

The Port Tobacco Times.



PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Volume 31.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JULY 17, 1874.

Number 12.

A Selected Story.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

The Rev. Mr. Holbrook put the money there, exactly in the middle of the table. He remembered it distinctly, and he never was mistaken. But the money was there no longer. What did it mean?

There stood the little vase of flowers, the shadow of the rose-bud falling upon the cloth as he had seen it when he laid the note down. There were the books and the little card basket. There, perched up in the great Turkish chair, sat his little daughter, making a bed and pillows for her new wax doll. He had only gone to the front door with the parsoner who had brought her contribution for the approaching fair in the shape of this very five dollar note, and now it was gone. There was no breeze to stir it, for the windows were shut. It was certain that Lilly sat where she had been seated when he left the room. Perplexed and angry, the father questioned her.

"Lilly, where is that money that laid here?"

Lilly shook her head.

"Has Lilly got any money?"

Lilly nodded.

"Show it to papa."

Lilly laid down her work—oh, such a crooked little bag, with stitches an inch long on the edges!—and leaning herself down from the chair, came slowly across the room, and stood solemnly before her father.

"It's in my pocket," she said; and put a tiny hand into each and drew out two cents.

"Is that all?" asked the clergyman.

"No," said Lilly.

"You did not see any on the table?"

"No," said Lilly; "no thir," and went back to her work again.

The clergyman paced the room, looked in the corners, and surveyed the length of the carpet; then he spoke again:

"Lilly, who has been in the room since I left it?"

Lilly pondered.

After a while, she said:

"Ned did."

"Ned?"

"Eth, thir."

"What did he do?"

"He took a flower out of the vase, and put it in his coat button."

"The vase on the table?" asked the clergyman.

"Eth, thir," said Lilly. Then he went wight to the stool.

This was added because the little creature saw anger in her father's eye, and knew that a great dislike for school, on her brother's part, was a frequent cause of displeasure and reprimand.

"I know," added the little creature, solemnly, "that he runned all the way."

"Aha!" said the clergyman—and then he walked to the window and hid his face in his hands. He had a cold heart but it was aching pitifully just then. He was tender to one, but he longed to be proud of his son, and a suspicion that was terrible to harbor possessed him.

Ned was a wild boy, an idler. He shirked Sabbath school and was inattentive in church. He hated study. He liked the company of mad-cap boys; his mother idolized him and spoiled him; so his father thought he was going straight down to perdition, perhaps. Who knew, for now it seemed very likely to the father that Ned had stolen that five dollar note.

For the present, however, he kept his thoughts to himself, merely commanding his obedient wife, who came into the room in a few minutes, to search it thoroughly, and to make sure the money was not to be found. Then he locked himself into his study, and suffered horribly in silence for long hours, when an interruption came in the shape of an old man, one of the poor of the congregation, who had a dolorous tale to tell of hard times at home, and of his rheumatism, and his wife's chills and fever.

Believed, with some small change and a large bundle of tracts, this good man was about to depart, when a thought seemed to strike him, and he turned toward the pastor, opened his mouth, shut it again, and was about to pass through the door, when the clergyman said:

"Well, Watkins?"

And he came to a halt again.

"I suppose in an't none of my business," he said. "But I kinder felt I'd orter tell."

"Do as your conscience prompts you, Watkins," said the clergyman.

"Yes, sir," said Watkins. "But, you see may be you want thank me—Other folks' affairs you see. You'n you know, sir. So, there, it's out!"

"Mine?" cried Mr. Holbrook.

"Yes," said Mr. Watkins, "your'n, sir. Tan't so very bad, only I don't think you'd like your young gentleman for to go carceing about with the Gregg boys. Their father drinks, and I won't mention their mother; and to see him arm in arm with 'em buying gunpowder at old Dike Decker's and playing what's'er name—dang it! oh, bagertelle, behind the shop for drinks of ginger beer! Why, I didn't think you'd like it, sir."

"Like it?" cried Holbrook. "Watkins come back into the study. There—wait a minute; let me collect myself. When did you see my son at that horrible place? The man who keeps it is the worst man in town! You saw him there with the Gregg boys!—When?"

"Only this morning," said Watkins. "I—I was took bad with my knee and was obliged to sit down there to rest, sir; and there the boys was, sir. Your'n sir, had his books in a strap, and it was long after school opened. They bought lots of eatables and gunpowder and things, and they hired old Decker's boat and went out into it, and broke an ear and had to pay for it. They spent five dollars altogether—leastways I heard old Decker say so. Five dollars—them three boys. Well, I felt I'd orter tell."

"Thank you Watkins," said the clergyman, sadly. "It is bitter news; but you have done your duty."

And Watkins departed, leaving his pastor alone with his thoughts.

Five minutes after he had gone the clergyman's son, flushed with exertion and excitement, opened the front door and ran up stairs to his own room.

Ere he reached it, his father's voice sounded through the house—

"Edward! Come here."

Edward obeyed.

He came into the study slowly, and behind him followed his mother, with a face that denoted her premonition of a coming scene.

"Hester," said Mr. Holbrook, "since you are here you may stay, but you must not interfere. It is my duty to be firm. Sit down, Hester. Edward, come here."

The boy advanced and stood before his father, swinging his strap of books to and fro unceasingly. He was a handsome brown fellow, with gypsy eyes and curly black hair. One of those boys on whom nature seems to have stamped "Rover" from the first.

"You have been playing truant today, Edward," said the father.

"Oh, no!" cried the mother.

"Yes," said the boy; "I won't lie about it, sir, I have."

"With those young fiends, the Gregg boys," said the clergyman.—"You were at the drinking shop of that old infidel, Dike Decker. You spent a great deal of money there.—Five dollars perhaps."

"Yes," said the boy; "I believe we did."

"And you stole that money from me before you went, as you pretended, to the school. You stole it from the treasury of the Lord, though, perhaps, you did not know that. It was given to me for the church by one who could ill afford to lose it, and you stole that."

"Sir!" cried the boy; "stole it! I—I steal from you, or any one? Oh, father, how can you say such things?"

"I have given you no money, nor has your mother, I know," said the clergyman. "I missed the money after you left home. You have spent a similar sum. I will not tempt you to falsehood by asking you to explain. I only tell you this. Confess and prove yourself penitent, and I will kneel down and pray with you for forgiveness. Refuse to admit your guilt, and I will flog you as long as I have strength to lift the whip. I will not spare the rod and spoil the child. God would not hold me guiltless if I did."

The mother, who was weeping bitterly, hid her face in the sofa cushions. The boy, flushing scarlet, drew closer to his father.

"Father," he said humbly, "I know it seems as if I took it, but I did not. I would not do so vile a thing. Let me tell you the truth. I saw the note on the table and I left it there, of course. I went to school as usual. I went to go, and on the way I met Tom Gregg; and as we passed the confectioner's shop we saw a buggy, with a very pretty little girl—a mere baby sitting alone in it; and just then the horses started, and—and—it wasn't anything but I stopped them; and the gentleman—the child's father—thanked me so much and said I'd saved her life, and he wanted to give me the money, and I would not take it, and he gave it to the Gregg boys. It was five dollars. And, after that, I did wrong; for we went off together on a jollification, sir, and that's the truth. You believe me, mamma. You do too, father, oh, say you do! Let me bring Gregg. He'll tell you it is so."

"No doubt," said the clergyman. "Nevertheless, I do not believe you. I will leave you here until this evening. When I return you must confess or suffer punishment. Hester, come with me."

"Oh, Alfred!" sobbed the mother. "don't be so unjust! don't doubt our poor boy! Can't you see it's true?—Ned, darling, I know it is!"

But the strong hand of the clergyman drew his wife from the room, and turned the key upon the boy, who stood staring after them with despair in his great black eyes.

In heart Mr. Holbrook felt assured that his boy was both a thief and a liar.

But the mother knew better. The poor, loving, broken-hearted mother, who wept and prayed together, and felt that at last, indeed, God had deserted her.

The day passed on. The untasted dinner was served and sent away again. The evening lamps were lighted. The clergyman arose from his chair and went toward an old-fashioned chimney closet, and took from thence a riding-whip. The mother gave a scream, and flew towards him, and clung to his arm. He put her aside and passed out of the room, and stood for a few moments alone in the study.

The boy had been weeping. He lifted his swollen eyes to his father's face, and spoke:

"Father, I don't mind a flogging.—That's not it. I deserve one for playing truant, perhaps; but tell me you know I am not a thief, and then I won't care how hard the blows are.—Tell me that, father."

"You will not confess, then?" replied the clergyman.

"I did not steal the money," said the boy.

"God hears you," said Mr. Holbrook. "I know it," said Edward.

"Edward," said Mr. Holbrook, "I am a strong man. You are not able to bear the whipping I will give you. It will come to confession at last. Spare us both."

For answer the boy cast off his jacket.

"Go on," he said, "I am ready. You can whip me to death, if you like. I'll never call myself a thief."

It sounded like defiance, and the first blow fell. With the first blow all the evil passions that lay dormant in either breast awoke. The violent obstinacy of the boy, his unfeeling reception of the blows made the father furious, every stroke drove the good angels farther from the boy.

Suddenly a flood of rage, that passes all description, filled his young heart, and an oath burst from his lips. Following that oath came such a blow as no Christian ever gave an unmanageable horse, a blow with the clotted handle of the whip, and he fell to the ground like one dead.

The father bent over him for a moment and then opened the door. The mother, trembling and sobbing, rushed in. The old servant woman followed.

The clergyman, sick at heart, staggered into the parlor; he sat down in the great Turkish chair and looked vacantly at the figure of his little girl busy at the table.

She had brought into the parlor a little box which she had called her baby-house; and unconscious of what had been taking place in the study, was furnishing it to her heart's content.

Now it was ready for the reception

of the doll, and she put out her little hand and plucked her father's sleeve.

"Papa," she said, "thee my houthie." The father absently nodded, but the child was not satisfied.

"Look," she said, "it's got a bed and pillows, table and thove, and a pick-shure. Look at my pick-shure, papa." Absently still, the clergyman gazed into the baby-house. In a moment more an awful look swept over his face.

"Your picture!" he cried. "It that what you call your picture? Where did you get it?"

"Off the table," said the child. "My pretty green pick-shure? I hung it up with a pin."

It was a five dollar bill that was pinned against the wall of the doll's parlor. It was the bill that had been lost that morning. Lilly, in her ignorance, thought of pennies only as money. She had never had anything else given to her, and her passion for pictures was great. Innocently she had taken this pretty green one for her own.

People sometimes ask why the Rev. Mr. Holbrook, who was so useful in his congregation, preaches no longer, and lives in a lonely little country place apart from all who ever knew or admired him.

One woman knew—his sad, yet forgiving wife. As for the poor idiot who crawls about the house, a pitiful object to look upon, a more pitiful one to listen to, he knows nothing.—He has never known anything since that fatal blow, of which the father dreams perpetually, ended all for him.

Selected Poetry.

THE PILLAR OF BEAUTY.

"Scatter the gems of the beautiful!
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring at the cottage gate
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of Summer hours.

"Scatter the gems of the beautiful!
In the holy shrine of home!
Let the pure, the fair, and the graceful there
In the lowliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart;
But gather about the earth its gems
Of nature and of art.

"Scatter the gems of the beautiful!
In the temple of our God—
The God who starreth the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod;
When he built a temple for Himself,
And a home for His priestly race,
He reared each arch in symmetry
And curved each line in grace.

"Scatter the gems of the beautiful!
In the depths of the human soul;
They bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the bowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and pure about his path
In Paradise shall bloom."

Selected Miscellany.

A Jewel Down in Georgia.

The following graphic description of the real jewels of the fair South is given by a paper printed in the State of Georgia: "Among the many visitors who came to our city on Saturday last to sell their country produce, was a young lady from an adjoining county, who had chickens, eggs and butter for sale. Her beauty was of transcendent excellence. Bright, flashing intellectual eyes, and face round and rosy, while her calico dress was plain and neatly made, and fitted beautifully. Her rich black hair flowed in luxuriant richness. Highly educated, she conversed fluently, and departed herself with becoming modesty. She wore no false bustle or purchased complexion; had no top knot on her head, or false fixings to present, but stood in the majestic beauty of a created intelligence that would not yield to the despotism of trifling fashion. It has been a long time since we gazed upon such a sight. The young men crowded around her wagon with curiosity in their eyes and admiration in their hearts. The old men wept for joy that there was one who had not bowed to Baal. She sold her country produce, went home, milked the cows, cooked supper for ten farm laborers, and went to church that night with her sweetheart."

A gentleman riding on horse-back came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for Pat?" he asked. "A herd of cattle would starve to death on that land." "And sure, yer honor," replied Pat, "wasn't I fencein' it in to kape the poor bastes out uv it."

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

That was a pleasant device which old Mr. Dusenbury employed to rid his berry-patch of robins. Having formerly been a clothier, he fished from his garret a dilapidated old dummy which had once seen better days and clothes, and turned the susceptible heart of many a near-sighted damsel; and rigging some arms upon it he clad it in faded garments, cocked a disreputable-looking hat on its head, and stood it up in the middle of his patch.

His facetious neighbor on the right, having noticed this ingenious contrivance, conceived the idea of removing it from Dusenbury's garden and secretly placing it in the garden of the neighbor-on-the-left, who was likewise in a state of chronic madness on account of the nightly depredations of robins. This done, the neighbor-on-the-right, after kicking up a rampus sufficient to disturb the sleep of a mummy, hid himself behind a tree near by and awaited developments. The neighbor-on-the-left came prancing out, and marching furiously up to the dummy, exclaimed:

"You thieving old rascal, Joe Peasley, I've got you now! I'll fix you, you infernal scoundril! What d'ye mean by stealing into my garden at this hour of night, you low-lived, white-livered, underhanded old black-guard?"

The neighbor-on-the-right, behind the tree, instead of enjoying this jump-up and down in distress and anger. It was not pleasant to be mistaken for a scarecrow and accused of stealing garden sauce at the same time. His name was Joseph Peasley, and he was the individual referred to.

The dummy said nothing. A gentle breeze from the east turned it half-around, neighbor-on-the-left continued: "I know you, you ole scoundril. You needn't pull your hat down over yer eyes. I saws yer, and I knows yer. Ha! ha! you mizzable sneak. Now you'll dance to me, darn yer."

"Who is it?" shrieked the injured neighbor's wife, tripping out in her night-gown.

"Who is it?" yelled back her husband, warming up by the reinforcement, for he was getting out of breath; "Joe Peasley, blast his picture, the consummurnit ole bog."

"O-o-o-o-h, Joe Peasley! you mean, dishonest, sneakin' thing," struck up the woman, shaking her fist at the innocent form, "to think that you'd be caught a-stealin' my husband's garden sass. I knowed you was a mean man when you turned your wife outdoors and whipped your little baby to death, and stoned your poor old grandmother, and pizened Uncle Dusenbury's hens, and now you're stealin' garden sass, and you're ketched, and you'll be hung. I wish I had my hands on your face, I'd scratch your wicked old head off."

This must have been pleasant for Peasley behind the tree.

"See how he hangs his head!" she added, triumphantly.

"I should think he'd hang the whole length of him," rejoined her husband; "Why don't you speak, you thievin' ole blaggar?" "Haint you got no tongue or sense or manners nor nothing—whielin' around as if you was hung on springs?"

"What's the matter?" inquired a strange voice, which proved to be the parson's.

"Matter!" shrieked the angry man at the new-comer, "matter enough, I think. I've caught Joe Peasley-a-pickin' my melons and pullin' my cabbagees up. See the sneakin' burglar!" fiendishly he cried, pointing at the form. "I've a notion to punch the stuffin' out of him."

Unfortunately for Mr. Peasley's reputation, a balmy zephyr turned the figure slowly about in a quiet manner.

"Joseph," put in the pious man, addressing the scare-crow mournfully, "I am grieved to find you thus circumstanced. It pains me deeply to see this damning evidence of your guilt. Remember, however, my friend, that there is even repentance at the eleventh hour."

"Nearer half-past twelve," snarled neighbor-on-the-left.

At this point another party appeared. Through the gloom of the night it was observed approaching. It was Dusenbury, who, hearing loud talking, was coming to learn the cause. He was a large, corpulent man, of a hasty and passionate temperament.

"What's this row?" he asked sharply.

"They told him in chorus sweet and strong, the lady reaching high C, the parson taking the bass, and the outraged neighbor tearing up and down the whole gamut in the operation."

"What do you say?" roared Dusenbury, livid with rage; "Joe Peasley that's robbed our gardens! What do you mean, you miserable wretch?" he cried, and marching up he suddenly seized the dummy by the coat collar, seated his heels in a potato hill, and cast his whole strength and tremendous weight into a jerk that would have moved the State of Rhode Island. Then the dummy went ranting up in the air; and he went over on his back as if he had been kicked by a lot full of mules.

Neighbor-on-the-right, behind the tree, snuffed his hat in his mouth and

executed a sort of weird hornpipe, with some extraordinary steps in it.

"Take him off! take him off! He's choking me," yelled Dusenbury, kicking and sprawling as if the heavens had all fallen on him.

"No, he ain't a-chokin' of yer either," cried the neighbor-on-the-left in his ear, helping him to his feet.

"Where is he?" asked Dusenbury, in a tremulous tone, when he had regained his perpendicular.

"Here he is," responded a faint and gloomy voice from a distance. "You've bloomed him in your wrath, my friend, and plucked his skeleton from his quivering body. Heaven help us! how he rattles," and the parson was seen slowly and cautiously dragging the dummy through the garden towards them, every wire in its anatomy straightened, its back broken, and its wearing apparel as disordered as the State of Arkansas.

"That!" exclaimed Dusenbury, picking it up. "That!" he roared, glaring around. "That concern!" he thundered; "why, that's my scarecrow, you miserable fool!"

"Scare-crow!" shouted the others, in amazement, insanely scanning the remains.

Neighbor-on-the-right, behind the tree, had crammed the whole of his hat in his mouth and was following it up with his fists.

"Yes, scare-crow!" repeated Dusenbury, with a withering sneer; and he gave the thing a savage twitch that made it snap like a shower of torpedoes on a slate roof; "and you egregious blockheads yelling here at it, and Joe Peasley asleep in his bed! Come here, you blasted old ruin," he concluded, swinging the dummy fiercely upon his back, and stalking madly home.

"Get into the house, you drivellin' idiot," screamed neighbor-on-the-left, turning fiercely at his wife; and, driving his fists down into his trousers' pockets, he dimly followed her in.

"I'm charmed he didn't bone him," thoughtfully murmured the parson, as, with his long ghastly fore-finger on his chin, he solemnly withdrew.

"Quite a little circus!" observed Joseph (the neighbor-on-the-right), blithely skipping away from behind the tree, his thumbs high up in his vest, and his fingers gyrating in a curious manner.

"The next day it was all over town.—Danbury News.

De Pervisions, Josiah.—A Couple of Darkies Express Their Ideas About Civil Rights.

A sapient looking darkey, oscillating between twenty and twenty-five summers, overtook an old negro on the street the other day, and wedging him in a fence corner, proceeded to acquaint him with all the gorgeous provisions of the civil rights bill. Young Africa imparted to old Africa a fund of valuable information, thusly:

"Well, Uncle Billy, Summer's swivel rights has passed de Senate ob de United States widout a murmur?"

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jes so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we coloured pussions is gwine to see those pervisions is in de pot. We are gwine to be allowed to ride free on de railroad, smoke in de ladies' car, and put our feet on de pervisions ob de seats whenever we dam please."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jes so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to stop at de hotels and eat at de head ob de table and hab de biggest slices ob de chickens, and lay around in de parlor, and spit on de carpets, and make de white trash hustle themselves and wait on us widout grumblin, and whenever de boss ob de concern shoves a bill at us, we'll hab him sent to Washington and obscured in the plenipotentiary."

"Is dat so Josiar?"

"Jes so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to go to de white schools and set up on de flatiron wid de teacher and learn geography, triggermanometry, gelyminy, Latin, Dutch, French, Choctaw, algrebray, rheumatics, de rule of free and de diarreay."

"Good God! is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jes so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to be buried in italic coffins wid looking glasses on top ob dem, and day will hab to carry us on a hearse to de grave yard and bury us on top ob de white folks, so when de day of resurrection arrived and de angel Gabriel come tootin' along, he'll sing out troo his trumpet, 'All you coloured gentlemen rise fust!' And say Uncle Billy de pervisions ob dat bill—"

"What's dat you say 'bout pervisions, Josiar?"

"Well, Uncle Billy, as I was gwine on to state, de pervisions in dat bill?"

"Stop right dare, Josiar. You say dare's pervisions in dat bill?"

"Jes so, Uncle Billy. De pervisions ob de bill—"

"Stop right dare, Josiar. Ef dare's pervisions in dat bill, I want a sack ob flour dis berry minit. Dam de smokin' in de ladies car, and de geography, and Latin and de italic coffins! I want de pervisions, Josiar. Dey's all dere is in de bill wuff a dam cent.—Fayetteville (Ga.) Express.

The Farm.

Summer Pruning Grape Vines.

If any one has any doubts in regard to the importance of summer pruning of his grape vines, he has only to take a look at them at this time. From the old stocks near the ground and from the smaller canes hundreds of tender shoots will be found, where not one-tenth of the number should be permitted to grow. If all the shoots which appear in spring are allowed to grow unchecked, there will be a mass of small weak canes upon the vines next fall, few, if any, of the number large enough or sufficiently well-developed for bearing fruit. Next year, consequently, early summer is the time to commence breaking off, close to the main canes, all shoots not required for fruiting another year.

This operation is fully as important as the regular annual pruning, and no vineyard in this or any other country ever continued healthy and fruitful for any length of time unless this summer pruning was carefully attended to, no matter what any body says to the contrary. Cultivated grape vines are not wild vines in the forests, and we expect more and better returns from them, therefore we must treat them accordingly. Later in the season a little pinching off of the ends of vigorous shoots in order to check their growth, and direct the strength of the stock into those that are feeble is also frequently necessary, and it is thus that the careful vintnerist aids nature in bringing him bountiful crops. It is a waste of valuable materials to grow cords of grape wood, which has to be pruned away in autumn, exhausting the soil unnecessarily, when by judicious summer pinching or pruning the production of a superabundance of wood might be readily avoided. Theoretically, it may be all wrong to remove branches and leaves in order to strengthen the growth and insure the health of any plant; but in practice it brings just these results, which can not be secured by any other known process.

Save Your Own Seed.

Every intelligent tiller of the soil will admit that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If one sows or plants inferior seed, he cannot expect a bountiful crop of either roots or grain. Smallant half-matured kernels of wheat, or oats, rye and corn, cannot be expected to yield large panicles and ears filled with plump and heavy kernels. If one plants the seed of carrots, parsnips, turnips and cabbage, which grow in the small pods and the half matured panicles on the slender stems, he cannot produce large roots, even if the soil has been brought to an excellent state of fertility.

This suggests the great importance of raising seed of the choicest quality. It will cost no more to raise one thousand bushels of beets or turnips, per acre, than three hundred, if plump and heavy seed has been properly saved.

In order to produce large, heavy seed of garden vegetables, select a few large carrots, a few turnips, parsnips and beets, and plant them in rich soil early in the growing season. They should be planted about thirty inches apart, that the tops may have ample room to spread. When the blossoms begin to appear, clip off all the small side branches, leaving only four or five central stocks, which will yield seed of much better quality than one can usually purchase. Every kernel of such seed, when planted, will produce a large root. Turnips and carrots may grow in close proximity; but turnips and carrots designed for seed should be replanted several rods apart. One cabbage will yield as much seed as one family will care to plant, unless a head is grown for market. A superb head should be transplanted as it grew.—The top of the head should be cut open, so that sprouts or seed-stalks may readily spring up through the centre.

As soon as the panicles of carrots and parsnips begin to turn brown, and when the pods of cabbage and turnips begin to lose their green color, let the stalk be cut off close to the ground and hung up in some out-building. When the pods, leaves and stems are quite dry, let them be spread on a clean floor, or on a large blanket, and the seed threshed off either with a flail or by crushing the pods with one's feet.

In order to have large and early tomatoes, the first ripe fruit should be allowed to hang to the vines until the seed are fully matured. By selecting seed in this manner for a few years, tomatoes will come to maturity much earlier than in the ordinary way, and every stalk will be loaded with fruit.

The melon, squash, cucumber and pumpkin that ripens first, should be allowed to hang to the vines until the stems are quite dry; then, when they begin to decay, remove the seed, spread them on a board or canvas to dry. The vitality of such seed is frequently destroyed by too much solar heat, or by being scorched beneath the kitchen stove.—New York Observer.

The quickest way for a man to forget all common miseries is to wear tight boots.