The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1866. VOLUME XIV. NO. 35.

PLAIN TALK.

Under this caption the Richmond *Examiner* gives the following counsel to the people of Eastern Virginia, and the South generally:

"The people of Eastern Virginia, are like the remainder of the South, the poorest population in the civilized world; yet, though it sounds a parodox, there is no part of the country in which intelligent labor will more certainly ensure subsistence. We will not enlarge upon the causes which have brought our people to this condition—every body knows what they are. We made a gallant fight, and the sons of the Old Dominion displayed, on many a hard ly contested field, and through many privations, the noblest qualities of manhood.

"When her army surrendered, the Southern people lost in greater part the accumulations of all past labor. We, in Virginia especially, were brought down to the 'bedrock.' Let us look fate in the face. Does not every considerate mind recognize the fact, naked as we state it?

"It is idle to rely upon help from outside; capital will not come here for the purpose solely of lifting us out of the mud; if it comes at all, it will come with the object to profit from our misery—to buy our lands at a nominal price, or with the expectation of gains not within the reach of poverty such as ours.

"A sterner courage and a higher intelligence are now demanded from us than at any time in the past; nor will anything but resolute will, self-denial and patient labor, rescue us from irretrievable wretchedness and pauperism. Neither is there any disgrace in the general strait to which we are reduced; and it would be but common sense to confess our impoverished condition to the world and to ourselves.

"Then let it not be said that we are in the condition of the most miserable creature in the world—a broken down gentleman who, without profession, and without means of support, resorts to every contemptible expedient to gratify tastes and habits that belonged to his former prosperity.—What is appropiate to one condition is not honestly suited to a narrow estate; and there is hardly a man among us who can neglect the retrenchment now necessary. There are some individuals who may have come out of the war unscathed; and a certain number were enriched thereby. But the first class have claims upon them which they cannot ignore towards helping the less fortunate; and the second class, for shame, if not for humanity's sake, should refrain from the display of their ill gotten wealth.

"If patriotism required self-denial during the war, self-interest demands it now; and every man who lives beyond his means is committing a social crime. The working capital of the community is pitifully small, and every cent beyond the supply of bare necessaries is requisite to secure another start. Never was the adage so true, that "a penny saved is a penny made." It would be the very madness of the hour to sacrifice present independence and the future comfort of our families, in the vain attempt to keep up appearances. There is degradation inexpressible in the folly of imitating the extravagance and luxury of our conquerers.

"These are homely lessons, but we are bound to take them to heart. Every man and woman among us who realizes the real condition of our state will then have taken the sure step towards raising us from the slough, and may indulge the just hope of honerable independence.

"Means are at hand, too. The extent of our lands is far more than adequate to our population, as now constituted, and circumstances permit selection as to location and natural fertility. Forest and stream furnish a great deal of food spontaneously; the labor at our command is in some sense cheaper than formerly, and, for a time at least, will be quite as effective. Neither are land-owners embarrased, as before, by the support of numerous non producers. We have railroads and other avenues to commerce, which are valuable relics of the past prosperity; easy access to numerous markets, where we can sell everything we can raise.

"Our lands are still our chief resource, nor should we lose the substance in grasping at the shadow. Outside of our great mineral resources—as yet, so little developed—the Old Dominion can maintain in comfort every industrious and thrifty son—her war-scarred bosom can still yield sustenance to the children whom nature has given her."

RECEIPT FOR CURING MEAT.—To one gallon of water, take one and a half pounds of salt, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre, half an ounce of potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let them be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into the tub to cool, and when cold pour it over your beef or pork. It remains the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it must be sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer very well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. If this receipt be properly tried, it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it if so good.

CULTURE OF VEGETABLES.

BY CHARLES A. PEABODY.

CABBAGE.—All the varieties of cabbage, cauliflower, brocoli, collard and kale, sprang from a wild sea shore plant, indigenous to Europe. Cultivation has produced the solid head cabbage, and the pulpy delicate cauliflower, and brocoli, from the rough and scraggy sea shore kale. All head cabbage run into "long collards" in hot climates, to prevent this, and have good firm heads, the seeds must come from a more northern latitude. Few persons are aware; that northern gardeners do not plant, or northern seedmen vend, early cabbage seed, of American raising. The early york, early heart, early sugar loaf, &c., are almost invariably imported from England, for the reason that they are found to run into later varieties by American culture, soil and climate. Late Cabbage seed of American growth, are superior to the imported; and produce fairer and larger heads. Upper Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina, may raise their cabbage seed to advantage. Early cabbage seed may be sown from January to March; if sown as early as the first of January, the plants should have a slight covering of straw or leaves, to protect them from frost; and as the weather becomes mild, uncover and transplant Early cabbage may be planted in drills, two feet apart, and thinned out to eighteen inches or two feet in the drills, and they will head without transplanting. Early cabbage may also be sown in October, and with some little protection through the winter, will make very early spring cabbage. Early cauliflower or brocoli, will not come to any thing in this climate; but the later kinds may be cultivated as successfully as the late kind of cabbage, and by the same method of treatment. The late cauliflower and the late purple cape brocoli are the proper kinds to cultivate in the South. The solid bloom head, before the blossom opens is the part eaten. These boiled and dressed like asparagus, are considered by many equal to it. Late cabbage may be sown in February and March, and in July and August. That which is sown early should not be transplanted until June and July, and then planted deep, if the stalk is two feet long, put it in the ground up to the *first leaf* and if the soil is rich, it will head finely. And here I will state, that head cabbage being an artificial production, the soil *must be rich*, or they will run into collards. I have seen as fine heads of the Begen and late Drumhead varieties made here, after the above method, as ever grew in "Der Faderland." Late cabbages, cauliflowers and brocoli may also be made from seed sown in July and August. Cabbage will head, planted this way, without transplanting, and may be cut fresh from the garden althrough the winter. There are many kinds of kale which can be cultivated successfully in the fall and winter months at the South. It is almost too hot to succeed well with sea kale, but the Scotch and Siberian, do remarkably well, and will repay for their cultivation. Siberian kale is perennial, and on this account is preferable to the Scotch. It is cultivated like the cabbage, and is cooked and eaten like it. The cabbage is biennial, and runs freely to seed the second year; but there is no certainty of its producing its like in this climate. Various methods are pursued to destroy the green worm, which is so destructive to our cabbage tribe. To dust the cabbage well with ashes is an excellent plan, and the free use of gypsum over the growing plants, is found to be of great service in keeping down the ravages o' the worm. Wherever marl abounds, there can the cabbage be grown in great perfection; no worm will trouble the cabbage if marl is freely used in the soil. Another method of destroying them is to admit a brood of chickens, the hen being cooped near, so that the chickens can have free access to them, and they will pick out all the worms without injuring the cabbage. Those who wish very *early* cabbage, and are willing to incur a little expense and trouble, may plant in a hot bed, about Christmas, and they will have plants fit to transplant in the open ground in February and March.—*Southern Cultivator.*

An exchange says an inquisitive genius wants to know whether Brigham Young, on losing one wife, can be considered a widower, and if so, to what extent.

HOW TO PLANT A TREE.

We republish by request, the following editorial, from our number for December, 1865:

The best time for planting all hardy trees in mild climates, is after the first killing frosts—November and December being the months in which the operation is most successfully performed. Transplanted at this time, they throw out small fibres from the roots during the winter, and start with the opening season into healthy growth. Still, they can safely be set out at any period from the first heavy frost until the buds swell, but if an early period within these limits be selected for planting, the more vigorous will be the growth of the tree—unless it be like the fig, liable to be injured by the severity of the winter, or as some evergreens, to be blown about and loosened at the roots by the winter gales. If planting cannot be done before Christmas, all trees do better late in February, than if planted in the severe cold of midwinter.

When you have the ground properly prepared, and the holes dug, take up the tree with care, not cutting in the roots with the spade too near the trunk. To do this, dig around the tree, at a distance more or less, according to its size, a semi-circular trench, the proper depth being a little below the horizontal roots—cutting them off at the extremities merely; in forming this trench, instead of mutilating large roots. When this trench is formed, reach under with the spade, and cut off the tap root if there is one; then bend the tree over towards the trench, and finish the circle by cutting around the tree vertically with the spade. The tree can then be lifted, and if near the place, can be taken with the ball of earth attached to the roots, and set in its new location, or if it is to be carried any distance, when the earth is shaken out, the mass of fine unbroken roots will ensure its safety in its new position. A tree can be taken up in this careful manner as quickly as in the ordinary random hap hazard way.

When taken up, carefully protect the roots of the tree from the frost, sun and dying winds. Thousands of trees are thus nearly or quite ruined, or at least a year's growth thus lost. The roots, after taking up, should be kept covered with loose earth, near where they are to be set out, taking out a handful of trees at a time, as wanted in planting.

Prepare the ground for your trees by deep and thorough tillage, and a few days in advance of planting, make holes fully two feet square, and one and a half or two feet deep, and in making them; throw the good top soil out on one side, and the poor on the other. Loosen up the bottom with a grubbing hoe; throw in about two inches of good soil, to lighten what is to be thrown in, as if clay comes directly upon clay, it will harden and become impervious to water. Now break in roughly all the sides of your hole, to fill up the bottom therewith as much as practicable, adding the good soil laid one side, and if necessary other good earth sufficient to fill the hole to the proper depth for receiving the tree. Place the tree now in position, and let its general inclination be in the slightest degree possible to the Southwest, for all trees have a tendency, if not checked, to recede from that point, and incline to the northeast, forming most of their wood in that direction—a tendency that must be guarded against, both in planting and pruning, while growth towards the southwest side of the tree is to be encouraged, in order that the tree may preserve its balance and beauty.

Trees must not be planted too deep, which is the great error with nearly all planters. After a hole is entirely filled with loose earth, by taking out one good spade full you will have room enough for the roots of a common nursery tree. Sight your tree when in position, and see that it is in line, and that the rows are perfectly straight, and then plant, covering the roots with good friable soil, and shaking the tree quite lightly and repeatedly, until it feels firm, by the earth settling among its roots; then press the earth lightly with your foot, and scatter the poor soil throw out from the bottom of the hole upon the field, and the tree is ready for the rain. In this climate, a little extra earth is thrown upon the roots the first winter, to protect them, which the summer rains will wash away.

In spring transplanting, the soil must be beaten about the roots much more firmly than in fall, as at that time the winter rains will settle the soil in about them. Fall planted trees should be examined in spring to see if they lean, and should then be restored to the proper position, a little inclining to the Southwest.

After the tree is taken up, it must be pruned and fitted for its new condition. The roots have been necessarily considerably reduced, and the branches must be reduced correspondingly. In all cases, then reduce the top. The French gardeners, in planting quite young trees, cut them down to a stalk of eighteen inches from the ground, and allow them to make their own system of branches on the spot, ("*faire bois neuf sur la place.*") In planting older trees, more care has to be taken to prune sufficiently, following the same principle of keeping up the equilibrium between the roots and branches. *Let the roots, however, always have the advantage.* With a good system of healthy roots, it is easy to restore the top. Prune these older trees in pyramidal form.

Apple trees should have three or four substantial roots, and not be all fine hairy ones, or they will never make a good substantial orchard tree, but always be loose in the earth, and finally blow over, unless anchored by strong substantial roots.—*Southern Cultivator.*

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR:—I was a little disappointed in not receivin a invitation to jine in the meetins of the Social Science Congress.

I don't exackly see how they got on without me.

I hope it wasn't the intentions of the Sciencers to exclood me from their delibrations.

Let it pass. I do not repine. Let us remember Homer. Twenty cities claim Homer dead, thro' which the livin Mr. Homer couldn't have got trusted for a sandwich and a glass of bitter beer, or words to that effeck.

But perhaps it was a oversight. Certinly I have been hospitably rec'd in this country. Hospitality has been poured all over me. At Liverpool I was asked to walk over the docks, which are nine miles long; and I don't remember a instance since my 'rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a Briton comin and perlitely shut in the door for me, and then extendin his open hand to'ards me, in the most freely manner possible. Does he not by this simple yit tuchin gesture, welcum me to England? Oh, yes—I guess he doesn't lie, And it's quite right among two great countries which speak the same langwidge, except as regards H's. And I've been allowed to walk round all the streets. Even at Buckingham Pallis I told a guard I wanted to walk round there, and he said I could walk round there. I ascertained subsequent that he referd to the sidewalk instid of the Pallis—but I couldn't doubt his hospital feelins.

I prepared a Essy on Animals to read before the Social Science meetings. It is a subjeck I may troothfully say I have successfully wrastled with. I tackled it when only nineteen years old. At that tender age I writ a Essy for a lit'ry Institoot, entitled, "Is Cats to be Trusted?"—Of the merits of that Esay it doesn't becum me to speak, but I may be excoos'd for mentioning that the Institoot parsed a resolution that "whether we look upon the length of this essy, or the manner in which it is written we feel that we will not express any opinion of it, and we hope it will be read in other towns."

Of course the essy I writ for the Social Science Society is a more finisheder production than the one on Cats, which was wroten when my mind was crood and afore I had mastered a graceful and ellygant stile of composition: I could not even punctoate my sentences proper at that time, and I observe with pane, on lookin over this effort of my yooth, that its beauty is in one or two instances mar'd by ingrammaticisms. This was unexcusable, and I'm surprised I did it. A writer who can't write in a grammerly manner better shut up shop.

You shall hear this Essy on Animals. Some day when you have four hours to spare I'd read it to you. I think you'll enjoy it. Or, what will be much better, if I may suggest—omit all picture in next week's Punch, and do not let your contributors write anything, whatever, (let them have a holiday; they can go to the British Mooseum;) and publish my Essy entire. It will fill all your collumes full, and create comment. Does this proposiaion strike you? Is it a go?

In case I had read the Essy to the Social Sciencers, I had intended it should be the closing attraction. I had intended it should finish the proceedins. I think it would have finished them. I understand animals better than any other class of human creatures. I have a very animal mind, and I've been identified with 'em doorin my entire professional career as a showman; more especial bears, wolves, leopards and serpents.

The leopard is as lively a animal as I ever came into contatk with. It is troo he cannot change his spots, but you can change 'em for him with a paint brush, as I once did in the case of a leopard who wasn't nat'rally spotted in a attractive manner. In exhibitin him I used to stir him up in his cage with a protracted pole, and for the purpuss of makin him yell and kick up in a leopardy manner, I used to casionally wheck him over the head. This would make the children inside the booth scream with fright, which would make hitters of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—here we have a large class of parents who have a uncontrollable passion for takin their children to places where they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I whacked this leopard more than usual, which elissited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman in spectacles, who said: "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I answerd itting him another whack.

"I prithy desist,' said the gentlman; "stand aside and see the effeck of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creeturs better than you do." With that he went up to the cage, and thrustin his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothingly, 'Come hither, pretty creetur.' The pretty creetur come hithered rather speedily, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushin with.

He said, "You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin dangerous and immoral animals."

I replied, "Gentle sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful maral, but you musn't fondle 'em. You musn't meddle with their idiotsyncracies."

The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he rote a article for a paper, in which he said my entertainment was a decided failure.

As regards Bears you can teach 'em to do interestin things, but they're unreliable. I had a very large grizzly bear once, who would dance, and larf, and lay down, and bow his head in grief, and give a mournful wale, etsetry. But he often annoyed me. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly occurred to the fed'ral soldiers that they had business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintain-in a rate of speed durin the entire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed, Gladiateur. Very nat'rally our gov'ment was deeply grieved at this defeat; and I said to my Bear, shortly after, as I was givin' a exhibition in Ohio—I said, "Brewin are you not sorry the national arms has sustained a defeat? His business was to wail dismal; and bow his head down, the band (a barrel orgin and a wiolin) playing slow and melancholly moosic. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence dancin and larfin in the most joyous manner. I had a narrer escape from being imprisoned for disloyalty. I will relate another incident in the career of this retchid Bear. I used to present what I called in the bills A Beautiful living Pictur—showing the Bear's fondness for His Master; in which I'd lay down on a piece of carpeting, and the Bear would come and lay down besides me, resting his right paw on my brest, the Band playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' very soft and slow. Altho' I say it, it was a tuchin thing to see. I've seen Tax Collectors weep over that performance.

Well, one day I said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, we will now show you the bear's fondness for his master,' and I went and laid down. I tho't I observed a pecooliar expression into his eyes, as he rolled clumsily to'ards me, but I did'nt dream of the scene which follerd. He laid down and put his paw on my breast. 'Affection of the bear for his master.' I repeated. 'You see the monarch of the western wilds in a subjugated state. Fierce as these animals natrally are, we now see that they have hearts, and can love. This bear, the largest in the world, and measurin seventeen feet round the body, loves me as a mer-ther loves her che-ild!' But what was my horror when the grizzly and infamous bear threw his other paw under me, and riz with me to his feet. Then claspin me in a close-embrece he wal-zed up and down the platform in a frightful manner, I yellin with fear and anguish. To make matters wuss, a low scurrilus young man in the audiens hollored out, "Playfulness of the bear! Quick moose!" I jest 'scaped with my life. The bear met with a wiolent death the next day, by bein in the way when a hevily loaded gun was fired off by one of my men.

But you should hear my Essy which I wrote for the Social Science Meetins. I would have had a movin effeck on them.

I feel that I must now conclood.

I have read Earl Bright's speech at Leeds, and I hope we shall now hear from John Derby. I trust that not only they, but Wm. E. Stanley and Lord Gladstone will cling inflexibly to those great fundamental principles, which they understand far better than I do, and I will add that I do not understand anything about any of them whatever in the least—and let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrer money to do it with.

Very respectfully yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

"Pray excuse a bit of sarcasm," said Smith to Jones, "but you are a liar and scoundrel." "Pray pardon a bit of irony," replied Jones, as he knocked him down with a wine.

From the Louisville Courier.

CUPID IN THE COUNTRY--CONFEDERATE STRATEGY.

Out in the country, about ten miles from the city, in a beautiful grove, stands a small but handsome church, where the yeomanry of the neigborhood are wont to gather with their families, on stated Sabbaths, to hear the gospel preached. Near this church dwells an old farmer named Becket, who, among other desirable possessions, has—or had, for she is now another's—a beautiful, intelligent and more than passing amiable daughter. Becket is the descendant of "a fine old Virginia gentleman," who has been gathered to his fathers these many years, but not before he had succeeded in instilling into the mind of his son, both by precept and example, the blessings and virtues of open-handed hospitality.

Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire,
To pause fom toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest be that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laughs at the jest or pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

Such is the home of the hospitable Becket, and on meeting days acquaintance and stranger are always pressed, with generous warmth, to share the bounties of his groaning board. It chanced that he had sided from the beginning, and held to his faith to the end, with the Federal cause. In all things else he was most genial and best tempered of men. In his politics he was implacable. If he knew it, no Confederate was ever invited to his table.

It chanced that one Sabbath morning, in the early summer, a young gentleman named Wilson, who lived in a distant neighborhood, visited the little church alluded to. Being a stranger to all present, Becket, "on hospitable thoughts intent," insisted in carrying him off to dine beneath his welcoming roof. Had the young man at first felt inclined to decline the father's invitation, the earnest pleading of the beautiful and simple-hearted Martha overturned the barriers of prideful opposition. He accompanied them, and such was the home-like reception he received—each member of the family vieing to make him feel that he was indeed "a man and a brother"—and although accident had first brought him into the influence of that, to him, "charmed circle," long before he left for his home, he determined not to let this be the last meeting with the sweet girl he had so unexpectedly discovered. Let them rail out against love at first sight who will, his, as the sequel proved, turned out to be a palpable and indisputable case. His thoughts were filled with her image byday, and her lovely face and form haunted his dreams by night, whilst she, ignorant and innocent of the why, often detected herself thinking of the handsome young stranger, and wondering whence he had come, whither he had gone, and wishing that he might come again. and such thoughts always ended in sighs. Although she knew it not;

Her heart gave birth to many a thought
Of tenderest love, and yet would she,
Had she but known the truth, have fled,
As deer before the hunter flee.

The next meeting day, and the next and the next again, found our young friend an attendant at the church, and a guest at Becket's. The young couple discovered that they were necessary to each other, the old people's consent was asked, and, after Becket had made inquiries as to the young man's standing and character, all of which proved satisfactory, was obtained. "All went merry as a marriage bell" to the young couple, until one fatal day the old man discovered that young Wilson had served in the Confederate army. Then, indeed, was their dream of love rudely shattered. The intended son-in-low was ordered from the house, with the command never to show his face there again, and the daughter assured by her father that he would rather see her clothed in her shroud than the wife a rebel! The young man departed sorrowing, but determined that he would yet possess the loving being whose last words were to him that she would become the bride of death than wed aught other than he. So he haunted the neighborhood, taking care to keep his presence a secret from the man he intended to make his father-in-law in spite of himself. "Fortune favors the brave," and so it does the vigilant. One lucky evening he met a servant woman of his betrothed's aunt, an aged, bed-ridden lady who lived hard by the Beckets, and by a liberal bribe engaged her to carry a note to Martha, in which he implored her to fly with him, and instructing the servant to tell the Beckets that her aunt was worse than usual, and desired her niece to come over and spend the night with her, waited impatiently for the result. The parents not only did not object, but urged their daughter to go, with many a loving message to the sick one, and a promise that they would drive over in the morning and see if she were improved. When she reached where her lover was in waiting, the faithful girl got in his buggy, and the loving couple drove rapidly to this city, and yesterday started up to Cincinnatti on the mailboat, and ere the reader's eye reaches this, "those twain are one flesh."

EMIGRATION TO THE SOUTH.

Considerable interest, says the Richmond *Examiner*, has recently been excited respecting the subject of European emigration to the South. Information from foreign sources and from the North indicates that the numerous and important advantages of soil and climate presented by the South, are having their effect in determining the course of those contemplating a change of residence with a view to bettering their fortunes. Texas appears to be just now the favorable destination for emigrants. It is stated that within a short time past more than 6,000 foreigners, many of them Scotch farmers, have left Liverpool for Texas. Numerous emigration movements, generally embracing small but valuable accessions to our population, are announced as tending towards various sections of the south.

It is evident that our interests dictate the offering of every inducement that can accelerate an influx of mechanics, artisans, laborers and agriculturists. Our advantages for profitable enployment of emigrants are unrivalled, and our need of skilled and industrious labor unprecedented. We must look chiefly to the thrifty, capable and industrious European settlers for that agricultural and mechanical development which our condition so imperatively demands, and of which we have such ample assurance in the extent, fertility and resources of our section. Great material triumphs inevitably await the South, and though postponed by the desays and obstacles interposed by malignant party and sectional feeling, they cannot be long deferred, provided we are earnest and energetic in making known to the world the incomparable inducements to residence and business in the South.

WHY GERMAN WOMEN MAKE GOOD WIVES.—The culinary art forms a part of the education of women in Germany. The well-to-do tradesmen, like the mechanic, takes pride in seeing his daughters good house-keepers. To effect this object, the girl on leaving school, which she does when about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and then is placed by her parents with a country gentleman, or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may almost be termed the post of a servant, and doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship to domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this; she receives no wages, on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her, as well as her clothing.

This is the first step in her education as a housekeeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or into that of a hotel of good repute. There she has control of the expenditures and of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as "fraulein," or miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive the same training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal residence, There is a reigning Queen in Germany at the present moment, who was trained in this way. Consequently the women in Germany are perfect models of economy.

MAKE MORE OUT OF YOUR COTTON.—The Nashville *Union and American* says:

Make oil from the cotton seed, and after expressing the oil, use the "cake" for cow-feed or fuel. By this means, you get all that can be derived from cotton-planting. The oil is worth from $1.75 to $2 per gallon—the cake will sell readily for $4 to $6 per ton. Of course every planter cannot have a cotton seed oil factory, but every large cotton-growing district can. A gentleman who is in the business in a neighboring State, informs us that with an outlay of $12,000 for machinery, he is making three hundred and twenty gallons per day. A little knowledge of figures applied will show that there is a fine opening for profit in such enterprise in the South.

HOME LIFE.—Even as the sunbeam, composed of millions of minute rays, the home life must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch blaze of natural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while—let each cultivate the mutual confidence, which is a gift capable of increase and improvement—and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea rocks.