LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE GOLDEN BRIDAL.

In Germany, as we mentioned a week or two ago, the celebration of the fiftieth wedding day, is styled the Golden Bridal. Why it is so called, and how beautiful the ceremonial of the occasion is, will be seen from the article annexed, by Mr. R. Storrs Willis. Mr. Willis had the good fortune to be present, a few years ago, at the Golden Bridal of the venerable and distinguished composer, Rink, of Hesse Darmstadt, a man of singular simplicity and purity of character, revered as much for his piety as for his genius. We copy from the *Musical World*:—"The golden bridal of the old master was to be celebrated. Residing at the time in a neighbouring city, with some of the near relatives of the family, we started the day before the celebration for the house, where preparations were already making for the event. The rooms into which the old couple (or rather the young engaged pair, as we had now to consider them) were not allowed to enter, were exquisitely decorated with flowers, and embellished with the various ornamental articles and gifts which, from all friendly quarters, had come pouring in. The next morning, at an early hour, the venerably-youthful pair were already receiving their visiters. The bridegroom and bride sat side by side in two great arm-chairs, the very picture of mellow and serene old age. Suspended above them hung the portraits of both, which were taken at a much earlier period, but which seemed not half so beautiful in their youthful lineaments as the venerable heads, which now, in the serene Indian summer of life, rested beneath them. From two large vases below, on either side of the portraits, sprang two vigorous shoots of living ivy, which ascended and enwreathed the portraits, forming a kind of triumphal arch for those beneath it: for, the accomplishment of fifty years of such unclouded and successful married life as that of the old master and his spouse, could well be regarded as a triumph, and as such be celebrated. On either side of the two arm-chairs, also, stood a flower-stand covered with blooming flowers, which filled the room with their fragrance. But it was difficult to say which was the more beautiful, the flowers, or the classic head of the old master: which, snowy white, with the most silken of silvery hair, was embowered among them. The room was encircled with tables, covered with bridal gifts, interspersed with rustic stands of flowers. Among these gifts were several from the Ducal family: a heavy silver tea-set from one of the princes, and a massive silver goblet from his brother. Upon the goblet was engraved the motto alluded to, "Mit Gott.' Both gifts were accompanied by an affectionate letter from the princes, who, as young men, had been pupils of Rink. The two capacious nuptial arm-chairs were also gifts, having been exquisitely embroidered by the fair hands of court ladies. Another gift was a casket containing twelve massive golden spoons, from a hundred citizens, whose names were subscribed to a printed letter of congratulation. Innumerable embroideries and works of art covered the other tables. There were two stands, however, near the aged pair, which attracted most attention. One was covered with congratulatory letters, which had been received from distinguished men all over Germany, (and, indeed, all over Europe,) who could not be present on this occasion. Interspersed with these letters were those of less distinguished, but equally admiring friends in the distance, many of which letters were couched in glowing German rhyme; the German, on every occasion that appeals to his imagination or sensibility, finding it difficult *not* to rhyme. This table, if from no other cause than affording autographs from many of the most distinguished men of Europe, was one of great interest. The other table afforded a contrast to this. Perched on the top of it, in rough and inelegant contrast with the flowers and other embellishments of the room, stood a sturdy, capacious German basket. Rink was now, virtually, to begin life again, and the basket, with its contents, was a present from the young man to his youthful housekeeper. On lifting the cover, you discovered a row of fat sacks, with labels attached to them; these labels reading—*sugar, sago, coffee, rice, flour, and meal.* Touching as were most features of this bridal scene, this happy hit threw a little gleam of quiet drollery about the whole, infinitely German, and diverting; occasionally rendered much more so by Rink, who, with a sly expression on his face, would now and then jog his partner, and point to the basket. Now it seems that the married children of the venerable matron had vainly endeavored, previously, to induce her to wear a rich bridal cap, becoming the occasion. This, however, the simple-hearted and retiring old lady, whose whole pride and heart were centered in her husband, stoutly refused to do; wishing *him* to be the centre of all interest and observation, while she stood quietly in the background, declaring that she had not dressed herself simply her whole life, to appear that day in her finery. One of the daughters, however, had secretly worked her a very beautiful and becoming cap. This cap was adorned with three delicate wreaths: the first composed of blooming myrtle, to indicate the first bridal; the second, of silver leaves, to indicate the silver bridal, and the third wreath composed of golden leaves, but intertwined also with sprigs of the blooming myrtle, to indicate the golden bridal.

While the venerable matron was busy receiving congratulations, her daughter stole up behind her, and dexterously drawing off her simple white cap, substituted it for the other. The old lady was thus fairly stolen a march upon. She blushed in very virgin confusion, and protested, amid the laughter and entreaties of all present, that she would not wear the cap. She was overruled, however, and finally acquiesced, saying, that on *this* day her naughty children might do what they liked with her. The morning was spent in receiving the visits of friends, among whom, first on the ground, had been Rink's royal pupils, now mature men, who came as private friends, to sit down and have a chat with the old master. And until the dinner hour, was heard on the steps that led to his comfortable, though unostentatious abode, the clash of noble spurs, mingling with the tread of the more humble citizens. Many remained to dine with the venerable couple, two long tables being filled with guests. After many healths had been proposed, and toasts drank, the old man retired, as usual, to take a few moments of mid-day repose, which his advanced age had, within a few years, rendered necessary. While he was doing this, however, in an adjoining apartment had been quietly collecting a group of singers, meditating for him a musical surprise. A signal by one of the family was given, when the slumbers of the old man were finished, and immediately this chorus of thirty young voices, began singing a beautiful church cantata, which Rink had composed when very young. The door opened as they sang, and Rink appeared in the opening. He had no sooner seen the singers, many of whom had been his pupils, and recognized the tones of his early devotional music, than lifting the little velvet cap which always covered his head, his silvery hair floated out, and raising his glistening eyes to God, to whom these solemn tones were addressed, he seemed for a moment overcome with gratitude to Him. The old people were now conducted to the two bridal arm-chairs, and the music was resumed—for the singers had come prepared to furnish Rink with an afternoon concert. A space was left between the arm-chairs and the piano facing them, around which the singers collected. The music was conducted by the court chapelmaster, who was a young man affianced to a fair maid of the Rhine. (An affianced couple in Germany, are called bride and bridegroom.) A composition, written for the occasion by the young bridegroom, was performed, and at its close he came forward with a laurel wreath, and, approaching Rink, placed it upon the head of the old master, and kissed him. The young bride then approached the mother, placed on her head a myrtle wreath, and kissed her also. As the afternoon wore on, and all the assembled guests had testified their respect and love for the venerable couple, the concert was finally closed, by an Epithalamium, which, as an humble offering on my own part, I had composed for the old cantor, being unwilling that America, in whose churches the solemn voice of the old master had so often been heard, should alone seem insensible to the homage due to genius. The German words for the Epithalamium, were written by Schnyder von Wartensee, and the piece was performed by a choir of about thirty singers in very effective style. The evening was merrily spent with German games, music, and dancing, and concluded with a glorious supper. And thus ended that delightful festival.—RINK'S GOLDEN BRIDAL."

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

THE EMPEROR AND THE YANKEE;

OR, AMERICAN PERTINACITY.

The following amusing occurrence is quoted by Frederika Bremer, in her late work on America, as from the letters of Mrs. Child, and gives a graphic illustration of a prominent feature in American character. The adventurous youth alluded to was the brother of the Hon. Charles Summer, one of the present Senators in Congress from Massachusetts.—Instead, however, of coming immediately to this country, as the story intimates, he pursued his travels in the East, and was returning home in the ill-fated brig Elizabeth, with Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and with her, perished in the wreck of that vessel off the southern shore of Long Island. The date of the following scenes was about 1837, when the Hon. George M. Dallas, since Vice President, was our minister to the court of Russia:

One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee—with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trowsers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenpenny nails in his pockets. He introduced himself by saying—"I'ved just come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get a sight of the Emperor."

"Why do you wish to see him?"

"I've brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him and give it to him with my own hands."

Mr. Dallas smiled as he answered—"It is so common a thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I am afraid the Emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"

"An acorn."

"An acorn! What under the sun induced you to bring the the Emperor of Russia an acorn?"

Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went out to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him."

"My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the Emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."

"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and about our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see how such folks bring up a family!"

"Well' sir, since you are determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes. He may possibly assist you."

"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days he again appeared, and said—"Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn he said he should set a great store by it, that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did Washington.—He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand, and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she's a fine knowing woman, I tell you, and her daughters are nice gals."

"Oh she asked me a sight o' questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. But then you did't *call* 'em servants," said she, "you call 'em help." "I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollope?" says I.—"We had that ere book aboard our ship." "You're right, sir," said he, you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she has been reading it this very morning!" Then I told all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I'd brought over, and guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid'em good by, all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig."

"No, indeed, I did not, my lad. You may very well consider yourself lucky; for it is a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with such distinction."

A few days after he called again, and said—"I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer came to my room, and told me that the empress had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me into a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time he re-appeared. "Well," said he "I made up my mind to go home, so I went to thank the Emperor and bid him good-bye. I thought that I couldn't do less, he'd been so civil. Says he: "Is there anything you'd like to see before you go back to Ameriky?" I told him I should like to have a peep at Moscow; for I had heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a great deal about General Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight of money to go there and I wanted to carry my earnings to my mother. So I bid him good-bye, and came off. Now what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the men in regimentals to carry me to Moscow! and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see; and we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?"

And sure enough the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his pocket handkerchief and shouting.—Good-bye! good-bye!"

LITTLE BOY LOST.

"A gentleman from Africa" was making night hideous with bell, and cry of "little boy lost," last evening. On he went, along Washington street, and up Courtlandt, with the *ding dong, ding dong,* "little boy lost!"

There are "lots" of little boys lost in this great City, that are never cried, little creatures that don't know the difference between Heaven and Havre, and imagine, that to either place, it is "children half price;" who entertain not a doubt, that a ticket for both can be procured at any one of the railroad offices in Broadway.

On Tuesday night we were standing under an awning near "Madison-square," waiting for an omnibus "ride down," which, of course didn't come for a full ten minutes, when we discovered, rolled up in a corner, a little bundle. It might be a little heap of shadow, but it sobbed. Shadows don't sob, and so we were convinced there was life in the bundle—and so there was; a little girl, upon whom scarce seven summers had shone, and here she was, 10 o'clock, and a stormy night.

Those precious cosmetics, soap and water, would have made her beautiful. Her eyes were the color of heaven, and her mouth was modeled after Cupid's bow. But then she was pale, and poor and ragged. A little basket of flowers, drenched with the rain, torn and disarranged, dangled from one hand. Well might she have taken up the melancholy song of the "Victor's orphan daughter, Ellen," and plead for a purchaser, but she had done better, for while nature was weeping for her, and such as her,

"If aught inanimate e'er grieves,"

she had curled herself up, upon the door stone to sleep.

"My little girl, 'tis time you were at home."

"Got no home."

"What! no home?"

"No," said the little creature. "Ma'am and Bobby and me stay at old mother ——'s cellar, but *that* a'int home, you know," and this child of sorrow looked naively up in our face, as if she fancied we knew all about it.

"So you had a better home once?"

Her eyes were strangely lighted with some shining, but distant memory; she lifted one hand, and brought it down a little way in that emphatic gesture peculiar to children, with, "I guess we *did* but," she added pensively, "'Tis 'way, 'way off!"

There was something eloquent in this; heaven and home, and almost everything beautiful, is always "'way 'way off," in the day dreams of the little orphans of fortune.

Many there are in this great City—doubtless that little Flower Girl is one of them—who will carry, all through life—life of wretchedness and rags though it be—some beautiful memory, like a charm in the bosom, emitting in the gloomiest hours, like a diamond in the dark, the one ray of sunshine it has absorbed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

No passion more base, nor one which seeks to hide itself more than jealousy. It is ashamed of itself; if it appears it carries its stain and disgrace on the forehead. We do not wish to acknowledge it to ourselves, it is so ignominious; but hidden and ashamed in the character, we would be confused and disconcerted if it appeared, by which we are convinced of our bad minds and debased courage.—*Bossuel.*

A MORAL FACT WORTH REMEMBERING.—Every time you avoid doing that which is wrong, you increase your inclination to do that which is right.

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

RULES FOR WINTER.

Now is the time to be preparing for winter, and a few simple rules may be useful as remembrances, especially to young and inexperienced farmers:—

1.—Keep no more stock than you can keep really well. If you have more, pick out the most inferior and sell them. Better to winter ten head well, and have them in fine condition in the spring, than to keep twenty half starved, which it will require all the next summer to put into condition.

2.—Heat and shelter are equivalent to food.—Ask yourself whether it is best to spend a hundred dollars in putting up a good shed, hich will last for years, save half your fodder, and preserve your stock healthy and comfortable, or to spend this hundred dollars in hay and other fodder, in wasted manure, and diseased and wasted stock? It is fully proved that well sheltered animals, with racks to eat from, can be wintered and kept in fine condition, on one-half the food necessary where stock is fed out of doors on the ground, with the lea side of a rail-fence for shelter, and this without taking into consideration the saving of manure, and many other items of profit.

3.—You cannot make your young animals too comfortable, or feed them too well during the first winter. If they are once stunted or starved, they will never recover from it. This applies to all kind of stock, but especially to calves and colts.

4.—Therefore, make provisions not only for their shelter, but also for their food. Hay alone will not do for them. If you have no roots, feed them on bran and crushed oats, and corn. The secret of having fine stock, is to keep them always in growing condition. This they do during summer on the best grass; and the cold of winter consumes a great portion of the food eaten in producing heat, which in summer goes to constitute flesh and fat. It is morally impossible that a young animal can continue to grow during our winters on the same food which keeps it in summer.

5.—It has been fully proved, that if your sheep are shut up all winter, with a sufficiency of water, they can be kept fat on wheat and oat straw alone, and make a vast quantity of manure, though a few roots, or a little grain once or twice a week is better. Thus, by having a proper building, you can turn all your straw into wool at fifty cents a pound, and the richest manure, instead of burning it, or letting it rot, as is so often done. Would not this soon pay for a shed?

6.—Remember that you raise cattle in order to make a profit on them. It costs, on an average, five dollars a year to raise a common cow, in the common way, to maturity, at four years old—and then you barely get twenty dollars for it. It may cost you seven dollars a year to raise a fine grade to maturity, at three years old, and you will get fifty dollars for it. As regards horses the difference is greater still. Depend on it, no one ever made money on stock by half starving and neglect, but you cannot fail to make money, if you breed judiciously and shelter liberally.

7.—If you would grow profitable crops, and prevent your land from being impoverished, you must manure liberally. This manure you must either make or buy, if you can find any one to sell it, for our lands must have vegetable, as well as mineral manures. Now, if you allow your cattle and sheep to run loose all winter, you will make no manure. The annual difference is, probably, on a common farm, twenty bushels of wheat, or, twenty dollars. That would pay ten per cent on two hundred dollars invested in buildings. But as you could keep twenty head of stock shut up, on the same food that ten would consume running loose, we may call the difference of profit far greater than that.

8.—Again, every heap of dirty, rotten straw is not manure, though it is often called so by courtesy. Manure is of no use to a plant, until it can be dissolved in water. Now if you leave a heap of straw and dung exposed to the rain and sun, nearly all that makes it useful to a plant runs off, or escapes into the air. After a time, nothing is left but *humus*, or rather, woody fibre. It is true that rotten wood may do some good in some lands;—but why wash your manure clean of everything else before you apply it? The best preserved and richest barn-yard manure, consists of—

Water,	65 parts.
Organic or vegetable matter,	21½ "
Inorganic salts,	10 "

Now, these last ten parts are worth all the rest; and yet they run off with a few showers, as well as all that is truly excellent in the 24 1-2 parts; and you cart to the field a heap consisting of water and rotton straw, scarcely soluble, yet affording a little carbonic acid gas. But if you keep your cattle shut up, and have a rough cheap shed outside, into which you daily pitch the dung, you save all this loss, you save the urine, which is far more valuable, as well as the dung, you have it dry, and therefore do not waste your time in carting water to the fields. One load of such manure is estimated, as fully worth five of the best saved without cover; and worth a very great number of loads of the rotten washed stuff too often applied. Now, here, the saving and profit are very great.

9.—But if you are afraid of the trouble of cleaning your stables daily, have your floors altered to Mechi's plan, that is, instead of plank, have the floors made of scantling a few inches apart—there is a fixed rule for the different kinds of stock—and a shallow vault, water tight, beneath. The dung and urine will fall in, and be saved till you need them. Another benefit of this system is, that you need no bedding, and can feed out all your straw. It has been tried in Michigan with great success.—The urine of cattle is a far richer manure than the dung, and every possible pains ought to be taken to save it. Liebig says that all the ammonia which renders guano so valuable, and which is so greatly needed by our wheat, is derived from the urine.

10.—These rough hints must serve for the present. Those who wish to prosper will follow them. Those who are rich enough and do not wish to prosper any better, are at liberty to neglect them. But there is one exception. No man has a right to torment dumb animals entrusted to his charge; and we are sure that a calf, half starved, exposed to a bitter, bleak west wind, with the thermometer at zero, cannot feel very happy. The ox that has helped to fill our granaries, the cow that supplies our daily milk and butter, the colt which will be our companion and friend for years have all a right to claim our consideration and tender kindness.—*Farmer's Companion and Hort. Gazette.*

CURE FOR SWELLED FACE AND TOOTH-ACHE.—To reduce the swelling of the face caused by tooth-ache, make a linament of the tincture of belladona, two drachms; laudanum, one drachm; spirits of hartshorn, half ounce; and rub the face frequently with it.

The following is an excellent remedy for tooth-ache: Dissolve one drachm of tannic acid, in one ounce of chloroform, and apply to the tooth with a piece of raw cotton. A small quantity should also be rubbed on the gums and outside of the face. If this application be faithfully used, it seldom fails to relieve the pain.

MEASURING GRAIN IN BULK.—To reduce solid feet to bushels, multiply the number of solid feet by 45 and divide the product by 56; the quotient will be the number of bushels.

Reason.—As one bushel contains 2150 2-5 inches, one solid foot is 45,56 of a bushel.

Example.—How many bushels in a box or crib 8 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 2 feet deep? Multiply the length by the width and depth, and the product by 45, which divided by 56, gives 21 3-7; the number of bushels which the box contains.

THE APPLE TRADE.—Some idea of the value of apples, says the Rome Sentinel, as an article of profit to the farmer, may be found in the fact that no less than 17,000 barrels have been purchased by two buyers, chiefly in the towns of Kirkland, Marshall, and Augusta, and shipped east to market. The amount received is about $20,000.

The Rochester Union says the crop of this valuable fruit is light in that section. Buyers for the eastern markets have been active in purchasing the product of many orchards. No less than 500 barrels were shipped by canal from that city eastward in the last two days. The price paid has been about $1,25 per barrel.

HOW TO PREPARE SUNDRY PLEASANT DISHES.—*Lemon Pies.*—A lady tells the *Agriculturist* how to make four lemon pies. Grate the peels of four lemons, and squeeze the juice into the grated peel. Then take nine eggs, leaving out half of the whites, one pound of loaf (or white) sugar, half a pound of butter, one pint of cream (or of milk,) and four tablespoonfuls of rose-water, and beat them well together, and add the lemon. Divide into four pies, with undercrust, and bake.

GOOD CEMENT.—Take some common lime and mix it with a quantity of tar—just enough to make a tough dough. Use it quick, because it becomes hard in a few moments, and will never soak or crumble. This a first-rate cement for the purpose of making swine-troughs, feed-boxes, cave-troughs and many other things.

VICIOUS CATTLE.—The common "vice" of jumping and throwing fences is, *taught* to cattle, with scarcely an exception, by their owners and care takers. Fences half down soon fall by the rubbing of cattle, and teach the first lesson, especially if cattle have any shrewdness in observing cause and effect; very fine feed, just over a poor fence, is the next lesson; letting down bars and rail fences to the calves, from laziness, so that the animal has to leap, is the third lesson—and this last is often first, second and third with sheep, until they will scale anything. These three lessons are usually enough, but a fourth is often added, namely: placing one additional rail on the fence each successive day, as they become more skillful, for the ostensible purpose of keeping the animal within bounds, but really operating as a most ingenious contrivance to teach the art of vaulting. We have heard of French being taught in six lessons; but very few animals require more than the above four to enable them to take "French leave" of any ordinary enclosure.

LOOK TO YOUR ORCHARDS.—Neglected orchards should now be renovated, by manuring and ploughing, or spading about the roots. This should never be deferred till spring, because during the winter and spring the sod decays and the manure dissolves, and abundant food is thus prepared for the trees next season.

IN planting Fruit Trees, be very careful not to set them too deep. Many fine trees are annually lost, by planting them much deeper than they were in the nursery, which should never be done. Set your trees no deeper in transplanting than they originally stood when in the nursery.

PLANTS IN BED ROOMS.—Some persons are so fond of odoriferous plants and flowers as to have them in their bed-chambers. This is a very dangerous practice at night, many of them being so powerful as to overcome the senses entirely. Even plants not in flower, and without smell, injure the air at night, and in absence of the sun, by impregnating it with nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. A melancholy proof of this, as recorded by Dr. Curry, occurred at Leighton, Buzzard, in Bedfordshire.—Mr. Sheerbrook having frequently had his pinery robbed, the gardener determined to set up and watch. He accordingly posted himself, with a loaded fowling piece, in the green-house where it is supposed he fell asleep, and in the morning was found dead upon the ground, with all the appearances of suffocation, evidently occasioned by the discharge of mephetic gas from the plants during the night. Instances of men having slept in the woods during the night, and being found dead in the morning, are common.—*Ex.*

A HINT FOR HOUSE-KEEPERS.—While giving to house-keepers the advice jotted down, while attending to the very important matter of house-cleaning, and the like arrangements, do not omit to inform them that a few drops of carbonate of ammonia, in a small quantity of warm rain water, will prove a safe and easy anti-acid, &c., and will change, if carefully applied, discolored spots on carpets, and indeed all spots, whether produced by acids or alkalies. If one has the misfortune to have a carpet injured by whitewash, this will immediately restore it.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

HUMOROUS.

A CHICKEN STORY.

Col. R. and Gen. M. were formerly neighbors and had gardens adjoining each other.

One pleasant morning in spring, about the time of planting, Col. R. met his friend, the general, in the street, boiling over with rage, which he addressed him after this wise:

"Confound your darn'd old hens. Confound they've been in my garden scratching the seed every which way; I shall have to make them over again; can't you shut them up this summer?"

"Keep cool, General," said the colonel, "I prefer *my* hens should have plenty of sunshine, exercise and food, and I don't believe that your garden seeds will hurt them a mite. However, they trouble you much *shoot 'em—shoot 'em.*"

"I will, by thunder, Colonel," said the more excited General, "I'll do it, blamed if I don't," and turning round on his heel, marched off as mad as a wild-cat.

The next morning, as the Colonel was sipping his coffee, the family was startled by the "bang bang," of fire arms, the cause of which was soon ascertained. The Colonel, on going to the division fence, looked over and saw Gen. M. in the heat of bloody murder: Six fine specimens of the "dung hill" fowl were flouncing about on the ground, unwilling just yet to yield up their wizards to the gourmand.

"Aha, General! you are executing your threat, are you?"

"To be sure, I told you I'd *do it*, and I'd darned if I don't shoot all the rest, if you don't shut 'em up. But here, take the thieving varmiters, I don't want 'em, they are too high-toned with shot for *my* family."

"Thank you, thank you, Gen. M., just wait a day or two before you kill any more, until eat these up, and then I've no objection to having the rest shot."

Now Col. R. was rather jealous of his temper and, moreover, as fiery as Mars in his disposition and it was a great mystery to the General how he could keep so cool about this matter. The sequel will show.

In two or three days after, three more fine chickens were thrown into the Colonel's garden and were duly taken care of by the cook.

At last the General "smelt a rat." His chickens were missing, and the egg basket on the peg quite empty, to the astonishment of his good wife, who had never known a similar occurrence before.

"Colonel R.," said the General, as they met one day in the street, "have I killed all your hens yet?"

"Killed all my hens, General," slowly replied the Colonel, "why, I have not owned a hen these three years!"

The General sloped. He had shot and ate Col. R.'s nine of his best layers.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"My son," said a father who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up in the heavens to find an answer, "I don't know, but suppose we have it 'John H. Sampson, Father.'" The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but could not adopt it.

The following is going the rounds as a bill of fare: *First Course*—Arm Chair. *Second Course*—Heaps of Plates. *Third Course*—Spoons and Plated Forks. *Fourth Course*—Knives as long as you please, and get nothing. *Fifth*—Clerks of the house, collecting seventy-five cents a head. Twenty-four colored waiters, loaded with *tin pans. Desserts*—Yawns, Gapes, Sweats and Music.

The Gateshead Observer narrates how a Mr. Smith lately went into a chandler's shop and was served with a pound of candles.

'Arn't they dear?' he asks.

'They'll be dearer still,' says the shop-keeper, 'the Turks and Russians go to war.'

'What!' says old Joe, 'are they going to fight by candle-light?'

'Mr. Smith, you said once that you offered a pulpit—do you mean by that that you preached?'

'No, sir, I held a light for the man that did.'

A Western orator, in a slang whang addressing the unterrified voters of Cornopolis, said that to save his country, a patriot should be willing to die, even if it took his life.

Mrs. Partington says she never cared much for grand spectacles, or other sights, but there were two things she would like to have seen—the inside of Frank Pierce and corporation of Queen Victoria.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 23 letters.

My 1, 9, 3, 4, 5, is a chain of mountains.
My 6, 14, 19, 12, 13, is a town in North Carolina.
My 8, 9, 14, 5, 22, 23, is a county in the state of North Carolina, and is also a delicious fruit.
My 6, 14, 17, 18, is a river in Maine.
My 20, 10, 1. 14, 5, is a county in Virginia.
My 15, 23, 8, 5, is a county in Texas.
My 20, 16, 21, is a county in Iowa.
My 6, 12, 7, 21, 17, is found in Maine.
My 11, 19, 8, 9, 23, 5, 17, 4, is a city in Italy.
My whole is a female College.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.

My 16, 7, 9, 6, 3 is one of the United States.
My 11, 12, 9, 7, is one of the divisions of the earth.
My 15, 8, 9, 10, 11, is a town in New York.
My 10, 2, 9, 6, 11, is a sea on the coast of Africa.
My 3, 4, 9, 7, 12, is a mountain in British America.
My 1, 3, 6, 6, 3, 12, 12, 3, 3, is a river in the U. S.
My 9, 1, 7, 14, 13, is a divison of Europe.
My 13, 5, 10, 7, 8, 11, 6, is a country on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.
My whole is a useful benvolence of the heart.

J.

Answer to Enigma in last week's *Post*—"TURKEY QUESTION."