at their trades or professions; if they get a little before hand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business—and by this time will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life are men who stick to business and make money before they buy farms and houses, and commence speculating. Look at our successful men and you will see where lies the secret of success.

You will find they never were above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job which they could just as well do themselves. We know a man worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars, and no laborer works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat and do any kind of work about his premises. Such a man is not above his business; but we think he is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure; if all men will be prompt and punctual, stick to their business and not be too proud, they will eventually succeed and become independent.—*D. C. Cedarville.*

Facts on Advertisements.

The advertisements in an ordinary number of the London Times exceed 2,500. The annual advertising bills of one London firm are said to amount to \$200,000, and three others mentioned who annually expend for the same purpose \$50,000. The expense for advertising the eight editions of the Encyclopedia Britannica, is said to have been \$15,000.

It is also asserted that \$90,000,000 a year are expended in England in extra advertising, by circulars, hand bills and placards. In large cities, nothing is more common than to see large business establishments, which seem to have an immense advantage over all competitors by the wealth, experience and prestige they have acquired drop gradually out of view, and be succeeded by firms of a smaller capital, more determination to have the fact that they sell such commodities known from one end of the land to the other.

In other words the new establishments advertise; the old die of dignity. The former are ravenous to pass out of obscurity into publicity; the latter believe that their publicity is obvious that it cannot be obscured. The first understand that they must thrust themselves on public attention or be disregarded; the second having once obtained public attention, suppose they arrested it permanently, while in fact nothing is more characteristic of the world than the ease with which it forgets.

City Pulpits in dog days.

A correspondent, Mr. Y. we will say, being on a visit to New York recently, decided to go on Sunday morning to hear Rev. Dr. Chapin. To his regret, on arriving at the church, he found that that eminent divine, but a stranger, who preached eloquently from the text, "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." X. thought he would go to Plymouth Church in the afternoon, to hear Mr. Beecher. There he found the same stranger in the pulpit, and again he listened to the expounding of the text, "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever."

Some what vexed at his ill success, X. having liberal views, went in the evening to Dr. Ozgool's church. What was his astonishment at being compelled again to listen to the now familiar sermon from the same clergyman. Having occasion next morning to cross the ferry, X. discovered his next neighbor to be the same preacher, and his sermon under his arm. "I wonder what that tingling can be?" suggested the stranger modestly, as a peal of bells was heard from the opposite shore. "I suspect," returned X. savagely, "eyeing the manuscript 'that Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever.'"

The rest of the voyage passed without incident or conversation.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Intemperance among Women.

The alarming statement was made in the Temperance Convention at Saratoga, that the names of thirteen hundred rich men's daughters, in the State of New York, are on the list of applicants for admission to the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, N. Y. It may be somewhat of an exaggeration; we trust that it is so. But no one who hears and reads the reports circulated concerning the present habits of fashionable society, can doubt that intemperance is fearfully prevalent there, though not apparent to the world as it is among the degraded classes. That it should be so is not strange. Wine is used freely at the evening party, in the Christmas holidays, at the sea-side, and at the Springs. And now, as in old time, "wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging." It will make its power to mar and destroy to be felt upon female purity and loveliness, as well as upon the strength of manhood. The only way of perfect safety to either male or female, is to be found in obedience to the divine injunction which saith: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Those who addict themselves to its use, whether men or women, will learn, with bitter experience, that "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Rural New Yorker.*

ANECDOTE OF PETER CARTWRIGHT.

An anecdote was told at the recent session of the Methodist Conference, of that venerable apostle of Methodism, Peter Cartwright, which happened not long since, and which is too good to be lost. He was called, during a visit to one of the parishes of his district, to administer the rite of baptism to an infant; he inquired in his usual slow and precise manner "Madam, what is the name of the infant?" "Jefferson Davis," replied the mother. Uncle Peter stood a moment confounded, when, showing the child, in no gentle manner toward the mother, he exclaimed: "Not the most pleasant tone he could command—'Take the name away!' and placing it in the arms of its mother, left the house without baptizing it, thus refusing to countenance sympathy with the rebellion even in so small a matter as that.

FACTS IN CUTTING TIMBER.

Cut timber from the middle of September to the middle of December, and you cannot get a worm into it. October and November are perhaps the best months, and sure to avoid the worms.

You cut from March to June; and you cannot save the timber from the worms and borers. May used to be called peeling time; much was then done in preparing bark for the tanneries, when the sap is up in the trunk and all the pores full of sap; whereas in October these pores are all empty—then is the time to cut, and there will be no worms.

When you see an ox-bow with the bark tight, there are no worms, no powder-post, and you cannot separate it from the wood, and what is true in one kind is true in all kinds of timber; and every kind has its peculiar kind of worm. The pine has, I believe, the largest worms; and these worms work for many years. I have found them alive and at work in white oak spoken that I knew had been in my garret over twelve years, and they were much larger than at first; they do not stop in the sap, but continue in the solid part. I do not think of buying timber unless it is cut in the time above alluded to.

Grand Farming.—The N. Y. Post notes a cornfield of one hundred and sixty acres, on the grand prairie, in the plowing, planting, and cultivation of which no man walked a step. A rotary spader, drawn by four horses, and driven by a man upon the box, plowed the field to a uniform depth of eight inches and gave such thorough tillage that it was not necessary to use a harrow at all. A cornplanter, drawn by two horses, and driven by a man upon the box, next planted the seed. A cultivator, drawn by two mules, one walking on each side of the knee-high corn, completed the culture of a row at a single operation; and in the tool-house lay another machine, also to be drawn by horse, which will cut down the corn when it is ripe and lay it in regular rows, to be finally gathered by hand. But it is expected that by next year this machine will be so improved as to gather up the corn also, and bind it.

Printer's Proverbs.—Never inquire the price of an editor for the news, for he holds it as his business, at the appointed time, to give it unto thee without asking.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for his duty requires him to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be lying open, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayest understand it.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, subscribe for it immediately, pay for it in advance and it shall be well with thee and thy little crier.

The Retort Courteous.—A clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell on his back. The minister looked at him a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him, "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do, but I can't."

In one of our courts lately a man who was called upon as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said, "Your honor, he's gone." "Gone!" said the judge, "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," said the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead." This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

A gentleman who had the curiosity to spend a dime in answering an advertisement which promised valuable advice for that amount, received by mail the following answer: "Friend, for your ten cents postage, please find enclosed advice which will be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months and years by the careless use of a knife, always whistle from you."

A miller had his neighbor arrested under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

A stray contraband from down south was lately inspecting a horse power in operation, when he broke out thus: "Mister, I has seen heaps of singe in my life, but I never before saw anything what a horse could do his own work as ride hisself too."

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes—rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

A man boasted of having eaten forty-nine eggs. "Why did you not eat one more and make fifty?" asks Sounds. "Humph, do you want a man to make a hog of himself just for one egg?"

"Sir," asked a newly fledged legislator of a fellow passenger on the Hudson River railroad, "are you going to the Legislature?" "No, thank God! not so bad as that. I'm going to State prison!"

When two gentlemen fight a duel, each of them is a man after the other's own heart.

FACTS IN CUTTING TIMBER.

Cut timber from the middle of September to the middle of December, and you cannot get a worm into it. October and November are perhaps the best months, and sure to avoid the worms.

You cut from March to June; and you cannot save the timber from the worms and borers. May used to be called peeling time; much was then done in preparing bark for the tanneries, when the sap is up in the trunk and all the pores full of sap; whereas in October these pores are all empty—then is the time to cut, and there will be no worms.

When you see an ox-bow with the bark tight, there are no worms, no powder-post, and you cannot separate it from the wood, and what is true in one kind is true in all kinds of timber; and every kind has its peculiar kind of worm. The pine has, I believe, the largest worms; and these worms work for many years. I have found them alive and at work in white oak spoken that I knew had been in my garret over twelve years, and they were much larger than at first; they do not stop in the sap, but continue in the solid part. I do not think of buying timber unless it is cut in the time above alluded to.

Grand Farming.—The N. Y. Post notes a cornfield of one hundred and sixty acres, on the grand prairie, in the plowing, planting, and cultivation of which no man walked a step. A rotary spader, drawn by four horses, and driven by a man upon the box, plowed the field to a uniform depth of eight inches and gave such thorough tillage that it was not necessary to use a harrow at all. A cornplanter, drawn by two horses, and driven by a man upon the box, next planted the seed. A cultivator, drawn by two mules, one walking on each side of the knee-high corn, completed the culture of a row at a single operation; and in the tool-house lay another machine, also to be drawn by horse, which will cut down the corn when it is ripe and lay it in regular rows, to be finally gathered by hand. But it is expected that by next year this machine will be so improved as to gather up the corn also, and bind it.

Printer's Proverbs.—Never inquire the price of an editor for the news, for he holds it as his business, at the appointed time, to give it unto thee without asking.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for his duty requires him to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be lying open, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayest understand it.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, subscribe for it immediately, pay for it in advance and it shall be well with thee and thy little crier.

The Retort Courteous.—A clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell on his back. The minister looked at him a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him, "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do, but I can't."

In one of our courts lately a man who was called upon as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said, "Your honor, he's gone." "Gone!" said the judge, "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," said the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead." This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

A gentleman who had the curiosity to spend a dime in answering an advertisement which promised valuable advice for that amount, received by mail the following answer: "Friend, for your ten cents postage, please find enclosed advice which will be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months and years by the careless use of a knife, always whistle from you."

A miller had his neighbor arrested under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

A stray contraband from down south was lately inspecting a horse power in operation, when he broke out thus: "Mister, I has seen heaps of singe in my life, but I never before saw anything what a horse could do his own work as ride hisself too."

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes—rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

A man boasted of having eaten forty-nine eggs. "Why did you not eat one more and make fifty?" asks Sounds. "Humph, do you want a man to make a hog of himself just for one egg?"

"Sir," asked a newly fledged legislator of a fellow passenger on the Hudson River railroad, "are you going to the Legislature?" "No, thank God! not so bad as that. I'm going to State prison!"

When two gentlemen fight a duel, each of them is a man after the other's own heart.

FACTS IN CUTTING TIMBER.

Cut timber from the middle of September to the middle of December, and you cannot get a worm into it. October and November are perhaps the best months, and sure to avoid the worms.

You cut from March to June; and you cannot save the timber from the worms and borers. May used to be called peeling time; much was then done in preparing bark for the tanneries, when the sap is up in the trunk and all the pores full of sap; whereas in October these pores are all empty—then is the time to cut, and there will be no worms.

When you see an ox-bow with the bark tight, there are no worms, no powder-post, and you cannot separate it from the wood, and what is true in one kind is true in all kinds of timber; and every kind has its peculiar kind of worm. The pine has, I believe, the largest worms; and these worms work for many years. I have found them alive and at work in white oak spoken that I knew had been in my garret over twelve years, and they were much larger than at first; they do not stop in the sap, but continue in the solid part. I do not think of buying timber unless it is cut in the time above alluded to.

Grand Farming.—The N. Y. Post notes a cornfield of one hundred and sixty acres, on the grand prairie, in the plowing, planting, and cultivation of which no man walked a step. A rotary spader, drawn by four horses, and driven by a man upon the box, plowed the field to a uniform depth of eight inches and gave such thorough tillage that it was not necessary to use a harrow at all. A cornplanter, drawn by two horses, and driven by a man upon the box, next planted the seed. A cultivator, drawn by two mules, one walking on each side of the knee-high corn, completed the culture of a row at a single operation; and in the tool-house lay another machine, also to be drawn by horse, which will cut down the corn when it is ripe and lay it in regular rows, to be finally gathered by hand. But it is expected that by next year this machine will be so improved as to gather up the corn also, and bind it.

Printer's Proverbs.—Never inquire the price of an editor for the news, for he holds it as his business, at the appointed time, to give it unto thee without asking.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for his duty requires him to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself