THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

VOICES FROM THE PAST.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

[Read at Roseland Park, Woodstock, Conn., July 4.]

Beneath the blue arch of this perfect sky
We gather on the Nation's Holiday,
And while the rosy hours are going by,
We ponder what they bring and take away—
Mirth, music, and the little ones at play
Upon the dapp'ed shadows of the trees.
Laugh on, light hearts! But we whose hairs are gray,
Though we may smile, have graver memories
Than can have crossed your minds in these bright days of Peace.

Out of the travail of two hundred years
Rose this, our Commonweal. Its growth was slow;
Our fathers sowed the seed with hopes and fears,
And poured out their best blood to make it grow.
Beset with peril from the savage foe,
They went about their work, prepared to die;
For where the peril was they co uld not know
Until its arrows hurtled sudden by,
Or the smoke of their burning homes went darkly up the sky!

The punishment they meted out was stern;
The sight of women and of children slain,
The thought of captives that would not return,
Hardened their bleeding hearts to slay again.
One text the tenderest never read in vain:
"Vengeance is mine!" Another they read less:
"Father, forgive them!" But one thing was plain—
That God was with them in their sore distress,
And answered their strong prayers in the vast wilderness.

They builded churches where to-day they stand;
Rude meeting-houses rose up everywhere,
For all the people lent a helping hand;
And, when the Sabbath-bell summoned to prayer,
The worldliest put away their week-day care,
And flocked from miles around to hear the Word.
And hither came a man with snowy hair,
Whose piteous heart was for the Indians stirred;
He preached, and they believed the holy things they heard.

And hither, when the storm of war had burst
Between the Mother Country and her sons,
Comes he whom History proclaims the first
In war and peace: the fiery rumor runs;
The farmers quit their plows and snatch their guns
To follow him through victory and defeat;
The red-coat rabble, led by titled ones,
Goes down before them, like the swaths of wheat,
Fierce is the Summer sun, and sharp the Winter's sleet!

These were the men—not men, but higher Powers—
Whose hardy sinews stiffening into steel,
Grappling with the Old World, made the New World ours,
The sure foundation of the Commonweal!
When we forget them, when we cease to feel
Their greatness and their glory, we are lost:
Silence the bells! Or ring a funeral peal!
We are no longer worth the blood we cost;
Better our fathers had sunk in the wild waves they crossed!

Voices like these upon this peaceful day
Come like an echo from the troubled Past;
And other voices not so far away,
And other eyes upon the Future cast,
Command us to be watchful, and hold fast
The ancient freedom of our winds and waves,
And of our fathers' spirits—lest, at last,
We heap dishonor on our fathers' graves,
And curse our children with the heritage of slaves!

A MASKED WEDDING.

Oriella and Lance Levering have been married five years the first of this April and they have not yet decided which of them was fooled upon that important occasion. One of them must have been, that is certain, since their very marriage was but an April-fool-day joke. Oriella declares it was Lance who was the fool, because he had always been averse to blondes and despised flirts, and had frequently asserted that if she was the only woman in the world he would not marry her. All of which Mr. Levering now unblushingly explains by saying that he was only averse to blondes before he saw Oriella, that his abhorrence of flirts was a general rule, never applied to individual cases, and that if Oriella had been the only woman in the world he never would have had the chance to marry her. At this his wife laughs with soft mockery. And then Lance goes on to say that Oriella was the fool for she had never admired him; she had repeatedly declared her intention of marrying no man who could not count his wealth by hundreds of thousands, and she was already—

But I am telling their story too rapidly. Here it is in detail:

Lance Levering—proud, ambitious, handsome, with all those transcendental views of marriage so common to men who have been too much admired and indulged by women, too easily successful with them—and Oriella Gladmyr—a radiant blonde, and a reputed accomplished flirt—met one summer at May Croft. The owner of May Croft, Ned Sanborn, was a distant cousin to them both, and Ned and Lance were fast friends; so were Oriella and Ned's wife, Maude. Of course the two had heard of each other, and always in glowing terms, until Lance had come to dismiss the subject with contempt, saying that he detested blonde women and despised flirts, and had no desire to ever know or see the beautiful Miss Gladmyr; and Oriella had openly declared that Lance—judging from the elegant cabinet photograph of him standing in its rich plush frame upon her cousin's dressing-table—was hideous, and that she knew he was cold, conceited, and in every way thoroughly detestable. And it seemed as if Ned and Maude, who were determined that their favorites should know and like each other, never would be successful in bringing the two together. After many months of manœuvering, however, it all happened unexpectedly, at last.

Lance went to Newport to spend two weeks at May Croft, assured by the fashion reports that Miss Gladmyr was safe in Saratoga. And that same day, as they sat at lunch, just Ned and Maude and their guest, for once alone, Oriella Gladmyr walked in upon them with her gay laugh and her beauty just as dazzling as if she were not robed in the severest of traveling dresses, and had not been dancing until day-dawn through all the preceding six weeks.

In his heart Lance had to admit the beauty, however much he disliked the type; but her style offended him in every particular immediately. She was a coquette, audacious, independent, self-possessed, impassionate, thoroughly worldly, he told himself; and he saw no reason to change his opinions as he knew her better."

"So that is Mr. Lance Levering!" exclaimed Oriella, with the faintest mocking curl of her luscious lips, when lunch was over and Maude had accompanied her to the choicest room upon the "sea-side" of May Croft.

"Yes; and do own up, Oriel, that he is fine-looking."

"I cannot, dear. I detest men with dark brown eyes and just a little curl to the hair. They are always insufferably conceited. How stupid that he should be here just when I had anticipated having such a delicious little visit!"

"Well, he is here, and you'll have to make the best of it," said Maude, in her heart secretly glad that it had all happened. "We cannot send him away."

"Oh, of course not; but perhaps he will have the good grace to cut his stay short, seeing that we abhor each other, and it would be much pleasanter for me to have him away."

"But how do you know that he abhors you?"

"I saw it in his eyes," said Oriella, calmly.

All of which being overheard by Mr. Levering, who sat at his open window just next an open one in Miss Gladmyr's room, caused him to resolve to stay his full two weeks. He did abhor her, but he was piqued by her, too, and had not the slightest intention of sacrificing his pleasure in any way to hers.

Being a man of charming manners, however, he did please Miss Gladmyr in many ways; and as to dancing together, they found that it was bliss, so thoroughly were their movements in rhythmic harmony. They drifted through the two weeks, preserving a sort of armed neutrality toward each other, and then, the last day of his appointed stay, Lance was brought home with several broken bones and the prospect of remaining at May Croft for an indefinite period. He had been thrown from his horse while attempting to rescue some ladies from a carriage drawn by a runaway team.

It was a week after the accident that Lance and Oriella came to an understanding with each other that established friendship between them. He found Miss Gladmyr a delightful reader, but, for reasons best known to himself, he hated to let her read to him half as long or as often as would have been agreeable to him. Oriella saw this, and frankly told him of it.

"You are very silly not to make the most of any generous impulses I may have," she exclaimed, lightly. "I am not often given to benevolent acts. As for my falling in love with you—if that is what you fear—why, set your mind entirely at rest. You're not at all a well-looking man, according to my standard of masculine beauty, and Maude tells me that you are not—well, what I call rich, and except that you dance divinely, and have the manners of a gentleman, and—just now—several broken bones, there's nothing interesting about you that any young woman should fall in love with you."

"Thank you, Miss Gladmyr," laughed Lance when she had ended her gay little mocking speech, "for being kind at all to so uninteresting an old fellow as myself."

"Not at all. You know it is awful for Maude to have you on her hands in this way, and decency compels me to help her care for you in any way I can. I cannot do much, but nearly every one likes to hear me read, and since you enjoy it, too, why you and Maude must make the very most you can out of my small charity."

"I intend to after this," said Lance, coolly. "You do read well."

"Yes; it is my one accomplishment. Once I dreamed of making fame and fortune by it. Now I know an easier way to get the fortune."

"Yes?" questioningly.

"Yes; to marry it. I never intend to marry any man who cannot count his money by the hundreds of thousands."

"Indeed! Do you tell me that for fear I should fall in love with you?"

"Oh, no," retorted Oriella, nonchalantly. "I know there is not the slightest danger of such a thing. You need no warnings. You dislike me too much."

"On the contrary, I do not dislike you, Miss Gladmyr; but I do not approve of you."

"It's all the same thing. Your ideal woman is a sweet, shy, clinging, conventional little creature, who has never been tested in the crucible of the world's fires. I am—oh, almost everything your ideal woman should not be!"

Lance laughed again. They were nearer being friends than ever before.

"And now that you have painted my 'ideal woman,' would you mind depicting your ideal man?"

"Oh, he is tall, real tall and slender, with piercing eyes and white hair and beard, and an enormous bank account."

"I see the money question still prevails," said Lance, with slight sarcasm.

Oriella opened her beautiful big eyes very wide.

"Why, of course it does. The ambition of my life is to marry rich. But I'm tiring you. I'll come again to read just after dinner. We understand each other now, don't we? We may as well be friends."

Lance smiled, and held out his well hand to her.

It was nearly winter before May Croft was desolated by the departure of its guests, and Maude Sanborn went up to town with Miss Gladmyr without being able to discover that her two cousins admired each other one whit more than when they first met. Still, as Oriella remained in New York for the season, instead of returning to her home in Baltimore, the two saw a great deal of each other, and grew, slowly, more and more confidential friends, until when, in March, something of importance befell Oriella, she made Lance the first sharer of her secret.

"Be sure and be at Mrs. Chandelor's dinner—you said there was some doubt about it—because I want to introduce you to Mr. Jarvis Jerome. I have attained my ambition at last. He is almost a millionaire, and has asked me to marry him. Of course, I gracefully and gratefully said I would. I want you to congratulate me. O. G."

Those were the hastily-scribbled lines she sent Levering; and Levering threw them in the fire with a muttered curse.

"What do I care that she has engaged herself to Jarvis Jerome?" he questioned of himself, fiercely biting his lip until the red blood sprang to his pearly teeth. And then he wrote his regrets to Mrs. Chandelor, and packed a sachel and went out of town for a week.

When he got back he went straight to see Oriella and congratulate her.

"Oh, don't talk about that now. It's old!" cried Oriella, impatiently. "Why, I've been engaged a week. I want to tell you about Maude's April-fool-day party. It is the fifth anniversary of her wedding, you know. We're to go down to May Croft—there are about forty invited—and to have a King and a Queen of Folly, and a Jester, and all manner of fun. You'll go?"

"Yes," promised Lance, and he went. And while the carnival was at its highest some one proposed that just before the unmasking took place the host and hostess be remarried. A young clergyman, a chum of Ned Sanborn's, was among the guests, though not among the maskers, and a wedding would be just the imposing finish needed to the revel. In a minute a place was cleared at the end of the long salon, and arrangements made for a grand ceremony; and presently the bride in her white satin domino came in on the arm of a gorgeous courtier, followed by another white satin domino, and some dazzling April fairies wreathed in crocuses and glittering with rain-drops.

The cortege advanced to its place, and the two satin dominos stepped forward and quietly assented to the clergyman's questions, and were pronounced man and wife. Then the signal was given for unmasking, and—Lance Levering and Oriella Gladmyr stood looking into each other's eyes, her face growing white as that of a corpse.

As Oriel's color died Levering's grew—to a dusky, passionate red that darkened face, neck and brow; but presence of mind did not quite desert him. He caught Miss Gladmyr in his strong arms and swiftly carried her across the hall and into the opposite room.

"Oriel! Oriel! Don't look like that!" he cried, kneeling beside the sofa on which he had placed her. "For God's sake forgive me! I had no idea it was you—Ned wanted me to change dominos with him to play a joke on Maude. It was only a joke—all a joke! Oriel, will you speak!"

"Bring Maud here—it was all her fault. She made me change dominos with her for a joke on Ned!" said Oriel, beginning to recover herself, but keeping her eyes averted from his anxious ones.

"But I want you to tell me you believe me! That you forgive me!" he insisted.

She turned her gaze fully upon him now.

"Of course, I must know it was a joke, that you had no idea of what you were doing. I have implicit faith in you." Then she commenced to laugh, her pretty, mocking musical laughter. "Just to think of your marrying me! There is Maude at the door—let her in."

He hesitated a moment. "I want to say something first. I am mad, no doubt, but I must say it! You are my wife, Oriel—just for now, until the joke can be undone—but—I—I wish I could keep you my wife forever!"

He uttered the words hurriedly but with a vehemence that was like the throbbing of a mighty sea, and all his eager, mad, soulful love burned in his eyes bent pleadingly on hers. Oriella knew he meant it. And as swiftly as a flower unfolds its fair face to the hot kiss of the sun, she lifted her golden head and leaned it on his breast and let him register his marriage vows upon her lips in fervent caresses.

And then a minute later—Ned and Maude were in the room, overcome with remorse and anxiety.

"But it is all right," announced Levering, coolly. "We are married and we only await the congratulations of our friends. Come, Oriel, you are equal to the occasion? Shall we go back into the parlor, and be congratulated, and let the nine days' talk take its way?"

Oriella put her hand on her husband's arm with perfect contentment, and Maude and Ned looked on half-dazed with the unexpectedness and niceness of it all, and society enjoyed the bit of romance and gossip the affair furnished them, and Mr. Jarvis Jerome was the only sufferer; for a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Lance Levering I have never seen, and the only subject upon which they are known to disagree is as to which of them was the April fool on the eventful night of April 1, 1877.

Hunting and Hounds.

Hunting is, par excellence, the sport of England, and for systematized hunting with hounds England is par excellence the country of the sport. In no other is it carried on with such zeal, and at so great cost; and none is there where so many people approve of or take part in it. Proof of this will be found in the fact that throughout the kingdom there are no less than 350 packs of hounds, averaging between thirty and forty couples each, to wit: 15 of stag-hounds, 171 of fox-hounds, 136 of harriers, 19 of beagles, with a few packs of other hounds. Greyhounds are also kept in large numbers all over the country; while certain breeds of terriers are trained as aids and adjuncts of the sport. Of the packs, England, of course, possesses the majority, though Ireland, up to the Land League agitation, had its full quota proportioned to population. Scotland and Wales, from their mountainous nature, are in a manner precluded from this specialty of sport, the former having in all only eight packs of fox-hounds, with one of harriers and one of beagles.

Some packs are the property of and maintained by private individuals; rich magnates to whom money is of slight consequence when weighed against the grandeur of owning and keeping up a pack of hounds. These are few, however, most being "subscription packs," supported by regular subscribers who are members of the Hunt, with occasional voluntary contributions from outsiders. But there is often a deficiency of cash, with much strain in meeting the expenses of the year; so much that now and then a pack falls to pieces, the hunt is given up, and the hounds, with horses and other belongings, are sold off under the hammer. After a time a fresh spirit of hunting zeal may spring up in the abandoned district, from new men of wealth coming to reside in it, when an effort will be made to resuscitate the hunt, which is generally successful. Every year some packs are broken up, and others either re-established or for the first time got together.

The cost of keeping a pack of hounds varies much, and is dependent on several circumstances, as the number and character of the official staff of management, the frequency with which the pack is hunted, and, to some extent, its size. Each pack has a Master, presumptively a gentleman in the social sense of the word; and the office is supposed to be honorary—at least there is no fixed salary attached to it. But as the Masters have sole control and expenditure of the fund, it is pretty well understood that they recoup themselves not only for outlays of money, but for time and trouble, too. Most of them certainly do so, though not all; some being losers by it, for glory's sake. In all cases, however, there is an understanding that the Master shall not be at any expense for his mount; this being provided for him, and of the best. But the usual method is: Before undertaking to hunt a pack of hounds, the Master that is to be demands a certain fixed sum subscribed and put into his hands, sufficient to cover all expenses, which he also binds himself to meet. With this money he can deal as it seems best to him; expend it all and hunt the pack well; or be stingy and save some of it for himself, turning out the hounds in an unhandsome manner. There are even Masters of this kind, though not many.

After a pack has been established, kennels built, hounds and horses of the hunt purchased, the chief outlay is in the pay of the subordinate officials and the keep of the horses, as also that of the hounds themselves. In addition to the Master, every pack has a Huntsman and Whip; in the majority of cases two of the latter, and in noted hunts, as the Pytchley, Berkley, Quorn and Belvoir, three or even more. Attached to such packs there is also a "Kennel Huntsman," whose duty consists in looking after the hounds at home; and if fox-hounds there will be a numerous tribe of "earth-stoppers," needing to be remunerated for the quaintly curious part they are called upon to play. All these men receive a handsome wage, the Huntsman and Whips well earning it. For not only is their work hard, but they must be the best of riders, able to keep well up to the hounds, and so risking their necks every day they are out. As most packs hunt from three to five days a week, some even six, it will be seen that the calling of either Huntsman or Whip is no sinecure. The amount required for the maintenance of an ordinary pack may be roughly estimated at £1,500 a year; but there are large establishments where this is far exceeded, and many small ones conducted economically at much less expense—say one-half for the average. Of course these figures have nothing to do with the cost of establishing the pack which calls for a considerable outlay on the items above adduced. When the hunting days are frequent, Master, Huntsman and Whips require several horses each; so making the expense all the greater.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

The Barber's Book-Keeping.

"No, sir," said a Comstock (Nev.) barber to a suspicious-looking transient customer, who affably remarked, as the lather was being laid on, that he supposed there were a good many men who failed to pay their shaving scores. "No, sir. I used to give credit, but I never do now—in fact, nobody ever asks for tick any more."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see," said the barber, trying the edge of his razor on his thumb-nail, "I had a set of stiffs who used to ask me to chalk it down. I got tired of keeping books, and I adopted a new system. Whenever I shaved one of these old stand-bys I put a little nick in his nose with my razor, and kept tally in that way. They got so they didn't want to run bills."

There was a tremor in the customer's voice, as he asked from beneath the lather: "Do you object to being paid in advance?"—*Virginia Chronicle.*

Relative Value of Large and Small Cows.

Experiments to settle this question have not been made in such manner as to bring conviction to the minds of farmers generally, which it is best to keep for dairy purposes, large or small cows. It should not be lost sight of, that the settlement of this question depends largely upon whether the cows on the farm are kept strictly for dairy purposes or not. If so kept, then the calves are presumed to be raised, if preserved at all, for use in the dairy, and not, as on the ordinary stock farm, mainly for future beef purposes.

If it is the purpose to keep a set of cows during their entire period of usefulness at the pail, say from the age of two to twelve years, then the important point to be settled is, whether the cost of maintaining, say 400 pounds weight in the large cow, over and above what the light weight dairy cow is supposed to show on the scales, during the ten years she is doing duty at the pail, will overbalance the gain in beef production, shown by the large cow at the end of her service in the dairy. The presumption is that the dairyman is capable of breeding or buying cows of moderate size that will yield as much milk during the year as can be obtained from the cow that will, in fair flesh, weigh 1,100 or 1,200 pounds.

It is said to require about two pounds of nutritious food a day to sustain each hundred pounds weight of the live animal. In other words, it will require eight pounds daily to maintain a cow of 1,200 pounds, over and above that required to keep a cow of 800 pounds weight. This amounts to 2,900 pounds, in round numbers, for the year. In any kind of nutritious food, as good timothy hay, oats, corn or mill feed, the cost of maintaining the 400 pounds referred to, for the year, would be rather over than under ten dollars. Now, the amount would, during the useful life of the cow, amount to from $80 to $100—a sum, as will be readily seen, considerably larger than the entire carcass of the cow is likely to be worth, if sold to the butcher.

But this estimate cuts no figure in excluding the large well-bred cow from the average farm; for, on any but the strictly dairy farm, the cow's usefulness comes largely from the valuable increase she gives from year to year, giving a good account of herself in the meantime, at the pail. The time was when we looked to the farm, as this term is generally understood, for all our butter and cheese; and while important innovations have been made upon old-time practices, we must not allow the farm proper, or any industry upon it, to be overwhelmed by changes from any source.

It is right to pattern after the creamery, because perfection in methods, brought out on the creamery and dairy farm, have revolutionized the quality of our butter; and what the farm proper requires is not the 700 or 800 pounds cow, to be used for milk and butter purposes alone, but the 1,100 or 1,200 pounds cow, so bred as to make her progeny worth far more to rear than to kill, or sell to the butcher at five or six weeks old. Thus, with stock of good size and fairly well-bred, rating as high grades, the disparity in cost of keep during the natural, useful life of the cow, between the large and the small beast, will not make the showing on the balance sheet that some suppose.

The question comes up, too, where else we are to look for our high-grade steers but to such dams as we have described. The rough, plains cattle will, it is true, supply some steers, and the demand for that grade of meat is not likely to fall off, as cheap grades are wanted by those who cannot afford to buy better, and the large demands for packing and canning purposes are likely to continue indefinitely. But the high grade cow is needed to furnish our export steers as well as our best beef cattle, no matter where consumed. So, while she may, in a degree, be ignored upon the dairy farm proper, she will, for the reasons given above, be one of the leading features upon the farm while mankind continue to eat beef, butter and cheese.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Growing Celery.

The seed-bed should be made very fine, and well fertilized with the finest of manure, and the rows marked out about ten inches apart. The seed should be covered very shallow, and often passing a garden-roller over the rows will cause sufficient covering. When the plants appear, they should be carefully weeded out; and when they have reached the height of nearly a foot, they should be pruned down to a few inches, so that a thick growth may be insured. It is also claimed that the transplanting injures them far less when thus shortened of their leaves.

The celery beds should next be thoroughly stirred to a good depth, mixing the soil as thoroughly as possible to make it free from lumps, and so give the roots the best chance to attain their food. The plants, when set in the rows, need not exceed eight inches apart, and should have the earth firmed about them, as anything which contributes towards retaining moisture is a benefit to the plants. Setting eight inches apart, in rows three feet distant from each other, gives not only ample room for working, but allows all the space necessary for their development and final breaking up. After some weeks of the flat culture, a change will be necessary in order to blanch the stalks, which is done by bringing the soil up about them. The stalks are closed together by the hand, and the soil is again firmed about them, care being taken to keep it around the plant, but not allow it to get upon the "heart" of the stalk, as this would defeat the object sought. As the soil is washed down, and is otherwise removed from about the stalks, the process of banking up will have to be repeated. The final banking up may be delayed until the close approach of winter, as the frosts of the late fall seem to give the stalks an especial crispness and tenderness. With the dwarf varieties, the lessened labor of preparing them for blanching is the best argument in their favor, as a much less amount of earth is required, with consequent diminished work. As winter approaches, the soil is loosened up between the rows, and is then thrown up quite to their tops; but if they are to be secured so as to be accessible for winter markets, the trenching process of preservation will most likely be the best method, but for early use, the banking up, and covering with a coating of straw, will answer quite as well. In covering in the trenches, the precaution of heating must be avoided, which can be best accomplished by gradual covering, increasing the depth as the severity of winter demands, so that altogether a foot or more of straw may be required.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—To start an asparagus bed from the seed, sow thinly in rows one foot apart as early as the ground is in proper condition. Carefully destroy all weeds as soon as they appear. Thin out the plants to three or four inches in the rows, allowing only the most vigorous to grow. Next spring set the plants in beds two feet wide, with three rows, a foot apart, to the bed. The best soil is a rich, sandy loam, eighteen inches deep, into which a plentiful supply of well-rotted manure has been worked. The plants should be set at least six inches below the surface. A good asparagus bed is an excellent investment, and no village or farm garden should be without one. Of course, one can gain a year by purchasing roots instead of planting seeds.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—An ill-fitting shoe was the primary cause of the death, by blood-poisoning, of a four-year-old child of Worcester, N. Y.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—If you have a garden, do not throw away the soapsuds from the laundry; keep them to use as a fertilizer for your flower-beds.

—To Broil Tomatoes: Select large tomatoes, not too ripe, for this purpose. Cut in rather thick slices, and broil on a gridiron, after they have been well sprinkled with pepper, salt and a little butter.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—House plants should have their "wash day" as regularly as our linen, as cleanliness is as important to the well-being of plants as it is to our own health. An occasional sprinkling will not benefit them.

—To Color Nankeen: Fill a five-pail brass kettle with small pieces of white birch bark and water, let steep twenty-four hours and not boil, then skim out the bark, wet the cloth in soapsuds, then put it in the dye, stir well and air often; when dark enough dry, then wash in suds. It will never fade.—*The Household.*

—Tray covers of pure white damask, if of the best quality, need but little decoration to render them very handsome; but a spray of flowers embroidered on one end adds to their beauty. When placing articles on the tray arrange them so that the flowers will not be covered. A stem of bachelor's-button is a particularly pretty decoration.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Many cooks nowadays prefer steaming a leg of mutton to the old time way of boiling, even when it is included in a "boiled dinner." It takes longer to steam it, but the flavor is better. To the gravy add some capers or cut some cucumber pickles in very small pieces and stir in. To my taste there is no way so satisfactory to serve mutton as to roast it.

—A delicious citron pudding is made of one cup and a half of sugar, a small half-cup of butter, four eggs, and as much citron as your taste demands; the citron should be cut in very thin slices, or it may be chaped. Make a puff paste, and line the bottom and sides of a deep pie-plate or of a shallow pudding dish; fill with the mixture, and bake. The whites of the eggs can be reserved for a meringue, if you please.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—To clean stained wood-work which is also varnished, an old housewife recommends saving tea-leaves from the teapot for a few days. Drain them, and when you have a sufficient quantity put them in clean, soft water; let them simmer for half an hour; when almost cold strain them out, and, dipping a flannel cloth in the water, wipe off the paint, drying it with another flannel cloth. One cup of tea-leaves to one quart of water is the due allowance.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Cabbage Worm.

We suppose that none of our readers have been or will be troubled with cabbage worm this season. How can they be, when nearly every week a "cure remedy" has been published! But joking aside, we have published some very simple remedies, or alleged remedies, that we hope will be tried. Cayenne pepper, for instance. This pest has received a great deal of attention, but it seems to baffle all attempts to destroy it or prevent its ravages. Not that there are no remedies, but those generally recommended are either dangerous, expensive or difficult of application. Some time since we published a recommendation of Pyrethrum. The plan of applying it is to mix it with flour, at the rate of one ounce of the powder to five ounces of the flour, and thinly dust it over the infested plants. It is also sometimes used in solution, one ounce of the powder to ten gallons of water. It is said that both of these will destroy not only the cabbage worm but almost any other insect that may be upon the plant. But Pyrethrum is high priced, and that would prevent its universal adoption.

Prof. Thomas, however, mentions another remedy which is within the reach of any one, and which is said to be effectual. It consists of equal parts of saltpeter and salt, dissolved in hot water, and diluted with cold water. Sprinkle this upon the plants during the hottest part of the day while the sun is shining upon them. The proportions of the salt, saltpeter and water are as above described with reference to the two first, and diluted with ten or twelve quarts of water. A rule of proportions cannot, however, be inflexible, for some saltpeter is a great deal stronger than other samples. Prof. Thomas says he tried it on some horse-radish leaves on which there were about a dozen worms. He used a tablespoonful of salt and saltpeter each, dissolved in a cup of hot water and afterward diluted with two quarts of cold water. He sprinkled the leaves at half-past nine o'clock in the forenoon, when the sun was shining brightly. Two days later but two of the worms remained alive. Its effect upon the leaves was not seriously detrimental, although there were a few quite large spots that were killed by the solution. In the month of September following he sprinkled another cluster of horse-radish leaves that were badly infested, using a solution of one-fourth of the same kind of saltpeter and salt, and diluting it with a quart of water. This was put onto the plants at half-past eleven o'clock, when the sun was shining brightly, but it had no effect upon the worms, from which it would appear that to be certainly effective it must be strong enough to injure more or less any plant that is not hardier than the horse-radish. However, it may be worth trying as an experiment on a small scale.

Hot water, which is so strongly recommended, Prof. Thomas does not approve of as a remedy, alleging that it cannot be used at a sufficiently high temperature to kill the worms without injury to the plant. One gardener is quoted as recommending London purple. He says he uses it constantly, and that it neither has any bad effect upon his own family who eat the cabbage, or upon others who buy his cabbages in the market. Paris green or London purple will no doubt kill the worms, but notwithstanding that Prof. Thomas deems it safe to give the gardener's experience, we do not recommend it, and, indeed, would counsel against its use.—*Western Rural.*

For Destroying Insects.

The following methods of destroying some of the common insect pests are recommended by competent authorities:

Ants.—Take equal quantities of loaf sugar, arsenic, and finely-powdered dried bread; rub them together in a mortar till they are very well mixed. This should be kept in a bottle in readiness for laying small quantities near their haunts. Great care is requisite in the use of this mixture, for it is poisonous to vegetable as well as animal life.

Aphis on Rose Buds.—Syringe the rose with water in which potato peelings have been boiled, and the insects will generally disappear after the first application. This liquid, although it does not injure the plant, will destroy any open flower it touches.

Wireworms in Flower Beds.—To destroy them, take some large potatoes, and cut them up into thick slices, and run a small stick through each; then bury them in the flower beds. On examination every other day several wireworms may be found in each piece of potato.

Slugs.—To destroy slugs in frames, take two ounces of common saltpeter (purest), and dissolve it in one gallon of boiling water; that saturates quite in the boiling state; and water the soil in the frames with it, a quart to a square yard.

The "Common Cow."

Let us say a good word for the much-abused "common cow." The family is a very large one and, as is the case in most large families, there is much difference in character among the members. It is also hard to draw the family line. There are many common, or so-called native cows, which have but few good qualities, but there are also many that are of very good quality—especially for the dairy. There are large numbers of cattle with some slight crosses of some one or more of the improved breeds, but which are not recognized as belonging to any breed and must be classed as "common stock." Among these there are some of more than ordinary good quality.

We have seen, in some of the dairies of the country, cows which could not be recognized as belonging to any distinct breed, but which would compare favorably with good cows of any breed in actual merit. As foundation stock or which to make crosses of the improved breeds, the cattle of the farmers of many sections of our country are well adapted, whether meat or milk be the point desired. There are good and poor common cattle, as there are good and poor specimens of any of the improved breeds. Where they have been long bred, with care and some wisdom in selection, the common cattle often have acquired an adaptation to their surroundings which no one of the improved breeds have on their first introduction.—*The Breeders' Gazette.*

—Prof. Friend told some Chicago capitalists that he had discovered a new chemical process for cheaply refining sugar, and offered to take shares in a stock company in payment for his invention, trusting to the profits of manufacture for his reward. His only condition was that the machine should never be seen by anybody except himself. This seemed fair, and capital was advanced to put a factory in operation. Friend had a room carefully partitioned off, and drew $1,500 from the treasury as the cost of the machine which he meant to put in; but after waiting several months the stockholders can find no sugar, nor any machine, and they have had the inventor arrested as a swindler.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Eight clergymen preached simultaneously in the Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday, to invisible audiences. This prison is conducted on the principle of solitary confinement. Each prisoner has his own lonely cell. These cells open on eight corridors, radiating from an octagonal center. The preachers stood at the outer ends of the corridors, and could be heard by the occupants of the cells in their several sections. A group of officials and reporters in the middle of the prison experienced the novel sensation of listening to eight sermons at once.

—A Maine paper relates that a maiden lady now residing in the town of Lyman, that State, at the age of ninety-eight years, was in her youth engaged to be married to a respectable young man, and was making her wedding dress. Her father, entering the room, forbade the marriage. She answered: "Well, father, then you must maintain me as long as I live." She stuck her needle into the unfinished dress, arose and put it into the drawer, and there it has remained until the present time—seventy-five years. How long the father survived such treatment is not told.

—A young man need not be a very charming conversationalist to succeed in society, providing he has money enough to pay for the ice cream.

The Best Way.

The best way to increase the appetite, assist digestion, cause the food to assimilate properly, and the absorbents to take up nourishment, induce full and regular evacuation, produce easy expectoration, and stop decay of the lungs, heart, liver, urinary and digestive organs and purify the blood, is by using that Queen of health called Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Leading physicians recommend it as a true strengthener, a sure reviver and perfect health renewer. It is composed of harmless yet effective vegetable tonics and will not harm the most delicate, being especially adapted to enfeebled constitutions and infants.

My boarders shall have "the fat of the land," she said, as she recklessly put a tub of oleomargarine.

A PHYSICIAN writes: "For all diseases affecting the blood, liver and kidneys, brain and nervous system, there is no combination prepared for general use more beneficial than Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. I recommend it frequently in my practice."

Why then remain a crabby dyspeptic and nervous sufferer? Why not be strong, healthy and robust?

S. J. P., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.: "I have a valuable hen that will insist on sitting on six eggs. How can I prevent her doing so?" We have referred your letter to our poultry critic. He says there are many ways to prevent your hen from engaging in sedentary pursuits on a capital of six eggs. He suggests that you add another egg—or that you use the eggs in a custard pie, but he says if you want a dead sure thing boil the hen.—*Texas Siftings.*

$200.00 Reward

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person dealing in bogus or imitation HOP BITTERS, especially Bitters with the word Hop or Hops in their name, that is intended to cheat the public, or for anything pretending to be the same as HOP BITTERS. The genuine has a cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and is the best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all formulas or recipes of HOP BITTERS published in papers or for sale, as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

HOP BITTERS M'F'G. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

THE Boston *Transcript* recommends kerosene oil to take the smell of onions out of the breath, but doesn't state how many barrels are necessary.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above.

N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

"THIS is my solitude money," said Hardup to Simpson. "Why do you so designate it?" asked the Pawnee. "Because it's a loan," replied the graceless scamp.

A MAN in Georgia lost a gold collar button two years ago, and recently the missing jewelry was found in the fat of the digestive organs of a slaughtered cow. How the cow got under the bureau in the bed-room, where a detached collar-button always rolls, is an inexplicable mystery.—*Norristown Herald.*

"HOW came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid of all work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them in the oven to dry."

AN exchange tells a story of a man who got out of bed in the night and threw up a window. He will know enough next time not to cut windows for supper.

SHE was a woman of property while her sweetheart was a man with a big head. "Do you love me?" said he. "Indeed, indeed, I do," she modestly murmured. "Well," he replied, "one 'deed' will be sufficient if you put it all in my name."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE present fashion of bolt bouquets causes a great many forests to be wedded.—*Ex.* And a good deal of thorn seems to go, too.—*Philadelphia Bivouac.*

A BOSTON footman astonished his employer by bringing down his feet on the table and exclaiming: "Where is the nobility of the aristocratic system, I pray? If he thinks we have got to be his equals, he is mistaken in this world."—*Philadelphia Bivouac.*

AN Englishman would like to shake hands with the man named Hicks, who, during a month, will hear words later applied to him than to have his name changed to the Queen.

THE last Bishop we hear of in the city of Mexico, that is authentic in regard to Polish, is a Bishop.—*Polish Review.*

Patent Medicines.—Some Preparations.

Every truth has two sides; look at both before "committing yourself to either." Kidney-Wort claims being the cleanest array of its ingredients and its good results. It has nothing to fear from truth. Physicians may disagree as to the best methods and remedies for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting.

Beer is so scarce and high that a gentleman of this city is having a whole steak set for a breast-pin.—*Boston Courier.*

A Smart Man is one who does his work quickly and well. This is what Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" does as a blood-purifier and strengthener. It arouses the torpid liver, purifies the blood, and is the best cough remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

THE Lowell Courier is not surprised that our wheels are being made out of paper, as we have had "stationary engines" for a long time.

We can assure our readers, should they require anything of the kind, that WAKEFIELD'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM will cure the worst cases of Diarrhea, Dysentery or Flux. It is pleasant to the taste and perfectly safe. For Sale by all Druggists.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.—*Home Journal.*

Beautiful Women are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

ANOTHER dynamite mine in Russia. Go East, young man, and blow up with the country.

Extravagance is a crime; and ladies can not afford to do without Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which by preserving and restoring health, preserves and restores that beauty which depends on health.

NO MATTER how ugly a nose may be, its imperfections are overlooked by its owner.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ No woman really practises economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

GIRLS, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

THE lah-de-dah, cigarette-smoking young man, is now styled third-class male matter.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

THE boy who feasts upon dime literature is like cold molasses. He turns out bad.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

CHEAPER than blackmailing—is Frazer's Axle Grease. For sale everywhere