THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

EPISODE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

In his wind-shaken tent the soldier sits,
Beside him flares an oil-lamp smokily,
Whose dim light gloams and flickers on the sheets
Of rustling paper that with eager eyes
And heart, intent he reads. Now with a smile
The flaxen-bearded sunburnt face lights up—
A smile that in the smiling breeds pain
Within his yearning heart: the gentle hand
That those sweet, loving words hath traced, will be
Ever anon in his protecting clasp
Enfold it? Who can tell? He can but kiss
With wild intensity the page that hand
Hath touched. Each line, each word read and re-read.
At last there is no more. With swimming eyes
He looks, and drinks her name into his soul.
Yet see those lines with pencil widely ruled,
Where largely sprawl big letters helplessly;
What do they say, those baby characters,
"Loved Papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear papa?"

As he reads this the tent to him grows darker,
His stronger hand trembles, and the hot tears burn
In his blue eyes, and blur the straggling words.
What need to see? The words are stamped upon
His heart, and his whole soul doth feel them there.
The wind on gusty wings sweeps by, and lo!
With its wild voice, his child's sweet treble mingles
In accents faintly clear:
"Loved Papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear papa?"

And now his head is bowed into his hands,
His brave heart for a moment seems to climb
Into his throat and choke him. Hark! what sound
Thus sharply leaps among, and slays the sad
Wind-voices of the autumn night, with shrill
And sudden blast The bugle-call "To arms!"
And startled sleepers, at its fierce appeal,
Half-dreaming clutch their swords, and gasping wake.
How many soon to sleep again in death!
And on that father's heart the pealing cry
Strikes cold as ice, though soldier there's none braver,
For still above the bugle's thrilling breath
That pealing child's voice sweetly calls:
"Loved Papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear papa?"

. . . . . .

Across a rough hillside the light of dawn
Doth coldly creep, with ruthless torch reveal-ing
All that in darkness had been hid, and there,
Amongst the stalwart forms that stiffening lie
Upon the blood-soaked ground, where they fell the night
There is one found, the flaxen hair and beard
Dark clotted with gore, a bullet in his heart
A crumpled paper in his hand was clutched,
Against the cold lips the rigid hand did press
Some childish writing by his life-blood stained.
What are the words? One scarce can read them now
"Loved Papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear papa?"

—*Temple Bar.*

SUNDAY.

O blessed day! that like a golden isle
Clasped by a cloudless sky and sunny sea,
Lies 'mid the waves of time that endlessly
Fret round about us—well might thy deep smile
Our wearied souls into belief beguile.
The earth were tuned to sweetest harmony,
We drank of passing peace, and should go free
From life's dark tempest for a little while.
In time, methinks the proudest star of all
That shimmering hung on high, life's fevered flow
For a brief hour glides with such gentle fall
Past the fair blossoms which beside it blow,
That on its peaceful breast unruffled shine
The wide-spread heavens filled with God's breath divine.

—*Stuart Sterne.*

THE CROOK LADDER.

A Fairy Story From Donegal.

Several old crones were assembled in Grace McDonagh's kitchen, drinking her health and that of her new-born daughter, who had just been dressed, and was laid down to sleep at the foot of the bed. A tribe of brothers and sisters were packed into the large bed in the inner room; but poor Grace was as well pleased with the ugly, red-faced newcomer as if she had been her only child.

A kind mother, excellent wife, and obliging neighbor, Grace was very popular; so the good women in the wide-chimney-corner drank her health very heartily, and wished Joseph McDonagh at the same time joy of the child and of his new situation, that of bailiff to Mr. Todd, of Bunerana Castle.

The house was built in an exposed spot, on the side of a hill that commanded a view of a large portion of the property to which McDonagh had just been made bailiff. Down below was the castle, nestling in gardens and plantations, and beyond it lay the old town of Bunerana, and the lough, bold mountains pale in the distance bounding the horizon. It was an extensive and beautiful landscape, but the McDonaghs had no idea that the situation was picturesque; they knew that it was cold and bleak, and exposed to every wintry storm that swept across Lough Swilly.

As Grace slept, and her attendants caroused by the fireside, a feeble little wail was heard. Mrs. Rooney got up and went over to the foot of the bed where she had laid the infant. What was her amazement to see two babies where she had placed but one! Two little puckered faces; two lilac pink frocks; two white pinafores! There did not appear to be the slightest difference between them.

Mrs. Rooney's cry of terror and astonishment brought all the women round the bed, and awakened the poor weary mother. Exclamations of "Save us!" "Dear, but that beats all!" mingled with the feeble wailings of the two babes.

"What 'll we do, anyway? There's something bad an' uncanny here!" cried Mrs. Rooney. "Which o' these weans is the richt ane?"

"Gie them to me, an' hand me thon big knife off the dresser," said the mother. "I'll kiss them baith, and the one my heart warms to will be my ain child; as for the other one, I'll just settle it wi' the knife."

"Stand back, you women, there," commanded Mrs. Rooney, speaking authoritatively in her character of nurse. They obeyed, sitting down again beside the fire.

"Now gie them to me," said Grace, holding out her hands.

Mrs. Rooney handed her one of the infants. She kissed it, and laid it beside her on the pillow.

"My heart warmed to it, Molly Rooney dear; that's my ain child. Now gie me the wee rascal that's come to this house for no good end."

She took the second babe and stretched out her shaking hand for the knife, prepared to cut its throat; but at that very instant there was a noise heard overhead, and a small, beautifully dressed, and very pretty lady came down the wide chimney, using the chain of the crook as a ladder. She bounded over the fire, across the room, and stood beside the bed.

In one second she had snatched the child out of Grace's hands, and ran back to the fire-place, turning to shake it furiously at her, as she cried, "You'll rue the day you tried to hurt my child."

She sprang upon the hob, put her tiny dainty feet into the links of the chain one after another, mounted them as a staircase, and was out of sight like a whirlwind.

"Oh, my poor wean," sobbed the exhausted mother, sinking back upon her pillow, "she'll hae ye yet!"

"Na, na, Grace," said Mrs. Rooney, in soothing tones, "she'll no get your wean; but it'll tak you to watch it weel, an' never leave it its lane in the house unless you put the tongs across the cradle. But sure you ha' plenty o' childer to watch it."

Joseph McDonagh was spending the night in a neighbor's cabin, and the women were really afraid to venture out of doors to call him; besides, what good could he have done had he been there? They sat on, telling quaint and strange stories about the wee folk, some of which had been told them by their parents, and others that had come under their own observation; but all agreed that so strange a circumstance as that just witnessed was a bad thing for the neighborhood, and especially for the McDonagh family.

"I never affronted the 'gentry' to my knowledge," sighed the poor mother, "but Joe helped Mr. Todd's gardener to cut down the old hawthorn tree on the lawn Friday was eight days; an' there's them that says it's a very bad thing to do. I fleeched him not to touch it, but the master offered him six shillings if he'd help wi' the job, for the other men refused." She sighed again and shut her eyes.

"That's the way of it," whispered the crones over their pipes and poteen; "that's just it. The gude man has had the ill luck to displeasure the 'gentry,' an' there'll be trouble in this house yet."

Grace did not hear these cheerful prophecies, for she had dropped asleep.

Weeks passed and the augury had not been fulfilled. Little Eliza throve apace, but her mother never lost sight of her for a moment.

She lay fast asleep in her cradle near the fire one day, while Grace, standing at the dresser, was occupied in cutting up vegetables with the large knife. All at once a tumult of the elements arose. A rush of cold wind hurried up the mountain, and whirled round the house. Grace was startled at the sudden sound, and dropped the knife in terror. The door burst open, and the hurricane dashed into the kitchen, overturning the cradle, and driving it bottom upward across the floor. Grace ran to lift it up and see what had become of the baby. The little creature was crying, and both her pretty, straight ankles were twisted and her feet turned inward. It was long before she ceased to scream.

The storm subsided as suddenly as it had arisen, but the mysterious evil it had brought the child did not end. She became sickly and very fretful, and the other children grew weary of nursing her. They had been very fond of Eliza, but they now began to dislike her, and the poor overworked mother could hardly ever lay her out of her arms.

Weeks, months, years went by. Eliza was five years old, but looked like a child of 18 months, so small and shrunken was she. She still fitted into the cradle, and therein spent most of the day. She had been a very sorrowful burden to her mother all these years, and her cross, fretful temper had driven joy and contentment far from the cabin. The healthy, rosy elder children were sometimes so provoked with their wailing sister that they would have hurt her if their mother had not watched them very carefully. But though so sickly, Eliza was much cleverer than any of her strong brothers and sisters. She said extraordinary things, that were repeated from house to house in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Rooney, happening to pay Grace McDonagh a visit one day, saw Matt, the eldest brother, give Eliza a wicked pinch as he passed the cradle; and when the unfortunate child's howl had a little subsided, the wise neighbor took upon herself to speak a word in season.

"Do you no mind what happened the night thon wean was born, Grace darlin'?"

"Do I mind it? Richtly I mind it, Mrs. Rooney."

"An' the time her feet was turned in?"

"Ay, it's weel I mind it."

"Weel, Grace, if you tak' my bidding, you'll no let the childer offer to touch thon wean to hurt her; for if you do, knowin' what she is, some black trouble 'll be coming to this house."

"Is it a wee elf, then, Mrs. Rooney dear, that was put in the place o' my ain child, do you think?"

"Is it?" cried the neighbor, scornfully; "an' do you ax me sich an innocent question, an' you working wi' the crathur these five year? Sure enough it's an elf, Grace McDonagh, an' if you hurt it, your ain child will be hurted just as much; an' if it's kilt in this house, your ain child 'll come to its end where it is, and that's wi' the 'gentry' in their grand parlors under-ground, as sure as I'm a living sinner this day!" concluded she, dropping her voice to a mysterious whisper.

Poor Grace was deeply impressed. She called her healthy children around her, and threatened them with all manner of penalties if they ventured again to ill-treat Eliza, promising to complain to their father, of whose more energetic correction they all stood in much terror. But she had a tenderness for the wailing child, so hated by the rest of its little world; and although she believed Mrs. Rooney, she believed her most unwillingly. "Maybe the poor crathur 'll no be very long troublesome. She looks but sickly; she'll die quietly, an' you'll get rid o' the trouble that way," said the wise Mrs. Rooney, in comforting accents, as she got up to take leave.

Grace sighed. She took Eliza out of the cradle, and pressed her to her bosom. Even though she were a changeling, she was dearer to the woman's heart than her own child, growing up somewhere or other in fairy-land, and she did not wish to see her die. For the true Eliza, stolen at a few weeks old, was almost forgotten; while this unfortunate elfin Eliza was a daily trial of love and patience, and had been so for five years.

Joseph McDonagh, as Mr. Todd's bailiff, had often dangerous work to do, and Grace was uneasy about him if he did not return home at the usual hour. He went out one morning to serve several ejectment processes upon tenants at some distance from Bunerana, saying he hoped to be at home by four o'clock; but the day waned, and there was no sign of him.

"What's keeping him, anyway?" was the question that Grace asked over and again, as she paced the little yard on the look-out for her husband, forgetting that her offspring, herding cattle in the field, or playing carelessly in the gutter, could not answer.

"Mother," said Eliza, from her cradle, "my father's in sair trouble this minute, but I'm awa to help him."

She lay unusually quiet for a quarter of an hour, seeming to be in a drowsy state.

"But he's all right now; he'll be hame soon," said she, at the end of that time, opening her eyes, and looking gravely at her mother.

Supper was ready. The door opened, and Joe came in, covered with mud, and with his clothes torn.

"Save us, Joe! What ails you?" cried Grace.

"I served the notices, Grace dear, an' I was comin' away. I was all richt as far as the wee brig at Roshine, when six o' the Brady and McLoughlin boys met me wi' stanes in their hands. They pelted me, an' they beat me, an' I thought I'd be kilt entirely, when all at once I was awa frae them at the other end o' the brig; an' I canna tell you how I got awa, for I dinna know mysel'; but just *I* was there, an' *they* were at the far side, shouting an' cursing an' shaking their sticks at me. It's the quarest thing I seen in all my days."

Grace related how Eliza had told her that her father was in peril, and what she said about going off to help him.

He shook his head, and meditated while he took his after-supper smoke. He was a quiet, thoughtful man, whose voice was not much heard in the house; but his cogitations took expression in the following words, addressed to his assembled family:

"Childer, if one of yous offers to annoy Eliza, I'll break that one's bones."

The peaceful days that now commenced for the poor changeling did not last long. She had been growing weaker during the summer, and when the cold blasts of November came she died. Grace wept piteously over the tiny, wasted corpse, regardless of the reproofs of her neighbors.

"You suldna cry that way for the crathur, Grace, an' you knowin' what she was," said Mrs. Rooney, severely.

"I dinna care what she was," replied Grace, giving way to fresh tears. "Sure I ha' nursed her, an' fed her, an' waked her for all these five years."

It was a long time before her grief was quite softened—longer still before Eliza's history ceased to be a winter's tale at Roshine.

Glucose.

It is singular the extreme secrecy, that the manufacturers of glucose, now made principally from corn, establish and keep up in their various manufactories East and West. That the business is profitable there is no doubt. Originally the industry was confined to one firm in New York. They are said to have used 5,000,000 bushels of corn last year, which was made into glucose. A manufactory at Buffalo, N. Y., was next established. Then one at Freeport, Ill., and one at Davenport, Iowa. This latter factory was burned. At Peoria an immense factory has lately been built and should now be about ready for work. The particulars of this factory so far as the owners have seen fit to make their plans known have already been given in the *Prairie Farmer*. The Freeport factory use the same secrecy as all the others, not allowing any person to enter the building, with a view to giving the public information as to the status of the industry. This much, however, is known. The product contains about 30 per cent. of liquid saccharine, and for certain uses should be worth about one-third the price of cane sugar. It is extensively used in adulterating sugar-cane sirup, in the manufacture of candy, and in adulterating honey. It is used in the manufacture of sweet wines, and in liquors requiring sugar, including beer, and is now supposed to enter into all or nearly all the sugar products of the country. This probably is the real animus of the secrecy. We understand that a factory for the manufacture of glucose has recently gone into operation in St. Louis, and there is one well on the way in Chicago. No person using glucose in his manufactures seems willing to acknowledge it. One thing certain, it is the consumer does not want to use starch sugar when he supposes he is buying real sugar. It has long been known that a pound of starch, whether the carbon contained resulted from old rags, corn, potatoes or what not, could be converted into a pound of grape-sugar or glucose. That the manufacturers of glucose should use as much secrecy in keeping their business from the world as do the distillers of illicit spirit, seems queer, if their business is legitimate. The impression generally is that noxious chemicals are used in the manufactures, and well founded from this secrecy. That a pure, wholesome saccharine product can be produced from corn is well known. That a pound of it does not contain more than one-third the sweetening that the same weight of cane sugar does is as well known. What interests the public is to know, that the product, as made, is really wholesome. This they have a right to know. It would seem from the secrecy enveloping the manufacture, that this point was precisely the one the manufacturers wanted to keep dark. The Freeport manager admitted to a representative of the *Prairie Farmer* some two years ago, that they had a good thing, and intended to keep it to themselves. It undoubtedly is a good thing if they can make an inferior product and sell it at two to four times its cost.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Concerning Romeo.

A lady who had returned unexpectedly from a summer resort, when questioned as to her reason for doing so, replied: "To much balcony and too little Romeo." It is, indeed, the most serious drawback to the delight of the watering places. Romeo is often an improper young person, addicted to cock-tails, cigars and bad language; still his presence is indispensable where youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet. Even a knock-kneed Romeo with a glass eye and red hair is better than none at all. A small quantity of him will brighten up the scene. It gives the ladies an object in life, something to compete for in the delicate little game of a lady's strategy. When fox hunters fail to get up a fox, they sometimes will chase a hare, or even a small dog, just to keep in practice. So with the girls. If they can't get a stag, often they will pursue with all the rapture of the chase a very small dog in the way of a Romeo, at the springs or seaside. Men that they wouldn't care a button for in town become objects of importance. One would think that the Great Unsought of young beans would hold high carnival at such a period. But man is very perverse. Not only is there a deficiency of Romeo, but what there is of him often seems fonder of the boys than of the girls. He goes off with Mercutio, and Tybalt, and Benvolio, and plays short cards and drinks insinuating beverages, leaving Juliet in the balcony gazing at the cold moon. One Juliet gazing at the incontstant moon is romantic, but three or four dozen Juliets gazing, etc., spoils the romance. And if there is any thing that Juliet particularly objects to it is another balcony-posed and moonlight-gazing maiden. These are facts which are greatly to be deplored, and which call trumpet-tongued for reform.—*Every Saturday.*

A Live Tarantula in the Mail.

Major Dallas, Chief of the Dead-letter Office, has had referred to him a mass of official correspondence concerning an alleged violation of the postal regulations by the Postmaster at Florence, Arizona, in allowing a live tarantula to be mailed at that office. It appears that about a month ago a California gentleman placed the venomous spider in a tin yeast-can with punctured ends, and inclosing a letter, wrapped the whole in a paper wrapper and addressed it to a female relative in San Rafael, California. In addition to the address the wrapper also contained the notation, "caution, a live tarantula," and the letter directed the recipient to open the box carefully in consideration of the animated object within; also advising her if she should get bitten, to "use ammonia and drink lots of whisky." The package attracted the attention of clerks in San Francisco, who drowned the tarantula, and a special agent referred the matter to the Post-office Department as an outrage and violation of law. The Arizona Postmaster excused his action by saying that first-class postage was paid by the sender, and he had no right to investigate the contents. The whole affair is regarded by the postal authorities as a joke, and reflecting on the nervous composition of the California officials.—*Washington Post.*

—Care of Boots and Shoes: If properly cared for, boots and shoes will last nearly twice as long as usual. Put the new shoes in a plate or dish and pour into it enough boiled linseed oil to cover the soles, not permitting it touch the uppers. The oil causes the leather to resist moisture, preserves the thread, if sewed, and cause the pegs to swell, if pegged. Give the uppers a good coating of neatsfoot oil and tallow. Never allow them to stand too near the fire, or in a damp place.

FASHION NOTES.

—Plaid velvet in one color and in Scotch combinations will be used for trimming winter dresses.

—New white muslin neck-ties are of the soft creamy India mull, with tiny polka dots of blue, black, or red.

—New French thread stockings are ecru, with pin dots of black, or else tiny stars. Another style has stripes of black running lengthwise of the stockings.

—Seal-skin Dolmans are to be worn next winter. They have sleeve-like sides that fold over the front, are bordered with silver otter, and are lined with scarlet or old gold satin.

—Embroidered fashion trimmings are perhaps the most elaborate of all the garnitures for dark silk. They come in sets of vest and borders and are of dark ground, with a great deal of red, old gold and pale blue in the embroidery.

—The new Ulsters are of gray or drab English waterproof, made double-breasted and with a princesse back not belted. The new feature is the hood, which takes the shape of a cap with a visor, and very effectually protects the head from rain or snow.

—White Spanish lace scarfs are worn in a variety of ways; they serve as a most becoming veil for the head during evening strolls, or when on the piazza; they are draped around the shoulders as a fichu scarf, and they are bunched up in sashes over silks of plain color.

COMBINATIONS AND MODELS.

Among the fabrics used for the richest combination dresses are Amazon cloth, which is lady's habit cloth; repped woolens; English homespun cloths of sleazy manufacture showing threads of rich colors on olive, bronze, or gray ground; plain cashmeres; and very heavy twilled wools as thick as the smooth-surface Amazon cloth. These come in bronze shades, wine-color, garnet, amaranth, and the new blues, and are combined with broche Cashmeres in palm-leaf patterns, or in Japanese fans, or Persian arabesques; or else in plaid velvets, or soft Persian silks, or perhaps plaids striped in two colors, such as garnet and peacock blue on an old gold ground. A broad, deep collar like a pelerine cape is sometimes the only way in which the gay goods appear on the waist; sometimes it forms surplice drapery on the bosom, and panier folds around the bottom of the basque; sometimes it is the entire waist, and in other cases it is merely the paniers of a polonaise. Borders are on the skirts, but there is another fancy for making the whole front of the skirt of the figured goods. A French costume, as all short suits for the street are now called, is of Rembrandt green repped wool that is almost black, trimmed with broche red and blue palm leaves on a green ground. The basque has a plastron-pointed vest that begins at the top of the darts, while the Pompadour square above is filled in with shirred soft palm-leaf trimming. The fan back has shirring more than a finger deep at the waist line, from whence springs the fullness that forms three fan plaits on each shoulder. The skirt has three kilt flounces behind, held by a broad cluster of shirring just below the basque; each flounce is bordered with the palm leaves. In front a curtain drapery opens over a front breadth of the figured goods. A richer dress than this is composed of bronze-colored English cloth in which are scarcely defined threads of cardinal and old gold. Combined with this is bronze satin plaided with velvet, while the trimming is Cashmere embroidery on cloth, further enriched by bows and plaitings of two kinds of ribbon—satin bronze ribbon and cardinal gros grain. The skirt has the front and sides of the plaid satin and velvet trimmed straight down with two rows of the ribbon plaitings placed as if the red lined the bronze, while between these are voluminous bows of both kinds of ribbon; at the foot is a shell flounce, while the back has cloth drapery. The basque has a velvet vest outlined with the Cashmere embroidery, while the back is of cloth laid in plaits; the velvet vest extends to the sides and back as paniers. The buttons are Japanese old gold, ornamented with storks, flowers and foliage. A Japanese blue twilled wool dress has a deep pointed collar, which is almost a cape, made of broche (blue, red, and gold) Cashmere. Panier folds of the gay goods around the basque are strapped with blue wool bands merely stitched on the edges. Brandenbourgs with blue and gold cords fasten the front. At the back of the basque the paniers are tied in a great bow, which has long sash ends trimmed with fringe of passementerie to match the brandenbourgs. The short round skirt has the broche goods laid in irregular folds to cover the entire front and sides, while the back is the blue wool, with fans and flounces of blue satin. Black silk costumes have the front breadths made of horizontal puffs of satin, or else plain satin tablets are laid on nearly covered with jet, and are opened over satin plaitings in fan shapes. Others have very short wrinkled aprons, caught up shorter in the middle than on the sides, and edged with the richest fringe of raveled silk and jet drops. Below this is knife-plaited flounces, or puffs, or lengthwise shirring, until the border flounce is set on, which is now usually a cluster of three or four rows of fine knife-plaitings. Rosettes of crushed looking silk, rather than regular loops, are much used on black silk dresses for holding the drapery on the sides and behind. There are also passementeric ornaments for this purpose. Handsome black dresses that have a great deal of velvet in them will be trimmed with borders of black fur. It is said fur trimmings will not be confined to costumes, but will also appear on reception dresses.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Irish Landlords.

A large majority of the farmers of Ireland have no lease of the land they till, but pay the rent from year to year, liable at any time to be ejected, as sometimes they are for trivial offenses. There seems no link of sympathy on the part of these landlords for the welfare or prosperity of their tenantry. The business part of receiving the rents is done through agents, and, unfortunately, these are valued in many instances by their employers on their ability to collect the rents without paying much attention as to the methods adopted. I have met and talked to many Irish farmers who never saw their landlord, although living on their places all their lives. There are some few good, kind-hearted landlords in Ireland, who give encouragement and take an interest in their tenantry, and these show it at a glance, for they live in habitable houses, and farm their land to better advantage. But the bulk of the landlords spend eight-tenths of their time, and nine-tenths of their money, in the South of France and England. They are, to sum it up in a sentence, a miserable, worthless set of absentees, who have it in their power to do so much good if they would only try. The tenantry whom, as a rule, are hard-working, industrious people would meet them more than half way if they were offered any encouragement to better their condition, especially in their houses, many of which are not fit to house cattle.—*Cor. Newark Advertiser.*

—To take out fruit stains, rub the part on each side with yellow soap; then tie up a piece of pearl-ash in the cloth and soak well in hot water, or boil; afterwards expose the stained parts to the sun and air until removed.

—One-half of this world don't know what the other half take in their soda-water.

FARM TOPICS.

FARM FENCING.

There is no practical farm question of more importance to us at present than, "How shall we fence our farms." Most farmers are out of rail timber, and we may conclude that the days of the Virginia fence are numbered. We need not regret it, for while it has served a good purpose and was the best fence, all things considered, for the pioneers, it is hardly suited to this age of advanced ideas in agriculture. What shall we substitute for it? is the question. Shall it be hedges, wire or boards? After twenty years' experience with hedges, I am not inclined to advocate that they be planted to much extent. A hedge fence requires too much labor to keep it in shape, and that labor comes at the busiest time, when crops are demanding all attention of the farmers. A limited amount of hedge on line fence is admissible, but for division fences it is entirely unsuited. All division fences on the farm should be moved every few years, so as to plow up the old fence row, and as it takes about five years to grow hedge, so as to make a good fence, when it is grown it must stand. I have had over 25 years' experience with hedges, and have now a half mile of good hedge, nearly 30 years old, on my farm, but would not take as a gift—all ready to turn stock—another half mile; nor, with my present knowledge, would I plant a rod of it if I had none. I believe that the use of wire for fencing is destined to increase largely in the future, although there are some objections to it, but I have not had experience enough with it either to recommend or condemn it. It is probable that boards will, for many years to come, be the material from which the bulk of our fences will be made. If this is the case, we need to make the matter of board fences a study. A good board fence is as economical a fence as can be built, but, if made of sappy oak posts, and beach or sycamore boards, it will prove the most expensive and least satisfactory of any. It is an objection to board fence, when used to divide fields, that it can not be moved.—*Waldo T. Brown, in Cincinnati Gazette.*

PRESERVING VEGETABLES.

Now that the root harvest (including potatoes among the roots) is near, it will be useful to consider the means of preserving them in the best manner while there is time for preparation. Potatoes should not be left in the ground long after they are ripe, lest a second growth should occur, by which they would be injured. After having been dug, they require to be dried by a few hours' exposure on the field, but not more than that, after which they should be covered from the light in as cool a place as possible. No other place is better for keeping potatoes than a root-cave; a pit in the field comes next in usefulness to the cave. A cave may be easily made in a hillside which is dry and slopes to the south. An excavation may be made large enough to contain the crop, but rather than make very large ones it will be cheaper to make several of moderate size. The maximum size would be 16 feet wide and 25 or 30 feet long. This would give about 400 square feet of floor, holding 400 bushels for each 1 1-2 feet in depth, or 800 bushels in all. The room required for a crop may, therefore, be calculated on this basis. The cave is dug out two or three feet below the lowest level of the ground, in a place where the slope is greatest, or even where the ground is level, having the floor level with the doorway. This has the advantage of perfect and secure drainage, and freedom from flooding by backing up of water from snow, or any other accidental obstruction. A number of split logs, planks, or slabs, are set in the excavation, in the form of a letter A. They may be pinned or spiked to a ridge-piece at the top, but this is scarcely needed if the top joints are well made. The timbers are covered with bark or marsh hay, and the earth which has been dug out is then thrown back upon the building, covering it with a mound, which should be sloped considerably and sodded. A double door is fitted in the front, and a ventilator which can be closed should be made in the apex of the roof. This gives frost-proof storage in the winter, and which is heat-proof in the summer. It will thus, if thoroughly cleaned and sweetened, make an excellent milk-house in the hot weather. Such root-caves may be made in different parts of the farm, wherever they may be needed, and as no floor but the bare earth is used, they are not likely to harbor vermin.

The field pit is a still cheaper, but wholly temporary, protection for roots. It is made in the field where the roots are gathered. The basis is a long trench hollowed out with the plow or scraper upon a high and dry location. The roots, dry and clean, are heaped in the trench about six feet wide and four and a half feet high. They are covered with straw, leaves, or coarse hay; pine or hemlock brush will answer in place of these, where it can be more readily procured. The covering is made at least six inches thick. Earth is thrown on to this several inches thick, to within a foot of the top, which is left open until the heap has undergone the usual fermentation and heating, during which considerable moisture escapes. If closed before this, the whole mass would heat, rot, and putrify. After a sufficient time the top is covered, leaving a space of one foot uncovered at each six feet in length of the pit and on the extreme ridge, for the purpose of necessary ventilation. The final covering may not be needed until December, or, at least, not until severe frosts take place. More substantial root-houses are made of masonry, with coarse, rough stone, arched and covered with earth, but as these structures are not always required in the same place, unless a permanent central location is chosen, the more rudely constructed ones, or the pits, are to be preferred. The chief points to be observed are dryness of the site, perfect drainage, and absence of danger from flooding, walls and roof impenetrable by the severest and longest continued frosts, and good ventilation. The last is necessary to carry off the moisture which is always rising from the heat engendered by the collection of large quantities of vegetables in masses. The addition of dry lime scattered over the heap absorbs a considerable quantity of this, and its antiseptic qualities add to its useful effect. In storing potatoes, a good dusting of lime over each layer of a foot in depth is always advisable.

The roots should be ripe, sound and dry when stored, otherwise decomposition begins in places, and quickly spreads through the mass. It is safe to put a few flour barrels, having holes knocked in the side, or some pieces of rails tied in bundles, here and there through the mass of roots. This provides easy escape for the moisture and heat from the roots, and keeps them dry and sound. In pitting, the bundles of rails will be found of the greatest use, and they should each connect with the ventilator, or project from the top and form the ventilator. The projecting ends may be capped with a bundle of straw to exclude rain or snow.

In opening a pit for use the end is taken down and a sufficient quantity, 100 bushels perhaps, is taken out at one time. This work should be done on a dry, windy day, and when the temperature is not low enough to injure the roots. The open end may be closed with straw, well packed, and a few boards may be propped up against the straw, doubled over the joints, and with some bags or newspapers between them to exclude the wind. This is more readily done than returning the frozen, lumpy soil, and will make a safer covering.—*N. Y. Times.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Table.

—Corn is said to be sweeter if boiled with the inner husks on; strip the husk back, pick off the silk, then put the husks back again over the ear of corn and boil it.

—Beef Soup: Three pounds good juicy beef, cut into about 20 pieces; two carrots, one turnip, six large onions, teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful pepper, two good heads celery; cut the vegetables small; put all into a large pot, with four quarts water; let it boil very gently, or rather, let it simmer eight hours; let it stand all night; take off the pot next morning; make it boiling hot when wanted for dinner; this is excellent when properly made.

—Stuffed Tomatoes: Take a dozen firm, well shaped tomatoes. Have a pound of cold roast beef, or the same of cold steak, or if you use raw meat it is just as good; chop an onion with a tablespoonful of parsley, add two tablespoonfuls of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper; pound up six soda crackers; fry the onion thoroughly in a tablespoonful of butter, to which, when cooked, add the meat, which has also been divided; let it cook thoroughly with the onion and parsley; take the tomatoes, cut off the stem end, which do not use; remove the inside of the tomato, and add to the meat; then mix the meat, etc., with the pounded cracker, fill the tomatoes, which are to be placed on a bake-pan, and bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

Fish Chowder: Take five pounds of any hard, white fish, cut into small pieces and free from skin and bone. Boil and slice eight common sized potatoes. Fry until crisp four thin slices of salt pork in the kettle intended for the chowder. Take out the pork, slice two onions into the fat and fry brown. Cut into slices two more raw onions and split open a dozen of butter crackers. Take the onions out of the kettle, pour off nearly all the fat, put in a layer of fish, then a layer of potatoes with some of the onions, both raw and fried, and a little pepper and salt. Repeat until half of the ingredients are used, then scatter over half of the fried pork cut in to bits and cover with a layer of crackers. Layer the remainder of the chowder as before with the pork and crackers on top. Cover once and a half with cold water and boil slowly one hour. Stir in a cup of cream or rich milk just before serving. It is best to use both salt and pepper sparingly, while seasoning the layers, as they can be added if needed when done.

—Oat-meal is a food of great strength and nutrition, having claims to be better known and more widely used than it is at present. Of much service as a brain-food, it contains phosphorus enough to keep a man doing an ordinary amount of brain-work in good health and vigor. All medical authorities unite in the opinion that, eaten with milk, it is a perfect food, and, having all the requisites for the proper development of the system, it is a pre-eminently useful food for growing children and the young generally. Oat-meal requires much cooking to effectually burst its starch cells, but when it is well cooked it will thicken liquid much more than equal its weight in wheaten flour. The oats of this country are superior to those grown on the Continent and the southern parts of England, but certainly inferior to the Scotch, where considerable pains is taken to cultivate them, and it is needless to point out that the Scotch are an example of a strong and thoroughly robust nation, which result is justly set down as being derived from the plentiful use of oat-meal. Dr. Guthrie has asserted that his countrymen have the largest heads of any nation in the world—not even the English have such large heads—which he attributes to the universal use of oat-meal; as universal it is, being found alike on the tables of the rich, and on the tables of the poor—in the morning the porridge and in the evening the traditional cake. The two principal ways of cooking oat-meal are porridge and cake (bannock) which I will describe, and also some other modes of cooking, in order to afford an agreeable variety of dishes: First, then, we will commence with a receipt for porridge. To three pints of boiling water add a level teaspoonful of salt and a pint of coarse meal, stirring while it is being slowly poured in; continue stirring until the meal is diffused through the water—about eight or ten minutes. Cover it closely then, and place it where it will simmer for an hour; avoid stirring during the whole of that time. Serve hot, with as little messing as possible, accompanied with milk, maple sirup, or sugar and cream. To make oatmeal-cake, place in a bowl a quart of meal, add to it as much cold water as will form it into a soft, light dough, cover it with a cloth fifteen minutes to allow it to swell, then dust the pastebord with meal, turn out the dough and give it a vigorous kneading. Cover it with cloth a few minutes, and proceed at once to roll out to the eighth of an inch in thickness; cut it in five pieces and partly cook them on a griddle, then finish them by toasting them in front of the fire.—*Montreal Witness.*

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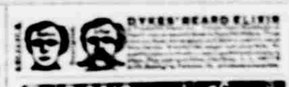

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