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PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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Agriculture.

Thoughts by the Wayside.

When I see a mass of chips accumulate in a farmer's back yard, and remaining year after year, thinks I to myself, if the coarser ones were raked out, they would serve for fuel, while the finer parts, with the addition of soap-suds, etc., from the house, would afford a valuable source of manure.

When I see the banks of manure resting against a barn in the summer season, serving only to rot the building, thinks I to myself, that manure might be employed.

When I see plowing done year after year in the same track by the side of a fence, forming a gully or bank of considerable height, and of course a corresponding leanness in the interior of the field, thinks I to myself, there is a great want of good husbandry.

When I see fruit trees loaded with twice the top necessary for bearing well, and this perhaps partly dead, thereby keeping the needed rays of the sun from the under crop, thinks I to myself, here is an indication of bad husbandry.

When I see stones piled round the trunk of a fruit tree, thinks I to myself, here is an invitation to suckers and to mice; and if dull scythes should follow, it would not be strange.

When I see a total failure of a crop of corn, thinks I to myself, if that man had bestowed all the manure and two-thirds of the labor on half the ground, he would have had a fair crop.

When I see a farmer selling his ashes for ten cents per bushel, thinks I to myself, he had better have given the purchaser fifty cents to leave it for his corn and other grain.

Cutting and Curing Clover Hay.

According to the thirty years of close observation made by the writer of this article, there is but one method of curing clover hay which pays well for the labor, and that I shall describe shortly.

Observation has taught me that the best time for cutting clover is when two-thirds of the blooms begin to turn brown. At this stage it makes the best hay, and is not sappy enough to reduce much in the curing process.

When the clover is in the above stage, cut it as rapidly as possible; but never cut when there is dew or rain water on the clover. Let the green clover be put in small shocks as fast as cut down, so that the sun might not wilt it. When enough is cut and shocked for a large stack, haul up and stack as fast as possible. The stack should be some 14 or 15 feet at the base, and 16 or 18 feet high, so put up as to make it the shape of a cone.

With a hay fork let one hand throw up the green clover, while two hands stack and trample it, so as to make it as near air-tight as possible. Every foot in height should have about one quart of salt sprinkled regularly over it. This will require about 75 pounds to the stack. In ten or twelve days it will become wet and hot, and smoke like a coal kiln, so as to have all appearances of rotting; but in ten or fifteen days more, it will cool off, and be found dry, bright, sweet hay.

If the clover were allowed to wilt before stacking, the hay would be dark and mouldy; but if put up green, the hay will be bright green, and sweet, and free from mould. This process preserves all the leaves of the clover, so certain to be lost by any other process; and it also preserves all the volatile constituents of clover, which are sure to be lost when it is cured in the sunshine or open air.

The whole management may be summed up in a few words. Cut and stack free from moisture, in a perfectly free state; salt it well, and make the stack as near air-tight as hard tramping can make it.

A cubic foot of common arable land will hold 40 pounds of water.

Curing Hay.
Cut your hay always before the blossom of the grass is off. Hay cut in August, dead ripe, and put in the same day, weighs well, is got in cheap, and is about as valuable as a ton of small stacks. Keep rain and dew off your grass when cut. Hay caps, and nothing else, will do this. Hay, when half dry and fairly wet through, is equal in value to a drawing of tea after it has been once used.

Begin with your mowing machine at 8 o'clock in the morning, and by 12 o'clock you have four acres (eight tons of grass) cut and spread. Two men should go with the machine, as it saves time. At 4 o'clock begin to rake and put 'n cocks of about 50 lbs each. This is easily done by sundown, and all covered. On the second morning take off your covers, open the hay for a few hours, put two or three together, and cover again, which can be done before it is time to rake up your second day's four acres of cutting. Generally, the large cocks need not be touched again; but if they get too warm, one hour's opening will cure them perfectly. Cover again, and you may draw in at your leisure, for rain does no injury. Hay got in this way, with wages at \$4 per day, costs about \$5 per ton to get it, including wear of hay caps and all expenses, and is worth twice as much as the hay cut in the morning and carted in from the swath.

Storing Vegetables for Winter.

Root crops of all kinds should be properly taken up and stored away for winter use in the vegetable cellar, so that the housewife has no complaint to make, to the effect that the garden supplies vegetables in abundance only in the summer, when cheap, while in the winter, when very dear, but little is to be had, and that little dried and shriveled up, or half rotten for want of being kept in sand or earth to prevent the evaporation of their juices. Parsnips and oyster plant are about the only crop that does not suffer by being left in the ground after frosts, and of these only a portion should be taken up, leaving the remainder for use in the Spring, when they will be found to have improved in flavor and size.

Those cabbages not turned in, should be buried in a dry spot, when by the time Spring comes they will be found to have hardened into excellent cabbage.

The proper way is to open a trench and stand the cabbage into it, roots uppermost, take the soil out for the next trench and place on them, and so on, until the job is completed.

Celery must be taken up before hard frosts sets in, and stood nearly upright in mould in the cellar, or it will be utterly spoiled and lost. Or it may be readily preserved in trenches in the open ground, if in a perfectly dry spot and covered over well with soil. The method is as follows: Have all the celery taken up with the roots, and pull off a few of the loose and decaying stalks from the outside. Select a dry spot, stretch down the line and mark off a space twelve or eighteen inches wide, and as long as needed. Take out this breadth of soil nearly to the depth of the celery, and lay on each side. Stand the celery on the bottom as thickly as possible. Lay some short boards at intervals across the trench as supports to other boards placed lengthwise, which are to cover the trench entirely. Pile over the soil taken out in a round, throw over some litter or dung, and it will keep perfectly and blanch as white as snow. It keeps best if it has not previously been much earthed up.

Every farmer should have at least one hot bed. A, asks why? We answer, to raise him vegetables. A three-light frame will grow enough early cabbage, lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc., for his own consumption, and all for the trifling expense of five or ten dollars. It is not the time now to commence, but it is to think the matter over and prepare the necessary fixings to commence at the proper season. In winter frequently he has a little leisure, then let him glaze and paint his sash in readiness.

The existence of a rational and improvable creature is not to be measured by years and months, but by ideas and sensations—by what we can see, enjoy, learn, and accomplish during our pilgrimage upon earth; and, in this point of view, every educated individual is as Methuselah in comparison with his remote ancestors.

How to treat a Wife—Mrs. Hale's recipe upon this subject is brief and to the point: "First, get a wife; second, be patient."

Peter's Ride to the Wedding.

Peter would go to the wedding, he would, So he saddled his ass—and his wife, She was to ride behind, if she could Follow, not lead through life.

He's mighty convenient—the ass, my dear, And proper and safe, and now You stick by the tail while I stick by the ear, And you'll ride to the wedding in time, never fear, If the wind and the weather allow.

The wind and the weather were not to be blamed, But the ass has let in a whim, That two at a time was a load never framed For the back of one ass, as he seemed quite ashamed That two should be stuck upon him.

"Come, Dobbin," says Peter, "I'm thinking we'll trot!" "I'm thinking we won't," says the ass, In the language of content, and stuck to the spot, As tho' he had said he would sooner be shot Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, "I'll whip him a little!" "Try it, my dear," says she; But he might just as well have whipped a brass kettle, The ass was made of such obstinate mettle— Never a step moved he!

"I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle," says she; "I'm thinking he'll alter his mind." The ass felt the needle, and up went his heels: "I'm thinking," says Peter, "he's beginning to feel Some notion of moving behind."

Says Peter, says he, "We're getting on slow; While one end is up, 't'other sticks to the ground. I'm thinking a method to match him I know— We'll let, for an instant, both tail and ear go, And spur him at once all around!"

So said, so done—all hands were sporting, And the ass he did alter his mind; For off he set, like a partridge a whirling, And got to the wedding while all were a stirring, But left all his load behind!

THE SHE-TAT.

When Henry was old, to his chamber he said, "My dear, if you please we'll marry;" But she only replied, with a toss of the head, "I never will wed thee, Old Harry." He waited till all her gay suitors were gone, Then cried, "a fine dance they have led you; The hand that I offered, you treated with scorn, And now the Old Harry won't wed you."

ANNA BOLEYN.

It was a small Gothic room, panelled with dark wood, while the heavy curtains of green tapestry swept the ground. Yet it was not gloomy, for feminine taste gave its own lightness to the various arrangements of the little chamber. A wood fire burned upon the hearth, and two waxen tapers flung their light on a mirror, set in richly chased silver. A casket stood open on the table, and the fur occupant of the arched bedside was employed in turning over its glittering contents. "I have seen them so often that they are not worth looking at. How I should like a massive gold chain, like that the Duchess of Norfolk has just had from Italy!" exclaimed the maid, turning away. "Ah! I may yet have one. If I had staid at court, I feel sure my royal conquest would have been completed; but, shut up here, I am losing my chance—some new beauty will soon take my place. *Les absents ont toujours tort.*" While she spoke, her eye fell upon a little ring, quaintly worked in a true-lover's knot, with the single word "Fidelity" traced in golden characters. The color came into Anna's face; that ring had been given to her by Lord Percy, and she started to think how little her heart repelled to the vows that had once made it beat with such sweet quickness on the banks of the Seine. Strange how soon her thoughts wandered from the lonely meetings by moonlight to the gayer scenes where the young English couple were allowed to be the most graceful in the saraband. Were I a lover, I would not have *les dames des mes penes* delight in those associations with myself where I contributed to her amusement or flattered her vanity; I would ask her saddest thoughts—I would have her recall the stars that we had watched, and the flowers that we had gathered. I would fain connect my image with all that makes the poetry of woman's nature. The city and the crowd unrealize love; and love, in the young warm heart of a girl, should be a dream apart from all commoner emotions—as sweet and as ethereal as the blush with which it is born and dies. The lady raised her rich chestnut hair, which had fallen in a mass about her shoulders, in her slender hands, and began twisting it into fantastic braids. Suddenly she let it fall. "What does it matter how I look? there is no one here to see!" exclaimed she, with a pretty poutance which suited well with her mignon features.

"Do not be so sure of that!" said a voice behind her.

She started from her seat as a cavalier advanced; she at once recognized him, and dropped on her knee to greet her royal visitor.

"Nay," whispered Henry, softly, "it is I who should kneel, to pray pardon for my bold intrusion."

"Your majesty cannot doubt your welcome," replied Anna, blushing with the rich flush of gratified vanity. Ah! even a blush does not always wear its true meaning; the King, of course, gave it the meaning the most pleasant to himself.

"A lover always doubts—it is not the King, but Henry Tudor, who—"

"'Tis not the grass which yet he fears to win," "Ah!" replied she, "fear is no word for your grace to use."

"I never knew it before," replied he.

"How grateful, my liege," cried Anna, smiling,

"you ought to be to me—think of the value of a new sensation."

"I can think of nothing but yourself," was the answer; "but know you not, sweetheart, that it is St. Valentine's day? Will you be mine, and wear the token that I bring?"

Anna made no reply; but her small fingers remained clasped in the King's, who stood watching the downcast face, that had never seemed more lovely. "How did your grace come here?" asked Anna, putting the question for want of something to say.

"There is a subterranean passage into the room below; like a true knight, I passed through darkness, to sun myself in my lady's eyes. But, tell me, sweet, will you wear my token, and be my true and faithful Valentine?"

Again Anna remained silent; but the silence was sufficient assent, and Henry sealed the promise on her lip. He then produced a red velvet casket, from whence he took a carnelian of precious stones, fastened by rubies, in the shape of a true-lover's knot, which formed their united ciphers. The maiden's eyes flashed with pleasure as she gazed on the splendid offering; but the genius of flattery, which is the element of a court, did not desert her.

"They are magnificent," whispered she, "but I cannot prize them more than I should do a simple flower coming from you."

"I believe it, my beauty!" exclaimed the King. "Wait but a little while, and all England shall attest the love I bear to her who will then be its mistress. But I will not go hence without a token in return. Will you give me this little ring?" and he took up the one which Lord Percy had once placed on the hand that now lay passive in another's.

"That ring!" exclaimed Anna, vainly struggling with her confusion: "it is not worth your grace's acceptance."

Henry's brow darkened, and he examined the ring closely. "Oh! I see," said he, in one of those cold, harsh tones he could sometimes assume, "it is a love token. I should be sorry to interfere with any tender recollections," and he allowed her hand to drop from his own.

Anna saw it was dangerous ground; but she had now recovered her self-possession. "The ring," said she, "was my mother's; I would not part with it, but to your grace; my whole heart goes with it," and taking his hand she placed the ring upon it.

"I take the gift, sweet one!" replied the king, all traces of displeasure utterly passed away. "I shall never look upon it, but to think how truly and tenderly I am beloved. But it is late—good night, my fair Valentine! I shall see you to-morrow."

Anna remained, for some minutes, standing where he left her, leaning against the oak table. The wildest dream of her ambition was on the eve of being realized; her faith was pledged to the King of England—yet it was not of him she thought. A low pleading voice was in her ear, and Lord Percy's dark and eyes seemed to reproach her falsehood. Mechanically she looked to the place where she had last seen his ring; it was gone, and in its place lay the glittering carnelian. It was flecked with drops of blood; as she had leaned on the table, its bright sharp points had cut her arm. Anna was insensible to the pain—she thought only of the omen!

It was again evening, and Anna was again seated in a lonely chamber, but far different to her former apartment in the turret. A few, a very few years had passed since then, and her face was still lovely as ever, but the character of its loveliness was changed. The eyes were restless, and the lashes had the brightness of unshed tears. A hectic color seemed to burn the cheek on which it rested, and the once full lip was pale and thin. She was leaning back in a cumbersome arm-chair; and her black dress gave a gloom to her whole appearance which ill accorded with her slender and airy figure, and a face whose native vivacity neither sorrow nor suffering could quite subdue. The young queen was lost in a deep reverie. Her gay and careless girlhood at the French court passed vividly before her. Again she triumphed in being the chosen of so accomplished a cavalier as Lord Percy. The Seine seemed to spread far away in the silver moonlight, as bright as her then unbroken spirits. "I have paid dearly, Percy," muttered she, "for the vanity that broke faith with love." Never till in that moment of its utter want had Anna Boleyn felt the value of affection. Her fancy conjured up a happy home, where she was cherished, far from the world. She started from her dream, to know that she was a prisoner—tried, condemned—on whom even now rested the shadow of the scaffold. "It is not possible!" exclaimed she, starting from her seat, and wringing her hands in a paroxysm of anguish; "he is fierce—he is cruel—but he cannot see that head go down in blood to the dust which has so often lain upon his own heart! I bound one round the letter which I sent him this morning."

Again she sank into silence; but this time her musings took a sadder tone. "I am innocent to him," murmured she, "but not so, my God, before thee. Untrue to Percy—false to my royal mistress—how does the sad patience of Katharine of Aragon upbraid me now! Vain, frivolous—I have lived for the pomp and pleasures of this

world, and I have now my bitter requital." The evening passed on, but every moment added to the restlessness of the unfortunate captive. Hope deferred is sickness to the heart, and she was now suffering that sickness at its worst. She had that day written to Henry that touching letter which history has preserved, and every moment she expected an answer. The suspense was dreadful. The least noise sent the color to her temples, which, then receding, left her pale as death.

At last the governor of the Tower came, as he did every evening; and the sight of a human face, and the sound of a human step, were a positive relief. "Well, Sir John!" exclaimed she, in the strange mood whose hysterical excitement so often takes the semblance of mirth, "the executioner won't have much trouble with my neck,"—and she spanned with her fingers her slender and snowy throat. The governor was silent; he lacked the heart to tell her that he was the bearer of her death-warrant. At that moment a packet was given in for the queen. She snatched it eagerly, but her hand trembled so that she could scarcely break the seal. A hope so dreadful, so desperate that it was almost fear, yet lingered with her. She opened the scroll, and out rolled the ring, with the true-lover's knot, which she had given to her royal sister. She read the lines, with the calmness of despair; they were as follows:

"Henry Tudor returns to Anna Boleyn the ring which Lord Percy gave her."

"My fate is sealed!" said the queen with a shudder. It was sealed indeed—for the next morning saw Anna Boleyn beheaded.

Skaterunners.
At Drontheim, in Norway, they have a regiment of soldiers, called Skaterunners. They wear long gaiters, for traveling in deep snow, and a green uniform. They carry a short sword, a rifle fastened by a broad strap passing over the shoulder, and a climbing-staff seven feet long with an iron spike at the end. They move so fast in the snow that no cavalry or infantry can overtake them, and it does little good to fire cannon balls at them, as they go two or three hundred paces apart. They go over mountains and marshes, rivers and lakes, at a great rate.

When King Charles XII. was shot at Fredericksahl, a skaterunner carried the news four hundred miles twelve hours sooner than a mail messenger, who went at the same time. There were then seven thousand Swedes laying siege to Drontheim. When the news came, they broke up their quarters and retreated as fast as possible. They were obliged to go over the mountains, and the snow was deep and the weather exceedingly cold. Two hundred skaterunners followed hard after them, and came up with them one very cold morning. But all the troops were dead, having been frozen in their tents among the mountain snow-dribs. They had burnt every morsel of wood, even the stocks of their muskets, to warm themselves.

The following story, by Hogg, is irresistible:—"It's a good sign of a dog when she has her face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's aye glowin' up in his master's een, to discover what he's thinking on, and then without the word or wave o' command, to be off to execute the will o' his silent thocht, whether it be to wear sheep, or run down deeper. Hector got sae like me afore he died, that I remember when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, I used to send him to take my place in the pew; and the minister kent nae difference. Indeed he once asked me, next day, what I thought o' the sermon; for he saw me wonderful attentive among a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gied on sae anither sic look! And I was feared Mr. Paton would have observed it, but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspecting auld man, a very Nathaniel without guile, and he was jealous naething, tho' both Hector and me was like to split; and the dog, after laughin' in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, could stand it no longer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge in a potatoe field, pretending to have scented partridges."

The following fact took place during the period when Washington and the half starved, half clad troops were in winter quarters at Valley Forge. A young man, not quite twenty, from the western part of Massachusetts, was a guard before the General's door, marching back and forth in the snow, on a tremendous cold morning. Washington came out and accosted him: "My friend, how long have you been on guard here?" "Nearly two hours, sir." "Have you breakfasted?" "No, sir." "Give me your gun and go to breakfast at my table." He did so, and Washington marched the rounds till he returned.

Hugo Arnott was one day, while panting with the asthma, looking out of his window, and was almost deafened by the noise of a bawling fellow who was selling oysters. Said he, "That extravagant fellow has wasted in two seconds as much breath as would have served me for a month."

A countryman, passing over a railroad in North-ern New York, which is proverbially slow, asked the conductor why a cow catcher was attached to the rear car instead of the usual place. He was informed by that officer that it was "in order to prevent the cows on that road from running into the train."

Variety.

Positive men are most often in error.

Cruelty to a female is the crime of a monster.

In a woman, an ounce of heart is worth a pound of brains.

Whatever your miseries may be, there are others more miserable than yourself.

Which causes a girl the most pleasure, to hear herself praised, or another girl run down?

The editor of a newspaper down east has been bled—to improve the circulation of his paper.

The proverb, "the longer a man lives the more he'll see," can't allude to money now-a-days.

A storekeeper in Iowa advertises long pink-eyed potatoes as "elongated tubers with scorbuloptic optics."

Why is a schoolmaster like a chairmaker? Because he comes bottoms, and sometimes belts the backs.

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a widow. He might be called "the widow's mate."

In borrowing money, be precious of your word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse.

"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my dear." "Then why did you tell Anne, one morning, to answer the door?"

Some one says of a certain congregation that they pray on their knees Sundays, and on their neighbors the rest of the week.

An old advertisement of 1756 reads: "Wanted—a stout, active man, who fears the Lord, and can carry two hundred weight."

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure, and no quack medicine.

In engaging a young lady for the polka or the next set, make manna clearly understand that the partnership is to be one of limited liability.

A correspondent says the following notice may be seen at a blacksmith's shop in Essex: "No horses shod on Sunday 'cept sickness or death."

Speaking of a beautiful brunette belle of an Illinois city, a friend of ours accounts for the brownness of her complexion by the fact that she has been so often toasted.

"What ugly brat is that under the window, Susan?" "Why, that is mine," replied Mrs. J—. "O, call the dear, beautiful, pretty little creature in, and let me kiss her."

A starving Irishman, wandering about London, came to a building bearing the inscription, "Lying-In Hospital;" "By the powers!" he exclaimed, "that's the place for me, for I've been lying out for a fortnight."

"Have you anything else old?" said an English lady at Rome to a boy, of whom she had bought some modern antiques. "Yes," said the young urchin, thrusting forward his hat, which had seen some dozen summers, "my hat is old!" The lady rewarded his wit.

A clergyman, who was consoling a very fascinating young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was "one of the few. Such a jewel of a Christian—you cannot find his equal, you well know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I'll bet I will!"

The friends of a celebrated wit expressed some surprise that, with his age and fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it necessary to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said: "My acquaintances began to say, that I drank too much for a single man."

"Fanny, don't you think Mr. Bold is a handsome man?" "Oh! no—I can't endure his looks. He is homely enough." "Well, he's fortunate, at all events, for an old aunt has just died and left him fifty thousand dollars." "Indeed! is it true? Well, now, since I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

It was told, as a good-natured joke, of an old doctor, that being on a visit to a village where he had spent the earlier part of his life in practice, one morning before breakfast went into a churchyard near the house where he was stopping. Breakfast being placed upon the table, the doctor was inquired for. "I believe," said the servant, who had seen where he went, "that he has gone to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

In a certain hotel, in a village in the State of New York, there is employed a bartender who is in the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always makes it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A short time since, while he was in the act of drawing his "tod," preparatory to taking a drink, the employer came into the bar-room rather unexpectedly. Finding himself caught in the act, he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter, and casting his eyes around with a look of surprise, exclaimed, "Where in thunder did the man that ordered this drink go to?"

Miscellany.

"Never Stop to Argue with a Lawyer." The Marshall (Texas) Republican lays down this maxim, adding, "if you do, you're lost," and illustrating as follows:

We have in Marshall, as in most towns in Texas, an ordinance forbidding persons from hitching a horse to a shade tree within the corporate limits, and affixing as penalty for its infringement a fine of one dollar. Our constable, who is a very diligent and persevering man in the discharge of his official duties, has enforced this ordinance in a manner that has rendered him a terror to offenders. Recently, a lawyer, whose office is on or near the square, and who has a beautiful shade tree before his door, rode up hastily and hitched his horse to it. The constable happened to be passing by, shortly afterwards, and proceeded to unhitch him and take him off. The owner, witness: g the act, and perhaps having an idea of what it meant, came out, and said:

"Hello, Mr. B., what are you after? What are you going to do with my horse?"

"Why," said the constable, "you have violated the city ordinance, and must pay a fine of one dollar."

"Bless my soul," said the lawyer, with great emphasis, "that's my tree; I planted it myself."

"Can't help that," said B., "the law makes no distinctions, and says nothing about ownership. It embraces all shade trees in the town."

"Pon my word, pshaw! I planted that tree, as I told you, myself, and for the express purpose of having a place to hitch my horse. Haven't I a right to plant a post before my door?"

"Of course you have," said the constable.

"Well, then, sir," said the lawyer, "just call it a post, as I planted it for one, and if the shade is any objection, I am willing to saw the top of it off."

A Miser's Patriotism.

When Col. Lee, of New York, was collecting subscriptions for the equestrian bronze statue of Washington, now standing a monument of patriotism and art at the corner of Union Park, he had occasion to visit an old curmudgeon in the neighborhood, and, pulling out his subscription paper, requested him to add his name to the list. But old Lucie declined respectfully.

"I do not see," he said, "what benefit this statue will be to me; and five hundred dollars is a great deal of money to pay for the gratification of other people." "Benefit to you?" replied the colonel; "why, sir, it will benefit you more than anybody else. The statue can be seen from every window of your house; it will be an ornament, and add dignity to the whole neighborhood, and it will perpetually remind you of the Father of his Country—the immortal Washington!"

"Ah! colonel," answered old Lucie, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here," and he laid his hand upon his heart. "Then let me tell you," replied Colonel Lee, "if that is so, all I have to say is, that you have got Washington in a d—d tight place."

A Little too Sandy.

Col. Aaron Finch was a distinguished Democratic politician in Indiana. He had some thoughts of emigration to Arkansas, and meeting a gentleman from that part of the country asked him what were the inducements to remove to that State. Particularly he inquired about the soil. The gentleman informed him that the land was good, but in some parts very sandy. Col. Finch then asked about the politics of Arkansas, and the prospects of a stranger getting ahead.

"Very good," was the reply. "The Democratic party is strong in the majority; but to succeed a man must load himself down with revolvers and bowie-knives, and fight his way through."

"Oh, well," said the Colonel, "on the whole, from what you say, I think Arkansas would not suit me; I rather think the soil is a little too sandy!"

The following conversation was overheard by the editor of the Boston Journal, between two very dilapidated men. Neither of them would probably be able to describe the appearance of a five dollar bill. "Wall, how's money?" "Awful tight," was the reply. "Wall, I guess it is," exclaimed he of the torn brim; and, assuming a wise look, he added, "I knew it long ago. Didn't I tell Spencor when the bank up here to A— (a small country town) let forty thousand dollars to go a spekulatin' out West, that it would be the ruin of this country! And how the count-y does suffer, and we all suffer with it. The stupid fools; I know'd I'd come right—I am glad—'n't, if I do have to take my share!"

"I hab always in my life," says darkey Hannibal, "found de gals to be fast in lub, fast in a quarrel, fast in de dance, fast in de ice cream saloon, and de fast, best and last in de sick room! What would we poor debils do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arms an open to receive us; she it am who puts cloze 'pon our helpless nakid limbs, an cuppers up our footsies and toeses in long flannel petticoat, an it am she who, as we grow up, fills our dinner basket wid deusents an apples as we start to school, an licks us when we tears our trousers."

An Irishman, who keeps a beer shop near a pound or enclosure for cattle, was summoned by the Excise Board for having on his sign, "Beer sold by the pound."

"Do you sell beer by the pound, sir?" said the Judge.

"I do and I do not, your honor," said Pat.

"Then, how do you do, sir?"

"Very well, I thank you, sir," he replied.

Pre-emption Laws.

The following are the laws and regulations under which pre-emption claims are taken in this Territory:—

AN ACT to appropriate the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, and to grant pre-emption rights: Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, That from and after the passage of this act, every person, being the head of a family, or widow, or single man over the age of twenty-one years, and being a citizen of the United States, or having filed his declaration of intention to become a citizen as required by the naturalization laws, who, since the first day of June, A.D. 1840, has made, or shall hereafter make, a settlement in person on the public lands to which the Indian title had been, at the time of such settlement, extinguished, and which has been, or shall have been, surveyed prior thereto, and who shall inhabit and improve the same, and no base or shall erect a dwelling thereon, shall be and is hereby authorized to enter with the Register of the Land Office for the district in which such land may lie, by legal subdivisions, any number of acres not exceeding one hundred and sixty, or a quarter section of land, to include the residence of such claimant, upon paying to the United States the minimum price of such land, subject, however, to the following limitations and exceptions: No person shall be entitled to more than one pre-emptive right by virtue of this act; no person who is the proprietor of three hundred and twenty acres of land in any State or Territory of the United States, and no person who shall quit or abandon his residence on his own land to reside on the public land in the same State or Territory, shall acquire any right of pre-emption under this act; no lands included in any reservation, by any treaty, law or proclamation of the President of the United States, or reserved for salines or for other purposes; no lands reserved for the support of schools, nor the land acquired by, and all questions as to the right of pre-emption arising between different settlers shall be settled by the Register and Receiver of the district within which the land is situated, subject to an appeal to and a revision by the Secretary of the Treasury [Interior] of the United States.

Sec. 11. And be it further enacted, That when two or more persons shall have settled on the same quarter section of land, the right of pre-emption shall be in him or her who made the first settlement, provided such person shall conform to the other provisions of this act; and all questions as to the right of pre-emption arising between different settlers shall be settled by the Register and Receiver of the district within which the land is situated, subject to an appeal to and a revision by the Secretary of the Treasury [Interior] of the United States.

Sec. 12. And be it further enacted, That prior to any entries being made under and by virtue of the provisions of this act, proof of the settlement and improvement thereby required shall be made to the satisfaction of the Register and Receiver of the land district in which such land may lie, agreeably to the rules as shall be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, [Interior] who shall each be entitled to receive fifty cents from each applicant for his services to be rendered as aforesaid; and all assignments and transfers of the right hereby secured prior to the issuing of the patent shall be null and void.

Sec. 13. And be it further enacted, That before any person claiming the benefit of this act shall be allowed to enter such land, he or she shall make oath before the Register or Receiver of the land district in which the land is situated, that he or she is not the owner of three hundred and twenty acres of land in any State or Territory of the United States, nor hath he or she settled upon and improved said land to sell the same on speculation, but in good faith to appropriate it to his or her own exclusive use or benefit; and that he or she has not, directly or indirectly, made any agreement or contract, in any way or manner, with any person or persons whatsoever, by which the title which he or she might acquire from the government of the United States should inure in whole or in part to the benefit of any person except himself or herself; and if any person taking such oath shall swear falsely in the premises, he or she shall be subject to all the pains and penalties of perjury, and shall forfeit the money which he or she may have paid for said land, and all right and title to the same; and any grant or conveyance which he or she may have made, except in the hands of bona fide purchasers, for a valuable consideration, shall be null and void. And it shall be the duty of the officer administering such oath to file a certificate thereof in the public land office of such district, and to transmit a duplicate copy to the General Land Office; either of which shall be good and sufficient evidence that such oath was administered according to law.

Sec. 14. And be it further enacted, That this act shall not delay the sale of any of the public lands of the United States beyond the time which has been or may be appointed by the proclamation of the President; nor shall the provisions of this act be available to any person or persons who shall fail to make proof and payment, and file the affidavit required before the day appointed for the commencement of the sales aforesaid.

Sec. 15. And be it further enacted, That whenever any tract of land shall be settled and improved, a person shall be and is hereby authorized to enter with the Register of the Land Office for the district in which such land may lie, by legal subdivisions, any number of acres not exceeding one hundred and sixty, or a quarter section of land, to include the residence of such claimant, upon paying to the United States the minimum price of such land, subject, however, to the following limitations and exceptions: No person shall be entitled to more than one pre-emptive right by virtue of this act; no person who is the proprietor of three hundred and twenty acres of land in any State or Territory of the United States, and no person who shall quit or abandon his residence on his own land to reside on the public land in the same State or Territory, shall acquire any right of pre-emption under this act; no lands included in any reservation, by any treaty, law or proclamation of the President of the United States, or reserved for salines or for other purposes; no lands reserved for the support of schools, nor the land acquired by, and all questions as to the right of pre-emption arising between different settlers shall be settled by the Register and Receiver of the district within which the land is situated, subject to an appeal to and a revision by the Secretary of the Treasury [Interior] of the United States.

Sec. 16. And be it further enacted, That before any person claiming the benefit of this act shall be allowed to enter such land, he or she shall make oath before the Register or Receiver of the land district in which the land is situated, that he or she is not the owner of three hundred and twenty acres of land in any State or Territory of the United States, nor hath he or she settled upon and improved said land to sell the same on speculation, but in good faith to appropriate it to his or her own exclusive use or benefit; and that he or she has not, directly or indirectly, made any agreement or contract, in any way or manner, with any person or persons whatsoever, by which the title which he or she might acquire from the government of the United States should inure in whole or in part to the benefit of any person except himself or herself; and if any person taking such oath shall swear falsely in the premises, he or she shall be subject to all the pains and penalties of perjury, and shall forfeit the money which he or she may have paid for said land, and all right and title to the same; and any grant or conveyance which he or she may have made, except in the hands of bona fide purchasers, for a valuable consideration, shall be null and void. And it shall be the duty of the officer administering such oath to file a certificate thereof in the public land office of such district, and to transmit a duplicate copy to the General Land Office; either of which shall be good and sufficient evidence that such oath was administered according to law.

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The following is the form of a pre-emption declaratory statement:

I, _____, of _____, being _____, have, on the _____ day of _____, A.D. 18____, settled and improved the _____ quarter of section number _____, in township number _____ of range number _____, in the district of lands subject to sale at the Land Office at Olympia, W. T., and containing _____ acres, which land has not yet been offered at public sale, and thus rendered subject to private entry; and I do hereby declare my intention to claim the said tract of land as a pre-emption right, under the provisions of said act of 4th September, 1841. Given under my hand, this _____ day of _____, A.D. 18____. In presence of _____

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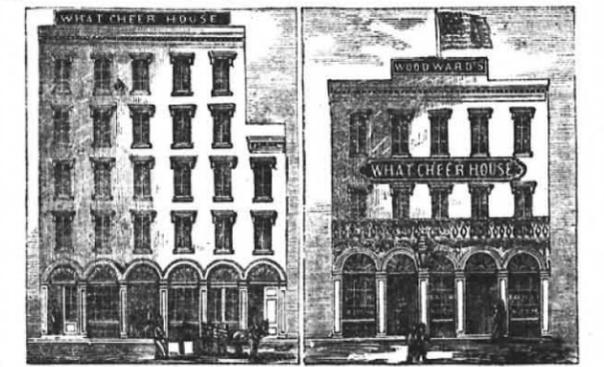
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Attending and Resident Physician, L. J. CZAPKAY, M.D., Late in the Hungarian Revolutionary War, Chief Physician to the 20th Regiment of Honveds Chief Surgeon to the Military Hospital of Pesth, Hungary, and late Lecturer on the Diseases of Women and Children. Communications strictly confidential. Consultations, by letter or otherwise, free.

DR. L. J. CZAPKAY, San Francisco, Cal. TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. L. J. CZAPKAY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to teach at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, digestive and genital organs, and all private diseases, viz: Syphilitic ulcers, gonorrhoea, gleet, stricture, seminal weakness, and all the hereditary consequences of self-abuse, and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice of many years will continue to ensure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of his system in Europe, and the United States, and during the Hungarian war and campaigns, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, dresses moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing