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JAMES TIMMONS, Publisher.

PERRYSBURG, : : OHIO.

"UNCLE IKE'S ROOSTERS."

Las' Sunday while I'se settin' on de bench beside de do',
An' feelin' sort o' chilly, kase de sun was gittin' low,
An' wishin' dat de winter time wa'nt comin' on so fas',
For I pintly hates de cuttin' ob a Janeway blas',
I knows de one whar's comin' too, is gwine be stingin' cold,
Kas de 'simmon trees is hangin' jes' as full as dey can hold,
De pigs is 'gun der squealin', when de keen win' cut 'em so,
An' de wild geese, like der betters, all is flyin' "westward, ho!"
I was studyin' 'bout dem 'ar signs, as 'pon de bench I sot;
When I see my two young roosters come a-strattin' 'cross de lot;
Dey was showin' off der elegance, an' dandifyin' ways,
Jus' like me an' my old mars'r used to do in courtin' days;
De maskelines is all alike, whar ever dey is fou';
Dey all will strut an' show dersef when hens is knockin' roun',
One rooster he was black-like, wid some red upon he wing;
Rale ole Virginy game stock, dat kin beat mos' any thing;
T'other one was game, too, ob de berry self-same breed,
Dey was bof de same hen's chickens, an' was raised upon one feed.
De las' one was de han'somest, he had a golden hres',
An' he make an' back was yaller, like Melindy's Sunday dres'.
I know jes I'um de minute dem two roosters come in sight
Dat bof o' 'em was longin' and a-spilin' for a fight,
Dey crowed at one anudder, and dey wall up bof der eyes,
Jus' de same as politicians when de 'citement 'gins to rise.
Dey was bristlin' an' sparrin' out dar in de open space,
When a big ole 'bacca worrum come a trabbling oy in haste,
Like he had a heap o' business for de public on his min',
Or was runnin' for an office, wid his 'ponent close behin'.
No matter what he business was, dem roosters spiled him out,
An' bof pounce down upon him wid a crowin' sort o' shout,
Der bills hit up togedder 'pon de 'bacca worrum's back,
An' dey butt 'gin one anudder wid a mighty yearnest whack;
Bof let go de worrum, in der anger an' surprise,
An' stared at one anudder wid der fury-flashin' eyes.
Den dey buckled to de business like der min' was set at res'
Dey was fightin' for "a principle" an' boun' to do der best.
Each knowed the worm was his'n, an' de odder was a thief,
An' greedy and rapacious, too, an' mean beyond belief;
Each thought the other's sassiness was past all standin', too,
(An' den de hens was watchin' for to see de fightin' fru.)
Dey fit and fit untwill de blood was runnin' from der head,
An' I thought I'd hab to part 'em fo' dey kill one 'nudder dead.
I had jus' got up to do it when I see'd de big black hen
Jus' a-gobblin' up de worum dat had made de fuss begin.
I bus' right out a-larfin as I grab dem chickens' leg
An' turn two boxes ober dem to cool 'em down a peg;
It seem so awful foolish-like for dem to fight an' squirm
An' dat ole hen come walkin' 'long an' gobble up de worm.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AN UNEXPECTED THANKSGIVING.

"I DON'T believe Hiram's folks are going to invite us over there to Thanksgiving this year," said the Widow Rollins as she solemnly moved her knitting needles one gusty autumn twilight.

"Lor', well, what if they don't? I guess we kin be jest az thankful ter home; I am a-goin' ter kill 'n' cook the yaller rooster—there's cramberries in the house left over from last year, 'n' plenty of vegetables in the sullar," replied her sister, Miss Debby, an energetic spinster, who was always happy as long as there was a plenty of sickness in the town to talk about. Just now the fall run of fever was progressing vigorously in the marshy district which bordered the village, and her spirits were consequently high.

"I don't care so much on my own account, and I know you don't mind it, Debby, but I am sorry for Emily. It's dredful dull for young folks to be forever at home, 'n' never go out into any kind of company. But folks that don't even own the farm they live on can't expect to be noticed. I don't suppose there's anything talked of in the village now-a-days but that Squire Jones is going to foreclose the mortgage, and turn us out of doors."

"You need not be sorry on my account, mother, I would much rather not go to Cousin Hiram's, I would much rather stay at home," said Emily, a tall, slender girl, with a pale, pretty face, who was gazing dreamily into the fire.

"Cat's foot! I don't believe Squire Jones will foreclose the mortgage, anyhow," Aunt Debby blurted out. "Joe White's boy is a comin' out beautiful with a sort or rash, 'n' they say he a'n't nigh so dangerous, Mis' 'Lijah Perkins told me."

"Hiram's Kate got home from the city yesterday, I suppose," pursued Mrs. Rollins, utterly regardless of her sister's speech. "She didn't answer the letter that you wrote her so long ago, did she, Emily?"

Emily shook her head, while a little scornful smile curled her lip.

"And you used to be such great friends. Well, since old Mis' Potter left all the property to that family, they have put on airs in the most extraordinary manner; but it wasn't so very much, after all."

"No, 'n' Squire Jones says they're a spendin' it awful reckless. There won't be none of it left in a year or two. What with Kate a-goin' to the city to take music lessons, 'n' hevin' two silk dresses. She didn't hev that last one trimmed with fringe after all. It was all kivered with knife plaitin'; Mis' Jones went 'n' asked the Port dressmaker, herself. They say neither Kate nor her mother scarcely speak to the neighbors now."

"But Hiram's good-hearted, 'n' I think he's kind of ashamed of their actions," said Mrs. Rollins presently. "Emily, I wish you'd light the lamp; it's goin' to be an awful dark night."

Emily arose and did as she was requested, then she drew the curtains, bolted the outside door, resumed her seat by the fire, and taking a book from the table, was soon absorbed in its contents. Miss Debby commenced to converse on the subject of fevers and sick people, half to herself and half to her sister, who did not seem to be in a talkative mood, but knitted away in pensive silence, every now and then raising her head to wistfully regard her daughter.

"Emily," she said, after a long, long pause, "I don't think Kate Sawyer's friendship is any great loss, after all. Do you know I have always cherished a suspicion that she was the cause of Joe Ashton's strange behavior? I think that she spread the report of your flirtation with John Foster on purpose to put an end to everything between you and Joe. She wanted him herself: everybody saw that."

Emily colored violently, but made no reply. Joe Ashton's name had hardly been mentioned in the family for years. He was an old lover of hers, but she had not seen him for eight long years. She was twenty-six now, and he had left the place very suddenly and mysteriously when she was only eighteen, and she had never heard from him since.

The summer that he went away he had never been more devoted. Emily saw him every day. He talked of giving up his sailor life because he could not bear to leave her, he said, and was looking for a situation in some mercantile house in the city. Then all of a sudden he disappeared without one word of good-by. He left no message behind him. He wrote no letter of explanation. His grandfather, with whom he had always lived, for his father and mother died in his infancy, merely said that he had gone on another foreign voyage. In less than a year afterward the old man died. There were none of the Ashtons left in Bloomville, and people ceased to talk of Joe. For two or three years his name was scarcely mentioned. Then there came a rumor that he was with his uncle, a rich old bachelor in the West Indies. Some sailor from the port had seen and talked with him there, but still Emily heard no sound. She had up to this time believed him dead. Other lovers sought her favor, but all in vain. She should never marry, she said. She preferred to remain as she was. She was too busy to indulge in any vain regrets, for great misfortunes had come to the family, and she was obliged to teach school to keep her mother, Aunt Debby and herself from actual want. In the first place the bank at the "Port," where all their possessions with the exception of the rocky little farm upon which they lived, were placed, failed. Then the crops failed entirely one year, the best cows sickened and died, and, in the midst of it all, Mrs. Rollins fell ill of a fever which lasted two or three weary months. The farm was mortgaged in order to pay the Doctor's bill, and since that time every thing seemed to go wrong.

"Bless me," said Miss Debby, suddenly rushing into the room, "two men are a-comin' through the gate bringin' somethin' that looks like another man; ez like as not somebody's got hurt." And she flew to open the outside door.

"Man hurt, got run away with, Debby, 'n' you'll hev to take him in, seein' this is the nearest house," said Mr. Harding, one of the neighbors, who, with his son, a stout lad of eighteen, was carefully bearing a limp and seemingly lifeless body.

"Good grashus! he's dead, I kin see by the looks of his face that he's a corpse," exclaimed Miss Debby, while Emily hastily led the way to the best bedroom.

"Lor', no, he's out of his head, though, and dangerous, I'm afeard. It's the stranger that came to the hotel ter the corner day before yesterday. He brought a wild horse with him from the city," said Mr. Harding. "Tom, you stay here with the wimmen-folks, they might git scart, you know," turning to his son, "while I'll drive after the Doctor as fast as I can."

Emily regarded the man with a strange, half-romantic interest. His features, though bronzed to such an extent that she believed him to be of a dark-colored race, were singularly handsome. He was, apparently, about thirty years old. A dark, curling beard adorned his chin and half concealed a rather obstinate, determined mouth. A quantity of loose, dark hair fell over a broad brow, which was molded after a different patern from those of the slow, unambitious young farmers and rough sailors whom Emily was accustomed to see. His eyes were tightly closed, the jet-black lashes sweeping his brown cheek. Upon one of his long aristocratic looking fingers glistened a brilliant diamond in an odd setting. Emily, who was as full of romance as a very young girl, and who had been reading Eastern poetry, thought that he looked like an Eastern king. A terrible bruise revealed itself on the left temple, and being placed on the back of his head, he turned it quickly with a moan of intense suffering.

"He don't b'long nowheres round here, but, somehow, he looks dretful familiar, don't you think so, Emily?" said Aunt Debby.

"I fancied that there was when I first glanced at him," replied Emily, "but of course it was only fancy. It is evident that he is a gentleman."

"Yes, some great gentleman," said timid, little Mrs. Rollins, regarding the diamond ring with a sort of awe.

Miss Debby hurried to make a fire on the hearth, while Emily proceeded to bathe the stranger's head very gently with cold water. This seemed to soothe him for a time, for he became immediately quiet, then he commenced to mutter incoherent words, and to make startled exclamations.

"No, no, she won't see me! she won't speak to me! It is too late!" he cried, looking Emily full in the face with his wild, burning eyes.

The Doctor came bustling in, bearing his huge medicine chest.

"I don't think you can do any thing, Doctor, the man's in a dretful way. Complected like a furriner, a'n't he?" said Aunt Debby.

"What is it? Got his head broke?" inquired the Doctor.

"No matter, it wasn't good for much, it led its owner into the wrong track," said the patient, regarding the Doctor fixedly. Then he commenced to rave and mutter again.

"Lor', did you hear what he said about gettin' onto the wrong track?" whispered Miss Debby. "Like ez not, he's a burglar, a reg'lar cut-throat. I a'n't sure it's safe to hev him in the house, if he is a-dyin', but, lor', he's a human bein', 'n' we must do all we ken."

"Too many people in the room," growled the Doctor. "Miss Emily, you come and help me with these bandages. If you would leave the room for a while, marm," turning to Miss Debby, "it would be better for the patient. Talking excites him."

Miss Debby indignantly remained at her post, but condescended to keep silence.

"What kind of a fellow is that hired man of yours—Seth, I mean?" inquired the Doctor.

"Rather stupid, but faithful in the extreme," replied Emily.

"Wouldn't fall asleep at his post if he sat up three nights running?"

"I think not."

"Then have him sent for at once."

Seth appeared—a huge man who had the faculty of moving like a mouse. "You are not to take your eyes off this man one moment until six o'clock tomorrow morning. If you see any change in him, come for me at once Miss Emily will watch while you are absent." And the Doctor, having mixed his medicines and prepared his bandages, pinned a long list of directions on Seth's coat, and prepared to take his departure.

"Do you think he will live?" inquired Emily, following the Doctor into the hall.

"Tell you better to-morrow. The crack in the skull a'n't so much as the hurt in the temple. Much depends on the nursing."

"S'posin' the furriner should die in the night," shuddered Seth, who was as timid as he was huge. Emily smiled. "I will sit up, too. I should not sleep if I was in bed."

No change was detected in the condition of the patient during the night. He was quiet and delirious by turns. Emily slept at intervals. Seth obeyed the Doctor's orders literally, never daring to move an inch from the bedside. In the morning the Doctor pronounced him better, but not out of danger.

Emily felt a strange interest in the sick man. She was filled with anxiety if she left him if for ever so short a time. She cared for him with a sisterly tenderness, and though he seemed unconscious of every thing else around him, he was evidently soothed by her presence and missed her sorely if she was not always near to minister to his wants. He would take his medicine from no hand but hers, and still, at times, the mere sight of her face would set him into the wildest excitement, and he would rave about some mysterious *she* in the wildest and most incoherent manner.

"What if he a'n't good, 'n' your folks don't git no pay fur his keep 'n' nussin?" said Seth, meditatively, on the third day of his illness.

Emily had just entered the room, and was standing by the bedside.

"Hush, Seth! How dare you talk like that?" she said, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"You don't even know his name, anyhow. Jones, over to the hotel, says 't is registered Black, or sathin' like that, he couldn't tell, 't was sich blind writin'."

The sick man had opened his eyes, and was looking Emily full in the face. The fever seemed to have left him for a time, and his gaze was calm and intelligent. Emily started and grew deadly pale. What was there in those eyes which awakened so many memories, which brought back the old days with such a thrill? "Joe," she half whispered, with stiff, white lips.

"Emily, dearest can you ever forgive me? Say that you will do so. I went away because I thought you were going to cast me off and marry John Foster. They said so." And then his mind commenced to wander again, and, in broken sentences, Emily detected the sound of Kate Sawyer's name. But he held her hand in a close clasp, and finally fell into a quiet sleep in this position, and if she tried to withdraw the hand held so closely in his own, he would move uneasily and grasp it all the tighter.

Seth, whose ears, eyes, and mouth had been wide open during the whole scene, came near falling head first into the fire which he was mending, so overcome was he, so weak had he grown with amazement. He immediately thought of some pressing errand which would take him to the village store, and before nine o'clock that night there was hardly a person in the whole town who wasn't aware that Joe Ashton was the man who was ill at the house of the Widow Rollins.

The next day, in tripped Kate Sawyer, all smiles and cordiality, so glad to see her dear cousins, so rejoiced that dear Cousin Joe was better, and that he was at home once more. She had not been in the house before for nearly a year.

"I shall remain here and take care of him to-day," said she, addressing Mrs. Rollins. "I was always his favorite cousin, you know, and of course I can care for him as no strangers, however thoughtful, are able to do."

"Cat's foot!" ejaculated Miss Debby, sharply, "he's a dretful nigh cousin, a'n't he? Anyhow, we've hed strict orders not let him see nobody. I 'n' Mis' Rollins a'n't 'lowed into the room ourselves only once in a great while. The Doctor is dretful partickler, 'n' Joe, himself, don't seem to want to see nobody but Emily. They've been a-talkin' over old times this mornin'; his head 'pears to be all right."

Kate grew scarlet with indignation, but she choked down her anger as nearly as possible. "The Doctor means that he shall not see any strangers, of course, but in this case it is different. I am a dear friend and relative. Ma's coming over to watch to-night."

"Dretful dear, I should say. If yer ma comes over, she'll come fur nothin'. Joe sleeps most all night, now, 'n' Seth lays on the lounge in the same room, 'n' gives him his medicine at the right time. Joe 'n' the Doctor both sez they wouldn't change Seth fur a perfessional, he's so awful faithful, 'n' so awful still."

Kate made no reply, but marched toward the door of the forbidden room with a very erect head and flashing eyes.

"Sorry I can't 'commerdate yer, Miss, but I've hed strict orders not to let a livin' soul but Mis' Rollins 'n' Emily cross that there threshold," said Seth, appearing in the passage-way just then. "Wouldn't dare not to 'bey the Doctor more'n I'd cut my head off." And he made his huge arm a barrier in her way.

"This is some of Emily's doings," said Kate, energetically. "Where is she? I wish to see her!"

"Well, I don't like to disturb her jest now, fur she 'n' the gentleman seems to be sayin' something awful important. They are old friends, you know, only she never knowed him at first, the climate of the West Injies had darkened his complexion so. He was jest a red-cheeked, smooth-faced young chap when he went away. I remember him, myself, 'n' now he's come back with a dretful sight o' whiskers, as well as a pocket full of money."

"Impudent creature! you shall pay dearly for insulting a Sawyer in this way," almost screamed Kate.

"Can't help it. If yer waz more Sawyer 'n you be, I couldn't let you enter that there room,"

That afternoon all the indignant Sawyers appeared in a body, but the Doctor happened to be paying his daily visit at that time, and informed them, as he declared once for all, that they could not see Mr. Ashton for a week at least.

"I thought he was out of danger," said Mrs. Sawyer, trembling with inward wrath, for it was known all over town that Joe had inherited nearly half a million from his eccentric old bachelor uncle who had gone out to the Indies when a boy. And here he was being petted and cajoled by the artful Emily.

"He wouldn't be out of danger if I should allow the whole town to pounce upon him; however, I tell you, he must be kept pefectly quiet, marm."

A week passed away. Joe had gained strength very rapidly. He was able to sit up all day now. The fever had left him, his head was clear, and he was out in the family sitting room for the first time this morning. He was seated in the chimney-corner, looking somewhat weak and bruised, but happy as a boy on a holiday. Emily who was engaged in tidying up the hearth, had grown ten years younger within a few weeks in spite of all the care and wakeful nights which she had experienced. Joe was just praising the sparkle of her eyes, when in tripped Miss Kate Sawyer once more, taking him quite by storm with congratulations and affectionate greetings.

Joe smiled somewhat grimly, but suffered himself to be gushed over, while Emily looked on with quiet amusement.

"I hear that you are going out to-morrow, cousin," she said, "and I came to invite you over to our house. Of course you will come to us now that you are able to do so. I think we could make you more comfortable," glancing around the homely, rather poverty-stricken, little room, "and then we are all actually dying to see you."

"Thank you," said Joe, "but I'm more than comfortable here. I shall not change my quarters for another week certainly."

"But you will surely come to us in season for Thanksgiving. Indeed, we can not be thankful without you. And we shall invite the other cousins, too, of course," with a patronizing smile at Emily.

"Then I am afraid I shall be the means of causing you to be in an ungrateful state of mind on that day, for Emily agreed last night to marry me at Thanksgiving. I shall be obliged to go to the city then, the Doctor thinks I shall be able to do so, and I felt that I could not go and leave her behind me, though I am not afraid that any evil, lying report could have power to separate us again. Emily has forgiven me for being such a fool as to have believed the old one, though it seemed very plausible, and we are very happy." And he gazed into Miss Sawyer's face with intense meaning.

She grew white to the very lips.

"Ez fur Mis' Rollins 'n' me, we can't accept your kind invitation, neither, ez we're both goin' ter Boston to visit a while," said Aunt Debby, rising from her seat, and making a low courtesy. "P'r'aps your folks 'll be able to come and see us agin, now, though," she added, "seein', thanks to Mr. Ashton, we own this farm, 'n' the Clark place jinin' it, 'n' Mis' Rollins hez a sum in the bank, too. Life is awful freaky, Kate Sawyer, 'n' Proverdence is curus, but when folks a'n't jest what they'd orter be, they ginerally git their comeuppance. Not that I a'n't dretful sorry for you, 'n' yer dissapointed ma, ez well."

Kate did not once turn her head until she was in her own room at home, a mile and a half away.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

Bread.

No amount of kneading, beating, or chopping can give good bread, of the first quality, from poor or second rate flour. The best quality of flour is not sufficient, either, to make first-class bread if the yeast is not of the best. Perfect flour, the perfection of yeast, will not do it if the dough is allowed to sour, or approach so nearly to souring as to destroy the pure sweet flavor of the wheat. If too much yeast is used no perfection of quality either in flour or yeast will secure good bread. It is a mistake which most cooks are very prone to make, unless carefully instructed by the mistress, to use too large a quantity of yeast. It expedites their work, no doubt, but makes their labor unsatisfactory. It must be confessed that very many otherwise excellent cook-books make the same mistake. Some people are color-blind, and others are equally deficient in taste and smell; and such will never make good cooks. We know housekeepers who tell us they can not distinguish between strong butter or sweet butter; between sour bread and that whose flavor is as sweet as new wheat. And these are the ones, who, if their bread is light and tender, do not dream that it may be ruined by the strong taste of the hops and too much salt, or by too much yeast.

The bread was light, tender and baked to a beautiful golden brown; but, ah! the bitter taste of the hops had ruined it. "How much yeast did you put to your bread?" "One cake and a half to four large loaves—just as the receipt book said, ma'am." "Well, now we will not mind the book. Soak not quite half a small cake of yeast; make a quart of sponge and put the yeast to it, adding a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar, and in the morning we will see what shall be made with it." In the morning the sponge was foaming, but as sweet as a rose. It was stirred down and a piece of butter half the size of an egg rubbed into as much flour as would be needed for four loaves, and put to the sponge. A pint of warm, not hot, milk-and-water was stirred to it, and the whole well mixed with a knife. When fully combined, the mass was poured on to the kneading-board and chopped about five minutes with a chopping-knife, kneading it together in a ball every minute or two, as the chopping spread it out. Then the whole was put into the bread-bowl, well covered, and set by the range—where no air could strike it nor the draft from an open door blow across it.

This was done a few minutes before the breakfast was dished. By the time breakfast was disposed of the bread was like a puff-ball, and, taken on to the bread-board, was divided into four loaves, lightly molded for three or four minutes, put into well-buttered bake-pans, a very little butter rubbed over the top and left to rise. In half an hour it was light enough to put into the oven, and by nine o'clock in the morning four golden loaves of as sweet and tender bread as any one could desire were taken from the oven and put aside to cool.

We give this as an example. If any one is inclined to use it as a receipt we think it will be found reliable.

If rolls or biscuits are needed for tea, a bowlful of this dough may be taken out, and two tablespoonfuls of butter worked into it; set it to rise, well covered and excluded from the air. When light, mold it down, and set on the ice until half or three-quarters of an hour before tea. Then mold down again, roll out, and cut in small biscuits, and put into a bake-pan. When light, bake. Be sure and not scorch. If as much yeast had been used as is too often done, the dough would sour past sweetening before tea-time; but when so small a quantity is taken there will be no danger of souring. The rolls or biscuits will be more delicate if the dough is molded down for a minute every time it rises up, or whenever one has a call to the ice-chest before the time for baking.

Real, dainty bread can not be made in large loaves. If the pans are about twice the size of a brick they are quite as large as desirable. When the dough is put into the pan it ought not to be more than two inches thick. When it has raised to twice the size it was when put into the pan it is ready for the oven. In baking it will rise still higher, and if about five inches high when done, that is quite large enough.

In baking bread the oven should be hot enough to prevent any further fermentation, but not so hot as to begin to brown or bind the crust and prevent its rising any more. The oven must not be as hot when the bread is put in, or till it it is half baked, as is necessary during the last half of the baking.—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

Winter Care of Stock.

THE time of the year has now come for every farmer to take into full consideration the advantages of providing good suitable shelter for all the live stock he may have about him to be cared for during the coming winter. It is a difficult matter to calculate just the amount of loss that may be suffered in keeping a given number of either cattle, hogs or sheep through a winter season in our climate without proper shelter, as much will depend on the kind of weather we may have during the winter, but there is no doubt but that there is more or less in all cases of the kind. Alternate freezing and thawing, with a mixture of rain, sleet and snow, makes the worst kind of weather for live stock to suffer exposure in, and there is hardly any kind of stock can be expected to hold its own in weight and condition with all the feed that may be given, where it is fully exposed to such weather as we have described. It is not a very costly matter to provide shelter for all the stock that is usually kept on a moderate sized farm, and we are satisfied that there is no investment a farmer could make that would pay a better profit in the way of saving than to see to it that all the stock of every kind that he may have about him shall have good, comfortable shelter from all winter storms. Common humanity requires it, and his own pecuniary interest demands it.

How to Plow.

In his address on plowing before the State Board of Agriculture of Connecticut, Prof. Stockbridge said: "There are two kinds of soil on every man's farm—the agricultural soil and the subsoil. The agricultural soil may be two inches deep or it may be nine, but it is not twenty feet. It is no deeper than the air can penetrate. If the agricultural soil is too shallow it may be gradually deepened by lifting an inch of the subsoil at each plowing, bringing it up to the air and enriching it with manure. Our agricultural committees, by their premiums for smooth, shiny, flat furrows have done the community a great harm. Such as take the premiums are the very poorest kind of plowing. The soil is best plowed when it is most thoroughly crushed, twisted and broken with the sod well covered. On some kind of lands I would have furrows lapped an inch, as the Canadian farmers plow. Let the air and water have a chance to circulate underneath the surface. Light lands, however, should have a flat furrow if we wish to make such lands more compact."

A Cold Bath in Winter.

The season of the year when many people who have experienced pleasure and advantage from a daily cold bath have to discontinue the practice is come. Months will elapse before the return of genial weather will allow of their indulgence in what may be termed man's natural stimulant. Amongst the young and robust there are a large number who are able to bathe even in the depths of winter; the advantage of so doing is, however, questionable. But let it be once well understood what a cold bath really is and the course by which they can avoid Scylla and Charybdis will be obvious. A cold bath is not necessarily a bath in water of the temperature of the atmosphere. A bath is truly and really cold when it produces a certain physiological effect—a slight momentary shock followed by pleasant and lasting reaction. These effects are for the majority of people most pleasantly obtained by bathing in water about thirty-five to forty degrees below the temperature of the body—the usual temperature of unheated water in June and July. Bearing this in mind, people can enjoy their physiological "cold" bath as safely and pleasantly at Christmas as at midsummer, and there is no necessity for the most timid or weakly to discontinue his morning bath because the summer weather is over. When the water sinks below a temperature of sixty degrees, let it be heated to that point and then used, and there will still be a "cold" bath, though of heated water. The daily stimulant effect of such a bath is so beneficial to the great majority of persons, and is of such marked service in maintaining health that it is important to have it widely known that a cold bath may be taken all the year round, provided cold is not mistaken to mean "at the temperature of the outer air." To heat the bath during the winter months is too often thought to be unmanly, while in reality it is truly scientific, and to bathe in unheated water all the year round, whatever the temperature of that water may be, is to prove one's self an ignorant slave of outward circumstances.—*London Lancet.*

Stone Shower in Georgia.

Last Saturday a week ago, while Mr. Isaac Reed and his four children were picking cotton upon a portion of land belonging to Mr. Newton Cates, in this county, rocks began to fall about, when Mr. Reed, in anger, grasped up a stone and exclaimed: "Whoever you are, if you don't stop, you'll get this!" holding up the stone in his hand. But the rocks kept on falling so fast that all began to wonder who could be throwing them, when it was noticed that they were rising off the ground about them and falling back! So strange a sight caused them to leave the field and go to the house near by, when the stone-falling commenced there. Some of the near neighbors were sent for, among them Mr. N. Cates and Mr. J. Bazel (a sister of whom is Mr. Reed's wife), and all saw the rocks falling some of which were hot and all testify to the same facts—for facts they are—but as to the cause none of them pretend to know. Now, some will be so incredulous as utterly to deny this, and cry out, "pshaw!" and "superstition;" yet, in spite of all, these are well-established facts, as human testimony can establish. Better accept of them as facts and go to investigating for the cause. On Monday week the same manifestations were repeated at the same place and one of the stones struck a little boy on the foot and another stone struck Mr. Bazel on the shoulder. By the way this is not the first time that these "manifestations" and "appearances," or call them by what names you please, have occurred, for in other places in this State and Virginia such have occurred.—*Marietta (Ga.) Journal.*

—The Chinese, having gone without an alphabet from time immemorial, are at last to have one—if they will take kindly to so radical an innovation when propounded by a foreign devil. At present their language finds expression on paper in thousands of distinct symbols, but Monsignor Eligio Cosi, Bishop at Chang-Tong in China, has invented an alphabet consisting of thirty-three characters with which all the sounds of the Chinese language can be expressed. The Emperor of Austria has presented Monsignor Cosi with a complete typographical apparatus for a Chinese printing establishment, but it remains to be seen how the Emperor of China will deal with him.

—One of the greatest pleasures of railroad traveling to lovers has been destroyed. Now, just before a train enters a tunnel a buccaneer goes through the cars and lights all the lamps.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1880.			
FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$ 5 30	@	$ 6 50
WHEAT—Red Winter No. 2	1 24	@	1 27
No. 1 White	1 22	@	1 21½
CORN—No. 2	60	@	61½
OATS—Mixed Western	43	@	45
PORK—Mess	14 50	@	15 00
LARD—Prime Steam	....	@	9 20
BUTTER—Western	14	@	28
CHEESE—Ohio	10	@	12½
EGGS—Western	25	@	30
WOOL—Pulled	20	@	42
Unwashed	14	@	33
CATTLE	7 50	@	10 50
HOGS	4 70	@	4 90
SHEEP	3 25	@	5 50
CLEVELAND.			
FLOUR—X White	$....	@	$6 50
XX Red, No. 1	5 25	@	6 00
Spring X, Red	6 00	@	6 50
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	....	@	1 12
No. 2 "	....	@	1 11
CORN	46	@	51
OATS—No. 1	....	@	40
CHEESE—Choice Factory	13	@	13½
Ohio Dairy	....	@	07
BUTTER—Choice	23	@	27
EGGS	27	@	33
POTATOES per bush	45	@	55
PEARS—Bartlett per bbl	4 45	@	4 75
BUFFALO.			
BEEVES—Best	$5 50	@	$5 60
Medium	4 25	@	4 45
HOGS—Common to fair	4 40	@	4 50
Heavy	4 60	@	4 80
SHEEP—Common	3 00	@	3 75
Choice	4 00	@	4 75
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—Western Amber	$ ..	@	1 10½
No. 2 Red Winter	..	@	1 10½
CORN—High Mixed	..	@	44½
No. 2	..	@	41
OATS—No. 2	..	@	34½
PITTSBURG.			
BEEVES—Best	5 60	@	$5 90
Medium	4 25	@	4 65
HOGS—Yorkers	4 50	@	4 60
Philadelphias	4 70	@	4 80
SHEEP—Best	....	@	4 60
Medium	....	@	3 60

[Toledo Blade.]

How We Were "Buttonholed."

"Look here! I don't want to buttonhole you with any political harangues; but if you have a minute's time, let me tell you something that may benefit some of your readers." "Well, what is it?"—we remarked to our old friend and subscriber as he stopped us in front of the Boody House yesterday morning. "I was only going to remark that those Hamburg Drops, of which you publish a notice in your paper, is really the best Blood Medicine in the country; I tried it, and so have some of my friends, for serious ailments, and I'll be hanged if it ain't entitled to the medal." We cheerfully make space for the above candid opinion of one of our readers.

A GALVESTON poet came into the sanctum hurriedly, and going up to the editor remarked: "I did not notice my little poem on the 'Golden Tints of Expiring Autumn.' I suppose it was crowded out." "No, it was crowded in." "I don't see it." "Look in the waste-basket. That's where it was crowded in."—*Galveston News.*

[Cleveland Leader.]

A Happy Hatter.

Happy is Knox, the famous New York Hatter. Mrs. Knox, who had been a frequent and painful sufferer with rheumatism, was speedily cured by the use of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacob's Oil. Consequently the great Broadway Hatter is happy.

THERE is a cat in Litchfield, Conn., that eats an ear of raw corn daily. Some persons think this is a sure sign that the most expensive winter bonnets will cost about three dollars apiece.—*Elmira Free Press.*

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember