THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

CHRISTMAS.

How did they keep his birthday then,
The little fair Christ, so long ago?
Oh, many there were to be housed and fed,
And there was no place in the inn, they said,
Go into the manger the Christ must go,
To lodge with the cattle and not with men.

The ox and the ass they munched their hay,
They munched and they slumbered, wondering not,
And out in the moonlight cold and blue
The shepherds slept, and the sheep slept, too,
Till the angels' song and the bright star ray
Guided the wise men to the spot.

But only the wise men knelt and praised,
And only the shepherds came to see;
And the rest of the world cared not at all
For the little Christ in the oxen's stall,
And we are angry and amazed
That such a dull, hard thing should be!

How do we keep his birthday now?
We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

Are we so better, then, than they
Who failed the new-born Christ to see?
To them a helpless babe—to us
He shines a Savior glorious,
Our Lord and Friend and all—yet we
Are half asleep this Christmas Day.

—Susan Coolidge, in the Christian Union.

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

I.

The earth is so bleak and deserted,
So cold the winds blow,
That no bud or no blossom will venture
To peep from below;
But, longing for springtime, they nestle
Deep under the snow.

II.

And now, in this dreary December,
Our glad hearts are fain
To see if earth comes not to help us;
We seek all in vain;
Not the tiniest blossom is coming
Till spring breathes again.

III.

Where love takes, let love give, and so doubt not;
Love counts but the will,
And the heart has its flowers of devotion,
No winters can chill;
They who cared for "good will" that first Christmas
Will care for it still.

—Adelaide Proctor.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The Widow Winterpippin's Wonderful Dream.

This is just how affairs stood in the house in which we lived—brother Nathaniel and I—it was a tenement house, not what they call a "first-class" one, but a very nice one—on the Christmas Eve before *that* Christmas night.

In the basement the three little children of Mrs. Rose, the janitor's wife, were quietly playing with their dolls for the first time in several weeks, having been sick nigh unto death, and their poor, tired mother was hovering about them, her thin, pale face lighted up with thankfulness and joy, albeit a cloud *did* flit across it, every now and then, as she thought of the debts contracted during their sickness—debts which at the present moment—Mr. Rose having been out of work for three long months—she had but the faintest hope of ever being able to pay.

On the first floor Mrs. McChilly—old, obstinate and—well, to speak plainly—*stingy* Mrs. McChilly—spectacles on nose and head held close to the lamp, was looking over for the fiftieth time the bonds, willed her by her brother, who had lately died in San Francisco, and received by her a few days before, making her already in comfortable, *very* comfortable circumstances—what in our sphere of life would be considered rich. Her girlish-looking granddaughter, by marriage, was darning the old lady's stockings, and thinking of the dear, merry, young brother-in-law, banished from his home half a year ago—a home which had never been so sunshiny since—because he had dared to fall in love without his grandmother's consent, and the boyish-looking husband of the granddaughter, by marriage, was writing a cheerful, affectionate letter to the banished one, under cover of the daily account-book.

On the second floor pretty, grayed-eyed, brown-haired Mrs. Summer was hushing the baby to sleep, and dropping tears on its little, golden head whenever, which was very often, she glanced at her husband who lay snoring on the lounge, having left a convivial party late that afternoon to stagger home, as he had done many times during the last unhappy year, with aching head and empty pockets.

On the third floor jolly, plump, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, generous (out of her income of a thousand a year she gave away at least one-eighth) Widow Winterpippin was calmly sleeping in her bed, thoroughly tired out by a hard day's work, and Nannie, her little maid, with the cat in her lap, was dozing in a spasmodic manner in a rocking-chair by the kitchen fire.

And on the fourth floor brother Nathaniel and I were taking a late supper because I had been obliged to remain longer than usual at the store where I was clerk, it being the custom of our employer to exact extra service all holiday week (without, however, thinking it necessary to requite such service with extra pay), and dear Nat—than whom there never could be a kinder brother—would not, though he might be ever so hungry, eat supper until I was there to make and pour out the tea. "It tastes so much better from your hand, Sis," he used to say.

Nathaniel was a printer, and had been a fine, stalwart, singing, whistling fellow until that dreadful day in September when he met with the terrible accident which resulted in the loss of his right arm.

Since then he had been on the invalid list, and sang and whistled and joked no more. We had, fortunately, some money saved when this misfortune came upon us, but it was now almost exhausted. And Nat began to worry about that, among other things; but I never lost heart. Why should I? I had youth, health and strength, and twelve dollars a week. And we could manage not to starve or freeze, on twelve dollars a week, and Nat's overcoat and my cloak could both be turned, and—somebody was coming home soon.

Widow Winterpippin—God bless her!—proved an angel of goodness during our trouble, coming to sit with Nat herself, when his arm was at the worst; (I had to go to the store, after the first few days, or the salary would have ceased—though, they did, for a wonder, give me an extra half-hour at noon when I went home to lunch), sending Nannie to wait on him when he was getting better, and making all sorts of nice dishes to tempt his appetite, and lending him all the nicest books, and keeping the room bright with beautiful flowers. But it wasn't this kindness that made Nat fall in love with her. Oh, no! for he had fallen in love with her long before, and was on the point of telling her so when that cruel machinery grasped his arm.

"But I must give her up now, Susie," he said to me—we had no secrets from each other—"though I love her more than ever. 'Twould have been no match, in a worldly sense, for her before—a printer with only what he earned from week to week, and a pretty, young widow, owning houses and lands sufficient to give her an income of a thousand a year—but now it is simply impossible. Disabled for life, I must make up my mind to be a burden on you, and see her marry—"

"You'll do no such thing, Nathaniel," cried I. "What has come over you? It seems to me that the people who are the jolliest when they are jolly are the bluest when they are blue. One would think you'd lost both arms and legs to hear you talk. Do you forget your favorite motto, 'Nil desperadum,' to say nothing of 'Up, guards, and at 'em?'"

But Nat continued very low in his spirits, all I could do or say. And this is how affairs stood in our house the Christmas Eve before *that* Christmas Day.

The kettle had just began to boil next morning, and I had just called out "Merry Christmas" to Nat, hearing him stir in his own room, when Widow Winterpippin's blue-eyed little maid knocked at the door, with a "Merry Christmas," a giggle, and a note from her mistress. The note read:

"Winifred Winterpippin sends her love to Susie and Nathaniel Bracket, and begs that they will, as a great favor, give her their company in her rooms this evening at 7 o'clock."

"And I've got a note for every body in the house, and there's to be a supper, miss. So don't cook no dinner, miss," said the little maid, laughing outright. (This little maid was almost always laughing, in which respect she much resembled her black-eyed mistress.) "Say we'll come, with pleasure, Nannie," said I. "Yes, miss," and away she flew.

And at 7 precisely, the invited guests were assembled in the widow's pretty parlor. Dear me! How pretty it was. Christmas greens were festooned all around the walls, and anchors, and wreaths, and hearts, and crosses were hung wherever they could be hung, and above the mantel, "Merry Christmas," in large dark green letters, brightened by crimson berries, greeted us as we entered the door. And there were stands filled with love geraniums and begonias, and lilies in each window, and a splendid fire in the grate and most charming of all there was the widow herself in a pearl-gray silk with scarlet ribbons at her throat, and scarlet flowers in her hair.

When Nathaniel—poor fellow, how his empty sleeve annoyed him—and I arrived, Mrs. McChilly and her grandchildren were already there—the old lady in the easiest chair in the room, nearest the fire, with a glass of lemonade, of which she was very fond (how *did* Widow Winterpippin manage to find out every body's little weaknesses in the way of eating and drinking?), on a small round table by her side, and the grandson and his wife looking over the photograph album in a cozy corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose and the three Rosebuds, as we called the children, wee, darling, auburn-haired girls, came in at the same time we did, and Mr. and Mrs. Summer, he looking worn and haggard and she with traces of tears around her beautiful eyes—and the baby—made their appearance a few moments later.

"And now that we are almost all here," said Widow Winterpippin—we wondered who else was to come—"we'll have a dance to begin with. You will play, Mrs. Summer? Nannie can hold the baby."

But Mrs. Summer blushed and said she "never played, now."

"But you can," insisted the widow in her genial way. "You surely have not forgotten. I used to hear you playing so much and so well when you first moved here, and Mr. Summer sang then, too. Many a happy hour have I passed listening to you both." And Mr. Summer, with a conscious contrite look in his face, put his arm around his wife and led her to the piano.

Then Nathaniel took the widow, and Mr. Summer Mrs. McChilly's granddaughter by marriage, and Mrs. McChilly's grandson Mrs. Rose, and Mr. Rose me, and we had an old-fashioned quadrille dance in the old-fashioned way—and a jig to end with. And Mrs. McChilly declared it made her feel like dancing herself, and she would have danced, too, I believe, if it hadn't been for her rheumatic foot. As it was, she beat time to the jig tune with her cane until her arm was so tired she couldn't beat any longer, and Nannie and the baby took it and beat away, utterly regardless of time, until all the ladies had made their final curtseys to their partners.

After the dance we had a lovely ballad from Mr. Summer, who had a fine tenor voice, and a comic song from Mr. Rose, who had a voice suited for it. The comic song had a silly, rollicking chorus in which the company all joined with as much earnestness as though their lives depended upon their doing so.

"Tra-la-la-tra-la-la-lu
Tra-la-la-li—and that will do."

And then supper. Such a supper. Roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, crisp celery, home-made bread, pickles, tongue, stewed oysters, candies and wax dolls (the dolls beside the children's plates). And when we were all through and back to the parlor again, sitting in a half-circle around the great fire, a cup of fragrant tea or coffee in every hand, Widow Winterpipin, who sat in the center of the half-circle, said: "And now, if no one has any objection, I would like to tell you a wonderful dream I had last night."

"Any objection!" "No, indeed!" "Delighted to hear it!" from all sides. And, while the Summer baby crowed itself to sleep in its mother's arms, and the Rosebuds, on the floor at their father's feet—each with her new doll clasped to her breast—drooped their shining heads until they sank upon the pillows Nannie had thoughtfully placed near them, the chairs in the half-circle were drawn closer and all eyes were fastened on the Widow Winterpippin's sunny face.

"I went to bed last night," began the widow, in a low voice, "very tired."

"I should think so," said every woman listener.

"And I began to dream directly. And every body in this house was in that dream," the widow went on. "Yes, children and all. I thought it was Christmas night, just as it is now, and Nannie and I were waiting, just as we did to-night, for the company to arrive. And they began to arrive as the clock struck seven. First came Mr. and Mrs. Rose and the Rosebuds, looking so smiling and happy that I said at once, 'You have good news to tell me.'

"'Mrs. McChilly—dear, kind Mrs. McChilly—(Mrs. McChilly sat bolt upright in her chair and closed her lips firmly as her name was mentioned) has paid the doctor's bill,' Mrs. Rose began. 'And promised, she having so many business acquaintances, to look out for a situation for me.' said Mr. Rose. 'And she says to-day is the birthday of the Savior and He dearly loved little children, and she is going to love us for His sake and be our friend always as long as we are good,' said the children, beginning to sing the Sweet By-and-By so loudly that we did not hear Mr. Aubrey come in; but there he was, his face glowing and his eyes sparkling (Mr. Aubrey was the grandson with whom Mrs. McChilly had quarreled); and *he* cried out, 'God bless her! my mother's mother. I knew she could'nt stay mad long. She's forgiven me and kissed Alice.' (Alice was the young girl with whom he had fallen in love without the old lady's permission.)

"And all of a sudden there was Mrs. McChilly among them, being welcomed with loving words, and hugs and smiles —the eldest Rosebud had a glass of lemonade ready for her—and saying, 'Dear, dear, what is a little money to gratitude and affection like this?'

"'Nothing,' answered Mr. Summer, who was there all of a sudden, too, with his wife and the baby, looking as handsome as he did when I first saw him, nearly two years ago, and as for Mrs. Summer, her eyes were like stars and her cheeks like roses, and she stole softly to my side while he was kissing the baby and singing a merry song to it, and whispered: 'A promise has been my Christmas gift, a promise worth all the gold and jewels in the world.' And then Susie Bracket danced in, and slyly held up a letter from somebody far away, that I might see and rejoice with her. And Nathaniel—what a ridiculous part of the dream that about Nathaniel Bracket was. Really, I don't think I can tell it."

"Oh, but you must," I cried.

"Indeed you must," they all cried.

"Well, if I must, I must," said the widow, with a sweet, little nervous laugh. "I thought Nathaniel followed me into the dining-room, where I had gone to take a last look at the supper table—oh, it's too ridiculous."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Summer. "I don't believe it. I've no doubt it was the most sensible thing Nathaniel ever did—in a dream."

"And *please* go on," begged his wife.

"And he took my hand," the widow went on, "and said—oh! I can't tell you *all* I dreamed he said, but he ended by saying: 'And so, of course, I must think of you no longer—a poor, crippled fellow like me.' And I said—"

"*What* did you say?" cried Nathaniel, springing to his feet and looking eagerly toward her, totally forgetful of the rest of the company.

"Nathaniel Bracket, you're an idiot!"

"Just as I expected," murmured poor Nat, sinking into his chair again.

"If you *have* lost your arm—your *right* arm," the widow calmly proceeded, "you haven't lost your head, and that head, as I happen to know, contained the usual, perhaps a little more than the usual, amount of brains, and if, as I hear, a thousand or two will give you an interest in Tom Allen's business, why what is to prevent me, having a little money at my command and no one to take care of but myself, lending it to you—for the sake of your sister, of whom I am very fond? Or, if you won't look at it in that way, why can't *I* become a partner, a *very* silent one, and you manage for me, taking a fair equivalent for your services?' And that's the end——"

"Never!" shouted Nat, springing from his chair once more, and taking a few steps toward her. "The dream never ended in that way. Nathaniel made some further remark, I'm sure he did."

"I believe he did," said the widow, knitting her pretty brows, as though in thought, while a rosy blush overspread her face, "but dreams grow so shadowy at the last, and this became so *very* indistinct after I had spoken of going into the printing business myself that I can scarcely remember—"

"That Nat Bracket said," prompted Nathaniel, "'God bless you for a darling! and I'll accept the offered loan on condition that you'll add to it a Christmas *gift*—a gift above all price—your precious self.'"

"Well, well, how did you ever know?" exclaimed the widow in pretended surprise.

"Can't imagine," said Nat, his eyes sparkling with fun for a moment, and then, as she rose from her seat, he came and stood before her and said entreatingly, "But I *don't* know what answer you dreamed you made."

"Nor I," laughed the widow.

"But *I* do," said Mrs. McChilly, with an emphatic rap of her cane. "I do—Mrs. Nathaniel Bracket."

And we all shouted and clapped our hands like a parcel of children, and then we all (not one of us, I'm sure, could have told why) cried a little and were quietly feeling for our handkerchiefs to wipe away the tears, when the old lady spoke again, looking down on the Rosebuds, who were still sleeping. "I *will* be a friend to these little ones and their parents," she said, "a good friend. That part of the dream shall come true. As for my grandson—"

"Here he is," screamed Nannie, with a hysterical laugh, as she flung open the door that led into the dining-room.

And there he was, to be sure, with his sweet-heart on his arm, and in an instant they were both kneeling before their grandmother, with one of her wrinkled hands in blessing on each bowed, young head.

Mr. Summer turned from the pretty tableau and bent and kissed his wife, and softly whispered something to her that made her "eyes like stars" indeed, as she exclaimed in a voice trembling with joy, "My part of the wonderful dream has already come true."

"And mine came true this morning," said I, as I took the letter from my pocket.

"And mine," stammered Nat, as his only arm stole around the widow's waist, "can it come true?"

"It *can*," said Widow Winterpippin.

—*Margaret Etynge, in Detroit Free Press.*

1880.

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JOHN BULL'S PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread-crumbs, made fine, and mixed with half a pound of prepared flour; eight eggs, one pound of stoned raisins, one of suet, one of washed, dried, and floured currants, half a pound of mixed lemon, and orange, and citron candied peel, one ounce of mixed spice, mixed with a full pint of sweet, fresh cider, and boiled five hours. Serve with burnt sauce.

* * *

—Give a girl long eye-lashes and small hands and she will put up with No. feet and marry all around a curly headed girl wearing ones and a half.

FARM TOPICS.

Churning.

Every step in the production of fine butter requires care and correct observation, intelligent thinking and skillful hands, to notice, understand and perform well the various items which are comprised in the expression "butter-making." Every little act, from feeding and watering the cows to packing the butter for market, has its significance, and requires to be done with skill and at the right moment, or the product will be depressed in merit. Every act, however, does not tell with the same effect, and things are sometimes insisted on which are of little or no consequence. It may make a difference whether the cream is raised in six or 36 hours, but it will require close discrimination to determine whether the preference is in favor of the longer or the shorter time, and if in favor of the latter, whether the difference will pay for the valuable time, brain labor and money spent in devising means to "hurry it up." Every year thousands of dollars are expended in trying to convince the world of butter makers what salt is best for seasoning. But what does it matter when experts, by examining the butter, can not tell what salt has been used?

Perhaps no single item tells more effectually upon the product than the churning. I believe more injury has been done by faulty churning than by any single act in the process. One reason for this is that it is impossible to say definitely just what ought to be done in all cases. For example, there can be no precise rule laid down *as to the exact temperature* cream should have at the beginning of the operation, because it is better it should vary with the size of the butter-globules in the cream. All other circumstances being the same, cream from the milk of the Jersey and other Channel Island cows, in all of whose milk the globules are large, will churn as well at 58 deg., as that from the average native at 60 deg., or from the Holstien at 62 deg. But the size of the globules varies not only with the breed but with the individuals of each breed, and with the food used by the cows, and also with the length of time they have been in milk. Then again, the temperature needs to vary some with the relative proportion of liquid to butter in the cream. If we churn the whole milk, a certain temperature will be required; if the cream is mingled with half the milk then we need another and a lower temperature; if only pure cream is churned, then a still lower degree will be better. It will, therefore, in each particular case, be to some extent a matter of judgment and experience as to the temperature to begin with.

The churn itself is an item which enters into successful churning. It should be adapted to the work in hand. The poorest churns—those which operate by friction or merely stirring—will churn cream made up of large globules, especially if from well fed cows not long in milk, because such cream churns very easily. But when the globules are small and from cows long in milk, and particularly if the cows are poorly fed so that the globules are not well filled, the friction churn, or stirring machine, fails. The butter comes with difficulty and imperfectly, or not at all. What is wanted for such cream is successive shocks of strong pressure or percussion, which will operate on the entire contents of the churn at once and alike, such as can be obtained in the old dash churn with a large dasher, or by lifting the cream and letting it fall with a thud, as when dropping from side to side in a rectangular rotating churn with deep sides in the direction it revolves, or by the blow given by the cream against the end of an oscillating churn as it suddenly reverses its motion. The large and small globules are then all affected alike and come at the same time, which they would not do in a simple stirrer. Owing to the fact that cream is generally made up of large and small globules mixed, stirring machines are commonly inefficient and unprofitable. They churn the larger sooner than the smaller globules, and either leave the latter unchanged in the buttermilk, or if churned till all come, the butter which comes first is worn out and becomes greasy before the last is churned.

A very common error arises from allowing the cream to become too sour. The excess of acid decomposes the butter-fats into fatty acids and glycerine, inclining it to become ropy, and stale in flavor, and the stale taste to be transferred to the butter. The churning, too, is more difficult as the souring increases. Early churning will avoid such faults. It should not be delayed beyond the first appearance of acidity, and it is better, if the cream or milk has been well aired, to churn just before acidity begins. This will secure higher flavor and better keeping quality to the butter, and the churning will be quite as easy. Though it is notorious that in common practice sour cream churns easier than sweet, and makes a more desirable butter, yet it is by no means certain that souring the cream adds any thing to ease in churning, or is any benefit to the butter. Recent observations seem to point to the corrosion of the delicate membranous envelope of the butter globule by the free oxygen in the air as the cause of making the envelope so tender as to be easily ruptured. Cream churns easily, not according to age or sourness, but according to the atmospheric exposure it has received, and the temperature at which it has received it. Facts are also tending to the inference that the fine aroma and flavor acquired by giving the cream some age, are due to a similar oxydation of the light oils in the milk, and that the effect upon flavor is finest when the oxydation is pretty rapid, as it is when the exposure is somewhat elevated, or not below 60 deg.

Well aired sweet cream, twelve hours old, taken from milk heated from 80 deg. to 120 deg. or 130 deg. and then cooled down to 60 deg. and kept all the time at 60 deg. within the twelve hours, churns as readily and makes as fine and better keeping butter, than cream lightly soured at forty-eight hours old and taken from milk of the same quality and kept all the time at 60 deg. Such facts which have often been noted, and many others of a similar character, go to corroborate the inference that *the free oxygen in the air* has been doing the work we have all along been ascribing to acidity. The common observation that sour cream churns easier than sweet, does not militate against such a conclusion, because the sweet cream, in the common practice, is taken too soon—before the envelopes of the globules and the flavoring oils of the milk have been sufficiently affected by atmospheric action. It may be well supposed that the results would be better, both upon the churning and the flavor, when the cream was allowed to stand a little too long than when taken much too soon. There is a point somewhere between the extremes at which the best results are secured, and facts seem to be fixing it a little in advance of the appearance of acidity. The presence in milk or cream of acid as the product of fermentation is indicative of incipient decay, a condition of things not very likely to contribute to the welfare of such a sensitive product as butter.

One of the largest errors in churning is in *doing too much*. Not one in a hundred stops when he has done enough. To get the best butter and bring it into the best style for cleansing it of buttermilk, the churning should be steady rather than violent, and stop when it has come enough to rise and separate distinctly from the buttermilk, and appear in fine particles or granules, which, though soft, will be nothing but pure butter. Then the whole contents of the churn should be reduced with cold water, or what is better, cold brine, to about 55°, and churned very moderately till the granules become so distinct and hard that they can be handled without sticking together; all the churning needed will be done. After this, it may be washed either in the churn or out, with cold water brine, till the liquid runs off clear, when it will be ready for stirring in salt without any working at all. If the churning continues, as is usual, till the butter is all gathered into one, or a few, lumps, it will inclose so much buttermilk as to require an amount of working, even if done in the most skillful manner, that will materially injure the grain of the butter, and make it appear greasy and lessen its fine flavor and hurry on a stale and strong flavor. All this labor and injury can be avoided by stopping in time, while the butter is in granules, and cooling and washing as described.—*Prof. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Nice Things for Christmas.

—Raisin Pie: One egg, one-half cup of raisins well stewed, one cup of sweet cream, sugar to taste. Beat well together, and bake with two crusts. Currants (dried) instead of raisins are very nice.

—Foam Sauce: One teacup white sugar, three-fourths of a cup butter, one tablespoon flour, one egg—beaten together; then place over the fire, and stir in rapidly three gills of sweet milk, and season with nutmeg.

—Chocolate Cake: One cup butter, two cups sugar, two cups flour, and four eggs; one cup milk, two teaspoons baking-powder; bake in jelly tins; for the chocolate grate fine and mix with weak coffee, the right consistency to spread.

—Stuffed Oysters: Chop fine a dozen oysters; mix with them the beaten yelk of one egg, and thicken with bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of thick cream, salt and pepper to taste. Fill the shells, rounding them nicely on the top. Brown in a quick oven.

—To Broil Oysters: Drain off all the liquor, dry on a napkin, dip them in cream, roll in bread crumbs or grated cracker (seasoned with pepper, salt and nutmeg); lay on a wire gridiron, brown on both sides. Serve on a plate first covered with a twice-folded napkin.

—Fruit Cake: One pound butter, one pound sugar, one pound flour, eight eggs, three pounds raisins, two pounds currants, one pound citron, one-half ounce nutmegs, one-half ounce cinnamon, one teaspoonful of mace, a sprinkle of ground cloves, a large wine-glass of brandy and the same quantity of wine.

—Christmas Pudding: One pound raisins stoned, one pound currants cleaned and dried, one pound of beef suet chopped fine, one pound of bread-crumbs (stale are the best), one pound of brown sugar; then cut in small pieces two ounces of lemon, orange and citron, candied peel, half a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, half a saltspoonful of salt, eight eggs. Mix all well together with your hands except the eggs, which must be beaten yelks and whites separately, whites to a froth with the back of a knife if you have no egg-beater. Now mix your eggs with the other ingredients, it must be quite thick or it will fall apart; if not moist enough add one or two eggs. Half this quantity is enough for a small family. Grease your mold or bowl, fill with the mixture, grease a plate and put over the top wrong side up; dip your pudding-cloth into boiling water, dredge it with flour and tie securely. Have a large pot of boiling water ready; plunge your pudding in, moving it about for a minute; always keep your pudding covered with water; keep a kettle boiling near by to replenish with; never let the pot go off the boil, or it will spoil your pudding. Boil six hours the first day, and when you are ready to eat it boil two hours more; before untying the cloth, plunge the pudding into cold water, then your pudding will not stick. Cover it with finely powdered sugar before sending it to table.

—To Bake a Turkey: After it is dressed, salt and pepper it inside; make a force meat of bread or cracker-crumbs, season with summer savory or sweet marjoram. To this forcement chestnuts may be added. They are put over the fire in a sauce-pan to burst the skins, then boiled in salt water. Or, whole oysters well seasoned may be added to the stuffing. Truffles are also used. A couple of eggs added to any stuffing improves it. Boiled, mashed, and seasoned Irish or sweet potatoes are also used for turkey stuffing. When stuffed, tie it in shape, lard the top or lay slices of bacon over it, wet the skin and sprinkle it well with salt, pepper and flour. Have the oven not very hot till the turkey gets heated through, then increase the heat. While the fowl is cooking, boil the giblets, the neck, liver, gizzard, sweet bread—chop them fine and when the gravy is made add them to it. To make the gravy, after the turkey is removed from the baking-pan put the pan over the fire, dredge flour into it, and when browned stir in boiling water or stock; skim off every bit of fat, add the giblets, season with salt and pepper. If chestnuts are used in the stuffing, add them also to the gravy. Oyster stuffing should be used just before the turkey is baked; with other stuffing it is well to let it remain a number of hours before cooking that its flavor may penetrate the bird. Turkey is served with cranberry jelly or with currant or plum jelly.

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AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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Dear Sir—I have used your Indian Blood Syrup for Sick Headache, of long standing, and it has given me much relief. It is a valuable remedy.
S. POWELL.

A Very Excellent Medicine.
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Dear Sir—Having used your Indian Blood Syrup in my family for several years, I can say from personal experience, that it is truly a valuable, reliable medicine. Any one wishing to know more fully of its good effects on me, can call at my residence, and there I will state to them its wonderful merits.
HARMAN WENDELLER.

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WATERLOO, Douglas Co., Neb., Feb. 10, 1879.
Dear Sir—I purchased from your Agent, some of your Indian Blood Syrup, which has cured one of my family of Fever and Ague, and also cured one of Liver Complaint. I would not be without it in my family.
JOHN STIFFLER.

Another Sufferer from Dyspepsia.
SHILOH, Hamilton Co., Neb., March 15, 1879.
Dear Sir—I was troubled for a long time with Dyspepsia and Indigestion, and was reduced to a skeleton. Various remedies were tried, but none effectually. Having heard of your Indian Blood Syrup, I concluded to give it a trial. The effect was miraculous. I am now as well as ever, and feel ten years younger.
MARTHA VAN GUNDY.

Sure Cure for Dyspepsia.
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Dear Sir—I had the Dyspepsia for several years, and have received more benefit from the use of your Indian Blood Syrup, than from any other medicine I ever used. I would not be without your medicine in the house.
MRS. J. CANARSKY.

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E. CUTSHALL.

Scrofula.
BOWEN, Jefferson County, Neb.
Dear Sir—Your Indian Blood Syrup has never failed to give relief when I have used it, either for my children or myself, for Scrofula and sick Stomach.
MRS. E. MCCUNE.

Would Not Be Without It.
GLENCOE, Dodge County, Neb., Jan. 13, 1879.
Dear Sir—Have used your Indian Blood Syrup and found it to be a most excellent medicine. It gives the Liver a more healthy tone and invigorates the whole system. I would not be without it.
CATHERINE LEWIS.

Safe and Reliable Medicine.
ORLANDO, Lancaster Co., Neb., Feb. 1, 1879.
Dear Sir—This is to certify that we have used your reliable Indian Blood Syrup with wonderful success. We consider it better than any or all other Blood and Liver medicines we have used, and cheerfully recommend it to our neighbors and the public as a safe and reliable medicine.
G. W. KERLIN,
MRS. CALVIN STERNS,
MISS LODEMIA DEEGAN,
E. H. BOWEN,
J. K. BARTON.

Cure for Sick Headache.
CRETE, Lancaster County, Neb., June 5, 1879.
Dear Sir—I have been a sufferer with Sick Headache from childhood, but since taking your very valuable Indian Blood Syrup, I have been greatly benefited.
DEDERICK HENDRIKS.

Cures Neuralgia.
OAK, Nuckolls County, Neb.
Dear Sir—This is to certify that your Indian Blood Syrup is a sure remedy for Neuralgia. It worked a permanent cure in my case.
HENRY SMITH.

Recommends It to All.
OX BOW, Nuckolls County, Neb., April 29, 1879.
Dear Sir—I have used your excellent Indian Blood Syrup, and have received great benefit from its use. I can safely recommend it.
MISS E. I. POLLY.