

The Oxford Democrat.

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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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OLD SERIES, VOL. 23 NO. 44.

Agricultural.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—A. B. C. C. C.

Special Notice.

Agricultural Exchanges and communications for this department, should be directed—Oxford Democrat, South Paris, Me.

Oxford County Show.

The Oxford County Agricultural Society will hold its fourteenth annual Show, on its grounds at South Paris, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 30th, and Oct. 1st and 2d. Railroad fares and freights at reduced rates between Portland and Gorham, N. H.

State Show.

The Maine State Agricultural Society will hold its annual Fair and Show at Portland, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th. Fare and freight on the railroads will be reduced.

Agriculture a Science.

Agriculture is a science as well as an art. As an art it is as old as Adam; but as a science, it is comparatively new. Liebig says, "Its scientific basis embraces a knowledge of all the conditions of vegetable life, of the origin of the elements of plants, and of the sources whence they derive their nourishment."

It is within the memory of men now living, that the first attempt was made to apply science to agriculture. Up to that time this art was groping along in the dark, without a single ray of light from the broad field of science to illumine its darkness or guide its practitioner. Whilst other arts of civilized life were settled on a scientific basis, and science was questioned with the greatest earnestness and asked to the last degree, to improve and make more perfect and more productive, agriculture was left to bubble along by guess, enveloped in all the darkness of the most barbarous times. And even now with a very large share of the cultivators of the soil, agriculture is nothing in advance of what it was in the days of Homer and Virgil. It is a mere art, not improved and elevated by science.

But a new era has dawned on this most important art. Much has been done to settle it on a scientific basis, and much more is now doing to secure this result, than ever before. More minds are now busy in investigations and experiments to test the theories that have been broached and make the principles of science available and reliable in practice, than ever before. Already science has done much to direct inquiry in right channels and modify methods and practices in this art; but there is vastly more to be hoped for in the future than has been attained in the past or is in the possession of the present. The science of agriculture has not yet been carried to that perfection, which will authorize any man to form fixed rules to direct the practice in this art, in all its varied departments. To enable any one to do this, more extended investigations are needed and a wider and more varied experiment in the field must be had. What has already been secured is worth very much; but what is to be attained in the future gives promise of results of still greater value.

It is the province of science to explain the phenomena attending practice, and to make suggestions to art of means and methods to attain ends. Without science men have cultivated the earth since the days of Adam, and have continued to obtain a living thereby—at least to keep soul and body together in most cases, till sterility has ensued and the people compelled to seek new homes or starve. The practice of agriculture without the aid of science has converted many of the most fertile fields of old Virginia into a waste to which the howling wolf has returned, in a little more than two centuries. In our own State, how many farms in its older portions, once highly productive and on which the fathers accumulated money drawn out of the soil, that are now scarcely able to afford a tolerable living to those who cultivate them. This is the fruit of toil not directed by science.

What has happened to these soils, that has rendered them unproductive? Art cannot tell. It is the province of science to tell, and it is science alone that can tell what has been done to the soil that renders it unfruitful, and points out the way in which the mischief may be remedied. And it is the business of art to execute what science prescribes. If men undertake to reclaim these exhausted lands without the aid of science, they cannot make an intelligent application of means to ends. Their operations will be mere guess-work, guided by conjecture, which will be just as likely to end in failure as success. At the best, it will be an alternation of success and failure, attended with an enormous waste of means and of energy—a waste that few have the means to stand and far less the disposition. But with science to point out what is the cause of any mischief that may be discovered, and to direct where the means are to be found to remedy it and how the most successfully to apply them and at the least expense, every man may do something effectual in the way of improvement, however small his means.

E. Ricker, who shot Mr. David Rogers, as he was walking across his field in Berwick, Me., on Sunday last, has been arrested.

Cattle Show.

Next week, on Tuesday, the show and fair of the Oxford County Agricultural Society will commence on the society's grounds at South Paris. Ample accommodations are provided for the display of stock, tools and agricultural implements. The trotting course is graded and will be put in as good condition as circumstances will admit. If our farmers will do what they ought, we will have a grand display of stock and farm produce. And if our mechanics and artisans will do their part, we shall have such a display of their tact and skill as has never been seen in Old Oxford. And the ladies, too—let their department be, as we have no doubt it will, worthy their intelligence and industry. In a word, let all hands make a grand rally of every thing that will add to the interest of the show. And let all be on hand in season the first day. There will be trotting the first day in the forenoon, and all will want to see that, of course. Those living at a distance, and bringing stock or other things for exhibition, had better be on the ground over night on Monday, as every thing will be ready for them.

The Crops.

The crops of the present year are now a fixed fact, and we may look around us and note the result of the season's labor. As a whole the season has been a wet one, and some crops have suffered from an excess of water. But with the wet, it has been warm. In consequence, on land in good condition where the water has not stood too near the surface, Indian corn has done well, though backward. It is now very generally entirely out of the way of frost, and will prove above the general average. Potatoes are a failure in consequence of the rust. There will not be more than one-fourth an average crop of marketable potatoes. Wheat has been badly injured by the mildew, so that it will hardly average more than half a crop. Rye is fair, but not as good as last year. Oats, barley and the coarser grains are about an average. Carrots and other root crops are not an average crop. The hay crop is abundant, but has been much injured in curing. Of fruit, there is none worth naming. Pears and apples are good. Taking all things into the account, we must come to the conclusion that the crops are below the general average in this region.

Squash Bug.

This is a recent intruder in this State. We have had experience with them in Massachusetts, and we wish our readers to understand that they are as much worse an insect to deal with than the little yellow bug as they are than a horse fly. If all hands will do their duty at this season of the year, their numbers may be greatly diminished. They are an ash-colored bug having any thing but an agreeable flavor. At this season, they may be found assembled in large numbers on pumpkin vines and in some instances on the pumpkins themselves, and of all sizes from the full grown bug to the most minute youngster. Now is the time most conveniently to destroy them. A few quarts of hot water will exterminate an army of them. Let every farmer make it a point to kill every one they see. What is done must be done quickly; for as soon as frost comes they will begin to seek shelter in your buildings and under the fence, stones and bits of boards. So go at them in earnest.

The History of Butter. From the various statements in history, it may be safely concluded that the discovery of butter is attributable neither to the Greeks nor Romans, but that the former were made acquainted with it by the Scythians, Thracians and Persians, and the latter by the people of Germany. It appears, says Beckman, that when they had learned the art of making it, they employed it only as an ointment in their baths, and particularly as a medicine. It is never mentioned by Galen and others as food, though they have spoken of it as applicable to other purposes. No notice is taken of it by Apicius, nor is there anything said in that respect by the authors who treat on agriculture, though they have given accurate information regarding milk, cheese, and oil. This may be easily accounted for by the fact, that the ancients were entirely accustomed to the use of good oil. In like manner, butter is very little employed at the present day in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the southern parts of France, but is sold in the apothecaries' shops for medicinal purposes. During the ages of paganism butter appears to have been very scarce in Norway; mention is made by historians of a present of butter so large that a man could carry it, and which was considered a very respectable gift. [Farmer's Magazine.]

Forks. Nothing need be said about the improved hay forks, now fast hold on the public sentiment.

The use of the improved, polished steel, round tined manure forks ought to be much extended. The long handle is best. In gardens, where small stones interrupt, or the dirt sticks, the fork is better than the spade, will enter the ground easier, and the dirt come off clean.

In ditching swarded wet meadows, let the system be to cut the sides and center of the ditch with a ditching knife. Cut crosswise with a broad axe. Clear out the ditch with the fork, which will enter much easier than the spade, and throw off clean the soil and muck, especially if mixed with sand. In England, the fork with five tines is most approved, and fast gaining on the spade. The five tined, with the tines somewhat shorter and stouter than is common for manure, is the best fork for ditching.

A DITCHER.

Frankfort, Dec. 15th, 1855.

[Maine Farmer.]

Improving Worn Out Lands.

Our readers will find in the following, a confirmation of three great truths which we have ever taught, and for which we have received no small share of abuse, from that class of editors who choose to enjoy an ephemeral success by pandering to the prejudices of uneducated persons. Deep plowing, sub-soiling, and the judicious use of suitable manures, having accomplished the seeming miraculous transformation of a useless farm, into one highly fertile and profitable to the owner. [Western Farmer.]

An experiment, which has been tried by some enterprising gentlemen not far from this point, the present summer, establishes conclusively the value of deep plowing and the economy of good fertilizers; and it also shows that it is better for Connecticut men to go to work on the poor and "worn out" (7) fields which constitute so large a portion of the surface of their own State, than to start for "the west" to farm it, where half the profits of their crops are absorbed in the expense of transportation to a market. These gentlemen have brought under cultivation some thirty acres of land which had been abandoned as useless, it having been impoverished and drained of all vegetable principle by persistent cropping, years ago. Much of it was too poor to grow grass, pine trees being the only product, and none of it was better than the thinnest and poorest of all old pasture lots. This land, at prices ranging from \$7 to \$13 an acre, was just such an instrument as some of our farmers in Connecticut need to have their skulls and ideas plowed up with a little, till they can see the important truth that 2 and 2 make 4, and that right under the very farms which have never yet been touched by the plowshare, and whose capacities are waiting to be developed. A mere annual scratching over of the surface to a depth of ten or twelve inches, will never develop them. The entire surface of these thirty-acre was plowed to the depth of two feet—and then on a light sandy "worn out" land, this a plentiful use was made of guano and phosphates. The result is, that on land hitherto supposed to be too poor for anything, there are acres of such potatoes, corn, and buckwheat, as can be found nowhere else, not even in the Connecticut Valley! The potatoes were planted deep, in drills evenly plowed out by horse power, a superior method, which saves space and greatly benefits the crop. Large and uniformly good seed potatoes were selected for planting. The growing crop undoubtedly surpasses anything of the kind in the State. These potatoes will yield three or four hundred bushels to the acre. As Tristram Shandy says, "A handsome moral might be picked out of this;" as it is, we leave the Connecticut farmers to pick it out themselves, with the assurance that it is worth their seeking. [Hartford Times.]

Ashes.

The use of wood ashes in agriculture, is now become quite common. Most farmers appreciate them highly, and use them on a variety of crops, with success. Besides the immediate effects produced by wood ashes, in invigorating and sending forward the crops to which they are applied, there is another and no less important advantage which they secure, though less speedily developed—the permanent improvement of the soil. On cold lands, they tend to warm and stimulate, and where moss abounds, their application, in limited quantities, is always beneficial. The following experiment shows the value of ashes when applied as a stimulant to the corn crop.

On a piece of light sandy loam, to which no manure had been applied in the course of many years, and which had been plowed in the autumn—the previous crop having been grass, I planted Indian corn. One-half of the piece was manured with half a shovelful of very rich compost in the hill; the other half with one-half pint of unleached wood ashes. There were just as many hills in one division as in the other, and the ashes were mixed with the soil before dropping the seed. At first, the part which received the compost dressing, manifested the greatest vigor; the corn was more rapid in its development, and the foliage was darker and more luxuriant till the second hoeing; but after that, the ashed division gradually gained upon the manured part, and at harvest it was found that while the latter produced ten bushels and eighteen quarts, the former produced eleven bushels and three quarts. The fodder on the manured part, exceeded that on the ashed part, but the corn on the ashed division was much the soundest, and better filled. A like result attended an experiment of the same kind on the bean crop. In an experiment with ashes and bone manure—equal quantities of each being used—on Swedish turnips there was very little perceptible difference. The crop in both cases was decidedly excellent, and of a character to impress me with a very high opinion of the value of both articles. I have used unleached wood ashes for many years, and am firmly persuaded that where stable manure is worth four dollars per cord, good ashes would be cheap at one dollar per bushel.

A PRACTICAL FARMER.

Bald Eagle Farm, Aug. 1855. The above is from the Germantown Telegraph, and we gladly give it a place. A more ruinous custom cannot prevail, than that of selling wood ashes to the soap boilers by farmers; but few localities can be found where wood ashes is not worth more to the farmer, than to the soap boiler. What farmer who has grain crops continually lodging for want of soluble siliate of potash to give strength to straw, can afford to sell his ashes for 25 cents per bushel? Unless we could replace it at a less price, we would

not sell wood ashes for 50 cents per bushel, for it should be used at that price rather than not at all. Many soils require potash not only as food for plants, but to neutralize acids in the soils, and to decompose many inert substances, which may thus be rendered food for plants. Wood ashes also contain a small proportion of phosphate of lime, and in so finely a divided condition, as to be very useful where phosphoric acid is absent, and too far from the sea board to procure phosphates in cheaper forms. It is true, that many soils formed from the debris of rocks, containing much feldspar, do not need potash; but even on such soils, for the raising of the higher class of plants, it is advisable to add minute portions of potash derived from organic sources, as when obtained from such sources, it is in a more progressed condition, and will assimilate in organisms which might refuse the potash from a lower scale of nature, as in feldspar. Clay soils as well as sandy, are improved by the use of ashes, their texture is improved, and their adhesive properties materially ameliorated.

[Ed. Western Farmer.]

About the Plow.

From the simplicity of the present almost perfect plow, it is hardly conceivable that a rude implement prevailed for the first 1700 years of the Christian era. Even the bull plow of the early part of the present century, would now be looked upon as a relic of the dark ages. We well remember the interest one of these plows, in good preservation excited, particularly among the younger farmers, which was exhibited at one of the State Fairs some years ago. They thought they had found "the elephant" and in fact they had, for it was as unique and unworldly. It attracted a constant jam from morning till night, and was the subject of some queer remarks, as it was a one-handed-one. Fifty years ago, such a thing as a two-handed plow was rarely if ever seen. At the introduction of the iron plow, they began to obtain precedence; but there were thousands of our old and good farmers, who utterly eschewed them, as a foolish innovation, inducing laziness, and entirely useless and injurious to the science of good plowing; and they could not be induced to even try them, so fixed they were in their views and habits. But the world changes and so do men. Now a one-handed plow is unknown, and how any person of common sense could prefer them is astonishing.

The present form of the plow, with a guide roller and movable clevis, will never be greatly improved for the use of this country. The English plow is nearly as long again from the point to the head of the mould-board, consequently the twist is less sudden, it handles the furrow slice more carefully and turns it over more completely and probably superior to ours for green sward, but they are very inferior for cross plowing, as taking up earth and carefully turning it over a thousand times, is not the process require. The mould-board, for all land but green sward, should be sufficiently blunt, or obtuse as to mix, break and pulverize the furrow slice.

The introduction of the iron plow, conferred a greater benefit on the world, than any other discovery except the magnetic needle. Railroads, canals, telegraphs were playthings, compared with it—and yet how simple. It is the only true "philosopher's stone," so long and laboriously sought after by the alchemists, that turns all it touches into gold. Jethro Wood of Cayuga Co., in this State, if not the original inventor, is entitled to the credit of perfecting and introducing it to the public. It has been proven in Court, that a country carpenter made the first iron plow in this country. It was a rude and imperfect affair. Wood saw it, and being a mechanical genius, at once gave it near its present shape and form. He managed his patent, and died before he realized the profit that should have accrued to him, for this all-important article. One percent on the saving alone, of the time and labor to the farmers of these United States, would have given him a fortune painful to endure, it would have been so immense.

[Rural New Yorker.]

NEW USE FOR TWITCH GRASS. This grass which has received so many names, and a great many more curses, may be put to one good use to which we have not known it put. This is as a substitute for wheatstraw or rye straw for braiding into hats and bonnets. Leghorn hats and leghorn bonnets have been and are still in great demand in the market. We have been told that, in Italy, the wheat is sown very thick on poor sandy land in order to make a fine tough straw, from which to make a fine strong braid.

Now here is a plant that will answer all the purposes of wheat, requires no annual sowing, but will grow on any soil, and affords a straw that is tough. Any of you can give it a trial. Take it now that it is in blossom, and in the right state, take the upper joint and proceed with it as you would straw. Cut it, bleach it, and prepare it ready for use, and you will find it to be fully equal to straw of wheat, or rye, or oats.

Now, why not put it to a good use of this kind? Some call it a nuisance, but it certainly makes a good grass for feeding, and a very good hay, when cut early and well cured, and a part of it can also be used in the beautiful and useful art of braiding into hats, bonnets, and other straw work. Indeed, why do we not have more straw-braiding carried on in this State? It is a profitable business, and Maine is a large market for the straw manufacturers of other States, and that too, when we can raise the raw material, and find hands in abundance to work it. How much money goes out of Maine every year for straw work?

POETRY.

Freemont and Victory—N. Y. Prize Song.

BY CHARLES S. WYMAN.

At—"Swani in Tromba,"—PUNYAN.

I.

Men of the North, who remember
The deeds of your sires, ever glorious,
Join in your own victorious,
The psalm of liberty!
Hark! on the gales of November
Millions of voices are ringing,
Glorious the song they are singing—
Freemont and Victory!

II.

Come from your forest clad mountains,
Come from the fields of your village,
Come forth from city and village,
Join the great host of the free!
As from their cavernous fountains
Roll the deep floods to the ocean,
Join the great army in motion,
Marching to victory!

III.

Far in the West rolls the thunder,
The tumult of battle is raging,
Where bleeding Kansas is waging
Warfare with Slavery!

Struggling with foes who surround her,
Lo! she implores you to stay her,
Will you to Slavery betray her?
Never! she shall be free!

IV.

March! we have sworn to support her;
The prayers of the righteous shall speed us;
A chief never conquered shall lead us—
Freemont shall lead the free!

Then from these fields red with slaughter,
Slavery's bloodies shall be driven,
Freedom to Kansas be given,
Freemont shall make her free!

V.

Men of the North, who remember
The deeds of your sires, ever glorious,
Join in your own victorious,
The psalm of liberty!

Hark! on the gales of November
Millions of voices are ringing,
Glorious the song they are singing—
Freemont and Victory!

VI.

Join the great chorus they're singing,
Freemont and Victory!

MISCELLANY.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Advantage of Legal Forms.

In a small town in Saxony, lived three young men, whom we will call George, Ernest and Lewis, and who, from their infancy were strongly attached to one another. George and Ernest were merchants; Lewis studied law, and practiced in his native place.

One summer's day Ernest and George set out on horseback for a town about thirty miles off, where they had business to transact. Ernest was weak enough to be fond of discoursing with his friend on religious subjects, and had often had warm disputes, though George was as irritable and passionate as he himself was obstinate in maintaining his notions. During the journey Ernest told the conversation to this unlucky topic. They fell, as usual, into altercation, which was kept up till they reached the inn where they had agreed to dine. The dispute was continued over a bottle of wine, but with more heat on both sides; and the travellers pursued their journey. Ernest renewed the subject of their former conversation, and both rather elevated with the wine they had taken, the dispute became more and more violent as they proceeded, so that by the time they had entered a wood through which their road led, it had degenerated into downright personality and abuse.

George's passion knew no bounds; unconscious of what he did, he pulled out a pistol and presented it at his companion. The pistol went off, and Ernest fell from his horse, which frightened by the report, and relieved from his rider, scampered away into the wood.

George, pale as death, immediately alighted to assist his friend, who was sweltering in his blood; the paroxysm of passion was over, and had given place to bitter repentance. He stood trembling to Ernest, who then breathed his last sigh.

Overwhelmed with despair and anguish, he tore his hair, and afterwards galloped back to the village, to surrender himself into the hands of justice as the murderer of his friend, that he might put a speedy end to a life which was now the most oppressive burden to him. The officer to whom he delivered himself up sent him under a guard to the town where the friends resided. The body of Ernest, whose pockets were found rifled, was also conveyed thither and interred.

The legal proceedings against George commenced. He repeated his confession before the judges, and implored a speedy death. His examination was closed, and he was informed that he was at liberty to choose an advocate to defend him, as the law requires; but he declined to avail himself of this privilege, and with tears besought the court to hasten his execution.

Being, however, again urged to appoint an advocate to conduct his defense, he named his friend Lewis. "At the same time," said he still, "there needs no defence; I wish only for death; but I submit to the formality. My friend may undertake the bootless task, and thus show his attachment to me for the last time."

With profound emotion Lewis entered upon the most painful duty that had ever fallen on his lot in his whole professional career. Though he despaired of being able to save his unhappy friend, he determined, of course, to make every possible effort to accomplish this end.

With this view he objected that Ernest's body had been committed to the earth without any previous judicial examination and discussion. The judges replied that this ceremony was unnecessary and superfluous, as the murderer had voluntarily confessed the deed; but if he (the advocate) insisted on the examination of the body, it should be taken up. By the desire of Lewis, the body was accordingly done. The town surgeon attended, and declared that, as the ball had passed right through the heart, death must naturally ensue. Lewis wished to know if the ball were still in the body; the surgeon sought for and found it; upon which the advocate sent for the pistol with which the deed had been perpetrated, and tried to drop the ball into the barrel. It seemed too large; he accordingly tried it in all possible ways—still it would not go in. That the ball could not be fired by that pistol was evident to every observer; the judges looked at one another and shook their heads. There was not a person but had completely made up his mind respecting the guilt of the prisoner, but this circumstance quite confounded them all. The confession of the prisoner, made without the employment of the slightest force or force, was corroborated by every circumstance that had previously come to light; the ball alone seemed to proclaim his innocence.

Lewis began to conceive the strongest hopes, and was nearly overpowered with the excess of his extreme joy. He proposed that the proceedings, together with the ball and pistol, should be sent to the supreme tribunal that it might decide in this extraordinary affair. This proposal was the more readily accepted, as the local court was puzzled how to act, and absolutely unable to pronounce any judgment whatever.

While the papers were in the hands of the supreme tribunal in the metropolis, a highwayman, who had shot and robbed a traveller on the road not far from the birthplace of the friends, was brought to that town. Convicted by sufficient evidence, he acknowledged his crime; but this was not all; he confessed, on further examination, that two months before he had murdered another man on the same road. This circumstance had excited suspicion, and being still further questioned, he related the following particulars:

"About that time I happened to be in a village public house. Two men on horseback came in after me; I remarked that one of them had a heavy girdle filled with money fastened around his body underneath his waistcoat. I began to consider whether it was not possible to possess myself of this rich booty; but then, how was this to be done, as he had a companion? However, thought I to myself, I have a brace of good pistols. If I shoot one, the other will probably run away in a fright, and before he can give the alarm and fetch witnesses to the spot, my fleet horse will have carried me far enough out of their reach; if, contrary to expectation, the survivor should stand by his companion, what hindrance from giving him the other ball? Such was my determination, which I resolved immediately to execute. I had overheard them talking of the way they should take. I rode off before, and having tied my horse to a tree, concealed myself in a thicket by the roadside. No sooner had I taken my station than the travellers approached. They were quarrelling violently. I had already taken aim at the man with the girdle, when the other took out a pistol and discharged it at his companion. I fired at the same moment. My man fell just as the other's ball whizzed past my ear; he then sprung from his horse, was engaged for a short time with his dying fellow-traveller, and at the instant when I was going to fire at him, he mounted again and galloped away. I had now time to rifle the pockets of the deceased, and having done this, I rode off as fast as I could."

He described the time, the place, and the two travellers so minutely, that there remained not the slightest doubt of his having actually committed the murder of which George accused himself. The latter, trembling with rage, had fired at random, and was innocent of the death of his friend.

The local tribunal transmitted all these particulars to the supreme court; the proceedings, with accompaniments, were returned, and the ball exactly fitted the pistols which were found upon the murderer at the time of his apprehension.

Let the sympathizing reader now endeavor to form some conception of the transport of Lewis on having saved his friend. Let him figure to himself the joy of George, when the painful consciousness of an atrocious crime was thus removed from his bosom. He was unanimously declared innocent of the murder; his passion cost him two months' imprisonment; and it was long before his tears ceased to flow for his departed friend. Lewis begged the ball, the instrument of George's deliverance, as a memorial of this extraordinary event.

The forms of legal proceedings may often seem troublesome or useless, but let them not be arraigned on that account. Now and then, indeed a criminal may through their means escape the punishment to his guilt; but if in the course of a century they save the life of only one innocent person, the wisdom of the legislator ought to command our gratitude.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace rather be your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace. [Sydney Smith.]

Romantic Love Story.

Here is quite a romantic, and strange, if true, story.

A beautiful young heiress had become so disgusted with a flattering set of soft-pated, pomatum-haired, moustache-lipped, strongly perfumed suitors for her hand, that she shut herself from the fashionable world, turned all her property into money, deposited it all in banks, donned a cheap wardrobe, put on a mask, and went, pedestrian-like, through the city in which she had hitherto moved with so much display and magnificence. She asked aims of those who of late had knelt at her feet and sued for her hand. They knew her not, and casting a look of scorn upon her veiled face and coarse wardrobe, bade her begone. She entered the country, where she met with derision and scorn. A few kind-hearted people, it is true, bestowed aid; but these were of the poorer class, who had hard work to procure their own daily bread; but they could not turn a fellow-creature hungry from their door, and therefore gave a small pittance from their scanty store.

One summer day, a large company met on a beach. They were mostly from the city. The disguised heiress from some cause or other had wandered there. She asked aims of one or two termed "upper tens." They spoke tauntingly but gave nothing. What they said had been heard by quite a number of their company. Most of them laughed or looked as if they thought it "served her right." The bigger woman turned about and was walking; sadly away, when a good looking gentleman stepped forward, and catching hold of her arm, thus spoke:

"Stay my good woman—tell me what you want."

"The replied in a low trembling tone, "I want a sixpence—only a sixpence."

"You shall have ten times that sum. Here," he added, drawing from his pocket an eagle, and placing it in the gloved hand of the woman, "take this, and if it is not enough, I will give you another."

Seeing that she could not be made to take the coin, the gentleman drew forth a sixpence, and gave it to the strange being beside him, who, after thanking the generous donor, walked slowly away. After being laughed at for so doing, by his comrades, he set out in pursuit of the beggar woman, saying: "Perhaps she is a leprose—or an angel in disguise. I mean to ascertain." Not that he thought this. He wished to show his diffidence to what his companions said, besides satisfying himself about the strange female whom he had aided. He soon overtook her, and addressed her thus: "Pardon me, madam, for pursuing you. I would know more about you."

As the speaker ceased, the mask dropped from the face of the female, and the beautiful heiress was portrayed before the astonished gentleman.

That they are afterwards married the reader has already imagined, for the heiress used this means of procuring a worthy husband, and the generous gentleman had long been looking for "an angel in disguise."

SAM SLICK ON FASHIONABLE MUSIC. Well, that's artificial, too—it's scientific—they say it's duple for time. Just look at that gal at the piano! Gosh ter snakes! First come a little German thunder; good air and sass, what a crash! It seems as if she'd bang the instrument two slivers! I rather guess she's vexed at somebody, and is pegging it into the piano just out of spite. Now comes singing; see what faces she makes, how she stretches her mouth open like a barn door, and turns up the white of her eyes like a duck in a thunder storm. She's in a musical ecstasy, is that gal; she feels good all over; her soul is 'goin' out along of that music! O, it's divine, and she's an angel, ain't she? Yes, I guess she is—and when I'm an angel, I'll fall in love with her; but as I am a man, at least what's left of me, I'd just as soon fall in love with one that's a leetle, just a leetle more of a woman, and a leetle, just a leetle less of an angel. But hullo! what under the sun is she about? Why, her voice is going down her throat; to gain strength, and here it comes up as deep toned as a man's, while that fellow alongside her is singing what they call falsetto. They have actually changed voices! The gal sings like a man, and that screecher like a woman. This is science; this is taste; this is fashion; but hang me if it's nature.

A FAMILY WITH SHORT MEMORIES. "Sir," said a man addressing a minister going both from church, one sabbath afternoon, "did you meet a boy on the road driving a cart with rakes and pitchforks in it?"

"I think I did," answered the minister, "a boy with short memory, wasn't he?"

"What made you think he had a short memory, sir?" asked the man, looking much surprised.

"I think he had," answered the minister, "and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories."

"What in the world makes you think so?" asked the man, greatly puzzled.

"Because," said the minister in a serious tone, "the great God proclaimed from Mt. Sinai, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy'; and that boy has forgotten all about it."

VERY COOL. An exchange says: "A friend of ours, the other day was accosted in one of our streets with the words, 'Do you know the time, sir?' Upon which he pulled out his watch, and after consulting it, returned it to his pocket, coolly replying to the interrogative, 'Yes sir, I do,' and then walked off, leaving the questioner abashed at his own ridiculous way of inquiring the time.

