

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

A QUIET PICTURE.

The shifting shadows lay in charming quaintness on the bare white floor. Creeping in softly through the open door, in a still, dreamy way. Some through masses of the ivy-climbs, that fall in shapeless masses from the pines. The fire-light glays and bright, with cheery blazes for its ruddy charms. Steals trembling from the old hearth's huge black arms. Where in their own rich light, the giant logs in splendor fall away in glowing shapes among the ashes gray. The baby on the floor, with tiny hands closed over her peevish toes, watches the fire-bugs as it comes and goes. And wonders more and more. Whence comes the red light on the snowy feet. And strives to catch it in her fingers sweet. The happy mother sits with folded hands, her weary neck all done. With the last smile of the sunset sun. And lists, her eyes low down. To the low prattle of her child's tongue. Whose cheek is rosy as the early morn. In homespun garb of gray. The father sitting in the window wide. Unfolds his paper with an honest pride. And, in his homely way. Reads of the pomp of state—its wealth and art—With scarce one anxious frown in his heart. Upon the lowly steps. The grandeur watches for the coming moon. While murmurs of some half-remembered tune. Drop from her faded lips. She dreams again of older days more fair. Nor marks the shadows flitting o'er her hair. O baby, glad with play? O mother, knowing not the heart's recoil? O father, weary of your toil? O grandeur of a day and gray? Would that the quiet of your day's decline. Might hush the throes of this life of mine! Every other Saturday.

DOCTOR MACBRIDE.

Dr. Eneas Macbride was strong in comparative anatomy, and dissected everything that came in his way. His dissecting-room was in the courtyard of the Palazzo Carminali, Rome. But it was up stairs in his library and alone that he "sawed," carried out his choicest manipulations, and made the more delicate of his "preparations" of human muscles, arteries, veins and nerves, which, when completed, were displayed under glass shades on a large table in the center of the apartment. It was at this table, having just finished the dissection of a very small hand—never mind to what kind of creature the hand, while it was living one, had belonged—that he was sitting one evening in July, 1885, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had exhausted his supply of cochineal with which to tinge the melted wax which he proposed to inject on the morrow morning into the venous system of his "preparation."

Dr. Eneas Macbride proceeded to the well-known druggist's shop kept by Signor Pancarotto, at the corner of the Via de Condotti. It was one of the largest and handsomest shops in Rome. He made his purchase and placed the packet of cochineal in a side pocket.

"Stay," he suddenly exclaimed, pausing on the threshold; "I had forgotten something. You must make me up, if you please, that admirably efficacious sleeping draught with the secret of the formula of which only you and I are cognizant, and which has given ease to so many of my patients. Will you prepare it for me at once? I must take it with me."

"With pleasure, illustrissimo ed eccellentissimo Dottore," said the apothecary, as he hustled from jar to jar, pouring various ingredients into a glass vial. "It's a wonderful sleeping draught, to be sure. I have tried it on my wife, who, poor soul, endure agonies from the toothache, and it never fails in producing slumber. To be sure, had you not told me that the potion was quite harmless, I should have been afraid to use it for the sleep which it brings about is so deep and so long as to be really like the sleep of death."

He had soon completed his task, and Dr. Macbride, placing the vial in his side pocket with the cochineal, left the pharmacy. He crossed the Piazza di Spagna, in the direction of the College of the Propaganda; when, just as he had reached the spot where now is the monument his path was crossed by a tall man who was wrapped up in a long brown cloak and who wore his broad-brimmed hat slouched over his eyes.

"It's all very well for you to slouch your hat over your eyes, my friend," said Dr. Macbride to himself; "but I know that hat and cloak very well, or I am gravely mistaken. They belong to the nameless man who lodges in one of the garrets at the Palazzo Carminali. I once nursed you through a fever, my friend, and gave you money to get your cloak out of pawn. I don't think that you would do me any harm, although folks do say that you are a spadacino—a hired assassin."

Scarcely had he thus mentally expressed himself, when he heard, in a low voice behind him, the single word, "Eccolo!" "Here he is!" And immediately he was seized from behind by strong arms, a heavy cloak was thrown over his head and he was lifted from the ground and carried some yards. Then he was thrust forward on what seemed to be some kind of bench or seat; the arms which had seized him had relaxed their grasp, a door was slammed and he became aware that he was in a rapidly moving vehicle.

Dr. Eneas Macbride had in verity been kidnapped by two men, forcibly carried by them to a coaching-wagon, huddled into the vehicle, and rapidly driven away. The whole proceeding, indeed, had been watched with the liveliest interest by an individual who was clad in a long brown cloak and who wore his hat slouched over his eyes and whose there is now no indiscretion in saying it—was the nameless man who lived in one of the garrets of the Palazzo Carminali, and whose profession was conjectured to be that of an assassin for hire. And as he watched the carriage rapidly retreating into the shadows the nameless man was jingling some golden coins in his pocket and chucking merrily.

"Ten ducats," he reflected—"ten ducats only for pointing out the Signor Dottore to them. And they have sworn not to do him any harm. Of course if

they had wanted to harm him they would have come to me; but I would not have stabbed the Signor Dottore; no, not for a hundred ducats. Let us go and drink a bottle of Chianti."

While the nameless man was thus congratulating himself on the successful result of his exceptionally bloodless night's work, unseen hands had relieved Dr. Eneas Macbride of the heavy cloak in which he had been muffled and in which he had been all but suffocated. He sat up, to find himself, indeed, in the interior of what was evidently a carriage belonging to some person of rank. The blinds were closely drawn down, but a small lamp hanging from the roof gave sufficient light for him to see that the opposite seat was occupied by two gentlemen very richly dressed, but whose countenances were wholly concealed by masses of black silk, having deep fringes of the same material. One gentleman hastened to inform him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged, as the person in whose presence they were about to conduct him was a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was imperatively necessary to conceal. As he pulled the bandage out of his pocket and proceeded very slowly to adjust it to the Doctor's eyes, his companion took occasion to remark that he and the other gentleman were fully armed, and should the Doctor, at this or at any other stage of the proceedings, offer the slightest resistance to a request which was professedly to his advantage, he would immediately be stabbed to death. Upon this admonition Dr. Eneas Macbride determined, like the cynic Scot he was, to hold his tongue and see—when he was permitted to use his eyesight again—what came of it.

It seemed to him that the carriage was continually turning and was being driven through a great variety of streets, possibly with the view to prevent his forming any accurate idea as to the part of the city to which he was being conducted. The coach at length stopped and the door was opened for him. His two companions took him each under one arm, assisted him to alight and conducted him up a narrow staircase to a room where, after a moment's pause, the bandage was removed from his eyes. He found himself in a small drawing-room or boudoir, dimly lighted by wax tapers, and richly furnished, although sheets and pieces of tapestry had been thrown over some of the chairs or placed in front of the picture-frames, as though for the purpose of preventing a stranger from too closely identifying the contents of the room. There was a flask of wine on the table and one of the gentlemen filled a large bumper of Bohemian glass and offered it to Dr. Macbride.

"I want no wine," he said, coolly; "it may be poison for aught I know."

The gentleman who had offered him the wine, and who was very tall, and clad in a suit of dark blue paduasoy, richly laced with gold, for all reply put the goblet to his lips and tossed off the contents at a draught. Then his companion, who was shorter and stouter—neither had removed his mask—and who wore a green doublet and coat laced with silver, filled another glass with wine and offered it to the doctor, saying, "You had better drink it. Remember what I told you in the carriage. We allow no trifling in this house; and, besides, you have need to nerve yourself for what you have to do."

"I don't like Dutch courage!" replied Dr. Macbride, "and am not used to dram-drinking to nerve me for my work. However, as I have not the slightest wish to have my throat cut, and you appear to be prepared to cut it—both gentlemen nodded their heads significantly—"at a moment's notice, if things don't go as you wish them to go, I will drink." "And now," he resumed, after a very moderate potation, "what is it that you desire me to do?"

"To perform a surgical operation."

"When?"

"This instant."

"Where?"

"You shall see."

As the taller of the two masked men made this reply, he took the doctor by the arm and led him forward. The shorter person lifted a heavy velvet veiling an open portal, and the three passed into a vast bed-chamber. Here everything in the way of furniture, and even the ceiling and the curtains and the counterpane of a huge four-post bed in the center of the room, had been shrouded in white sheeting. At the foot of the bed there sat, or rather there was half-reclining in a large chair covered with crimson velvet, a young lady—she could not scarcely be more than nineteen—exceedingly beautiful, and with golden hair that rippled over her shoulders. Her hands were tightly clasped, and she was deathly pale. She was clad in a long, loosely flowing under-robe of some white, silky material; and Dr. Macbride could see that her little feet were bare.

"You see this woman—this most gushy and unhappy woman?" said in a low voice the taller of the two gentlemen.

"She has disgraced the noble family to which she belongs, and it is necessary that she should be deprived of life. Here is a case of lancets, and you will instantly proceed to bleed her to death."

"She is prepared to submit to her fate," added the shorter gentleman in green and silver, "and you will make the greatest possible expedition. I need scarcely say that you will be amply recompensed for your pains."

"I will do no such horrible and unmanly thing," cried Dr. Eneas Macbride. "Do you think that I, a physician, whose bounden duty is to do everything that he possibly can to save human life—be it that of the newborn infant or of the dotard of ninety—would consent to put to a cruel death a poor lady who should be enjoying all the happiness that earth can give? Do your butchery work yourself; I'll have no hand in it."

"It is precisely," replied the latter gentleman, "because we are desirous that this indispensable work should not be done in a butcherly manner that we have brought you here. You are known to be the skillful surgeon in Rome, and you will perform the operation at once by opening the veins in her ankles; if you refuse, I swear that I and my brother—be checked himself before he could wholly pronounce the word 'brother'—my companion will fall on you with our poniards and hack you to death."

"Do their bidding," said, in a low, faint voice the young lady in the armchair.

"Do I hear aright?" said the doctor.

"You do," resumed the lady. "Do their bidding, or you will incur a fate as dreadful as my own."

Dr. Eneas Macbride appeared to hesitate for a moment; then he said: "I will do your will, and may Heaven forgive me for yielding to you! But I must have a vessel, a large vessel of warm water."

"That shall be at once procured," replied the taller of the masked men, leaving the room. You will remember that Dr. Eneas Macbride was also tall of stature. He bent over the reclining lady and whispered something to her.

"I have told her," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "that I will not hurt her much."

Presently two female attendants, each closely masked, entered the room, carrying between them a large silver tub full of warm water. This vessel they placed before the young lady, who, without a word, immersed her feet in the water. Then Dr. Macbride, once more bending over the victim, smoothed the hair on her forehead and feeling her pulse, knelt in front of her by the side of the silver foot-bath. He rose, looked in the victim's face, chose a fresh lancet, and knelt again by the side of the foot-bath. The water was now deeply discolored. Ere long it was completely crimson.

"Bring another bath—a tub—a bucket—what you will!" said the doctor, "and more warm water!" Then he continued, hastily holding his wrists around the ankles of the patient while the first foot-bath was taken away and another substituted for it: "This will finish the work."

"How she bleeds!" said the tall man, who, with folded arms, was watching the scene. The young lady had fallen back in her chair, her arms hanging loosely.

"She is insensible!" said the shorter of the masked men.

"She is dead!" said Dr. Eneas Macbride, solemnly.

"How she bled!" repeated the shorter of the two masked men.

"She will bleed no more," said Dr. Macbride. "And now let me ask you what you intend to do with the evidence of your deed, and I may almost say my guilt? How do you intend to dispose of the corpse?"

"Put it into a sack full of stones and sink it in the Tiber," muttered the taller gentleman.

"At the risk of the sack rotting, the weights becoming disengaged from the body, and of the corpse floating, or being washed on shore and the features recognized."

"Bury it in the garden," suggested the shorter man.

"It is still dangerous," resumed the doctor. "The bodies of buried people that have been murdered have been disinterred over and over again. One was, you know, last year in that vine-yard close to the Appian Way, and the assassin was brought to justice."

"That is true."

"When you planned your little scheme, gentlemen," the Doctor went on, almost bantering, "you should have planned the last act of your tragedy as well as the preceding ones. Let me tell you that a murdered dead body is, in a civilized city, one of the most difficult of imaginable things to get rid of. But since I have come with you so far in this abominable business, I will go further and help you to conceal this corpse. Bring it back with me to my surgery in the Piazza di Spagna—I am accustomed to have such burials brought to me at the dead of night—and I'll dissect her. By which I mean that in less than twelve hours no recognizable trace will remain of your deceased relative—if relative she be."

The victim was evidently stone-dead. After a long consultation, the masked men acceded to the proposition of the doctor, who appeared to have become so completely their accomplice, and who accepted, with many protestations of thanks, a large purse of gold sequins. Again he submitted to have his eyes bandaged, and again he was conducted to the coach in waiting below; but something else accompanied the party, and was placed on the seat beside the doctor. That something else was the body, rolled up in many thicknesses of white linen, of the lady who had been bled to death. The carriage made a route as circuitous as before to the Piazza di Spagna; but it was then, at Dr. Macbride's request, driven round to the narrow lane behind the Palazzo Carminali. Then the burden wrapped in white linen was carried by the Doctor and the taller of the masked men by the back door into the dissecting room, and laid like a stone on the table. The Doctor noticed that his fellow-bearer was trembling violently, and he had evidently had enough of horrors for that night!

Three months afterward Dr. Eneas Macbride returned to Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, a young and extremely handsome Italian lady of a noble Roman family. Pope Benedict XIV., the enlightened and humane Lambertini, had had much to do with bringing about the union of the handsome young lady with "Il Dottore Eneas Macbride, Scocciese." He had informed the young lady's brothers, Don Raffaele and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, Counts of that ilk, that if they did not consent to the match and pay over a very large fine to the Apostolic Chamber they should be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law for having basely attempted to murder their sister by causing her, as they thought, to have the veins of her ankles opened. Of course they never had been opened. Dr. Eneas Macbride, while pretending to execute the dreadful behest of Don Raffaele and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, had first administered to her a potion, which speedily reduced her to complete insensibility, and had next skillfully mingled with the warm water in which the feet of the patient were immersed the contents of the packet of cochineal which he had purchased at the farmacia Pancarotto. The poor girl's only offense had been that she had imprudently, and in mere girlish folly, encouraged for a short time the addresses of a young man much her inferior in rank; but by her haughty and vindictive brothers this transient flirtation was esteemed a crime which her death alone could expiate. How fortunate it was that Dr. Eneas Macbride was so much added to making anatomical "prepa-

tions," necessitating the use of cochineal for the perfection! I fancy, however, that after his marriage he ceased to disseminate small dead hands, and contented himself with covering small live ones with kisses.—George Augustus Sala, in *Lowell's*.

Fraud at the Breakfast Table.

To the average American, coffee is as essential to a good breakfast, as it is to the Englishman. The frauds practiced by the makers of ground coffee, are many and well known. These may be readily avoided by the purchase of coffee that is not ground. It has been supposed that one who purchased the raw bean, and roasted and ground it himself, would have pure coffee. While this course avoids one set of adulterations, those which are only possible with ground coffee, it may be but a change of evils. While raw coffee is free from adulteration in the proper sense of the term—the adding of a cheaper article to reduce its cost to the seller—the purchaser may fall upon what is still worse—poisoned raw coffee. It has recently been discovered by the officers of the Board of Health of New York city, that Manganito, Bio and other cheap coffees, are manipulated and colored in their unroasted state, to make them resemble in appearance and color the "Old Government Java," and that in the process there are used various coloring materials which are of a poisonous nature, and which one would not, even in small quantities, willingly take into his system. Among the coloring matters are some, which, likeumber, Venetian red, lamp black, soapstone, etc., are no more harmful than the same quantity of any other kind of dirt. On the other hand, there are employed compounds of arsenic and lead, which one would not care to take with his coffee in even minute quantities, besides the prussiate of potash and other chemicals not usually regarded as essential to a good breakfast. The cheap coffees are green, and the surface has a dull appearance, while Java has a yellow color, and the surface of the bean is smooth and polished. The articles we have mentioned are used to change the green of cheap coffees to yellow. Sprinkling the coffee with coffee-water, adding powdered soapstone, and various coloring materials, and placing it in list revolving iron cylinders, the beans rise against one another until they are the desired color and polish. The coffee brokers assert that more than half the retail grocers sell cheap coffee, that has been colored to imitate Java. There are large establishments for coloring coffee near New York, but they claim that their processes are harmless. They, however, do admit that there are some wicked men in the same business in Holland, and it may have been their coffees that were examined by the Board of Health.

First-class retail grocers can procure their stock from importers, and they are in no danger of being served with the colored stuff; but it is different with the average dealer all over the country. Soaking the suspected coffee grains in water, frequently stirring or shaking them in a bottle, then carefully drying them and comparing them with a sample not so treated, will show by a difference in color if they have been tampered with. Nearly all the coloring materials are insoluble in water, and if the water in which the sample of coffee has been soaked is allowed to stand in a wine glass, the coloring matter will settle as a fine powder at the bottom.—*American Agriculturist*.

Only One of His Nine Lives.

"I had a rooster once as light as a cat."

The hero of this remarkable statement stood in the middle of a group of admiring hearers under the lamp-post at Eighth and Chestnut yesterday afternoon and his twinkling eyes flashed defiance of contradiction.

"Don't believe it, do you? It's a 'cat,' tough. I us't 't live over here in Harry's potato patch. I had a farm-lop up there, 's' you know. I had a farm-lop up there, 's' you know. One of the chickens I had was a corker—he wuz—an he 't 't 't wuz always a-fightin', but always at a distance. 's' 't 't 't wuz afeared of each other."

"One day I wuz a sittin' under a tree, never thinkin' of nothin', when all of a sudden I hears an outlandish hollerin' like 'at it wuz nothin' human, an' when I ups an' goes in 't 't barn yard, what d'yer 'sposse I sees? Why, that tarral cat a-rollin' over an' over, an' the rooster a-rollin' an' a-rollin', and both a-rollin' over t'other, an' all 't 't time a-hollerin' an' a-screewin', an' 't 't fur an' the feathers a-flyin'—only 't 't rooster wuz nearly alwuz on top an' the cat underneath like."

"An' thar 't 't kept it up fur nigh a'nour—me not a-interferin', but just a-watehin' 't see 't 't fun out. All of a sudden 't cat goes to shiverin', an' 't rooster catches 'em 't 't eye, an' Mr. Cat falls back dead—as—as—a screw-driver."

The interest of the crowd as the old man proceeded was intense.

"An' the rooster—why he jumps up an' crows like mad—and ruffles his feathers—that is, what wuz left on 'em, an' walks away, proud as all-fired creation. After the rooster goes away the cat opens one eye kinder sly like and looks around, as much as to say—'I thought you said the cat was dead,'—remonstrated a doubter, whose incredulous looks betrayed his want of confidence in the narrative.

The old man grinned.

"So he was," he chuckled; "but he only lost one of his lives, and when the rooster'd dispeared he ups an' walks away with t'other eight as lively as a half-drowned kitten."—*Philadelphia Times*.

—Most bells were originally feminine, now the two or three that are called by Christian names in England are masculine. The most celebrated, Great Tom, at Oxford, was originally named Mary. Tresham, the Vice-Chancellor of the period, writes: "Oh, beautiful Mary, how musically she sounds." She has done little to belie this reputation since she became Tom. Once only, in the year 1800, Tom got into disgrace by a series of ineffectual strikes which greatly alarmed the undergraduates, who were divided in opinion as to whether there was an earthquake, or Deau was dead or the college on fire."

Traveling Dresses.

The most fashionable modistes are using heavy mohairs and alpaca for traveling dresses. These come in gray, ecrú and tan brown shades, and are made up in the severe tailor styles that are in favor with ladies who like English fashions. Such dresses are merely stitched on the edges, or are bordered with many rows of mohair braid; but for those who prefer more dressy costumes velvet borders are placed around the skirt, and there are wide bands of velvet up each side, that are disclosed by the open sides of the deep apron drapery; there is also a vest, collar and cuffs of the velvet. Clear gray mohair with black velvet bands is a most stylish choice for a spring suit for traveling, walking and for any use that the tailor suits have hitherto been put to. Ecrú and tan mohair dresses have dark golden brown or maroon velvet trimming. Sometimes silver braid is placed in rows on the black velvet vest and border of gray alpaca dresses, and gilt braid is used in the same way on the brown costumes, or else the skirt is laid in side plaits, each of which is edged with a row of the braid that merely peeps from beneath the side of the lengthwise plait. These mohair fabrics are cool for summer journeys, and moreover they have a smooth surface that does not retain the dust and soil of travel. Louisiana silks in pepper-and-salt patterns, in undefined checks, and in narrow stripes are also pleasant to the touch, durable and cool, and in the quiet combinations of blue with dull red, ecrú with brown, and other cheviot colorings, are both useful and pretty for traveling suits. The entire dress is made of the same piece of goods, and its tasteful trimming is the velvet collar and cuffs that are used this season in two-thirds of the dresses made.

For longer journeys through varied temperatures a wool dress is the best choice, and should be of pure wool, un-mixed with silk or linen, that it may not cockle if accidentally dampened; the rough-finished bison cloths and the chevits of light weight are most used for general wear, while French cashmere is worn by brides or by those who object to the rough goods. In chevits there is again a fancy for dark navy blue that is almost black for the greater part of the dress, with ecrú wool for the collar, vest and cuffs, or else the bright poppy red cashmere neatly covered with blue braid lightens up young ladies' blue dresses, while those who are older use dark blue or black mohair braid. A very long polonaise is made of the chevot, with the front of the waist curving around to the left hip, and the part below the waist line is shaped to form a square long apron that is open up each side, and has only a few wrinkles across from hip to hip. The space showing between these openings on one side shows only the plaits of the skirt beneath, while the other side of the skirt, as far as it is visible, is covered with rows of braid that are put lengthwise if the wearer is short, and across the space if for a tall figure. The postilion basques used with long over-skirts and plaited skirts of wool dresses are made single-breasted, with a rolling notched collar that leaves a slight open point at the throat, and with this is worn a "diecky," or small chemise, of tuckered or embroidered linen, with a standing collar and a narrow cravat ribbon, or else a flat folded scarf like those worn by men. There is also an attempt to revive double-breasted fronts for such basques, and these are made by really doubling part of the front, sewing a narrow piece to the straight edge of the right side of the front, lapping it over on the left, and shaping to follow the outlines of the figure, tapering in toward the waist line, and broadening it above and below.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Don't Watch the Boys.

The latest nuisance that has been sprung upon an inoffensive public, is the boy with a watch. A boy is naturally an indolent in himself, but much is forgiven to him, simply because he is a boy. But when he possesses a watch he ceases to be a boy, and becomes a little man. Such a being roams down on a Cass avenue car the other day. Instead of sprawling over the end of the car outside, making faces at big boys, and bullying the little ones, he walked in with the air of a man about town, paid his fare, and sat down beside an elderly gentleman, to whom he seemed to occupy the relation of father. Then he looked at his watch, started, put it to his ear, felt reassured, and remarked that the town clock was wrong. Next, he turned his bows out, spread his hands on his knees, and took no note of time for a minute and a half, when his elderly companion asked hurriedly, with a wicked twinkle in his eye:

"George, is your watch going?"

"Going where?" Then he recalled himself with a distracted gesture, drew forth that wretched time piece, and said with awful severity:

"Half-past-quarter-after-four. Hadn't you better set your watch by mine, father?"

It stands to reason that a boy can not have a watch and retain that sweet boyishness which is the delight of his parents, and the terror of the neighborhood. How can he tear through back alleys, and over vacant lots in "n' spy" with a watch in his pocket, or crawl under sidewalks and circus tents with ease and propriety if timed down by an hour hand? How can he stand on his head, or make a wheelbarrow of himself, or do cartwheels, or "wrasse" for the championship of the crowd? What excuse can he give for being late at school, and early at a fire? No; don't watch the innocent youth. Don't let him begin in his early years to go on tick.

"The sawyer the little feller
That our darling lovely wore,
Is broken—I should think—
Gone into our uncle's store.
'Twas a nice little, sturdy feller—
White-whisker-whisker-feller—
(Machine busted.)
—Detroit Free Press.

Co-ze Rolls.

Work into a quart of bread dough a rounded table-spoonful of butter and half a cup of white sugar; add some dried currants, sit some flour and sugar over them, and work into the other ingredients; make into small rolls, dip into melted butter, place in tins, let rise a short time and bake.—*Boston Globe*.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A heavy crop of clover kills off the meadow daisies.

—Buckwheat furnishes honey of a more pronounced flavor than clover does.

—Place corn cobs, dipped in coal tar, among the cucumber vines to drive away the striped bug.—*N. Y. Herald*.

—Many a man does his milk and butter a great injustice by over-estimating the cooling power of his spring or well-water.

—In five of the southern counties of Alabama there are large forests of pine suitable for lumber, but it is inaccessible, because there are no railroads or navigable rivers in that part of the country.

—Sows from one to three years old bring the best pigs and are the most profitable breeders. When older they get heavy and lazy, so that with every care it is hard to prevent them from killing their pigs.—*Cincinnati Times*.

—When well broken up and exposed to the rains in heaps, corn cobs make a valuable manure. They are very rich in potash and are, therefore, especially helpful on sandy soils. Unless well rotted, however, they do more harm than good.—*Exchange*.

—The *American Cultivator* says that it is well after planting potatoes to drop a few cut pieces on the surface of the ground. This will attract the potato beetles, which may then be destroyed. The beetle rarely eats the potato. It is attracted to it to deposit eggs.

—If your old stand or small table needs upholstering t make it look respectable, try this way of doing it: Cover the top with dark, doubled-faced Canton flannel, then sew or tack a deep fringe around the edge. This can be bought in all colors and widths, and the wider or deeper it is the prettier.—*Albany Journal*.

—When you are tired of plain boiled or fried eggs try this way of serving them for breakfast; butter a pie-plate and cover the bottom with fine bread crumbs, then break enough eggs for your family, and drop them on the plate, and cover with a layer of bread crumbs; sprinkle pepper and salt over this, and put some little lumps of butter over it. Bake in a quick oven for five minutes.—*N. Y. Post*.

—If there is anything neglected about the average farm, it is sure to be the garden. The head of the farm doesn't like the idea of putting man to work there when the weather is suitable for the more extensive operations of the farm. Part of a rainy day may be devoted to the planting of a few hills of sweet corn or a variety of common vegetables. The cultivation of even these is commonly left to the "women folks," who may possibly be able, occasionally, to get a day's work out of the boys. It will pay for the farmer himself to work in the garden occasionally and to see that it is well taken care of throughout the season.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Value of Milk Cows.

My experience in both buying and selling cows convinces me that many farmers of New England do not understand the true value of a milk cow, or the relative value even of those they have raised on their own farms. We call on a farmer with half a dozen cows of common or native stock. If he wishes to sell one, unless he has a special fancy or liking for some particular cow, he will give the buyer his choice at a slight advance on the price he would ask for the poorest of the lot. The usual changes render it very probable that the poorest one is worth nothing for a milk cow, while the best one may be worth much more than the price he sets on her. Many farmers seem to class cows that are similar in age, size and condition of flesh, at about the same value, without sufficient regard to the important point, how much milk or butter they yield during the year. True, they will make the slight difference of from five to ten dollars difference in the amount and quality of milk; while the correct value of the two cows would require so slight a difference in the daily yield that it would be scarcely noticeable. In estimating the value of a cow for dairy purposes, it is well to consider first whether she is worth anything at all; that is, whether the income from her will more than pay for her keeping. I am well satisfied that there are many cows kept for their milk up to a good old age which are really worth nothing. Let us see if figures will not throw some light on the subject. To keep a cow during the year will cost not less than forty dollars for hay, grain and pasturage. Suppose she gives seven quarts a day in early summer, and then gives less and less until dry in the spring, making about one thousand quarts during the year. This at four cents per quart would be worth just enough to pay for her keeping. Let the manure pay for the trouble and care of her, and such a cow is practically worth nothing as a milk cow, and her owner loses the interest on the money invested, and carries the risk of loss through accident or sickness for nothing. Take another cow, that gives only one quart a day more than the first, during three hundred days of the year. This will give an increase of two dollars per year, or sixty dollars during the five years that she would probably be milked. This would be sufficient to pay interest on the extra cost of the cow, and make her value as a milker at least thirty dollars more than that of the first. And each extra quart per day of equally as rich milk adds an extra thirty dollars to her value. This estimate shows that it is necessary that there should be a difference of only one-sixth of a pint of equally rich milk at each milking, in order to make a difference of ten dollars in the relative value of the two cows. I do not give these figures as correct, for all sections of the country. Even in different parts of New England, the cost of keeping a cow, as well as the price of milk, varies a great deal. But the principles which I have tried to make clear, through the use of these figures, is equally true in all parts of the country. Each farmer can take the price of milk and the cost of keeping a cow, as they exist in his own locality, and figure out the problem for himself.—*Cor. Country Gentleman*.