FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

WHEN TO CUT CLOVER.—Some experiments upon the nutritive value of clover hay are reported by Wagner, a German. He fed a field clover three consecutive periods of equal size were cut May 23, just before the beginning of the blossom; from the second, June 13, to the full blossoming, and from the third, July 1, toward the end of the blossom. The amounts of hay obtained were 53, 114, and 126, respectively. The hay was then analyzed, and its nutritive value they estimated. It appeared that the amount of nitrogenous substance was about the same in all, and that the older hay contained also no less fiber, but more age of crude fiber, and that its properties were so much less digestible, that its nutritive value was less than that of the smaller but younger crop. The author recommends, therefore, that clover be cut either when in full blossom, or even before the beginning of the blossom.

MANAGING SMALL FRUITS.—If the currants are more than a year old, cut the top off close to the roots. With grapes, if the top is of the previous year's growth, and has been cut back, leave but one or two. If not of last year's growth, cut it all away. The top of raspberries should be all removed. In fall, when the roots get their mischief at work, there will soon be canes that will fruit well the next season. But if the top is left on, it will require all the energy of the roots to support it, and if the plant does not die the first winter, it will be feeble and sickly the next summer, and linger along year after year, until the planter condemns the variety and throws them away in disgust. In spring I filled an order from Boston for raspberries, and before sending them, I cut the tops back to two feet, and came near having them returned for doing so. I told the dealer that they should be all cut off when planted out. He said he knew it was best, but his customers did not; they would have canes that would bear the first year, and it was the topo that made the roots. But my advice is, see that you get good roots without any regard to tops.

Stewed *The Parts Fowler* has the following hints with regard to butter in answering the question, "How soon after churning is it best to work and lay it by? Mr. Quimby has known them to lay in two days; Mr. Mills thought the second day is a good time; Mr. Dodgette four to six days; Mr. Betts says four days and a half; and he would kill guests that did not lay by a week; Mr. Gallup says he has seen twenty-five stocks of bees winterred in a dirt, warm room in a cellar with chemist floor, and kept so warm that they lived all winter. These were box hives, turned bottom side up, with bottom board removed. There was no recovery among these bees. W. F. Clarke, editor of the *American Bee Journal*, not than sums up the superior merits of Italian over Brahma, Dorking or black bees. 1. They are better honey gatherers, more quiet and peaceable. 2. Less liable to be destroyed by the moth worm. 3. More handsome. E. Kretchmer, of Coburg, Iowa, says he has an Italian queen bee that has both of her wings clipped close to her body, as a special mark, these five seasons, and her character and one of the most profile queens he has.

HOW TO PLANT AND MANAGE A HEDGE.—No plant used in hedging, perhaps is as easy to transplant as the Osage orange. If the plants are in good shape, with root not more than a year old, and a thousand will miss scarcely one, in a hedge rows about ten inches apart. Let the plants grow one year, then cut back in summer. In the fall mulch with coarse manure. I have found this to be a great gain, in starting the young plants, and keeping them out and weed them. Keep them in a healthy, vigorous growth the next summer. Let them solve on growing a hedge upon the principal cutting back plan, cut the plants back severely each spring, just before the time of starting of the sap, for the first three years after setting. The fourth and fifth summer cut back in spring and again in mid-summer, to strengthen and thicken up the hedge and to develop the tops. At the end of five years, with good care, you will have a hedge fully as impenetrable as any man and beast. If a fence is made of the Osage orange, it will last longer than any other fence, and if low roosting against my stock at the end of the fourth year, stopping or stretching one wire over the top, attached to stakes driven down in the line of the hedge. These stakes should not be long enough to interfere with the after trimming of the hedge, and the wires are left in the hedge.—*Western Farm Journal.*

RAISING TURKEYS.—No turkeys should be kept as breeders unless they are healthy, vigorous, and have been carefully selected from good and thrifty flocks. It is best to select the gobbler from one flock and the hen from another. The large breeds are the best, the young turkeys being stronger and better to rear. Keep them in a thrifty and growing condition, but not allowing them to get too fat, and feed them with the best food, such as corn, bran, potatoes, cribs of broken rice, fine and at the time of laying, they should be allowed a supply of some hard-forming substances, such as burnt bones broken fine, or the phosphate, egg shells, or something of the kind, which is quite as better. If they incline to lay too long before sitting, or sitting, it is well to keep them laying, if we have eggs. They are naturally of a shy nature, and will often make their nests in the wood, and sly places, where it is much trouble to find them. This can in a measure be prevented by keeping them as tame as possible, and by making nests in good place around the buildings, and putting in a hen's egg, scatter a little shelled corn near by, but not in the nest, to get their attention; when they come to the village, will see the nest, and will go there to lay. They should find a few kernels every day in the accustomed place; they will be usually lay in three nests. Where a number of turkeys are kept, it is a good plan to set them at the same time, and when if we wish to let the different broods run together. Hens may be set on turkey eggs at the same time, and the young turkeys can be taken from the nest and reared with the other turkeys, or the hen can bring them up, as we choose; but if taken away, the hen should be shut up a few days that she may forget them.

The young turkeys should not be fed or taken from her nest until twenty-four hours after hatching. You can put them in a large coop, where the young turkeys can have room to run, and feed them regular but little at first, but their food should be good and nourishing; a little boiled meat, and a little coarse meal is good to give them a start; raw eggs chopped in at the first feeding are very good for them; one egg for twenty young turkeys is enough at a time. Feed in this way, then will be so strong in a few days, and can take coarser food and grain, and will make a healthy, vigorous growth the next summer. Let them solve on growing a hedge upon the principal cutting back plan, cut the plants back severely each spring, just before the time of starting of the sap, for the first three years after setting. The fourth and fifth summer cut back in spring and again in mid-summer, to strengthen and thicken up the hedge and to develop the tops. At the end of five years, with good care, you will have a hedge fully as impenetrable as any man and beast. If a fence is made of the Osage orange, it will last longer than any other fence, and if low roosting against my stock at the end of the fourth year, stopping or stretching one wire over the top, attached to stakes driven down in the line of the hedge. These stakes should not be so long as to interfere with the after trimming of the hedge, and the wires are left in the hedge.—*Western Farm Journal.*

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TO WASH chickens or ducklings without fading, soak them two or three hours in a pail of water in which two ounces of sugar of lead has been dissolved, then wash as usual. If they soak longer it does no harm.

ASTER OR GREENHOUSES.—Lumps of soft putty are excellent traps for ants. Lay them around where the ants most frequent, and as soon as the lumps are stuck full of them, work the putty over, ants and all, and re-set the same lump as before.

SPICE CAKE.—One and one-half cups butter; two cups sugar; two eggs; one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one cup of cold water; four and a half cups flour; one tablespoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg; three cups raisins; one cup currants; three cups flour; one cup molasses; three cups raisins; one cup currants; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg

THE ENTERPRISE!

PUBLISHED THURSDAY EVENINGS

OFFICE:

Masonic Building, Wallstreet, Manchester, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

MAT. D. BLOSSER, Editor & Prop'r.

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MANCHESTER, MAY 21, 1874

The Michigan Southern Association of Universalists will meet at the Universalist Church in this place, on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 2d. and 3d.—Public services will be held at 10½ A. M., at 2½ and 7½ P. M., on each day.

Rev. Mrs. Gillett, of Rochester, will lecture on Temperance in the M. E. Church in this village, on Sabbath evening, May 31st. Don't fail to attend everybody and hear an eloquent lecture.

We understand that the L. S. & M. S. Ry Co., have established another division and that the Detroit division will be under the supervision of Mr. Blodge from the "west end."

Call and see our new styles o' printing.

THE LAW AND THE CRUSADE.

We presume there are few who suppose any person, or persons, have a legal right to enter the place of business of another person, or take a position in front of such place of business, to annoy or injure the owner or occupant of the premises, yet as some may be ignorant of the fact that the law recognizes this action as a punishable offence, at the request of a friend of temperance we give, elsewhere, an extract from an article which appeared in the ALBANY LAW JOURNAL discussing this feature of the crusade. Those who have favored this method of attacking the liquor traffic, have failed to properly appreciate the sacredness of private rights and the necessity for observing law, even in the overturning of illegal and disreputable practices. Whenever an individual, or a number of persons, undertake to "correct any real or supposed evil, by a resort to means not sanctioned by law, they adopt a lawless or mob spirit. Any act of violence against the person or property, or any trespass upon private rights in any form, on the part of those thus acting without legal restraint, is of course a punishable offence; otherwise, society would be in a state of anarchy, since when society ceases to protect the citizen in his guaranteed rights, law is powerless and society must resolve into an ungovernable condition. Of course, the women did not realize that they were violators of law, or that they were trespassing upon the most sacred rights of citizens. Because they were women, they were permitted to do what no man, or set of men would dare attempt, but even this endearment must come at a certain point, and the law must be enforced for protection by those who suffer from its violation.

PERSONAL.

Our old friend, Hull G. Sutton, of Rawlings, Wyoming Territory, has been in town for several days, visiting old friends and marking the many changes which have taken place since he left. He has been running an engine on the U. P. R. R., for the last two years, and says he likes it tip-top. He is looking first rate, and from this we infer that he has struck a healthy climate. Speaking of the climate, he says that they have snow every month in the year, and that they had a splendid time sleighing last 4th of July. Hull says he likes the States the best and will remain if he can strike a good job. Success to him.

Mr. B. W. Bonnell, of Brighton, Mich., and formerly of this village, made us a call a few days since. He is on his way home from Jackson, where he has been to bury his father-in-law, a notice of whose death will be found in its proper place. Mr. B. is looking tired and worn out from long and continued watching at the bed side of the sick. We understand that he intends moving back here in the course of the season.

We saw the familiar face of our friend J. B. McMahon, of the University, on our streets last week. He was looking well and seemed as happy as usual. We are glad to see our College Boys occasionally, and none better than J. B. M.

We understand that Rev. Chas. Allen of the M. E. Church, Clinton, was in town on business last week.

THE CIRCUIT COURT.

ANN ARBOR, M., 18 1874.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The adjourned term of the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, opened this morning, Judge Cramp presiding.

The case of Charles Thayer, et al., vs. William H. Arnold, et. al. A chancery case involving the title to Mr. Arnold's farm. The case having been in court for over twenty years was taken by Judge Cramp, and Tuesday was spent in the examination of witnesses and argument of counsel. Court reserves his decision.

James S. Reynolds and George M. Hewett, vs. William M. Brown and Carrie Underhill. Motion was made by complainants counsel for leave to dismiss bill, and the same was granted without prejudice to either party.

The divorce case of Lemuel vs. Lucy was brought up on petition of defendant asking for alimony. Court not decided. Able counsel are employed on both sides. The balance of the term will be occupied in hearing motions.

The May term will open next Monday, jury trials will commence on Tuesday.

RIVER RAISIN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

A few days days since I attended the Annual Sheepshearing Festival of the Messrs. J. S. & A. A. Wood of Lodi, Washtenaw Co., and saw the fleeces taken from some of their celebrated prize sheep. One sheep of lovely one raising gave a fleece of 22½ lbs., and one two year old, 18½ lbs., and their yearlings gave fleeces from 13 to 14 lbs.—Their sheep are looking exceedingly well and they are raising a fine lot of lambs. Old Usurper, their stock sheep for whom they paid $2000 in Vermont, begins to decline on account of age. His yearly fleece heretofore was 26 lbs.

Last week, by invitation I attended the shearing of the Van Gieson Brothers in Bridgewater, and their three year old stock sheep (a prize lamb they purchased of Mr. Wood,) gave a fleece that weighed 23 lbs., and their yearlings gave fleeces from 12 to 14½ lbs. each.

Will our flock masters who excell the above please report. D. W. P.

ON FILE.—We invite everybody to call at our office and peruse the newspapers there on file. The following is a list of those to be found to-day:

DAILY.

Detroit Free Press, Rec Tribune, Tol do Blade, Jackson Patriot.

WEEKLY.

Ann Arbor Courier, and Argus, Ypsilanti Sentinel, Jackson Citizen, Hillsdale Standard, and Democrat, Tecumseh Republican, Adrian Times, Cassopolis Vidiant, Tecumseh Herald, and Record, Manchester Record, Midland Times, Saline Review, Dexter Leader, N. Y. Weekly Tribune, Saline Observer, Northwestern Crusader, Chatham Banner, Manchester Journal, Etc.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

A depressed, irritable state of mind; weak, nervous, exhausted feelings; no energy or animation; confused head, weak memory, often with debilitating, involuntary discharges. The sufferer is constantly desponding and indecisive. THE MERVOUS DEBILITY finds a sovereign cure in HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC, No. 28. It tones up the system, arrests discharges, dispels the morbid gloom and despondency, and restores the entire system. It is perfectly harmless and in all instances—from 1 to 2 vials, for a dollar—is superior to all other remedies, or a large bottle of powder, which box, Sold by ALL Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., No. 562 Pearl-street.

Dr VanDuzer, Lynch & Co Sole Agents Manchester.

Hotels.

GOODYEAR HOUSE, Manchester, Corner of Broad and Franklin. This house has lately undergone a thorough renovation and has been refitted in first-class style. Good rooms, good beds, good tables, good attendance, and a good bar are what the traveler wants, and all these he will find at the Goodyear House.

HURD HOUSE, Jackson, Mich., SMITH & HURD, Proprietors. The above is furnished in the highest style of modern comfort and elegance. No pains will be spared to provide every accommodation, convenience and luxury for the comfort of guests. Big omnibus to and from the house free of charge.

BOARD AND ROOM—Can be obtained at the Exchange Hotel, Manchester, Mich. Board per week, $3 00. Board and lodging per week, $4 00. Board per day, 75 cents. Lodging per night, 25 cents. Meals, 25 cents. Horses fed and cared for at reasonable rates. Good stable attached. Free hack to and from all trains. Rooms for Commercial Travelers. Sample rooms free. Good Livery attached. Terms cash. Cheap for cash. Cash paid for Hides and Furs. Cash paid for Horses. Cash paid for Wool. Cash paid for Tallow. Cash paid for Pelts. Cash paid for Sheep. Cash paid for Lambs. Cash paid for Pork. Cash paid for Potatoes. Cash paid for Produce of all kinds. Cash paid for Everything. Call and see us. Cash paid for Everything. Cash paid for Everything. Cash paid for Everything

Where Not to Marry.

The famous advice of *Punch* regarding matrimony, "Don't" applies to it. They are too obtuse for anything finer. The opposite sex also need counsel, but of a more diminutive kind. To young ladies it is not advisable to surrender themselves to the fascinating young "dear" unless the latter has a good and dangerous caution, altogether wide of the mark. For the older sisters it would be still more dangerous. Something more nearly suited to their case was had in the Paris *Register*, and, coming from the pen of a lady, it is recommended as authoritative information. She says:

"Don't marry a dark man. I say this first because, after long and weighty reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that the principal virtue a man can possess is to be rich. As in former days it was said in highest praise of a female that all the men were brave and all the women virtuous, so now it is said that all the men drive four-in-hands and all the women wore diamonds of the first water. Nevertheless, great wealth is an objectionable quality in a husband, because I know *most chaperons* won't agree with me. A rich husband is like a wild buffalo, exceedingly difficult to catch, and, if caught, disagreeable when you have caught him. Leave unscathed the wealthy men to girls who don't know better; do you be satisfied with a one-million-dollar man. If he has made his money honestly, so much the better; if he hasn't made it, then he is a speculator. In either case he is sure to be inclined to economize, and you will be spoiled. He cannot help it, poor wretch, for the whole world gives round a rich man and butters him up till he doesn't know whether he isn't Jupiter Olympus, and whether it is a great pity he's obliged, by the disrespectful laws of gravitation, to tread the same common earth with other men who can not afford to give dinners at five hundred francs a head, and who have to wait and English racing colts at chemical prices. Don't marry a rich man unless you have so much money as he has, for the first time he quarrels with you he will throw his magnanimity in marrying you in your teeth, and never let you forget it again. Above all, avoid that ambulating museum of nonsensicalities, those absurdities—a rich man who is the only son of his mother. He has been educated at home under parental auspices, and then, if an Englishman, sent to spend his money at Oxford; if an American, to spend it in Paris, and I don't know which produces the worse effects. Remember this, too—that a man who has run under the thumb of the woman who fatters him the most usually. There is no more acute flatterer of a man than his mother; as wife, he is always against her. She, of course, would hate you *a priori* and be sempiternally jealous. Her influence, taking stock of all your shortcomings in the matter of skillful adulation, prostrate obeisance and admiring awe—would hate you also in three weeks.

Don't marry a popular man. The man who knows everybody and is known by everybody; who calls the young ladies "my dear child," and all the young men his "boys," and every one in general he "dearest friend." The sonorous squeeze your hand tremendously the first time he meets you, and you feel as affinity for you. The man who adapts himself in all things to all men, interests himself in everybody's affairs and draws out your confidence like a poultice. The man who buys horses and cigars for his masculine acquaintances and chooses collars, diamonds and drawing-room furniture for his feminine ones. The man who acts as a sort of gentleman usher to all the ladies he knows, who happens to be "doing the Continent" and engages rooms at hotels for them, orders their dinners for them, takes their tickets for them, looks after their luggage for them, and makes himself generally useful to them. The man who gets invitations for them, and who, in a word, is their factotum. The man who is fond of children, who knows everybody and is known by everybody, who calls the young ladies "my dear child," and all the young men his "boys," and every one in general he "dearest friend." The man who is always charming, so he is always in the wrong. He will take it out of you. Don't fancy that he will wait for the opportune moment and his graceful compliments on you. Don't fancy that he will resort to the quiet tête-à-tête to run on to the Beis, or take you on a trip to Nice, or Florence, or Pau. Don't fancy you will trouble his head as to what suits your complexion best—you might go about with some lemon-colored rag or a Bandanna tied over your head, for aught he would care. Deluded woman, do not wear yourself to a skeleton in spheres in your glove-box, or bottle up Cooke's comet in your vinaigrette.

Don't marry a gentleman. The man who turns up his trousers at the ankles when there is a spot of mud on the pavement, who "dresses for dinner" after an omnibus, if he is caught in a shower, rather than take a cab; who does take one, haggles with the driver over his fare, and presents him with one sixpence. The man who wears his collar loshen and gets his neckcloth out of shape instead of giving them to his valet. The man who goes out of dress with his friends and feasts on truffled pheasants and Johannisberger, and who takes his cigars afterward, and then asks them to dine in return, and treats them to stewed larks, and serves them with claret cup. The man who sends you a New Year's box of three francs worth of bonbons, bought at a cheap store, or an infinitesimal bouquet from the flower market, which might stand in a tumbler, and the man who advises you to read "How to Dress on Fifteen Pounds a Year," are a lady, a lady, and should be treated as such. The women dress better than American women, because the former wear the hundred glove, fastened with elastic sides, and straw hats all the year round. The man who prophesies the future, and the margins of his letters, in order to avoid putting on an extra stamp, and who sends you a prospectus of his lottery, or his letter he has sealed and wants to reopen over the steam of a tea-kettle rather than spoil the envelope he still hopes to use, the man who stops in town all the year round, and says he thinks the country is warmer in the winter quite sufficient change of air; or who, if he does perpetrate the extravagance of going to Paris, goes to a second-class hotel, and leaves it very quietly in the middle of the night or in the early morning, for fear not to have to tip the waiters. If such a man, after a long and careful calculation of consequences and additional expenses, makes up his mind to propose to you, and you bring to pass his chosen and "broadcloth," his dirty white ties, refuse him, though travelling on the wrong side of thirty, and had never had an offer before. He would be quite capable of leaving you in the drawing-room furniture second hand, and of paying a third-grit wedding ring on your tapered finger. If, however, you want to be good-natured to him, refuse him by letter and understamp it. The aggravation he will feel at having to pay overweight will quite counteract and neutralize the pain your refusal might otherwise have occasioned him.

Don't marry a gooey man. The man who has a sweet expression of face and a stoop in his neck. The man who goes out of church and, if an Episcopalian, sings in church three times every Sunday, with a devout cravat and a pocket-handkerchief to match, and in this case we find in the Paris *Register*, and, coming from the pen of a lady, it is recommended as authoritative information. She says:

"Don't marry a dark man. I say this first because, after long and weighty reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that the principal virtue a man can possess is to be rich. As in former days it was said in highest praise of a female that all the men were brave and all the women virtuous, so now it is said that all the men drive four-in-hands and all the women wore diamonds of the first water. Nevertheless, great wealth is an objectionable quality in a husband, because I know *most chaperons* won't agree with me. A rich husband is like a wild buffalo, exceedingly difficult to catch, and, if caught, disagreeable when you have caught him. Leave unscathed the wealthy men to girls who don't know better; do you be satisfied with a one-million-dollar man. If he has made his money honestly, so much the better; if he hasn't made it, then he is a speculator. In either case he is sure to be inclined to economize, and you will be spoiled. He cannot help it, poor wretch, for the whole world gives round a rich man and butters him up till he doesn't know whether he isn't Jupiter Olympus, and whether it is a great pity he's obliged, by the disrespectful laws of gravitation, to tread the same common earth with other men who can not afford to give dinners at five hundred francs a head, and who have to wait for English racing colts at chemical prices. Don't marry a rich man unless you have as much money as he has, for the first time he quarrels with you he will throw his magnanimity in marrying you in your teeth, and never let you forget it again. Above all, avoid that ambulating museum of nonsensicalities, those absurdities—a rich man who is the only son of his mother. He has been educated at home under parental auspices, and then, if an Englishman, sent to spend his money at Oxford; if an American, to spend it in Paris, and I don't know which produces the worse effects. Remember this, too—that a man who runs under the thumb of the woman who flatters him the most usually. There is no more acute flatterer of a man than his mother; as wife, he is always against her. She, of course, would hate you *a priori* and be sempiternally jealous. Her influence, taking stock of all your shortcomings in the matter of skillful adulation, prostrate obeisance and admiring awe—would hate you also in three weeks.

Don't marry a popular man. The man who knows everybody and is known by everybody; who calls the young ladies "my dear child," and all the young men his "boys," and every one in general he "dearest friend." The sonorous squeeze your hand tremendously the first time he meets you, and you feel an affinity for you. The man who adapts himself in all things to all men, interests himself in everybody's affairs and draws out your confidence like a poultice. The man who buys horses and cigars for his masculine acquaintances and chooses collars, diamonds and drawing-room furniture for his feminine ones. The man who acts as a sort of gentleman usher to all the ladies he knows, who happens to be "doing the Continent" and engages rooms at hotels for them, orders their dinners for them, takes their tickets for them, looks after their luggage for them, and makes himself generally useful to them. The man who gets invitations for them, and who, in a word, is their factotum. The man who is fond of children, who knows everybody and is known by everybody, who calls the young ladies "my dear child," and all the young men his "boys," and every one in general he "dearest friend." The man who arranges picnics. The man who tells you everything you want to know, and gets up charades, a delightful person, and an invaluable acquisition. The man who comes to the pea of a lady, is going thereby an additional auction. She says:

"Don't marry a dark man. I say this first because, after long and weighty reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that the principal virtue a man can possess is to be rich. As in former days it was said in highest praise of a female that all the men were brave and all the women virtuous, so now it is said that all the men drive four-in-hands and all the women wore diamonds of the first water. Nevertheless, great wealth is an objectionable quality in a husband, because I know *most chaperons* won't agree with me. A rich husband is like a wild buffalo, exceedingly difficult to catch, and, if caught, disagreeable when you have caught him. Leave unscathed the wealthy men to girls who don't know better; do you be satisfied with a one-million-dollar man. If he has made his money honestly, so much the better; if he hasn't made it, then he is a speculator. In either case he is sure to be inclined to economize, and you will be spoiled. He cannot help it, poor wretch, for the whole world gives round a rich man and butters him up till he doesn't know whether he isn't Jupiter Olympus, and whether it is a great pity he's obliged, by the disrespectful laws of gravitation, to tread the same common earth with other men who can not afford to give dinners at five hundred francs a head, and who have to wait for English racing colts at chemical prices. Don't marry a rich man unless you have as much money as he has, for the first time he quarrels with you he will throw his magnanimity in marrying you in your teeth, and never let you forget it again. Above all, avoid that ambulating museum of nonsensicalities, those absurdities—a rich man who is the only son of his mother. He has been educated at home under parental auspices, and then, if an Englishman, sent to spend his money at Oxford; if an American, to spend it in Paris, and I don't know which produces the worse effects. Remember this, too—that a man who runs under the thumb of the woman who flatters him the most usually. There is no more acute flatterer of a man than his mother; as wife, he is always against her. She, of course, would hate you *a priori* and be sempiternally jealous. Her influence, taking stock of all your shortcomings in the matter of skillful adulation, prostrate obeisance and admiring awe—would hate you also in three weeks.

The Doxology Out of Tune.

Old Mr. Collamer, one of the members of our church, is extremely deaf.

Last Sunday the clergyman, during the sermon, had occasion to introduce a quotation, and as it was quite long, he brought the volume with him, and when he had done he picked up his place and began to read from it.

We always sing the Old Hundred doxology after the sermon at our church, and Mr. Collamer, seeing the pastor with a book, supposed he was about to sing, and while the minister was reading, he opened his hymn-book at the place.

The clergyman closed and the volume down, the man next to Mr. Collamer began to yawn, and Mr. Collamer, thinking he was about to sing, rose deliberately out into Old Hundred at the top of his voice.

As the clergyman was just about to begin with the "secondly," and as there was, of course, perfect silence in the church, the effect of Mr. Collamer's vocalization was startling. But the old man didn't notice that anything was the matter, so he kept right on and sang the entire verse.

When he concluded he observed that everybody seemed quiet, except a few young men who were tittering behind their hymn-books, and said out loud to the man who yawned:

"What's the matter with the congregation, Brother Hopkins? Why don't they sing?"

The man turned scarlet, and the perspiration broke out all over him, for he felt that the eyes of the congregation were upon him, and he was afraid he would have to yell to make Mr. Collamer hear. So he touched his lips with his handkerchief, and in a low tone to keep quiet. But Mr. Collamer misunderstood the motion—

"Good to sing another hymn, hey? All right," and he began to fumble his hymn book again.

Then the sexton sailed up the aisle and explained the matter out loud to Mr. Collamer, and that gentleman was shaken while the minister proceeded with his discourse.

The elders have written Mr. Collamer a note requesting him in the future not to join in the sacred harmony.

Prodigious Mental Feat.

Mr. Rosenthal, the celebrated French chess-player, recently performed at Paris another of those surprising mental feats for which he has been famous. At one of the Palais Royal twenty-seven games of chess at once, with that number of the best French and foreign chess-players. It was stipulated that Mr. Rosenthal should have only one minute for each move, passing along the twenty-seven tables in order. Of course, each of his adversaries had time to study his game while Mr. Rosenthal was busy at the other twenty-six tables. It is quite unnecessary to point out the immense advantage of keeping thus in mind so large a number of games at once, during the period named, which was from nine o'clock at night until two o'clock in the morning. The result was that Mr. Rosenthal won twenty-three games, three were drawn, and he lost only one, which, it is stated, he gained by a Hungarian named Rakowski, who thus achieved a victory of which may well be proud.

An Indignant Judge.

The Daily Picayune publishes the following story and vouches for its truthfulness: A colored man from the country happened into Vicksburg the other day, and was looking around to buy some bacon. He at last purchased some ten pounds of it, and, as he was about to leave, was discovered that it was spoiled. The dealer refused to take it back, and the colored man brought the offender before a Justice Brooks. The meat was produced and shown to be bad, and the justice pronounced in favor of the plaintiff.

"Now, sah, I want you to understand I ain't a mean man, sah, and I don't want to be considered a mean man, sah, but I want you to understand, sah, that when I buy ten pounds of bacon, sah, I want to get ten pounds of bacon, sah, and not have it shrivel up a horrid nest. This may be done without any more potent motive than a mere love of fun, but the gossip in the social world is of the unshaking kind indulged in merely from a spirit of drollery. Far worse is that other sort of talk which ends in slander and scandal which separates the friends and sunders the ties of years of intercourse with its sharp and jarring discords. The only way to avoid this evil is to refrain from making the affairs of our friends a staple article of conversation in the household. There are plenty of subjects at hand—let us avoid personalities.

How the Indians Run.

The Hartford Courant revives the following theory: "There has been some philological doubt as to the phrase 'After you with a pistol,' it may be, has occurred to many that the 'sharp stick' referred to is the much feared bayonet built; and that it would seem some sense ground for this. The Neechean Indians of California have not the brutal and disagreeable habit prevalent among us of sending dunning bills. When one Indian owes another, he considerately, kind-hearted as it is, for the creditor to remind the debtor, presents him with a delicate, delicious, delicious, a certain number of sticks, according to the amount of the debt, and then goes about his business. These he carries and loses into the debtor's wigwam, and then goes away without saying a word. The debtor sees the debt, and understands the delicate hint. The sticks are returned, and then goes away without a word. The debtor pays the debt, and the creditor sees