THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

LOVE'S RESURRECTION.

I made a grave for dead Love to lie in,
And I dug it deep in a grassy place,
With trees above it for winds to sigh in,
Or birds to make song in through blithe spring days.

When I stretched myself on the grave in sorrow,
Remembering Love and how fair was he,
Yesterday poisoned the thought of the morrow—
The blank morrow, in which no Love should be.

And I cried: "O Love! thou wert full of splendor
And pomp and dominion but yesterday,
Yet thy voice was kind and thine eyes were tender;
But all, now all has been taken away.

"Love, canst thou hear?" But the wind moaned only,
Only the grass on Love's grave was stirred;
In the trees above me sang, faint and softly,
One sad little bright-eyed, unmated bird.

The twilight fell as I lay and wept there,
And dew dropped silently, wetting my face;
Alone my dreary vigil I kept there
Till the moon arose in her placid grace.

And the air was charmed with her benediction,
And my desolate heart was soothed and filled
With a sense of some divine prediction;
Then suddenly all the air was thrilled,

And I beheld, in the moonlight tender,
A presence more bright, and my blood turned fire.
For there stood Love, with increase of splendor,
And my heart was made one with my heart's desire.

—*Philip Bourke Marston, in the Independent.*

YE PUMPKYNNE PIE.

Of all ye toothsome Vittells and Drinke
In ye goode Newe England States,
Ye Beste of ym all is ye Husewife's Pye
Yt slice of ye Pumpkynne makes;
All yellow as Golde
Yt has grown Olde,
And of Flavor, so Riche and Fayre,
None other Meate
Yt Manne doth Eate
Wyth ye Pumpkynne can Compare.

Ye flakee Cruste, welle Scalloped rounde—
Ye Worke of ye Fayre Mayd's hand—
Doth show Itself about ye Edge;
A Cryspe and Luscious Bande;
Whenne It I see
I laugh th mee
And I am lyke to Crye,
"Hurrah for ye Fruit!
Hurrah for ye Cooke!
And Hurrah for ye Pumpkynne Pye!"

—*Burdette, in the Hawkeye.*

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

The red rose says, "Be sweet,"
And the lily bids, "Be pure;"
The lovely, brave chrysanthemum,
"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers, "Give,
Nor grudge nor count the cost;"
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming
In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower
Has each a several word,
Which, read together, maketh up
The message of the Lord.

—*Susan Coolidge, in Christian Union.*

BLAKE'S WIDOW.

I.

Jem Blake had been shot dead in his own doorway by Antonio Gueldo, and the trial was to come off directly.

The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances, than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Saba in any more formal court than the time-honored institution of Judge Lynch. Jem had been a quiet man and a good neighbor, with a hand always ready to help any one who was out of luck, so public sentiment ran pretty high against Antonio. If the general inclination had been followed—as, up to that time it always had—the last-named gentleman would have found very scant opportunity to make any remarks in his own behalf. However, things were advancing at San Saba as well as elsewhere, and it wouldn't do to hang Antonio without a regular trial, no matter how agreeable such a proceeding might be to the people at large. So ran the opinion expressed by Judge Pitblado, whose ideas on such subjects were usually accepted without comment. Nevertheless, there was more than one dissenter in the present instance, to whom it was by no means clear that there could be any sense or profit in thus beating about the bush.

"Ef Antonio's goin ter be hung, why in —— don't we hang him?"

This was the pertinent query of Jake Smith, the leader of the opposing faction, and his view of the question put it in so clear a light that the Judge had great difficulty in impressing people with his conviction. *He* said that things had gone on in an irregular way long enough, and here was a chance to start the law in properly, and give it a fair show. Besides, it didn't make any kind of difference: Antonio had shot Jem, hadn't he? Well, then what was the use of talking? All the jury would have to do now was to return their verdict of guilty in the first degree, and there you were all comfortable. It was just the same thing in the end—exactly.

"I tell yer," said the Judge, who felt the weight of his title, albeit the same was altogether one of courtesy; "I tell yer there's nothin' like doin' a thing reg'lar; partikerlally when yer know just how it's comin' out."

So the Judge's argument, supported by his influence, and increasing bias at San Saba in favor of more civilized views, settled the matter, and it was decided that Antonio Gueldo should be tried before he was hanged.

As there was no place specially arranged for such ceremonies, Judge Pitblado hospitably offered the use of his shed. Here a rough table and chair were placed for the Judge, the other necessary furniture, intended to represent the dock, the stand, etc., being eked out with boxes from Silas Baggett's grocery store.

Jake Smith looked on at these preparations for a time with frowning discontent, and then strolled down the road, turning into the lane that led to Blake's. When he reached the door of the shanty he leaned against the jamb and poked his naked head inside, fanning himself in an embarrassed way with his greasy fragment of a hat. He had come there with the intention of saying something, but the sight within made him forget it.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had sat pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin in her palm. The sunlight struck through the foliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checkered with flickering brightness the floor and the cradle where Jem's baby was sleeping. There it was, just as it had been three days ago; (*could* it be only three days?) just as it had been when she went out that morning to look after the drying clothes, and left him standing in the door by the cradle, (how proud he was of the baby!) just as it was when she heard the crack of the pistol, and ran in with an awful sense of suffocating fright; just the same as she had found him lying upon the cradle, dabbling its white linen with his blood, and the baby playing with his hair. She screamed once, the first and last complaint any one had heard her make; then she was quiet and helpful through it all; when the men came and lifted him up; when they laid him out upon the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to his grave, she following with the baby in her arms.

Jake Smith was trying to find the link missing in his thoughts; he sniffed with perplexity — or something — and Blake's widow looked up without speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly four or five times.

"Pooty chipper?" asked he.

Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over the sleeping child and smoothed the clothes with a tender touch.

"They're agoin' ter try him in a court," Jake went on, "an I don't believe——"

"Try who—Antonio?" She turned toward the burly figure in the door with a flash of interest in her black eyes.

"Yes. The Judge is makin' a court out of his shed. I hope it'll turn out all right, but it seems like givin' that Mexican devil a chance he oughtn't ter have."

"He can't get clear, can he?" she asked, rocking the cradle gently and patting the coverlet.

"I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law cuss to speak for him—a feller that stopped here a day or two ago on his way to Galveston, and it makes me kind o' nervous."

Blake's widow did not apper to notice the last remark, for the child, disturbed by his talking, had awakened, and sat up in his cradle with a wondering look.

"Pooty, ain't he?" said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest. "Looks just like—ahem!—you. Poor little—I—a" he stammered and treated his hat like a mortal enemy. "Of course he's had — you've got — ther ain't nothin' I could do fur yer, maybe?"

She answered with a grateful look, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head.

Jake bent down, and, with his big forefinger, softly rumpled the hair of the baby's head; then he went out and left them, Blake's widow sitting as he had found her, and the baby staring down the path after him.

He walked on until he reached the top of the little hill, where he could look down upon the roof which covered the piteous scene he had just left. Here he seemed to have half a mind to turn back, for he hesitated and stopped, but he changed his partial intention after lingering a moment, and walked meditatively onward, with the exclamation, "Wall, some women do beat —— amazin'."

II

Of course every body came to the trial. The arrangements were soon found to be altogether too meagre. Pitblado's shed was filled to overflowing, and Baggett made a clean sweep of every empty box in his store.

Antonio's lawyer, a sharp-eyed sharp-featured fellow from Galveston, had bustled about with surprising agility on the day previous, holding mysterious conference with ill-conditioned fellows of Gueldo's kidney.

Jake Smith was highly dissatisfied, and even the Judge was heard to utter some misgivings; however, by the time the proceedings had really commenced he gained confidence.

The Court was assembled, the jury had been chosen, and the witnesses were all present save one—Blake's widow.

Pretty soon there was a stir at the door; then a murmur of surprise ran through the crowded room.

"May I be ——," said Jake Smith, audibly, "if she hasn't brought her baby!"

What reason she may have had for not leaving the little thing in charge of some sympathizing woman—and there were plenty who would have been glad of the trust—was not apparent; however that might be, there it was clasped firmly in her arms, its bright red cheek contrasting with her whiteness, and its father's sunny hair mingling with her dark locks.

With some difficulty way was made through the throng to her seat, which had been placed on one side of the Judge, directly opposite the candle-box on the other, where Antonio sat. She took her place and never moved during the whole of the trial, excepting as she was required to testify, and once when the baby tugged at some glistening thing that lay hidden in the folds of her dress, at which she took pains to distract its attention with a chip from the floor. As for the baby, it sat there with its big, blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when that irresistible glitter caught its eye.

Every one being now present, the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony showed that Gueldo had had trouble with Blake, and more than once threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol was one charge short on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and more than all that Blake's widow had heard Gueldo's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen his retreating form as she ran in.

At this last point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Gueldo, and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know how exactly, but was none the less sure for that.

There had been a rumor about that some one had heard Antonio make a boast of having "done for Blake this time," but if there were a witness for this he could not be found now.

And so the prosecution closed.

The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlpool of hopeless contradiction the witness who had sworn to having seen Gueldo near Blake's house. Then he expatiated on the ease with which one person may be mistaken for another, and brought a witness to show how Gueldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally he produced three of the ill-conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition during the whole of the day on which the murder was committed.

It was a clear case of alibi. Jake Smith's astonishment at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look towards Pitblado, but the Judge was nonplussed, and didn't seem to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity.

There was a pause before Pitblado gave his charge, and when he rose his face was rather blank.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said he, "things has took a turn I didn't altogether expec'. I don't know as there's much to be said. I s'pose you've got to go by the evidence, an' that don't need any explainin'. Ef you kin make out accordin' to that, that Antonio Gueldo killed Jem Blake, why, just recollect, that's what yer here fur."

The Jury filed out, and the expectant audience occupied itself with tobacco and whispered comments.

Jake Smith fidgeted about on his box, and cast anxious glances through the open door, towards the clump of nopals where the Jury were deliberating.

Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips, and a strong expression of determination coming into her face.

It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, all seating themselves but the spokesman, and Judge Pitblado rose, wiping his forehead with his shirt sleeve.

"Straightened it out, have yer?" nodding to the spokesman.

The man nodded slowly in return.

"Wal, le's have it then."

"Yer see," said the spokesman, with a hesitating and disappointed air, "ef yer hadn't a corralled us with stickin' ter the evidence, we might a done better, but accordin' ter *that*, Antonio wasn't thar when the murder was done, an' ef he warn't thar, he couldn't a done it, an' ef he didn't do it, why—then—of course he's—*not guilty*."

Pitblado didn't dare to look at any body; he stared up at the rafters—down at the table—nowhere in particular; and then turned half-way towards Antonio.

"You kin go," said he speaking with great deliberation, "but I wouldn't stay round here too long."

There was a dead pause for a minute, and nobody moved.

Jake Smith exploded a single expressive word, which he had held in for some time past, and Blake's widow stood up.

"Have you got through, Judge?" she asked.

"Wal—I—s'pose so."

"And there's nothing more to be done?"

"I'm afraid ther ain't."

"And he's free to go?"

"Y-a-a-s."

Antonio Gueldo rose with an insolent grin, and picked up his hat.

The baby crowed, for it saw the glittering thing again.

There was a sharp report—Antonio pitched forward in a heap upon the floor, and Blake's widow stood with the pistol pressed to her breast.

A line of thin blue smoked curled up from the muzzle of the weapon and formed a halo around the child's flaxen head. The glittering thing was quite near the little hands now, and they took it from the yielding grasp of the mother.

Blake's widow looked steadily at the figure on the floor—it was quite motionless—then she turned, and went through the wide passage opened for her by the silent crowd, holding the baby very tenderly, and the baby carrying the pistol.

The child laughed with delight, it had got its shining plaything at last.—*Boston Courier.*

A Siamese Fable

A man chased by a tiger in a forest one night escaped by climbing a tree, on which lived a monkey and its family. The monkey received the man kindly, and refused to listen to the tiger, which advised it to fling him down while he slept. When the man awoke the tiger retired, and the monkey went to sleep. Presently the tiger returned, and recommended the man to fling the monkey down. The man pondered awhile, then gave the monkey a push, and it fell into the tiger's claws. Awakened by the shock and the pain, the monkey laughed aloud. "Wherefore laughest thou, when I am clawing thy body?" asked the astonished tiger. "Because thou thinkest thy claws are near my heart, and thou art wrong," replied the monkey. "Where, then, is thy heart?" "At the end of my tail." The tiger let go its hold, but before it could seize its victim's tail the monkey ran up the tree and was saved. It knew who had pushed it over, but it uttered no angry word. When the day dawned the tiger disappeared, and the monkey went out to gather fruit for its guest. During its absence the man killed its mate and all its little ones, intending to take them home for his wife to cook; when the monkey came back with a throng of its kinsfolk, it found its home made desolate. Still it uttered no angry word—only offered to guide the man out of the forest. They set forth together, the man following the monkey. After a time the man struck the monkey over the head so hard that the blood gushed forth. "Why hast thou done this?" asked the monkey. "Because I wanted flesh for my wife to cook," replied the man. "But if thou hadst killed me," said the monkey, "who would have guided thee out of the forest? Now follow me at a distance; my blood-drops will show thee the way. And when thou art clear from the trees then thou canst kill me without risk. The man did as he was counseled. When they came near the forests verge, the monkey stopped for the man to come up and kill it. The man killed the monkey. But just as he was leaving the forest he tripped and fell, first into a hole, then headlong right into hell. But no sooner was the monkey dead than it was carried straight up into heaven. There, in a golden palace, it was joined by all its dear ones whom the man had killed. "But where is the man?" asked the monkey with anxious sympathy. "He is in hell," was the reply. "Your Highness must not think of him any more."—*Notes and Queries.*

Good Manners.

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration. A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the neighbors or the journals say? State your opin on without apology. The attitude is the main point. Assure your companions that, come good news or come bad, you remain in good heart and good mind, which is the best news you can possibly communicate.

Self-control is the rule. You have in you there a noisy, sensual savage, which you are to keep down, and turn all his strength to beauty. For example: what a seneschal and detective is laughter? It seems to require several generations of education to train a squeaking or a shouting habit out of a man. Sometimes, when in almost all expressions the Choctaw and the slave have been worked out of him, a coarse nature still betrays itself in his contemptible squeals of joy. The great gain is not to shine, not to conquer your companion—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful. Then you can see the real and the counterfeit, and you will never accept the counterfeit again. You will adopt the art of war that has defeated you. You will ride to battle horsed on the very logic which you found irresistible. You will accept the fertile truth, instead of the solemn, customary lie.

When people come to see us we foolishly prattle, lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while and thunders so that I can not hear what you say to the contrary. A lady of my acquaintance said: "I don't care so much for what they say as I do for what makes them say it." The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common sort of all the guests. Every thing is unreasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the others of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, whilst they sit in one parlor with common friends. Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

BOILED RICE.—Make a bag three fingers long, dip in hot water and put in your rice; tie, leaving room for the rice to swell; put in pot with cold water; let come to a boil (put salt in the water); cook from half to three-quarters of an hour. When done, it will turn out dry like a mold. Serve with milk or butter and sugar. Turn the bag often to keep it from sticking to the pot; it is well to put a sauce-plate in the bottom to prevent its burning.

—To clean zinc—Rub on fresh lard with a cloth and wipe dry.

The Man in the Moon.

Many years ago, when the Professor was younger than he is now, he used to look up at the moon and wonder what the queer-looking figure might be that seemed to inhabit the bright yellow disc. When he asked what it was people would say, "Oh, that's the man in the moon," as though that settled the matter and it wasn't necessary to say any thing more about it; and so he was left to puzzle it out: at one time discovering a man with a bundle of sticks across his shoulder, and another time a great staring face looking down upon the world like one of the pumpkin lanterns which boys in the country proudly exhibit on dark nights. At that time the Professor did not know that in every age of the world and in nearly every nation other children besides himself had been curious about this matter, and that innumerable stories had been invented to satisfy their curiosity.

One of these stories, perhaps the most ancient, relates that the man in the moon is the man who was found by Moses gathering sticks on the Sabbath, and that as a punishment for his crime he was condemned to dwell in the moon until the end of all things. The German legend, which does not, however, refer to Moses, tells that the faggot bearer was met by a man who said to him: "Do you know that this is Sunday on earth, when all must rest from their labors?"

"Sunday on earth or Monday in Heaven, it is all one to me," said the wood-cutter.

"Then bear your bundle forever," answered the other, "and as you value not Sunday on earth you shall be a perpetual moon-day in heaven: and you shall stand for eternity in the moon, a warning to all Sabbath-breakers."

So the man was caught up with his sticks into the moon, where he stands yet.

This story with variations is told in all countries. Even the poets allude to it. Chaucer speaks of the man as,

Bering a bush of thornis on his back
Which for his theft might clime so ner the Heaven.

Shakespeare, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," makes Quince the Carpenter say, "One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern and say he comes in to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine." And an old poet of the twelfth century named Necham, who wrote in Latin, says,

See the rustic in the moon,
How his bundle weighs him down;
Thus his sticks the truth reveal,
It never profits man to steal.

The idea of the moon as a thief prevailed also among the Swedes, who believed that the figures in the moon were those of two children who had been caught up from the earth with their bucket in which they had been drawing water from the well Byrgir. The Professor wonders if this story has not something to do with the nursery rhyme,

Jack and Gill went up the hill
To draw a pail of water,

especially since the rhyme is very old and came originally from Scandinavia. It would be easy, you see, for people to fancy that when the moon grew old and the figures disappeared they had tumbled down a hill, or gone almost anywhere else out of sight.

Now the class must remember that when these stories were invented there weren't any telescopes or magnifying glasses. Poor old Job, who sat on his ash heap and talked so beautifully about the stars, could see no more of them than his unassisted eyesight showed him, and Anaxagoras and Ptolemy and Copernicus, who were all of them great astronomers, could see no more—unless their eyesight was better, which, considering Job's afflictions, the Professor thinks quite likely. It was not until Galileo invented the telescope and turned it upon the moon that all these ridiculous fancies about the person who was supposed to inhabit it were blown away. What people's excited imaginations had for thousands of years magnified—or, to speak more correctly, dwarfed into a human face or a man with sticks, proved to be great mountains and pits and craters on the rugged surface of the planet, lit up here with the sunlight and throwing in another place the deepest and blackest shadows.

Wise men, to be sure, had anticipated something of this sort, and their idea was that the dark places were seas; whereas the telescope showed that there was not a drop of water anywhere on the moon. And yet the wise men were not so far out of the way, for the telescope showed also that the dark places were the beds of seas where probably the waters once rolled just as they do now upon the earth. Indeed, the moon is nothing more or less than a dried-up earth, and if the class wants to know how this planet of ours would look if the fires were all gone out inside and the waters all drained off outside, let them take a look at the moon through a good telescope.

What will you see? Well, if you have fancied a face in the moon you will find the eyes to be two of these great dark pits, the nose to be a mountain range between them, and the mouth to be another gaping pit, called by astronomers the Sea of Clouds. Besides these you will see other pits out of which rise great mountains, and which are supposed to be craters of extinct volcanoes. Of course, seen through the telescope, all resemblance to a face will disappear, and unless the telescope is very large it will require a considerable effort of imagination to make pits out of the dark spots and mountains out of the bright ones. If the telescope is a good one, however, you will not only be able to distinguish these features but you can look down into the pits, some of which are thousands of feet deep, and see the immense rocks and bowlders with which the floor is strewed. The best telescopes bring the moon, which is really 142,000 miles distant, within one hundred and twenty miles; that is to say, through one of these glasses a mountain in the moon five or six thousand feet high will seem about as large as as the White Mountains when looked at by the unassisted eye from the Catskill Mountain House. That is about as close a comparison as the Professor is able to make.

Some of the mountains in the moon, though, are much higher than that. One is calculated to be sixteen thousand feet high, and the astronomers think they have discovered one which is not less than twenty-three thousand. On the whole, considering how bleak and barren the planet is, and that it has no air, water or vegetation, and, so far as discovered, no inhabitants, the Professor thinks he would very much prefer living on the earth.—*Christian Union.*

—When I have pieces of cold roast pork in the house, I use in this way: Chop very fine, and if you have a little piece of cold roast beef or beefsteak to chop with it, it improves it. Season with salt, pepper, and sage, moisten with a little milk or hot water, make into little cakes like fishballs, dust with flour, and fry a nice brown on both sides in lard or beef drippings.

—The Church of God (German Baptist), founded by Dr. Winebrenner, will celebrate this year the semi-centenary of its existence. Special contributions for benevolent purposes are asked for, and some $30,000 wanted for a classical school.

—Paint splashed upon window glass can be easily removed by a strong solution of soda.

—Two ounces of permanganate of potassa thrown into a cistern will render the foulest water sweet and pure.

FARM TOPICS.

DRY COWS.

It is a common practice among some dairymen to give their cows, when dry, but scanty living. When a cow ceases to give milk, or is dried up, any feed is considered good enough for her. I think this is a great mistake, and the result is a diminished product of milk, both in quantity and quality, when she does come in. There is a large draught on the system to sustain the calf while the cow is carrying it; and to keep the cow in good condition good feed is as important as when she is giving milk. It is my opinion that one dollar's worth of food when the cow is dry is worth one and a half dollar after she comes in. An animal in poor condition can not digest as much food as an animal in good condition. If the cow is poor when she comes in she will not digest enough food to support the system, and, at the same time, to make a large quantity of milk.—*Bulletin American Jersey Cattle Club.*

EARLY SPRING VEGETABLES.

We suppose that not even the most practical epicures enjoy their dainty dishes more than the average human being does his early spring vegetables; and, considering how comparatively easy it is to have some of these, the wonder is that more is not done to get them. The reason, perhaps, is that few think of it till the springtime comes, when it is too late to do much in the way of getting them. This is the time to begin to think about these things. Many vegetables start into growth with very little heat, and even the protection of a fence will often bring things forward some days before those which have ground and bleak winds to contend with. We know a garden, near this city, which has but a low wall, about four feet high, around it; but even this is a wonderful screen from cold winds. Up under the north wall of the little garden, in the full southern sun, is the rhubarb and the asparagus; and this little advantage alone gives them near two weeks' start on their neighbors with these two vegetables. It is not always convenient, or even desirable, to have a wall like this; but almost any one can have a thick arbor-vitæ hedge, which will answer nearly as well. Besides this, much can be done by hot-bed frames, as they are generally called, although when no manure is used to make an artificial warmth they are by gardeners called cold frames. These, placed over crops, bring them forward considerably. Beds of asparagus can be made with an especial view to having them covered with sashes in this manner, and when the spring comes both radishes and lettuce can be sown on the earth under the glass, and will grow on and do well without much interference from the asparagus growing up between them. So with strawberries. A few sashes set over the plants in a warm and dry situation brings them on wonderfully. Of course, when one begins these practices, some judgment will be required in the management. As a general rule, the sashes should be left off in hot days, putting them on only at nights, to keep off the white frosts and keep the ground warm. This warmth is also aided by putting on the sashes early in the evening, so as to inclose a body of warm air before the sun entirely goes down. If the sashes are kept on all the time, the plants become weak, for want of air during the growing day-time, and are then more liable to injury by night. It is on these little matters that some judgment is required; but it soon comes as natural to one with a little experience as swimming does to a young duck. Just as in the case of a duck, too, it is a sort of judgment which no newspaper nor any thing but natural tact can teach. Let all who have gardens look around just now and see when it can be done. They will find more chances for these little fam ly enjoyments than many of them ever dreamed of, and no doubt will thank us for the suggestion, when they find how well their thoughtfulness now is rewarded by the fullness of early spring garden things.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE SECRET OF HAVING EGGS IN WINTER.

I keep nothing but pure bred fowls, and those that are acknowledged by all the best breeders in the country to be the best winter layers that there is in America, the Light Brahmas. I generally set my hens early in February or March; this gives me early pullets, which commence laying as early as August, and keep it up from that time till spring. When cold weather comes I see that all the cracks are closed in my chicken house, and every thing made snug and warm; at least stop the cracks and not let the fowls set in a cold draught all night. I get a supply of gravel and place it where the fowls can help themselves, when they want it. Next give them a box of road dust to wallow in, placing it where the sun will shine on it as much as possible, and throw a handful of sulphur in it once in a while to keep the lice at bay. If you watch the hens when they are taking their daily dust bath, you will see that they enjoy it very much. They need a bath as much as we do, and it does them as much good. For feed, I have a common camp kettle, made of sheet-iron, into which all the dishwater and refuse of the supper table are put. When I make the fire in the morning, the kettle is put on the stove, and by the time I have eaten my breakfast, the contents are hot. I take a patent pail and put the water into it and then stir in shorts and corn chop until it has taken up all the water. Make the mass as thick as possible. Use two-thirds shorts and one-third corn chop, I have small wooden troughs which I empty the feed into. If the weather is very cold I give them in their morning feed, once a week, a tablespoonful of cayenne pepper for every 12 fowls, and at least twice a week, I give them in their soft feet, a handful of salt. At noon I give them a very *light* feed of wheat screenings, oats or barley, and for the last feed, corn, all they will eat up clean. Be sure your fowls go to roost with a full crop. I take care to give them all the pure clean water they want. I use a common milk crock, which is as good as any thing that I have been able to find; it is easy to keep clean and will last a long time, if you do not forget to throw the water out of it some cold night. In very cold weather I give them water warm. Hens require a great amount of water. They will drink the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Plenty of good clean water goes a good ways toward keeping them in good health and laying condition. Once a week I give them a mess of green food, such as turnips, cabbage, or potato, cooked and mixed with meal, and by all these small details I make my hens give me plenty of eggs in the season when every one is complaining, "My hens don't lay; I don't see why. They have all the corn they can eat." That is the trouble, too much corn. I suppose there are some farmers and others who will say it don't pay to go to so much trouble and bother, but it will be those who think it too much trouble and bother to put their reapers, mowers and plows under shelter out of the rain and snow which wears them out more than use. Such farmers think it too much trouble to do any thing as it should be done. We have one of the best States in the Union for poultry, with good markets, and there is more money in it than any other thing the farmer can do or raise. Fowls must have some care as well as other stock, and not be left to scratch for their living on the frozen ground and roost in the trees, if we expect them to pay for their keeping.—*F. E. Marsh, Manhattan, Kans., in Kansas Farmer.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Table.

—"Picked-up" Dinners: The other day we had a fricasseed chicken for dinner, and, of course, had a little left. Not enough to warm over to make a nice dish by itself, but one of those provoking little messes that will accumulate to the horror of every housekeeper. So I made a pie in this manner, and it was very nice: Sift a teaspoonful of cream-tartar into a pint of flour, and then work in a heaping teaspoonful of butter. Add three-fourths of a cup of milk in which half a teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt have been dissolved. Mix as quickly as possible, divide, and roll nearly half an inch thick. Butter a small dish or a three-pint tin basin, and lay in one piece of the dough, bringing it well up at the sides. Have the pieces of chicken cut from the bones, and lay them on the crust, put in two or three tablespoonfuls of gravy, put butter over it, dust over it a very little flour, and put on the other crust—cutting two or three incisions across the center. Press it well down at the edge, and bake in a rather quick oven for more than an hour. Heat the gravy, and if there is not enough, add a little milk and a teaspoonful of butter, stirring in a little flour (well mixed with milk) to thicken sufficiently. Cold roast or stewed veal is nearly as nice as chicken, used in the same manner.

—When I have a cold roast of beef which will give me no more thin large slices for the table, I make a stew. Cut the beef in small thick slices, and put it in a kettle with water to cover it, adding a little gravy if you have it. Salt to taste, cover closely, and while it simmers, peel and slice five or six small potatoes, according to the quantity of meat, and two good-sized carrots. Put them in the kettle, and, if there is not water enough to just cover, add a little. Boil gently for three-quarters of an hour, taking care not to let the water boil out. Mix a tablespoonful of flour smooth with a little milk or water, and stir in gently; when it thickens, let it boil a minute or two, and serve as quickly as possible.

—Of cold mashed potatoes, cold boiled rice or hominy, I make croquettes. Take a teacupful of either, mash fine without warming, add an egg well beaten, and a tablespoonful of milk or cream, and salt to taste. Butter a frying-pan, and drop in the mixture, a teaspoonful at a time. Brown nicely on both sides, and serve very hot. These are very nice with cold meats.

—I make a pudding once in the while, which uses up all my pieces of dry cake and gingerbread. It is a real economy pudding, and is good. Take two cupfuls of crumbs broken or rolled fine, two cups of milk, two of flour, one of molasses, two eggs, a teaspoonful each of salt and soda, and spice to taste. Add a cup of raisins or currants, or a little citron, or a cup of dried sweet apples, which have soaked over night and are well drained. Butter a pudding-pan or a pail, pour in the mixture, and steam it two hours and a half. Serve with any sauce preferred, with butter, or cream. Sometimes, if I have much cake on hand, I make a larger pudding, as it will keep two or three weeks in cold weather, warming over as required.—*Cor. of the Household.*

Miscellaneous.

—To give stoves a good polish—Rub them with a piece of Brussels carpet after blackening them.

—A mixture of oil and ink is good to clean kid boots with; the first softens and the latter blackens them.

—A flannel cloth dipped into warm soap suds, then into whiting, and applied to paint, will instantly remove all grease.

—New linen may be embroidered more easily by rubbing it over with fine white soap; it prevents the thread from cracking.

—A salve made with turpentine three parts and lard two parts rubbed on the teats of cows after milking will cure sore teats.

—To remove grease from wall-paper—Lay several folds of blotting-paper on the spot and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.

—Guinea fowls will keep all bugs and insects of every description off garden vines. They will not scratch like other fowls or harm the most delicate plants.

—To take ink out of linen—Dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it. This is said to be unfailing.

—If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week they will become very tough, will not cut a carpet, will last much longer and always sweep like a new broom.

—To remove rust from a stovepipe—Rub with linseed oil (a little goes a good way); build a slow fire at first till it is dry. Oil in the spring to prevent it from rusting.

—To clean brass—Immerse or wash it several times in sour milk or whey. This will brighten it without scouring. It may then be scoured with a woolen cloth dipped in ashes.

—Ammonia is good for a great many things. It cleans gentlemen's coat-collars and felt hats nicely. Dilute with water one-half, use a cloth same color, rub well, using several clean cloths if very much soiled. A few drops in a bath water, especially if hard water, is refreshing and purifying. It cleans glassware, silverware, windows, paint, and bottles beautifully and easily. It takes up the grease spots from the floors. Is good for a stimulant to house-plants: one teaspoonful to one gallon of water once a week. Put a few drops in a basin of water, wash your hair brushes in it, and see what it is good for. It is good for catarrhal cold, and stings of insects. Inhale for colds, and apply to affected part in stings.

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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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