

### TO KEEP POTATOES, BURY THEM.

A correspondent of the *Scottish Farmer* relates the following case respecting the preservation of potatoes. He says:—"I had an old ice well of the ordinary description, which I abandoned when I built one constructed of double timbers on the surface, after the American fashion. My gardener used, for several years, the old well as a potatoe store. It happened three years ago that the roof fell in and buried several hundred weight of potatoes, which, as we had plenty, was not cared for at the time. Last year we required stones and had those forming the sides and roof of the old well dug out, when to our astonishment we found almost the whole of the potatoes as sound as those of the same year's crop. I mention this as it may be turned to account in seasons when we have, as we had last year, a surplus crop; by burying them deep enough and in a dry place, we might secure ourselves against a short crop, as in all probability will be the case this year on account of the prevailing disease. In mentioning this to a friend learned in such matters, he tells me that potatoes buried one foot deep produce shoots near the end of spring; at the depth of two feet they appear about the middle of summer; at three feet in depth they appear very short and never come to the surface; and between three and five feet they cease to vegetate. He further informs me that he has buried potatoes in his garden at the depth of three and a half feet, which were not removed until after one or two years, when they were found quite sound and possessed their original freshness, firmness, goodness and taste."

**A THOUGHT.**—When there is a thought in my heart, and I wish it to be in thine also, I seek a sound, as it were for a vehicle, by which it may pass to thee. I take a sound, and, as it were, put the thought into it. Thus I utter, and produce, and teach that thought, yet lose it not. If my thought can go forth to thee and still remain with me, cannot the Word of God do the same thing by means of the flesh which he took on him? Behold the Word of God, God with God, the Wisdom of God, remaining unceasingly with the Father, that he might proceed to us, sought the flesh, as it were a sound, and introduced himself into it. By this expedient he both proceeded to us and did not recede from the Father.—*Augustine.*

### A GOOD STORY IF TRUE.

One Tetzal, a Dominican, and a retailer of indulgences, had picked up a vast sum at Leipzig. A gentleman of that city, who had no veneration for such superstitions, went to Tetzal, and asked him if he could sell him an indulgence beforehand for a certain crime, which he would not specify, and which he intended to commit? Tetzal said, "Yes, provided they could agree about the price." The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman, knowing that Tetzal was going from Leipzig well loaded with cash, waylaid him, robbed him, and cudgelled him, and told him at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution.

**FAMILY ECONOMY.**—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there be a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor; it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, *Waste*, cries "More," like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has nothing more to give.—It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it.

**CONTROLLING THE INCLINATION.**—It is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience. God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get—when our will strains after a path we may not follow—we need neither starve from inaction, nor stand still in despair; we have but to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste, and perhaps purer; and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one Fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.

**When is a house not a house?—**  
When it is a fire.

**PERSONAL INFLUENCE.**—Blessed influence of one true-loving human soul on another. Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty, as the hidden progress by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are of ten poor ghosts, or sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in their vapour, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.—*Blackwood's Magazine*

**IF, AND ITS PROGENY.**—If every man was honest, we need not lock our doors. If everybody would just mind his own business, there would be much more business done. If we would only talk less of other people, other people would see fewer numb-skulls. If you charge your servants with lying, they will soon become liars, if they are not so already. If students would read less and think more, there would be a larger number of great men in every community. If girls now-a-days, did not become women at thirteen, men would have better wives.

**Sally**, the great French statesman, always kept up at the table the frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life in the army. His meal consisted of a few dishes dressed in the plainest manner. The courtiers often reproached him with the simplicity of his table; and he would reply, in the words of an ancient:—"If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them; if they are not, I can very well dispense with their company."

**A vender of hoop-skirts** was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the storekeeper. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag; "she should be within it."

**NO PROPHET.**—A young fellow fond of talking remarked, "I am no prophet."—"True," replied a lady present; "no profit to yourself, or to anyone else."