# White Cloud Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. } THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION. { TERMS---$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME VIII.---NUMBER 37.{ WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1865. {WHOLE NUMBER, 401.


## Choice Poetry.

### THE BLUE COAT OF THE SOLDIER.

BY BISHOP BURGESS, OF MAINE.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
Though never I passed the knight before?
Because my heart was full and proud,
When I saw the old blue coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I knew not, I, what weapon he chose,
What chief he followed, what badge he wore;
Enough that in the front of foes,
His country's blue great-coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor;
To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
I only marked the coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

It mattered not much if he drew his line
From Shem or Ham, in the days of yore;
For surely he was a brother of mine,
Who for my sake the war-coat wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

He might have no skill to read or write,
Or he might be rich in learned lore;
But I knew he could make his mark in fight,
And nobler gown no scholar wore,
Than the blue great-coat, etc.

It may be he could plunder and prowl,
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore;
But I would not guess a spot so foul
On the honored coat he bravely wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

He had worn it long, and borne it far;
And perhaps, on the red Virginian shore,
From midnight chill till the morning star,
That worn great-coat the sentry wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks,
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;
Perhaps on the mountain side with Banks,
In the burning sun no more he wore
The blue great-coat, etc.

Perhaps in the swamps was a bed for his form,
From the seven days' battling and marching sore;
Or with Kearney and Pope, 'mid the steely storm,
As the night closed in, that coat he wore;
That blue great-coat, etc.

Or when right over as Jackson dashed,
That collar or cape some bullet tore;
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed,
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar;
Or saw, with Grant, the unchanged waves,
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

That garb of honor tells enough,
Though I its glory guess no more;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
That coat is mail which that soldier wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

He may hang it up, when the peace shall come,
And the moths may find it behind the door;
But his children will point, when they hear a drum,
To the proud old coat their father wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Bill bow the head, as one goes by,
Who wears the coat that soldier wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

## Select Tale.

### THE STORY OF A HUNTER.

About fifty years ago, I moved into the western part of New York, which was then nearly a wilderness, no settlements having been made excepting in a few places on the borders of the lake. I arrived in the spring of the year, and commenced clearing the farm I now occupy. By the fall, I had built a good log house and temporary stables for my cattle—had put into the ground ten acres of wheat, and looked forward to the ensuing year for the reward of my labors. My wife and child (for I was married) were all my family—neighbors there were none nearer than five or six miles, so that visiting or amusements were out of the question. You may therefore suppose that on the approach of a long northern winter I had ample time to gratify my love of hunting, for which I have always had a great fondness. Winter had set in early, and all my cares were confined to keeping a sufficient stock of wood on hand for fuel—which you may imagine was not difficult when the trees stood at my door—and taking care of the few cattle I was then owner of. It was one day, I think in the fore part of December, when having finished my morning's work, I took down my gun, the same that now stands in the bar, and told my wife that I would, on my return, please her with the sight of a fat deer. Deer are, even now, very plenty in this part of the country, but then they were much more so, so that there was little merit or difficulty in achieving what I had promised.

I took my departure about a north-west course from my cabin, which led direct into the forest. The snow was about a foot deep, and the wind blowing hard from the north, it drifted much in the openings; yet this I thought was in my favor, as the noise made by the wind among the trees prevented the game from hearing my approach in "still hunting." But I was mistaken in my calculations, for I had travelled five or six miles from home, and had not got a shot at a single deer, though I had seen numbers of them, but they were always on the run and at too great a distance, and all the tracks I saw showed that they had scarcely walked during that day. I was then a young hunter, but I have since learnt that this animal is always on the move, and generally runs throughout windy days, probably from the apprehension of danger from wolves, which follow its scent through the snow.

At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, on the edge of which I was struck by the appearance of a large stub, twenty-five or thirty feet high, with its bark off. From its scratched surface, I had no doubt it was climbed by racoons or martens, which probably had a den in it, as, from its appearance, I judged it was hollow. The stub, at its base, might have been seven or eight feet through, but eight or ten feet higher up its size was much diminished, so that I could grasp sufficiently to assend it, and ascertain what was within. My gun and great coat were deposited in a secure place, and, being an expert climber, I soon gained the top. As I anticipated, I found the stub was hollow, the aperture being about two and a half feet in diameter. The day, you will observe, was dark and cloudy, and, looking down the hollow, I fancied I could see the bottom at no great distance; but having nothing to put in to ascertain its depth, I concluded I would try to touch the bottom with my feet. I therefore placed myself in the hole, lowered myself gradually, expecting every moment my feet would come in contact with some animal at the foot of the hollow; but feeling nothing, I unthinkingly continued letting myself down, until my head and hands and my whole person were completely within the centre of the stub.

At this moment, a sudden and strange fear came over me, I knew not for what cause, for I am not naturally timid. It seemed to affect me with a sense of suffocation, such as is experienced in dreams under the nightmare. Rendered desperate by my feelings, I made a violent attempt to extricate myself, when the edges of the wood to which I was holding on, treacherously gave way, and precipitated me to the bottom of the hole, which I found extended to the level with the ground. I cannot wholly account for it, but probably from the erect position in which my body was necessarily kept in so narrow a tube, and my landing on a bed of moss, dried leaves, and other substances, I sustained little or no injury from so great a fall, nor were my clothes but little deranged in my descent, notwithstanding the straitness of the passage, owing to the smoothness of the surface, from long use by the animals ascending and descending to and from their den—for a den I found it to be.

After my fright, I had time to examine the interior—all was dark, and putting out my hands to feel my way, they came in contact with the cold nose of some beast, and then with the fur, which I immediately knew was that of a grown cub or young bear. Continuing to examine, I ascertained that there were three or four of those animals, which, aroused by the noise made in my descent, came round and smelt of me, uttering a moaning noise, taking me at first no doubt for their dam; but, after a little examination, sniffing and snorting as if alarmed, they quietly betook themselves to their couches on the moss, and left me to my own troubled and gloomy reflections. I knew they were too young to do me any injury, but with that knowledge came the dreadful certainty that the mother, whose premises I had so heedlessly invaded, was quite a different personage, and that my life would date but a short period after she arrived, as arrive she certainly would, before many hours could pass over my head.

The interior of the den became more visible after my eyes were accustomed to the darkness, and aided by a little light from the top, I discovered that the den was circular, and on the ground was six feet in diameter, its circumference diminishing at the height of seven or eight feet to a diameter of less that three, owing to the singular formation of the trunk, as I have before remarked. All my attempts to reach the narrow part of the hollow, in the hopes of working my way out, as a chimney-sweep might have done, if that had been practicable, were fruitless. My escape in this way was therefore impossible. To cut through the trunk a hole sufficient to let my body out, with a small pocket knife, the only one I had, would have been the work of weeks, and even months, as from the examinations I had made of both the exterior and interior, I knew that it could not be less that a foot thick. The knife was the only weapon I possessed, and one hug of my tremendous adversary would deprive me of the power to use even so contemptible an impliment; and even if I succeeded in killing the bear—which was not to be expected—my case was equally hopeless, for I should then only exchange a sudden death for one, if possible, even more horrid, a lingering one of famine and thirst—for my tracks in the snow I knew were long since covered by the drifts, and there was no possibility of my friends finding me, by searching in a wilderness of many miles in circuit.

My situation was indeed hopeless and desperate. I thought of my cheerful home, my wife seated by the fire with our child in her arms, or preparing our evening meal, looking out anxiously from time to time expecting my return, for the shades of evening were fast approaching. These and many more such things rushed thro' my mind, and which way soever they were turned, you may suppose they were teeming with horror. At one time I had nearly determined to wreak my feelings upon the cubs, by destroying them, but the wanton and useless cruelty of the act—as they could be of no service to me—then—prevented me. Yes, I would be merciful. Oh! you know not how merciful one is, when he feels he would willingly himself be an object of mercy from others.

Two hours had probably passed, and to me two of the longest I ever experienced, when suddenly the little light which had illumined the gloom of the den from above was gone. I looked up, and could no longer see the sky. My ears, which at that moment were peculiarly sensitive, were assailed with a low growling noise, such as a bear makes on discovering an enemy and preparing for an attack. At once I was aware that my fate was at hand, as this was the mother descending to her cubs, having, by her acute organs of smelling, discovered that her den had been entered by some enemy. From the time I had ascertained my true situation, I had opened my knife, and held it ready in hand for the encounter, come when it would. I now braced myself for a death grapple with my terrible antagonist, feverishly awaiting her descent.

Bears always descend in the same manner they ascend trees, that is, their heads are always upward, consequently her most assailable, or rather her least formidable part, was opposed to me. A thought as quick as lightning rushed through my mind, that escape was possible, and that the bear might furnish the means. No time could be afforded, nor was necessary for deliberation. Just as she had reached that part where the hollow widened, and by a jump I could reach her, I made a desperate spring, and caught hold firmly with both hands of the fur which covered her extremities, giving at the same time a scream, which in this close den sounded a thousand times louder than any human voice in the open air. The bear—and she was a powerful one—taken by surprise, and unable to get at me, and frightened too at the hideous and appalling noise I made, scrambled for life up the hollow. But my weight, I found, was no small impediment to her; for when about half way up, I perceived she began to lag, and notwithstanding my continued screaming, at length came to a dead stand, apparently not having strength to proceed. Knowing my life depended on her going on, I instantly let go with the hand in which I held the knife, driving it into her flesh, and redoubling the noise I had already made. The pain and her fears gave her new strength, and by another effort she brought me once more to the light of day, at the top of the stub; nor did she stop there to receive my thanks for the benefit she had conferred on me, but hastily descended to the ground, and made all speed for the swamp. I sat for some time on the stub out of breath, and hardly crediting the reality of my miraculous escape. After giving thanks to that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved me, I descended to the ground, found my coat and gun, where I had left them, and reached home after a fatiguing walk through the woods, about nine o'clock in the evening.

## Miscellaneous.

### OUR COUNTRY.

It is all ours—
Ours, from the placid Western sea,
To the emerald Eastern slopes;
Ours, by our fathers' history,
Ours, by our children's hopes.

It is all ours—
Ours, from the North lakes' crystal waves
To the silver Southern foam;
Ours, by the changeless right of graves,
Ours, by the lives to come.

It is all ours—
Ours, by the homes that deck the land,
Ours, by the pathways trod;
Ours, by the ages' strain demand,
Ours, by the gift of God.

It is all ours—
Ours, by the patriot's holy love,
Ours, by his deathly throe;
Ours, by the starry flag above,
Ours, by the blood below.

It is all ours—
Ours, by the freeman's title-deed
To the land of liberty;
Ours, for the freeman's sacred creed,
Ours, for humanity.

### Artemus Ward in Boston.

A letter from Artemus Ward to his "Dear Betsey," furnishes that pious woman with information from "the Modern Athins," which may interest some of our readers. Artemus writes:

The winder of my room commands a exhileratin view of Copp's Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich, lies berried. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is wimin who wear him next their hearts. But I do not weep for him, he has been dead too lengthy. I ain't going to be absurd like, old Mr. Skillins in our neighborhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day, and weeps Bitterly, because he ain't got no parents. He's a nice Orphan, he is. Bunker Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1775 a thrillin drama was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination" played star parts, Old Mr. Fannel is ded, but his Hall is in full blast. This is the big cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess of Liberty hasn't bin very well durin the past few years, and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any, but the old gal's physicians now are men who understan' their business, Major generally speakin', and I think the day is near when she will be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep as com'fbly as in the olden time. The Common is here as usihll, and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they did not ornament it with some Bildin's, is a onhappy Ontcast in Napon-it. The State House is filled with statesmen, but some of them wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock Square, and whose hat is either ten years ahead of the prevailin' stile, or ten years behind it—jest as intellectoual persons sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin' with averil members of the Legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 1,000 ages was onto we American people of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wanted to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin?

Harvard College. This celebrated institution of learnin' is pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's, in School-street, and has poopils from all over the country. I went over to Lexington yesterday. My Bossom hove with sollum emotions. "& this," I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of oxen, "this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground." "Wall," the man said, "it is good for white Beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, t'aint worth a dam. But have you seen the Grate Orgin?" I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smilin' in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Do I not remind you of somebody you used to know? "Yes," she said, "You do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the Penitentiary for stealin' a bar'l of mackrul—he died there, so I conclood you ain't him." I didn't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin' the remainder of the jerney. Turnin' to a respectable lookin' female of advanced years, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin. We old chaps, my dear, air apt to forgit that it is sum time we was infants, et lite food. Nothin' of further interest took place on the cars, except a colored gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Breast-pin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a purpuss. Although fur from the prahayries, there is abundants of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plover and props. I meant to have alluded to the Grat Orgin in this letter, but I have not seen it. Mr Reeveer, whose tavern I stopped at, informs me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his native town in New Hampshire, any clear day. But settin' the Grate Orgin aside, (and in le d I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there,) Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footed, clearheadest, comfortable cities on the globe. Onlike every other large city I was ever in, the most of the troublesome hackmen don't seem to have bin speshully intended by natur for the burglery profession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a beautiful opportunity of bein' swindled in sum way, from the Risin' of the Sun to the goin' down thereof. There I say, loud and continued applaus for Boston.

### Josh Billings' "Essa on Mules."

The mule is half hoss and half Jackass, and then comes to full stop, natur discovering her mistake. Tha weigh more accordin' to their heft than enny other creeter, except a crowbar. They can't hear enny quicker than the hoss—yet their ears are big enough for snow shoes. You can trust them with enny one whose life ain't worth more than the mule's. The only way to keep them into a pastur is to turn them into a midder jinen, and let them jump out. Tha are reddy for use jest as soon as tha are ready tu abuse. Tha hain't got enny more friends than a Chatham street jew, and will live on huckleberry brush, with an occasional chase after kanada thissels. Tha are a modern invenshun; I don't think the Bible deludes to them at all. Tha sell for more money than enny other domestic animale. Yu kant tell their age by looking into their mouth, enny more than yu kould a Mexican cannon's. Tha never have no desease that a club won't heel. If they ever die tha must cum right to life agin, for I never herd nobody say "ded mule." Tha are like some men, very korrupt at hart; Ive known them to be good six months, just to get a chance tu kick sumbody. I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is a United States law requiring it. The only reason why they are pashunt, is because they are ashamed of themselfs. I have seen eddikated mules in a cirkus—they would kick and bite tremenjus. I would not say what I'm forced to say agin the mule, if his birth wan't an outrage, and he aint to blame for it. Enny man who is willin tu drive a mule, ought to be exempt by law from runnin for the legislatur. Tha are the strongest kreetur on arth, and the heviest accordin tu their size. I herd tell uv one who fell oph from the towpath, on the kanawl, and sunk just as soon as he reached the bottum, but he kept rite on towin the bote, tu the next stashun, breathin thru his ears which was out of the water about 2 feet 6 inches. I didn't see this, but an aneshuner told me uv it, and I never knew a aneshuner tu lie, unless he could make something out uv it.

The rebellion may now be said to be on its last legs. One *Foot* has left it.

## Useful and Curious.

### A New Pie Invented.

The Paris correspondent of the Montreal Herald gives the following description of a new pie which is all the rage among French epicures:

The most noted existing rival of Dumas in point of culinary renown, is the keeper of the inn at St. Germains, to all tourists known as the Hotel of the Pavillion of Henri Quatre. The ancient building in which that monarch passed so much time with Gabrielle d' Estrees, and in which Louis XIX was born, forms a part of the inn in question; and Collinet, the master, being the most skillful professional cook of France.

This winter Collinet is surpassing himself, having "invented" a new pie which is the "rage" of the gastronomic circles. The *"pate de Beccassines"* (woodcock pie) which has thrown into the shade the immortal renown of Strasbourg, Chartres and Perigord, and has already secured the immortality of its creator, is composed of woodcocks boned and highly prefumed with truffles, each bird being embedded in an unctuous conglomerate of wonderful flavor, composed of various cunningly combined ingredients, pounded to an undistinguishable mass.

The pies—none of your common-place bakings in a pie dish—but firmly built palaces of delicate crisp, brown crust, capable of standing alone for a twelve-month! vary in size and price from eight francs to eighty francs, or even one hundred francs. The smallest, containing only one woodcock, shows the beak of the bird sticking up through a small aperture in the center of the upper crust; in the larger ones the bodies of the defunct birds are mostly ranged in a circle round the centre of the pie, from which they radiate like the rays of a star, with their heads towards the middle, and their beaks protruding through the crust, and forming a circle or oval, according to the shape of the flaky structure. Such is the *furore* excited by this new pie that no dinner is considered complete without it. Collinet is accordingly clearing the market of woodcocks, regularly buying up all that are brought to this city, and complaining bitterly that he cannot procure half as many as he wants for his innumerable customers. If the *furore* holds out much longer, the genus woodcock will be in some danger of becoming extinct, but the Monsieur will be able to retire from business on a handsome fortune.

DIPTHERIA.—We have received a reciepe for the cure of diptheria, from a physician, who says that of one thousand cases in which it has been used not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one dracham each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup, which half fill with boiling water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits turpentine, sweet oil, and aqua ammonia mixed, every four hours, to the whole of the throat, and to the breast bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the part.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Looking into a fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as then they are obliged to make great exertions. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as bothe eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great that if the pupil of one is dilated, by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection.

DIPTHERIA.—A poultice made of the yolk of an egg and fine salt, of paste-like consistency, to be put on the throat, and kept on thirty minutes, unless sooner dry. If a child be very feverish, the poultice should be repeated. A wash or gargle should always be prepared and used, consisting of equal parts of fine salt and alum, mixed with vinegar. For a very severe case make a wash for the throat, of blood root, golden seal and pulverized bayberry. We are credibly informed that in every instance where these simple remedies have been applied the sufferer has recovered.—*Deseret News.*

HERB AND ROOT TEAS.—All herb and root teas should be made with the same care as green tea. Steep them in earthen dishes, tightly closed, and use the drink while fresh. Most nurses imagine that herb teas are boiled herbs. The infusions lose life as rapidly as green tea, by long steeping and exposure to air. Strain the teas before taking them to a patient, and do not let them become insipidly flat before reaching those for whom they are intended.

CROUP.—An excellent remedy for the croup, is said to be a tea-spoonfull of powdered alum placed in the child's mouth, giving it just a litle water to rinse it down. Vomiting and relief are produced almost immediately.

The River Thames, London, is 230 miles long.

## The Fun of the Thing.

### ENOCH ARDEN—BOILED DOWN.

BY "JAMES SMITH."

Philip Ray and Enoch Arden
Both were "spoons" on Annie Lee;
Phil. did not ful-fill her notions,
She preferred to mate with E.

Him she wedded, and she bore him
Pretty little children three;
But becoming short of rhino,
Enoch went away to sea;

Leaving Mrs. Arden owner
Of a well-stocked village shop,
Selling butter, soap, and treacle,
Beeswax, whipcord, lollipop.

Ten long years she waited for him,
But he neither came nor wrote;
Wherefore, she concluded Enoch
Could no longer be afloat.

So, when Philip came to ask her
If she would be Mrs. Ray?
She, believing she was widow'd,
Could not say her suitor "nay;"

And a second time was married,
Gave up selling bread and cheese;
And in due time, Philip nursed a
Little Ray upon his knees.

But, alas! the long-lost Enoch
Turn'd up unexpected-ly,
And was vastly disconcerted
By this act of bigs-my.

Yet, reflecting on the subject,
He determined to stone
For his lengthened absence from her,
By just leaving well alone.

Taking to his bed, he dwindled
Down to something like a shade;
Settled with his good landlady,
Next the debt of nature paid.

Then, when both the Rays discovered
How poor Enoch's life had ended,
They came out in handsome style, and
Gave his corpse a fun'ral splendid.

This is all I know about it;
If it's not sufficient, write,
By next mail, to Alfred Tenny-
Son, P. L., the Isle of Wight.

TOUCH OF PETROLEUM.—Close to the lands of the Centre Oil Company lives an old chap who is worth a mint. Ignorant, of course dumb luck has made him rich. His household pets consist of a terrier dog and a stupid daughter, both of whom engage his attention. The former provided for, he determined to "accomplish" his daughter. To this end he came to the city. He bought a piano, a harp and a guitar, and a cart load of music books, etc., winding up his business by engaging a first class intellectual and musical teacher, with all of which he started for the oil "region." The documents of course were soon arranged for business. The tutor set to work and toiled like a Trojan, but with no success. Despairing of ultimate triumph, the tutor went to the oil king and made a clean breast of it.

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" asked the father.

"Well," answered the tutor, "Kitty has a piano, and guitar, and harp, and music, and books, and all that, but she wants capacity—that's all."

"Well, by the Lord Harry," cried the oil king, "if that's all, just buy it.—Ive got the stuff, and if money will buy it, she shall have capacity or any thing else."

FREEZING TO DEATH.—Paddy McShane was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, after the dog had been turned out of doors no less than three times, Pat was awakened by a rather extensive fracture of the glass. The dog was in the house again. Paddy waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes, so that his old woman, alarmed at such prolonged absence, rose and went to the window.

"What are yees doing out there, Paddy, acushla?" said she.

There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible; at las it came.

"I am thrying to fraze the devilish baste to death."

A GRAMMATICAL ERROR.—An affected young lady, seated in a rocking chair, reading the Bible, exclaims: "Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible!" The mother, lowering her specs, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, says: "Kill it! Kill it!! it is the very thing that has been eating the book marks!"

The other day a Jew was quizzing an Irishman, and kept him until he was somewhat aggravated, when turning round, he tartly remarked: "Yes, dom yer sowl, if it hadn't been for the likes o' yees, the Savior would have been alive now an' doin' well!"

An artist invited a gentleman to criticise a portrait he had painted of Mr. Jenks, who was given to drink. Putting his hand towards it, the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it; it is not dry." "Then," said he, "it cannot be my friend Jenks."

COMFORTABLE.—There is a village in Michigan where the church-bell is rung every day at twelve o'clock, for the people to take their quinine, as they have the chills and fever all around.

A Democratic editor in Iowa profanely says his party in that State has taken out the degree of L. L. D. "Licked like the devil."

Drive your cattle on the ice, if you want cow-slips in Winter.

## For the Farmer.

### Agricultural.

The Cincinnati Gazette sounds the trumpet to farmers as follows:

The time for the breaking up of winter is approaching. Soon will beam the light and warmth of spring. Soon all the activities of nature will awake, and the mind of man in sympathetic response will arouse to the labors of another year. As the caroling of the first birds is heard, the industrious will think it is high time to be up with the dawn and out to prepare for the business of the year.

So soon as the snow is gone there is plenty to do. It will be a good time to sow clover and grass seed upon the wheat, rye and barley fields in order to insure an early and an effectual germination. We cannot too forcibly urge all farmers to scatter clover seed wherever it can be allowed to grow, chiefly for the sake of enriching the land. If the soil is fertile, a growth of clover plowed under will keep it so, and a cost of five dollars in forty years will save an average of twenty bushels of corn per acre for the whole time, besides paying for itself ten times over in rendering the ground more easy for cultivation. If your land is already run down for lack of attention to this matter, a clover crop plowed under every alternate year as it may be, and a crop produced besides, will gradually but effectually restore its vigor, and make you laugh in the ample reward of your toil.

There are many things that can be done previous to the time in which to commence plowing. The fences can be put in good repair. The barn yard can be cleaned up, and its contents with the products of the stables and the other out-buildings can be got out upon the fields. There is no economy in letting manure lie during the summer to waste away under the rains and the heat of the July sun. It can be scattered upon the soil, plowed under, and the elements that would waste during the summer will go into the crops of the season. In the meantime it can rot under the ground more thoroughly, and at the same time assimilate itself with the soil and be as good or better for next year's growth than if it were to lie in the yard till it is rotten.

It will be necessary now to keep a close watch of the stock, to see that some animals are not becoming too feeble from the short feeding of the winter. Where many are herded together, some will have been compelled to go half fed on account of the superiority of stronger animals, and they may need some extra attention just now.

The sheep will need looking after, especially the ewes from which an increase of the flock is expected. Wool is valuable now, and will be for some years to come, and every lamb lost is five dollars wasted. It would require but little attention to save one hundred dollars in a moderate flock of sheep.

The cows will be "coming in" during the next two months, and if they should receive extra feed, especially of slopping, it will tell largely in the milk bucket.

In short, get thoroughly ready for business when the time comes. Let nothing remain to hinder you then. A moment lost is an opportunity for misfortunes, said the great Napoleon. The early bird catches the worm is a well approved proverb. "A stitch in time saves nine," is still understood by the thrifty house keeper. The coming summer will afford plenty to do. Labor will be high, as it ought to be, when pork is treble its old price, coffee also treble, and cotton seven fold what it was when labor was fifteen dollars per month. So let there be no growling about high wages. You get it back in the price of your productions. It is, however, your privilege to get a good ready and be able to do all your own work. To this end give attention to the foregoing suggestions.

If any of you still owe a payment on your farms, make haste to "square it off," and be prepared for any "breakers ahead." Now is the time to conquer permanent security against executions and foreclosures, and insure that peace of mind without which this life affords but small enjoyment.

SHEEP SHEDS.—We were out at D. W. Prindle's on Wednesday last, and saw a new style of sheep sheds that is worthy of imitation. It is constructed by building a wall about five feet high of *sod* taken off of the low land where it is tough. The *sod* is turned up with a breaking plough, and then cut up into pieces of the proper size with a sharp spade. They are laid up in a wall about three feet thick at the bottom, and tapering up to about eighteen inches at the top. Spaces are left for doors and windows for ventilation. Posts, with forks at the top, are set just outside of the wall, about nine feet apart. On these, poles are laid for a roof, and the whole structure is covered with prairie hay, which makes a very good shelter. Mr. Prindle's shed is 25 feet wide by 100 feet long. Inside are racks for feeding, and apartments for separating the sheep. His sheds afford ample room for 400 sheep—where they are protected entirely from the storms, and are as comfortable as if they were in a good barn.—*Fort Dodge North-West.*

It costs no more to raise a good cow, or a good ox, than it does to raise a poor one. A crab-apple tree takes as much space and nutriment from the earth, as a pippin.