THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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MOTHER'S LETTERS.

Mother's letters! precious things! Speeding with their snowy wings! Waited for by household bands, In all countries and all lands!

Mother's letter to her bey! See him grasp it, oh! what joy! Now with tears his eyes are dim-Mother, dear, believes in him.

Tender thoughts from mother's pen He must read to listening men. They in camp, or "marching through," May have anxious mother's, too.

O'er the sea, from shore to shore, Mid the great Atlantic's roar, Speed the little missives white On their rounds of love and light;

Cheering many a maiden's heart. Forced from home and friends to part; Checking many a lad's career When the tempter lurketh near.

Mother's letters! full of love. Oh, what comforters they prove In the dark and dismai day, When no sunlight gilds the way.

Mother's letters! procious things! Speeding with their snowy wings! Waited for by household bands, In all countries and all lands. -Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.

MADE OR MARRED.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, "One of Three," "Probation," "The Wellfields," Etc. Author of

CHAPTER VI.-CONTINCED.

She descended the stairs and went into the sitting-room, still kept in a sort of semi-twilight by the green blinds, and there she found Angela on the sofa, with Philip Massey on a chair beside her. Some low-spoken words had been exchanged just before she entered, and she feit her face flush.

"Good morning!" said Philip, rising, "I came to see if you were ready. Grace is waiting for the Berghaus girls and Hermann.

"Then suppose we go to Grace now, and it will save so much time," suggested Mabelle.

"We are all going to walk together to the omnibus at the top of the street," said Philip, who looked imperturbably happy and satisfied, and who smiled whenever he addressed Mabelle.

"I am going to your house," she persisted, obstinately; "I want to speak to Grace.

She moved toward the door, taking no notice of Angela's faint expostula- but were joined by Hermann Berghaus er's friends, talking wild and flippant with a smile. tion that it was too hot for such sudden exertion, and upon her adoption of this Grace flashed veiled lightning, and she decided line of policy there remained said in her heart: virtually nothing for the others to do but to earry it out.

"Don't cry, Grace, but tell me. You did not really quarrel with him?" "No. I love him too much for that.

gave in, and begged his pardon." "Oh, I'm glad of that." said Thekla,

with a long sigh of relief. "And I even said I would be amiable to her to-day, so if you find yourself deserted and beyond me walking arm-in-

arm with her, and smiling sweetly all the time, you will know the reason, and not be cross, will you?" "Cross with you-about him-that,

mean , no, Grace!"

"If it were not for her dear little sister, I should have quarreled with her long ago," pursued Grace, "but she is such a sweet, good little thing, and so patient! It makes me nearly cry sometimes to see how angelically she puts up with the refined selfishness of her sister. Angela, indeed! I know another name that would suit her better!"

Thus engaged in unburdening their and go to the station. Thekla and in the pinewood; and her voice is so Grace came out last, and Philip, stand- lovely. I am sure she could." ing at the door to hand them down, whispered to his sister: "You made me a promise, Grace, last

night, and you are not keeping it." "I think you have not given me much ing?"

chance," she replied, in the same tone. and their eyes met. Brother and sister were singularly

alike in appearance, manner and ge-ture-alike even down to the veiled tiash of anger. or light of love, in the depths of their dark eyes. It was a look of reconciliation they exchanged

just now, a kiss of forgiveness. "You shall have no reason to say that again, if you will only please me, like the dear girl you are," he answered, in

the same low tone: and then, instead of joining Angela again, he left Grace to

Thelka Berghaus. Still the arrangement did not seem exactly successful, although Grace fulfilled her agreement punctiliously, in the letter at least. She smiled sweetly upon Angela, who smiled as sweetly in return, and Grace spoke words of agreeable import for a time to her compan-

and one of his friends, while the eyes of nonsense, for which she would proba- A smile was her only reply to almost

terest Thekla more intensely than, per- as her eyes sank unearily beneath his, "I thought my heart would break," and she feit her heart throb. Oh, if id Grace, "He looked

you were sisters."

"People say that I am like our mother, and Angels like pape," said said Mabelle. "Do they? But she has been a

mother to you, has she not?" "Yes-that is, I have had no other

mother." "Ah! That-I mean your sister's relationship to you accounts for many things," said Philip. "Do you like coming into the woods?" he added.

"Sometimes: not to-day." "No! Why?"

"We don't seem united. It is not a

"Do you think your sister would sing "I-don't-know," said Mabelle.

slowly. "If you were to ask her," he urged.

"I-why should she sing for my ask-"Because you can do anything with

her. She says so. She told me so. 4 can refuse her nothing-my little Mabelle,' those were her words." Mabelle's lips tightened; her face

flushed violently: tears of shame, anger, humiliation, rushed to her eyes. "Won't you ask her?" he oursued. "After lunch." said Mabelle, gently.

"Well-when you think best," he replied, reluctantly, and he remained in you, but-

his place beside Mabelle till the meal was over. It was not an inspiriting repast.

go to her, while he attached himself to Grace Massey drew Luise Berghaus to about their different teachers and professors at school and college. In vain

her cool, egotistical, unlovely, because here so in tensely than, per-haps, a better tale might have done. "I thought my heart would break," said Grace. "He looked so cold and cross and stern. I never saw him look at me in such a way before, and when I think of that woman, who has come be-tween us...." She was almost in tears. "Don't ery Grace hut tell me. Yer Angela, though an angel from Heaven being perfectly willing to forsake fath-descended to reveal it to him. being merfectly willing to forsake fath-er and mother, brother and sister, and er and mother, brother and sister, and "No," he repeated: "you are utterly cleave forever to her only-while she different. One would never suppose Poor little Mabelle's bitter sighs were

not without just cause and foundation. "A town life must always be a sacrifice, I suppose, after our beautiful home

"But do you think it could ever be tolerable to you?"

"There might be conditions under which-oh, Mr. Massey!"

A long and pensive glance was only half over when Philip interrupted it by taking her hand.

"Miss Fairfax-Angela!" he began, and alter a pause he went on, as she had intended he should, with the story of his love, his adoration; his utter unworthiness and presumption, and all very large amount. The heavy milkers pleasant party. No one is enjoying it," worthiness and presumption, and all replied Mabelle, vaguely, feeling the rest of it; but the speech ended, as Philip's eyes haunting her; miserable, all such speeches do end, with a fervent much butter, but to obtain a high price prayer that she would overlook the un- for it. The light milkers only allow their

worthiness and try to love him ever so minds, they arrived at the point where if you asked her?" said Philip. "I little-in ever so long a time, and there-they had to descend from the omnibus think it would be so delightful, out here by make him happy from that moment for all time.

"I! Oh, you astonish me!" said she, and did not blush as her eyes met his while she spoke.

"Perhaps I startled you-spoke too soon -you were unprepared," he stammered.

["The idea of anything he could say startling me!" thought Angela, with supreme disdain]

"But, oh, if you could only say that I am not utterly indifferent to you-"I can not deny it," said she, with a long look, and a smile that faded almost before it began.

"And may [---"

"Stop! I can not tell you that I love

"I never expected, never thought, or hoped such a thing. But may I hope, Angela, that some time ---- "

"Hush! Do not be so excited, Philip. her, and they sat together gossiping Yes, I can not tell you not to hope. 1 -I will think of it."

"You are an angel!" was all that Hermann tried to join in the conversa- Philip could say, kissing her hand, with tion. He was sent away rebuffed and a fervent look of devotion that had disconsolate. Thekla Berghaus, con- something of reverence in it -a look in trary to her usual frank, genial way of which a nobler woman might have their butter by making one change doing her best to entertain the whole nobly rejoiced, but which caused Anion, but, even before they had arrived party, was flirting openly and exclu- gela to think how very desperately he at the station, they were no longer alone, sively with the most inane of her broth- was in love with her, as she answered they invest in a new-fangled churn, a

bly blush when she recalled it to her every form of address, question, avowmind during the night watches, and al-every shape of praise, blame, re-"She is the most atrocious flirt I ever laughing now and then at, not with, her proach. Unkind and envious fellowut to carry it out. They, too, followed, and in another she never rests until some other man is by side under the beech tree; silent, both; Berghaus, have been known to say that thing, but to many. Only an expert is moment the scene was changed to dangling after her. It is shameful, and he engrossed in observing Angela, she this form of answer, constantly rewith a heart as heavy as lead, and with peated, waxed monotonous; but how up, and the Berghaus contingent just arrived, together with two friends of Hermann's, all talking loudly and volufeeling, faintly lighting a pair of di-The story goes that a certain "Mater Fairfax, and she was amusing herself. Purissima," one of the most celebrated pictures of a celebrated old master, hac ness that she absorbed the attention of for model one of the most corrupt two men of the party, while a third one women of her age. It is a story which, saw nothing of all that surrounded him whether true or not, inevitably sets one except herself, and wished for nothing thinking when one hears it. and thinkbut a glance from her eyes or a word ing sadly, too, of the many counter-from her lips. parts of it which may be found in these latter years of grace in the nineteenth century, in which we have eman-

A Wide Difference.

No commodity reaches the market in which the price of the different grades

One day last week the quotations for Laroe quantities were made in the West that could not be sold for cash at the lowest price named. It was disposed of by way of barter for anything it would bring. Very large quantities of choice butter never find their way to the general market. The proprietors of some creameries and private dairies sell the butter they produce directly to consumers and obtain fifty cents a pound for it during the entire season. It has been repeatedly shown that it costs as much to make the poorest as the best butter. It is likely that in the majo.ity of cases it costs more. . Poor butter is

generally associated with cows that give small quantities of milk, and extra fine butter with cows that produce a enable their owners not only to make owners to sell a very small amount of butter at the lowest price. The history of poor butter would show that a very large amount of hard work had been expended on it. The cream from which it was made was raised with difficulty. The churning was a long and very labo-rious operation, in which several members of the family took part. Much time was also expended in working it with a view of getting out the buttermilk and putting it in presentable shape. Little time and labor, however, were expended in manufacturing the butter that brings

the highest prices. Like most old arts, for instance, the tanning of hides and the making of bricks, progress in butter manufacture has been very slow. As something answering to the name of butter can be produced by the exercise of very little cream, of churning it to produce but-ter, or of salting and packing the product. They may be conscious that they make poor butter, but they attribute it to a poor location for the dairy business or to "bad luck." Perhaps they endeavor to improve the quality of suggested by visiting a place where very good butter is made. Perhaps tank for holding milk or a patent worker. It is possible that they obtain some better cows. It does not occur to them that the poor quality of the butter they make is owing to no one

able to tell them how to proceed. They might be able to obtain much valuable nation from a treatise on butter one. It is generally more difficult to teach an art to persons who think they a simple process well understood by old are acquainted with it than to those farmers; but inexperienced ones may rewho have never had any practice. Hav- qu re a word or two of advice. First ing become accustomed to old practices, we are reluctant to abandon there will be no large, loose masses of them even when we become aware that fat remaining in folds at the lower exthey are productive of very poor re- tremity of the ham. Hams prepared sults. A great reform in butter-mak- for the city trade are carefully selected ing was inaugurated in Denmark a few | and trimmed to suit the demand of the years ago. Danish butter sold lower market. In some localities the shank than that made in any country in Eu- is left long and the edge bone taken out. rope. The agricultural department of In others the ham is cut longer on each the Government took hold of the mat- end, the edge and part of the rump ter, and in tifteen years Danish butter bone are left in and the "lip" and had a reputation for excellence in "cushion" are left on. These are every civilized country in the world. known as "long-cut" hams. Shoul-Girls were educated in the Government ders are cut more nearly square, leavdairy schools and then sent to farms ing in about one-third of the blade and to do missionary work. They made the shoulder bone. The ragged edges converts wherever they went. They are trimmed and the blood-veins are also earned high wages, which were carefully removed. paid by the increased price obtained for butter. to the mater al wealth of the country this pickle and let the packages stand A traveling dairy school supported by a minister is doing most excellent work larger hams must remain in the brine in Ireland. The money spent by our longer. In a general way, it may be National Department of Agriculture in making experiments in the manufacture | brace the extremes of time required for of sirup and sugar from sorghum would domestic curing of hams, varying as to have established a dairy school in every mysteries of butter-making. Great perfection has been reached in many of our creameries, and much very valuable information on butter-making has been published and distributed by our assoto our established creamer es and enjoy the opportunities to learn a trade. The methods pursued, however, in these large establishments are quite different from those needed in farm-houses where the amount of milk is limited to the cows kept on the place. Our great dairy establishment + have demonstrated what was doubted or denied a few years ago, that it was not only possible duced faster than in any portion of the world. What is chiefly wanted is skill in the making of butter. With the great amount spent in the name of agricu'tural education, instruction in making butter is sadly neglected. -Chicago Times.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

-If you wish to add months to the active life of your broom dip it weekly var.es so greatly as in the case of butter. in hot suds. - Detroit Post.

-If fowls are too fat for 'sying cease butter in the Chicago market ranged all feeding corn and use ground oats, moistthe way from nine to thirty-five cents ened with warm water, for a morning per pound. Even these figures do not meal. Feed nothing at noon, and at she w the extreme in the price of butter. night give good sound wheat.-Troy Times.

> -Corn-starch Cake: Half a cupful butter, one cupful white sugar, half a cupful sweat milk, half a cu ful cornstarch, one cupful flour, whites of three eggs, one tablespoonful of baking-powder.--Household.

-Carbolic acid is death to all insects, in every stage of their growth. A fruit grower in Dutchess County, N. Y., whose quince trees were being destroyed by borers, used a mixture of one gallon of soap, two of water and a gill of carbolic acid. - Albany Journal

-One of the wisest precautions to take when you are baking is to have the oven perfectly clean, and yet it is one that is often neglected, and many an otherwise faultless dish has been spoiled by the sifting of ashes from the upper grate in the oven .- N. Y. Post.

-For seriously chapped hands try this: Scrape a cake of brown Windsor soap until it is all as fine as powder; mix it with an ounce of cologne water and an ounce of lemon juice. Stir this very thoroughly together, shape it into cakes, let it harden, and then use it when you wash your hands .- N. Y. Herald.

-The best soil for currants is a good strong loam, quite deep and rather moist, but not wet; but sandy soil will do, if made rich and cultivated deep. Bearing bushes on sandy land should have annually a good dressing of old manure worked in about the roots in spring .- Chicago Journal.

-The best soil for plants, says John Thorpe, in the Gardeners' Monthly, is turf from a rich pasture, cut two and a half inches thick, laid closely together skill, many persons have not thought till it has somewhat decayed, then it necessary to ascertain the best broken up and mixed with one-third methods of setting milk to obtain very rotten manure or leaf-soil. The leaf-soil can generally be found under large trees where standing thickly together.

-Farmers should turn their attention more to butter and egg production in winter than they generally have done hitherto. Cows may be so fed as to make as good butter or nearly so in the winter six months as the summer six months, thus dividing the year into two equal parts. Some are doing it; more would if they studied what is most productive of profit in the dairy business. So in respect to eggs. Fowls may be so cared for as to lay all winter, when eggs sell from thirty-three to fifty per cent. higher than in summer.-Chisago Tribune.

at Nensige, but ----"

oppressed, helpless.

bly, welcoming each other, and finally setting forth in a body to go and find thing than it ever had been before. t e omnibus which should take there past the railway station they were ing to.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE WOODS.

They all walked up he street in the blazing sun. There were the Fairfax girls, Grace and Philip Massey, Thekla and Hermann Berghaus, and their youngest sister Louise, and two nondescript young men, acquaintances of Hermann, These formed the party, Grace as deeply engrossed with one anand were taking advantage of the fine day and bank holiday to go over to to be, instead of which, he was, in a Thellamere, a country place some fifteen miles out of Irkford, and a noted resort of picknickers and holiday-makers. At the top of Lawrence street stood

an omnibus, which would put the party down close to the station by which they had to leave town in order to get to Thellamere. Thekla Berghaus and Grace Massey, whose friendship seemed only to become more violent as it was tried by time-they had now known each other for the prolonged period of in a still more portentious manner over three months-lingered a little, and his clouded eyes, followed somewhat in the rear of the others, who seemed almost to make one large group, except that Philip and

"Have you decided when you can come to us, Thekla?" asked her friend. "I can come any time now," answered Miss Berghaus, whose fresh check was somewhat paler and thinner

than it had been that evening when she and Philip took for their puzzle word,

come to a decision. How he can bear stillness of an August noontide, graduto stay here in the dust and heat, when he might be basking on the cliffs behind our house at Foulhaven, I can't imagine! He told me he could have his holiday when he pleased, almost." She spoke resentfully.

"Well, at least he is making an effort to get out of town to-day," remarked

Thekla. "What a flat, mild, stupid speech for

you to make." retorted Grace, almost them. avagely. "Do you think I don't know." she went on, in a lower voice, "what it all means? Do you think I don't know that we should be at home now, Philip and you and I, and as hap- from the rest, but Luise was called by py as kings and queens in our dear old Thekla, in an unusually sharp and acrid garden at Red Lees, if he were not infatuated about that girl-utterly infatuated! I hate her, Thekla!" apprehensively.

the horrid, meddling, flirting interloper Thekla," sinking her voice to an exquarrel. He called me 'mean.' "

one more nearly answering to the real to enjoy it thoroughly.

The journey to Thellamere was not a successful one, though the conversation did not flag, and the laughter was frequent. Grace conscientionsly tried to fulfill her promise to her brother, but

from some reason-whether the fault lay with Miss Fairfax or the other girls -the fact was quite obvious that Angela was oftener surrounded with men, or engaged in earnest conversation with a man, than with girls. Philip had left her side, hoping soon to see her and other as Grace and Thekla were wont short time, torn by jealously in beholding Angela apparently in the most engrossing and confidential conversation with one of the stray young men whom Hermann had added to the party, while Grace sat beside her, bolt upright, with flushed face, compressed lips, and sul-

len, moody brows. What a savage frown the girl had, again. thought Philip, utterly unconscious that his own forehead was glooming down

They left the train at the little wayside station of Thellamere, and all walked together for a little way, parts of it, for the platform was crowd-Angela were ever somewhat apart from through the quiet country village up the ed, the train was full, and people had to the others. et a country road, from which find seats where they could. Neverthey turned aside into the beautiful theless it was not from pure accident woods, forming part of the estate of a that Philip and Angela found themcertain nobleman resident there, and selves alone in a first-class compartment. which to-day, as on several similar oc- An extra carriage had to be put on casions, were thrown open to the public. for the accommodation of the too nu-In these woods it was deliciously merous excursionists, and while the cool. The long branching alleys, the others had all been running about, and little sinuous walks, the solemn dark- squeezing themselves into already over-"Then it just depends upon Philip," ness of the firs, the refreshing green of said Grace. "I really will make him come to a decision. How he can bear stillness of an Arment monthle and hush and a

ally stilled the voices of the pleasureseekers, none of whom were quite devoid of some understanding of nature, than by rushing about as they are do-or some capacity for enjoying her many ing." moods.

considered a sufficienty secluded spot, fered arm, and they had stood aside, passed away as it had come.' It was and then the girls began to spread the waiting while the additional carriage interesting, even wonderful, but he was and then the girls began to spread the luncheon which they had brought with

Still, there was a sort of constraint over the whole party. Mabelle had seated herself beside Luise Berghaus under a spreading beech-tree, apart tone, to come and assist in the spreading forth of the comestibles, and thus the young girl was left alone, her deep, "Hush!" murmured Thekla, almost sad young eyes fixed, with their wistful gaze, upon the dark belt of firs at the

too, from the petrified form of a girl "Oh, no, no," exclaimed Thekla. "Not that very word, perhaps: but at last she said, hastily: "What's the "How dreadful a town life must seem much with them, as ma does all the all of the sightseers had not returned who, when once gathering flax on "Not that very word, perhaps: out matter? Why do you look at me so to you?" said Philip, with rather a sick- cooking."-Chicago Tribune. Sunday, swore she would be turned in-Boston Post. to stone sooner than go home; or from vious, and unworthy of me-he could strangely?" ly smile. rious, and unworthy of me—he could hever have believed—and all that. Oh, here we are at the omnibus." They seated themselves in a corner of he conveyance, and Grace went on They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance, and Grace went on the conveyance, and Grace went on the conveyance, and Grace went on the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated themselves in a corner of the conveyance of the could strangely. They seated the seated the could strangely. They seated the seated the could strangely. They seated the could strangely and the could strang never have believed - and all that. Oh, here we are at the omnibus." the conveyance, and Grace went on blance." Ocean. "Can not you?" said Mabelle, faindy, wild, uncompromising worship, and Joan of Arc.-Huriford Post. TELRA with her story, which appeared to in-

Hermann Berghaus, rebuffed by vine eyes. Grace, had sought consolation with Miss and very well content in the conscious-

"Well-he shall have it-some time." she decided within herself.

And this lunch was consumed. It her promise: sae asked Angela to sing. purissina. Angela proved gracious, and complied with the request. They all had tea at an old black-and-white farm-house in a An Indian's Way to Cure a Headache. field, and when dusk was falling, and the stars coming out, and the last song of the latest bird was hushed, they strolled through the scented lanes, toward the village and the station

CHAPTET VIII:

"TRUST HER NOT; SHE'S FOOLING THEE."

When the train left the Thellamere station on its way to Irkford, our picnic party was scattered about in different

"Suppose you take myarm; there is we shall have a much better chance

together-anyhow

of being separated. But that was a effected, and demanded payment, and chimerical idea not likely to be realized. as he produced in proof the kenaima, a and accordingly it was only the next caterpillar which had been extracted best contingency which arrived; they from Mr. im Thurn's body, his fee, "a went in the same train with the rest of looking-glass which had cost four-the party, but alone. looking-glass which had cost four-pence," could not be denied."--Sl.

pence, At first there was entire silence between them, as the train went slowly, between the dim and dusky fields and

eyes. Those eyes were fixed upon Ma-belle's face with so intent a stare that and I ask nothing but to look at them -

cipated ourselves from so much which was like ashes, bitter to the taste of we have discovered to be superstitious, some of the party: and thus the after- and set up instead each an idol fashnoon hours dragged on. Mabelle kept ioned by his own hands-our mater

TO BE CONTINUED.

Every one who has been in British Guiana has heard of the Kenaimas, human and spiritual powers of evil, who are the bane and terror of the Indian's existence. To counteract the malefic influence of the Kenaimas, each larger Indian village keeps its peaiman or medicine-man. One of Mr. im Thurn's most interesting adventures was that in which he placed himself in the hands of a peaiman who undertook to cure him of a headache, and who, to judge from the author's description had in him the making of an admirable Spiritualist professor or of a thought-reader. Mr. im Thurn submitted for six long hours, in a hut or the Savannah, to the process of "peaiing." By ventriloquism were produced the most terrible noises, and an extremely clever imitation of the animals describes himself as being all the while such a crush. And if we wait quietly in a sort of mesmeric trance, feeling at times the air driven over his face, "as Oh, anything not to be crushed by the roof, and then settled heavily on the They penetrated deeply into the all the people?" said Miss Fairfax, theor; and again, after the interval, as wood, until they had found what they sweetly, and she had accepted his prof-considered a sufficienty secluded spot, fered arm, and they had stood aside, passed away as it had come.' It was was put on, Phil'p conscious of a wild cured. He rushed at last into the open wish that the train would quietly go on, savannah on "a wild and pitch-dark and leave them to find their way home night"; and "bare-headed, bare-footed, and coatless," with the lightning flash-He could think of nothing more de-lightful than to find himself left alone mountains, waited for the dawn. The with Angela, with no definite prospect peaiman insisted that a cure had been

given in, it would have been a complete restless, wistful gleam in the great dark country. Give me the sea or the trees,

James' Gazette. "No, I won't hush. I do hate her--A marine was locked up in the edge of the wood. world are all numbered and finished. Bunker Hill Monument the other even-Suddenly a shadow came between her after the manner of excursion trains. ing. His captivity was made known by She has poisoned Philip's mind, and and the trees, a soured his temper-he used never to Philip Massey. and the trees, and looking up, she saw -From a large list of administrations his leaning far out of one of the winbetween the dim and dusky fields and dull white roads, which seemed to cir-thousands of cases, both in America dows at the top and crying for assist-ance. He was soon released from his "How are you to-day-you look tired?" said he, casting himself down beside her, and fixing his eyes upon her have any temper at all-nothing could cle dreamily by. That silence was first broken by Angela, who said, pensively: and Great Britain, the average risk of life has been pretty accurately deterput him out of humor-but last night, tall prison, only, however, to be put again behind lock and key for drunken-"What a heavenly day it has been!" "Do you think so? Are you not fatigued? I thought you looked tired." face, over which ran a rapid, rosy flush. cited whisper, "we had a quarrel-almined. It amounts to about one death most a quarrel-Philip and I, all about Philip's own face was changed; it ness. It is probable that when he in 2,800 administrations. - Detroit Post. that creature; we who had never quarpassed the guard to enter the monulooked thin and worn; about the mouth -She-I am fond of poetry. He-Are you, indeed? So am I. Do you like Burns? She-No, indeed, they are so distressing. But then I am not troubled mit. The guard evidently forgot that reled in our lives before. If I had not there was a kind of nervous line, and a "I am never tired of Nature and the,

The curing of hams and shoulders is neatly trim the hams; cut closely so

Make a pickle strong enough to float an egg; stir into this a sufficient amount It is likely that the dairy school es-tablished in Denmark has added more ly sweet taste. Cover the hams with than all the so-called agricultural col-leges in the United States have to ours. where the temperature is uniform and above freezing. For hams of twelve pounds four weeks will be sufficient; said that from four to seven weeks emsize of the hams, temperature and time State in the Union and educated one when they are designed for use. When person in every school district in the the hams are to be kept through the summer they must not be removed from the brine too soon.

Hams may also be cured with dry salting. This is done by rubbing thes often with salt and sugar and bunching iations of dairymen. The art of mak- them up on platforms or tables covered ing choice butter, however, is neither with salt and covering each ham with understood nor practiced on most of salt. When taken up to rub over with our farms. The facilities for instruc- salt, which ought to be done about half tion are not good. It is likely that a a dozen times, have a shallow box at few apprentices could obtain admission hand in which to do the work .- N. Y. World.

Myths About Stones.

According to one theory it was a precious stone in Parad se that fell to the earth at Adam's fall, and was then lost in the slime of the deluge till it was recovered by the angel Gabriel. It was originally a jacinth of such extreme whiteness that it dazzled people's eyes but entirely practical to make as good butter in the West as in the East. The butter in the West as in the East. The ble to the production of good butter. Improved dairy stock is being introto the better opinion, it was not merely a jacinth of Paradise, but the actual guardian angel, who, having been sent to watch over Adam therein, was at his fall, and as a punishment for not having more diligently executed his trust. changed into a stone, and driven from Paradise, but destined to resume his angelic form when the days of the Both Germany and France still bear vestiges of the same capability of thought. In the former you may still be shown upon a certain heath a large stone, embodying a bridal pair and their followers, who were thus trans-formed because the musicians who attended them continued to play festive airs, though a thunder-storm broke over them as they were driv ng over the heath. You may still learn a lesson,