

for the suffering soldier. Your readers doubtless heard of the intention of the a-broad to establish themselves in huts. I do not look as though Sebastopol were taken soon. About 1,000 of these huts are erected at first, and probably many will follow. And when we remember the large amount of lumber must be used for military purposes, and that many will be required to carry to the Black Sea, lumber, and men—there seems reason to hope that there may be an end to the wretched state of affairs with regard to shipping and the lumber trade; and there also seems reason to hope that trade with you may speedily improve.

A Baptist of much celebrity—Mr. Peto—has lately made himself conspicuous by offering in connection with some other gentlemen to build a railroad from Balaklava to the Camp before Sebastopol. When finished, the net cost will be paid to the Contractors who refuse to take anything as profit or even as a reward for their labor. When we see such a noble offer as this—when we find the Government so nobly supported by the energetic action of individuals, we must feel certain of success. With regard to the work of the Government, I can only say that the applications for service were so numerous a few days since, that police officers had to be stationed at the Tower Hill Naval Rendezvous, to prevent the overcrowding of the reception rooms. All these circumstances show the spirit of the people under the present circumstances, and prove that the heart of Old England is yet warm and full of life. Much is talked about Poland just now, and people begin to remember her former glory, and to dream about her restoration.

Family Circle.

Just Charge It.

"Charles, what did this preach-preserve cost?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Hannah."

"But you bought it this morning."

"I know I did, but I didn't ask the price of it."

"Did not you pay for it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"O, because I couldn't stop to make change."

I have opened an account with Mr. Waldron and shall hereafter settle on in three months."

This conversation was going on at the tea-table between Charles Matthews and his wife.

Matthews was a young mechanic who had just commenced house-keeping, and as he was making excellent wages, he could afford to live pretty well. After he had made known his determined arrangement to his wife, she remained some time in silent thought.

"Charles," she at length said in a very mild, persuasive tone, "I think it would be better to pay for things as you take them. You know you receive your pay every Saturday night, and you could pay as you go very easily."

"I know I could," returned Mr. Matthews, with the air of a man who had unanswerable argument at his command; but then it would not be near so handy. You see, I shall save all the trouble of making change; and shall not only save time, but also avoid mistakes."

"Mistakes?" repeated Hannah. "How can mistakes occur when you pay for things as you get them?"

"I will tell you. Sometimes it may not be convenient to pay for a thing when I get it—I may forget my money, or only take it on trial—then if I pay for a part, and not for all, some things may get charged which I pay for. No, Hannah, a settlement once a quarter will be the best and most convenient all around; I am satisfied of it."

"Well, perhaps it may," said the wife, with an earnest tone and look, and yet with a smile, "but I cannot think so."

"But, why not?"

"Why, on all accounts. In the first place, you will buy more than you would if you paid cash. Now you needn't shake your head, for I know it. There are many little luxuries, little extras, which we do not need, but which you will be apt to buy if you do not have the cash down. I know something of this credit business, and it is not a fair thing. In the second place, if you pay cash for everything you will get your goods cheaper. A trader will sell cheaper when he can have the money in his hand than when he has to carry out the amount on his ledger."

"But let me tell you, Hannah, Mr. Waldron will not cheat. He is not the man to take advantage in that way."

"You misunderstand me, Charles. Do you not know that all traders can afford to sell cheaper for cash than for credit? Mr. Waldron, for a five dollar bill, would let you have more sugar than he would for the same amount entered at different times on his ledger. He could not afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash customers. I think you would find it to our advantage to try the cash system. Now, I do not believe you would have bought this peach-preserve if you had to pay the cash for it."

"But I bought that just to please you, Hannah, and I thought you would accept it gratefully," returned the young husband, in a tone that showed his feelings were touched.

"I know you did, Charles," said the wife, laying her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, "and I was grateful, for I know you would do anything to please me; but for the sake of helping you I would forego all such things. Perhaps—and the wife spoke very low—"you might be able to buy a little cottage of your own one of these days."

For several days Charles only sent such things up from the store as were actually needed. At length, as he went to the store one morning on his way to his work, he saw some splendid looking pickles in fancy jars. He had ordered the articles he needed, and was about to leave when Mr. Waldron spoke.

"Mr. Matthews," said he, "don't you want a jar of these pickles?"

"I carried my wife in a jar last evening and she thinks them superior to anything she ever saw before."

Now Charles knew that his wife had plenty of plain pickled cucumbers, some that her mother had put down for her, but Mr. Waldron's wife had some of these fancy ones, and why shouldn't Hannah?

"Shall I send you up a jar?"

"How much are they?"

"Only a dollar."

"Yes, you may send it up—and just charge it, if you please."

"O, certainly. Anything you want you may order at any time, and you may be assured we shall be happy to accommodate you."

Now this was flattering to young Matthews' feelings, to think that the trader had such

confidence in him, and he went away with an exceeding good opinion of himself and his credit, and of the store keeper in particular.

"Only a dollar!" Yes—only a dollar on the trader's ledger,—that is nothing. But a dollar right out of one's pocket—that is different. Charles would not have bought these pickles if the cash had been required for them.

"Ah, Matthews, look here; I've got something to show you." This was said by the trader to the young man on the very next morning after the purchase of the pickles.

And so Mr. Waldron led our hero out to the back side of the store and opened a box.

"There, Matthews, ain't these nice oranges?"

"They are nice," replied Charles, and so they really were.

"I know your wife would like some of these. I carried some in to my wife, and she wanted me to save her four or five dozen."

"These are nice. How do they come?"

"Let's see; I can send you up three dozen for a dollar. I got these very cheap. You know they are retailing at five and six cents a piece."

"Yes. Well, you may send up three dozen.—Just charge them, if you please."

"Certainly. Anything else this morning?"

"I believe not."

And so Matthews went on. This morning it would be a dollar—to-morrow perhaps fifty cents—and then, again, perhaps only twenty cents. It didn't seem much. The young man kept just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them.

"Only a dollar," he would say to himself. "That isn't much out of twelve dollars a week." And so it might not be; but the trouble was, that the next dollar was only a dollar. He forgot to add this dollar with the former dollar and call it "two dollars," and with the next dollar, and call it "three," and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a new gold chain attached to his watch.

"Where did you get that?" asked his wife.

"Ah," returned the husband, with an impressive shake of the head, "I made a bargain in this chain. Now guess what I paid for it."

"I'm sure I can't guess."

"O, but try—guess something."

"Well, perhaps ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" echoed Charles with a sort of disappointed look. "Why, what are you thinking of? Jack Cummings bought this chain two months ago, and paid twenty dollars cash for it. Why, just half it and see how heavy it is. Eighteen carats fine. Jack was hard up for money and let me have it for twelve dollars."

"It is cheap to be sure," returned Hannah, but yet not with so much pleasurable surprise as her husband had anticipated. "But," she added, "you did not need it, and I fear you will feel the loss of the money."

"Pooh! I have money enough. You know I have spent but very little lately. I have been pretty saving."

"But you forgot our things, Charles. The money which you have on hand is not yours."

"Not mine?"

"No; it belongs to the storekeeper, and to the butcher, and to our landlord. You know they must be paid."

"Don't you fret about them. I know it doesn't cost me anywhere near twelve dollars a week to live, for I have an estimate. There is Wilkin, who works right side of me in the shop, he has four children and gets the same wages that I do, and yet he lays up some three or four dollars every week besides paying his rent."

"Yes," said Hannah. "I know he does. I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how well they were getting along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket every Saturday evening and goes over to the market and buys his week's quantity of meat and vegetables, and trades for cash, so that he gets everything at the best advantage. So he does at the store. He lays in a good quantity of all those articles which will keep, and buys them as cheap as he can. Butter, eggs, cheese, apples, and so on, he buys when the market is full, and when they are cheap, and he always buys enough to last his family over the season of scarcity, when such things are high. His butter, for instance, he bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large firkin of it—and it was much sweeter than that for which you paid twenty-eight cents yesterday."

"Twenty-eight cents!" repeated the young man in surprise.

"Yes. I asked Mr. Waldron's man who brought it up, and he said it has risen to twenty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty dozen of eggs some time ago for twelve cents a dozen, and his wife packed them down; and they kept well. You will have to pay Mr. Waldron thirty-three cents for those you sent up yesterday."

Charles Matthews was somewhat astonished at this view of the case, but it could not be helped now, and the subject was dropped. His gold chain had lost its charm. It did not look so well, even in his own eyes, as had the simple black cord he had worn before.

At length the end of the quarter came round. "The first bill paid was the rent, which amounted to thirty-one dollars. The next was the butcher's bill, which came to thirty-six dollars. Charles was astonished to see how the meat bill footed up. But when he saw how many steaks he had had at seven cents per pound, the cause of wonder was at an end. Next he paid the baker's bill, which was thirteen dollars. When he came home in the evening he had paid all his bills except the grocery bill."

"Mr. Waldron sent in his bill to-day," his wife said, after supper.

"Ah! did he? let me see it."

Hannah brought it, and Charles looked at it. He was astonished at its length, and when he came to look at the bottom of the column his face turned a shade pale. It footed up just sixty-five dollars—an average of five dollars per week!

"This is impossible!" he uttered as he gazed upon it. But he examined the different articles, and he remembered when he ordered them. Those things which cost only a dollar, looked very innocent when viewed alone, but in the aggregate they had a different appearance.

"How much shall you lay up this quarter, Charles?" kindly asked the wife, as she came and leaned over her husband's shoulder, and parted the hair on his forehead and smoothed his back.

"How much shall I lay up?" he repeated.

"Not much. Get the slate and let us reckon up." Charles was resolved to be frank about the matter, and let his wife know all.

The slate was brought. First Hannah put down one hundred and fifty-six dollars as the quarters' wages. Then came the rent, and the butcher, and the baker.

"Now you may put down twelve dollars for this chain,—and twelve dollars for sundries—that means cigars, tobacco, nuts, beer, soda, theatre-tickets, and such like things. Now take all that from my quarter's wages, and see how much remains."

Hannah performed the sum, and gave fifty-two dollars as the result.

"Fifty-two dollars!" uttered Charles, sinking back into his chair, "and we have not bought one article of clothing nor of furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I had meant to save thirty, at least."

"Well, it's no use to mourn over it," said the wife, in a cheerful tone, for she saw that her husband felt badly. "Let's commence again. There's nothing like trying you know."

For some moments Charles remained silent. He gazed first upon the bill he held in his hand, then upon the figures on the slate, and then upon the floor. At last he spoke. There was a peculiar light in his eyes, and a flush upon his countenance.

"Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and I must freely admit that I have been wrong. If I had paid for everything as I bought it, I should not have been where I now am in pecuniary matters. You were right. I see it all now. I have not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get up again to where I began, and I will do differently. I must step down to the store this evening and pay Mr. Waldron what I have, and the rest I will pay him when I am able."

"That matter can be easily settled," said Hannah, with a bright, happy look. "I have more than enough to make up the amount of that bill. It is money I had when we were married. Wait a moment."

Charles protested most earnestly against taking his wife's money, but she would listen to no argument on that subject. It was her will, and he must submit. So he went down and paid up the grocery bill, and on the way home sold his gold chain for fourteen dollars. He felt happier when he got the old black cord once more about his neck, and he had money now to commence the quarter with.

On the next Monday morning the young man went into the meat store to send home a piece of beef for dinner.

"How much will you have?" asked the butcher.

"O, three or four."

Charles got thus far, and then he stopped. He had always been in the habit of ordering an indefinite quantity, and leaving the butcher to cut it off at the highest figure, and charge the highest price; and then he remembered how much was usually wasted.

"Let me have two pounds," he said. He stopped and saw it weighed, and then paid for it.

When he went home at noon, he found that his two pounds of beef had made enough, and there was none to waste. The next morning he went to the store. Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come in, which he showed. They were only one shilling a pound. For a moment Charles hesitated, but as he remembered that he had got to pay for all he bought he concluded not to take them. He found that things were not so enticing when it required cash to get them as when the payment could be postponed. He paid for what he bought and went his way; and thus things went on through the week. When it came Saturday night he knew that all the money in his pocket was his own, after deducting the rent. That evening he went over to the market with Wilkins, and bought as much meat and vegetables as he thought would last him through the week. He found that he made a saving of at least twenty per cent. by this operation, and when the opportunity offered he made the same saving in other matters.

At the end of that quarter Charles Matthews did not have to get any slate. He paid his house rent, and then he found that he had thirty-five dollars left in his pocket. That was all his—he did not owe a penny of it.

"Ah, Hannah," he said, as he held the money in his hand and looked at it, "now I see how easy it is for a man to be wrong and his wife right. This money all comes of paying as I go along. It is very easy and simple to say—just charge it,—and a man can easily buy things under such circumstances, but when the day of reckoning comes, these three simple words that sound so innocent when spoken, are found to be costly things. I would not have believed it until I tried it. I could not have believed that a man would purchase so many more useless articles simply because he could have them charged. But I see it now, and if I refused to follow your advice at first, I have gained experience enough to lead me to follow it more explicitly now."

Charles Matthews never again allowed himself to be led away by the credit system; but he followed the cash rule punctually, and the consequence has been that he can not only now buy any quantity of produce, wood, coal, etc., at cheap cash prices, but he has cut off the expense of house rent, for he owns a snug little cottage in the suburbs, and it is all paid for.—Flag of our Union.

The Thief and the Child.

In a neighbouring town there was a fair; and, therefore, all the people were gone from the village to the town to be merry there, and make purchases. In the village, when evening came, it was quite silent. No one was either seen or heard there.

Twilight came down gradually over everything. A man came round the corner of a barn. He crept silently and in fear along the wall, where the shadow was strongest. He glanced around him with anxiety to see him. When he believed himself unobserved he climbed over the wall; then he crept along on all-fours like a cat; till he came to an open window of a house, and then he disappeared through the window.

The man had bad thoughts in his heart. He was a thief, and had determined to rob the people of the house.

When he had entered by the window he found himself in an empty room; and, close

to this room was a chamber. The door leading into the chamber was not locked.

The thief imagined it possible, that although the people were gone to the fair, some one might still be in the room; therefore he listened with his ear against the door.

He heard a child's voice, and looking in through the key-hole, by the glimmering light from the window he saw that a little child was sitting up all by itself in its little bed praying. The little child was saying the Lord's prayer before going to sleep, as it had been taught by its mother to do.

The man was pondering how he might best rob the house, when the child's clear, loud voice fell upon his ear as it prayed these words:

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL!"

The words smote the man's heart and his slumbering conscience awoke. He felt how great was the sin he was about to commit. He, also, folded his hands and prayed—"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" And our dear Lord heard him.

By the same road that he had come he returned, and crept back into his chamber. Here he repented with his whole heart all the evil he had done in his life, besought God for forgiveness, and returned thanks to him for the protection he had sent to him through the voice of a pious child.

He has since become an industrious and honest man.

The Last Step.

For the purpose of learning as much as possible about the workings of the human heart, I have been accustomed, in conversing with those who have been led to indulge a hope in Christ, to ask them questions, the answers to which might be beneficial to me in my intercourse with others. To those who have recently indulged a religious hope, I have many times put such a question as this: What kept you so long from Christ? or, What was your hindrance? or, What were you trying to do, in all that time, while you were so anxious about religion, and had not attained the hope you have now?

One of these put these questions to a highly educated man, a fine scholar, and a very careful thinker. He had been for some time very anxious and prayerful. He had often sought conversation with me, and I had told him all the truth of God, and his own duty, as well as I could. But he constantly manifested reluctance to accept the simple truth of the Gospel, and for a long time my hopes respecting him were painfully disappointed. At length, after much striving, his reluctance was overcome, "he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ" and was "saved."

I therefore said to him, "You have been a long time attentive to religion, what hindered you that you did not come to repentance before?"

Said he, "Allow me to tell you about myself. I have studied religion for years. It is no new subject to me. Three or four times before now, I have had my attention arrested, and have been over all this process of conviction, and prayer, and anxiety, everything but the last step."

"What was that step?" said I. "Giving up all to God," was his emphatic reply. He then went on to say, "I was like a man trying to climb over a rail fence. I went up one rail, and then another, and another, till I got to the top; and then got down again and went on the same side as before. That has always been the way with me before now. But now I hope I have got over. I have been brought to give up all to God."

Reader, can you give up all to God?

Domestic Recipes.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—With a narrow knife or apple corer, take out the core of pared tart mellow apples, and fill the place of the core with sugar; roll out some plain light pie crust about two thirds of an inch thick, and cut it into pieces of just sufficient size to roll the apple in. Enclose an apple in each piece, tying each in a thick piece of cloth well floured. Boil one hour without intermission. A better way is to cover each cloth with soft boiled rice, enclose the apple in this, and tie the cloth around snugly, and boil till the apple is tender.

JUMBLES.—Take one pound of loaf sugar pounded fine; one pound and a quarter of flour; three-quarters of a pound of butter; four eggs beaten light, and a little rose-water and spice; mix them well, and roll them in sugar.

GINGERBREAD.—Mix together three and a half pounds of flour; three-quarters of a pound of butter; one pound of sugar; one pint of molasses; a quarter of a pound of ginger, and some ground orange peel.

CUP CAKES.—Mix together five cups of flour, three cups of sugar; one cup of butter; one cup of milk, three eggs, well-beaten; one wine-glass of wine; one of brandy, and a little cinnamon.

TO KEEP PICKLES.—Keep pickles only in wood or stoneware; anything that has held grease will spoil pickles. Stir them occasionally, and if there are soft ones, take them out and scald the vinegar, and pour it hot over the pickles that are in a solid state. Always keep enough vinegar on them to cover them well. If it is weak, take fresh vinegar and pour on it hot. Do not boil vinegar and spice over five minutes.

Agriculture.

For the Christian Visitor.

DEAR AGRICULTURIST.—At this time of the year when the ground with its snowy covering, or icy forbids anything like cultivation it is fitting for you to get your mind to attend to the management of your stock, to see that your cows are well cared for; that their houses are warm and pleasant, their food wholesome and nutritious, and that every attention requisite to their well being is cheerfully paid them. And in writing to you upon the care of stock the first thing that I would notice is the character of the stable. It is astonishing my dear A.—it is amazing, to think how many cows are injured, and how much precious food and nutriment is wasted on account of carelessness in the stable. I have known cows to be exposed to the cold and piercing draughts of winter air which were permitted to come howling and whistling through the ill-constructed cow-house. I have known large quantities of hay to be trampled under foot and larger quantities of precious manure absolutely thrown away and wasted through ordinary intention. I hope that you will not be guilty of this carelessness. If I can cause you to be more anxious for the welfare of your stock I will be happy.

First then as to stables. They should be warm and comfortable. For domestic animals of all kinds cannot thrive when constantly exposed to cold. They grow thin and languish. Cows fed in their milk and soon constantly stiff and feeble. I did thought upon this subject with what you say to truth of what I say. You establish then must be warm. But while you construct them with attention to warmth you must not go to the other extreme. It will be dangerous to have the stable too warm. I have known cows to be con-

led to breathe over and over the same polluted atmosphere. The consequence was that all through the winter they were weak and sickly. Therefore you should have the stable well ventilated. You should also keep it clean. Just because you will join with ventilation in causing a healthy atmosphere. Secondly, it will be more economical, if you desire to keep the stable clean, warm and healthy, you must have the floor tight, slightly sloping from the manger, and at the bottom you should have a gutter to carry off the liquid manure to its proper place. The manure both solid and liquid should be kept in a covered place through the winter. But of this I will speak at some future time.

Remember, therefore, Dear A. to have your stables, 1st. warm, 2d. well ventilated, 3d. clean. No matter how much attention you may pay to this, you will find yourself amply repaid in the productiveness, the health and increasing vigor of your stock.

I am Dear A.,

Yours truly,

B. B. B.

We wish our country friends to read the following. They will find in it many useful hints, whereby the ordinary farmer may easily gather around him, almost luxurious furniture. We know of a farm house near this city, in which nearly all the furniture is of this economical kind.

Home-Made Furniture.

In the present pecuniary troubles, many a wife finds an unusual necessity for practising the strictest economy in household matters. Perhaps house-keeping is just to be commenced, and the great problem is, how much furniture and how many conveniences can we afford to procure. A little money must go as far as possible. Such would perhaps like to be initiated into the art of making cheap articles of furniture, both useful and ornamental. Many a neat and comfortable sofa or lounge, chair, stand, bed, book-shelves, &c., &c., have we seen, that cost its owners almost nothing.

A few boards, a little stuffing, and a few yards of shilling calico, put together with ingenuity, will give a tasteful and even elegant air to an otherwise bare and comfortless room. Most of the work we shall describe can be done by the females of the household, and we are sure will afford them more pleasure and comfort than the so-called, &c. And in almost every family there is enough mechanical ingenuity among the boys, if not among the girls, to do the sawing and nailing.

A simple lounge can be made by taking a broad, thick plank, strengthening it by nailing on cross pieces underneath and inserting four short legs; and a cushion filled with any material you wish, and add a valance of the same to conceal the legs. A back and either one or two ends may be added, if desired, by nailing on boards and cushioning them like the seat.

A cot bedstead many of you know how to make. Take four sticks about four feet long and three inches square, bore an inch hole through the middle of each, and put a round stick, six feet long, through, and pins through the ends; arrange these like the four legs of a saw horse; then, to form the sides, connect the head and foot posts by nailing a rod or strip of board on to their tops; take a piece of bagging 6 feet by 4, stretch it across and nail it firmly on to the side pieces. To strengthen this, make a narrow head board, nail on a small rod at each end, and bore holes in the side-pieces to receive them. By lifting this head-board out, the bedstead can at any time be folded together and laid aside, if not wanted.

A convenient seat for children, or for the garden, is made like the cot bedstead, with the head board omitted. The sticks for the seat should be one foot long, those for the legs, one foot six inches long. Bind a bit of carpeting for the seat. These are so light, and so easily folded and carried about with one hand, as to be very convenient.

Hanging Book Shelves are another article of furniture easily made, and very convenient. For a small size, take three planed boards one-fourth of an inch thick, let the largest shelf be about 20 inches long by 8 wide, the others each one inch narrower and two inches shorter than the one below it. If convenient, paint, or oil and varnish them. Bore a gimlet hole in each of the four corners, take a stiff cord and pass it down through one hole in each shelf, taking care that it is at the same corner of each, then pass it up through the remaining holes in the same end, making a knot in the cord under each shelf for it to rest upon. Pass a cord through the other end in the same manner, and tie the four ends of the cord together a foot and a half above the upper shelf, and hang it up.—Ohio Cultivator.

Another Specimen of Farming.

A Correspondent of the "New England Farmer," says:—

Three years ago, I bought the farm on which I now live, consisting of 100 acres, 15 of which are pond and marsh, consisting of muck and shell marl in great abundance, for which I paid \$1500. I keep 9 cows, besides my team. I raise what wheat, corn and vegetables I consume in my family, and some I sell; my sales of butter, pork and beef have averaged \$400 a year. I have done the work of my farm, with the help of a boy about 15 years old, and have paid \$50 for his services through the summer season. I raise most every thing we need in the family (which consists of my wife and two children), except clothing and groceries, and I sell of grain and the avails of the poultry yard, sufficient to pay for them. I own my house and barn, filled with an abundance of the produce of my own acres, and at night sleep under my own roof, and if not a princely hired mansion, with carpets that are like velvet under our feet, yet it protects us from the inclemencies of even a Vermont winter; the rag carpeting answers all the purpose of one of finer texture, and what is better still, is the work of my own industrious wife, and then how sweet the pure, country air, from our verdant hills and mountains, instead of the pept up atmosphere from homes of bricks and mortar, and the cost of rubbish of cities. Then we have a pure moral atmosphere that surrounds us, where we will not hear an oath once in a twelve month. Our children can skip and gambol in our own fields as innocently as the calves of our herd.

We have no piano, but we have what to us is a source of more real enjoyment, the music of lowering herds and bleating sheep, and the clarion voice of chattering, the elder, and all the younger ones of his train, and a full chorus of cackling hens to indicate the larder is to be kept replenished with eggs fresh and good; but I am wearying your patience with my "yarn," but it is no fancy sketch, neither is the picture over-drawn, for the half is not told yet of the social, moral, and religious advantage of our position, and I could but think while reading your "City Mechanic," No. 1, how many of this class might better their situation by coming to the country and "setting up" as farmers. I am in one of the best portions of Vermont, 18 miles from railroad, with a strong soil and good society; and farms can be bought for from 20 to 30 dollars per acre.

VERMONT.

FELLOWS & CO, Sole Agents for St. John.