THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

WIFE AND MOTHER.

When she came to me first, a bride,
Clothed in whiteness—a lily fair—
Veiled and blushing and virgin-eyed,
With sweet bride-blossoms about her hair;
O, her beautiful, soft, blue eyes
Seemed like patches of summer skies
Seen in the depth of a sunlit stream,
Between the lilies that on it gleam!

Up to our home I led the way,
Under the low, budding apple-tree boughs;
In the pale red light of the dying day,
Breathing anew our marriage vows.
"Love," she whispered, "if such sweet bliss
Be sin, then death should come after this."
"Nay!" I whispered her back; "for me
Love is sufficient; let sweet life be!"

So in my home she took her place,
Ruling with wise and grave control;
All great hopes throve with a wond'rous grace,
Thanks to her tender and steadfast soul.
There, in the light of those fervent eyes
(Three beautiful bits of cloudless skies),
Summer and sweetness seemed to dwell
With me and my loved one—all was well!

Trice did she lay her burden down
At the foot of the Cross of Womanhood;
Thrice did she dip her martyr's crown
Deep in the sacramental blood.
Fair little children clasped her breast,
Cradled there to a brief, sweet rest,
Ere turning back to the beckoning hand
Stretched to them from the heavenly land.

Then in the tender and wistful eyes
Gathered a shadow of silent pain,
Even as over our mountain skies
Gathers the mist that turns to rain.
"Love," she whispered, "it was my sin
Our children's feet could not enter in
Into our home—so, to that far away
They call me, dear, and I must obey.

"Love! oh, love!" she sobbed, at my knee,
"My greatest sin was in loving you;
Even their dear, dead eyes could see
All the rest of my life rang true.
All the beauty of summer hours,
Songs of birds and color of flowers,
All the fragrance of dusk wood-ways,
I wove to a selfish hymn of praise."

Low on my hands she bowed her head—
O, the beautiful, long, fair hair,
Sweeping over my breast as she said
Words too sacred to breathe elsewhere!
Soft on my forehead her last kiss lay,
Sweet were the greetings she bade me say—
Words whose purport I may not tell,
Save the saddest and last—"Farewell."

So we found her, in robes of white,
Veiled and still, like a lily fair;
Her calm face turned to the setting light,
The old bride-blossoms about her hair.
Soft on her closed lips the faint light fell,
Sealing up secrets they erst might tell,
Shutting the sob in I yet could hear:
"Still I am with you and love you, dear."

—Millie W. Carpenter, in the Christian Union.

AN INVISIBLE WOUND.

One of the most celebrated practitioners of Pesth, Dr. K., was called upon one morning to receive at an early hour a visitor in great haste, who, while waiting in the ante-chamber, sent in word by the footman that delay for him was danger. He must be received immediately.

The Doctor threw on his dressing-gown hastily and had his patient shown in. He found himself in the presence of a man utterly unknown to him, but who, to judge by his dress and manners, evidently belonged to the best society. His pale face bore traces of great physical and moral suffering. He carried his right hand in a sling, and in spite of his efforts to restrain himself, from time to time a stifled sigh escaped him. Seeing the poor man stagger the Doctor invited him to sit down.

"I am tired. I have not slept for a week. There is something the matter with my right hand—I do not know what. Is it a carbuncle? Is it cancer? At first the suffering was slight, but now it is a burning, horrible, continual pain, increasing in intensity day by day. I can bear it no longer. I jumped into my carriage and here I am. I have come to beg you to cauterize it, or to cut out the painful part, for one more hour of this dreadful torture would drive me to perdition!"

The Doctor asked to see the hand, which the patient put into his, gnashing his teeth meanwhile from the intensity of pain, while the physician proceeded to undo the bandages with every possible precaution.

"Above all, Doctor, I beg of you not to attach any importance to what you will see. My complaint is so strange that you will be surprised, but I beseech of you to take no notice of it."

"Where is the painful spot? It is surprising. I see nothing."

"Nor I either; and yet the pain there is so dreadful that I feel tempted to knock my head against the wall."

The Doctor took a magnifying-glass, examined, and shook his head.

"The skin is full of life. The blood circulates very regularly. Underneath there is neither inflammation nor cancer. It is as healthy as any other part of your body."

"And yet it seems to me that it is rather more red there than elsewhere."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book and traced on his hand a circle as large as a ten-cent bit, with the remark, "Just here."

The Doctor looked. He began to think that his patient was crazy. "Remain here," he said. "In a few days I will cure you. The Doctor saw to his astonishment that his strange visitor spoke seriously. He took off his coat, turned up his shirt-sleeves and took a bistoury in his left hand. A second more and the steel would have made a deep incision in the flesh.

"Stop!" cried the Doctor, who was afraid that his patient through unskillfulness might open some important vein. "Since you judge the operation indispensable, so be it."

He took the bistoury, and holding in his left hand the right hand of the patient he begged him to turn away his head, some people not being able to bear the sight of their own blood.

"It is unnecessary! On the contrary, it is I who will indicate how deep down you must cut."

In fact, he watched the operation to the end with the greatest possible composure, indicating how far it was to go. The open hand did not even tremble in the Doctor's hand, and when the little piece of round flesh was cut out he heaved a deep sigh, like one who experiences a feeling of immense relief.

"The burning pain has ceased?"

"It has quite gone," said the stranger with a smile. "The pain has entirely ceased, as if it had been taken away with the part cut out. The slight pain occasioned by the bleeding is, as compared with the other, like a refreshing breeze after an infernal heat. It does me really good to see my blood flow. Only let it flow, it does me so much good."

The stranger looked with delight at the streaming blood. The Doctor was obliged to insist upon dressing the wound.

While he was binding it up the patient's face changed completely. The expression of pain passed away, he smiled on the Doctor with a look full of good-humor, and there was no longer any contraction of the features, any look of despair. He seemed to have taken a new lease of life. His brow cleared; the color returned to his face; his whole person underwent a visible transformation.

When his hand was replaced in the sling he made use of the one that remained free to shake the Doctor's hand warmly, saying to him with cordiality: "Accept my most sincere thanks. You have positively cured me. The small remuneration that I offer you is in no wise proportioned to the service you have rendered me. During the rest of my life I will try by what means I can discharge my obligation."

The Doctor, however, would not consent to accept the thousand florins placed on the table. The stranger on his side refused to take them back; but seeing that the Doctor was beginning to grow angry, he begged that he would bestow them on some hospital, and so took his leave.

The Doctor informed several of his colleagues of this singular case and each formed a different opinion on the subject without, however, any of them being able to give a plausible explanation. Towards the end of a month Dr. K. received a letter dated from his patient's residence. He opened it. It was closely written, and he saw by the signature that his patient had written it with his own hand, from which he concluded that the pain had not returned, for if it had he could hardly have held a pen. The letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR—I do not wish that either you or medical science should be left in doubt as to the mystery of the strange disease which will soon bring me to my grave—and even elsewhere. I am about to describe to you the origin of this terrible malady. It broke out a week ago, and I can struggle against it no longer. At the present moment I can only manage to trace these lines by placing on the sensitive part a piece of lighted tinder, to serve as a cataplasm. As long as the tinder burns I do not feel the other pain—and it is as nothing in comparison. Six months ago I was still a very happy man. I lived, without care, on my income. I was on friendly terms with all the world, and I took pleasure in every thing that can interest a man of 35. I had married a year ago, married for love, a most beautiful young girl of cultivated mind and with the best heart in the world, who had been companion to a certain Countess, my neighbor. My wife had no fortune, and the love she had for me was not only gratitude, but also the genuine affection of a child. Six months passed in such a way that the morrow always seemed to me happier than the eve. If sometimes I was obliged to go to Pesth and leave my home for a day, my wife had not a moment's peace. She would come two miles on the road to meet me. If I was belated she would stay awake all night waiting for me, and if, by dint of entreaty, she was prevailed upon to go and see her former mistress, who was still very fond of her, no power on earth could keep her there more than half a day, and even then her regrets for my absence put the others out of temper. Her fondness for me went so far as to make her give up dancing, so as not to be obliged to put her hand into a stranger's; and nothing caused her such grave displeasure as the compliments she was apt to receive. In a word, I had for a wife an innocent child, who had no thought but for me, and who would confess her dreams to me as enormous crimes if she had not dreamt of me.

"One day I know not what demon whispered in my ear, 'Supposing all this were dissimulation?' Men are mad enough to seek how they can torment themselves in the midst of the greatest happiness.

"My wife had a work-table, the drawer of which she kept carefully locked. I had noticed this several times. She never forgot the key, and never left the drawer open. The question ran in my head, 'What can she be hiding from me there?' I had taken leave of my senses. I no longer believed either in the innocence of her face or in the purity of her eyes, in her caresses or in her kisses. Suppose all that were nothing but hypocrisy?

"One morning the Countess came again to fetch her, and after much entreaty succeeded in deciding her to spend the day with her. Our estates were some miles apart, and I promised my wife to go and join her. As soon as the carriage had left the court-yard, I gathered together all the keys of the house and tried them in the lock of the little drawer. One of them opened it. I felt like a man committing his first crime. I was a thief about to surprise the secrets of a feeble woman. My hands trembled as I drew from the drawer, prudently, carefully, one by one, the objects contained therein, so that no confusion should betray that a strange hand had ransacked them. My breast heaved; I was well nigh suffocated. Behold, suddenly, beneath a mass of lace, I had placed my hand on a packet of letters! I felt as if a flash of lightning had passed from my head to my heart. Alas! one glance told me what these letters were. They were love-letters! The packet was tied by a pink ribbon with a silver edge. As I touched the ribbon the thought occurred to me: Is this right? Is this work worthy of an honest man? To steal the secrets of a woman! Secrets which belong to the time when she was a young girl! Can I ask her to render an account of the thoughts she had before she belonged to me? Can I be jealous of a time when she did not know me? Who could suspect her of a fault? Who? I was base enough to do so, and the devil again whispered in my ear: 'Supposing that these letters were of a time when I had already a right to all her thoughts, a right to be jealous even of her dreams, when she was already mine? I untied the ribbon. No one saw me. There was not even a mirror in the room to make me blush for myself. I opened one letter, then another, and read them to the end.

"Oh! what a fearful hour that was for me! What did those letters contain? The vilest betrayal of which a man was ever yet the victim; and they were written by one of my most intimate friends! And in what a strain! what passion! what certainty of his love being shared! How he spoke of secrecy! What counsels he lavished on the art of deceiving a husband! And all these letters were of a time when I was married and perfectly happy! Shall I tell you what I felt? Imagine the intoxication caused by a deadly poison. I drank deeply of that poison. I read all the letters—all. Then I refolded them, retied the ribbon, replaced the packet and shut the drawer.

"I knew that if I did not go for her at 12 o'clock she would come back from the Countess's in the evening. And so it happened. She got down hastily from the carriage and ran towards me as I stood waiting for her on the steps. She kissed me with extreme tenderness and seemed to be very glad to be with me again. I let nothing be seen on my face. We talked, we supped together and then retired to our separate bedrooms. I did not close my eyes. Wide awake, I counted every hour. When the clock struck a quarter past midnight I got up and passed into her bed-room. There was the beautiful blonde head buried in the white pillows. It is thus that angels are depicted in the midst of white clouds. What a frightful lie was this on the part of Nature; vice with a face of such innocence! My resolution was taken. I had the stubbornness of the madman haunted by a fixed idea. The poison had corroded my whole soul.

"I placed my right hand gently under her throat and hastily strangled her. She opened for one moment her large, bark blue eyes, looked at me with astonishment, then closed them and died. She died without struggling against me, as if falling asleep. She was never angry with me, not even when I killed her. One drop of blood fell from her mouth on the back of my hand. You know where; I did not perceive it until the next day, when it had dried. We buried her without any one suspecting the truth. I lived there in complete solitude; who was there to control my actions? She had neither relatives nor protectors to question me on the subject and I designedly put off writing to my friends, so that none of them could arrive in time.

"On coming back from the vault I did not feel the slightest weight on my conscience. I had been cruel, but she deserved it. I did not hate her; I could forget her; I hardly thought about it. Never did a man commit a murder with less remorse than I.

"On my return, I found in the chateau the Countess so often mentioned. My measures had been so well taken that she also arrived too late for the funeral. She seemed much agitated on seeing me. Terror, sympathy, grief—I know not what—made her speak so confusedly that I could not understand what she said to console me.

"Did I even listen to her? What need had I of consolation? I was not sorrow-stricken. Finally she took me familiarly by the hand and said in a low voice that she was obliged to confide to me a secret and that she counted on my honor as a nobleman not to abuse it. She had given to my wife to keep for her a package of letters that she could not keep herself, and she begged of me to give them back to her. While she was speaking I felt several times that I shivered from head to foot. With apparent coolness I questioned her on the contents of these letters. At this question the lady started and replied with indignation:

"'Sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took charge of these letters she did not ask me their contents. She even gave me her word never to look at them, and I am convinced that she never even glanced at them. Hers was a noble soul, and she would have disdained to break in secret her given word.'

"'It is well,' I replied. 'How shall I recognize the package?'

"'It was tied by a pink ribbon with a silver edge.'

"'I will go and search for it.'

"I took my wife's keys and began to search for the packet; although I knew where it was, I pretended to have some difficulty in finding it.

"'Is it this?' I said, handing it to the Countess.

"'Yes, yes! See, the knot I made is still there. She never touched it.'

"I did not dare to lift my eyes to her. I feared lest she should read in them that I had undone it, and that I had undone something else besides. I took leave of her hastily; she got into her carriage and drove off. Poor woman, she had her excuse. Her husband was brutal and dissipated. If I had been like him I should have deserved a wife like her. Oh! but my wife! Her heart was innocent, her soul angelic! She loved her husband even in the moment when her husband killed her. I do not know what I did during the first hour that followed. When I came back to the consciousness of the horrible reality, I was in the vault, beside the coffin. I saw the lid slowly raised and the dead woman within rose noiselessly before me. I was stretched, stiff and stark, beside the coffin, one hand on its edge and the other beneath her head. The lips of the corpse were white; one drop of blood hung from them. She bent slowly towards me, opened her eyes as when I murdered her, and kissed my right hand. The drop of blood fell again on my flesh; her eyes shut once more; she fell back on her cold pillow and the coffin closed over her dead body.

"A short time after I was awakened by a pain as sharp as that produced by a scorpion's sting. I rushed into the open air. It was early morning. No one saw me. The drop of blood had disappeared; there was no outward sign of the pain, and yet the spot where the blood had fallen burned as though being eaten away with a corroding poison. The pain gave me no respite and increased from hour to hour. I could sleep sometimes, but even then I never lost consciousness of my suffering. There was no one to whom I could make complaint, and for that matter there was no one who would have believed my story. You have been witness to the intensity of my suffering, and you know how much your operation relieved me. But as soon as the wound heals the pain comes back. It has come now for the third time, and I have no longer the strength to struggle against it. In an hour I shall be dead. One thought consoles me—as she has avenged herself on me in this world she will, perhaps, forgive me in the next. I thank you for your good offices. May God reward you for them!"

A few days after, the newspapers of Sz—— recorded that one of our richest landed proprietors had blown out his brains. Some attributed the suicide to grief at his wife's death; others, who were better informed, to an incurable wound. Those who knew best said he was a monomaniac, and his wound, which could not be cured, existed only in his imagination.—*From the Hungarian of Maurus Jokai.*

A Female Tramp Killed.

At Vincennes, Ind., on the morning of the 15th, the body of a woman attired in male dress was found lying dead across the side-track of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, about 75 feet from the west end of the platform at the Union Depot. She was lying upon her face, and the only external sign of injury was a deep scalp wound above the right temple, such as might have been caused by a blow or severe fall. An examination by physicians revealed the fact that she had died of concussion of the brain. The theory advanced for her death is as follows: She is supposed to have been acting the part of a male tramp, either from some necessity or design, and, true to her assumed calling, was engaged in stealing a ride upon the night express east, and upon nearing the station attempted to jump off while the train was yet in motion, with fatal effect. Nothing is known as to her identity, unless a much-soiled piece of paper (evidently torn from the margin of some newspaper) with the following indefinite, almost illegible words written upon it in a fair hand may be so regarded:

"My name is Anne Mehan, Louisville. If any thing should happen me, the party finding this will send me ——"

The remaining all-important words could not be read, even by the aid of a strong magnifying glass. The only remaining article which may lead to the identity of the unfortunate young woman found upon her person was a much soiled silk handkerchief, of saffron center and light blue border, having the initials P. J. worked upon it in one corner in white silk. She had on a brown pair of jeans pants, dark coat, blue shirt, gaiters and straw hat. She is of decided masculine appearance, being about five feet high, squarely built, hands large and coarse, features rather pleasant and short, curly auburn hair; apparently about 25 years of age.

—Hard water used for cooking purposes coats the surface of meat or vegetables boiled in it with lime to such an extent as sometimes to render them hard to digest; this action results from the presence of lime salts, and may be counteracted by soaking the dried vegetables over night, draining and cooking them in fresh water; very soft water, either rain or spring water, does not answer as a substitute for hard water. Medium soft water is the best for general cooking purposes, although vegetables boiled in it without salt are often soft and tasteless. Boiling water well salted should always be used for boiling vegetables. Medium soft water makes the best tea and coffee.

—To make the hands soft and white, one of the best things is to wear at night large mittens of cloth filled with wet bran or oatmeal, and tied closely at the wrist. For the face, oatmeal paste is as efficacious as any thing, though less agreeable than the paste made of egg, alum, and rose-water. The alum astringes the flesh and makes it firm, while the egg keeps it sufficiently soft, and the rose-water perfumes the mixture and makes the curd softer.

FARM TOPICS.

INFLUENCE OF THE STOCK AND GRAFT.—In budding or grafting trees it is folly to use a diseased stock, as it will, in nine cases out of ten, communicate the disease to the graft. Also avoid unhealthy buds, as a graft taken from a diseased tree is liable to affect the stock; for instance, a bud from a peach tree having the yellows will convey this disease to the stock. The following general rules contain the whole matter in a nutshell: In a favorable climate and soil, where the greatest growth, duration and development in any fruit is desired, choose a stock of a closely similar nature to the graft, as an apple seedling for an apple and a pear seedling for a pear. If, however, dwarf trees that come into bearing very young are required, then employ for a stock an allied species of slower growth, and if the soil and climate be unfavorable, use a stock adapted to the soil, or one which will, by its hardier roots, endure the cold.—*N. Y. World.*

SALT, SULPHUR AND CHARCOAL FOR PIGS.—We have observed that when pigs are fed a great deal of hearty food, they are fond of salt and charcoal. Pigs are often affected with indigestion, and the salt and charcoal are good remedies. We can not very well mix these things with their food in the right proportion, and, moreover, it would not be best to attempt to force a pig to eat them unless it wanted to, or else its appetite might be destroyed and harm come from the experiment; but by mixing the salt and charcoal together, and putting them in a box accessible to the pigs, they will eat no more than they require. There is no danger in putting either salt, charcoal or sulphur, where the pigs can get them, but to mix them in their food might injure them, especially if any one of them should possess a voracious appetite. Hogs will eat a considerable quantity of sulphur, and it is exceedingly healthful to them as a purifier of the blood, and to help them to get rid of the vermin which infest their bodies inside and out. We want the pigs we are going to eat to have plenty of sulphur, at least all they will take. Their flesh makes better food.—*F. D. Curtis, in Rural New Yorker.*

PRODUCTION AND KEEPING OF EGGS.—Oftentimes it is a matter of importance to keep eggs for a time. When prices rule low, they may be preserved in comparative freshness for several weeks, even in July and August, if care be taken to place them on end as soon as brought in from the nest. One not accustomed to the handling and care of eggs can form no idea of the shortness of time required for the yelk of an egg to settle on one side, where it adheres to the shell and quickly spoils in warm weather. Always place the egg on the big end. I have tried both ends, and have decided in favor of the former position. Eggs should be gathered from the nest every day, and where there are many hens kept, twice in a day. It matters not for what purpose we desire eggs, the hens that produce them should always be young and healthy. Eggs that are to be kept for any length of time should always be those from young hens, or, if two years old, only from those in perfect health. If this rule is closely observed by breeders who export eggs for hatching, from one locality to another, there would be better satisfaction given. It is of much importance that the eggs have perfect shells, and a hen not in perfect health may drop her eggs regularly, yet the shells may possess imperfections that render them unfit either for keeping or hatching. A hen in perfect health will not drop an egg daily for more than three days in succession. Fowls that are confined in narrow inclosures for any length of time can not be in perfect health. They are forced out of their natural habits, and the restraining of nature tells on the system, sooner or later. For immediate use, their eggs, perhaps, are as good as any. With increasing age the shells grow thinner, and some drop them with no shells at all. Strength and stamina of the system, supported by good wholesome food, produce the shell. It is a calcareous substance that forms around the egg after it is perfected in the oviduct. The completed egg consists of several component parts, each one of which draws on the vital energy and stamina of the bird, which is so formed that its body performs its natural functions in regular order when in health. We must consider that they are forced out of their natural order when we feed them up for great egg production. Did any one ever hear of a wild bird that dropped a soft egg, or ever see a shelless egg that was dropped by a wild bird? We have produced poultry that do not sit. Nature intended the hen to sit on her eggs for three weeks, and afterwards to nurse and run with her chicks for four or five weeks longer. In this interval the system gains tone and strength. It is an entire change; a division of labor, and the fowl gathers strength and tone for future egg-production. The regular sitters seldom drop more than 16 eggs in a clutch, and then comes broodiness. Our non-sitters are the result of successful breeding from fowls which had manifested little desire to sit. It was a great achievement. They are a manufactured race, and must be cared for differently from the old common breeds much given to sitting and little laying. Many years back perpetual layers were unknown, as well as the production of eggs in winter. Among the birds of the air there is one species known as "cow blackbird," that never sits, but perpetuates its kind by dropping its eggs into the nests of other birds, by which the young are brought up. Generally the nest of a smaller bird is chosen, and in rearing the smaller birds are frequently robbed of their food and perish, the overgrown bird's beak getting the larger share of food. The cow blackbird can not be any great layer, or their eggs are discarded by the other birds thus imposed upon, for the species is not very plentiful. Eggs dropped in May and June keep much better than those dropped later in the season. The reason is that the fowls are in better condition. After the middle of July, the close summer heats and sultry nights come on, and the birds are more or less exhausted. The molting season is close at hand, and the whole system is preparing for a change, the recovery from which is a question of time and care. By this time, if left unheeded, their roosting-places have become foul and infested with vermin. From this time out, stimulants and mild tonics should be given to the perpetual layers as required. To be thoroughly profitable, these fowls should not be kept over the second winter, unless it be in exceptional cases. There is no brood of fowls that accepts management as readily as the Brahmas. They yield to confinement, in time, place and food, without repining, yet they are tender, and require more care and forethought in feeding than any of the other races of sitters. Perfect eggs, after once obtained, should be set up on end in good, sweet, clean oats, and kept in a cool place, and there will be found little difficulty in saving them to obtain a fair price at the fall markets. They must possess good, thick, perfect shells, or they will not keep.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—The women in Kansas vote at the school elections. At a recent election at Osage City one woman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the Judges what a time her Willie had with the scarlet fever when he was only 2 years old, it was time to close the polls and she had forgotten to deposit her ballot.—*Burdette.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Table.

—Boiled Okra: Boil the tender pods in salted water for twenty minutes, and serve with butter, pepper, salt and vinegar.

—Huckleberry Pie is much improved by adding a couple of sliced harvest apples to each pie. Cover the berries with the sliced apple and bake with an upper crust.

—Okra and Tomatoes: Peel and slice eight good-sized tomatoes, cut into rings the same number of tender okra pods and chop fine two small green peppers; boil in a porcelain kettle—iron discolors the okra—for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Season with butter and salt.

—Tomatoes and Corn: Peel and cut into slices eight large tomatoes, cut and scrape the corn from half a dozen ears and mince one medium sized onion; mix together and stew half an hour. Season with butter, pepper and salt, and simmer fifteen minutes longer.

—Lima Beans and Corn: Boil a pint of shelled beans in water just to cover for ten or fifteen minutes. Cut corn from half a dozen ears and add to the beans; boil twenty minutes or half an hour, adding hot water as needed to keep from burning. Season with pepper, salt, and two tablespoonfuls of butter.

—Gumbo Soup: One chicken, fried brown; one gallon water, four slices of ham; put this on the fire to cook slowly from eight o'clock to twelve m.; have ready one quart of okra, chopped fine, one pint green corn, one pint tomatoes, peeled, one onion, chopped fine; salt and pepper to taste. Let all cook till done.

—Tough Steak: Instead of pounding, cut it with a sharp knife, making fine parallel cuts on either side until every part has been crossed and recrossed. Press it together and lay on a wire broiler. Hold close to the fire until each side is seared to retain the juice, then turn and tend with the utmost care. Place the steak upon a hot platter and season with bits of butter, pepper and salt.

—Scalloped Tomatoes: Peel and cut into slices one-fourth of an inch thick as many ripe tomatoes as you wish to fill your baking-dish; put into the dish, first, a layer of tomatoes, seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, then a layer of bread-crumbs, and so alternate until the dish is nearly full, having bread-crumbs last; cover and bake half an hour, then remove the cover and bake brown.

—Tomato Salad: Take off the skins with a sharp knife, cut into thin slices and lay in a salad-bowl. Make a dressing by working a teaspoonful each of salt and made mustard, half a teaspoonful of pepper, the yelks of two hard-boiled eggs, with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; then whip in with a fork five tablespoonfuls of good vinegar. Pour over the tomatoes and set on ice or where it is cool for an hour before serving.

—Tomato Soup: Take a shin-bone, have it broken, and put in soup-kettle with five quarts of cold water; allow it to boil steadily and skim; in an hour put in four dozen of good-sized tomatoes; do not skin them; boil until your soup is reduced to one-half; take a potato-masher and crush the tomatoes; pass through a strainer; return to kettle, and remove the beef before serving; season with salt and pepper. This is a plain country tomato soup.

Miscellaneous.

—To Clean Gentlemen's Coats: Grate into a quart of warmish water four large potatoes. Let the pulp settle, pour off the liquid, and sponge well with it.

—Every one may not know that a small quantity of nitrate of soda put into the water every time it is changed will preserve cut flowers for more than a fortnight.

—To Keep Black Ants Out of the Sugar Barrel: Draw a big mark with common chalk around the barrel, and the work is done. The small red ants (a real pest) are easily banished by a free use of cayenne pepper placed and blown into their resorts.

—For freckles, take one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a pound of powdered borax, and half a dram of sugar. Mix them, using sufficient water, and let them stand a few days in a glass bottle until the liquor is fit for use, then rub it on the face and hands occasionally.

—The following is said to be a cheap and simple remedy for exterminating rats: Take a mixture of two parts of well bruised common squills and three parts of finely chopped bacon made into a stiff mass with as much meal as may be required, and then bake into small cakes; put down for the rats to eat.

—In canning pumpkin it is better to steam it than to boil it. When steamed quite tender take it out in a dish and mash fine and free from lumps. Put again in a kettle over the fire and stir it continually to keep it from burning, which must on no account be allowed. When boiling hot put it in the cans and seal as quickly as possible.

—The following are things housekeepers will want to know: That boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. That a teaspoonful of turpentine, boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little spermaceti, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved. That beeswax and salt will make flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass; tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose; when the irons are hot, rub them with the waxed rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new. That kerosene will make teakettles as bright as new; saturate a woolen rag and rub with it; it will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

Gen. Forrest's Desperate Game of Poker.

Several years ago Gen. Forrest visited the city and stopped at the old City Hotel. That night several gentlemen called to see him, among them a gentleman now connected with the *Banner*. The room had been crowded during the early part of the night, and Forrest had received the usual attention bestowed on him. Now, however, he was sitting off to himself, and appeared worn and tired out. Our informant, wishing to have a talk with him about himself, sought him, and entered into conversation with him:

"General," says he, "I've heard you were a great poker-player in your time."

"Yes," says the General, "I have played some," and his eyes began to sparkle with the memory of old times, and he at once seemed interested in the subject, for be it known that no one was fonder than he in recounting his wonderful exploits.

"How much, General, was the largest stake you ever played?"

"I once called $48,000 in New Orleans."

"Did you win?"

"Oh, yes! I won it."

"What was your hand, General?"

"It was three kings."

"But," says he, "the hardest game I ever played was at Memphis. Just after the War closed, me and my wife went to Memphis, and we stopped at the Worsham House. The next morning we got our things together, and I emptied all my papers out of my trunk on the floor, and Mary (I'm not certain his wife's name was Mary, but that will do for the tale) went over and over them, hunting for something to raise money out of. I emptied my pockets and Mary emptied her n, and between us we had seven dollars and thirty cents. After hunting over every thing, we found that every man who owed me was either dead or broke. I hadn't one single paper on which I could raise a cent cotton. After we got through the pile, I looked at Mary and Mary looked at me. 'Now, what's to be done, Mary?' says I. 'I don't know,' says she, 'but the Lord will provide.' You see, Mary was one of the best women in the world, and she had a heap of faith in her religion. I looked at her right straight a long time, and at last says I, 'Mary, you are a mighty good woman, and I'm going to tell you something. There's to be a big dinner at —— this evening, and I'm invited. They always play poker at that house, and you have always been agin me playing, and I reckon you are right about it. But things have become desperate with us, and somehow I feel if you wouldn't be agin me, but would pray for me, I could make a raise tonight.'

"Says she: 'Bedford, I can't do it. It's wrong for you to do it, and I'd heap rather you wouldn't.'

"'But, Mary,' says I, 'I never was in such a fix before. Here we are with no money but $7.30, and that wouldn't pay our tavern bill. I can't lose no more than that, for I'll swear I won't bet on a credit. If I lose that I'll come home, and if I win then we'll have something to start on.' Well, I argued and argued with her, but she wouldn't say yes. But at last she says:

"'Bedford, I know your mind is set on it, and I know you are going to bet, whether I'm willin' or not—so I won't say nothing more about it.'

"But, somehow, I felt when I started that she was for me, and I just knowed how 'twould be.

"Well, I went some time before dinner, and, sure enough, they were at it. They had three tables—one had a quarter ante, one a half, and one a dollar and a half. I wanted my seven dollars to last as long as I could make it, and so I sat down to the quarter table. We bet on until dinner, and by that time I had won enough to do better; and, after we had eat, I sat down to the dollar and a-half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose on until nigh about midnight, and then I had better luck. I know'd Mary was sitting up and praying; I felt like it and it made me cool. I set my hat down by my side on the floor, and every time I'd win I'd drop the money in the hat. We played on, and I didn't know nothing about how much I'd won. I didn't keep any count, but I know'd I was winning. I thought may be I'd won a hundred dollars, or may be two hundred, but I didn't know. I set there until day broke, and then we went home. I took my hat up in both hands and mashed it on my head, and went home so without taking it off. When I got to my room there sat Mary in her gown, and the bed wasn't mashed. She'd set up all night waiting for me. She seemed tired and anxious, and, though she looked mighty hard at me, she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, and, pulling off my hat with both hands, I emptied it all right in the lap of her gown. And then we set down and counted it.'

"How much was there, Gen'l?"

"Just fifteen hundred dollars even."

"And that," added the General, as he walked off, "gin me a start."—*Nashville Banner.*

Practical Results of a Lady's Prayer.

MANCHESTER, O., Aug. 15.—We have one of the most extraordinary cases here. Whether it be a miracle or not, we will leave it for the reader to decide. The person is Mrs. Clay Cooley, a most estimable and devoted wife and Christian woman. She has been afflicted with spinal disease for ten years, unable to turn herself in her bed, and could not stand alone without her braces.

On the night of the 12th she prayed all night, and next morning she said to her husband: "I am cured! I am cured!" and "I am so hungry." Mr. Cooley said: "I will get up and get breakfast; you have not rested any; lay down and I will bring your breakfast." After the meal was ready, he came in and announced it. She said: "I will get up and go to it." Her husband got her braces for her, but she said: "I don't want them. I can walk," and at once rose up, when she turned deathly sick. She laid back and offered up a fervent prayer that she might get up and walk. After the prayer she raised up, got out of bed and dressed herself. Her little family, astonished, gathered around her, she telling them she could now walk as well as they. After breakfast she said, "I must let my neighbors know," and out she went walking and shouting into their houses. She is still walking to-day, and to all appearances as well as any body could be.—*Special Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.*

An Important Geological Fact.

Geology has shown us that Nature accomplishes her greatest revolutions in the earth's surface conformation *slowly*. Every year the river makes its channel deeper, the glacier wears a deeper gorge in the Alpine rock and the ocean tide deposits the sand it has crumbled from the rocks upon which it breaks. We note the earthquake and the devastating hurricane; but these changes are so gradual man seldom observes them until the channel has become overhanging cliffs, or a mountain has disappeared before the icy stream, or the ocean has given us a Florida. Thus it is in disease. Our attention is attracted by acute diseases, as fevers, cholera, etc., while chronic diseases (often the most dangerous in result), being slow in their development, are seldom noticed until they have made an almost ineffaceable impression upon the system. Persons believing themselves comparatively healthful are oftimes the victims of these diseases, and only become aware of their presence when relief is almost impossible. Diseases of the liver and stomach are the commonest of these chronic affections. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are never-failing remedies for these diseases. They produce a healthful secretion of the bile, prevent indigestion by regulating the bowels, and impart a vigorous tone to the whole system.

THE cordial reception that Dr. F. Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic has received at the hands of the medical profession in Louisiana certainly proves that it is an excellent remedy, and that the composition of it, as published by its proprietors, Wheelock, Finley & Co., of New Orleans, is indorsed by them. Against Chills and Fever, Dumb Chills and enlarged spleen there is no better remedy in the world. For sale by all Druggists.

—Speaking of the force of habit, reminds me of an ex-school teacher, now rejoicing in a husband much taller than herself, who, when about to kiss him at the altar, pulled his head down to hers by one ear.—*New England Educational Monthly.*

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