THE HERALD.

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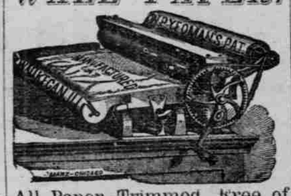
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Patchwork Philosophy.

I've been thinking some, Keziah,
While a sitting at my work,
Though I ain't the sort of woman
To let thinking make me shirk—
Ez I say, I've been a thinking
What a very curious way
That our lives are patched together,
Cut and fit 'em as we may!

It's a square of blue or crimson,
Then a square of dark and light,
Then a half of red and yellow,
By a half of solid white;
And with all our kalkilations
Ez to how the patterns run,
We can never tell eggsackly
Until e'er the quilt is done.

There's that bit of blue, jes yonder,
'Tis as bright as a June sky, yet
'Taint your flimsy kind of cambric
That you daren't as much as wet,
It's been five-and-twenty summers
Since that cambric gown was new,
And these withered cheeks had roses
That was best set off by blue.

Then that laylock on the corner,
It belonged to Betsy Wade;
Shy was allus sort of shiftless,
Buying what was sure to fade,
But she somehow took folks' fancies;
For men ne'er are otherwise
And the weakest sort of woman
Can throw sawdust in their eyes.

And that check 'twas off a weskit
That I made for Abel Green,
We was—yes, chile—nigh to married,
When—when Betsy came between;
Wal, 'taint worth the talking over,
Howsoe'er the squares may fit,
Ye kin never tell, till j'ining,
Ez to how the colors hit.

For the blue will spile the purple,
And the laylock spile the gray,
And the squares ye matched so certain,
Will match jes the other way.
And with all yer careful patching,
You are allus sure to find
That the pattern, when it's finished,
Ain't exactly to your mind.

So, Keziah, I've been thinking,
Here a-sitting at my work—
Though I ain't the sort of woman
To let fancies make me shirk—
That our lives are like a patch-work,
With its squares of dark and light.
And there's only One above us
Who can do the j'ining right!

LITTLE FOXES.

"Dear me! there comes Grandma Jarvis!" sighed pretty Mabel Lee, as she looked out of the window and saw an old lady coming across the lawn—a very queer looking old lady, in a plain gray gown, a dark purple shawl, and an old-fashioned silk calash, over her thick-ruffled cap.

"Mabel!, said her mother indignantly.

"Oh, I know it, mammy dear. I'm an awful sinner; but Grandma Jarvis is so good, and sensible, and so forth, I always feel as if I were a poor little nut in the jaws of a steel nut-cracker when she is about."

"She generally finds out and brings out the good in you," said Mrs. Lee, smiling, but she said no more, for Mrs. Jarvis turned the door-handle at that moment and came in.

You saw at once, if you saw her face, that she was a person of keen insight and judgment; perhaps less lovable than a gentlerr and more gracious nature, but yet a woman to be thoroughly trusted and relied on.

Mabel was a lady-like, bright girl, spoiled, to be sure, as children are apt to be, when there is but one in the family, and resenting, like any spoiled child, her grandmother's sharp comments and sensible advice. At heart, however, she respected her, and perhaps a little more that the old lady was rich and generous, and young people, even the least mercenary and grasping, feel kindly toward the hand that brings timely and costly gifts.

Mabel even forgave the Old World dress, since that gray gown was heavy lustreless silk, the thick-quilled cap-ruffles India muslin and thread-lace; the purple shawl crape, covered with embroidery, and the white kerchief fastened with one great diamond.

Grandma Jarvis never thought about her clothes further than to have them comfortable, and not too *outre*. She knew very well the world was like Mabel, and would forgive the simple fashion for the costly material, and, with a certain grim humor, she always called her diamond pin "Charity."

"It covers so many of my sins, my dear," she said. "I pass for a woman of sense with ninety people out of a hundred, simply on account of this big trinket. It blinds them so they can't see I am out of the fashion."

To-day Mrs. Jarvis had a definite errand. She sat down on the sofa and took off her calash with deliberation.

"Mehetabel," she said, fixing her eyes on the young girl, whose color rose to her fair face at the obnoxious name, "I hear you are going to be married."

Mabel blushed still more hotly, and looked straight out of the window. The tell-tale pane reflected a knit brow and unmistakably cross lips.

Mrs. Jarvis laughed.

"You are rather startling, mother."

"I should think the fact was more startling than I am," dryly answered the old lady. "I got your note last night, Hetty, and I made up my mind to come over this morning and see about it."

"Yours are the first congratulations, mother. Nobody else knows it."

"I haven't congratulated anybody yet," snapped Mrs. Jarvis. I never do congratulate anybody till a year after their wedding-day, and then I don't have to very often. I came to say, don't any of you give the child a tea-service. I want to do that myself. She's got my name, and it ought to be gilt, or silvered, or something, to console her for such an old-fashioned appellation, though she does top and tail it as if it were a gooseberry."

"O grandma!" Mabel turned a pleased and pretty face away from the window now.

"Don't be overcome yet. Maybe you'll change your mind before the end miss. I've got a bit of advice for you and a promise to take first. The advice is to leave off the piano for six months, and take to the kitchen. Men cant live on love and waltzes, much less a man of the Selden tribe. I know 'em. If he don't have good food, he'll be sour first, and then he'll have dyspepsia, and there'll be a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees; which things are a figure. But that's the advice."

"O grandma, I can make a splendid cake, and ice-pudding, too, and Charlottes, just as good as Cross!"

"Fiddle-stick! You can't make bread or boil a potato, or broil a steak."

"But anybody can do that."

Mrs. Lee smiled, and grandma turned a withering look on Mabel.

"Don't be a fool! There isn't one in a hundred can do either, and I doubt if you've got brains to; but you might try."

There rose up instantly a mighty resolve in Mabel's feminine soul to show Grandma Jarvis that she could do more than she gave her credit for, that she would learn how to cook in spite of this discouraging prophecy. It is just possible grandma knew who she was talking to.

"Then, as to the promise. I'm going to send you over a motto; one of these painted gimcracks everybody hangs up everywhere. I don't know why they call them illuminated, I'm sure, except by the rule of contraries, for they need extra spectacles and a calcium light to read them by; but you can read mine; I warned off the curlicues; only promise to read it every morning before breakfast, or I can tell you you won't get the tea-set."

"Oh, yes, of course I'll read it, grandma—the idea!"

"Well, well, if you read it you'll think about it, I'll warrant. Now I must go home and send John over with the things;" and, with a frosty little caress on Mabel's fair cheek, and a nod to her mother, the old lady went.

"Grandma kisses me just like a clam shell," said Mabel, in half-soliloquy, as she sat down again by the window. Her mother could not help laughing, for the cool nip of thin lips, that was grandma's substitute for a kiss, certainly did suggest shells and clamminess. John came directly back with the package, and Mabel eagerly untied and unfolded it. The motto was printed in large German text, easy to read, though gay with gold and colors, and it ran thus:

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."

Mabel stared.

"Mother, what on earth does it mean?"

Mrs. Lee smiled and sighed, both, as she read the legend over the girl's shoulder. "Look here, Mab," said she, slipping a flat gold hoop off her third finger, and the girl read inside, "Beware of little foxes!" and looked up, freshly astonished, into her mother's face.

"I suppose grandma means me to tell you a story, Mabel, which she told me when I was first engaged. It hurt her bitterly to tell it; but it did me much good. I think she could not bring herself to tell you. You are not her daughter, and cannot love her as I do, and you never have had reason to pity her as I have. You never saw Grandfather Jarvis Mabel."

"Why, I thought he died before I was born."

"No, he died ten years ago in Brazil I never saw him myself, Mab; he never even knew he had a daughter."

"Mother!"

Mrs. Lee's lovely dark eyes filled with tears as she drew Mabel down beside her on the sofa.

"I have been told that grandma was a very beautiful, high-spirited girl at your age, dear; animated, brilliant, thoroughly satisfied with herself and her surroundings, especially when Jonathan Jarvis fell in love with her. Her father died when she was three years old, and her invalid mother adored the child, and spoiled her even more than I do you."

Mabel kissed the soft hand laid on her shoulder and gave it a willful little bite. "Don't be horrid, mammy, or I shall eat you right up. As if I was one bit spoiled!"

"If you were not, my child, you would not need grandma's lesson. She was spoiled, as I said, and Jonathan Jarvis knew it, but he was bewitched by her spirit and beauty, and thought, as men are apt to think, that he could control and cure all that. She loved him, too, very deeply, after her fashion, and there was nothing to delay their marriage, but the day was scarcely fixed when her mother suddenly sank and died. Grandmother did not mourn so hopelessly that it was thought best to put off her marriage, though, out of respect to her mother's memory, there was no wedding party, and the 'happy pair' began their life at once in the old homestead, where grandma lives today.

"The outlook before these two was very fair: youth, health, competency, what seemed to be devoted love, made them an apparently enviable couple; but no sooner were these unbroken wills brought into daily contact than trouble began.

"You may laugh, Mabel, but their first dispute was about a coffee-pot. Mother preferred the old-fashioned urn, her husband the newer style of pitcher. Neither would yield in a mere matter of taste, and this was the beginning of evil.

"Silly? Yes, it looks wonderfully silly to us; but I think I heard a very warm discussion only yesterday on the proper style of riding hats for a lady."

Mabel colored to the waves of her dark hair, and tried to smile.

"They came to a compromise on this matter, agreeing to drink chocolate in place of coffee; but other small disputes followed; they all burnt in on grandma's mind, but I forgot most of them, so slight and trivial were the matters of discussion, though they grew to active means of torment.

"A child was born, and Jonathan, in his sad and sore heart, thought that would bring peace, and his indignant and grieved wife hoped it also, for each blamed the other as combatants will; but the baby's eyes never saw their strife; it died, and the hope died with it. Little frets are what wear away love and life, Mabel. My poor father!—and my poor mother! There was no kindly friend to say a judicious word to either. They showed a smiling front to the world outside, but grew more alienated daily.

"There was no real quarrel, no vital disagreement, but the hourly fret of undisciplined tempers, impatient natures, strong wills and a self-consideration that forbade yielding, that cherished pride and petulance, that recognized no duty except as owed to itself.

"The end of these things hastened. Before the nameless babe had slept in its green grave a year, father had set out for Brazil in a merchant vessel, leaving this short adieu to his wife:

"'You can say I have gone South on business, Mehetabel,' he wrote, 'but *you* know I shall never come back. I am tired of living in torment, and you will be glad to part with one who could never please you. So farewell. Yours to command. JONATHAN JARVIS.

"Mother was frantically angry at first. She raved in her own chamber over what she termed a mortal insult, but, as day after day came on, and her loneliness and weakness grew over her, she began to see things more honestly; and when news came that the ship had foundered at sea, and all hands perished, then she was entirely prostrated. As she told me, her past life rose up, looked her in the face, and struck her down.

"I was prematurely born, and a very long illness carried her to the gates of the grave. She recovered at last, a stern and saddened woman, with only one interest in her life; but she brought me up with strictness and care, tenderly as she loved me; and when I was about to take my life up for myself, told me this bitter story, and gave me this ring.

"'If I had killed the little foxes,' said she, sadly, 'I might to-day have a goodly vineyard of my own. Beware of them, Hetty. They have spoiled my life.'

"And after all, Mabel, my father was not lost on that wreck. He was picked up by another vessel, and under an assumed name, lived on in Brazil. In the grasp of mortal illness, he wrote to his wife, asking and giving pardon. It was from him that all her wealth came, but she has never forgiven herself."

"Poor grandma!" sobbed Mabel, "and I have been so horridly hateful to her!"

"It will console her for all your freaks, my darling, if you only profit by her pitiful story."

The next time grandma Jarvis came over, Mabel greeted her with a stringent hug and a heartfelt kiss, not at all of the clamshell order.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, withdrawing herself a little to look at Mabel; but she saw the brown eyes fill, and her own grew dim.

"Go along, child, go along," she growled, under her breath. "And, now you've got your lesson, don't forget it."

It would have been hard for Mabel to do so, when the exquisitely wrought tea-set that adorned her table through all her married life bore on every cover the lily and eager head of a tiny fox, and the very cream pitcher had for its handle the slender body of that treacherous animal, its eager head peering over the brim, and its long, bushy tail curving outward at the base. Many and many a time, when some trifling matter irritated her, and a quick or stinging word rose to her lips, a glance at the tea-set shut her pretty mouth closely just in time; and when grandma Jarvis came into Boston a year after Mabel's marriage, to eat her Christmas dinner at Mr. Selden's, she nodded quaintly at the lady of the house as she said; "I congratulate you now, Mehetabel. I can do it with a clear conscience. It's been a good hunting year, I see."

Mabel colored and laughed, and her husband stared, but nobody explained the sybillic utterance; only Mrs. Lee gave her mother a loving and grateful look.

And the moral is; Let us all go fox-hunting!—Rose Terry Cooke, in Youths Companion.

THE Nebraska HERALD (Plattsmouth) is on our table, this week, marked "X." The HERALD is among the pioneer papers of the State, and is too well known to need any encomiums at our hands. We gladly welcome it to a place on our list.—York Republican.

Crossing the Missouri in ye Olden Time.

The Dakota City Eagle says Betsy Dick, an Omaha Indian woman, is an advocate of woman's rights. She refuses to marry, and won't ride sideways on her pony. She can kill as many buffaloes as any man in the tribe, talks good English, and is indifferent to what the brethren and sisters say.

We can just discount that story on "Old Betsy." This editor once came to the Iowa side of the Missouri river at nightfall, with his house and his wife and his goods and chattels all on the Nebraska side. The ferry was a cottonwood skiff. The ferryman was pretty full, and had another bottle of mixhead sticking out of his buckskin jacket pocket. The river was up and booming, the wind blowing like great guns.

Two Yankee land hunters stood shivering on the shore, dreading to trust their precious lives to the frail bark and the unkempt ferryman, and hating worse to stand the mosquitoes, in a cabin on the bank, all night. Knowing the ferryman well, in spite of his vagaries we climbed in and told him to push off. Twice the Yankees got in, looked at the angry waves and got out on shore again. We got angry, the ferryman took a drink, and the travelers balanced the chances of death by drowning or blood letting. Just then "Old Betsy" hove in sight with long strides, a short rifle strapped to her back, and barefoot to the knees. With a grunt she crawled over the ferryman, by us, and seating herself in the stern she grabbed a short paddle and growled something in Indian. Betsy didn't care for the high water. One of the travelers climbed in after her, swearing a big oath, if a ——— old squaw wasn't afraid to cross the river on that raft he wasn't. The other one backed out and stayed on with the "muskeets" all night. It was dark by that time, and about as dark as we ever saw it, and as dirty crossing as any one ever saw. We all landed safe on the Neb. side, and that "Yank" took big stories of "Indian Betz" and his own bravery home with him, you bet.

Responsibility of Lawyers.

The Lucca divorce case in New York city has brought out somewhat novel interpretation of the law as respects the duties of lawyers to clients. Mme. Lucca sued her lawyers for recovery of fees. They had procured for her a divorce, and she married and then it turned out the divorce was not regular Judge Donahue of New York in the regular trial dismissed Lucca's claim; and the case was appealed to the Supreme, which has unanimously reversed the decission of Judge Donahue and ordered a new trial. The chief justice in his decision discusses the charge of negligence or want of skill of the attorneys, and says:

"The law requires that every attorney and counselor shall possess and use adequate skill, and that he shall employ it in every case according to the importance and intricacy of the case; and if the case miscarries in consequence of culpable neglect or gross ignorance, he can recover no compensation for services which were useless to his client by reason of his neglect or ignorance. An attorney must be presumed to be familiar with the law and rules regulating practice in actions which he undertakes. This part of the business of the practice of law pertains especially to the duties of an attorney. It is substantially clerical and mechanical and ignorance of the law and rules of practice or negligence in conforming to them in obtaining judgements, is altogether inexcusable. Such ignorance and negligence subject attorneys to actions for injuries which their clients may sustain. * * * In these days, when lawyers are made with such rapid facility, their unfortunate clients ought not to be deprived of such protection as the right of action for malpractice can secure."—Omaha Republican.

People and Things.

Most men love little women, and by a strange reciprocity, little women love most men.

An Irishman may be kilt entirely," but a Scotchman's don't come down to his knees.— Rochester Express.

Four new jug factories have been established at Holly Springs, Miss.

Yet some one has said that the Southern Democracy is dying out.

Michigan had a thousand illegitimate births last year. Something ought to be done, if nothing more than to stop the statistics.—Rochester Democrat.

When a man can't find anything about the house he should always look in his collar box.

One single paragraph in Herbert Spencers essay on "Primitive Marriage in a late magazine, contains the words endonamy, exogamy, polygamy, monogamy, polyandry, polyginy, and agnation. He intended to shove into the same paragraph the words cosmogany, mahogany, phlebotomy, xerophthalmy, and several other and-so-fourth-mys; but he had to stop to jab his pen in the ink-stand for a fresh installment of writing fluid, and afterward concluded to let it go at that.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO CLEANSE AND KEEP THE HAIR.—Be very cautious about doing any violence to your hair. If well cared for, thoroughly cleansed, often brushed and nicely dressed, it will always be pretty, whatever the shade—white or black, red or brown, or blonde. Wash it about once or twice a month with soft warm water into which you have broken the yolk of two eggs. Brush daily night and morning with a moderately hard and then a quite soft brush. Singe the split hairs with a hair-pin heated red-hot in the gas jet or candle flame. As often as possible let it hang about your shoulders and get the air through it. Braid it in loose plaits, or, if you roll it in puffs, do not "friz" the hair underneath.—Olive Logan in Bazar.

TO TREAT FELONS.—Elder Evans, of the Lebanon (N. Y.) Shakers, says: "For the past 10 years we have treated felons with hot water, and with unerring success. No cutting, no blistering, no any thing, but immersing the finger, hand, or even the whole arm if necessary, in water as hot as can be borne, until the pain is gone and the core is loosened and drawn from the bone. When rusty nails have produced wounds, the same course has been pursued. If on hand or foot, keep it in hot water."

An entertaining writer in the Colorado Farmer has the following good words for milk as a factor in dessert making:

Among the many dishes of which milk is the standard material none require it more than desserts. We are so fond of something, as the children would say, to leave a pleasant taste in the mouth, that our dinners do not seem complete without a concluding delicacy. Desserts add but a trifle to housekeeping expences, especially those simply made of milk and eggs. With a little ingenuity one receipt may serve with variations for so many dishes.

Make a soft boiled custard by using a pint of milk, the yolk of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a teaspoonful of corn starch, slice two oranges, and line the bottom of your pudding dish: flavor the custard with the juice and grated peel of one orange (be careful to grate only the yellow part; the white skin is very bitter), turn the custard over the orange and bake ten or fifteen minues. Beat the white of the two eggs with a tablespoonful of sugar, and spread it on the top when the pudding is baked and let it brown slightly. For another pudding slice four apples and let them simmer in the oven with a little water till tender. Make a custard in the same way as before, pour over them, but flavor with lemon. Again put half a can of strawberries, peaches, pineapple in your pudding, and you vary your pudding according to your fruit.

The remaining fruit in the can may be used another day by making a corn-starch pudding according to the receipe on the package, adding the fruit while it is boiling, to be served either hot or cold, with cream and sugar or a sauce. With berries it is nice to make a sauce of a cup of sugar, half a cub of butter rubbed to a cream, flavored with a teaspoonful of lemon and vanilla, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, Then pour upon the mixture a teacupful of berry juice boiling hot. This same receipt, with a cupful of juice from stewed prunes, makes a delicious sauce for a boiled pudding or roly-poly. By using a fruit in this way one can well make two desserts.

I will give one other standard receipe to be varied according to taste. Put half a package of gelatine in a cup of cold water and let it stand ten minutes, then pour on a cup of boiling water, stirring until thoroughly dissolved. Add a cup of cream or milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a cup of cold boiled coffee, and mold, to be eaten cold with cream and sugar. This is called coffee cream. For chocolate cream, make in the same way, but add instead of coffee a cup of grated chocolate boiled in a cup of milk. For orange cream add the juice and grated peel of one orange and the yolk of two eggs. For pineapple cream, a few slices of pineapple, a cup of juice, and the yolk of two eggs.

Other fruits may be used in the same way.

COOKING BEANS.

Beans are a very valuable food.

Persisted in we have known them to cure many cases of scrofulous taint accompanied by disfiguring eruptions. The contained oil, not unlike castor oil in character, induces a gentle activity of the alimentary canal, and the effects of the blood-poison disappear in due time.

But with beans and peas cooking is everything. As ordinarily brought to the table, they are utterly unfit for a human stomach. They are almost never cooked enough. They are heavily freighted with salt and pork and grease. The pork is perhaps stale or ill-fed and rank. It gives off its excess of salt in the cooking, and beans absorb it. It exudes grease and the beans are saturated with it. There is a close-grained tenaceous hull upon the bean and pea, which takes high heat, long continued, to dissolve. This shell cannot be digested until dissolved. The cooking process must do this, or the mass must be strained or sifted. Baking is not the best mode of cooking beans and peas. They need water and a good deal of it. Bean soup is the best bean food.