Durham Chronicle.

AND GREY COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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April 26, 1868. 1y.

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Good-Night.

On the memory how it lingers,
Like the touch of fairy fingers;
Like the sound of joyful singing,
When the Christmas bells are ringing—
Good-night!

Like the radiance, fair and tender,
Of a dream's divinest splendor;
Or the sound of sober sighing,
When the good old year is dying—
Good-night!

Word than which none can be dearer,
For it brings the angels nearer—
Brings the sunset light and glory
Over life's sweet summer story—
Good-night!

Linger we upon the portal
Of a life that is immortal,
Soon along earth's sunny spaces
There must dawn some vacant places—
Good-night!

Borrowing a Horse.

The Kalamazoo Telegraph is responsible for the following story—less improbable than many Yankee tales and not a little ludicrous:

"The other day a gentleman called on a friend of ours, who lives on the outskirts of the village, on a little matter of business. As the visitor (Mr. S) left, the gentleman of the house (Mr. E.) also came out to go down town, and finding a horse and buggy at his gate, inquired of his visitor, 'Are you going down town?' 'Yes,' was the reply.—'Well, I will go with you,' and began untying the horse. Both jumped in, and Mr. E., handing the lines to the supposed owner, received in reply, 'No, you drive.' They drove down town, and when at a certain corner, Mr. S. said, 'I get out here.' 'Very well,' said Mr. E., and jumping out was about to leave, when Mr. S. said, with surprise, 'Do you leave your horse in the street without tying, like this?' 'Do you leave *your* horse without tying?' asked Mr. E. in reply. '*My* horse?' '*I* thought it was *yours*.' 'And I—I—supposed I was driving your horse,' said the astonished Mr. E.

"The conclusion of Mr. E. was that it was best to make his way back again to where he found the horse tied, which he did, keeping meanwhile a sharp lookout lest a constable, with an arrest, should be on his track."

Don't Wink at an Auctioneer.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says and many a hearty laugh has been provoked by his sayings. He was recently engaged in the sale of venerable household furniture and fixings. He had just got to "going, going, and a half, going," when he saw a smiling countenance, on agricultural shoulders, wink at him. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse or a sharp sighted auctioneer, so Smith winked, and the man winked and Smith kept "going, going," with a lot of stove pipes, glassware, carpets, pots and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down. "To whom?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger. "Who? Golly!" said the stranger, "I don't know who." "Why, you sir." "Who, me?" "Yes; you bid on the lot," said Smith. "Me? hang me if I did!" insisted the stranger.—"Why, did you not wink and keep winking?" asked Smith. "Winking? well I did, and so did you at me. I thought you was winking as much as to say, 'keep dark; I'll stick somebody on this lot of stuff,' and I winked as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't mister.'"—*Dayton Herald.*

Mixed Husbandry.

The farmer who devotes all of his land to two or three leading crops, will certainly make money when the seasons are propitious, and the demand is active for the products. But it often happens that one or more of these conditions are lacking, and then the labor and means expended during the year are measurably lost—or, negatively stated, the profit is not sufficient to compensate the outlay. By the system of mixed husbandry the farmer may not, it is true, be able to derive immense profits from single crops, but it seldom happens that all of the crops will fail, and the profits accruing from the different sales will not repay this—especially when it is considered that if he has additional labor, he is safe from the weight of care and anxiety that oppress those hopes that are all dependent on the success of their wheat or corn, or other single crops. But every one must judge which system is best adapted to his means, and circumstances surrounding him.

That's a very mild cheese, said a grocer. Oh, yes, replied the other squaw, he berry mile; I smell um two mile.

The gross receipts of Mr. Punshon's first lecture in Chicago in 1868, were $2,700—the largest amount ever received from any one lecture ever given in the city.

Washing Dishes.

I hope when the millenium dawns, dish washing will be struck out of the catalogue of the day's doings. It is a vexation men know nothing about. They enjoy their dinners, loll back in their chairs, and feel good-natured and thankful, and perhaps enthusiastic. If they had visions of the dish-pan before their eyes meantime, it would detract largely from their enjoyment of eating. It will be a day of joy to all womankind when science shall have discovered such simple and cheap combinations for table "china" that we will not have to mind about washing dishes. The process will be very simple. Take up the four corners of the table cloth and give the whole a fling into the back yard! Then we can enjoy an "hour's nooning" without grief or hurry.

But so long as dish washing is one of the ills to which woman flesh is heir, it is the wisest philosophy to make the best of it and do it in the best way. In the manner of clearing away the table, disposing of what is left, and in gathering together the various articles of use there is much to be learned by many who do such work. Some women, or girls, gather up the knives and forks and spoons together, when spoons and all silver articles should form a seperate division. The pieces of butter left on the plates should be put by themselves on a small, clean plate, to be used in cooking, or, if not *mussed*, they may be molded into shape for the table again. The butter-dish presents a more tidy and inviting appearance if washed after every meal. A daubed butter-plate is anything but wholesome-looking. The same rule holds good with regard to vegetable and meat dishes. A practice that prevails with some housekeepers of warming over meats and vegetables in the same dishes in which they are served at table, is in very bad taste. Let the dishes that come to the table be fresh and clean, and not burnt and cracked and soaked with vegetable or meat juices.

Have a care for the table-cloth in picking up the cutlery. Do not lay knives, forks or spoons on it. If grease has fallen on it, carefully remove it with a knife. Ladies who take special care of their table linen, remove the crumbs carefully with a crumb knife, which is a broad bladed knife with a dull edge, and then mind the folding of the cloth, observing the former folds.

Dish water should always be soft, plentiful and well heated. Making exception for special cases, a woman who will keep house without a well regulated cistern, or supply of soft water, deserves all the inconvenience and uncleanliness that comes from a lack of it. For I aver that soft water is requisite to cleanliness. Next to the dish water, in importance, are drying towels and wash cloth, which ought to be of linen, and always kept sweet and clean. This can only be affected by frequent washing and boiling, and thorough drying. Soap is always necessary in washing dishes, as well as rinsing water for the china. Very hot water should never be poured over dishes, especially those with enameled surfaces, as it cracks them. Dishes so washed, in warm suds, well rinsed and wiped with a clean, dry towel, have a glossy look, are free from grimy streaks and patches of moisture, and are a delight to use.

In washing cutlery do not throw knives and forks in the water, handles and all, if you wish to preserve the beauty, as well as adhesiveness, of the handles.

A receptacle for cutlery and spoons is a decided convenience. Baskets with handles and compartments lined with flannel for silver ware are sold at the shops. But a square box, with a partition put through the middle, and each compartment lined with flannel, does nicely for the silver in use in most families, and can be made without cost. In cleaning up the dishes, etc., do not overlook the caster; keep it free from verdigris; keep the bottles clean and bright. Do not allow the mustard cruet to beg for charity. In selecting a mustard cruet choose a small shallow one, and prepare but a little at a time. A musty mustard jar is first-cousin to dirty-looking salt in a dirty salt cellar.

Cleaning "pots and kettles" is another high kitchen art that is a branch of dish washing, and the same rule for the one holds good for the other. Pots and kettles demand a shelf or table for their special accommodation, for the preservation of their own purity and that of the calico that perambulates in their neighborhood. Tucking them away behind doors on the floor, under shelves or benches, leaving them about the stove, or having no particular, proper place for them, is indicative of slovenliness and bad management.

A man at Fort Wayne bought his shroud the other day, "because Kentucky jean might not be so cheap again for some time to come."

The Cherokee Rose.

The legend of the Cherokee rose, says an exchange, is as pretty as the flower itself. An Indian chief of the Seminole tribe, taken prisoner of war by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before commiting him to the fire. And as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young dark-faced maid, was the nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain, and wishing to save his life, urged him to escape; but he would not do so unless she would flee with him.

She consented. Yet before they had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked leave of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her foosteps, she broke a sprig of the white rose which was climbing up the poles of her father's tent and preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home among the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known, between the capes of Florida and throughout the Southern States, by the name of the Cherokee Rose.

Protecting Crows.

A correspondent of the NewEngland Farmer, who has been engaged in collecting birds and eggs for twenty-five years and has made the habits of crows a study, writes that journal:—"I know that they destroy some insects in the spring, but mostly water insects that do no damage, but many of which prey on other species that are injurious. But I do also know that crows live almost entirely on the eggs and the young of smaller birds, from the middle of May to the first of August, and that they feed their young on the same, and scarcely anything else. I have no doubt that a nest of four young crows—there are sometimes five—will eat two quarts of young birds or eggs in one day. That they distroy two-thirds of all the eggs and young of small birds I know to be a fact, in some sections. Of some species I have known them to destroy four nests out of five, and that before the young were a week old.

"Now I think that one small bird will destroy more noxious insects in one season than fifty crows And this is not all. They often spoil large fields of corn when too late in the season to replant. If every crow, jay, hawk and owl could be fed to insects, I think it would be a blessing to the farmer and to the small birds, and I hope no law will be passed to protect crows or jays, for I see them daily hunting for the nests of small birds."

To relieve the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, and confine with a bandage. They cure as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day if necessary but one application usually does the work.

A minister in New England, receiving a salary of $400 a year, wears an overcoat made from a cloak he wore in 1834. His wife has one cloak only, and it is thirty-five yeaas old. As was the case with the Israelites in the wilderness, so it is with them—their garments wax not old.

A Philadelphia cemetary contains seven graves, side by side in which repose the lifeless remains of a man and his six wives. When the first wife died the third was three years old and the fifth an infant of twelve months; while the last wife was not born until the year following the death of the first.

Well, John did you take that note I gave you to Mr. Smithers, inquired a gentleman of his rustic servant. Yes, sir, replied John, I took the note, but I don't think he can read it. Can't read it! exclaimed the gentleman; why so, John?—Because he is so blind sir. While I wor in the room he axed me twice where my hat wor, and it wor on my head all the time.

QUESTIONABLE "CHARACTER."—A gentleman in Mayence gave his servant-maid the following "character" the other day:—"The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During that time she has shown herself diligent—at the housedoor; frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—towards men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when everything had vanished." We have no doubt the services of this attractive creature have been in immense request wherever she has exhibited her wonderful certificate.

The Washington *Star* says that Sutro, the man who wants Congress to give him a few millions of dollars to tunnel the Nevada river is in town trying to bore his way into the graces of the members.

Feminine Beauty at Rio.

A Rio Janeiro correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says:

"Female beauty is not very common here. Perhaps the elements are not well combined. But the rich colors of the skin—more charming than the rose and more soft than the sunny peach—I have seen on the Campos Geraes, where health, clime and culture conspire to perfection. The cheeks seem animated like the diamond with inner light; the eyes are black, seldom blue, and brilliant; the dress and deportment always modest, and what they lack in regular beauty is forgotten in their amiable deportment. They have intelligence without much book knowledge. I remember a senora who asked me if my country—the United States—bordered on Spain.

Don't Fret!

Fretting is the most expensive habit that king or peasant can indulge in.

It is the most vexing habit that surrounding beings can be subjected to.

It is one of the most unchristian-like habits.

If indulged in until it becomes chronic it is then a disease, like insanity, and should be treated as such.

It wears deep as grief and as ugly as sin.

Fretting never did any good, never repaired any losses, never affected the weather, never mended a rent, never kept a dinner or a heart warm.

If you must fret, go off somewhere by yourself and do it. You may not enjoy it quite so well, but others will, vastly more.

If you have any beauty, health, happiness, or friends to lose, you cannot afford to fret, else you lose them, all that makes life worth having. If any affair can be bettered by action, act, with all your might. If rolling and tossing away a sleepless night will work out a redemption, then roll and toss.

You say you can't help worrying and fretting and borrowing trouble? Your self-government is of a poor quality then. You need to be put into subjection unto yourself. Drive down a stake to-day and burn these words in it:—"I will not fret, though the heavens seem to be falling. I will not fret, though nothing but plague and disaster be this day's portion. I will not climb a mountain until I reach its base. I will not die twice, when it is appointed unto us to die but once. I will suffer nothing in imagination, but composedly accept the reality if it comes. I will do all I can to avert misfortune, and remember what lies beyond my reach lies in hands of One greater than I. To fret, is to lose in this life and that which is to come. I cannot afford to fret."

Facts for Farming.

There are some things in farming that are established, viz:

That manure must be applied, not only to get up land, but to keep it up. That wet soil must be drained, either by ditching or otherwise. That subsoiling is good. That grain should be sown earlier than it generally is; that it should be harvested earlier than it is done; that grass should be cut when in blossom, and never when ripe, unless for seed. That our soil is not sufficiently worked, especially in hoed crops; that stirring the soil and keeping it well pulverized, is a partial guard against drouth. That the most advantageous grain for horses is the oat; that it improves fodder to cook or steam it. That the best food is the most profitable.—That there is much advantage in selecting the best seed, the earliest matured and the plumpest. That in-and-in breeding is not good in close consecutive relationship, but must be carried on by foreign infusion of the same blood. That warm quarters and good treatment are necessary in winter to produce eggs from most hens. That top dressing grass lands should be done with fine, well-rotted manure, applied close to the ground. That it is, in general, best to sell produce as soon as ready for market. That blackberries require rich soil; strawberries and raspberries vegetable mould—such as rotten leaves chip manure, &c. That more lime should be used; that salt, in some cases, is good for land—also plaster, the phosphates, guano, &c. That fall ploughing is best for clay lands; that land should not be plowed wet; that young orchards should be cultivated; that compost heaps are a good institution. That clay and lime, rather than animal manure, be employed in raising fruit; that manure should be rotted before it is used. That agricultural papers are an advantage to the farmer. That a cultivated mind is requisite to high farming, and that a good reputation exerts a good influence on the farming community.

Utah has granted Female Suffrage.

Windsor Forest, England, contains 1,700 deer.

Intermeddling with Help.

My friend A. came in to see me today, and we got to chatting of the progress and harmony of our neighborhood. We spoke of C.'s having, during the past three years, improved his plot by planting of trees and vines, draining, &c., to more than double the value of the land without such addition, as evidence the plot of equal number of acres alongside of him, owned by Mr. M.—We also alluded to the information that might be had, were a friendly honorable feeling existing among neighbors, by a weekly meeting for the discussion of the value of plants and their cultivation.

And then we spoke of the great curse and the meanest act of man, touching a neighborhood—*i. e.*, the meddling with the hired help, the asking of "What sort of a man or woman is he or she for whom you work?"—the contemptible mind that asks of a hired man or woman—"Do you get your pay regularly? Is not he or she cross? How long are you going to stay? They have had a good many hired help, but none stay long! Say they can't bear them; wonder how you will do it! You better look out; and when you get tired, come to us. We want help, but we don't agree to pay so much a mouth or week; but we never scold; all we want is to have our work done right, and we know you can, if you have lived with that man, or woman. There ought to be a law of fine and imprisonment punishing any and all intermeddling with or questioning of hired help.

A Double Man.

All the stories told of the Siamese twins hardly equal this of the Scotch double man, of whom the following account is given by the *Rerum Scotiarum Historia*:

"During the reign of James III. of Scotland, and at his court, there lived a man double above the waist, and single below that region. The king caused him to be carefully brought up. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of music; the two heads learned several languages; they debated together, and the two halves occasionally fought. They lived, generally, however, in the greatest harmy. When the lower part of the body was tickled, the two individuals felt it together, but when, on the other hand, one of the upper individuals was touched, he alone felt the effect. This monstrous being died at the age of 28 years. One of the bodies died several days before the other."

Napoleon has decided that his kinsman Prince Pierre shall be brought to trial on the ingenious charge of "homicide through imprudence." Why, then, was not Rochefort tried for libel through inadvertence, or for exciting to revolution by mistake? Why was not Troppmann tried for murder through misfortune, just as the Emperor himself might stand trial in history for massacre by accident, or murder by necessity?—When the law accuses a man of murder through insanity or the like, it already, in one sense, acquits him. A good French jury might, however, in all these cases, have brought in the usual verdict of "guilty, under extenuating circumstances." But when Prince Pierre is found guilty of homicide through imprudence, there is really no room for extenuating circumstances.—He is already extenuated. To say that he has committed homicide is more than kind, and to speak of him as imprudent is the height of politeness. Prince Bonaparte may rest assured that his case is prejudged, and its verdict already found. Now, if the Emperor had contrived a charge the reverse of the one under which the poor Prince languishes, it would have suited the case as well.—"Murder through prudence" may be absurd, but it is a right royal crime.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Religious imposters are almost always exposed, albeit we are sorry to say that the exposure does not, as a matter of course, lessen the number of their disciples. We have just read of a most outrageous humbug, in Mills County, Iowa. He called himself Walter Christ and loudly declared that he was the son of God. To prove this by a demonstration, he undertook to fast for forty days and as many nights "in the wilderness," i. e., in the Missouri River bottom. He was going along nicely with his penance, and even growing fat on it, to the astonishment of all observers; but certain terrible boys undertook slyly to watch him; when it appeared that most of his fasting was done on cows teats! He hadn't been lynched at the last accounts, but probably he will be, unless he agrees to abdicate the Sonship.

The ice crop in Alaska is an excellent one—a quarter of a mile thick.

A Sunday school teacher in New York gave a meerschaum pipe to one of his scholars as a reward of merit.

Winning Promotion.

The late Duke of York once remarked to Colonel W., at the mess of the Eleventh Regiment, that Colonel was uncommonly bald, and, although a much younger man than his Royal Highness, he stood in more need of a wig. The Colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his Royal Highness that his baldness could easily be accounted for.

'In what manner,' asked the Duke.—To which Colonel W. replied:

'By junior officers stepping over my head.'

The Duke was so pleased with the reply that the gallant Colonel received promotion in a few days.

The Forgotten Promise.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend.

'Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to day,' said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading smile.

'No Millie, I will not, you may trust me,' and she wrapped her infant in a blanket, and they descended. The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and a pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

'Now don't you forget your promise,' whispered the young wife as they passed up the steps.

Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red.

The party passed pleasantly; the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through her beating heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated; he had also broken his promise.

Silently they drove homeward, save when the drunken man broke into snatches of song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely to her grieved heart.

'Give me the baby, Millie! I can't trust you with him,' he said, as they approached a dark and swollen stream.

After some hesitation she resigned her first-born—her darling babe, so closely wrapt in a great blanket—to his arms.

Over the dark waters the noble steeds bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for her child.—With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her breast no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not. A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waters, and sink forever—and that by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother and the remorse of the father are better imagined than described.

A blushing damsel called at one of the agencies the other day to buy a sewing machine. 'Do you want a feller?' inquired the modest clerk in attendance. The ingenuous maid replied with some asperity, 'No sir! I have one.'

An Irishman said he did not come to this country for want. He had abundance of that in his own country.

No man ever became eminent in anything unless he worked at it with an earnestness bordering on enthusiasm.

A Frenchman hearing the word press used to imply persuasion, exclaimed, in company one evening, 'Squeeze that lady to sing.'

'I go through my work,' as the needle said to the idle boy. 'But not till you're hard pushed,' as the idle boy said to the needle.

A gentleman seeing a fine painting representing a man playing on the lute, paid this high compliment to the artist—'When I look on that painting I fancy myself deaf.'

A preacher who used notes had the misfortune to deliver a discourse—or rather, as the sequel will show, a portion of a discourse—in a breezy spot, of which rash act the consequence was that 'thirdly' was missing. The embarrassed pastor repeated several times:—'Thirdly, my brethren—thirdly.' This lasted several minutes, till at last an excited old lady rose from her seat and exclaimed, 'Thirdly went out of the window.'

An old farmer, whose son had lately died, was visited by a neighbor, who began to condole with him on his loss.—'My loss,' exclaimed the father, 'no such thing, it was his own loss—he was of age.'