Democratic Advocate.

$2.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1871. VOL. VI.--NO. 26.

SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND Furniture Factory.

SHORB & LEISTER,

MAIN Street, West of the Railroad, have on hand and Manufacture to order *SASHES, BLINDS, DOORS,* and every article necessary to a Building.

ALSO, **FURNITURE,** in every style and variety.

Having had great experience in our business, we feel satisfied in saying we can sell our goods to a greater advantage then can be had elsewhere.

☞ Give us a call.

Nov. 20,—tf.

COAL AND LUMBER YARD.

THE subscriber thanking his old patrons for the liberal encouragement bestowed upon him heretofore, would respectfully state that he is still actively engaged in his old business and keeps on hand a full supply of seasoned

LUMBER

of every kind. Also, the various kinds of **COAL,** always on hand. Just received 60,000 No. 1 CYPRESS SHINGLES, 40,000 No. 2 " " for sale at reduced prices.

Office and yard on Main Street, a short distance west of the Railroad, Westminster, Md. H. W. DELL.

jan2-tf

MORAVIAN SEMINARY

FOR YOUNG LADIES!

"LINDEN HALL." FOUNDED 1794!

IT is most important for Parents to know where they can get the best English Education and Instruction in Music—Vocal and Instrumental—Drawing, Painting, German, French, Latin and Wax Work, for their daughters. This Institution has been in successful operation for more than three-quarters of a century, and nearly four thousand young Ladies have been educated here!

☞ Do not fail to address for Circular with all desired information, Rev. EUGENE A. PARGAPUF, Principal, Litiz, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.

State that you saw the advertisement in the Westminster *Advocate.* mar 9 6m*

MONTOUR HOUSE

WEST END, WESTMINSTER, MD.

THE undersigned announces to the public that he has taken the above Hotel. The house is new, and furnished throughout with New Furniture, Beds, &c., and is prepared to accommodate either transient or permanent boarders. The Table will always be supplied with the best in the market, and the Bar stocked with the choicest brands of Wines, Liquors, Ales, Segars, &c. The location is very desirable, being only a few yards from the Depot. The Stabling is large and ample, and attentive Ostlers always on hand to wait upon travellers

J. A. KLEFF, Proprietor.

aug 6 1y

House and Lot

AT PRIVATE SALE,

IN NEW WINDSOR, MD.

THE former residence of the subscriber, everything convenient and in good repair, excellent well of water and cistern, a choice variety of shrubery and fruit trees, large stable and carriage house. Also an adjoining building lot.

The above property is suitable for the private residence of a mechanic, as it contains an excellent room for a shop and is central" located.

DR. J. F. BUFFINGTON.

oct 29,—tf

NOTICE

To the Soldiers of War of 1812.

CONGRESS having passed an Act, granting a pension of eight dollars monthly, during life, to the Soldiers of the War of 1812 and their widows, and whereas the undersigned is in possession of an accumulated amount of evidence which may be necessary in such cases, he therefore offers to attend promptly to the collection of said pension, for all who may see proper to intrust the same to him.

JAS. BLIZZARD,

Clerk to the County Commissioners for Carroll county. ☞ Office at the Court House, Westminster, Md. feb 23-tf

WILLIAM MOORE,

Watch Maker and Jeweller.

A FINE Stock of Ladies Gold Watches and Chains, American Watches in Gold and Silver Cases, Coin Silver Chains, Silver-plated Ware, Fine Sets of Jewelry, always on hand and for sale at lowest prices.

WATCH REPAIRING.—NOTICE.

Having secured the services of a first-class Watch Maker, we are now prepared to give special attention to Repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work warranted.

WM. MOORE,

Practical Watch Maker and Jeweller,

oct 27 Westminster, Md.

MANSION HOUSE HOTEL,

North east Corner Fayette & St. Paul Sts.

OPPOSITE BARNUM'S CITY HOTEL,

BALTIMORE.

Isaac Alberston, Proprietor.

☞ This is one of the most pleasant and central locations in the city.

TERMS.....$1.50 per day.

may 7-1y

TAILORING AND SCOURING.

THE undersigned having removed his Shop above Bayles & Thompson's old Butcher Shop, is now prepared to do all kinds of Tailoring, Scouring and Repairing, at the lowest terms and shortest notice.

J. A. KRETZER.

mar 16 3m

WAR OF 1812.

SOLDIERS' Bounties under the recent Act of Congress, collected by

SMITH & McKELLIP,

mar2 Westminster, Md.

COAL TAR FOR SALE.

APPLY to

JOHN L. REIFSNIDER,

President Westminster Gas Light Co.

ap 13 3m

Lamps, Oils, &c.

THE latest improved Burners, with a large assortment of Lamps, for sale cheap. Kerosene Oil, and Machine Oil of all kinds, for sale at

mar 3 E. K. GERNAND'S.

Calicoes,

AT 6¼, 8, 10, 11 and 12½ cents, as low as before the war, at

ap 7 *H. L. Norris & Co's.*

CARPETS, Oil Cloths and Queensware, a new stock for sale cheap, at

nov 3 JOHN L. REIFSNIDER'S.

Select Poetry.

THE TRUNDLE BED.

As I rummaged through the attic
List'ning to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane,
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read—
"Rush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came, with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot—
As I wondered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter,
Carefully the words she said,
Never can they be forgotten—
Deep they are in mem'ry graven!
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! Thou who art in Heaven!"

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import, great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father,
Father, do Thou bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has moulder'd 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God,
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled;
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

Select Story.

DOOMED---SAVED.

On a handsome lawn fronting an old ivy grown mansion in the State of Virginia, one pleasant afternoon not many years since, a group of young people of both sexes were gathered. Standing in their midst was an old woman bent down with age, looking as if she stood on the brink of the grave, but her dark, restless eye showed that there was vigorous life in her mind, if not in her body.

She had been "telling fortunes" for the young people gathered around her, and to all but one she had foretold a bright and happy fortune. The exception of this rule was a handsome boy of nineteen, with a dark, passionate face, and an expression which indicated perfect fearlessness.

Five years before the opening of this story, an old gentleman and his nephew had moved to Virginia from some Northern State, and buying a farm, had made it their home. Mr. Mercer and his nephew Frank were treated with kindness by the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and they received invitations to visit the plantations near them. Frank soon became acquainted with all in the country, but his uncle never left the farm, and seemed to shun society. For this many reasons were given, but the true one was that he had lost all his family, and Frank's parents having left him to Mr. Mercer's charge, he determined to devote himself to the boy, and found sufficient enjoyment in his company and cultivating his farm. Though reported very wealthy, and that he always kept a large sum of gold in the house, Mr. Mercer and Frank lived in a quiet way, and made no display.

Thus passed Frank's youth from his fourteenth until his nineteenth year, when our story opens. A man of superior education, Mr. Mercer had been his nephew's teacher, and had imparted unto him much knowledge of the world, of letters, and people, so that Frank, at nineteen, was as well informed as if he had possessed a cultivated education. There were those in the neighborhood who reported the boy was wild and dissipated, and this found ready believers in others; so that Frank had some enemies as well as friends.

Thus we find him; and on the evening of the commencement of our story he had been invited to an entertainment given by a wealthy planter to his children.

Mr. Dewes, the planter, had three children, the youngest and loveliest of whom was Mary, a girl of twelve. Mary and Frank were the best of friends, and loved each other dearly; so when the fortune-teller predicted a dark and stormy future for Frank the tears arose to the child's eyes and she said,

"Don't listen to her, Frank." But the boy laughed, and turning on his heels walked away:

Two days afterwards he left home for a week's hunting in the mountains; but the second night after his departure the neighborhood was aroused by the startling news that old Mr. Mercer had been murdered by his nephew. One of the servants passing the house at night heard a cry, seeing Frank's window open he sprang in and walked across the hall to Mr. Mercer's chamber, from whence the cry came. Lying upon the floor was the old man, dead, while near him stood his nephew, with a bloody knife in his hand. In fright the negro rushed from the house and gave the alarm. Persons from the neighborhood were sent for, and Frank was seized against every protestation that he did not kill his uncle, and thrown into jail.

The feeling against the youth was intense, for the negro told the story of how he had found Frank, and a wayfaring peddler, who had just ascended the front steps to ask to stay all night, corroborated the negro's statement.

The trial came off and the charges were made known. Frank was accused of starting upon a hunting expedition for a blind, and then returning from the mountain by night, had entered the room, and attempting to remove a large bag of gold kept by his uncle, had aroused him, and upon being discovered had driven his hunting-knife into the heart of Mr. Mercer; the gold was on the floor, its weight having torn through the bag when it was raised. The knife with which Mr. Mercer was killed was one he had given to Frank some days before, and was a large dirk knife encased in a silver scabbard.

Pale as death, but showing no sign of fear or guilt upon his handsome face, the prisoner sat unmoved by his sentence, which was to die on the gallows. When asked if he had aught to say, Frank arose, and looking around the court room, in a clear voice answered:

"I have! Circumstantial evedence has condemned me! I admit it looks as if I did the deed, but I am guiltless of murder! Dropping my percussion cap box in a mountain stream, I returned home for more; for without caps my gun was useless. It was a lovely night, and I determined to enter the house by my room window, get the caps, and return without awaking my uncle. I tied my horse to the fence, sprang into the window, and then heard a loud crash, a call out, and a shriek in the direction of my uncle's room. I rushed thither—a dark form rushed by me in the uncertain light of the room—and I fell over something upon the floor. With fear in my heart I arose, lighted a candle, and saw my uncle's body covered with blood, gold scattered upon the floor, and my own knife, which had done the deed, lying near. I picked up the knife, and thus I was found by the negro and seen by the peddler. As God is my witness, I did not murder the good old man who had protected me throughout life, and whom I loved as though he was my own father. I am guiltless of the fiendish deed, but submit to my fate!"

A silence fell upon all; there were, however, but few who would believe the youth's statement; among the latter was Mr. Dewes and his family, who through all, remained staunch friends.

Frank Mercer was to be hung, to die an ignominious death on the gallows, and hundreds flocked to the little town where the execution was to take place, to see him die. How they were disappointed to find that the night before he had escaped! How, no one knew, but he had left a note addressed to the jailor, thanking him for the kindness shown him while he was in his charge, and his regrets that his escape might cause him trouble, but saying he had an opportunity of escaping, and took advantage of it, for he had no idea of dying an ignominious death for an act he was not guilty of, merely to gratify the curiosity of a gaping crowd. Freedom was offered him, and he accepted it, and he hoped he would yet be able to prove his innocence.

This was about the subject of the letter, and when it was published in the local paper, there were some who were glad that the boy had escaped the gallows.

Mr. Mercer's property was, in his will all left to Frank, and was found to be considerable. Trustees assumed charge of it, and before long the quiet community had settled down to its usual routine, and the murder and escape were, in short time, almost forgotten.

Ten years passed away, and no word of the fugitive had been heard, and people believed him dead. One exception was Mary Dewes, now grown to womanhood. She had never believed him dead, and through her life had treasured Frank's image in her inmost heart, the mystery that hung around him but adding strength to regard. Her sisters had married, her mother was dead, and together with their father, they had lived at the old homestead.

Business calling Mr. Dewes to Havana, he took Mary with him, and they set sail from Charleston in a fine ship running south. They had been some days at sea, when in the dead of night the fearful cry of "Fire" was heard, which aroused all from slumber. In vain were efforts made to quench the flames. The seamen in fright rushed into the only available boat, and it sank with them, and left them struggling in the ocean, borne away by the wind and waves, while Mr. Dewes and Mary, the captain of the ship, and a few others were huddled away upon the stern, awaiting the fearful doom that must, to all appearance, overtake them.

"Sail, ho!"

The joyous cry came from the captain, who had been straining his eyes over the ocean, in hopes of seeing some vessel coming to save them. Swiftly flying towards them came a low, rakish, three-masted schooner, which ever and anon sent up a light, to those on board the burning ship that succor was near.

Hark! the deep boom of a gun is heard and as the captain listens, he exclaim, "Miss Dewes, we are all right now; cheer up, for there comes a vessel-of-war to our aid."

"Ship ahoy!" come in ringing tones from the schooner, as she came near the burning ship, which was being rapidly driven along by the wind.

"Ahoy!" answered the captain.

"Throw a long line from your ship, and I will send you a boat," came in the same clear tones.

The line was thrown, the boat attached, and after a little difficulty, the people from the ship were transferred to the schooner, and Mary was soon in the comfortable cabin, rejoicing over their escape from a horrible death.

At breakfast the next morning the young captain of the war schooner descended to join his guests at the table, and as he entered, Mary sprang towards him.

"Frank Mercer! Oh! it is you—is it not?"

One glance at the beautiful girl, and, though years had passed, Frank Mercer—for it was no other—recognized the playmate whom he had loved so well, and whom he had never ceased to think of.

Mr. Dewes came forward, and what a joyful meeting was there; but seeing a cloud, as if of bitter memories, come over the young captain's face Mr. Dewes said:

"First, let me relieve you of one thing. Your innocence in Virginia has been thoroughly established; for a negro running away, hung the other day for killing a woman, confessed just before his death that he had murdered your uncle, and your arriving when you did, had prevented him from getting the gold, but made him escape from the house. He knew your uncle kept a large amount of money, and you being away, as he thought, he procured your knife, and with it committed the fatal deed."

Frank listened to Mr. Dewes, almost breathless, and then, when he had concluded, he bowed his face in his hands and wept like a child.

"But come in," said Mr. Dewes, at length, "we are hungry and need breakfast; and are dying to know how you became a captain in the Mexican navy.

"My story is easily told, my dear friends; for, after escaping from prison through your kindness, I went to Mexico, and entered the navy, and, having rendered some services, rose to my present command which had been the means of saving your lives."

Little more can be added. Frank resigned his commission and returned home, when he was lionized by the whole community. He came in possession of his estates, which were greatly increased in value, and, six months afterwards, in the town where he was to have the hagman's halter placed around his neck for death, he had the noose of matrimony thrown around his life, and the bride was Mary Dewes Thus his life had been both dark and bright in a remarkable degree.

Manufacture of Hair Cloth.

Our readers have no doubt, often wondered where all the hair is obtained for the manufacture of hair cloth, and how the manufacture is conducted. There is a hair cloth factory in Central Falls, R. I. The hair used is that of horses' tails, and is imported from South America and Russia; mostly from the latter country. It is purchased at the great annual fairs of Isbilt and Nijni Novgorod. That purchased in June, at the latter place, will be received in about sixty days; and that bought at Isbilt, in February, in about six months. As it comes of various colors, it is, for the purpose of this manufacture, all dyed black. A certain proportion, however, is purchased in England and France, already prepared for the loom. It is worth from fifty cents to four dollars per pound, according to length, the price increasing in rapid ratio after the length attains twenty four inches.

The "rough hair," or that which is imported in its natural state, is hacked, and the shortest sold to the manufacturers of mattresses, it being first curled. After being hacked, the different lengths are combed out, assorted, tied in bunches, and made ready for coloring. After this process, the bunches are carefully inspected, measured, and put away for the loom. The cloth is made in widths of from fourteen to thirty two inches.

Contrary to the popular idea, the hair is not, as a rule, round. A section under the microscope shows a form as though a third of a circle had been cut off, and the flat portion slightly indented. This conformation causes some difficulties in the manipulation, which require great skill and the most delicate machinery to overcome. A bunch of hair which has been soaked in water is placed in position, and the individual hairs are picked up, to be, by the shuttle, laid carefully in the weft. If the machine fail to take a hair, which occasionally happens in practice, it continues its effort until it succeeds, the other portions of the machinery standing still in the meantime. The shuttle is an awkward looking, but most delicately operating implement. The hair must not be bruised, and it must not be stretched; the necessity for such gentle manipulation has led to the idea that no machinery could be constructed capable of performing the operation with sufficient exactitude and regularity; but this, as we have seen, is now shown to be a fallacy.

EARLY FRUGALITY.—In early childhood, you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits of your children. Teach them to save everything—not for there own use, for that would make them selfish—but for some use. Teach them to share everything with their playmates, but never allow them to destroy anything. I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed; yet nothing was mean or uncomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be as comfortable on a little, as others can be with much. In this family, when the father brought home a package, the older children would, of their accord, put away the paper and twine neatly instead of throwing them in the fire, or tearing them to pieces. If the little ones wanted a piece of twine to play scratch-cradle, or spin a top, there it was in readiness; and when they threw it upon the floor, the elder children had no need to be told to put it again in its place.

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul. There is a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and fitting his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble, as he bit at the naked hook!

In Boston, when a lady rides out, she is said "to take an airing," in Pittsburg, on the contrary, her object is to take a smoking.

Select Poetry.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A rich man who had no children proposed
to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take
one of them, and promised, if the parents would
consent, he would give them property enough
to make them comfortable for life.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John—John looked at me;
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said,"
And then I listening bent my head.
This is his letter:—

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne—
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed—
Of seven little children's need;
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby, slept;
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle bed
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair,
I saw on John's rough, red cheek,
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robie's face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
"No, for a thousand crows not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, he who gave,
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he!
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be."
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And bloom his head, "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad;
So like his father. "No, John, no,
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We would not give one child away;
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

Miscellaneous.

The Reason Why.

We frequently see complaints that mechanics refuse to take apprentices, and occasionally we notice the query—"Why are there no more apprentices?" The Philadelphia *Day* says the reason is plain enough, and proceeds as follows;

"The correct system of apprenticeship is founded upon obedience. Obedience to superiors is not a virtue of the youth of this country. Parents who *say* that they want their sons to learn trades and become useful men, almost invariably refuse to conform to the conditions which pertain to a true apprenticeship. Parents almost invariably object to articles of indentures, by which the master mechanic secures himself against the probable loss of his pupil so soon as the latter shall have acquired a smattering of the knowledge pertaining to his trade. Indentures are regarded in the light of a sort of slavery. Yet what are they but a contract between the parent and the mechanic, in which the former agrees to make over the services of the boy to the mechanic for a fixed period, in consideration of certain practical knowledge and skill to be afforded the apprentice by the mechanic? That is the whole story. The relations between master and apprentice are founded upon the principle of so much information for so much service. We shall admit that there are hard and brutal parents. There are, likewise, a great many worthless apprentices; boys who have been falsely educated at home, and regard the preliminaries to a knowledge in any department of industry as an imposition. Under the loose system of apprenticeship in vogue no employer is certain of retaining his apprentice beyond a year and a half. The country is full of bunglers at trades. Young men get a smattering of the trade, conceive that they can get journeymen's wages. Off they go. Their late employer loses the time he gave to instructing the apprentice, and does not care to run more risks. In view of this disability no wonder mechanics refuse to take apprentices. The trades' unions have undoubtedly done the trade a decided service in limiting the number of apprentices; and more than all, in fixing the standard of skill so high that mere bunglers cannot demand more than bunglers' wages. The boy who wants to learn must obey orders. If he wants to learn a trade he must agree to subordinate his personal and puerile inclinations to the will, and judgement of his employers. If he cannot agree to do this he may better keep clear of the trades both for their and his own good."

PARENTS BEWARE.—I know of fathers who have so harshly treated their boys that they have sought the saloon to rid themselves of the ill treatment of such parents. Instead of happy faces, interesting books and papers, instead of innocent games, there is little but unbending formality and austerity. They see nothing but frowns, or hear little but the fretful "shut up!" and "stop your noise!" or "go to bed!" and short crusty speeches, accompanied with perhaps a cuff or a kick. What wonder that boys should spend their evenings away from home, seek the saloon and vile companions, if home is no home for them? What wonder that they should seek pleasure in haunts of vice if none is found where they have a right to look for it? Parents, have a care or your sons are ruined.

Important Requisites in a Wife.

Mothers are in a great degree responsible for the wives their daughters make. If they do not train them early to take their share in household work—if they do not teach them to cook and superintend the household, to sew, mend and knit—there is the blame if they do not fulfill the duties they undertake, when they become wives and housekeepers. In every situation in life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is the greatest advantage. If the husband is rich, the wife should know how to disburse riches most advantageously; if he is poor, she should know how to make a little go a great way, and should have been taught that "many a little makes a mickle."

There is no necessity that the gaining of such information should interfere with either intellectual acquirements or elegant accomplishments. A well regulated mind can find plenty of time to attend to all these pursuits. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be obliged to take some regular share of the household duties upon her shoulders; and to feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed, such as washing the cups and saucers; cleaning the silver, or arranging and dusting the parlor, and attending to her own mending. This should not be done occasionally and neglected whenever she does not feel in the mood of performing the task, but should be considered her special work, and its non-completion should receive rebuke and correction. When older, girls should begin to take turns in making bread, cakes, pies and puddings. Should learn *effectually*, and not stand by and see others do them, but learn to do the work practically. Many a husband's affairs have suffered sadly for want of these domestic accomplishments. The wife tries to learn, tries to do her duty, but her early education was sadly neglected, and she must always be the sufferer thereby. On the other hand, if a girl has been well taught in her youth, when she becomes a wife she understands fully the management of household concerns, and many a husband has been saved from ruin by his wife's knowledge of economy and good management.—DAISY EYEBRIGHT, in *Country Gentleman.*

KALSOMINING AND WHITEWASHING.—There are many recipes for whitewashing, but we believe the following to be the best that can be used: White chalk is the best substitute for lime as a wash. A very fine and brilliant whitewash preparation of chalk is called "Paris White." This we buy at the paint store at six cents per pound retail. For each sixteen pounds of Paris White we procure half a pound of white transparent glue; costing 60 or 70 cents a pound. The 10 pounds of Paris White is about as much as a person will use in a day. It is prepared as follows: The glue is covered with cold water at night, and in the morning is carefully heated, without scorching until dissolved The Paris White is stirred in with hot water enough to give it a proper milky consistency for applying it to the walls, and the dissolved glue then added and thoroughly mixed. It is then applied with a brush like the common white wash. Except on very dark and smoky walls and ceilings, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to "zinc white," a far more expensive article.—*Hudson Republican.*

SWEET OIL FOR POISONS.—A plain farmer says: "It is now twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing that it would cure any other poison, both on man, or beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in the house. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as it does for a man. Here let me say, of one of the most extreme cases of snake-bite in this neighborhood—eleven years this summer—where the case had been of thirty days' standing, and the patient had been given up by the physicians, I heard of it and carried the oil and gave one spoonful, which effected a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure the bites of bees, spiders, or other insects, and will cure persons who have been poisoned by a low running vine, in the meadows, called ivy."

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.—Lewenbeock tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven million would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavaties of a grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water containing a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as the whales in the sea. Each has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow.

A little dissolved alum is very effective in clearing muddy water. If thrown into a tub of soap suds, the soap, curdled and accompanied by the muddy particles, sinks to the bottom, leaving the water clear and pure. In times of scarcity of water this may be used a second time for washing clothes.

A generous soul never loses the remembrance of the benefits it has received, but easily forgets those its hand dispenses.

Despise not little temptations; rightly met they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial.

The Amazon.

This great river rises in the little Peruvian lake of Louricocha, just below the limits of perpetual snow. For 500 miles it flows swiftly through a deep valley, then, turning sharply eastward, it runs 2,500 miles across the great equatorial plains. Two thousand miles above its mouth, its width is a mile and a half, increasing to over ten miles at the head of the delta, where it divides, and, after running 400 miles, presents a front of 150 miles upon the ocean. For a great distance, it is bordered by side channels, or bayous, as they are called upon the Mississippi, named by the Indians igrapes; or canoe paths. From Santarem, the principal town above Para, one may paddle a thousand miles, parallel to the river, without once entering the stream. For twenty-five degrees of latitude, every river that flows down the eastern slope of the Andes is an affluent of the Amazon. It is as though all the rivers from Mexico to Oregon united their waters in the Mississippi. A half score of these tributaries are larger—the Danube excepted than any European river out of Russia. The volume of its waters is greater even than the breadth of the river would indicate. At Nauta, 2,200 miles from its mouth, the depth is forty feet, increasing rapidly as it approaches the ocean. The largest ocean steamer could doubtless steam 2,000 miles up the Amazon.

The vegetation of the valley is exuberant. There is a bewildering diversion of grand and beautiful trees, a wild, unconquered race of vegetable giants, draped and festooned by creeping plants. The moment you land upon the shore you are confronted by a solid wall of vegetation, through which, if you wish to proceed, you must hew your way with axe or matcheta. Palms of which 30 varieties are noted, constitute the majority of the trees. Then there are "cow trees," a hundred and fifty feet high, yielding a milk of the consistency of cream, used for tea, coffee and custards. The "caucho," or rubber tree, though of a different species from that of the East Indies, produces a gum which constitutes most of the rubber of commerce. Agassiz puts this tree, forty or eighty feet high, in the same class with the milkweed of our American pastures. Of ornamental wood there is no end. Foremost among these is the moirapinima, or tortoise shell wood, the most beautiful in grain and color in the world. Enough of this is wasted every year to veneer all the dwellings of the civilized world. For many years to come, the exports of the Amazon valley must be mainly the products of its forests. Yet strange enough, timber is now one of the chief articles of import at Para. A city of 35,000 inhabitants, lying on the verge of a great forest, buys pine boards from far-away Maine. This folly will in time come to an end. Contrary to all that we might expect, the climate of the Amazon Valley is temperate rather than tropical. It is more equal than in any region of the world.

Crushed to death in a Cathedral Clock.

The bell-ringer in the Cathedral of Wurtzburg has perished, under very singular circumstances. The church possesses a splendid clock, with ponderous and complicated works, while a pendulum of proportionate length vibrates to and fro with a dull and monotonous "thud." Recently the clock needed cleaning and the ringer was deputated to superintend the work, though he ruefully endeavored to be excused from the task. It seems he never willingly approached the belfry, from certain unpleasant associations. About twenty years ago he had killed his predecessor in office, accusing him of carrying on a criminal intrigue with his wife. When brought to trial he escaped the gallows owing to a deficiency of legal proof.

The patronage of one of the Cannons then procured him the appointment vacant through the death of his victim. Hence, it is said, arose his superstitious dread in connection with the belfry which was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of the murdered ringer. On the morning when the clock was to be cleaned it suddenly stopped; the bell-ringer was nowhere to be found.

A workman from the town was sent for, and ascending the tower, he was horrified to find the pendulum and lower works dripping with blood. Upon searching further the body of the bell-ringer was found entangled in the works, frightfully mangled and crushed. One supposition is, that he committed suicide by climbing up the pendulum and then pitching himself into the middle of the machinery of the clock.

But the wonder loving gossips of the place, with a thoroughly German propensity for the horrible, declared that the guilty man, upon reaching the chamber wherein the works revolved, was horror-struck by the apparition of his murdered predecessor sitting astride the great balance wheel of the clock, and had been drawn into the works by a species of horrible and irresistible fascination similar to that which the rattlesnake is said to exercise over its prey. There sat the spectre, rubbing its gory hands with hideous glee as the victim was slowly drawn in among the cogged wheels and ratchets of the machinery. An agonised yell, a crushing of bones, and all was still! Such, according to the *Italie*, is the newest legend of the belfry of Wurtzburg.

It is a singular, but not less true remark, in a late work, that Jefferson was born just eight years after his predecessor, Adams; Madison eight years after Jefferson. Another curious fact to be observed is that Adams was just 66 years old when he retired; Jefferson was 66; Madison was 66; and John Quincy Adams, had he been elected to a second term, would have been 66. Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe all died on the Fourth of July.

The Farmer.

Mistaken Kindness--The Horse.

Too much of this, in this world, the *Journal of Commerce* thinks:

Sometimes it is easy, indolent and careless, like the over-indulgence of a fond mother who stuffs her crying children with sugar plums, or other luxuries, to surfeit their stomachs; or like the father who concedes every whim of his pampered boy to his utter ruin. At other times, it is an earnest but fussy and mistaken zeal which keeps everybody within its influence in constant hot water by its well-meant, but ill-judged attempts at reforms, or changes in faith or manners.

To this little category, we are told, belongs Mr. Bergh's remonstrance against the "clipping of horses;"

In meeting the charge of cruelty to animals made against those who clip the winter coat of their horses, we speak not from theory, but from long personal experience. No kinder service was ever rendered a horse, kept for most uses, than this clipping at the beginning of wintry weather.

Nature has made provision for the horse against the extra rigors of the season by the production of a thick long coat of hair which completes its growth about the first of December, and which falls out and is shed, gradually, in the early spring. If a horse lay in the fields all winter, this extra coat would be indispensable to his existence, Kept in a warm stable, covered with a blanket, he has no need of it, and is made too tender; but this is not the worst of it. He cannot be exercised at all while it is upon him, without sweating so that he is wet throughout on the coldest winter day. Take a horse from the stable in midwinter and drive him steadily for three or four miles with this coat on, and it is wet as if he had swam a river. Let him stand five minutes in this condition, and he has a severe cold on his lungs, always dangerous, and sometimes fatal. Put him up in the stable after such exercise, and it will be hours before he will dry out.

Pursuing this train of remark the *Journal* farther on, says:

It is well known that horses are like men in their diseases and liabilities, and in nothing is this resemblance so perfect as in the exposure to taking cold. Sensible men learn to take off their overcoats or other outside garments while at work, or taking any violent exercise; every one knows that a skin wet with perspiration on a winter's day is almost certain to revenge itself by the closing of the pores, unless great precaution is taken.

Rotation of Crops.

This subject was lately discussed before the Farmers Club, of Werton, Kent county, Md.

The gentleman opening the debate advised the three field system for light sandy lands, reserving from the 100 acres 34 for fruit, in kinds and proportion as follows: 22½ acres in peaches, 1½ in apples, and 10 in small fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, and early kinds of balckberries, currants, and gooseberries. For stiff heavy lands, the five field system, giving a two-year old sod, manured, for corn, and followed by wheat and grass; one field to mow and fallow and one to pasture. This system, he contended, would enable the farm to make sufficient manure for the corn crop, and which, applied to the two year old sod, would insure a good crop, reserving from the 100 acres 25 for fruit—15 in peaches, 4 in apples and for building purposes, and 6 in small fruits, omitting strawberries. Objection was made to the five field system, upon the ground that you would be troubled with blue grass (in stiff lands,) and the four-field system recommended instead, giving a clover sod for fallow and wheat stubble for corn. Objection was also made to so much fruit, (particulary small fruit,) upon the ground that it would interfere with the grain. A member, formerly a tenant of the pioneer in planting peaches, (Major Reybold) stated that on one occasion he went to the Major to know what he should do—neglect the corn or fruit. "Look to the fruit." was his reply, "it will buy all the grain you want." It is very expensive to set an acre of almost any kind of small fruit, but farmers were advised to begin in a small way; they multiply very fast, and the plantation can be increased as the plants accumulate. In the absence of fruit, many farmers have scarcely anything to sell. Wheat and corn are not paying crops generally; shall they give place to fruit and grass?

WHAT MANURE DOES.—Mr. Lawes, of England, who has been conducting a series of experiments for twenty seven years in the wheat culture, has produced the following results. One piece has had no manure; another has had a very plentiful supply of barn yard manure, and the other has had a liberal allowance of ammonia and other artificial manures. Each of these plots has been cultivated in wheat every year. The first piece, with no manure, produced in 1844, fifteen bushels per acre, and this year (1870) the yield was precisely the same. The second piece yielded in 1844, twenty-two bushels per acre, and in 1870, thirty-six and a half bushels per acre. The third plot yielded this year forty-five and a half bushels per acre—The first yield of this plot not being given. In 1863, (one of the best years in England,) the pieces yielded respectively 17½, 43, and 86½ bushels per acre.—*Kansas Farmer.*

A rich farmer refused to subscribe for an iron fence for a cemetery in Vermont, on the plea that is needed no fence, as those inside cannot get out, and those who are out do not want to get in.