

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

BORIN & SPRINGER, Eds. and Proprs.
RED CLOUD. NEBRASKA

Rest.
Too little rest, too little sleep,
Too many hours to sow and reap—
At last disease and pain!
Weak grows the never-loosened hand,
The strongest rope parts, strand by strand,
Beneath a ceaseless strain.

Let him who burns the midnight oil
In the lonely and unwholesome toll
Think, when he trims his lamp,
That thus he trims his life: as well,
And hastens toward his last low coil—
His darkness and its damp.

To weary feet all streams are deep,
All roads are rough, all hills are steep.
As way-worn travelers know,
One hour of rest is a precious boon
Whom pain to tolls through heats of noon,
With painful steps and slow.

Then, ye who hope to make your mark,
Ere your last nightfall, cold and dark,
And stand above the throng
On some far, sun-blessed height of thought,
Or do some deed no hand but wrought—
Woe, rest—and so be strong.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The fires burn cheerily on the hearth,
The great logs crackle and flare up the
wide chimney, up which it is my wont
to say, you could drive a coach-and-four.
I draw my chair nearer to it with a
slight shiver.

"What a night!" I say.

"Is it snowing?" asks my wife, who is
sitting opposite to me, her books and
work on the table beside her.

"Fast. You can scarcely see a yard
before you."

"Heaven help any poor creature on
the moor to-night," says she.

"Who would venture out? It began
snowing before dark, and all the people
about know the danger of being
beighted on the moor in a driving snow
storm."

"Yes; but I have known people to
be frozen to death hereabouts before
now."

My wife is Scotch, and this pleas-
ant house in the Highlands was hers.
We were trying a winter in it for the
first time, and found it exceedingly cold
and dull. Mentally I decided that we
should only grace it with our presence
during the shooting season.

Presently I go to the window and
look out; it has ceased snowing, and
through a rift in the clouds I see a
star.

"It is beginning to clear," I tell my
wife, and also inform her that it is past
seven. As she lights her candle at a
side table, I hear a whining and scratch-
ing at the front door.

"There is Laddie loose again," says
she. "Would you please let him in,
dear?"

I did not like facing the cold wind,
but could not refuse to let the poor ani-
mal in. Strangely enough, when I
opened the door and called to him he
would not come in. He runs up to the
door and looks into my face with mute
entreaty; then he runs back a few
steps, looking around to see if I am fol-
lowing; and finally he takes my coat in
his mouth and tries with all his might
to draw me out.

"Laddie would not come in," I call out
to my wife; "on the contrary, he seems
to want me to go out and have a game of
snow-ball with him."

She throws a shawl round her and
comes to the door. The collie was her
before we were married, and she is al-
most as fond of him, I tell her, as she is
of Jack, our eldest boy.

"Laddie, Laddie!" she calls, "come in,
sir."

He comes obediently at her call, but
refuses to enter the house, and pursues
the same pantomime he has already
tried on me.

"I shall shut him out, Jessie," I say.
"A night in the snow won't hurt him,
and I prepare to close the door."

"You will do nothing of the kind,"
she replies, with an anxious look; "but
you will rouse the servants and follow
him at once. Some one is lost in the
now and Laddie knows it."

"Really, Jessie, you are absurd," I re-
ply with a laugh. "Laddie is a sagacious
animal, no doubt, but I cannot be-
lieve he is so clever as that. How can
he know whether there is any one lost
in the snow, or not?"

"Because he has found them and has
come back to us for help. Look at him
now."

I cannot but own that the dog seems
restless and uneasy, and he is evidently
endeavoring to coax us to follow him;
he looks at us with pathetic entreaty in
his eloquent eyes. "Why would you be-
lieve me?" he seems to ask.

"Come," she continues, "you know you
could not rest while there was a possi-
bility of a fellow creature wanting as-
sistance. And I am certain Laddie is
not deceiving us."

What is a poor, hen-pecked man to
do? I rumble, and resist and yield, as I
have often grumbled and resisted be-
fore, and as I doubtless shall do here-
after.

"Laddie once found a man in the
snow before, but he was dead," Jessie
says, as she hurries off to fill a flask of
brandy, and get ready some blankets for
us to take with us.

In the meantime I rouse the servants
—they are all English, with the excep-
tion of Donald, the gradener, and I can
see they are scoffingly skeptical of Lad-
die's sagacity, and inwardly disgusted at
having to turn out of their warm beds
and face the bitter storm of the winter
night.

"Dimna trouble yourself," I hear old
Donald say. "The mistress is right
enough; and Laddie is cleverer than any
a Christian, and will find something
in the snow this night."

"Don't sit up, Jessie," I say, as we
art; "we may be out all night on this
fil-goose chase."

"Follow Laddie closely," is the only
answer she makes.

The dog springs forward with a joy-
ous bark, constantly looking back to
see if we were following. As we pass
through the avenue gates and emerge
on to the moor, the moon struggles for
a moment through the driving clouds,
and lights up with a sickly gleam the
snow-clad country before us.

"It's like hunting for a needle in a
bundle of hay, sir," said John, the
coachman, confidentially, "to think as
we should find anybody on such a night
as this! Why, in some places the snow
is a couple of feet thick, and it goes agin
reason to think that a dumb animal
would have the sense to come home and
fetch help."

"Hide a wee, bide a wee," says old
Donald. "I dinna ken what your Eng-
lish dugs can do; but a collie, though it
has na pleased Providence to give the
creature the power of speech, can do
mony mair things than them that wad
deride it."

"I ain't a deridin' of 'em," says John.
"I only say as how if they are so clever
I have never seen it."

"Ye wull, though, ye wull," says old
Donald, as he hurries forward after
Laddie, who has settled down into a
swinging trot, and is taking his way
across the loneliest part of the black
moor.

The cold wind almost cuts us in two,
and whirrs the snow into our faces,
nearly blinding us. My finger tips are
becoming numb, icicles are hanging
from my moustache and beard, and my
feet and legs are soaking wet, even
through my shooting boots and stout
leather leggings.

The moon has gone in again, and the
light from the lantern we carry is hard-
ly sufficient to show us the inequalities
in the height of the snow by which we
are guessing our path. I begin to wish
I had stayed at home, and to consider
whether I may venture to give up the
search (which I have undertaken to
please my wife, for I am like John, and
won't believe in Laddie), when suddenly
I hear a shout in front of me, and see
Donald, who has been keeping close to
Laddie all the time, drop on his knees
and begin digging wildly in the snow
with his hands. We all rush forward.
Laddie has stopped at what appears to
be the foot of a tree, and after whin-
ing for a moment, sits down and watches
for us to do the rest. We see it is that
which appears when we have shoveled
away the snow? Is it a bundle of rags?
Is it—or, alas, was it a human being?
We raise it carefully and tenderly, and
wrap it in one of the warm blankets
which my wife had thoughtfully pro-
vided us with.

"Bring me the lantern," I say, huskily;
and John holds it over the prostrate
form of one, as to what we might have
expected, some stalwart shepherd of the hills,
but over a poor, wrinkled, ragged old
woman. I try to pour a little brandy down
the poor old throat, but the teeth are so
firmly clenched that I cannot.

"Best get her home as quickly as pos-
sible, sir; the mistress will know better
what to do for her poor old woman, if
so be the poor creature is not past help,"
says John, turning instinctively away from
the woman, and to the woman's aid.

So we improvised a sort of hammock
of the blankets, and gently and tenderly
the men prepare to carry their helpless
burden over the snow.

"I am afraid your mistress will be in
bed," I say, as we begin to retrace our
steps.

"Never fear, sir," says Donald, with a
triumphant glance at John; "the mis-
tress will be up and waitin' for us. She
kens Laddie didn't bring us out in snow
for naething."

"I'll never say nought about believing
a dawg again," says John, gracefully
striking his colors. "You were right
and I was wrong, and that's all about it;
but to think there should be such sense
in a animal."

As we reach the avenue gate I dis-
patch one of the men for the doctor,
who fortunately lives within a stone's
throw of us, and hurry on myself to
prepare my wife for what is coming.
She runs out into the hall to meet me.

"Well!" she asks eagerly.

"We have found a poor old woman, I
say; but I do not know whether she is
alive or dead."

My wife throws her arms around me
and gives me a great hug.

"You will find dry things and a jug of
hot toddy in your dressing room, dear,"
she says; and this is all the revenge she
takes for my skepticism.

The poor old woman is taken up stairs,
and placed in a warm bath under my
wife's directions; and before the doctor
arrives she has shown some faint sym-
ptoms of life—so my wife sends me word.
Dr. Bruce shakes his head when he sees
her.

"Poor old soul," he says; "how came
she out on the moor on such a fearful
night? I doubt not she has received a
shock which at her age she will not eas-
ily get over."

They managed, however, to force a
few spoonfuls of hot brandy and water
down her throat, and presently a faint
color flickers on her cheek, and her eye-
lids begin to tremble. My wife then
raises her head and makes her swallow
some cordial which Dr. Bruce had
brought with him, and then lays her
back among the soft pillows.

"I think she will rally now," says Dr.
Bruce, as her breathing becomes more
audible and regular. "Nourishment
and warmth will do the rest; but she
has received a shock from which I fear
she will not recover." So saying, he
takes his leave.

By and by I go up to the room and
find my wife watching alone by the aged
sufferer. She looks up at me with tears
in her eyes.

"Poor old soul," she says; "I am afraid
she will not rally from the cold and ex-
posure."

I go round to the other side of the bed
and look down upon her. The aged face
looks pinched and wan, and the scanty
gray locks which lie on the pillow are
still wet from the snow. She is a very
little woman, as far as I can judge of
her in her recumbent position, and I
should think must have reached her al-
lotted three score years and ten.

"Who can she be?" I said, wonder-
ingly. "She does not belong to any of
the villages hereabouts, or we should
know her face; and I cannot imagine
what should bring a stranger to the
moor on such a night."

As I speak, a change passes over her

face; the eyes unclose, and she looks in-
quiringly about her. She tries to speak,
but is evidently too weak. My wife
raises her, and gives her a spoonful of
nourishment, while she says, soothing-
ly—

"Don't try to speak. You are among
friends; and when you are better, you
shall tell us all about yourself. Lie still
now and try to sleep."

The gray head drops back wearily on
the pillow, and soon we have the satis-
faction of hearing, by the regular res-
piration, that our patient is soundly
asleep.

"You can come to bed now, Jessie, I
say. I will ring for Mary, and she can
sit up for the remainder of the night."

But my wife, who is a tender hearted
soul, and a born nurse, will not desert
her post; so I leave her watching, and
retire to my solitary chamber. When
we meet in the morning I find that the
little woman has spoken, and seems
stronger.

"Come with me now," says my wife,
"and let us try to find out who she is."
We find her propped up in a reclining
posture, and Mary beside her, feeding
her.

"How are you now," inquires Jessie,
bending over her.

"Better, much better, thank you, good
lady," she says, in a voice which trem-
bles from age as well as weakness; "and
very grateful to you for your goodness."
I hear at once by the accent that she
is English.

"Are you strong enough to tell me
how you got lost on the moor, where you
came from, and where you were going?"
asks my wife.

"Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor
lad, and now I shall never, never see him
more," says the poor soul, with a sigh
of weariness.

"Where is your lad, and how far have
you come?"

"My lad is a soldier at Fort George;
and I have come all the way from Liver-
pool to see him, and give him his old
mother's blessing before he goes to the
Indies." And then, brokenly, with long
pauses of weariness and weakness, the
little old woman tells us her pitiful
story.

Her lad, she tells us, is her only re-
maining child. She had six, and this,
the youngest, is the only one who did
not die of want during the Lancashire
cotton famine. He grew up a fine, like-
ly boy, the comfort and pride of his
mother's heart, and the stay of her de-
clining years. But a "strike" threw him
out of work, and, unable to endure the
privation and misery, he "listed." His
regiment was quartered at Fort George,
and he wrote regularly to his mother,
his letters getting more hopeful every
day, until he suddenly wrote to say that
his regiment was ordered to India, and
he begged her to send him her blessing,
as he had not enough money to carry
him to Liverpool. The aged mother felt
that she must look on her child's face
once more before she died. She begged
from a few ladies, whose kindness had
kept her from the workhouse, sufficient
money to carry her to Glasgow, and
from thence she had made her way, now
on foot, now tugging a lift in a passing
cart, to within a few miles of Fort
George, when she was caught in the
snow storm, and, wandering from the
road, would have perished in the storm,
but for Laddie.

"My wife is in tears, and Mary is sob-
bing audibly as the little woman con-
cludes her touching story, and I walk
to the window and look out for a moment
before I am able to ask her what her
son's name is. As I tell her that we
are but a few miles from Fort George,
and that I will send over for him, a
smile of content illumines the withered
face.

"His name is John Salter," she says.
"He is a tall, handsome lad; they will
know him by that."

I hasten down stairs and write a note
to Col. Freeman, whom I know inti-
mately, informing him of the circum-
stances, and begging him to allow John
Salter to come over at once; and I de-
spatch my groom in the dog-cart, that
he may bring him back without loss of
time. As I return to the house after
seeing him start, I meet Dr. Bruce.

"Poor old soul," he says, "her troubles
are nearly over; she is sinking fast. I
doubt whether she will live till her son
comes."

"How she could have accomplished
such a journey at her age I cannot un-
derstand," I say.

"Nothing is impossible to a mother,"
replies Dr. Bruce, "but it has killed her."
I go in, but I find I cannot settle
my usual occupations. My thoughts are
with the aged heroine who is dying up
stairs, and presently I yield to the fasci-
nation which draws me back to her pres-
ence. As Dr. Bruce says, she is sinking
fast. She clasps my wife's hand in hers,
but her eyes are wide open and have an
eager, expectant look in them.

"At what time may we expect them?"
whispers my wife to me.

"Not before four, I reply, in the same
tone.

"He will be too late, I fear," she says;
"she is getting rapidly weaker."

But love is stronger than death, and
she will not go until her son comes.

All through the day she lies dying, tak-
ing what nourishment is given to her,
but never speaking except to say, "My
lad, my lad! God is good; he will not
let me die until he comes."

At last I hear the dog-cart. I lay my
finger on my lips and tell Mary to go
and bring John Salter up very quietly.
But my caution is needless; the mother
has heard the sound, and with a last
effort she raises herself and stretches
out her arms—

"My lad, my lad!" she gasps, as with
a great sob she springs forward, and the
mother and son are clasped in each
other's arms once more. For a moment
they remain so, then the mother sinks
back on my wife's shoulder, and her
spirit is looking down from heaven on
the lad she so dearly loved when on
earth.

She lies in our little churchyard, un-
der a spreading yew tree, and on the
stone which marks her resting place are
inscribed the words,

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

Our Laddie has gained far spread re-
pute for his good works; and as I sit
finishing this record of which he is the
hero, he lies at my feet, our watchful,
faithful companion and friend.

Work.

We believe in work—good, honest,
hard work—work with the hands, work
with the head, and both combined. It
was man's original destiny, as well as
that of the entire animal creation. And
if we can call those operations which
are done without "consciousness or vol-
ition" work, then the vegetable king-
dom is full of workers.

But man, above all, because he needs
most. Some animals make themselves
dwellings like men, and wonderfully
nice ones; but where is the animal that
makes himself a suit of clothes? The
silk worm! No. His cocoon is the house
he works, or his vest, if you please; but
not his coat and trousers.

Animals gather their food, and store
it up for use, with great labor; but no
animal builds a fire and cooks it. Ani-
mals live on fruits and grains, but never,
in any conscious or voluntary way,
do they plant trees or sow corn.

The beaver is content to use his teeth
for an axe, and his tail for a trowel,
and does admirable work with both; but
man makes tools and machinery. The
squirrel crosses the river on a chip or a
piece of bark, making a sail of his bushy
tail—which is very clever of him; but
men make canoes and steamboats.

Thus, in clothing, cooking, agricul-
ture, tools and navigation, man is su-
perior as a worker to the whole ani-
mal creation. And when we come to
brain work, and writing, and artistic
operations, there is no sort of compari-
son.

Dignity in labor! Why, what dig-
nity is there in anything else? Who
ever thought of the dignity of idleness?
The only use or only excuse for play
and rest are that they enable us to
work the better. Rest is the pause in
which we gather strength to labor.
Recreation is the step-back which en-
ables us to spring forward with a great-
er force.

It would be a rash thing to say that
work could not be in excess, because
all must have rest and sleep; but it is
quite safe to say ten men are killed by
bad habits and bad conditions, for one
who is cut off by honest work. And
idle men are notoriously more short
lived than laborious ones. The oldest
men we know, and those who have
been preserving their faculties, have
been workers, and some of them very
hard workers, both mentally and phys-
ically.

And the workers certainly have the
most enjoyment. Ask any man who
has retired from business. Idleness
is to the soul, and makes happi-
ness impossible. Work brings cheer.
Excess of work is like all excesses; but
there is no better condition of life than
that of the man who is a wise and tem-
perate worker.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Sixty thousand Bibles or portions of
scripture have been bought by Russian
soldiers since they crossed the Pruth.

Drew Theological Seminary needed
\$300,000 to set it on its feet. Of this
\$100,000 has been subscribed, and the
friends of the institution are earnestly
calling for the other \$200,000.

The New York Court House will be
finished this coming summer. It has
cost thus far a little over twelve and a
half million dollars, and the trifling sum
of \$400,000 will finish it. Economical,
close fitted fellows, those New Yorkers.

The English explorers of Palestine
under Lieut. Kitchener, have discovered
a Crusader's chapel near the Mount of
Olives. The chapel, which seems to
date from the thirteenth century, stands
upon the spot assigned by tradition as
the place where Christ mounted the ass
to make his entry into Jerusalem. With-
in the chapel there is a square piece of
masonry or rock, supposed to be an altar
covered with paintings.

The Secretary's supplementary report
of last year showed 14,634 Granges on
a paying basis, with 588,537 members. This
did not include the order in Canada
that maintain an independent existence.
There, there are about 600 Granges, with
24,000 members. With one exception
the reports of the State Granges thus far
made public indicate losses of nominal
members, the exception being Georgia,
which returns 537 live Granges. It does
not, however, pay dues upon more than
120 Granges, which at this period is the
critical test.

The National Liberal League, which
held its convention at Rochester, passed
fourteen resolutions defining its plat-
form. These declare against Christianiz-
ing the Government, and in favor of
the taxation of church property and the
abrogation of Sabbatarian laws. The
sessions lasted three days, and the speak-
ers represented almost every shade and
degree of unbelief in what customarily
passes for religion. The league's treas-
ury contains \$320.

Hans Hendrick has written his mem-
oirs in Greenlandic, and they are to be
translated. Hendrick joined Kane's ex-
pedition in 1853, and when the vessel
was abandoned, married an Esquimaux
woman and settled near Smith's Sound.
In 1860 he accompanied Hayes and in
1871 Hall, and was, with his wife and
three children, picked up with the sur-
vivors of the Polar. In 1875 he was
with Nares. His book is said to be full
of interesting details concerning the Es-
quimaux life and language.

Chicken Salad.—Cut the white meat
of chickens into small bits the size of
peas; chop the white parts of celery
nearly as small; prepare a dressing as
follows: Rub the yolks of hard boiled
eggs smooth; to each yolk put half tea-
spoonful of mustard, the same quantity
of salt, a teaspoonful of oil, and a wine
glass of vinegar. Mix the chicken and
celery in a large bowl, and pour over
it this dressing just before it is used.

PERSONAL.

From India the Rev. N. Sheehadi
writes, that many of the native Chris-
tians under his care are starving.

Julia Kavenagh, the writer, has died
suddenly at Nice. She was 53 years old.
Her work was principally in novel-
writing.

Dr. Ayer, the insane medical million-
aire, is not in an insane asylum, but is
among his friends, and his case is in
the hands of scientific men.

Mr. Longfellow's daughter, a beauti-
ful blonde, "fair and golden-haired like
the morning," is to be married soon to
R. H. Dana.

Texas papers record the death of Thos.
J. Pilgrim, who in 1828 organized the
first Sunday School in that State, at San
Felipe, Austin County.

James Freeman Clarke advocates the
admission of women on equal terms with
men as a necessary step for Harvard,
and declares his confidence that the step
will soon be taken.

Miss Majors, the affianced bride of
the Earl of Aberdeen, is as distin-
guished for her intellect as for her per-
sonal attractions. The other day she
made no less than three lengthy speeches
in reply to public deputations present-
ing addresses of congratulation upon the
forthcoming event, and this notwith-
standing Lord Aberdeen was present to
have replied on her behalf had she deemed
it necessary.

The wife of Associate Justice Swayne,
of the United States Supreme Court, is
one of the few descendants of those to
whom the lands about Harper's Ferry
once belonged. She is a descendant of
Sarah Harper, the niece of Robert
Harper, for whom the place is named
and who was one of its early settlers.
Miss Sarah Harper married Mr. Wager,
of Philadelphia. Wager was Mrs.
Swayne's family name, and her eldest
son, General Swayne, of Toledo, bears
that name.

Queen Victoria celebrated Halloween
at Balmoral with quaint, old-fashioned
ceremonies. A brilliant procession of
torch bearers marched through the
grounds in the still, dark night, pre-
ceded by the Queen's pipers playing
lately. After them came the Princess
Wales and her little daughters, and the
Princess Beatrice, each carrying a flam-
ing torch aloft. After marching round
the castle several times the Princess
Alexandra and Beatrice lighted with
their torches the huge bonfire erected on
the green, and, with the rest of the gay
company, danced the torchlight dance
round the blazing pile, while the kindly
Queen looked on.

Our Boys.

Did you ever notice how long it takes
a boy's hair to dry when he has run
away and gone in swimming? It is
painful to be a boy with a mother con-
stantly in fear that you will be brought
home from the river on a board. The
boy is commanded not to go in swim-
ming and he swears he won't, but he
lies like a little trooper. He thinks he
will go in and not get his hair wet,
and no one will know it; but just as he
gets ready to come out of the water, a
big boy ducks him and then he swears,
and when he crawls in at a back window
at ten o'clock at night, his mother, with
a press-board hid in the folds of her
dress, is the first obstacle he encounters.
Does she believe him when he tells her
he has been prailing with the "first
nine" of a Sunday-school class? No!
She feels of his hair, finds it wet,
smells of it and finds it musty, and finds
his shirt wrong side out. Then she
spits upon her hands, and with the
press-board she works upon his tender
sensibilities so that he goes to bed with
his hand on his aching head, wishing
that he was a half orphan; and he
dreams that he is a stern wheel boat
running backward, and has collided
with a barge loaded with benzine on
fire. The best way for a boy to do in
summer, is to have his hair straight.

A Tasteful Arrangement.

A description of the window garden
of a friend may give a hint to flower-
lovers: A bay window with an easterly
and southeasterly exposure consti-
tutes her conservatory. A large box
supported on iron brackets at the cen-
tre window of the bay, is filled with
geraniums. Shelves, also on iron brackets,
are at the two side windows, upon
which pots of plants stand. A firm
bracket upon each side of the arch of
the window holds a pot with a trailing
vine. Four-armed bronze pot-brackets
are screwed into the wall just above
these, and can be turned to or from the
light, at pleasure. A rustic basket is
to hang from the centre of the arch;
while a wire flower-stand, on rollers,
will find its position in the window, or
can be moved away at convenience. She
says, "I sometimes put different vari-
eties of the same species of plants in the
same pot, mingling more varieties in a
hanging basket than elsewhere; but I
do not mix the species in this manner.
If that is done, the stronger plant
absorbs part of the life of the weaker one;
but neither thrive as well as when
kept separate."

**List of Patents Issued to Western In-
ventors.**

We are indebted to Thomas G. Orwig,
manager of the Iowa Patent Office, at Des
Moines, for the following list of Patents
recently granted to Western Inventors: (For
a printed copy of the drawings and speci-
fications of any patent desired, enclose 25
cents to Thomas G. Orwig, Solicitor of Patents,
Des Moines, Iowa.)

Plows.—Marshall Turley, Council
Bluffs, Iowa.

Wire-Screws.—Chas. F. Booth,
Winterset, Iowa.

Mill-Gearing.—Garret W. Scheems,
Muscatine, Iowa.

Annul-vices.—Albt. Anderson, Nebr-
ska City, Nebraska.

Butter-workers.—Royal W. Barna,d,
Fayette, Iowa.

Fire-bending and upsetting attach-
ments for punching and shearing ma-
chines.—Austin W. Comstock, Mount
Pleasant, Iowa.

Napkin-rings and holders.—John He-
berling, Iowa City, Iowa, assignor of one
half his right to George W. Marquard,
same place.

Cultivators.—Henry S. Hoyman, Stan-
wood, Iowa.

Breast-straps for harness.—Arthur G.
Kitt, Independence, Kas.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Caper Sauce.—Mix two ounces of
butter and one spoonful of flour to-
gether in a small saucepan, then add a pint
of broth, set on the fire and stir till
thickened, when add capers to the taste.
Give one boil, remove from the fire, add
salt, the yolk of an egg, beaten with one
spoonful of water, and serve with boiled
mutton or boiled fowl.

Lady Fingers.—Rub half a pound of
butter into a pound of flour, add half a
pound of sugar, grate in the rind of two
lemons and squeeze in the juice of one;
add three eggs; make into a roll the size
of the middle finger; it will spread in
the oven to a thin cake; dip in a choco-
late icing.

A Relish for Breakfast.—Take one-
fourth pound of fresh cheese, cut in
thin slices, put in a frying pan, turning
over it a large cupful of sweet milk;
add one-fourth teaspoonful of dry must-
ard, a pinch of salt and pepper and a
piece of butter the size of a butternut;
stir the mixture all the time. Roll three
Boston crackers very fine, and sprinkle
it in gradually, then turn at once into a
warm dish, to be sent to table imme-
diately.

Coffee Tablets.—A Frenchman roasts
coffee, grinds it to flour, moistens it
slightly, mixes it in twice its weight of
powdered white sugar, and then presses
it into tablets. One of these tablets can
be dissolved at any time in hot or cold
water, making at once the very perfect
coffee; and it is claimed that a
pound of berry will go much further
by this than by any other preparation
of the beverage.

Chess Pudding.—This is a supper
dish. In two quarts of boiling water
containing two table-spoonsful of salt,
stir one pound of yellow Indian meal,
and a quarter of a pound of grated
cheese; boil it for twenty minutes, stir-
ring it occasionally to prevent burning;
then put it in a greased baking pan;
sprinkle over the top a quarter of a
pound of grated cheese, and brown in a
quick oven. Serve it hot. If any re-
mains slice it cold and fry brown.

Improved Method of Plastering.

Mr. Hitchings, of Stoke Newington,
England, has introduced a new method
of forming ceilings and other plaster
work which, for durability, saving of
time, and cleanliness, is unrivaled. By
means of this system the plaster is pre-
pared beforehand in slabs, which are
fixed expeditiously to the joists, forming
the ceiling at once as it would be when
lathed and plastered with the two coats
of lime and hair in the old process.
The slabs or sheets are made in the fol-
lowing manner: A layer of plaster of
Paris in a moist or plastic state is spread
evenly on a flat surface surrounded by
raised edges of the form to produce the
desired level of the edges of the slab or
sheet of canvas or other woven fabric
of proper size, or a thin layer of loose
fibers, which is made to embed itself
into and adhere to the plaster. Two
lathes are then laid along two opposite
edges of the canvas, upon which another
layer of plaster is spread evenly, and
before it sets a rough broom is passed
over the surface of this second layer of
plaster to form a key for the finishing
coat. When the plaster is set the slabs
are nailed to the joists, as before men-
tioned, and the joists are made good
with plaster of Paris. The third or
finishing layer of lime and plaster is
then applied to the ceiling in the ordi-
nary way. Besides the advantages de-
rived from rapid fixing, with the mini-
mum of dirt and inconve-nience, the
new ceiling is practically unimpaired,
and very economical to put up.
Moreover, unlike the old plaster ceil-
ings, it can never become detached from
the joists; in fact, besides being self-sup-
porting, it braces and strengthens all
partitions and slight timbers.

**A Nervous Girl Suddenly Loses the
Power of Speech.**

The case of Miss Agnes Eagan, the
operative in a Fall River mill, is one of
singular interest. Following are the
facts of the case as near as can be learned:
Miss Eagan is a young lady nearly
twenty years of age, who lives with her
mother and two sisters, at the corner of
Seventh and Bedford streets, Fall River,
and has been employed for some time in
the Granite Mill, in that city. She is of
a very cheerful disposition, pleasant,
gentle and a favorite with all who knew
her. Her manner is refined and lady-
like; in feature and form she is comely,
and, for one in her position, she is re-
markably intelligent. But for the past
six weeks she has appeared like one in a
dream, sober, taciturn and melancholy,
as if she had a foreboding of some com-
ing misfortune. On Tuesday, the 6th
inst., she appeared more cheerful than
she had been for some time. She re-
tired at the usual hour, but on arising
the next morning was very much de-
pressed, and on being questioned as to
the cause replied: "I had a fearful dream
last night. I thought I went to the mill
and while talking with one of the girls,
and while talking with her I was sud-
denly unable to make any noise and did
not speak again, but was able to hear
anything which was said." Her friends
laughed at her, and said she was foolish
to let such a thing worry her, and en-
deavored to draw her mind from the
subject, but in vain. She continued to
talk about the matter while in the house,
and on arriving at the mill she told her
associates about it, and they also endeav-
ored to show her the folly of her fear,
but to no purpose. About 11 o'clock one
of her chums said to her: "Agnes, are
you going to the party to-morrow night?"
She replied: "No, I think not; I do—"
and she was dumb. Her dream was a
dream no longer, but a stern reality.
Not a sound could she make. The shock
was preceded by a sharp tingling sensa-
tion in the throat, extending through
the entire system. She made known
her condition by means of writing, and
a physician was summoned, who pro-
nounced the attack a