

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

TREAN;

THE MORMON'S DAUGHTER.

By ALVA MILTON KEER.

[Written While Living in Utah.]

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONCLUDED.

God in Heaven! he had come too late. His heated blood flashed to ice, then to fire again, for the figure in the light shifted its position and lifted the rifle again. But the rescuer did not wait; with a bound he went over the assassin, striking him a terrible blow with the revolver, and sending man and rifle rolling in the dust, then on through the door and flung it shut. Like lightning Elchard snatched up his revolver and fired, and the wild, begrimed and panting apparition fell crashing beside him. In an instant Elchard was on his feet presenting his weapon again.

"Don't shoot me again!" gasped the fallen man. "I'm Orson Beam! I've come to save you! Men out there are going to kill you!" Elchard gave him one look of wonder and consternation, then leaped over his body and bolted the door, whirled about and shut the window and dropped the shade over it, then he turned to Beam.

"Oh, my poor friend, where did I hit you?" he groaned, falling on his knees beside him. "In my side here. I guess it's not bad. I fell mostly from exhaustion, I think," panted Beam. Elchard tore open his clothing and found the wound. It was not serious but bleeding freely, and he sprang up the little stair to the room above, drew a sheet from the bed, and descending, tore it in large strips and bound them tightly around the man's body. Then he brought a pail of water from a corner and bathed the face and hands of this grimy savior of his with the tenderness of a woman.

"Where did you come from, and why did you do this?" asked Elchard, gently.

"I came from town," said Beam. "I found out by accident that they meant to kill you to-night. I wanted to prevent it."

"What got you in such a plight?"

"I had to climb the face of the mountain; they were ahead of me."

Elchard gave an exclamation of astonishment. Beam got up waveringly and looked at him. Elchard put out his hands gratefully, but the wounded man drew back and his eyes filled. "No," he said, "I'm not fit. I tried to kill you the other day. This is my restitution, and if you can forgive me it is all I ask."

Elchard stared at him in dumb amazement for a moment, then he caught the man's hands and wrung them. "You are free," he said. "You have earned forgiveness, and it is yours."

They had scarcely thought of the assassins, their meeting had been so strange, but now they listened. Evidently the men had fled. Elchard turned to Beam. "I was going to start for the East to-night," he said. "Miss Hartman is waiting for me."

Beam's paleness deepened, and he leaned against the desk for support. "Yes—yes, you should go," he faltered.

"But I shall never go and leave you in this desolated quarter of the world," said Elchard. "It was reported that you had gone, but now I see why you have remained, and I shall not desert you."

"No, you must not wait for me; I can not go yet," said the other. "Not now—not yet; when I am better I will come," and he wavered about and sat down. Elchard looked at him with swimming eyes. He could not divine what was in this man's heart, but something about him touched his own heart with a great pity.

"If you would slip down to the bunk house," said the wounded man, wearily, "I will stay there till morning. Then one of the men may be able to get me horse and clothes and go with me to the railroad. If I'm not able to go they can get me the doctor, and I will stay here a few days, then start. Mother is waiting for me at Cheyenne; she will be glad to know of this; it will be my greatest reward."

"I will wait and take you to her," said Elchard, resolutely.

"No," said Beam, with something like consternation. "No, I must not. I can not go yet! To our friends now; please let me wait until you are gone and we shall remain so. Miss Hartman is in danger every moment; you must go to-night. If you see what I have done makes you my friend; if you are obliged to me, please—take her—now—before harm comes to her!"

Elchard put his arms about the man's shoulders and held him a moment; his heart was full. The truth as to his brother-being was glimmering in his consciousness. He said nothing; words were of no such a use.

He went up-stairs and brought down some of his own clothing and left it by the man, who sat with head leaning forward upon the desk. "Please occupy my room until you are well," said Elchard, huskily. "I will send up a man to watch you, and another to guard the place. You shall not lack for friends and comforts until you are ready to go. Good-bye."

Beam lifted up his head and pit out his hand. Elchard took it in both of his, stooped down and kissed it with broken "God bless you," and passed out to the night. In half an hour he was drivin down the mountain.

But what of the woman whom these men loved? What of the human woe from whom she had fled away into the darkness? In the same hour that Orson Beam was toiling up the face of Eagle mountain one of the saddest tragedies that ever stained the Wasatch range was occurring over at Gray's peak. When the carriage bearing the three figures drew out of Hartman's lane it passed across the stream and directly up the valley. The tires of the whos were bound with cloth and the horse's feet were muffled. It moved forward in the darkness like a phantom. Ever and anon the woman struggled, but the two men held her like a vise between them. Her breathing was labored and difficult, the blood being between her teeth and her head covered, and her hands tied in a painful position behind her. Ah, God, how cruel it was!

At length they left the valley and entered the gorge which ran along the west side of Gray's peak. When they had entered it the carriage drew out of Hartman's jaws they seemed swallowed up by it, earth. An unseen stream gurgled and murmured along the canyon's bottom, and either hand the huge walls piled up in the dark outlines against the stars, while the gray arch of the milky-way hung over the gaping chasm like a bridge of spanned mist. It was lonely and haunting, and for a long time the carriage went slowly onward through the gloom. The men had never spoken an audible word since they started, and the woman now ceased to

struggle. Apparently she had become unconscious. After a time they turned into a smaller canyon that ran up the mountain toward the east. Here the road was not good, and the smaller man got out and led the team. In a little time the canyon seemed to cease, and they came out upon the side of the mountain. Then they stopped. Just above them was the dark opening of an abandoned mine's drift. They lifted the helpless figure from the carriage and laid it upon the ground. Then the small man knelt down and prayed with his wild, dark face turned up to the stars. Before he had finished the muffled figure began to strain and struggle, and when he had said "Amen" he arose, and handing the large man a surgeon's knife, turned away with his face toward the mountain's top. As he looked the rim of the moon came into a notch near the summit, he heard a strange noise behind him, a sound to be remembered in dreadful dreams, then a hoarse horrified kind of shriek that whirled him about with its frightfulness. Half of the moon was throwing its light down the mountain side, and Hyrum Parley was staggering back with arms lifted and eyes protruding. "I've killed Cistene!" he shouted. "O God, I've killed Cistene!" and he caught his hands in his hair and plunged about like a drunken man. His limbs seemed to double up under the weight of his body, and in a moment he fell headlong among the stones and lay there beating his face among them in frenzy.

The little man stood still and gazed in horror. Ah, they had shed innocent blood! The unpardonable sin was theirs! And the moon swung into the notch, and looking down a moment with melfable sorrow, passed slowly behind the peak and left them in darkness.

The explanation was this: Cistene, jealous of her lord, had watched him slip away mysteriously toward Hartman's, and had followed. Standing in the darkness under the trees to watch for him, the poor woman had seen Treaan fly by her like a midnight spirit, and, stepping forward in fright, was hurled to the earth by the girl's pursuers and gagged and bound. It was a sad ending to a sad deception. Far away in Norway, the same moonlight which had fallen on the mountain side, Parley had fallen but a few hours before on the cottage roof which sheltered her through all her peaceful childhood, and had looked down with seeming pity into the eyes of her gray-haired parents, eyes that longed and hungered for their child, but should never be satisfied.

But Treaan! She had fled on through the darkness, with her heart shrinking and her feet winged with fear. She knew nothing of the cruel miracle which had saved her, but in fancy, feeling the rough clutch of horrible hands upon her still, she started only to gain her lover's side. Just beyond the row of trees, into whose protecting shadows she had plunged, a large gate stood open. Through this she ran, and on across the fields and around the town. In a short time, from sheer exhaustion, she ceased running, but still hurried forward with quick breath and fluttering pulse, and ever and anon looking back into the gloom with a throb of horror and fear. When she had entered the road below the town, she suddenly remembered that Elchard was to come by the other road, and she turned back to the river, and, crossing the valley, found the dim way and hastened on.

It was a long walk to Eagle canyon, and lonely as death, but at last she reached its gloomy mouth and entered. Then on and on until it seemed her weary limbs would fail her. At the entrance to the smaller gorge she stopped, not being sure of the road beyond that point, and sat down in the darkness by the wayside, quivering with weariness. The moon was lifting its pale disk over the mountains now, and presently the yawning chasm broke open as by magic, with all its huge bowlders, garrulous pines and lowering ledges, turned to grotesque phantasmagoria in the misty light.

Then suddenly three horsemen came riding down the gorge; the one in the center, who was evidently wounded, being steaded in his saddle by the other two. The girl shrank into the shadow, and they passed away toward the city. She could wait no longer after seeing that, but fled like a wild thing up the canyon toward the mines with her heart crying out in apprehension. But soon the blessed sound of carriage-wheels came to her ears. It was like music, and she hastened on. When Elchard saw her standing by the road, with her hair falling down her back and her large eyes lustrous with fear and yearning, he gave a cry of amazement. In a moment she was in his arms, clinging to him like a hunted thing.

"O Paul, take me away from this awful place!" she implored.

"Yes, darling, we will go now," he said, and before the dawn broke they had passed from these valleys forever.

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FLYING FOR HIS LIFE.

How Emperor William Once Had to Hide in Earns and Ditches.

This remarkable account, which has only now been made public, although the more important details were known, is abstracted from the unpublished memoirs of a diplomatist who was a participant in the events of the eventful year of revolution, and an eyewitness of much that concerned the late Emperor William of Germany.

In 1848, the year of the continental revolutions, the people of Berlin, following the example of those of Paris, raised barricades, and after four days' fighting the King, the elder brother of the late Emperor, who was then Prince of Prussia, ordered the Prince, who had been organizing the attacks on the barricades, to retire with the troops from Potsdam. Prince William sought an interview with the King, who refused to rescind the order, when the Prince broke his sword and, throwing it at his elder brother's feet, left the palace. The nobles and the aristocracy wished the King to abdicate in favor of the Prince, but the people were so enraged against the latter, in consequence of his ordering the barricades to be carried by the troops that he had to escape in disguise, whilst the democracy triumphed and paraded the King on horseback through the streets of Berlin. The Prince, disguised as a coachman, took refuge on an island in the river; but here he was not safe, and he fled to the Sparlau; but, being known, the mayor talked of giving him to the democrats as a traitor to his country, and he was again obliged to have recourse to flight to save his life.

To save the crown jewels, the plate and the imperial treasures from the clutches of the victorious party, it was necessary to remove them from the palace. Fortunately a private door opened on to the river, and the valuables were placed on board barges, which, for the purposes of disguise, were draped with black cloth, as though they contained the bodies of insurgents slain at the barricades. In this manner they were transferred to the railways, and reached Hamburg as merchandise, and were put on board a vessel about to leave for England. The Prince, however, had to leave the railway being threatened with death on several occasions; to save his life he had still further to disguise himself, cutting off his beard and wearing strange clothes. Wandering on foot he hid himself away in peasants' cottages and slept in barns. It was important that he should embark for England without being recognized. To accomplish this end he passed over the frontier on to Danish territory and arrived at last at a villa belonging to his friend Oswald, where, for the first time since he left Berlin, he enjoyed the luxury of a bed. The following day the Prince, under the name of Muller, embarked on board a vessel about to sail for London, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp.—London Queen.

USE OF GLYCERINE.

How it Can Be Made Available For Innumerable Purposes.

Few people realize the importance of the uses of pure commercial glycerine, and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place; and herein, Mr. Editor, if you will allow me space to speak of its utility, no doubt many of your readers will find an opportunity to thank you. As a dressing for ladies' shoes nothing equals it, making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. Where the feet sweat, burnt alum and glycerine—one of the former to two of the latter—rubbed on the feet at night and a light or open sock worn, the feet washed in the morning with tepid water, will keep them during the day free from odor, so disagreeable to those persons who are sufferers.

For bunions and corns Cannabis indicus and glycerine, equal parts, painted on the bunion or corn and bound around with Canton flannel, adding a few drops of the liquid to the flannel where it comes in contact with the affected parts, will soon restore to health.

As a face lotion, oatmeal made in a paste with glycerine two parts, water one part, and applied to the face at night, with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin.

As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine, scented with rose, which will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin.

In severe paroxysms in coughing, either in coughs, colds, or consumptives, one or two table-spoonfuls of pure glycerine in pure rye whisky or hot rich cream will afford almost immediate relief; and to the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with the proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine.

For diseased and inflamed gums, two parts of golden seal, one part of powdered burnt alum, and two parts of glycerine, made in a paste and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, strengthens and restores the gums to health, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed first before applying.

And finally, the epicure who relishes a nice breakfast dish of fried fish, will find "a feast for the gods" by frying the fish in glycerine to a brown, adding a small sprig of parsley when nearly done.—J. S. Charles, D. D. S., in Scientific American.

—There are only eight towns in the United States the names of which begin with X. Seven of these are Xenias, and the other Xenophon.

A WONDERFUL CAVE.

An Old Haunt of the Modoc Indians in Northern California.

The opening to this wonderful cave of caves lies about two miles from the road leading from Adin to Linkville and Southern Oregon and some sixty miles from the former place. It is in Modoc County and about fifteen miles from the famous lava beds, where General Canby was so treacherously murdered by the Modoc Indians. Mr. Spalding lives some two miles from the entrance to the caves and was one of the first discoverers, being attracted to the spot by seeing steam arising from the opening. This was during the last winter. Unlike the lava beds, the country here is covered with soil that produces feed for cattle and also a straggling growth of juniper trees. The opening, as described, is in a slight depression and presents the appearance of an exaggerated badger-hole, just large enough to admit a man. From the opening the descent is a gradual incline for a number of feet, when suddenly it emerges into a wide passage or passage—for a number diverge from this point, and the explorer can choose his own course, the two exploring parties thus far having taken different courses. Mr. Spalding's party consisted of three persons, and they walked in apparently one direction five hours by the watch before retracing their steps, and were apparently as far from the end as when they entered.

For a distance the floor is dry, but farther in it becomes muddy, a soft adobe clay covering the floor, which is a smooth, solid rock. The floor of the cave seemed to be nearly level, while the roof in many places reached far above their heads, while at other places it came so near the floor that they were obliged to crawl on hands and knees.

Much of the roof is thickly studded with stalactites. At short intervals all along the route taken by the explorers openings to other galleries were seen. The atmosphere is oppressively warm, and not a single current of air was met with to disturb the burning of the candles, which are a necessity to aid in penetrating the darkness of the place. Not an instance of animal life was met with, although numerous tracks were seen in the mud, some of which were large enough to have been made by the California lion. The conclusion arrived at by the explorers was that there was perhaps a number of openings at which the animals entered. About half a mile from the entrance a pool of water as clear as crystal and as cold as ice was encountered. Near this pool evidences of a number of camp fires were seen, showing conclusively that the Indians at some time had visited this place. At one place a curious pyramidal-shaped hillock was encountered, isolated from its surroundings by an open passage around and over it. This little pyramid is about fifteen feet high and perhaps thirty feet through at the base. One agreeable feature of the exploration of this cave is that no dripping of water from the roof is met with. From the above it is evident that there underlies this wonderful section a labyrinth of caves and passages which will take time and patience to explore, and which when fully explored may add much to ethnology and other sciences.—San Francisco Call.

AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

We Will Have It as Soon as We Have a Pure American Race.

It is heretofore been the belief held by the philosophers and thinkers from the earliest times that language is an evolution growing in development as human thought needed a vocal vehicle for expression. Savage tribes with an extremely limited range of ideas, and whose actual transactions of daily life embraced only the simplest facts, would necessarily have need for an extremely simple and scant language. As they might advance in civilization and culture, they would improve their language to meet the necessities of expression. The invention of alleged universal languages by the act of a single individual sets all the laws of linguistic evolution at naught, and can therefore accomplish nothing useful in any large sense. The history of the English language presents a great number of facts which illustrate this evolution. Since no race so far as known possesses an indigenous or original civilization, but has always learned from some external and superior source, so there is no language which is complete in itself, developed from indigenous roots without admixture from the exterior. The English tongue, composed as it is of many diverse elements, has long been undergoing the processes of evolution which must continue to operate for a great period in the future, so that the day will come when the language will be as different from the English of to-day as is our language from that of Chaucer. In America the development must take to itself forces and forms which will never come into operation in the mother country, and finally through their intervention we will have a distinctively American language. It is impossible to formulate an American language until we cease to have constant and extensive accessions of foreign immigration; until, indeed, we can assimilate and absorb all the admixture of foreign blood. Then we will have an American race, then we will have an American language. Noah Webster was its great forerunner.—N. O. Pigeon.

—In the Paris prison of detention recently a person committed as a man fifty-four years old, after being locked up was found to be a woman. It was found that she had put on male clothes twenty years before, and had worn them ever since without being discovered.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Extracting oil from cedar boughs is a new industry in Maine.

—Steel, when hardened, decreases in specific gravity, contracts in length and increases in diameter.

—Rosewood shingles are being imported as a novelty for trimming showy cottages at seaside resorts.

—A New York hatter says that none of the so-called Panama hats are made at Panama. The best of them, he explains, comes from Guyaquil.

—A late refinement in dentistry is a tiny electric lamp for lighting up the cavities of teeth during the process of filling.

—Dealers in hard wood furnishings say that sycamore wood is rapidly coming into use. It "works" well, makes an excellent finish, and is much cheaper than birch, maple, or oak.

—A sugar refining company with \$5,000,000 capital has been started to use Henry Friand's new method of refining by electricity. The cost will be about seventy-five cents a ton.

—A recent English invention relates to casting packing rings ready for use without boring or turning. The rings are cast in a chill mold around a metallic core.

—The introduction of American watches into England has reduced the number of gold cases marked at the London Assay Office from 34,844 in 1876 to 20,416 in 1886, and of silver cases from 119,394 in 1876 to 95,708 in 1886.

—The mystery regarding the whites of eggs after the ice-cream factories have used up their yolks is explained by a statement that they are used to make albumenized paper for photography.

—The question having arisen as to why the fallen branches of trees, at certain stages of decay, are more or less colored through their tissues with various shades of green, it is alleged that chemical analysis shows the presence of iron as the base of the green coloring matter.

—The smallest circular saw in use is one used in slitting gold pens. It is a disc about the size of a five-cent piece and has the thickness of ordinary paper. Its velocity tends to keep it rigid enough for use; four hundred revolutions a minute is the ordinary rate of these diminutive saws.

—The latest idea in the direction of waterproof footwear is a shoe made with a stout calfskin vamp, seamless, underlying which is a vamp of thin rubber, and between it and the lining, which is of stout canvas. The bottom of the shoes has a rubber interlining between the outer and inner soles, and thus the shoe is about as near waterproof as a leather shoe can be.

—Barrels are now being made of hard and soft wood, each alternate stave being of the soft variety and slightly thicker than the hard wood stave. The edges of the staves are cut square, and when placed together to form the barrel, the outside are even, and there is a V-shaped crack between each stave from top to bottom. In this arrangement the operation of driving the hoops forces the edges of the hard staves into the soft ones until the cracks are closed, and the extra thickness of the latter causes its inner edges to lap over those of the hard wood staves, thus making the joint doubly secure.

—In some recent scientific experiments on the effects of cold, two frogs were frozen solid in a temperature of about 20° F., and kept in that condition for half an hour. On thawing slowly they recovered perfectly, but it was found that large periods of exposure invariably killed the animals. The experiment was tried of freezing hermetically sealed meat, so as to kill its bacterial organisms, and thus render it incapable of putrefying. It was found, however, that so low a temperature as 80° below zero would not destroy the vitality of micro-organisms. It was thus made clear that the attempts to preserve meat for a long time by a momentary freezing of it must be abandoned.

—What Causes Headache.

Overstudy.

Overwork in doors.

Want of fresh air in bed rooms.

Nervousness, however induced.

Want of abundant skin-exciting exercise.

The excitement inseparable from a fashionable life.

Neglect of the ordinary rules that conduce to health.

Over-indulgence in food, especially of a stimulating character.

Weakness or debility of body, however produced. This can only be remedied by proper nutriment.

Work or study indoors, carried on in an unnatural or cramped position of body.

Literary men and women ought to do most of their work at a standing desk, lying down now and then to ease brain and heart and permit ideas to flow. They should work out of doors in the weather—with their feet resting on a board, not on the earth—and under canvas in wet weather. It is surprising the good this simple advice, if followed, can effect.—Pioneer-Press.

Why Johnny Was Late.

A crabbled old bachelor who teaches school not far from Austin was very indignant at little Johnny Flapjack—the only son of Mrs. Flapjack—and she a widow—for coming late.

"I couldn't help being late," sobbed Johnny.

"Why not?"

"Because ma has done been and got married yesterday, and I had to wait for my breakfast."

"Got married, has she? Any thing to make you late at school. What won't she do next, I wonder?"—Texas Sittings.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Time is money in planting time, and an hour wasted may be an acre destroyed.

—Apple sauce is much improved by the addition of a tablespoonful of butter and requires less sugar.

—Good sleep and enough of it is a superior safeguard for health of men and women who overtask physical or mental energies.

—Broodiness can be hastened in a hen, according to one authority, by leaving eggs in the nest and giving a little hemp seed.

—Eight hours spent in work, and four hours spent in study, will afford better results in the agricultural world than twelve hours spent wholly in manual labor.—Western Plowman.

—The pork that bears the highest price in the English markets is that fattened by the people of Ireland, who feed a great variety of materials, but little or no corn.

—A good disinfectant is made by dissolving half a drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint of boiling water, then dissolve two drachms of common salt in eight or ten quarts of water.

—Sorrel is picked from the stems, washed well and drained, then put in an enameled saucepan or earthen crock with a piece of butter to steam in its own juice. A rich sauce of flour, butter, gray and the yolks of two or three eggs is served with it, and it is a delicate dish with roast lamb. Asparagus is gently boiled ten to twenty minutes in salt water, drained and served with a sauce of two ounces of butter, a dessertspoonful of flour, the yolks of two eggs and part of the water in which the "grass" was boiled, which has the richest flavor of the plant.

—Egg Sauce for Spinach: Melt a tablespoonful of butter, add to it an even tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth, and add a half-pint of boiling water; stir rapidly until the sauce is smooth and velvety, take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of butter cut into bits, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of white pepper; mix until the butter is melted, and add the yolks of the eggs that have been pressed through a sieve. Bring the sauce to boiling point, pour it around the spinach and serve.

—Kalsomine: Eight pounds of whiting and one-quarter of a pound of white glue make the right proportions. Soak the glue over night in cold water, and in the morning heat it until it is perfectly dissolved. Mix the whiting with hot water, stir the two thoroughly together, and have the wash the consistency of thick cream. Apply warm with a kalsomine brush, brushing it well in and finishing it as you go on. If warm skim milk is used instead of water, the glue may be omitted. Before the wash is applied, all holes and crevices should be stopped with plaster of Paris mixed with water. Colors to tint the walls may be procured at any paint store.

CLEANING HARNESS.

A New Way Which is Said to Be Superior to Old Methods.

Let me say to all having any thing to do with harness—keep out the lamp-black. It never was intended to use on any kind of leather that is to be blacked on the grain side, but only on the flesh side, of such as is used for shoe leather, because when applied to the grain side it will rub off on your hands every time there is a damp spell or the leather gets wet. Nearly all country stores and harness shops keep for sale a preparation of neatfoot or lampblack and other ingredients, for the purpose of oiling harness. I do not want any such on my harness. A better plan for cleaning, blacking and oiling your harness is this: First, take the harness apart wherever it can be unbuckled; give each strap a good washing, using lukewarm water with a little washing soda in it. Scrub them well with a scrubbing brush, and be sure you get all the grease and dirt off. Work them well in the hands until they are soft and pliant, for it is no use to apply oil on dry, horny leather; it will never become soft. After the harness is thoroughly cleaned with the soda water you will find places on some parts that will be a little red or foxy. To cover these rightly a little previous preparation must be made. Take a small keg or a half barrel and get some iron filings from a machine shop, or old rusted storepew, worn-out horse-shoes—any kind of iron—put them in this keg and cover with cider vinegar. Always keep it on hand, for the longer it stands the stronger it will get. After a few weeks draw off some of this color and put a little copperas into it. Now you have a complete grain color; I know of none better. Take a brush and apply this liquid to parts on the harness that show red, or you can go all over them with it. This must be done immediately after you have washed your harness, before oiling, because it will not dry too rapidly, until about three parts dry, then apply pure cod oil plentifully on both sides—not neatfoot oil, as has been recommended. The cod oil has more body and is more lasting than any other oil I have ever used on leather that has been tanned with bark. Besides, if you use neatfoot oil, the rats and mice will eat your harness, while that greased with cod oil they will not touch. After giving a good coat of this cod oil, hang up as before unaided. Then I would go over them again with the oil, giving them but a light coat of it this time. After that dries in, wipe off with a dry, coarse cloth.

For common work harness nothing more is needed, but for carriage harness go over with a sponge and castile soap, and wipe with a dry chamol skin, and you may