To-morrow never comes!"

But when we try to overtake, We find the shadow flown, And then it is to-day again, And our to-morrow's gone.

We have a little space Dealt out, in which we may Do all our work for God and Heaven,

O! why then should I wait For time which may not be?

To-day will come again in turn, But may not come to me. Lord! make me strong and wise;

And let me not delay To do the work thou sendest me, While it is yet to-day.

-Christian at Work.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

Why should I stake my happy youth, My days of spring, Upon a man's untested truth, And proffered ring?

You praise me for my golden hair, My eyes of bine; But change o'ertakes the fairest fair, Then what of you?

When all you praise has suffered wrong And I am old, Will love that did to youth belong My age enfold?

Since you but prize my smiling eyes
And blushing cheek,
Then breathe no more your tender sighs.
The things you seek

Are but the shadow of a shade, Will vanish fast— Mirage, of mists of morning made, That can not last.

'Tis he who seeks a woman's soul Who wins her heart; One reaches not Love's final goal With shallow art.
-Louise Chandler Moulton, in the Independent

## IN PAWN.

It was a rainy morning. Customers were few in the rambling old pawn-shop in the Bowery about which I am going In the ever to tell you, and the strange little man who kept the place had more time than usual to look over his stock and calcu-

A woman with a battered face and probably the last article of any value she had left in the house. And this was not worth much, for "old Guttman" as the pawnbroker was called, would only give her ten cents for the privilege of leaving it among his possessions. · Vat you do with the monish, Sal?' he asked, as the woman, with trembling hand, picked the dime from the coun-

"I'm hungry," she replied, in a maudlin way, "I'm hungry." "Ve shall see," he answered, as the woman, without another word, dragged herself from the place.

Then old Guttman moved round once more among his strange wares, muttering a little to herself in his own language. Canary birds sung and hopped about in gilded cages, quite forgetful of their former homes, and a valuable maltese cat, whose owner brought it food every day, purred about the pawnbroker's feet, to all appearance as happy as a cat could be.

It would be almost impossible to name an article of wearing apparel, or an ornament from paste to diamonds of the first water, from gewgaws to solid gold, that old Guttman did not have in his shop. French clocks and wooden clocks ticked side by side on a shelf. while babies' cradles, cribs, wax dolls and playthings told a pitiful story of the destitution that made such sacrifice necessary. There were oil paintings, bronzes, statuary, books, and every conceivable article of bric-a-brac. In short, Guttman's stock was unusually extensive and varied, and his pride in his miscellaneous assortment was correspondingly large.

Among the pictures was a portrait of a beautiful woman. It was in a costly gilt frame, which occupied a prominent place on an easel in a corner of the shop. No one could glance at this portrait without turning to look at it again. It was evidently the face of an Italian lady, and was marvelously

The pawnbroker, with his feather duster, reached this corner at last, and as he dusted the frame, he said, with a shake of his bald head-

"You haf been much trouble to me. my lady. More than you year, you bad creature, you been here, and no monish paid for you. You will go to de shen-thman what ask to buy you. You haf break my rule with your great eyes, and break my rule with your great eyes, and still absented herself. Evening came, the ozzer eyes that comes in here and ery for you! But old Guttman must haf a soft heart no more, my lady, no

At this moment the door with the three painted balls on the ground glass pane, swung open, and a girl, perhaps eight or nine years old, came into the through with the rain. Her long dark badly that I could not get up before, limp masses down her back. She wore | go back to that place again." neither stockings nor shoes, but her feet were small and shapely, and the rags, grotesque in their blending of shades and colors, could not conceal the

grace of the girlish figure. "Oh! I have hurried so, Guttman, begging till this minute!" and the child stepped before the portrait and looked at it with her whole soul in her eyes.

"Come with me," said the pawn-broker, extending his hand without moving from his position.

"How much did they gif you, Nina?" the pawn-broker asked.

hard drinking, had pawned the picture of his dead wife. Shortly after he died, and nothing had ever been paid on it; so, according to the rules of the establishment, and perhaps of honest dealing, the pawn-broker owned the picture, and it was his to dispose of to any one who who is the day of the picture.

wished to purchase it.

Every day since the picture had been in old Guttman's care, Nina had visited the shop to see the face she loved so well. Some days the little one would flit in and out half-a-dozen times, and to this most unusual behavior, the pawn-broker answered, walking away troubled and repentant because he had grieved the child.

"O mamma, mamma, what shall I do?" the little one went do? what shall I do?" the little one went

into the care of a woman who made her beg from morning until night, her only reward being a roof to cover her when lf Nina had reproached him, he could she slept and a portion of the poor food have borne it better; but there was not

heaven!" the girl replied; "but this is and as he glanced at the great gilt frame all I have now, and I could not live out of which had gone the speaking without it, indeed I could not. I say to eyes and tender mouth, it seemed to myself, when it is cold, and the rain him as if he had also a lost friend. pours down, and my feet freeze with the snow and the ice, 'Never mind, Nina, your mamma is over there, and Guttman dear will keep her safe;' and then a friend for a stroll in the cool evening

standing motionless before the portrait.

Old Guttman had an eye for the artistic, and this child, bareheaded, barefooted, and dressed in rags, with the look of an angel in her sweet infantile girl, all in rags, sat on the floor by the

The pawnbroker loved the masters. and always spoke of them as his frends.

There was a bit of dusting to do in an opposite corner, and when Guttman story as well as if it had been told him. turned round again, Nina was gone.

"Ah, Guttman! you be von old fool!"
he said to himself when he found he was

care of one who could give her the symalone. "And you, my pretty lady, with de big eyes, haf bewitched me long enough—too long. I sorry for de child, but I may not keep you always because of that. When de shentleman come care of one who could give her the sympathy and love of a mother, little Nina awoke in the morning to warmth and sunshine, to the light of her mother's picture, and to pretty clothes and tender, loving words.

again and vant to buy you, it vill be one, two, tree, and off you go."

Business grew more lively towards woman, and the great artist's picture of noon, and the pawnbroker forgot all about the big eyes; but they looked out wistfully, nevertheless, on the strange a wider reputation than he had ever had company in this strange establishment, before. and sometimes one visitor more alive to the beautiful than the rest would linger broker, and always called him friend

day passed as usual in the pawnbroker's Kirk, in Youth's Companion. establishment. Men and women, old and young, crept in with their treas- An Old Bible and Its Interesting Hisures, and after a few low-spoken words with the proprietor, would creep out again, his money clenched tightly in

peater. He was evidently an old cus- Doctor was an educated gentleman, and tomer, for he said, with a hard laugh, as urged me if I ever came in the region

saint, you see. If he should suspect any his invitation, and rode on horseback thing, and come poking round, keep some dozen miles out of my way to see am anxious that our people should feed mum, will you?" "Bah! I know my business," the kind of bools

pawnbroker replied.

proud of.

been here?" "Yes," said Guttman, holding up the watch the young man had just left.
"How much did you give him?" "Twenty dollar."

"All right," said the gentleman, 'here is your money." The watch and the money changed hands again, and then the artist turned to the portrait.

"I'll take this home to-night." said, "if you'll let me have it." "Yes, all right," said Guttman.
"One, two, tree, and off she goes!"

long-coveted treasure.

next few hours.

Nina and her mother. Old Guttman made his fire earlier than usual the next morning. Some-times the pawnbroker had made a little verses. This dot of the Bible I speak of more coffee than he needed for himself, and saved a roll for Nina. This morning there was a generous cupful left in the coffee-pot; but breakfast passed, and about that of an old Ainsworth Latin and when old Guttman had lit the lamps, he opened the door and looked up and down the busy street, ostensibly to find contained all the books of the Old Tesout about the weather, but really to see | tament except the Psalms and the Apoc-

shop. She was ragged, and wet she stepped inside, "I was beaten so hair was drenched, and hung in great and I can never, never, Guttman dear, "You shall stay with me," the pawn-

he went on. "Oh, give them to me now, please," dear!" she said, looking quickly about her as she spoke, "but she has kept me begging till this minute!" and the child "Come with me," said the pawn-

customed as he was to all phases of this unhappy business, he could not bring himself just then to say any thing to the sorrow-stricken child about the sale of the picture.

More than a year before, Nina's father, a man broken down in soul and body by hard drinking, had paymed the nighter.

"She is not here any more, Nina," the pawnbroker answered, turning his face away. "I—I—haf sold her." "Where has she gone?" the little one cried, clutching Guttman's arm as she spoke. Her eyes filled with tears. "() Guttman dear, where has she gone? Tell me who has got my mam-

When Nina's father died she was ut-terly alone in the world, and after a lit-thinking of you all day! O mamma, tle attention from the more kind-hearted dear mamma, and now you are gone;

Old Guttman walked into the next

she slept and a portion of the poor food that had been given her through the day.

"Yes, Nina," Guttman remarked at last, as the child stood spell-bound before the portrait, "the painting is beautiful; every one vill always say that; but all de time, Nina, it is not your mother, for she, ve vill say, is in Heaven; yes!"

"O Guttman dear, I know she is in heaven!" the girl replied, that this is and as he glanced at the great gill frame.

I think no more of the cross people and air. The portrait had been greatly ad-"So," said the pawnbroker under his examination by a brother artist, it had breath, with a glance at the little figure been left standing on the floor at the

face, was a picture that he knew his side of the portrait, her head leaning friend Raphael would have craved to against the picture, fast asleep. In her hand was the card she had taken from the picture-frame, with the artist's ad-

I can not dwell on Nina's after his-

Nina never forgot the old pawn a moment before the easel, and forget his troubles in the charm of this lovely days, and his occasional visits to her home were among the brightest mo-The rest of this stormy, disagreeable ments of the old man's life. - Eleanor

It was in 1850 that I met in Mobile Ala., the owner of this book-Dr. J. R. In the evening a young man of re- Witherspoon, grandson of President fined appearance came in, hurriedly, Witherspoon, one of the signers of the and pawned his watch, a large gold re- Declaration of Independence. The A woman with a battered face and bleared eyes had just been in and pawned an infant's chair, which was Guttman. He thinks I have turned derful Bible. I was not slow to accept the greatest wonder of the age of this

I found the venerable doctor living The young man lit a cigar, and with elegantly on broad acres and with the another hard laugh, walked out of the slaves about him, for he did not seem to think there was any thing in his Bible Two hours later, just as old Guttman against slavery, though his grandfather was closing the shop, another gentle- signed the declaration that "all men man entered. The pawnbroker's face are created equal." The book was brightened as he saw him, for the new- soon brought out from a careful comer was a well-known artist, a man keeping, and sure enough, though I had whose pictures he was very fond and seen for years the great Van Ess library, with Bibles having a chain attached "Good-evening, Guttman," the gen- that once held them to a pulpit, and tleman said, pleasantly. "Has Frank the Bible of Philip Melancthon with his autograph, I had never seen any such Bible as this.

I took it in my hand with awe, for it was written in the days of King Alfred, and by a monk of Cornwall, England, skin thongs, was a mystery and almost

a fool" of old Guttman was carefully years lay between the old monk and wrapped up, and the artist, with a Faust and Guttenberg. The style was pleasant good-night, walked off with his German text-hand, and was an abreviation from the vulgate of Jerome, made

"Bah!" said the pawnbroker, a few in the fourth century.

moments afterwards, as he stood before The first chrpter of every book was the empty frame.

"Bah!" he exclaimed again, with a shiver, as he put up the shutters, and written with a large capital, of inimitable beauty and splendidly illuminated with red, blue and black ink, still in hid the three balls from sight for the vivid letters, with no two of the capitals precisely alike. Here was indeed a "Bah!" he repeated later in the Dore before him of our age. Each night, as he woke from a dream about chapter is divided into verses by a dot when "the venerable Bede" made his

may have been the work of subsequent age. As to the size of the book, it was if he might not catch a glimpse of Nina. He was about to close it again, when the child appeared on the threshold.

"O Guttman dear," she moaned as in the book, had been recently wontonly abstracted or cut out, in the house of Dr. Witherspoon, by some bibloma-niac who did not dare steal the whole book. It contains, also, the whole of

the New Testament except the chapter where the disputed text occurs, about "the three who bear record in Heav-In regard to the history of this Bible, the doctor told me that it was found by a friend of his father among a lot of old

some college Harvard, I think whence it was recovered under a threat of a

suit on the bond. I left the sight and handling of this most wonderful Bible of any in existence, perhaps, with many a longing, lingering look, but not till I had written its history very fully at the request and dicta-tion of the venerable owner.—Rochester (N. Y.) Express.

unblesched muslins of last summe

and with bayadere stripes of bright shades of blue, scarlet, yellow and black.

Over these bayadere domestics are sometimes draped the cheese cloths of last -The submarine cables now working traverse a distance of 97,000 miles.

FARM TOPICS

PERDING COTTON SEED Prof. M. W. Phillips, of the University of Mississippi, writes as follows to the Chicago Leee Stock Journal: The Professor of Greek in this University called my attention, two days since, to his cows. They will make better beef than I can buy in market at ten cents. These cows, two in milk and two dry, with young stock, have been fed on nothing ut cotton seed-one hundred and fift; bushels; cost fifteen dollars-since lst October last. No hay. "Have had a little bran, but very little," were his words. I have been in Mississippi fifty years; and the rule has been, cattle

stand to a seed pen, or on a bank of seed, and eat until content. Always a great cry as to cotton-seed butter being white and sticky. Some insist lint is in the butter. I lived on a farm in Hinds County, twelve miles east of Vicksburg, for thiry-three years, and my milch cows were fed seed daily for six or eight months. I had a regular sugar boiler, set in brick. I also had a boiler with plank sides and ends, such as you describe, with sheet-iron bottom set in furnace and flue. I used bran from siftings of corn-meal, with turnip parings, cabbage plants and stalks, and sweet potato parings from negro cook house; ordinarily. And my wife had her surplus spoonfuls of sifted white sugar. When the butter engaged the year round at twenty-five cents. Solon Robinson, formerly re-smoothly, and set in the oven to brown done. with me in January, many years ago, small pies. and expressed surprise at my cotton- -Good Coffee: The editor of Truth in anger. seed butter. The bran and scraps were says there is nothing easier than making 6. Never let them perceive that they a small matter considering the quantity good coffee, and gives the following of food. I had fifteen to thirty or more simple recipe: "Put the ground coffee possession.

7. If they give way to petulance or lady could crush it between her thumb cup-put the saucepan on the fire; just ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and and forefinger; thus the tough rind before the water boils throw in a few then gently reason with them on the cooked his seed. One professor here, a piece of muslin, and you will have better ishment, when the occasion arises, is native, always cooks his, and says his coffee than is produced by the most much more effectual that the threatening the woods. Snow on the ground all last chine." enough for beef cattle. For some twenty years before the War, I never let a hoof outside my fence. When General Grant marched into Hinds County, by the back way, I went out in front, and the back way, I went out in front, and the back way. I went out in front, and the back way is a long to the same circumstances, at an other. took out forty-seven head of milch cows, as it can be without scorching the buttwo bulls, a dozen brood mares, stallor and jack. My steers and wethers I had killed to feed our soldiers; taking now and then, that it may not burn; some seventy-five head of ewes and cook two or three minutes, or until the cook two or three min rams, all pure blood. This will give eggs set; fold over, shake the skillet, you an idea that one cotton-planter had turn on to a hot platter and serve at stock, as I made my own meat always, once.

cotton seed and save manure. SPANISH CHUFAS. This plant, known to botanists as the uperus esculentus, is attracting considerable attention as a food crop for sheep, swine and poultry. It was introduced into this country by the agricultural department, at Washington, about a quarter of a century ago. There is considerable prejudice existing against the chufas in some parts of the South, on account of its resemblence to the "eoco" grass (cyperus hydra) which is one of the most annoying pests with which the southern cultivator is troubled. But though belonging to the same genus, it does not possess those qualities that render that grass such a

fed green, and in quantities, stock are

or secrete milk. I give my name, for I

nuisance. We are assured by those who who worked at it forty years—almost a lifetime—and was evidently on the very desirable to have it grow longer. If the finest of parchment, little inferior to hogs and poultry are given the run of upon the skin of any beast in the days cate it. As to the value of this crop, all the grounds, they will completely eradibook was in oak boards, tied with buckequaled, by any other crop. As a past-ure for sheep, it is claimed by those who the artist took the canvas from the frame, leaving that to be sent to him in a day or two. The beautiful lady with the "this control of the this c a day or two. The beautiful lady with formly in the lines as print, which was green and unfailing during the parchthe "big eyes" that had so long "made not then invented, for some five hundred by planting the Spanish chufa, or by planting the Spanish chufa, or earth almond." "The grass will grow from two to four feet high, uninjured by drouth or heat, affording an abundance of rich, tender, sweet herbage, until frost, and an increased yield of roots." For hog feed, it is claimed that a crop of chufas is among the most profitable that can be produced. The writer just alluded to asserts that he raised "over one hundred bushels" per acre. A writer from Arkansas, says: "I am confident that they will yield one hundred of red ink, though I do not remember when "the venerable Bede" made his they will fatten as many hogs as the Tea leaves, used for keeping do same amount of corn, if not more; while it takes only half the work to raise them." A correspondent of the Farmers' Vindicator says: "The Spanish chufa is the best and cheapest food for swine-raising, because one acre will feed as much as four acres of corn." A correspondent of the Southern Farmer declares that one acre in chufas is equal,

for fattening hogs, to forty acres in corn. The New Orleans Farm Journal, commenting on this, says: "We think the statement referred to a little enthusiastic, but do not consider it very far out of the way, because our experience for a good many years, in the main, corroborates his estimate of the value of this too much neglected chicken and hog feed. Similar statements to the above are so frequently met with among those who have tried this crop, that there seems little doubt that this plant is a valuable crop for the purpose of feeding hogs. As to the fattening qualities of chufas, all agree that animals fatten easily and quickly when fed on this tuber. The analysis of the chufa shows that it contains elements of books bought at auction for a song—
tions as to constitute a very excellent "Come with me," said the pawn-broker, extending his hand without moving from his position.

"Thank you," she replied with a plaintive politeness which touched the pawnbroker's heart, "but move, please, "but move, please, "but move, please, "and taken to a some twenty shillings—and taken to a some twenty shillings—and taken to a clergyman, Rev. Dr. McCalla, of South Carolina, as a book that the purchaser could not make head nor tail of, and which might be of value to some bookpawnbroker's heart, "but move, please, leaned man. The clergyman readily mane twenty shillings—and taken to a clergyman, Rev. Dr. McCalla, of South Carolina, as a book that the purchaser could not make head nor tail of, and which might be of value to some bookpawnbroker's heart, "but move, please, leaned man. The clergyman readily mane the constitute a very excellent article of food. The following are the constituents of the chufa according to Dr. Jackson's a alysis: Water, 15.50; fibrous matter, 12.45; starch, 27.00; sugar, 12.26; wax, 40; fat oil, 16.65; mane the constitute a very excellent article of food. The following are the constituents of the chufa according to Dr. Jackson's a alysis: Water, 15.50; mane the constitute a very excellent article of food. The following are the constitute a very excellent article of food. The following are the constituents of the chufa according to Dr. Jackson's a layer of the constituents of the "Oh, only a very little. It was too wet for the gentlemen to stop and put their hands in their pockets. It is always bad when it is wet."

"And sometime ven it ish dry," said her companion. "Come to de fire."

"No, I'm not cold," the little one answered, "and I must go soon. O Guttman, what should I do if my dear mamma did not live here with your Must she not be a beautiful angel, my friend? I dreamed of her last night in heaven, and she was the loverliest of all."

The pawn-broker had opened his more half as the loverliest of all."

The pawn-broker had opened his more half as the loverliest of all."

The pawn-broker had opened his more have here any more, Nima, "the whole have here any more, Nima," the whole have here any more, Nima, "the whole have books any more than new wine, here have you put her now, limited the family line, for it was note customed as he was to all phases of this unhappy business, he could not bring himself just then to say any thing to the sorrow-stricken child about the sale of the picture.

"She is not here any more, Nima," the whole have been and the more have been and be more had a she was the cocasion calls for a few twenty formed, and a shoot will spring up. The plant spreads by sending creeping them at the cocasion calls for a few twenty formed, and a shoot will spring up. The plant spreads by sending creeping them and the server joint or node a tuber will be now as heaved. He was a standard and an anone decided the strength of the picture.

"Where has a be gone?" the little one cried, clutching Guttman's arm as face flushed. He moved the wash of the wash of the pown half a dozen books for it from his library, such as could be easily the moto so one of two two some time books for it from his library, such as could be easily the twenty as the moto dof planting these turns the man that dozen books for it from his library, such as could be excising the man the dozen books for it from his library, such as could be excistly. The understood by the people, wan the such as the wash of th

> Mr. H. Droogman, a young gentleman who is now traveling through the Southern States, is a graduate of the Superior Institute of Commerce, at Antwerp, Belgium, where he took the highest honors of that institution. The reward of that achievement entitles him to travel for two years at the expense of the Government, being required to notice and report upon commercial, manufacturing, farming, and mineral resources of the countries in which he travels. He has been in the United States one year, and in that time has -The latest novelty in dress goods is ecru cotton, thicker than the heaviest

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

of eight eggs; stir butter and sugar together to a cream; into one cup of sweet
milk put two-thirds cup of flour, mit
this with butter and sugar, then add the valuable time of the club when I

ately till done. -Corn Bread: Two eggs, two cups of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of corn meal, one and one-half cups of wheat flour, butter half the size of an for the dispatch of business.—Detroit egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, Free Press. one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup of sugar; beat eggs, sugar, salt and sods to-gether, then add flour, meal, and cream fourths of an bour. -Lemon Pie: Grate the rind off a fancy inculcate the necessity of instant

fine lemon, and express the juice. Beat obedience. the yelks of four eggs, add to them one 2. Unite firmness with gentleness cupful of sugar, one cupful of cream or rich milk, one tablespoonful of flour, and the lemen. Beat the mixture well, 3. Never promise them any thing unbeat the whites stiff with four tablesiding at Lake C. H., Md., I think was slightly. This quantity will make two

cows pick up enough roughness about complicated and costly patent ma- of a greater punishment should the fault week; and his cows, as I write, are fat | Omelet: Allow two tablespoonfuls

and all I needed, killing often 20,000 -Boston Baked Beans: Soak a quart spirit. pounds. I cooked food for fattening of common white beans in water over hogs always. I do know that there is night; then cut up a pound of salt pork no difficulty in feeding milch cows and calves with cotton seed, well cooked. If purged too freely to take on fat or flesh, cover with a plate, and bake in a moderate oven from six to twelve hours. If put in after the bread is baked, toward noon, will usually be done by supper-time. They can be warmed over, if not used at the first meal, and are just as good as when first baked. The pork supplies enough salt.

- Crackers: Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into a quart of sifted flour, add half a teaspoonful of salt and mix into a stiff dough with sweet milk. Lay this on a floured board and beat it with the rolling pin as long as time and muscle will permit. The longer the better, but it should not be less than half an hour, and the dough must be frequently turned. Roll it out very thin and cut round into whatever size you may desire, prick each one deeply, wash the surface with milk and bake hard in an oven moderate enough to give only a light color.

Miscellaneous

-Parsley eaten with vinegar will remove the unpleasant effects of eating

-The earthly mold should never be washed from potatoes, carrots or other good health. Yours respectfully, JUDITH BURNETT. to be cooked. -Cold boiled potatoes used as soap

will clean the hands and keep the skin soft and healthy. Those not over boiled are the best. -Charcoal powder is good for polishing knives without destroying the blades.

It is also a good tooth powder when finely pulverized. -Straw matting may be cleaned with large coarse cloth, dipped in salt and water, and than wiped dry. The salt prevents the straw from turning yellow. -Potato water in which potatoes have

been scraped, the water being allowed to settle, and afterwards strained, is -Tea leaves, used for keeping down the dust when sweeping carpets, are apt to stain light colors; salt is the best in

the winter and new mown hay in the -Buttermilk is excellent for cleaning sponges. Steep the sponge in the milk for some hours, then squeeze it out, and wash it in cold water. Lemon juice is also good.

-For the earache, toast an onion thoroughly, take the heart out, put it into a piece of flannel and insert it into the ear, having previously put a few drops of hot water into the ear. -For soft corns dip a piece of linen

cloth in turpentine and wrap it round the toe on which the corn is situated, night and morning. The relief will be immediate, and, after a few days, the corn with disappear. -The white of an egg, into which a piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been stewed until it forms a felly, is a capital remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain upon a piece of lint and be changed as often as it be-

comes dry. —A lump of fresh quicklime the size of a walnut dropped into a pint of water and allowed to stand all night, the water being then poured off from the sediment and mixed with a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar, forms the best wash

At every joint or node a tuber will be formed, and a shoot will spring up. The tubers begin to ripen at the center of the hill, in July, but are not all ready to harvest until frost. Harvesting is very tedious, but the pigs and hens will harvest them if permitted to do so. I believe this is worthy of extensive trial in our State (Kansas).—L. J. Templie, in Kansas Farmer.

Here a member came up stairs and announced that the person was dead. He had just heard the news on the street.

"Very well, then," continued the speaker, "remarks eulogistic of his many virtues, are certainly in order after this announcement, and I can go ahead without fear of transgressing upon the time of the club. We all knew the deceased.

ceased. We were all familiar with his

faces beside us to-day may rest in the

The Table.

Delieste Cake: One cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, three cups of flour, two tenspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one tenspoonful of sods, the whites

sods, sift flour and cream of tartar to- say that we all rejoice to see our brother gether, add to above, and lastly the egg bere. I am now more than ever conbeaten to a stiff broth, and bake moder- vinced that I should indulge in a few remarks. I will go back to the begin-

Home Education.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and oughly mixed together, and bake three-fourths of an hour. 1. From your children's carliest in-

and bake in a crust. While it is baking less you are quite sure you can give what 4. It you tell a child to do something.

> 5. Always punish your child for willfully disobeying you, but never punish

7. If they give way to petulance or (hull) was soft enough to be digestible. drops of cold water and take the pot impropriety of their conduct.

I do not think any one of my neighbors off; strain the concoction through a 8. Remember that a little present pun-

be renewed 9. Never give your children any thing

11. Teach them that the only sure

13. Never allow tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self-denial, not self-

indulgence of an angry and resentful

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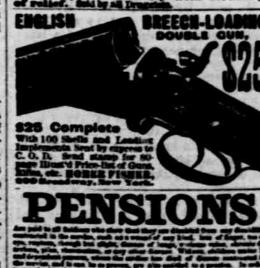
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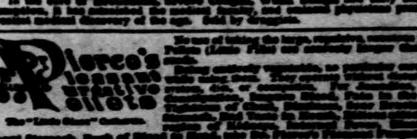
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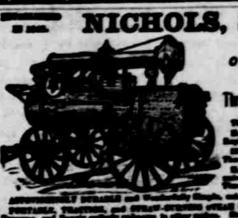
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