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ON THE BEACH. BY BESSIE GRAY. On the beach, on the beach, on the pebbly beach...

Intellect in Rags. It was a black wintry day. Heavy snow drifts lay piled up in the streets of New York...

Jack the Sailor Rusticating in the Country. Many years ago there was a man, well known among the mariners in the city of New York...

A Witty Speech. Mr. Cox, the democratic member from Ohio, has certainly made the best speech of the session...

A Vigilant Police. Our friend the local of the Free Press is responsible for the following: Some persons have expressed a doubt as to the practical efficiency of a volunteer police force...

Two Little Stories. Several new anecdotes of Mr. Lincoln are floating around. He recently attended Bishop Simpson's lecture on our 'National Conflict'...

Mrs. Hayes was acknowledged by Mrs. Gardiner as one of her particular friends; yet though she moved among that circle, she was far from being one of them...

Louise felt deeper grief than ever, when Marian told her she was to become the wife of Mr. Hamilton, the poor boy whom she once spurned from her door...

The rich bled tinged the cheeks of Marian, but Louise still declared herself ignorant as before. Mr. Hamilton glanced for a moment at Marian, then turning to Louise he said: 'Long years ago, a little boy, ragged and dirty, seated himself on the steps of a stately dwelling on Fifth Avenue, New York...'

'Get up from here, you shall not set on my steps; you are too ragged and dirty.' The boy arose, and a blush crimsoned his face. He was walking away, when Marian said: 'Don't go, little boy, you are so cold, come to my house and get warm. Oh, do come, she continued, as he hesitated; and he followed her into a large kitchen, where a bright warm fire was shedding its genial warmth around.'

'Well, Miss Marian, who are you bringing here now?' asked the servant woman. 'A poor boy who is almost perished; you will let him warm, will you not Rachel?' 'Oh, he shall warm; sit here little boy,' and Rachel pushed a chair in front of the stove; she then gave him a piece of bread and meat. Marian watched these arrangements, and then glided from the room; when she returned, she had a primer with the first rudiments of spelling and reading. Going to the boy, she said: 'Little boy, here is a book that you can learn to read from better than a piece of paper. Do you know your letters?'

'Some of them, but not all. I never had anybody to teach me. I just learned myself; but, oh, I want to read so badly.' Marian sat down beside him, and began teaching him his letters. She was so busily occupied in this work that she did not see her mother enter the room, nor hear Rachel explain about the boy; and she knew not that her mother stood some time behind them, listening to her noble child teaching the beggar his letters. There were but few that he had not already learned himself, and it was not long before Marian had the satisfaction of hearing him repeat the alphabet. When he rose to go, he thanked Rachel for her kindness, and offered Marian her book. 'No, I don't want it,' she said; 'I have given it to you to learn to read from. Won't you tell me your name?' 'Jimmy,' he replied. 'I will not forget you, Jimmy; you must always remember Marian Hayes,' was the little girl's farewell. Louise Gardiner and Marian Hayes were playmates and friends. Their dwellings joined, and almost every hour of the day they were together, for they attended the same school. These two children were very differently brought up. Louise was proud and haughty. Poverty in her eyes was a disgrace and a crime; and she thought nothing too severe for the poor to suffer. These views she learned from her mother. Mrs. Gardiner moved in an exclusive circle—the *bon ton* of New York. Without its precincts she never ventured; for all others were beneath her. Louise, taught to mingle with no children excepting those of her mother's friends, was growing up believing herself even better than they. The teaching that Marian Hayes received, was totally different from this.

When my mother died, I found good friends, and was adopted by a gentleman in W—. As his son I have been educated. A year ago he died and left his property to me. Of all the pleasant memories of my boyhood, the one connected with you is the dearest. I have kept this primer next to my heart, and dwell upon the hope of again meeting the giver. I have met her. I see all that my imagination pictured, and I ask if the dear hand that gave this book cannot be mine forever.'

Assume the god, affect the nod, And seem to shake the spheres? What to him are the Princes of Beug, referred to yesterday in the debate? What the Princes of Lahore, with their Koh-i-noors? A whole casket lies in his glance; for is he not the dispenser of \$500,000,000 a year? What to him the civil list of George III, which the Speaker Norton told the King was great beyond example? Millions hang upon his smile, where only thousands hang upon the smiles of the proud monarchs of England! What to him are the strappings of the Indies! Whole hecatombs of greenbacks daily are sacrificed by his order! In plain attire, but potential mood, he comes! Far off his coming shines; in form and seeming, but a man, but in imagination like the angel of the flood; floating many a rood on the burning marl of war! About him herd thousands of slaughtered beef. Around him throng millions of tons of forage, gun and wagon, horses and mules—an unnumbered host, too great for the contracted mind of man; and from his brow hang bounties for millions, and honors from all. Before him fall, as before an Oriental throne, the prostrate horse. In vain the Speaker calls to order! In vain the Sergeant-at-arms brandishes them aec. Our symbol falls before the golden wand of this magician of war.

At length he, too, deigns to sit. He is flanked by my military colleagues (Messrs. Schenck and Garfield), and the House is ready with their questions! Rare diversions here, Mr. Speaker. The record provided by the Clerk is produced. My colleague (Mr. Schenck), or rather my colleague (Mr. Garfield), with the sense of military skill and courage for which he is so distinguished, is the first to enquire of the War Minister, and not without embarrassment. The House is silent while he asks—what? Whether the blowing out of the bulkhead of the Dutch Gap Canal by Butler has seriously affected the backbone of the rebellion? If aye, how many vertebrae are demolished; and after conference with the Naval Committee, whether the canal, in case of a tempestuous sea, is navigable for double-enders; and whether they cannot go either way therein without turning round?

Mr. Cox continued in this strain exciting roars of laughter, especially when he went on to portray Mr. Morrill, ever alive to the interests of New England, inquiring triumphantly of Mr. Fessenden, whether the tariff should not be so amended as to increase the duty on dyestuffs and paper, so that, on a future issue of \$17,000,000 of greenbacks, the tariff will be prohibitory, the prices raised, and a satisfactory deficiency be produced in our revenues. Or whether by raising the price of dyestuffs and paper, the value of greenbacks in the market might not be made equal to the cost of their manufacture?

'Does this razor go easy,' asked a barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument. 'Well,' replied the poor fellow, 'that depends upon what you call the operation. If you are skinning me it goes tolerably easy, but if you are shaving, it goes hard.'

An enthusiastic and philanthropic young man visiting a prison in Maine, inquired of some of the prisoners the cause of their being in such a place. A small girl's answer was that she had stolen a saw mill, and went back after the pond and was arrested.

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course of half a dozen years that will furnish a better and more durable shelter than a board fence could give. This most important branch of husbandry has been neglected to such an extent that its importance should be more fully presented to the people, and to those living on prairie lands especially. By a little extra care and attention, their culture will be invariably a success; and by a little more nursing and pruning, their growth may be made more symmetrical and more dense. We fear our article is already too long, and will speak of those kinds of evergreens most suitable for forming protecting belts in a future number.—Cor. Rural World.

Culture of Hops. Having been acquainted with the hop culture in this State from a boy, and having spent the summer of 1861 in the hop region of central New York, I will try to answer the inquiries of O. H. Bushnel in the Rural of Feb. 4, and also give my experience in hop culture. Prepare the ground the same as for corn; then out the roots up into pieces three or four inches long, observing that each piece has a sprout on it; then set them in rows seven feet one way by eight the other. In setting, use a pointed stick, with which make three holes about four inches apart in the place where the hill is to be, and slanting upward. Put a piece of root in each one of these holes, pressing the dirt carefully around the root. Stick a stick to each hill, for you can plant corn or potatoes among your hops the first year, as the hops do not bear until the second year. Set out the hops about ten days before corn planting. The next fall manure your hops, putting one bushel of manure on each hill; less will do if you use plenty of plaster and ashes while growing.

The next spring, quite early, hoe the manure off each hill into the rows. Set the poles before the hop vines are six inches high, if you can, for it is much handier, and there is less danger of breaking the vines. When the vines are about two or three feet long, tie them up, leaving two vines to a pole. Put the vines around the poles from east to west, so they shall follow the sun. Cultivate them thoroughly; never let weeds grow in your yard; pull off all the vines in the hill, except those that go up the pole; hoe them twice, hilling them up the last time; never cultivate them when in the bloom. The best hop growers in central New York, cultivate their hops just before picking, to keep down weeds. The third spring from the time you set out your hops they will require grubbing; that is, by this time there will be runners from each hill which must be cut off. These are found by hoeing around the hill about a foot from it. Having found this running root, draw it up to the main part of the hill and cut it off. When you come to picking, cut your vines off about three feet from the ground, so the vine bleeds too much when cut off too short.

Ypsilanti, Mich. The following is Aunt Betsy's description of her milkman: 'He is the meanest man in the world!' she exclaimed. 'He skins his milk on the top, and then he turns it over and skins the bottom.'

Our fleet of the Brazilian coast is to be reinforced by the Hartford and Brooklyn, which are now being repaired and refitted for service.

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Deep Plowing for Corn.

Last Spring, in laying out my summer work, I saw it was going to be difficult and expensive to get hands to work all my teams, and seeing an advertisement of J. L. Back & Co's Gang and Trench Plow, I decided to give it a trial.

It did work much better than any other, still having my doubts whether it would work on all kinds of soil, but it did its work much to my satisfaction.

I then took off the gang plows, and attached the trench plow, and plowed four acres through the middle of my field, just twelve inches deep.

Plow deep, while sluggish sleep, and you will have corn to sell, and to keep.

But I must say more in favor of the Gang Plow. There are more objects than one gained in its use; you not only save the expense of one hand, and the fatigue of traveling all day in the furrow, but you get a more uniform piece of plowing done than you can get done in any other way.

That you take the Gang Plow, get into the seat, drive a couple of rounds yourself, set your plow where you want it to run, and tell your hand not to change it, and you will have every furrow plowed the same depth and the same width, and you will raise a good crop, because your land was well plowed.

Again, it will save you blacksmithing for the gang plow will run twice as long without sharpening, as the single plow will.

My trench plowing kept very free from weeds, while my other ground got very weedy. The fact is, the seeds of all our weeds were buried so deep, that there was no resurrection for them.

You may plow deep with any other plow, but the trench, and this object is not accomplished, for all of the top soil is not turned into the bottom of the furrow, and it leaves some of the weed seed near the surface, and gives them a chance to come forth and make a vigorous growth.

By trench plowing your land in the Fall, you can plant your corn from a week to ten days earlier than you can on land that has been prepared in the Spring, as you have only to give it a good cultivating before planting; then the fall plowing will stand round better than spring plowing.

My experiments were tried on land with a stiff clay subsoil within two feet of the surface. How the trench and fall plowing would work on other kinds of soil, I leave to other farmers to say — if they will say it — Cor. Prairie Farmer.

Why does not every person who has land have a strawberry bed? There is no fruit more delicious, and none more easily raised.

Last year I raised nearly two bushels on a small piece of ground, with but little expense and trouble; and certainly it is pleasant to have one's table supplied with this delicious fruit during the season.

My experiments were tried on land with a stiff clay subsoil within two feet of the surface.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SEAWEED TONIC, GERMAN BITTERS, MANNADEE PILLS.

These Bitters have performed more Cures than any other medicine. They cure all the ailments arising from the liver and digestive organs.

REMEMBER THAT THIS BITTER IS NOT ALCOHOLIC, CONTAINS NO RUM OR WHISKEY, AND CANNOT MAKE DRUNKARDS.

DR. SCHENCK'S READ WHO SAYS SO:

From Rev. J. A. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North-East Church, Philadelphia. I have used your German Bitters for several years.

Several fine plum trees, of some of my neighbors, have been destroyed within the last two years by kerosene, which got on their limbs and trunks from vessels placed in the trees for the purpose of saving the fruit from the curculio.

RISDON & HENDERSON. Have the BUCKEYE GRAIN DRILL, and Grass Seed Sower.

1st. It has a Rotary Feeder. 2d. Will sow all kinds of Grain and Grass Seed. 3d. Never bunches the Grain.

Ohio Reaper & Mower, acknowledged to be the very best in use. We are just in receipt of 100 Grain Cradles.

Grass Scythes. And the largest and best selected stock of BENT STUFF FURRING LOTTO.

JUST OPENING! The great Itch and Humor Killer of the 19th Century!

HAT STORE! BANNER. THIS SPLENDID REMEDY CURES TOOTHACHE IN Three Minutes.

Mortgage Sale. DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage, executed by Christiana Breach and Barbara Breach his wife.

Estate of Enoch Reynolds. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

Estate of Rogers—Minors. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

Estate of James Steward. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

Estate of Judah R. McLean. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

Estate of Jane Howe. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

Estate of Lyman Carpenter. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

Estate of Joseph P. Riggs. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

Commissioner's Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

Wm. Knabe & Co's CELEBRATED GOLD MEDAL PIANO FORTES.

THE ROOTS AND THE LEAVES WILL be for the Healing of the Nation.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN. Just Published in a Sealed Envelope. Price Six Cents.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION. A LECTURE on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness.

100 City Lots for Sale. and other articles in our line.