THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY
—A. D. 1622.

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad
on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings, and
covered the meadows o'er,
"Tis meet that we render praises because of
this yield of grain;
"Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be
thanked for His sun and rain.

And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the
grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Gov-
ernor of Plymouth, say
That virtue of vested power—ye shall gather
with one accord,
And hold, in the month November, thanks-
giving unto the Lord.

He hath granted us peace and plenty, and
the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept
him from doing us wrong;
And unto our Feast the Sachem shall be bid-
den, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh
the harvests grow.

So shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there
is hunting of all degrees;
And fisherman, take your tackle, and scour
for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your
delicate crafts employ
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make
it a feast of joy!

We call of the fruits and dainties so close to
our hand in Devon;
—Ah, they are the fairest losses we suffer
for sake of Heaven!
But see, in our open clearings, how golden
the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and
give us the Pumpkin-Pie!"

So, brave of the preparations went on for the
autumn Feast:
The deer and the bear were slaughtered;
wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the Colony cabins; brown
home-brew served for wine;
And the plum and the grape of the forest,
for orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed; the snow
had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry
rang merrily out for all;
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who
hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently
thanked the Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford; men,
matrons and maidens fair;
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with cor-
selet and sword, were there;
And sobbing an tears and gladness had each
in its turn the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish
o'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sate down
with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of gardens and
woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest—with a
blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered: "The good Great Spirit loves
His white children best!"

And then, as the Feast was ended, with
gravely official air,
The Governor drew his broad sword out from
Its scabbard there,
And smit ng the trencher near him, he cried,
in hero e way:
"Hail! Pie of the Pumpkin! I dub thee Prince
of Thanksgiving Day!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in Wide-Awake.

THE NEW MINISTER'S SERMON.

It was several days before Thanksgiving; but Aunt Milly Lovejoy was as busy with her work and plans for celebrating the day as if only twenty-four hours separated her and our New England anniversary.

"Have you ever thought, father," asked Aunt Milly, stopping in her meat-chopping and resting her hands on the side of the tray, "what good luck we've had raising turkeys since we concluded to give every odd number to the destitute?"

"Well, no, I can't say as I have," replied Uncle Nathan, holding his paper to one side and looking pleasantly at Aunt Milly. "We never had very bad luck, anyway."

"No, I know that. But the foxes and woodchucks used to trouble us some. But for five years we've lost only one; and I've always thought that Tommy Cobbet killed that, for Nancy says 'them children are dreadful about throwin' stones.'"

"I thought may be he did, too; for the little fellow has been sort of shy of me ever since the turkey died."

"It's about time that we were planning how to dispose of 'em. We shall have eight to give away. Now, that the Riggses and Bookers have moved away, I hardly know how to begin to distribute them."

"The family that moved into the Booker house have two sick children, and the father hasn't been in the mill to work for mor'n a week. May be a turkey there would be acceptable. And there is a widow with a grown-up daughter and two small boys livin' in the Riggs' house. The daughter works in the mill and the mother takes in sewin'. If they were my turkeys I should send one there. Then there is Sylva Blackwell and old Peter Knight, the minister."

"I'm going to send Tommy Cobbet one this year. They ain't real needy; but Mrs. Cobbet is a hard working woman, and may be having a neighbor think of her when most everybody else is happy will make her burdens lighter."

"Well, yes, it would be right, I think," said Uncle Nathan, kindly. "All the rest in the neighborhood raise 'em," continued Uncle Nathan, leaning forward and looking exactly as if he knew that he had done Aunt Milly a favor, helping her dispose of her turkeys.

"Well, Nancy says that Blooma Washburn didn't raise any this year, and I thought we might send her one," said Aunt Milly, looking straight at Uncle Nathan.

"Blooma Washburn's husband is my enemy," replied Uncle Nathan, rather curtly.

"I don't see, Nathan, as the quarrel between you and Reuel Washburn need hinder Blooma and I keeping up neighborly courtesies," replied Aunt Milly, the least bit of asperity in her tone.

"Well, mother, it needn't. Everybody in the neighborhood knows that you do as you please with the turkeys, and that it wouldn't be my doin's, trying to buy Reuel Washburn back to good feelin'. But, Milly, it wouldn't look just right."

"Why not?" asked Aunt Milly, folding her hands meekly across the tray and looking at Uncle Nathan.

"Well, it would look as if we wa'n't of one heart and one mind, serving the Lord."

"Christ says 'Love your enemies,' and this is a good way to show our love," said Aunt Milly, tenderly.

"Oh! well, I shan't try to hinder your doing as you please. Send Blooma a turkey, if you want to, of course. You know I like to talk, Milly."

Aunt Milly looked steadily upon the bed of glowing coals, as if studying the right way.

"That Christly command, 'Love your enemies,' is for us all; but Saint Paul's command to wives is for me. We will act in harmony, Nathan, if we do think different."

"Oh! well, dear, do just as you please, and I'll warrant it'll be right," said Uncle Nathan, rising and reaching for his overcoat, which meant a walk to the post-office or some neighbor's.

"It does seem strange how Nathan and Reuel do hold out in their difference. And Blooma and I have been prayin' all these years. Yes, it is five years next November since they've broken to each other or broke bread at Christ's table; and it all grew out of a difference of opinion. An argument followed, and neither could convince the other; then anger, het words, and each declared himself independent of the other. And to think how we used to live, comforted us all through Ezra's sickness and death, and come to us when their Alice almost broke their hearts by marrying against their wishes. Oh! it is so strange. There are seasons that I know they must hunger for their old ways, and if they wa'n't too proud they'd yield. O Father! will it always be thus? Will Thy cause always suffer? Milly Lovejoy wept as she never wept before. Tears are prayers, dear soul, and Christ wipes them all away."

Aunt Milly thought that she was talking to Nancy, her adopted daughter; but Nancy was in the kitchen, with Obed, their adopted son, laughing softly to see the apple seeds that she had named and dropped upon the stove snap apart or toward each other, as their fate was to be, and glancing occasionally at Obed's figuring, that he was puzzling over.

"I can't understand, Obed, why you are so slow about learning to cipher and quick at everything else. It's all I care to study," said Nancy, kindly.

"I don't understand it either," rejoined Obed, good-naturedly.

"My ciphering with apple-seeds to learn fates is slow, too," said Nancy, laughing. "Now, I am going to name this one Samantha Milkins," said Nancy, dropping a plump seed upon the stove, and this one Obed Lovejoy. This is my fourth trial. There! You've snapped clear off the stove! Hurrah! There goes Samantha after you. What a determined, persevering little piece she is. She'll never give you up, Obed. You'll have to take her, the farm and the old folks. Won't you be grand in that big house and driving that fine span! Heigho! you're in luck, Obed, if anybody ever was."

"Nancy Lovejoy, you know better!" replied Obed, straightening up and trying to look indignant.

"If there is any truth in apple-seeds snapping, you can't help yourself; and I've heard of several fortunes proving true, told that way," said Nancy, with mock gravity, at the same time watching the effect of her raillery upon Obed.

Obed pretended not to hear, and said, frankly:

"It is several months, Nancy, since I asked you that question, and every time that I have referred to it you have evaded answering it. If I did not believe that you do care for me, in spite of your words, I never would mention the subject again."

"I never have denied a regard for you; but I must be sure that it is just right before I decide. But the several evidences that I have had that it is right for us to care for each other fail to satisfy; but I am sure they will occur.

"I doubt if they ever do," replied Obed, gloomily. "Haven't you had evidences that it was right for you to care for Harlow Briggs?"

"Never!" retorted Nancy, sharply.

"You would make a good choice, if you did encourage Harlow. He is rich, educated and talented. There is nothing objectionable about him," said Obed, eyeing Nancy critically.

"It isn't necessary to plead any one's cause with me, Obed Lovejoy. You are talking to retaliate for my words about Samantha," retorted Nancy, quickly.

"There! mother is crying about that Washburn affair again. Strange how people will stand out," said Obed, evidently trying to change the subject.

"Well, if Reuel Washburn takes dinner here Thanksgiving, I will answer your question finally," laughed Nancy.

"Such a thing is possible, but highly improbable," replied Obed, coolly. "I'll ask the question that old Clem Bates asked the other night, when Ausel Blake said that all the proof that he wanted of the new minister's fitness for Hartwell was to preach such a sermon that Reuel Washburn and father would shake hands right in the church—it would soften their hearts so; and Clem asked 'How can you think of such an unlikely thing, after old Parson Leighton tried for two years to make them see the hurt that they were doing the cause of Christ, and then resigned, I believe, because he failed? Then that smooth, flowery Mr. Walpole tried three; now this well-recommended Luther Wheaton has come, and if he sends the arrow of conviction into their hearts so deep that they do shake hands in church I'll sign an obligation to attend church every Sunday, sickness excepted, for five years. Just the time I've stayed from church.' 'So will I. Yes, so will I,' echoed all around the post-office. So you see what good things wou'd come about if these things would take place," said Obed, calmly.

"I cannot imagine that they will; but God knows," said Nancy, bidding Obed good-night.

Things are never quite complete in this world; and it is well that they are not, else we should forget our weakness. Though Milly Lovejoy's pantry was fragrant with pies, cake, bread and fruit, and the oven steaming with turkey, chickens and pudding, and the outside world on this anniversary would regale in all that makes a perfect day. Dear Aunt Milly was sorely tried. Hadn't she prayed, wept and pleaded all these years that not another Thanksgiving might be marred with this quarrel?

Aunt Milly opened the door to a gentle knock that had interrupted her meditations, and met Tommy Cobbet crying.

"Come in, Tommy; come in and tell me what troubles you," said Aunt Milly, putting her arm lovingly around him.

"Oh, ho! it—it was me that killed your turkey," sobbed Tommy.

"Was it, dear? I am sorry, and I'm sure you are. You won't be so careless again?"

"I wa'n't careless. I thought I'd see how near I could skip a stone and not hit 'em; but that one dodged, and it killed him in a minute. I'm awful sorry, and I'll never skip stones at live things again. Mother said she wouldn't cook the turkey till I came over and 'fessed, for the Lord wouldn't—er—er 'cept my thanks if I didn't.

"Your mother is right, dear," said Aunt Milly, filling Tommy's pockets and hands with cakes.

"I'm glad I've 'fessed. Now you'll love me same's ever; won't you?"

"I certainly will, dear."

Uncle Nathan had entered so quietly that he had not interrupted the little scene, and he had heard enough to conclude that Aunt Milly's turkey had certainly made one little heart lighter. That his own heart was touched we can only hope and believe.

"Laws bless us!" said Aunt Cisely Daggett. "There never was such a day in Hartwell as that first Thanksgiving Day that Luther Wheaton preached. There'd been just as fine days, just as good roads, and Luther'd preached here three months; but laws bless us! the meetin'-house was jest runnin' over with hearers. I shall never forget when the new minister got up. The pulpit shined like gold, 'n' he shined more'n the pulpit. Miss Sikes said it was my notion; but I tell you it warn't. It did shine, 'n' when he read the 'Harvest Hymn,' it jest seemed like a command from Heaven; 'n' his prayer was more yet. There wasn't hardly a dry eye in the house; 'n' when he begun the sermon I know the Lord was right there. I know it. It warn't the words that did the work, for I'd heard old Parson Leighton say hundreds of times 'that God 'd never accepts a divided heart. 'For if ye love not the brother ye have seen, how can ye love Me whom he have not seen? And if there is hatred in the heart of one of my hearers, whose fault is it? Can you make yourself blameless? Could you say, I have kept all the commandments? Are you all thankful, all pra'sin' God? Is there nothin' between you and the Throne of Mercy? Think, think if there isn't somethin' you're harborin' that ain't Christlike. I repeat. Think, reflect, repent, act.' Laws bless us! it seemed as if I could jest see the arrows of conviction jest flyin' right into the heart of every hearer in that meetin'-house, when he shouted them last words, 'n the first thing I realized was that Reuel Washburn 'n' Nathan Lovejoy were shakin' hands right there. Old Deacon Whitney called right out, 'Brother Wheaton, let us pray! Let us all give thanks!' For half an hour I don't believe anybody ever heard such prayin'. The choir sung, and everybody that could sing for cryin' did. I thought Blooma Washburn and Milly Lovejoy never 'd stop. Lays bless us! I believe, if old Vashti Hovey 'd been alive, I should jest gone 'n' asked her pardon the third time for making faces at her when I was five years old, because she said I was as homely as a stump-fence. But, laws bless us! it was silly like; but I went to the poor old woman's grave and said over 'n' over that I hope she harbored no ill will against me. There was such clearin' up of troubles that I felt like clearin' up somethin', too, and that was all I could think of jest then. No, I'll never see another such a day in Hartwell."

"I say, as Aunt Cisely Dagget said, coming out of church," said Obed, looking out of the window, "there never was such a day in Hartwell as this,' for there comes Reuel Washburn and his wife home with father and mother."

"You're joking!" said Nancy, running to the window. "Well, I never! What can mother be crying for now?"

Late Thanksgiving evening Obed and Nancy were sitting by the kitchen-fire, Nancy with her hands folded, looking very thoughtful, Obed holding a book; but, if stealthy glances are reliable, he was trying to read Nancy's thoughts, but, failing, he leaned forward and asked:

"Do you regret?"

"No; I am satisfied," replied Nancy, reaching out her hand.

"Can I call this mine the next Thanksgiving?" asked Obed, clasping it.

"Yes, God willing, was the hearty response.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Ice and Ice Houses.

There is nothing which is more useful or convenient on a farm than ice in summer, especially when the dairy forms an important feature; and considering the comparative ease of furnishing and preserving it, it is often a wonder to us that more farmers do not construct ice-houses and cut ice. It is true that there is some advantage in not having ice, but that advantage results from an unwise use of it in summer drinks, where it is at hand.

It is only a few years since that the preservation of ice upon the farm was thought to be impracticable, because of the expensive structures which were deemed necessary for the purpose; and even in the extreme north farm ice-houses were scarce and the dairy was conducted in summer without this very useful article. But it was at last found that expensive structures were not needed for the preservation, and, every year finds farms before unsupplied with ice, duly supplied. At this season, too, frequent inquiries come to us as to the mode of constructing a house, cutting and sawing the ice, etc. We now have such inquiries upon our table, and will proceed to answer them.

An ice-house may be constructed wholly above the ground, or partly above and partly below, as fancy or convenience may dictate. Either plan is practicable and works well. If but a small quantity of ice is needed—and generally that is the case upon the farm—the ice-house, or more strictly speaking, place of preservation, may be very simple indeed. A bin, in the basement of a building, with double walls, and the spaces between the walls filled with saw-dust or tan-bark, will do good service. It should be about square, and the cakes of ice—which should be as large as can be conveniently handled—should be packed as closely as possible. Between the cakes and around the sides saw-dust should be packed, and on the top of the pile, it should be placed at least a foot deep. Drainage must necessarily be supplied, and directions for that cannot very well be given, without knowing just what the surroundings are, but a man's good judgment will always devise a plan for draining. One of the most prominent dairymen in this country uses an ice-house which he describes as a mere hole in the ground, twelve feet cube, with a shed over it. This, he says, supplies an abundance of ice for the milk of twenty cows. As this dairyman lives further south than the latitude in which most of the country's dairying is done, the waste is greater with him than it would be elsewhere in our dairy districts, in which that amount of ice, therefore, would be sufficient for the milk of more than twenty.

Mr. Waring describes an ice house which is very simple in construction and quite inexpensive, so much so indeed, and the plan being so efficient, under the most unfavorable conditions, that no farmer need be without one of these structures, unless he wishes to. A place is selected on the north side of some building; a floor is laid on scantlings, twelve feet square, one foot from the ground. Near each corner two posts, from four to six inches square, and about ten feet high, are set firmly in the ground. When the weather becomes cold, saw dust, tan bark, or rye straw is placed on this floor, eight or ten inches deep. On the top of this another floor is placed of the same size as the first, a curb being placed inside the posts in order to keep the filling between the floors in place. Next a curb is made, ten feet square, and six inches deep, fastened at the corners with hooks, common gate hooks. Then when a cold day comes, the curb is placed on the center of the floor, two inches of tan bark is put in, and water is dashed in until it forms a coat of ice that will not leak. The curb is then filled with water, and left standing until it is frozen solid. With boiling water the curb is then loosened, raised to the top of the frozen mass, filled and frozen as before. This is repeated until sufficient height is produced. Boards are now placed on the inside of the posts, and the space between them and the ice filled with tan bark or rye straw. Then nail boards to the outside of the posts and fill the space between the two walls with rye straw. Cover the top with tan bark to the depth of ten inches. Over the whole place a roof. The ice is taken from the top. While this plan is for use when the farmer cannot cut ice, the house itself will answer for storing ice that is cut.

The principle of preserving ice is to prevent the heat from reaching it, and whatever will accomplish this end is to be adopted. This is the object of the filling between the walls and the packing about the ice. Whatever is a non-conductor of heat, therefore, is to be selected for this purpose. Keeping this principle in view, almost any man's ingenuity can devise an ice-house which, though it may be unlike anything else that was ever built, and very rude in construction, will preserve the ice, and that is all that is wanted.

If we were going to construct an ice-house we should cut the straw, as that would make closer packing possible. We do not know that we have ever seen chaff used, or recommended, but we are inclined to think that it would answer the purpose which any of the articles named for packing serves.—*Western Rural.*

—A widow applied to the Mayor of Allegheny, Pa., for aid. She had not a morsel of food in her house, and was about to be ejected for non-payment of rent. Her distress was not the result of poverty, she explained, for she was very wealthy; and she showed his Hon. or the deed of 10,000 acres of Kentucky land, worth $100 an acre, but now unproductive.

Another Surprise.

The great bank defalcation in Newark, N. J., is another illustration of the utterly unbusiness-like ways of business men. An old and prosperous banking institution has been ruined by the abandonment of their duties by the Directors of the bank. The theory of the management of a sound bank is that the Directors know something of the affairs and accounts of the institution with whose management they are intrusted. Now and again, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, comes the explosion of a bank. Then it appears that the Directors had no real knowledge of what was being done with the funds of the concern and with the money of the depositors. The r apparent knowledge was derived from one of the under officers or employes of the bank. The Directors implicitly trusted one man—perhaps two men—with the management, which, in theory, was wholly in their own hands. In such cases, no allowance is made for deception or dishonesty, none for errors. In this way the Bull's Head Bank was brought to grief some years since. And, in this way, business men go on neglecting their duties, secure in the belief that their concerns, at least, is far above all human wickedness and accidents, only to be astounded when their mistake is discovered.

The ruin of the Mechanics' National Bank of Newark is, possibly, a little more complete in its way, and the "implicit confidence" of the Directors in the Cashier a little more obviously bottomless than usual; otherwise, the case is not unique. The Cashier was the cause of the ruin, as other Cashiers, endowed with full powers and unchecked by my Directors, have been, from time immemorial. Perhaps the apparent strength of the bank, the bigness of the theft, and the spotless character of the thief constitute unusual features of this latest defalcation. But it need not be expected that any of these things will rouse anybody to new vigilance, or will remind anybody that the duties they are shirking as Trustees or Directors ought not to be any longer delegated to another person. These things are constantly happening. The newspapers take up the obvious lesson, and read a wholesome lecture to the men who take so much pride in what they call their "business methods." Then matters move on as before. It does not appear whether anybody has profited by the exposure of the humbug of the aforesaid "business methods."

The Newark defaulter's method was simple. He was the Cashier of a strong and popular bank. There was a paid up capital of $300,000, a surplus of $400,000, undivided profits of more than $65,000, and heavy depositors in plenty. The concern kept a deposit account in this city, the balance to its credit being sometimes as much as $2,500,000. Baldwin, the Cashier, was allowed to draw on that balance whenever he chose. Nobody connected with this admirably managed Newark bank, but Baldwin, knew the condition of the balance to the bank's credit in the New York institution. If anybody ever had any curiosity about the matter, he asked Baldwin, and this excellent and highly respectable Cashier gave such answer as suited his plans. And all the while, the Cashier was checking out of the New York bank the balance of the Newark bank and using it for his own purposes. While he was reporting to the amiable Directors of the Newark concern that a million and a half of money was on deposit to their credit, he was tampering with that account. Finally, when he had muddled away the handsome sum of $2,000,000 or so, and there was a deficiency of $400,000 where there should have been a surplus of $1,500,000, the explosion came.

The Directors of the bank—good easy souls—had known Baldwin ever since he was a boy. They repeat, with a certain plaintiveness, that they had implicit confidence in him; as if he was very much to blame for their implicit confidence, and as if they are wholly exonerated from responsibility because they have been deceived. So Baldwin went on with his game, using the depositors' money for purposes which he has set forth. There does not seem to be much to add to this sad and disgraceful story. The sum and substance of the matter is that certain reputable citizens built up a bank, attracted the deposits of many people, poor and rich, and then left the management of the handsome accumulations, to all intents and purposes, in the hands of one man. Succumbing to temptation, this man has betrayed his trust and has misappropriated the money. And yet, the Directors of the bank are shrewd business men.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Valley of Death.

The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, in Utah—a region thirty-five miles long by thirty broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inacessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of a bird or wild beast never darkened its white, glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it and some papers which show the fate of the "lost Montgomery train" which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near Death's Valley some came to the conclusion that the Mormon knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number as leader and broke off from their party. The leader turned due west, so with the people, and wagons and flocks he traveled three days and then descended into the broad valley whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the center, but only the white sands bounded by scorching peaks met their gaze. And around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the sun. The children, crying for water, died at their mothers' breasts and with swollen tongues and burning vitals the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned and strong men tottered, and raved and died. After a week's wanderings, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a mountain. It lasted by a short time, when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of the former companions. Eighty-seven families with hundreds of animals perished here, and now, after thirty-one years, the wagons stand still complete, the iron works and tires are bright, and the shriveled skelestons lie side by side.—*Ruby Hill (Colo.) News.*

Children Adrift on a Door.

Yesterday afternoon about three o'clock a little girl and boy, about eight and eleven years old respectively, children of Octave Letebvrs, a laborer at Laprairie, were playing on an old door in the river opposite the village. The wind was rather strong and a gust carried the plank with its living freight into the middle of the current, which bore them rapidly out of sight of their home. They clung together and held their perilous position as the stream bore them mile after mile from their home. The steamer Laprairie passed them. Their screams could be heard and were answered, but no assistance came to them. The steamer Prince Arthur also passed them near the Victoria Bridge, but the captain said the current was too strong to allow of his rescuing them. He, however, notified the river police, but the children floated on until they came to the Longueuil ferry wharf. There they were rescued by the captain of a barge.—*Montreal Witness.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with soda water.

—An hour spent in making seed clean will save a day or a week in the future in eradicating weeds.

—In making preparations for winter protection, or for summer pasture, keep in mind that the farmer's dependence is to be more and more on his stock.

—Bread of unbolted wheat flour is, for making superior bone and muscle to the growing child, far preferable to bolted flour, and oatmeal is fully equal, if not superior to it. Fed on these with pure milk children will be sure to have good health and good teeth.

—To Keep Preserves.—Apply the white of an egg with a brush to a single thickness of white tissue paper, with which cover the jars, lapping over an inch or two. It will require no trying, becoming when dry inconceivably tight and strong, and impervious to the air.

—When people see a horse's head drawn up by the bearing rein, and see him stepping short and champing his bit, tossing his head and rattling the harness, they assume that he is acting in the pride of his strength and fullness of spirit, whereas the animal is really suffering agonies of pain, and is trying to gain by these movements momentary relief.

—Potato roses may be prepared as follows: Pare carefully with a thin blade of a penknife some peeled potatoes round and round until all of each potato is pared to the center. Do not cut the slices sufficiently thin to break. Place in a wire basket and dip into boiling lard. Potatoes thus prepared are supposed to resemble roses, hence the name applied to this garnish.

—Smoked Meat on Toast.—Take a cold smoked tongue or ham that has been well boiled, and grate it with a coarse grater or mince it fine, mix it with cream and beaten yelk of egg, and let it simmer over the fire. Prepare some nice slices of toast, butter them rather slightly, lay them in a flat dish that has been heated over the fire, and cover each slice with the meat mixture that should be spread on hot. Place on the table in a covered dish, for either breakfast or supper.

—Children's Pudding.—Put one tablespoonful of Carolina rice and one tablespoonful of tapioca into a three-pint pudding-dish; add one tablespoonful of coarse brown sugar and a small pinch of salt. Let this soak close to the fire, and let it be constantly stirred. Then put very little bits of butter on the top, and put it in a moderate over. For the first half-hour stir it often from the bottom, then leave it. In two hours you will have a pudding far exceeding in richness one made with eggs, and with a delicious flavor. Sago, or tapioca, or rice alone, are equally good.

—Writing of obesity in neat stock, a well-informed correspondent of the London *Live Stock Journal* remarks that "the time without doubt will come when these moving masses of grease will be passed over in the show-ring, and the honors awarded to those in a more natural condition, and with their points unconcealed by useless cushions of fat. Probably a yet wider view will be taken, namely, that animals overburdened, unable to stand for long together, and almost asphyxiated, as in the case of pigs, may be regarded as being cruelly tortured." He goes on to say that gluttony is usually a morbid condition in dumb beasts or man, and over-feeding the direct cause of many diseases that not only affect the patient, but his or its posterity.

—Ornamental shrubs, planted about dwellings, are often neglected year after year, and become distorted in shape and stunted in growth. They may be greatly improved by manure and pruning. The manure should be applied in autumn as a top-dressing, extending at least as far from the stem on each side as the height of the shrub. The soluble parts of the manure will soak into the ground and accelerate growth next season. The mulching effect of the fibrous parts will be useful. Next spring, before growth begins, cut back the longer shoots at a fork, taking the longer or larger portion of the branch and leaving the smaller, which will avoid any stump. Bring the shrub thus into handsome shape. If the growth is too thick anywhere, thin it out. If there are any crooked or dead shoots or branches, cut them off.—*Country Gentleman.*

Watering Window-Plants.

There is nothing that seems to bother more those who would grow window-flowers, than how often to water them. It is an exceedingly simple thing to those who have had experience, though so mysterious a thing to those who have had none. When the skilled gardener is asked for advice he says, "water only when the plants need it;" but this tells the inquirer nothing. There still remains to be understood how to tell when plants need water. After all, this is a species of knowledge that can not well be taught by another. It has to be learned from experience. The good plant-cultivator tells from the color of the earth; but even this is a relative term. There is dark soil and there is light soil; but all soils are darker when they are wet than when dry. One can soon learn this by experimenting a little; and can soon tell whether the earth is dry or wet by the eye or finger alone. If it is wet it of course wants no more water; if much lighter than its usual color, the earth is dry and needs some. It is an exceedingly simple matter to those who will try to learn; to those who cannot learn themselves it is a hopeless task.

There is one hint that we may give that may be of value. If the earth never gets dry, the plants are not in good condition. Something is wrong. It is the active, growing, working roots that take the moisture out of the earth. It is a sign of good health for the plant to want frequent watering. As we have already said the color of the soil, as compared to what it is when wet, will tell whether it wants water or not.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Firewood for the Farm.

Wood seasons much more rapidly when split, therefore it is economy not only to fell and haul wood for fuel from the lot before stormy weather and heavy roads are at hand, but to cut it in shape for stove and fireplace at the same time. Wet, sappy wood is not only wasteful, but it is a source of vexation and discomfort. In the burning of dry wood the heat is nearly all of it available, while from one-half to two-thirds of the heat produced during the consumption of green wood escapes latent and useless in the evaporating sap and water.

In selecting wood for fuel it becomes a matter of economy to take for firewood such sorts only as will do best service in range and stove, leaving behind for rails, timber and fence-posts the varieties which, while possessing little value as regards their heating qualities, stand in the foremost rank for durability under exposure to the weather, other things being equal. Shell-bark hickory is regarded as representing the highest standard among forest trees for fuel, and calling that 100, other trees will compare with it for real value as fuel for house purposes as follows: Shell-bark hickory, 100; pignut hickory, 93; white ash, 87; white oak, 83; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 73; white hazel, 72; apple-tree, 70; red oak, 67; white beech, 65; black birch, 61; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 58; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; wild cherry, 55; yellow pine, 54; chestnut, 52; yellow poplar, 44; butternut and white birch, 43, and white pine, 30.—*N. Y. World.*

—I heard the other day a good story of Jay Gould, the American railway king. A London broker went over to New York and solicited an interview with him. The broker explained to him what vast operations might be made on the London Stock Exchange, and suggested that he should do business for him. Gould reflected, and then said: "What you say is no doubt true; I see only one objection; I never speculate."—*London Truth.*

—"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a sandy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills. "A considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

BY actual merit the famous substance, St. Jacobs Oil, has steadily won its way until it is to-day the National remedy for rheumatism.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

SPEAKING of a panther is calamount to referring to a wild cat.

THE Pittsburg *Sunday Leader* quotes: Mr. Martin Karg, Silver Creek, Minn., cured a badly wounded horse with St. Jacobs Oil.

THE proprietor of a cotton-mill put this notice upon his factory gate: "No cigars or good-looking men admitted." In explanation he said: "The one will set a dangerous smoking among my cotton, and (other) among the gals. I won't admit such dangerous things into my establishment. The risk is too great."

"Became Sound and Well."

HATCHER'S STATION, GA., March 27, 1878.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly,

THOMAS J. METHVIN.

BEFORE marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he treasurer.

YOUNG MEN, and middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series Books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

SOME one says that Hod Fellows are not Masons, although approaching them in their work.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SICK and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

COVERS the ground—The roof of a flouring mill.

IT is just the thing in St. Louis, when a new restaurant or boarding-house is started, to advertise that they use the Charter Oak Range; it draws. 8-4

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

ALL countries that keep samples of the best products of the labor of other people, for exhibition for their own workmen, use the Charter Oak Range as a sample of the best of its kind ever made. 7-5

TANSILL & CO., Chicago, want an agent for their "Punch" 5c. Cigar in every town.

GOOD dinners are only possible when you have good materials to cook, a good cook and a Charter Oak Range to cook with. 9-3

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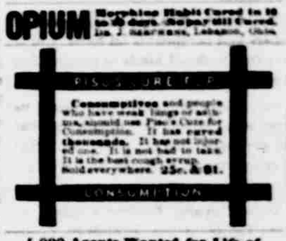

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