THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THE STORKS OF DELFT.

The bells clanged dread in every spire,
The watchman cried: "Fire! fire! fire! fire!
Ho! men of Delft, the city flames,
Run from your labors and your games;
Ho! rich and poor, haste for your lives,
Snatch your dear children and your wives,
The bed-ridaged, sick and blind,
The idiot and insane of mind,
Then think of household goods and gear,
Rich tapestries and flagons dear,
And plate wherewith your town makes cheer.
Run, burghers, for the flames are red;
They hiss and crackle overhead,
And high above each lane and street
Hangs our brave city's winding-sheet."
And thus it chanced in Delft of fame
Lived many storks, that went and came,
Free from all harm, protected, blessed,
Because they cleared the city's pest—
Toads, frogs and noisome creatures foul.
So wise a bird some grave a soul,
And scarce a man but reared a thatch
Whereon the little storks might hatch.
Now, on that fatal third of May,
When hard clouds obscured the day,
With nestling birds just out of shell,
A strange and piteous thing befell.
Soft, downy, fearless wing and head
They lay within the natal bed.
The parent birds quick saw their doom,
'Mid stifling smoke and sullen boom
Of falling roof and splintering wall,
And groan, and curse, and anguish call,
'Mid scrying, surging crowds and rushing feet,
And furnace-blasts of withering heat,
And flying sparks like living things,
That bore destruction on their wings.
And first they sought in haste to bear
Their nurslings through the heated air.
But no, their strength may not suffice;
They struggle, but they cannot rise,
And, panting lock upon the nest,
They hide their young with wing and breast,
And calmly wait the fiery wave
To lay them in a common grave.
The living crowds with wonder saw
A sight to fill the soul with awe.
Those birds that chose not life, but death,
To shield their young with latest breath;
Mounting in love a funeral-pyre
They grave their bosoms to the fire.
And thus perchance the storks that day
Taught some poor craven heart the way
To stay his foot for those in need,
To help the weak, the sick to heed,
Remembering those old words, how writ:
"Who saves his life shall forfeit it."
Amid the records of the town
This tale is truly written down.
In letters of the purest gold
Such noble story well were told,
Of birds heroic in their death
Teaching Christ's truth with failing breath,
And gazing eye and fluttering wing—
These storks of Delft whereof I sing.

—Augusta Larimed, in N. Y. Independent.

A FATHER LOST.

Twenty-two years ago, when a spring evening was moist and cloudy over all the region about Mud Creek, Paris and Betsey Lane came sauntering to the woods cabin from school.

Betsey was an inch or two taller than Paris, though he was ten years old and she only nine. He looked like a deliberate and thoughtful small old man in butternut-colored trowsers reaching nearly to his arm-pits, and corresponding coat and vest which hung unbuttoned, exposing his hickory shirt. His red feet had found themselves sandals of mud in crossing Mud Creek Flat, and he felt with pleasure, which half shivered, the soft stuff still sponging up between his toes.

Paris carried the dinner-basket, so Betsey had nothing to hamper her, and stepped out as freely as her straight dress, which struck her heels at every step, would let her. Both of them carried sprigs of young sassafras, and marked their way with nibbled leaves and peeled sticks. Betsey's dress was made just like her mother's, and hooked in from below its hem appeared the toes of her cowhide shoes; above the corded top, her round, ague-tinted face and flaxen hair.

Before they could see home through the timber, the cows' voices came down the road, and their dog barked as if he scented them afar off, and felt grateful to them for this one daily occasion for making the lonesome Illinois woods ring. First they saw the stable; it was a rail pen covered with corn-stalks, and the door hung open on wooden hinges.

"Pap ain't home yet," said Paris, shifting the dinner-basket to his other arm. "I don't see the horses or wagon."

"But there's Safe," said Betsey; for Safe, like a loyal yellow dog, rushed to meet them as it making the effort of his life. And there was the house crowded by trees, with the whole woods for a dooryard; and on the log step was mother, little Elihu and Hiram just behind her.

Paris and Betsey smelt supper as they approached. Well did they know that a corn pone was browning in the Dutch oven upon the hearth, coals beneath and above it; that the sassafras or spice-wood tea was steeping, to be tinctured with new milk and maple sugar, and become the most delightful draught anybody ever drank; they snuffed the perfume of fried wild onions, which grew rank and early along the creek, and a hint of chicken gravy almost strong enough to make them suspect there was company.

However, no neighbor appeared within when Betsey passed her mother and entered.

"Your pap ain't come home yet," said Mrs. Lane, looking up the woods road uneasily. "He ought to be here with his last load o' wood. It'll soon be dark."

"Mud Creek is higher'n I ever saw it," remarked Paris, venerably. "It's most up to the bridge. If it keeps on rainin' we can't get across tne flat to school."

"The' isn't going to be any higher waters," said Betsey from the gourd dipper, yet dripping from its visit into mother's jar of spring beer.

The mortal who never tasted it can have no conception of this drink—all the roots and barks and spicy odors it suggested; its yeasty lightness and keen tang; its honey sweetness and wholesome bitterness; and the beneficial effect the drinker immediately felt on his blood!

"We can't go to the exhibition if Milford bridge is washed away," continued Betsey, hanging up the gourd by its string.

"I know it," said Paris, pensively; "and I've got my piece by heart so I'm almost sick of it."

"Mother," said Betsey, "they're all going to wear white dresses, and the boys'll wear white pants. The master plays on his flute, and we got songs learnt to sing all together.

"Don't bother me with your exhibitions now," said Mrs. Lane, drawing her eyebrows down as she strained her sight up the woods road.

Betsey felt constrained at least to give a sample of the music. So she sung in a high voice:

"When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When shall Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?"

Upon which Mrs. Lane turned around and exclaimed:

"You and Paris run along a little ways and see if you can see anything of him."

"I'll go," said Elihu.

"I go, said Hiram.

Elihu wore an apron over his trousers, and Hiram was a fuzzy-headed youth yet in the thraldom of a yellow-flannel petticoat and calico gown, with a drawing-string. Their feet were bare on the puncheon floor.

"You needn't any of you come," said Paris, setting his dinner-basket inside the door. "I'm going to ride back on the load."

Mrs. Lane turned to silence the clamor which Elihu and the baby set up; and Betsey ran after her captain without his leave.

They had trudged so many miles together to and from school; and knew right well the necessity of each other's companionship. Paris was not afraid of bears in the woods, but it afforded satisfaction to say so to Betsey, and to hear his piece as they went [illegible] himself a little surer and sicker of it. It was culled from his Second Reader, and was about the Silent Traveler, a bear that traveled all night with a man in a stage-coach.

"'This is a very warm coat you have on,'" droned Paris, emphasizing every word.

"Papain't comin'," said Betsey, drawing his attention to the fact that the road was clear as far as they could see. Dusk was sifting thick around them. One could not be sure that a tall stump was not another Silent Traveler. The foliage looked thin yet, for no leaf was the broad and open hand it would be a month later; but loamy smells, with now a tincture of pennyroyal and now a breath of sycamore, came to their nostrils.

"Do you think mother's scairt?" inquired Betsey, as they pursued the turns of the wood-road in which their father's wagon-wheels had left deep cuts.

"Ho!" scouted Paris.

"But she said he ought to be home," quivered Betsey, on whom the humid evening was not without its effect.

"Well, an' ain't he comin'?" said Paris. "Yonder's the wagon now. I can beat you to it!"

Betsey grasped her skirts and accepted the challenge.

The spatting of their feet in the soft road might have startled the farm horses to a faster gait than a walk, for no hand held the lines which were wrapped around one of the standards, and no father was to be discovered on the load or hidden anywhere among its knots and sticks, though Betsey craned her neck in such a search.

"Whoa!" cried Paris, when this fact struck him.

The horses stood still, and untying a hitching strap, Paris turned them out of the road and tied the near horse to a tree.

Betsey began to cry. Not in a loud and helpless manner, but as if the sturdy heart under her straight waist was startled.

"O Paris, where's pap?"

"I don't know," replied Paris, quavering. "We've got to hunt him."

"I know he's fell in the creek!"

"He could swim out. He can swim in the deepest hole that ever was!"

"A snake's bit him! Mebby he chopped a tree down and it fell on him!"

"Mebby he did," quavered Paris, as they ran. "Let's look where he was choppin'."

When they came to the cleared place, panting, the scant light showed a number of stumps with glaring white tops in the general dimness, and piles of brush, and a log or two yet unsubdued by the ax. But there was no lately-felled tree, and no father anywhere.

Down the slope, cross-laced by intervening limbs, they could see Mud Creek Bayou, which the freshet had expanded to a lake. Away on the other side, half screened by islanded trees, was Mud Creek proper, the milldam, and Milford. The bayou had the gurgle of running water. In some places it was swift as a mill-race. Whenever Mud Creek rose, it made this bayou a broad yellow flood, and loosened half the trees in the bottom-land.

"I tell you," said Paris as they paused staring at this expansive stain: "I'll go along beside the bay-o; you go look t'other side of the road."

"I heard something," whispered Betsey; "listen!"

"It's just a screech-owl."

It sounded mourafully indeed; a prolonged "oo-oo-oo!"

"S-somebody yellin'!" said Betsey. She clinched upon the bottom of Paris' short coat. "They've got pap down poundin' him to death!"

This was a dreadful state of affairs. In what remote spot they had him or who they might be, Betsey in her terror took no time to conjecture. Gigantic figures, tall as the trees, swarmed through her mind, and she remembered that Joseph's own brethren put him into a pit!

The children ran toward the caller. Paris was unmindful of Betsey, and when she fell over a log or stuck fast in a brier thicket, pulled her up or out and dragged her ahead. Their rough little hands stuck fast together.

"Which way are you?" called Paris, when the voice stopped, and they stood bewildered in a lonesome dark place near the bayou.

Directly in front of them they heard a croaking exclamation for help.

"Help! Will somebody help me out?"

But just here the children paused longest. That voice sounded strange. The minute was so silent they heard only the breathing of the water and that other respiration peculiar to woods at night.

"Paris! Are you up there? Didn't I hear you?"

To atone for his hesitation, Paris plunged down a slope, and Betsey, hanging to him like a faithful Gill, went plunging after.

"Watch out there! Don't you come any nearer!" shouted their father. "Don't you take another step!"

It was quite dusky in that hollow, but when they were a few yards away from him they could see him standing down in the ground and looking like a man who had only waist, shoulders and head. His hat was gone, his wamus unfastened, and his hair and bushy beard made his face look like a pale blur.

"O pap!" wailed Betsey.

"It's well you come," said the settler. "I'm sinking fast. Paris, got a rail; get it as quick as you can."

The nearest rail was probably more than a mile away. Paris' thoughts flew to the stable, but while he went and returned dragging a heavy rail, his father might sink out of sight in that hole, which seemed to remain in a gully that had contributed all its water to the bayou.

"A limb of a tree's nigher," said Paris, trembling.

"Get somethin' quick. I'm goin' down so fast I don't know whether I can pull myself out at all or not."

The children ran around on the slope. Paris started for the clearing, but on the way he tripped across a small log, and, jumping up unconscious that he had broken a finger nail in the fall, dragged it, and shouted to Betsey to come and help.

Betsey had thrown her father some chunks on which he was trying to prop his elbows. She came and tugged. It was well for the Lane family that these two children were used to exertion. Their stout muscles, strained and tense, labored successfully. They tugged the log like two butternut-colored ants struggling with forage many times larger than themselves, and pushed it out to father. Then, with lungs panting, and while he pulled himself up by his props, they hauled an uprooted stump to him, then broken limbs; they brought pieces of wood from the clearings and while half these things sunk out of sight the settler was able to bury himself up by them, and finally to creep out on the log and get on solid ground.

"I left one of my boots in there," he observed, breathing deeply as he felt the good earth under his naked foot.

The three climbed up the slope and started home. Like true Western settlers, now that the danger was past, they had little to say about it. They came to where the horses waited, scaled the load of wood and rode slowly home.

And all that the settler said to his wife—when she came to the door with a candle and Elihu and Hiram, and saw this procession which Safe heralded as friskily as if he was not too old and lazy a dog to follow the horses far—was this:

"I got stuck in a quicksand, over there fernent the bay-o, while I was lookin' round for Safe, and couldn't get out till the shoats, and [illegible] me." children helped

"He was in up to his waist," remarked Paris, incidentally.

"It's a good thing I sent them," said Mrs. Lane. "You better come in and get your supper and put on some other clothes as soon as you can."

Before the wagon creaked on, Betsey climbed down over a wheel and went into the savory-smelling cabin. So chilly was the evening by this time, that the mother had a back-log as well as a fore-stick, with a superstructure of brush and chunks, burning in the fireplace. Before this flame father and Paris were soon standing, like mature men of different sizes: the home-made tea sent up its steam; the big-eyed younger children leaned against Betsey, and she went on with the second part of the school-song:

"Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever."

—Wide-Awake.

Chapped Hands.

Chapped hands are sometimes really quite an affliction, and always an annoyance. The tendency to them is caused by a deficiency in the oil, which is constantly being poured out on the surface, for the purpose of keeping the skin soft and supple.

This lubricating oil must not be confounded with perspiration, which is waste matter eliminated from the blood. The former is secreted by sinute glands imbedded in the true skin (*cutis vera*) which is situated beneath the scarf-skin, or epidermis.

This scarf-skin is very thin and transparent, and has very little vitality, having neither blood-vessels nor nerves. It needs constant oiling to keep it from cracking. When sound, it protects, not only the nerves and vessels of the true skin, but, to some extent, the whole body. For, thin as it is, it prevents the absorption of harmful substances.

It is for this reason that, in vaccination, the vaccine matter must be inserted beneath it, where it is readily taken up and diffused through the system. When the scarf-skin is chafed, or scratched, or other wise broken, various kinds of poison, often resulting fatally, may be readily absorbed, as in the case of physicians opening abscesses, or conducting a post-mortem examination.

Now this is a point we wish to emphasize, viz., when one's hands are chapped, he is always more or less liable to absorb poisonous matter into his system—in the handling, say, of putrid meat, or in the washing of clothes from a sick room, or dressing some foul sore.

Where the surface oil is deficient, it is apt to be washed off, especially with warm water, faster than it is secreted. But the difficulty is greatly increased by the alkali (soda or potash) of the soap, which not only takes up the oil, but actually eats through the epidermis.

The best help for chapped hands is, having washed them thoroughly before retiring, to rub them over with mutton tallow and wear through the night a pair of easy-setting leather gloves. Persons in whom the tendency to chap is not so strong, may keep their hands in condition by an occasional resort to this treatment.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

Weak Lungs.

Every one knows that physical exercise invigorates the muscular system; that the constant action, within limits, of any muscle enlarges and strengthens that muscle. It is the working of the same law that gives fullness and vigor to the blacksmith's arm. This law is physiologically universal, and therefore applies to the lungs.

The one work of the lungs is to inhale and exhale air; and this depends on the alternate expansion and contraction of the chest. Now, some persons are born with thin, narrow chests. The lungs of these persons are generally weak, and easily become diseased, because seldom brought into full, vigorous action.

The employments of other people—students, tailors, seamstresses, shoemakers, etc.—are such as do not call out the full action of the lungs. In some cases, they interfere with it. If such persons are troubled with general weakness, have difficulty of breathing after exercise, and dull pains in the sides, the lungs should be looked after, although there may still be no organic disease. What is needed is to strengthen them—not by medicine—but by their own proper action. The *Medical and Surgical Reporter* gives an account of a young student whose pulmonary symptoms of weakness were wholly overcome. It was done by his simply breathing through a small tube the size of a quill, a dozen times every three or four hours each day. Every third respiration he withdrew the tube, when the lungs were thoroughly filled, and held his breath as long as he could without distress. Keeping this up during his student-life, he acquired the ability to enlarge his chest five inches by an inspiration, and to hold his breath without distress a full minute.

It is our belief that the same thing may be accomplished by breathing as above through a single nostril, closing the other with the finger.—*Youth's Companion.*

Dry Earth for Bedding.

When cows choose to lie down in the yard or pasture, says an exchange, it will be seen that they choose the bare ground rather than the sod or bedding of straw. The same is true of sheep. We have taken this hint and furnish the cow stables with dry earth bedding. Leaves and straw are poor absorbents in comparison. In the pig pens dry earth has no equal. In very cold weather we add straw or leaves, but until the weather is very cold the animals will be more comfortable with a bed of fresh soil or of soil changed once a fortnight or week. In the chicken house we have learned its great value as a deodorizer. Our roosts are over a sloping floor, on which we occasionally scatter dry earth. This is turned over with a shovel each week or oftener and we can say the chicken house is free from any offensive odor, and the bright comb and glossy feathers tells of the health of the fowls. Dry earth is a good preventive, too, of vermin on cattle, pigs and poultry. It must be procured at a dry time, and stored under shed or in the stables. It not only promotes neatness and health, but saves the very element of the manure, most of which would evaporate if not absorbed by the dry earth. We do not like it as a bedding in the horse stables, but it should be found in every stable to sprinkle the floors with as soon as the bedding is removed in the morning. When removed from the stables, sties and coops it should be kept under cover for spring use, or for drilling with the wheat in the fall.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—So valuable are the lubricating qualities possessed by the "grease tree" of China that its growth has been undertaken in India, and there are already thousands of trees in the Punjaub and northwestern provinces generally, yielding tons of seeds admirably adapted to a variety of industrial purposes. Some time since a chemist in the Punjaub prepared a quantity of grease from this tree, and forwarded a portion of it to the Punjaub Railway, that its quality might be tested in a practical manner as lubricating matter for these parts of the machinery constantly exposed to friction. The grease thus obtained is said to form an excellent tallow, burning with a clear, brilliant, white light, and at the same time emitting no trace of any unpleasant odor nor any of the ordinary disagreeable accompaniments of combustion.

Farm Work in Winter.

The winter season is not only a good thinking season for the farmer, but there is a good deal of practical work that can be done during the short days, which is often neglected. Here is some good advice about such work, that a correspondent gives to us through the columns of the *Country Gentleman*:

Few farmers are aware how much farm work can be accomplished in the winter season. Many farmers confine their operations in winter to hauling wood, filling the ice-houses, etc. A smaller class, more enterprising, draw out the manure as it is made. The very best farmers keep all their available force busy all winter. There are many kinds of farm work that can be performed very advantageously in winter. If it has become necessary to lay a stone wall in any part of the farm, and the stones are in piles, so they can be got at, they can be drawn now much cheaper than next summer. Those who have never tried it would be surprised to see how much easier a loaded stone-boat draws when there is a little snow on the ground. When the snow is a little deeper, a sleigh can be substituted for a stone boat. Farmers who have stones to draw from meadows or other fields would do well to prepare for drawing the stones in the winter. Small stones can be piled in heaps, and large ones can be raised from the ground, merely to keep them from freezing down. Large stones can be handled in winter by simply hitching a rope around them, and with the important advantage of not plowing up the field. I think that such stones are much more easily handled with about a foot of snow on the ground, as such a depth of snow tends to prevent any pitching or rolling, which always causes annoyance. Stones for building purposes can be hauled to better advantage in winter than in summer.

Winter is a good time to prepare for changing or repairing the fences on the farm. In drawing manure in winter it is not advisable to pile it, unless for the purpose of decomposing straw or killing foul seeds. I have followed the practice of hauling manure every winter, and I think the most beneficial results follow the practice of spreading it directly from the sleigh. I have to go over the fields in the spring and break up the large lumps, but this is beneficial. The manure is very much more valuable when applied in a green state, and when it is mingled to a great extent with frozen liquid manure, than if it has been allowed to leach and dry for months before being used. A very good sleigh for this purpose is made with wooden runners, and it is best to provide a tight box for the liquid manure. When the manure is all out, it is disposed of, there can be no further waste, and it fertilizes the first crop on that field. The true principle of farming is always to keep ahead of the work.—*Christian Union.*

Fighting the Canker Worm.

It is very common for writers on canker worms to recommend that the trees to be protected be treated with printer's ink quite frequently, beginning in October or November, and continuing the practice till the trees are leaved out in spring. It is not improbable that the moths may occasionally mature sufficiently in their pupa skins to burst them and come forth, during unusually mild weather in autumn, but in average years the number that come out of the ground before spring will probably be found to be very small. Mr. O. A. Hillman, whose apple orchard on his farm in Marlboro' is one of the best in the vicinity, has made the habits of the canker worm a study, and has found that the female moths which are wingless, very seldom crawl up the trees till the first really warm day in spring. His method of protection is printer's ink spread upon strips of paper some six inches wide, which are wound around the trunks of the trees and fastened by two or more carpet tacks at each end of the band, the paper receiving one application of the ink early in the spring, and then the trees are examined every warm day till the moth begins to move, when the ink is again applied. His observations lead him to believe that the moths move almost solely by night, and that the greater portion leave the ground the same night and immediately following the first warm day. By watching closely, and by having the papers all in place and covered by one application of ink, he is able to know by the few scattering moths caught, just about the right time to give them a sticky path to travel in. Last spring, a very warm day in April gave promise of starting out the moths in full numbers, and by painting the bands of the entire orchard one afternoon, he was enabled the next morning to see nearly the whole previous year's crop of moths imprisoned in the sticky mass. The number which crawled up later was too insignificant to be worth paying much attention to, unless after extermination of the species he aimed at, which would be an undertaking of no small moment where an orchard is surrounded by trees belonging to careless neighbors.

At the close of the pairing season, the tacks are drawn out from one end of the paper bands and they are allowed to hang loosely, during the growth of the tree in summer. Before winter the papers are replaced, and if the trees are now too large to be encircled by the bands, the ink is brushed over the intervening space on the bark itself.—*New England Farmer.*

The Tree-Planter's Opportunity.

It is the season for making out a list and selecting trees to be set in spring. Those who will trust a wandering and wholly irresponsible agent with this important work choose to incur risks, and almost always find that they have met them. The wiser way is to go to the grower, who has a character and a business at stake, and is pretty sure to raise the varieties that give most satisfaction in the particular locality while making trial of new sorts of promise. The purchaser can then see whole rows of the kinds he determines to plant, and can mark with colored string or otherwise the trees he prefers. An inexperienced person is very apt to select a neat, clean-stemmed, straight specimen, grown like a weed, such as one sees where trees come up thickly in each others' shade and on rich clean soil. But such trees with their thin, delicate bark, unshaded by leaves, are least fit to endure exposure to sun and wind, and unsheltered, unmulched soil. The knowing planter prefers a stout stem, short rather than long, and full of buds and spurs from which leaves can issue to shade the stem and help the ascent of sap: which will also yield early first samples of the fruit. If shoots issue from these lower down than he would have the head he stops the extension by a timely pinch with thumb and finger as growth goes on. If the stem is not erect, that is a minor and temporary drawback, easily remedied by a stake and string rightly applied. It is important that the roots of a tree be fresh, undried by wind and unbitten by frost. If a scrape with a finger-nail shows a white, bright, moist surface under the outer film of brown, the roots are sound. As to the top, the ripe free shoots of last year indicate health and vigor. These shoots should be shortened in (except the one or three to form the head). Thus we examine the three constituents of the tree—the roots that supply, the stem and its bark that carries, and the leaf-bearing buds that digest.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A satirical innkeeper advertises his house as "the only second-class hotel in the world."

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Keep sheep dry under foot. This is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let sheep stand or lie in mud or water.

—Experience on cold nights amongst the Swiss Mountains has proved that for winter warmth there is nothing equal to a hay quilt. This is a large square cotton bag, with a few handfuls of hay shaken lightly into it.

—Wintering bees in cellars appears to be an improvement over wintering them outside. The bees consume less honey, have less loss, and are healthier in the end.

—Parsnips and salsify are not injured by freezing, and may remain in the ground and be dug as wanted, or during a mid-winter thaw. But they become poisonous after they begin to grow in the spring.

—A lady correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* claims that by dipping the joint or fleshy ends of turkey, geese or chicken wings into a strong solution of copperas they are made moth-proof, as well as more durable than when treated in the ordinary way.

—Cold Slaw.—Take two-thirds of a cupof vinegar, one egg, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, half teaspoon of mixed mustard, and butter size of an egg; stir until it boils. When cold, pour over the shaved cabbage.

—Mince-Meat.—Take eight pounds of beef, two and one-half pounds of suet, three pounds of currants, two and one-half pounds of citron, four pounds of raisins, four pounds of sugar, one peck of apples, four lemons, one ounce of nutmeg, one-half ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of mace, a little salt and one quart of cider.

—Doughnuts.—Take one pint of good buttermilk, two cupsful of sugar, rolled free from lumps, a teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, two teaspoonsful of soda dissolved in one-fourth teacupful of lukewarm water; stir in flour till a thin batter, then add three tablespoonsful of melted lard; mix in flour till hard enough to roll; cut into rings and fry in hot lard.

—Mutton Soup.—Boil a leg of mutton from two to three hours and season with salt, pepper and about a tablespoonful of summer savory rubbed fine. Just before serving add noodles made in this way: beat one egg light, add a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll out in a very thin sheet, dredge with flour to keep from sticking, then roll up tightly, begin at one end and shave down like like cabbage for slaw.

—An Illinois farmer began business in 1861 on land from which he could get only twenty-five to thirty bushels of corn per acre and other crops equally poor. The same soil during the past five or six years has yielded from fifty to eighty-five bushels of corn, and yet he has bought no commercial fertilizer, and his supply of stable manure has from the first only sufficed for the garden and potato patch. His mainstay has been clover, and by its use the land has been growing better instead of worse.

—Linseed-meal is a safer food for cows than cotton-seed, because it is not so rich a food, and if a pint or a quart is given in excess no harm is done, but if too much cotton-seed is given it will hurt the cow and lessen the milk. Cotton-seed is costive and heating in its effects, while linseed is laxative and cooling, and this is a very serious and important difference. If raw linseed-oil smells strongly of turpentine it is adulterated—there is no such smell about pure oil but the turpentine would not make the oil injurious unless there was too much of it in the oil. Turpentine is stimulating and diuretic in its effects, and is a useful medicine at times.

—How can a horse be restrained from hanging the tongue? A bit having a ring attached to the center will serve to retain the tongue in the mouth. If there is any flaccid drooping appearance of the one side of the tongue and of the lips or nostrils on the same side, there may be a partial paralysis, which may be benefited by a blister, applied beneath the lower jaw, between the two branches, and also beneath the eye on the same side of the face. One part strong aqua ammonia and one part of alcohol, well rubbed in, and repeated several times, would serve the purpose. In obstinate cases the tongue may be suspended in a small bag attached to the middle of the bit.

Artificial Heat for Fowls.

During the cold winter months, when the thermometer not only goes far below zero but remains there and we draw closer to our fires or furnaces, exposing ourselves as little as possible to the severe cold, we naturally think more in regard to theuse of artificial heat for fowls, and perhaps some of us are inclined to make experiments for ourselves. This is a good idea if properly carried out, but one should understand thoroughly just what he proposes to accomplish by this experiment.

At the first glance it seems to be the most natural thing in the world to give fowls the benefit of artificial warmth, on the principle that what is beneficial for man cannot be hurtful for fowls. But let us consider the question for a moment. If your sole object is the fattening of your birds and the production of eggs without regard to the future welfare of your stock, then by all means put artificial heat, for there is no question but that this is desirable in the production of fat and eggs. If you begin this treatment, however, remember that you must not let the fire go out or the heat abate below a certain point, for if this happens your labor will have been thrown away and your stock injured, since fowls are very susceptible to chills and sudden colds after being accustomed to artificial warmth.

If you wish to breed from your present stock retain a portion of it in your yards for a longer time than the present winter. It probably would be a mistake to resort to artificial heat, as it surely enervates and renders delicate the stock subjected to its influence, and the result is poor, puny specimens for chicks and a debilitated stock.

On the whole, then, for general purposes, it is better not to rely on extraneous heat, but have your fowl-houses well protected and as large a proportion of glass in the south and east sides as possible. This will usually furnish sufficient warmth, and even where it is a little cool it is better for the fowls (admitting the loss of a few eggs at the present time), than it is to furnish too great an amount of heat and thereby render your entire stock weak and debilitated. This course would also prevent allowing the fowls any range, as the change from a heated room to the cold air without would be too great a one for safety.

The variety, however, makes quite a difference, as a hardy, vigorous fowl like the Plymouth Rock will endure change of all kinds much better than a delicate one like the Spanish. The Plymouth Rock, moreover, does not necessarily demand the range required by the Spanish and Leghorn, and for that reason, as well as many others, is the best breed or variety for general use.—*F. H. Corbin, in N. Y. World.*

—The bill which grants the franking privilege to Mrs. Garfield contains one provision which may embarrass the lady. Not only may she use the mails free, but postmasters are directed to carry without cost all letters addressed to her. This will serve to augment a correspondence which Mrs. Garfield has found to be distressingly large, and to contain no small number of impertinent begging letters.

—A colony of Waldensians, who emigrated from Piedmont to Buenos Ayers, where the climate and society did not agree with them, settled five years ago in Northwestern Arkansas. It numbers 19 families, with 125 persons, and is Presbyterian in doctrine and form of worship. They are industrious, frugal, and of earnest piety, and are becoming desirable citizens.

—A Maine man who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail about the newspaper rode fourteen miles through a fierce snowstorm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as a "prominent citizen."

An Ex-Consul's Story.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Referring to his wishes, I here present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me.

C. M. FARNER,
1690 Third avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making.

"'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage, but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you.'

"'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.'

"'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.'

"'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child.'

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silent, by beside him watching the spray wake of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten year old boy—of a neighbor of mine residing near my immediate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation and hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be able to go ashore.' 'All right,' he said, laughing. I then applied the Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went upon deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of the voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp breezes, and on landing at New York, he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus, and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can you guess what that is?' 'A present for your sweetheart,' I answered. 'No,' he laughed—'that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist, across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her health. And with it I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Town, and my mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as a parlor ornament as well as memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.'

"We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual good will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THEY were twins. The parents christened one Kate and the other Dupli-Kate.

"I AM in an irritating skin disease," Mrs. Partington says. "I had little spots broke out all over him, and if he hadn't worn the Injun beads as an amulet, it would doubtless have exterminated fatally."

"SAVE One Little Kiss for Papa!" is the title of the latest song. If this remark is aimed at a Chicago girl with four steady beaux the old man's chances are pretty slim.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A NORTHAMPTON (Mass.) man boasts that he has attended church for fifty years at an aggregate expense of one dollar.—*New Haven Register.*

"BY slumbing, how that low studies grammar," was the remark of a German when his son called him a shock-headed pig-nosed, sore-visited, glazed eyed son of a sawhorse.—*Economist. Argus.*

A FEW days since a barber offered a reward for instantly removing superfluous hair. Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman in Kingston. We give it: "Undertake to kiss a woman against her will."

THE Czar likes to go to church, and is particularly fond of all the chants but one, which is the chants of being suddenly blown up with dynamite concealed in his bay-modoes.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A NEW work on etiquette says: "Soup must be eaten with a spoon." Persons who are in the habit of eating soup with a fork or a carving-knife, will be slow to adopt these new-fangled ideas.—*Norristown Herald.*

IF the Hoosac Tunnel doesn't pay any better than it has been paying, Mr. Hoosac threatens to pull the whole thing up by the roots and sell it for an umbrella scabbard. When asked why it doesn't pay he always replies, "I can't see through it."—*Rome Sentinel.*

A COAL fire is a grate comfort, but a nutmeg often suggests a grater.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BOSTON man says his fur-trimmed overcoat is "too utterly otter."

—A Maine man who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail about the newspaper rode fourteen miles through a fierce snowstorm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as a "prominent citizen."

—Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a Poet. He writes Poems on Spring and Woman's Eyes and Strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always Wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let anybody Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage-Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would Look well Standing under a Descending Pile-driver.—*Detroit Tribune Poem.*

INPORTANT BOARDING-HOUSE MISTAKES.—"Why, what are you there for?" Partner on table—"Mr. Brown put me there. He says it's his birthday, and he wants to see something on the table besides hash."

No patent required to catch the rheumatism. A cold and inattention to it, and you have it—the rheumatism. We cure cure with St. Jacobs Oil.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IN Colorado the people are poetical. They never use the word "die." It is too harsh. They announce the demise of a fellow man by saying, "he turned up his toes to the daisies."

Our Grandmothers

taught their daughters that a stitch in time saves nine. A [illegible] of Sulphur [illegible] Bitters [illegible] Sugar-coated Pills, [illegible] the stomach and bowels, [illegible] sudden attacks, when taken in time. By druggists.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT sighed for more worlds to conquer. He would have been great on account of his sighs.—*Sheboygan Herald.*

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription" gets results and permanently cures all those complaints and weaknesses peculiar to females. It is a bracing and invigorating cordial, and imparts strength to the whole system, but it does its work especially upon the stomach and heart through the nerves. The "Favorite" is guaranteed to bear any climate, and keep good in any kind of weather. Druggists have sold it for years, and report that the demand for it is steadily increasing. It is the best of all the great restoratives.

"WHAT," said an Irish attorney, "of it plaze the court, if I am wrong in this I have another point that is equally conclusive."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

FOR weak lungs, a strong cough, weak stomach, night sweats and the early stages of consumption, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

A YOUNG Prince, a grandson of a grandfather to the Czar, is said to be a grandfather to the Czar, is said to be a grandfather to the Czar, is said to be