

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS Editor.

BED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

### The Palace of Trash.

In the ancient Siltarian ages,  
Ere, Truth had retired to her well,  
When mortals, with candor refreshing,  
Their innermost thoughts used to tell.

Dick, bored by the wearisome waltzes,  
"Mid the swallow-tailed group at the ball  
stood, quite the limp Caryatid,  
Supporting his part of the wall.

With a fond, inordinate longing,  
He dreamed of a rubber at whist,  
And sighed at the club to be shrouded  
In the folds of a nicotine mist.

Remarked to him, Jones, "You're an ass, sir,  
Ill-bred as ill-looking, I own,  
But I'll knock you down to my sister,  
Who's been sitting for hours alone."

"The deuce!" replied Dick, "What a nuisance!  
It would bore me to kick up a row!  
To be sure, I have shunned her all winter,  
But I see no way out of it now.

"Ah! Miss Jones, I was thinking of leaving,  
When snared by that brother of yours;  
I suppose I am stuck for the evening,  
As I hear you are the greatest of hoars—

"That you wither unplucked by the wall-side,  
And put up with the callowest youth."  
In this charming old Palace of Truth!

"Dear me! so you're dragged up at last, sir;  
Not much to your credit; I've heard  
That you dance like a camel with spavins;  
That your pretense to birth is absurd;

"That your evening suit reeks of tobacco;  
That your manners and speech are unsmooth!"  
"Would you wish, old man, to inhabit  
This glaring old Palace of Truth!"  
—(Harvard Lampoon.

### ROYAL NUMERALS.

We lighted the other day, in Mr. R. B. Smith's Lectures on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," on the following curious passage:

"People call the conqueror of Constantinople, 800 years later, Mohammed the Second. But I do not think they ever speak of the Prophet as Mohammed the First; and perhaps the unconscious homage thus rendered to him by a world which ostensibly, and still very lately, did him such scant justice is the highest tribute that can be given to his greatness."

A malicious reader ventured to parody Mr. Smith's reckoning, by saying that "people call the King of England who began to reign in 1727 George the Second, but that they do not ever speak of the patron Saint of England as George the First." It is certainly odd if Mr. Smith never heard of Sultan Mahomet the First, who, if not a man quite on the scale of his grandson, fills no unimportant place in Ottoman history. But it does certainly sound as if the panegyrist of the Prophet fancied that, as Napoleon the Third was third without any Second, so Mahomet the Second was Second without any First. Some ingenious maker of Latin verses might parody the lines of Horace—

Unde nil majus generis ipso,  
Nec vicet quicquam antistitum—  
in favor of the man whose greatness was used, and consisted, not in having no children to be second after him, but in having no fathers to be first before him.

The whole thing becomes yet more funny when we look a few pages back and find Mr. Smith quite aware of the existence of Sultan Mahomet the Fourth, which suggests that, on Mr. Smith's reckoning, the odd Mahomet is, perhaps by some unconscious form of homage, left out. Mahomet the Second was really great enough to count as two, like the "very fat lord" whose vote, counted as ten, gave us the Habeas Corpus Act. But one hardly sees why such a privilege should be extended to Mahomet the Fourth. Still, if Mr. Smith chooses to count his Sultans in alternate rows, like the houses in some London streets it does not concern us. His nomenclature has set us on a little train of thought, and so far we thank him.

There is certainly something remarkable in the way in which, while some kings are best known by some surname or nickname, in the case of others the mere numeral has itself become a kind of surname. It is like some of the great dates of history, where the mere number of the year becomes clothed with a kind of living being, and the mere figures call up the picture of some great event with its long train of causes and consequences. If we speak of Charles the First, Charles the Fifth, Charles the Twelfth, there is no need to explain that we mean the First of England, the Fifth of the Empire, and the Twelfth of Sweden. The names speak for themselves, even though there was nothing to point out of what line of sovereigns we were speaking. A picture of Charles the Fifth, a coin of Charles the Fifth, if mentioned in the most casual way, would convey to every one the notion of the Emperor, not of Charles the Fifth of France or of any other country that may number five Charleses. There are to be sure exceptions to every rule, and we can remember how, when a question was set in the Oxford Schools, "Give notices of the City of Rome from Charles the Great to Charles the Fifth," a candidate came and asked his examiner whether the Charles the Fifth that was meant was the Emperor or the King of France. As the Emperor certainly had something to do with the City of Rome and the King of France had certainly nothing, the doubt can be set down only as one of those singular instances of perversity which we do light on here and anon. Charles the Fifth the Emperor is so completely Charles the Fifth that people seem sometimes amazed to find that he was not numerically Charles the Fifth in all his dominions. We have seen him spoken of as Charles the Fifth of Spain. With this reckoning, the description of a later King of Spain as Charles the Second must seem as mysterious from the other side as the description of Mahomet the Second seemed to Mr. Smith. Charles the Fifth is so completely and ex-

clusively Charles the Fifth, that in French he has a form to himself shared with him by no other Emperor or King, but only by a single Pope. The Emperor who is most famous for the Golden Bull is "Charles Quatre," the Emperor who is most famous for the Pragmatic Sanction is "Charles Six"; but their more famous namesake who comes between them is "Charles Quint," balanced by the no less renowned Pontiff "Sixte-Quint." The two most famous Emperors of the name have, in short, had the one his surname, the other his number, tacked on to his name, and it only needs one step further to write "Charlesquint" to match "Charlesmagne." The number in this case, though it is a mere number and in itself simply records the fact that four Emperors before him had borne the same name, is in effect a surname. Charles the Fifth stands out as a description with a meaning. But many people might have to stop and think who Charles the Fourth, Charles the Sixth and Charles the Seventh were; and Charles the First, Charles the Second, and Charles the Third are so universally spoken of by surnames or nicknames that no one would know without a moment's thought who was meant by either of those numerals.

Charles the Twelfth again is almost as famous as Charles the Fifth, and his name is doubtless familiar to many who would have to guess that there must have been a Charles the Eleventh, and that there may have been a Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth. But among the Swedish Kings the process of guessing backwards would be a little dangerous. It is safe to guess a Charles the Eleventh, a Charles the Tenth, a Charles the Eighth and a Charles the Seventh. But he who shall rashly go on to guess a Charles the Sixth, still more he who shall dream of a northern "Charles-Quint," will find himself plunged in a quagmire of difficulties and complications. In any ordinary list of Kings of Sweden the Charleses begin with Charles the Seventh. This fact would exactly suit Mr. Smith. It must have been more than an unconscious homage which should start a man after this mystical fashion with the sacred and sabbatical number; but it is a grave fact that Charles the Twelfth only by a reckoning of Charleses the first of whom is placed at some unfixed date between the year of the world 2045 and the year of the world 2704. Between those dates and before Odin, reigned Charles the I. In one famous legend the first Karl, together with the first Smith, were both called into being by a special exercise of the creative power of Odin; but here Odin himself is less ancient than Karl. Our English fashion has rather gone the other way; we have dropped our royal reckoning of kings whom we might fairly have counted. The first Edward after the Conquest was in his own days called Edward the Fourth; and the first Charles Stewart might with more reason have been called Charles the Second, on the strength of Ceolric King of the West Saxons, than the real Charles the Sixth of Sweden was called Charles the Twelfth on the strength of six doubtful or imaginary Karls, one of whom came before Odin.

Frederick the Second again is an Emperor who stands out by his number quite as distinctly as if he had any descriptive surname. He was indeed called "Stupor Mundi," as Otto the Third had been "Mirable Mundi"; but the name has not stuck to him as the red beard of his grandfather had stuck to him in all tongues. Still there is all the difference in the world between Frederick the Second and Frederick the Third. This last Emperor the world seems pretty well agreed to set down as No. 3, though there is sometimes a certain wobble in Austrian quarters to make him No. 4 on the strength of that Frederick of Austria who disputed the crown with Lewis of Bavaria. The Ottos again are always counted from the first Saxon King of the name, though there were not wanting some who were anxious to reckon Otto the Great as "Otto the Second," on the strength of Marcus Salvius Otto. Such a way of reckoning might have given Mr. Smith further ground for musing. But the gap which this reckoning makes between the first and the second Otto is only a few centuries wider than the gap which separates the first and second Tiberius. This last reckoning again can hardly be justified, for the Emperor who is commonly called Claudius was just as much Tiberius as his uncle, and we dare say that we might find others if we were to look through all the Imperial pronomen.

But the names and numbers which we would specially commend to Mr. Smith's care are those of the Philips, whether of Macedonia, France, or Spain. Nobody doubts for a moment who is meant if we speak of Philip the Second; it is he of Spain and nobody else. The French Philips are so well provided for by nicknames that we almost forget their numbers. It would take a little thought, if we heard of Philip the Second and Philip the Fifth, to see that the Princes meant were those who are so familiar by the names of Philip Augustus and Philip the Fair. But Philip the Second might have started Mr. Smith's difficulties with much better reason than Mahomet the Second. It is much easier in reading Spanish history to forget that there was a Philip the First than to forget in reading Ottoman history that there was a Mahomet the First. Charles the Fifth seems at first sight to be all aunts and grandfathers, without any parents. His father died so soon, and his mother was so long before she died, that both seem to pass out of sight. One is sometimes really tempted to ask whether there ever was a Philip the First. If, by any good chance, the patron Saint of Spain had been St. Philip and not St. James we might easily be driven to Mr. Smith's theory, and conceive that the ultra-Catholic King was No. 2, the Saint himself being No. 1. There are, we believe, some very scrupulous people who speak

of the John of France who was taken at Poitiers as John the Second, on the strength of a little John whose life was so very short that he might easily be forgotten. But as there never was a John the Third, the question as to his number became of no practical importance; otherwise, if John of Valois lived on in history as John the Second, we might easily be driven to seek for John the First, as we may easily be driven to seek for our first Philip, and as Mr. Smith is driven to seek for his first Mahomet.

Lastly, there are those princes who have different numbers in different parts of their dominions. We have already spoken of the difficulties arising from the Emperor Charles the Fifth being also Charles the First of Castile; and we certainly would not undertake to say off-hand what was his number in each of his endless kingdoms, duchies, and counties. To say nothing of the Henrys of Reuss, who are beyond us, the Imperial Henrys sometimes get a little puzzling on account of the difference in the German and Italian reckoning. The Germans naturally count and the Italians as naturally leave out the first Henry of Saxony, whom we used to call Henry the Fowler, till we lately had orders from his own Duchy to call him so no longer. In our own country, when the late King came to the crown, some ingenious person remarked with perfect truth that he was William the First of Hanover, William the Second of Ireland, William the Third of Scotland, and William the Fourth of England. The ingenious reckoner did not go on to add that in the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, Sark, and a few still smaller, he was undoubtedly William the Fifth Duke of the Normans. So the William laid before him was no less plainly First of Ireland, Second of Scotland, Third of England, Fourth of Normandy, and Tenth of Orange. To be sure the Orange reckoning is not quite undoubted. The Princes of Orange are reckoned in more ways than one; but the one who is common to Orange and England was the Tenth according to the reckoning, and it is the number that sounds best. And the Princes of Orange have one advantage; a piece, perhaps not of genuine history, but at least of genuine legend, provides them with a Saint as their first William. But the difference of reckoning among his successors would seem to show that there were some among the genealogists of the House of Orange who felt towards William the Saint as Mr. Smith feels towards Mahomet the Prophet, and who from an unconscious feeling of reverence shrank from speaking of him as William the First.—London Saturday Review.

### The Oriental Business.

A good citizen of Croghan street was reading, the other day, of a good Persian gentleman who always walked about with a smile on his face. When this Persian was asked why he always looked so happy when other men looked sad, he replied:

"I smile because it may be sunshine to some poor soul surrounded by shadows."

It was very nice in the Persian, and the Croghan street man said he'd be hanged if he couldn't outsmile a Persian or anybody else walking around on two legs. He at once began to smile at his wife. She stood it for a few minutes, and then observed:

"What's the matter, William—got the colic again?"

"I smile because I want to carry sunshine to your darkened soul," he replied.

She wanted him to understand that fifteen minutes at the woodpile would help her more than all the grins he could grin in a straight week, and when he went into the kitchen to smile some sunshine at the hired girl the wife followed him and raised a row that put dinner three-quarters of an hour behind hand. However, one can't get the hang of Oriental business in a day, and this man tried it again on the street car as he came down town yesterday. Opposite him sat an old woman with a basket, and he undertook to smile the shadows from her heart. She watched him for two or three minutes, growing mad all the time, and presently she asked:

"Do you think you know me, that you are grinning across the aisle like a circus baboon?"

"I smile, madam, because—because—" he stammered, forgetting what the Persian said. "I smile because—"

"You are grinning because I've got sore eyes," she shouted.

"No, madam. I smile that I—that I—"

"It'll not stand it!" she exclaimed, and she hammered him with the basket until he escaped off the platform.

"Now grin over that, will you!" she called after him as she shook the basket in the air.

"The Persian who went around smiling was a fool, and I'm his first cousin!" growled the man, and he quit smiling and picked a fight with a harness-maker.—Detroit Free Press.

A young man applied at a newspaper office the other day for a situation. "Have you ever had any experience as an editor?" inquired the newspaper man. "Well, no, not exactly," replied the ambitious aspirant, cautiously. "But I've been co-opted a number of times, have been married quite a while, have worn borrowed clothes for three years, and never had a cent of money, so I thought I might win." He was engaged.

A drunken man is like a drowned man, a fool and a madman; one draught above him makes him a fool, the second drowns him and the third drowns him.—Napoleon.

### THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

Spurious and Genuine Flowers of Sulphur.  
People who take sulphur in spring weather, after the time-honored method prescribed at Dotheboys Hall, may be interested in the fact that the purity of their medicine is open to a doubt. Mr. Hanks recently exhibited to his fellow-members of the San Francisco Microscopical Society specimens of the spurious and the genuine flowers of sulphur for comparison. The real article is obtained by subliming sulphur, and except that there is with it usually a little sulphurous acid, the product is almost chemically pure. But a great deal of what is sold as the sublimate now turns out, under the microscope, to be merely crude brimstone, ground to a powder. Instead of "flowers" it should be called four of sulphur. Of course the spurious article contains many impurities, which make the mess with treacle slightly nastier.

Steam on Tramways.  
The English are very thoroughly in earnest about the use of steam on tramways. By the bye, the word "tramway," to designate the tracks in the streets which Americans describe by the roundabout phrase "horse-car railroads," is itself an improvement that might well be adopted in this country. The bill in Parliament, drawn by a committee, which is to authorize "the use of mechanical power on tramways," imposes the following restrictions: The machinery is to be concealed or protected from view; the engines are to be as little as possible given to producing smoke, vapor, or noise; the brake power must stop engine and car within their own length when going at eight miles per hour, the speed is limited to eight miles per hour in the cities and twelve miles outside of them; machinery complying with the restrictions may be licensed for trial purposes for three months.

Deep Boring in London.  
Famous as is the sub-velvet boring in the annals of English geology, the interest in it is for a while likely to be eclipsed by another deep bore carried on in the heart of London. The object of the new bore is purely commercial, but the scientific results of the operation are carefully noted and preserved for geologists' use. The intention is to sink a well for the use of a large brewery on Tottenham Court road. At 150 feet the clays and gravels were passed, and the upper chalk began; from 490 to 812 feet the work lay through hard lower chalk and marl; at 840 feet, gault; at 1,004 feet, "greensand," which is a solid stone. The upper greensand has already been penetrated, and fifty or sixty feet further will pierce the lower greensand. The expectation is that the water supply will then be reached and there is intense curiosity as to the success of the project. The work is done with a diamond drill. One crown of diamonds has cut 400 feet; but the strata have proved of very varied hardness, and the flints in the chalk have occasionally delayed the speed of the work, though not wholly stopping it. When there are no mishaps the progress is fourteen or fifteen feet per day. The value of the diamond crown of the boring tool is about \$500. Since the above was written, later advices have been received, stating that water was struck below the greensand, and the flow is abundant.

Man's Descent from the Lower Animals.  
An argument for the hypothesis of man's derivation from the lower animals has been found in the structure of the eye. Dr. Herman had discovered that the crystalline lens is so constructed as to form distinct images of objects that are as much as 90 deg. out of the line of the optic axis. That is, so far as the crystalline lens is concerned, we ought to be able to see side objects plainly whenever they are within the field of view, no matter in what direction we are looking. This power is called periscopism. Prof. Joseph Le Conte, of California, has pointed out that the human eye is not wholly periscopic, while the eyes of many lower animals—among them the ruminants—possess this quality fully. The cause of the deficiency in the human eye, which makes it impossible for us to see clearly the outline of anything at which we are not looking directly, is that the retinal images are only distinct when given by objects directly in the focal axis. In other words, the human retina is not periscopic. Therefore, argues Prof. Le Conte, the periscopism of the crystalline lens is almost useless to man; to other animals it is extremely useful, as they have also a periscopic retina. This peculiarity of the lens comes to man by inheritance; it is a mark of descent from the lower animals. It is not wholly lost in man because its presence is not hurtful. On the other hand, if our eyes had continued wholly periscopic, we should never have been able to concentrate our vision, as we now do, upon single objects.

Prof. Bell's Telephone  
New facts are discovered in the practical use of Prof. Bell's speaking telephone much faster than theories can be framed to meet them. At present he uses only permanent magnets in operating the instrument; there is no battery used at all to give the current, it being obtained solely from ordinary and not very large horseshoe magnets wrapped with fine wire near each of the poles. Strangely enough, the magnets work equally well, no matter which pole of either magnet faces the other in the circuit. Instead of the usual arrangement of poles, +, -, +, -, and yet serve the purpose of the telephone completely. Greek electrical resistance such as that caused by the interposition of sixteen persons holding each other's hands as part of the circuit, interferes little with transmission. As the resistance is in such a case nearly twenty times that of the Atlantic cable, there seems to be reason for the hope that the sound of the human voice may be readily transmitted between Europe and America. The Bell telephone is strangely obli-

ous to some kinds of defective conduction and sensitive to others. Thus wet weather, which interferes with ordinary telegraphy, has no perceptible effect on the telephone; but imperfect joints utilising the lengths of wire are a grave impediment to the working of the new instrument. These curious sounds are heard in the telephone when used with the ordinary wires between two cities; these sounds are fainter than those which the instrument especially transmits, and make a sort of undertone of sound. The most distinct of the three is the ticking of the Morse signals and the like. These can sometimes be distinguished as the signals of separate letters and words, but in general they are confusing by their number. They are produced by the vibrations of the telegraph poles from all the other wires that may be fastened to the poles that carry the telephone wire. There is a low crackling sound which is believed to be produced by the rubbing of imperfect or rusty joints of the telegraph wire. There is also a faint, continuous, bubbling sound, for which no satisfactory explanation has yet been offered. The Mechanics Institute, of San Francisco, sent a gentleman to Prof. Bell to induce the latter to apply the telephone in mines, so as to give prompt and complete communication throughout the mine and with the surface. The ordinary telegraph does not at present work well in the majority of mines, for various reasons. But to that and many similar applications for the use of the telephone, though backed by most liberal offers, Prof. Bell has invariably replied that he has not yet finished his experiments nor ascertained all the conditions necessary to the faithful service of the instrument. Nevertheless he has one in constant use, connecting the workshop of some makers of electrical instruments with his own laboratory, and "chint music" travels over the intervening half mile of wire without difficulty or mistake.

A Greek Funeral.  
The Constantinople correspondent of an Edinburgh paper refers to the death of his washerwoman, as follows: "A few hours before the funeral the body was placed in a bath filled with wine, and there washed by the priest and his deacon. The corpse was afterwards dressed in the best costume of the deceased, and laid, face uncovered, in the coffin. This being done, the priest recited several prayers, and sprinkled the coffin with holy water, and this was also done by the relatives and their friends. The corpse was then carried out by bearers, and on reaching the door of the cottage the person the most dear to the deceased approached, bearing a cup full of white wine and a sponge, and after having had them blessed by the priest, proceeded to wash the mouth of the dead woman with the wine, as a symbol of washing away her iniquities. This done, the cup was thrown on the ground, trod on, and broken in many pieces, and its fragments hastily covered over with earth or thrown into the sea. The funeral procession was then formed, and started in the following order: First came the deacon, carrying the lid of the coffin, and accompanied by three friends of the deceased—one carrying a tray covered with numerous small glasses, another with a tray with small bits of toasted bread, and the third carrying a large bottle of wine. These were followed by the chorists, the priest, the body—the face uncovered—and lastly, by the relatives and friends. In this order the company paraded through all the streets of the village, the women of the family, assisted by the professional weeping women, crying and loudly lamenting, and all afterward returned to the house of the deceased. There the corpse was laid for a few minutes on the ground at the entrance, and then taken up and held high in the air by the bearers, the relatives and friends thereupon passing under the coffin as a token of respect for the dead. The funeral thereafter proceeded to the church, where, while the usual ceremonies were being gone through, the wine and toast were handed round, and each person partook of them, saying in a loud voice, 'May the Lord receive her,' the deacon answering each time, 'Amen,' and incensing the speakers. A fresh collection was made for the family, and then the funeral started for the burial ground. There the corpse was deposited of its finery, the coffin covered up and laid in the earth, amid the fresh lamentations of the women. Sweetmeats were then thrown on the grave, and each assistant was bound to pick one up and eat it, saying aloud, 'May the Lord receive her.' The funeral having thus concluded, the family and friends retire to the nearest cafe, where I had the satisfaction of seeing the husband of the defunct washerwoman consoling himself by getting glowingly drunk on raki, a kind of white brandy, which is largely drunk by the lower orders in this country. Three days after the funeral, plates of boiled barley covered with sugar, called 'colivas,' were sent round to all the acquaintances of the family, and eaten in memory of the deceased. This latter custom in the richer families is renewed three months and nine months after the death."

The minister dropped in very suddenly at Deacon Ophittree's, and found that excellent man sitting at a table with that wicket Jim Laverick, trying to hide a handful of cards in his pocket. Near the deacon's elbow there were four straight chalk marks on the table, and near Mr. Laverick there were six. "Ah! Good evening, Elder—good evening," said the deacon, with great cordiality. "We were just looking at the new shades in red and black; odd sample cards those print houses send out, ain't they?" But the rider sighed, and said he didn't know much about print houses.

The bustling costume affected by the young ladies is probably a hint to the laids not to let their courage flag.

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Family Farm Garden.

This is something that every member of the family ought to have a hand in keeping in order, for all derive a great source of pleasure from it, if it be what it ought. If it be properly planted and tended, each family can have an abundance of choice, fresh vegetables each day for all uses at comparatively an insignificant outlay, adding to the health of the family as well as saving many a dollar that would otherwise go to the grocer and butcher, if not to the doctor.

With plenty of good land and fine locations for gardens, the whole family should pride themselves upon a well kept and productive garden. In laying out your garden for vegetables it ought to be arranged where rows could be long, so as to afford a chance to use the plows and cultivators freely, thus saving a vast deal of labor, and raise much better crops than in the pent up rows of the old style garden. It is astonishing to see how few gardens are really made profitable and a comfort to the family.

Heavy Draft Horses.

In Boston, New York, and other cities, large, powerful, draft horses are selling at very remunerative prices, consequently many might be bred by farmers who have no inclination to raise trotters, and a more useful race of plow teams would thus be brought into existence. There are at this present time a great many mares which are comparatively small, but which would breed fine stock from our great draft stallions. There will soon be an increased demand for these horses in consequence of their exportation to England, which has already begun, and because the great railway companies find these heavy horses are far more suitable for moving cars through cities from one depot to another. Besides this, there is a growing tendency to use more substantial agricultural implements and a riding sulky-plow is now being made to the number of thousands in the West, and these are pretty weighty and will require strong horses to work them. There are already a great many stallions spread over the West and in Canada, and stallions are advertised to be sold or let for the season, so doubtless the services of horses will be obtainable by every one who may take a little trouble.

The United States is at the present day improving her agricultural live stock of all varieties in a very rapid manner, and it only requires a better system of managing grass land and of restoring fertility to the over-cultivated and over-cropped soil to insure a long period of agricultural prosperity.

GEORGE GARDNER.  
Making Soap.  
Having good soap is an important item in household economy, but as every one has a way of making it, and as, generally speaking, each one thinks her own way best, I shall not give mine. But a number of years ago there was a recipe sold in this part of the State. It was published once I know, but I think it is worth telling again, and so here it is: When your soap is done just ready to take off, for every five gallons of soap put in one pound of sal soda, one pound of resin and five gallons rain water. The recipe said when it came to a boil it would be as thick as before the water was poured in, but I always had to boil a little while. But it makes a superior soap, taking stains and streaks out of clothes with less rubbing than soap made just with lye and water, and it don't eat the hands.

A good recipe for washing fluid is to take one pound of sal soda one-half pound unslacked lime, and simmer in five quarts rain water till the soda is dissolved; then drain off. Put the clothes to soak over night when practicable. The recipe for it claimed no washing was necessary, before boiling, but we always wash the soiled pieces. When ready to boil, put a few spoonfuls of the fluid in each boiler of water before putting in the clothes, and boil thoroughly; I think it saves at least one half the rubbing, and does not injure the fabric.

The washing for a large family is a heavy item, and it stands every woman in hand to use all available means to make it as easy as possible.  
MARY H. THORNE.  
Fattening Animals.  
A very common error among farmers, which needs correction, is the opinion that animals may be fattened in a few weeks and fitted for market by heavy feeding, or, as it is termed, by pushing. Many farmers do not think of beginning to fatten their hogs or cattle for early winter market until autumn has actually commenced. Their food is then suddenly changed, and they are dosed with large quantities of grain or meal. This sudden change often deranges the system, and it is frequently some time before they recover from it. From observation and inquiry we find that the most successful managers adopt a very different course. They feed moderately, with great regularity, and for a longer period. The most successful pork raiser that we have met with commences the fattening of his swine for the winter market early in the preceding spring. In fact he keeps his young swine in a good growing condition all through the winter. He begins moderately, and increases the amount gradually, never piling before the animal more than it will freely eat. With this treatment, and strict attention to the comfort and cleanliness of the animal, his spring pigs, at ten months, usually exceed 300 pounds, and have sometimes gone as high as 450 pounds, and pigs wintered over reach a weight of 500 or 600 pounds. The corn, which is ground on an average not less than \$1 per bushel when the market price for pork is five cents per pound.—Christian Union.

Penns.—Where and How They Grow.—The extent of their production.  
Peanuts, or, as they are popularly known in the South, groundnuts, grow in the ground. The stalk and leaves of the plant are what resemble clover, and so get on what ripe the plants are put out of the ground, the nuts are firmly to the roots. The greatest trouble with the ground nuts is in getting the which has to be done by hand, no machine having yet been invented to do the work, though it would seem as a machine, in the shape of a comb, might be easily invented. Labor is cheap in the places where they are grown, which are in the light of soils of Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina in this country. Ipanama, also largely grown in Africa, India, Brazil, and other places. The best of them in Africa, and yield large quantities of oil. This product when properly produced, is esteemed equal to olive oil; but it is also used in woolen manufacture, in soap making, in lamps, and in lubricating machinery. Next year the crop in the United States was as follows: Tennessee, 235,000 bushels; Virginia, 450,000; North Carolina, 100,000. The imports from Africa last year were 245,000 bushels, of which Boston imported 38,000 and New York 20,000. The average of the new crop for last year is somewhat larger than that of last year, and the yield promises well, but being generally better and matured than for the past two years and of finer quality. The past year was marked by fewer changes than any former one; by a moderate but steady consumptive demand; by an absence of speculation, and by the small proportion of choice white nuts. Tennessee peanuts are put up in burlap bags of four or five bushels capacity, and sold by the pound, the grades being respectively inferior, prime, choice, and fancy. The crop year begins in October and ends September 30th of the ensuing year. The new crop will come forward under very favorable auspices. The previous crop having been well sold, stocks are light in the hands of commission merchants and dealers.

Driving One's Work.  
To drive, or be driven, is what many or many in all avocations of life are especially so in manual labor. Farmers who take time to read journals devoted to their calling, are, as a class, the ones who keep ahead of their work and drive it instead of letting it drive them. It is true, untoward weather or backward seasons will often throw the labor of the farm behind, but, nevertheless, the reading farmer, because he is also a thinking man, will at such times be devising ways and means for forwarding his work when the weather becomes fine, and will thus place himself and his fields in advance of his more dilly-dally neighbors who do not read, and who depend upon watching the time when the more thoughtful farmer begins.

The prospect now is in favor of a tolerably early and fruitful season; but, however large the crop, with the present warlike complications in Europe, it will all be wanted, and at remunerative prices. An immense wheat crop sown last fall, and advices report the crop generally looking well. Of spring grains, a full breadth of laque has been sown, and the weather has been most favorable for its germination and growth. A very considerable quantity of seed is now ready for corn, and every team and every plowman is busy preparing for the crop. It is half made when first cultivated; for the weeds once destroyed, while yet the corn is young, it is not a difficult matter thereafter to keep ahead, and hold the soil in good till.

Here is where reading farmers get the advantage of non-reading ones. They appreciate the importance of this early culture, knowing that if a rainy spell ensues, the crop is in the best condition for standing wet weather, and when dry weather comes their crop is not so swamped with weeds as to prevent the free use of corn plows.

The probability now is that the West will this year cultivate the greatest breadth of corn that was ever before raised. A little extra labor in driving work may make the yield of the largest ever known per acre. It will be all wanted. With our present facilities for transportation, and our export demand, all that can not be fed on the farm ought to bring fair prices. A little forethought and extra drudgery will bring it about. Russia usually exports about 25,000,000 bushels of grain yearly to England and other European countries, and Turkey about 7,000,000 bushels. This extra 42,000,000 of bushels, must, during a war, come from the United States. We already export \$100,000,000 worth annually. With a good season it will not be hard to increase this fifty per cent. This surplus must come from the West. It will be easy to meet this extra demand if our farmers drive ahead, and have season to match their energy.

A Brave Montenegro Woman.  
Mr. Gladstone writes: "A sister and four brothers, the four of course all armed, are making a pilgrimage of excursion to a church. The state of war with the Turk being normal, we need not wonder when we learn that they are attacked unawares on their way, by seven armed Turks, who announce themselves by shooting dead the first of the brothers and dangerously wounding the second. The odds are fearful, but the fight proceeds. The wounded man leans against the rock, and though he receives another and fatal shot, kills two of the Turks before he dies. The sister presses forward, and grasps his rifle and his dagger. At last all are killed on both sides, except herself and a single Turk. She asks for mercy, and he promises it, but names her maidenly honor as the price. Dignant, and perceiving that he's now off his guard, she stabs him with the dagger. He tears it from her hand, she closes, and she dashes the watch over the precipice into the yawning depths below."