THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

FAITH.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
Like yonder tower built high above the reef;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.

For darkness passes; storms shall not abide.
A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide
The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long and pain weighs heavily;
But God will hold His world above despair.
Look to the east, where up the lucid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

—Celia Thaxter, in Scribner for August.

MYSTERIES.

Warm calms of heaven o'erbrood the earth;
On scented sward my feet are pressed,
Spring breezes make melodious mirth,
Yet silent awe pervades my breast.
To-day by Nature I am shown
Her marvelous elements alone.

I linger where the daisies throng,
With golden disc on supple stem,
And careless of their beauty, long
To unveil the impulse guiding them.
And wonderingly my soul receives
The resurrections of the leaves!

I can not praise the emerald meads
Where pomp of lengthening clover peers,
Nor that green radiance of the reeds
That cleaves the marsh with slender spears.
My reverent heed alone I give
The miracle that made them live!

These blossoming trees whence odor floats
The full-fed rivulet's joy intense,
The ecstatic trills from feathered throats,
Pierce me with strange beseelderments!
In all things lovely I would guess
The mystery of their loveliness!

But while I muse, the westering day
Drops from the horizon's damask air;
The pastoral distances turn gray;
New mystery deepens everywhere;
And high night brings release of from thrall,
The mightiest mystery of all!

—Edgar Fawcett, in Youth's Companion.

THE PIANO FIEND.

O! hark to the strains of the jingling piano
That float like the wails of a gathering storm—
Tinkle, ting, tink, from eight in the evening;
Rumble, dum, dump, till past two in the morn.
Arpeggios, staccato, andante, tranquillo,
Con dolore, allegro, in cromatrous—
All of it fruit of the manipulation
Of a music-struck miss in a neighboring house.

I've seen her by day. She's as fair as an angel,
With dark, waving hair and eyes sparkling bright,
But however angelic she is in the daytime,
The devil possesses her soul in the night.
"The Sweet By and By," with countless variations,
"The last Rose of Summer!" O! long fading rose,
"The Storm," by Blind Tommas, with hideous thunder,
And other wild thunderings lull my repose.

I idolize music from bass drums to bagpipes;
I drink in the strains of Apollo's sweet song;
I worship Rossini, Beethoven, and Verdi,
For Auber and Weber I painfully long;
But hear her maniacal interpretation—
Dingle, dink, pinkle pink, grumble grum grump,
Exquisite torture of auriculation—
Toopey toop, pookey pook, plunkey plung plump!

—New York Sun.

MEG.

A Story of Cornwall and Michigan.

Margaret Neale, a girl of 20 or thereabouts, sat on a low, broad stone at the edge of the cliff that overhung the sea. Her features were irregular, but she had a certain dark, gypsy-like beauty of her own. Her brown stuff gown clung closely about her; her hat had fallen back, and hung carelessly by the strings; a red woolen shawl was wrapped around her shoulders, one end trailing over the scant, gray herbage. Her hands were clasped about her knees; there was a hard, set look about the unsmiling mouth; and the eyes, that were sometimes most tender, had a dangerous light in them as they gazed steadfastly off over the darkening sea to a distant horizon, still red with the reflected glow of the sunset.

At a little distance, but with his back toward her, and his steel-blue eyes just as steadily bent in the opposite direction, stood Matthew Erickson, a handsome young fellow enough, in the rough dress of a miner, tall, strong and ruddy, with a full, curling, chestnut beard, and hair of the same rich color. A blue ribbon dangled from his left hand.

There had evidently been a quarrel, and a love quarrel in a straggling mining hamlet on the northwest coast of England does not differ greatly from one in a scattered fishing hamlet on the eastern cost of Maine. Forms of speech may differ, but love and anger are much the same the wide world over. As for the queer, quaint dialect in which this especial pair of lovers poured forth their mutual grievances, no attempt will be made to reproduce it here. You may be sure they said, in Cornish fashion, "yo" for "you," and "towd" for "told," and "ta" for "thou," and "canna" for "can not." But all that shall be taken for granted, if not for your ease and comfort, at least for mine.

Tired of the silence at length, the young miner sauntered away with an air of assumed indifference, and picking up a handful of pebbles, slowly tossed them, one by one, into the waves below. Margaret's eyes did not waver, but none the less did she follow every motion of his hand. Having watched the fall of his last pebble, he came back and stood behind her, winding the ribbon round his finger to its evident detriment.

"So you will not wear it, Meg?" he said at last.

"No, I will not," she answered, without turning her heard. "Why do you vex me? There's no more to be said about it."

"But why, Meg?" and he laid his hand on her shoulder as with an attempt at reconciliation. "Tell me why. Surely you can do no less."

"Because—because I can't abide blue, Matt Erickson. It's hateful to me."

"But I like it, Meg! and if you cared for me you would be glad to wear a blue ribbon to the fair when I ask it."

"Why did you buy it?" she asked shortly, turning towards him by a hair's breadth. "Not to please me, that's sure!"

"Yes; to please you and to please myself. Cousin Jenny wears ribbons as blue as her own eyes, and I am sure you can not say they are not pretty. You are just stubborn, Meg."

She sat for a moment as if turned to stone. Then she blazed out:

"'Jenny!' Jenny!' I am tired of 'Jenny!' She has turned your head with her flirting ways like a butterfly, and her yellow hair and her finery. Give your blue ribbon to her, and take her to the fair—for I'll not wear it."

"And you'll not go to the fair, either?" said Matt, in tones of suppressed passion. "Is that what you mean."

"I'll not go with you," she answered, growing cool herself as she grew angry. "Yet it's likely enough that I may go. There are plenty of lads who would be glad to take me with no ribbons at all."

With a strong effort the young man put the curb upon his tongue, but his face darkened. "You'll go with me or no one, Meg," he said. "This is all nonsense—and we to be married next Michaelmas! But come," and he put out his hand to raise her from the stone; "it grows dark."

Meg, still angry but willing to be pacified if she must, allowed him to assist her, and stood beside her stalwart lover with burning cheeks and downcast eyes. She rather liked, on the whole, his tacit refusal to defend himself and his masterful way of telling her it was "all nonsense." But just at this moment, as ill-luck would have it, a small brown-paper parcel dropped from the folds of her shawl. Matt stooped to pick it up. It burst open and a yard or two of scarlet ribbon rippled over his fingers.

Now our poor Meg, not to be outdone by the fair Jenny, had bought this ribbon herself that very evening, meaning to wear it to the fair next week. But it so happened that when Matt went to Mother Marley's shop to buy his own blue love token, he had found Dan Willis there—the only man in Rysdyk whose rivalship he had ever feared. And Dan was buying a ribbon precisely like this. Mother Marley had wrapped it in this very piece of paper, Matt was sure, and he had seen Dan put it in his pocket and walk off with it.

And now, here it was! His gift was spurned, then, and his rival's accepted; and all Meg's talk about Jenny was a mere subterfuge—an excuse for a quarrel.

It was easy to see now why she had been so irritable of late, and so prone to take offense. But a man could not stand every thing, and if Meg preferred Dan Willis to him, why so be it.

Yet if she would not wear his love token she certainly should not wear Dan's. He hardly meant to do it; he was sorry the next minute. But what he did, as the tide of passion swept him off his feet for an instant, was to wind the two ribbons into a knot and throw them vehemently into the sea.

"There!" he cried, "that's settled once for all."

"And something else is settled, too, Matt Erickson," retorted Meg, in a white heat. "There'll be no marriage for us next Michaelmas, no marriage then or ever! You would strike me some day, for aught I know, if I should choose to wear a red knot rather than a blue. I'll not run the risk. I'll have nothing more to say to you while the stars shine," and darting round the cliff, she was half way down to the beach before he ever thought of stopping her.

The next day Erickson, magnanimous, great-hearted fellow that he was, after all, having gotten over his quarrel from Meg's standpoint, it occurred to him that he might have drawn uncalled-for inferences. Dan Willis might have a dozen sweethearts who all liked red ribbons for aught he knew. And how like a fool he had behaved, losing his temper like a hot-headed boy and throwing Meg's poor little trinkets over the cliff. No wonder she was afraid to trust him. More than one husband in Rysdyk was in the habit of beating his wife on as slight provocation as the loss of a ribbon; and it was not strange that a high-spirited girl like Meg should decline to run the risk after she had once seen him in a fury.

As for Jenny, she had come in between him and Meg. He could see it now. But she was going home the day after the fair, and he would see Meg that very night and tell her so. For he did not dream that all was indeed over between them. He could hardly wait for the hour to leave the mine.

He changed his soiled clothes, ate his supper hurriedly, and was soon on his way to Meg, stopping as he went to buy another ribbon—red, this time, and broader and richer and handsomer than the one he had robbed her of.

Then he went on through the crooked, scattered little village till he reached the Widow Neale's cottage, just on the outskirts.

To his surprise he found the door locked and the shutters closed. As he stood in his perplexity, a white-haired urchin who was turning somersaults near by shouted: "Ho, you, Matt Erickson! It's no good to wait there; the widow and Meg have gone away."

"Gone? Where?"

"Don't know. To France, like enough—or to Ameriky—or to London—or somewheres. They took a big box and a bundle, and they don't know but they'll stay forever'n ever. Meg said so," and, making a rotating wheel of himself, the lad vanished round the corner.

Just then the door of the nearest cottage opened and a woman's face looked out. It was growing dark.

"Is it you, Erickson! There's no one at home in the house there. But I have something here I was to give you when you came this way."

His face was stern and set and white in the fading light, as he took the little packet from the woman's hand.

"Where have they gone?" was all he said.

"I don't just know. To visit some of their kinfolk a great way off," the widow said. "Oh! but she's a close-mouthed one, she is—and Meg's a bit like her. They're not gossipy folk. You never get much out of them," she added, with an injured air.

"No; but I've found them good neighbors enough, but they're rather high and mighty for commoners."

As soon as he was out of sight Matthew Erickson opened the packet. He knew what was in it before he untied the knot, a string of curiously-carved beads with a strange, foreign, spicy odor, that he had bought of a wandering sailor and fastened around Meg's neck one happy night, and two or three other trifles he had given her. And he found this note, slowly and painfully written, badly spelled, perhaps, and not punctuated at all. But what of that? The meaning was plain enough; all too plain, Matt thought, as he drew his hand across his eyes as if to clear his vision:

"I gave you back your troth last night. Here are the beads, and the silver piece, and the heron feathers. Now all is over between us." Here she had evidently hesitated a moment, wondering if her words were strong enough; for, on the line below she had written, as with an echo from the prayer-book reverberating in her ears:

"Forever and forever, amen. Margaret Neale."

Not Meg, his Meg, his proud, high-spirited sweetheart—but Margaret Neale! It set her at such an immeasurable distance from him. "All is over between us." As if she were dead and buried out of his sight. And he had spoken to James Ray about the snug cottage beyond the bay; and they were to have been married at Michaelmas!

He knew enough of the Widow Neale's habits to ask no more questions of the neighbors. As one of them had said, she was close-mouthed. He knew she had a sister living in Scotland, for whom Meg was named; but where even he did not know. Scotland was like a distant, foreign land to the people in Rysdyk. But the widow had money enough to go to Scotland or farther if she wished, even on short notice. She had never worked in the mines, neither had Meg. She had a comfortable annuity, left her by her old mistress; for she had served in a great family before she married John Neale.

Month after month passed. Michaelmas was over, the winter came and went, and Rysdyk knew no more of her or of Meg than when they left. The silence, the void, grew unendurable to Matt. With the early spring he carried into effect what had been the one dream of his life before he learned to love Meg. America was the land of promise for miners as well as others, and had he not a friend who worked in the great iron mines at Ishpeming, Michigan, on the shores of the wonderful Northern lake that was itself almost as large as all England? He had no father or mother, only a half uncle whose house had been the only home he had ever known.

What better could he do than to seek work and forgetfulness together where there would be nothing to remind him of the past?

So when one fine morning nearly a year after her sudden flitting, the neighbors awoke to find the door of Widow Neale's cottage ajar and the shutters open, the first bit of news Meg heard was that Matt Erickson had gone to America.

It struck her like a blow. Now, indeed, he had dropped out of her life as utterly as, months since, she had dropped out of his. For she, too, had had time to repent. Almost before the blue hills of Scotland had dawned upon her sight she had repented in dust and ashes. How foolish she had been, like a child who throws away its bread and in a pet and goes to bed hungry. Why had she not worn the blue ribbon to please her lover, even if she did not like it? As for Jenny—but what nonsense was that! She would have been ashamed of Matt if he had not been kind to her.

To be sure, he had been cross and had thrown away her ribbon. But then he was a man, and men were strong and masterful and could not bear contradiction, and she had angered him by her foolish persistence.

Ah! If she could but undo it all, and have her tall, brave, handsome lover back again!

Once in a while, as the years went on, at rare intervals news of him came back to Rysdyk. He was well; he had fair wages, though gold was not to be had for the gathering in America any more than in England; he had been promoted and had charge of a gang of men. At length there was a long interval of silence. Then came floating rumors of ill; and then after awhile a letter in a strange handwriting, a letter to his uncle, who had died three weeks before it came. There had been a bad accident in the mines—an explosion; and in the effort to save others, Matthew Erickson had himself received dangerous injuries. No one thought he could live. But now, after months, he was slowly recovering, if recovery it could be called. For he was blind. The poisonous vapors had destroyed his sight.

It was five years since he went away—five years that had brought many changes to Meg. It was a sobered, thoughtful woman, not a hot-tempered girl, who knelt by the Widow Neale's side a week after the letter came, and said:

"It was I who drove him away—Matt Erickson," she said. "We had a little quarrel, just a few idle words about a ribbon, and I told him in my silly anger I would have no more to say to him while the stars shone. And now they do not shine for him, for he is blind—blind. O, mother, I can not live, I can not bear it."

"Yes, you will live, child," the widow answered quickly. "We can bear any thing, we women. Your father was brought in to me dead—killed in these mines when you were scarce three years old, my Meg, and I am alive yet."

"But this is worse than death," she cried passionately. "Mother, do you hear? He who was my plighted husband is blind, in a far, strange country. I must go and bring him home, home to Rysdyk."

She had risen from her mother's arms and stood before her in the moonlight, pale, resolute, with her hands clasped rigidly. "Give me my dowry, mother, and let me go," she said. "Do not deny me this thing. I am well and strong, and, if I do say it, I am quick-witted; I can make my way. I shall come back safely. Let me go, mother."

Their talk lasted far into the night. But with it we have no more to do, nor the details by which a little money was made to go a great way. For, after many tears, the widow consented that Meg should take her dowry and spend it as she chose. If they had been more worldly-wise they would have known how to accomplish their purpose through the agency of others. As it was, they saw no other way than for Meg to do herself the thing she wanted done.

Oh, that weary, weary journey! Why was the world so wide, the way so long? Meg kept up a brave heart until the boisterous ocean was crossed, and she had made her way as far as Buffalo, where she had been told to take the steamer for Marquette. It seemed to her that she had traveled the width of the whole wide earth already, since her foot first fell upon the soil of the strange new world.

Where was she going? Would she ever find Matt? Sailing on and on—penetrating nature's secret places, where the foot of man had never trodden. So it seemed to her. Could human kind live in these vast, wild wildernesses?

It was like a new birth when, after many days, the steamer entered the beautiful bay of Marquette, and the fair young city rose before her astonished eyes, its white cliffs gleaming in the sun, its green shores sweeping downward to the water's edge. She was near her goal at last.

For Ishpeming was about fifteen miles away up the railroad, and thither she went by the first train. How rough and wild it all was! And how the charred and blackened pine trees towered aloft like grim giants, and pointed their ghastly fingers at her as she swept through their solitude!

"Can you tell me where to find a man called Matthew Erickson?" she asked of the depot-master, trembling from head to foot.

"Erickson? Erickson? Blown up in the mines a year or so ago, wasn't he? He stays at Sam Ayres's, the Englishman's, I believe. Just yer go round that corner, ma'am, then turn to the right and go up the hill—or stay! Let me lock up and I'll go with you." Ever been in Ishpeming before? No? I thought you looked like a stranger in these parts."

He left her at Sam Ayres's gate, having opened it gallantly when he saw that her cold fingers were unfit to do her bidding. A kindly faced woman came to the door and bade her welcome.

Meg's story was soon told.

"And you have come all this long way to take Erickson home again?" her eyes filling. "God bless you, dear, for I'm sure He sent you. We've done the best we could for him, but you are his sister?"

"No, I'm a friend—a neighbor. There was no one else," she said, simply.

"What's your name? I'll tell him."

"No matter about my name; say a friend from the old country."

The woman came back presently.

"Be careful," she said, "he's weak yet. But I want to tell you something, just to keep your heart up, for he looks like a ghost. There was a great doctor from New York up here last week to look at his poor eyes, and he told Sam there was a chance for him yet—just one chance in a hundred."

"Does he know it?" asked Meg, tremulously, her color coming and going. She was but a woman after all. Only blindness would have brought her there.

"No, and you must not tell him. The doctor said so most particularly. Will you go up now?"

He had been sitting in the sun by the window all day brooding. They had been very kind to him, these people, but kindness wears itself out after awhile. What was to become of him? The wages he had laid up were wasting away. The early Northern winter would soon set in. He shivered as he thought of the fierce winds, the pitiless, drifting snows. There was nothing a blind man could do here! If he were only at home in Rysdyk! Would Meg be sorry for him, he wondered, if she knew how desolate he was, how lonely in this strange land? If he were at home he could learn to weave baskets like old Timothy. Here he was just a dead weight.

"Some one to see him from the old country!"

He turned his sightless eyes toward the door where Meg was entering noiseless as a spirit, and his face kindled eagerly. Noiselessly she closed the door behind her. He was so changed, so white and worn, that her own heart stopped its pulsations for a moment. She feared any sudden shock might overcome him. She dared not speak lest he should know her voice. Strange that she had not thought of this before.

He put out his hand vaguely, feeling the presence he could not see.

"You are very welcome," he said. "But I do not know who it is. Who are you?"

He thought it was some kindly Englishman, who having heard of his misfortunes had come to speak a word of cheer and comfort.

She gave him her hand, still silently. A woman's hand! A swift thrill shot through his frame and his face flushed. Holding herself still with a mighty effort Meg knelt by his side, laying her head upon his knee.

His hand touched her hair, her forehead his lips. She gave a low cry, trembling like a leaf.

"Speak to me, quick," he whispered hoarsely.

"Matt!"

"O, Meg, my Meg!"—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Economy in French Kitchens.

We believe that the French cooks have the reputation of being the most economical cooks of all nations, and the subjoined extract from a very gossipy and interesting article in an exchange shows how matters are looked after in the French kitchen:

"Suppose that one egg is left, or one potato. Here, Bridget, or the housewife herself, says, 'one is not worth keeping,' and throws them into the swill-tub. The French housewife is not tempted by that unhappy institution always yawning at hand. On the contrary, suppose the egg is soft-boiled; she drops it into a tin-cup, and makes it hard-boiled at once. One hard-boiled egg chopped fine is what she needs in composing a salad, and the French housekeeper is wise in behalf of good health, of good taste and of the beauty and variety of her table, to have salads innumerable—as many kinds of salads as Bottom had of wigs. There is the egg—the salad shall grace the tea-table. Or, there is the one potato. Your French housewife knows the value of soup; she does not make a huge soup and expect her family to dine upon it; she does not have her soup always of one kind—she varies the kind; and she has a small dish of soup as a prelude to our dinner; here she serves health and variety. The potato nicely cut in wedges shall be one of the ingredients of her soup. The beginning of her soup is generally of bones. She has a stone jar and the bones are usually trimmed closely out of the uncooked meat, sprinkled with salt and peper, and put in this jar, over which a cloth is tied, and it is kept in a very cool place. Almost every day, with a few bones and a variety as to other ingredients, she will concoct a wonderful soup—a white soup, a brown soup, a clear soup, a vegetable soup, and the spoonful of beans or peas, the few slices of tomato, the remnant of the rice or the macaroni shall not be ignominiously cast out, but the soup shall be as is most convenient to the stock on hand, and all these fragments, neatly kept, are to go therein. The French are not remarkably religious, but they do follow up the monition, 'gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.' In one of our families, suppose that we have a cup of milk left from breakfast; in our closet is a slice or two of sponge or cupcake, a small saucer of jelly or preserve. In the American household the milk is frequently thrown out or one of the children is 'bidden to drink it up.' Biddy adds the jelly or preserve to her own breakfast, 'so she can have the saucer to wash.' The cake is given to the children as an interlude to meals, to spoil their appetites. Lo! the foreign housewife! The cup of milk with an egg, a little flavoring and a trifle of thickening turns to custard; the cake is cut in thin pieces, spread with the conserve and laid in a white pudding dish; the custard is poured over it; it goes for ten minutes into the oven; the white of another egg is, with a little sugar, converted into a meringue, and spread on top; now the yelk of the second egg is beaten with a little cream or milk, and sugar and spice, into a sauce, or instead of the cream a little home-made wine or the juice left from some canned fruit is used, and here is a sauce for the dessert. We eat it. Delicious! What dainty, extravagant things these foreign people use. Instead, we Americans would have thrown away the chief part of the dish, and would have provided for desert a huge pie, more costly and not half so wholesome."

What There is in Wheat.

The wheat grain is a fruit consisting of a seed and its coverings. All the middle part of the grain is occupied by large, thin cells, full of a powdery substance, which contains nearly all the starch of the wheat. Outside the central starchy mass is a single row of squarish cells filled with yellowish material, very rich in nitrogenous, that is, flesh forming matter. Beyond this again there are six thin coats or coverings, containing much mineral matter, both of potash and phosphates. The outermost coat is of but little value. The mill products of these coverings of the seed are peculiarly rich in nutriment, and fine flower is robbed of a large percentage of valuable and nutritious food. Middlings not only contain more fibrin and mineral matter than fine flour, but also more fat. The fibrous matter, or outer coat, which is indigestible, forms one-sixth of the bran, but not one-hundreth of the fine flour. Wheat contains the greatest quantity of gluten and the smallest of starch; rye, a medium proportion of both, while in barley, oats, and corn, the largest proportion of starch and the smallest of gluten are to be found. In practice 100 pounds of flour will make from 133 to 137 pounds of bread, a good average being 136 pounds; hence a barrel of 196 pounds should yield 226 one-pound loaves.—*American Miller.*

—Bishop Simpson is severe on ministers who use tobacco. He says that some congregations are unwilling to have them for pastors, and that in many Christian homes they are unwelcome as guests. He does not see the propriety of a brother who smokes, chews, and spits intruding himself as a comforter into the chamber of an invalid. He says that in many instances, the offense to the invalid by the unsavory perfume of the tobacco-using ministers is so great as to counterbalance any spiritual advantage from the visit. The Bishop, moreover, says that he knows of instances of promising young men who by over indulgence in the weed, have been sent to untimely graves.

TO WASH CHINTZ.—Make a lather of the best soft-soap, and 1 tablespoonful of vinegar and a pinch of salt to every quart, a larger proportion to rinsing water; rinsing quickly and the colors will be as good as new.

—Borden Parker Bowne, one of the youngest and most popular of the professors of the new Boston University, was a few years ago the driver of a hay-truck.

—George Claget, while engaged in digging a well near Caledonia, O., was killed by fire-damp.

—Silk-culture is progressing favorably in West Feliciana, La.

FARM TOPICS.

KILLING COLORADO BEETLES—Take a teaspoonful of Paris green and a gill of plaster to three gallons of water. My neighbor, who cultivates 80 acres, uses five tablespoonfuls of green and a gallon of plaster to a barrel of water. I had 71 rows, and treated 30 of them with a tablespoonful of poison in three gallons of water on Saturday. This neighbor sent me word on Sunday to use the plaster. I did so on Monday. Tuesday I had to go over the first 30 rows again. Those where the plaster was used were three days afterwards much greener and taller, and still show a better growth and color. This I think much the cheapest and best management for large vines. For small ones I take a fruit can, punch holes in the bottom, nail a lath to the inside of the can for a handle, and sprinkle the Paris green with 50 or 60 or even 70 times its bulk of plaster. If a can do this while the dew is on I do so, if not I put it on when the vines are dry, only stopping for a heavy wind. An active man can poison five or six acres a day in this way in a field of small vines.

CONTROLLING VICIOUS HORSES.—A new and very simple method of training vicious horses was exhibited in West Philadelphia recently and the manner in which some of the wildest horses were subdued was astonishing. The first trial was that of a kicking or "bucking" mare, which her owner said had allowed no rider on her back for a period of five years. She became tame and gentle in about as many minutes, and allowed herself to be ridden about without a sign of her former wildness. The means by which the result was accomplished consisted of a piece of light rope, which was passed around the front jaw of the mare, just above the upper teeth, crossed in her mouth and thence secured back to her neck. It was claimed that no horse will kick or jump when thus secured, and that a "bucking" horse, after receiving the treatment a few times, will abandon his vicious ways forever. A very simple method was also shown by which a kicking horse could be shod. It consists in connecting the animal's head and tail by means of a rope fastened to the tail and then to the bit, and drawn tightly enough to incline the horse's head to one side. This, it is claimed, makes it absolutely impossible for the horse to kick on the side of the rope. At the same exhibition, a horse, which for many years had to be bound on the ground to be shod, suffered the blacksmith to operate on him without attempting to kick while secured in the manner described.

HOT WEATHER MILK AND PUFFY CURDS.—I can assure our cheese-making friends in Missouri and elsewhere, who have milk that in hot weather—faulty by reason of irregular milking or other cause—makes floating or puffy curds, or makes curds so hard that they will not bear acid without becoming crumbly and insipid when pressed, that they need not despair of making a sound, marketable, wholesome and desirable cheese, by a little variation from the common methods of making, if they will provide a place for curing it which will maintain a temperature between 80° and 80°; a temperature of 70° being the most desirable. When night and morning's milk are mixed the following course is advised: Air the milk as much as possible, and keep it cool enough to remain sweet. Use rennet moderately; only enough to cause curding in 20 minutes if applied at 84°, or in 15 minutes if applied at 90°. No whey, either sweet or sour, should be used either in the milk or in the preparation of rennet. The common practice of soaking rennet in whey, and of putting it into milk, to hurry a response to the hot iron test is always objectionable, but more especially so when hot weather milk is to be treated. Whey once separated from the curd should have no further connection with cheese-making. Rennets should always be soaked in weak brine—¼ pound of salt to one gallon of water—and often enough to keep the strippings sweet and pure. If preferred, rennet extract at the rate of 1 ounce to 300 pounds of milk may be used in the place of rennet. Cut the curd early and very fine, so as to make the separation of the whey as rapid and complete as possible. Heat not higher than 98°, and not faster than a degree in 2 minutes. Stir enough to secure even heating and to keep the curd fine till it is dipped, or the whey is drawn. Dip when the curd has become so firm that upon pressing in the hand it will open a part as the hand is opened. Do not wait for the whey to sour or for any hot-iron test, but dip always before souring becomes apparent. Stir enough to keep the curd draining freely, and to keep it fine enough for salting evenly till it begins to feel soft and silky and to have a little cheesy odor. This usually requires from 1 to 3 hours, according to the ripeness of the milk before setting, the quality of the rennet used and the temperature at which the curd is kept. The hot iron may be used as an aid in determinig when to salt. When a piece of curd is pressed upon the hot iron, if it gives a smell of burned milk, it is too immature for salting, and should remain longer in the sink and kept fine and warm. When upon application to the iron it begins to give a little odor of toasted cheese, it will be ready for salting. If sweet smelling it may then be salted with two and a half to three or more pounds of salt to 1,000 pounds of milk, according to the moisture retained and the degree of firmness and time of keeping desired. The operator must find by trial the proper amount of salt and use his judgment, remembering that salt (not acid) is the best agent for making cheese firm and durable. If the curd is inclined to be puffy, or has any unusual odor, stirring in the sink may continue longer than usual, or till it becomes firmer and the odor is gone or begins to die away, and then using a little more salt that would otherwise be required. The influence of the rennet retained in the curd, if allowed time and opportunity to act, will remove the cause of the odor and puffiness. The conditions necessary are that the curd be kept fairly warm and free from contact with fermenting whey. The presence of such whey counteracts this peculiar power of rennet and hence the necessity of dipping such curds sweet and of giving them good drainage and extra time in the sink before setting and pressing, and of salting them higher. But curds should not lie too long in the sink, or they will not close up well on pressing. When curds become full of gas and spongy, the whey which is separating inside of the lumps fills into the holes made by the gas and is retained in the curd, instead of draining away as it should. When by pressing this is forced out of the curd it becomes "white whey," and washes away more or less of the salt, and often so much as to leave the cheese too fresh, and consequently too soft and porous and short-lived. If curds remain puffy when ripe enough to salt, they should be pressed for a short time to expel the whey, and then broken up and salted and put to press again, or so much salt used that enough will be left after all the whey may be carried off to give the desired firmness and durability. Two pounds of salt to 100 pounds of dry pressed curd will be a fair average of salt to be permanently retained in the cheese. This quantity will be safe to begin with. Afterward it may be increased or diminished as locality or circumstances may require. Uneven and defective salting is the greatest cause of the trouble with gassy curds, because the whey retained in them is out of sight and can not be correctly estimated, and its presence even is often not suspected till it is pressed out in the form of white whey. Milk which produces curds that are hard and crumbly upon the development of a little acidity should be treated with a trifle more rennet than usual, and the curds always dipped sweet and salted rather light. In other respects it may be managed like any other milk.—*Prof. L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE TABLE.

—Oat-meal Cake: To a pint of meal add enough water to make it stir like pancake batter, season with a little salt and bake in a shallow pan for 20 minutes in a hot oven.

—Oat meal Puffs: To a quart of sweet milk allow 3 well beaten eggs, 2½ teacups of Graham flour and a little salt; beat all thoroughly together and bake in hot gem irons.

—Stuffed Tomatoes: Cut in halves and hollow out in center; take whatever cold meat you have, chop with onion, some herbs, crumbs of bread, and add to it 2 yelks of eggs; fill up your tomatoes and put in a buttered pan; let them bake slowly.

—Baking-powder Biscuits: Sift 2 quarts of flour, 3 even tablespoonfuls of baking-powder and a little salt together. Mix in 1 tablespoonful of butter or lard, or, better, half of each, and stir in nearly a quart of sweet milk, carefully, so as to get just enough. Knead as little as possible, roll out, cut into biscuits, and bake in a quick oven. Little kneading and quick baking are essential.

—Baked Egg Plant: Pare, cut into slices of about half an inch in thickness and place in cool, salted water for 2 hours. Then drain, wipe with a cloth and boil until tender enough to mash like potatoes. Make very smooth, add 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, salt and pepper with a little chopped parsley. Turn into a buttered baking-dish, cover the top with bread-crumbs and bake half an hour.

—Rhode Island Succotash: Good succotash wants tender young corn. Have a dozen ears, and remove with a sharp knife the kernels. If your corn is tough, do not cut too close to the cob. String a quart of young beans and cut them in three. Boil the beans with the corn, in ½ pint of water. Boil for quite three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, cover closely, add a piece of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and some pepper. If cream is obtainable, add ½ pint at the conclusion.

—Apple Bread: Peel and chop very fine 1 pint of nice apples and put to 1 quart of Indian meal that has been scalded and left to cool. Beat to a cream 1 egg and ½ teaspoonful of butter, and add to the meat with ½ teaspoonful of salt. If the apples are sour, add 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, but sweet apples are much the best. Mix with rich milk if sweet apples, with cold water if sour, to rather a stiff dough, and bake immediately.

—Potato Bread: Boil 5 or 6 large potatoes, mash them smooth while hot, add a piece of butter the size of an egg, a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, and a pint of warm water. Beat 3 teacups of flour with another pint of warm water, till free from lumps, and then mix with the potatoes. Dissolve a cake of yeast and a teaspoonful of soda, each in a teacup of warm water, and beat all well together. It makes a thin batter and should be set in a warm place over night. In the morning sift 3 quarts of flour into the bread-pan, with a little salt. Pour the sponge, which will be full of bubbles if the yeast was good, into a cavity in the middle and knead for five or ten minutes. Cover with a cloth and set into a warm place for an hour or longer, or until it has risen to double its usual size. Then divide into four loaves and knead thoroughly and put into tins; when light again, bake in a moderate oven, half or three-quarters of an hour.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The taste of fish may be removed very effectively from steel knives and forks by rubbing with fresh orange or lemon peel.

—To Renovate a Black Chip Hat: Add to 1 pint cold water a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia; use with a soft tooth or nail brush; when clean rinse with cold water and place in the sun to dry. Do not soak or scrub sufficiently to destroy the shape. It will look as good as new.

—Glass jars will not be broken when boiling-hot fruit is poured into them if they are placed on the folds of a cloth wet in either warm or cold water. A silver spoon placed in a jar or glass before boiling hot water or fruit is poured in it will also keep the glass from fracture.

—Sweeping, though a common practice, should not be done according to the rule laid down for all great achievements in life—do not "begin at the bottom of the ladder" (or the stair, as the case may be,) for ascension to the highest part of your dwelling. Begin at the top of the "topmost" room, and, with hair and hands protected, sweep the walls well, destroying the "skillful" spider, who toils and spins that you may find no leisure for idling. Having closed all doors of wardrobes, closets and connecting rooms, dampened the broom, sprinkled the floor (if carpeted, with damp meal, otherwise, with water), sweep the dirt into the hall, closing the door behind you. When each room has been treated, sweep the hall and stairway, each room below, and lastly, the hall below, taking the dirt out the back door on to a dustpan, or box set with one side beneath the projection of porch, or last step. By this time the dust will have settled above, and you may go to work vigorously with a duster made of the soft feathers of a turkey, sewed with stout thread around a handle with a notch in it for holding an occasional wrap of the thread. The inside of each feather should be out, in constructing a duster, causing it to resemble an expanding convolvulus, or petunia, with green morocco calyx for concealing the penends and stitches. The broken handle of a parasol is a good foundation to work upon, and is usually furnished with "hook or crook" for hanging it up. If not, tie a red tape around one of the delicate grooves. When done sweeping and dusting, wipe up spots upon the floor or carpet, and leave the rooms to air.

How They Settle a Lawsuit in Ireland.

A couple in Ireland were recently sentenced to matrimony in rather a curious way. A young man and a young woman were contesting possession of a piece of property, the one claiming under an old lease, the other under an old will. "It just strikes me," said the Judge, "that there is a pleasant and easy way to terminate this old lawsuit. The plaintiff appears to be a respectable young man, and this a very nice young woman. They can both get married and live happily on the farm. If they go on with law proceedings it will be all frittered away between the lawyers, who, I am sure, are not ungallant enough to wish the marriage not to come off." The lady blushed and the young man stammered they "liked each other a little bit;" so a verdict was entered for the plaintiff on condition of his promise to marry the defendant within two months, a stay of execution being put to the verdict till the marriage ceremony should be completed.

—Young Chickens and Okra: Prepare and cut up 2 young chickens; put a tablespoonful of butter into a skillet and fry until brown. Then put into a kettle with a quart of finely chopped okra, 4 or 5 tomatoes sliced thin and 2 minced onions; just cover with boiling water and boil, or rather simmer, slowly for 3 hours. Season with butter, salt and pepper, and if liked thicken with a little flour.

—Ink and fruit stains may be removed by soaking in sweet milk before washing; the milk does no injury to the most delicate colors. After washing, salts of lemon will answer for taking stains out of white goods, but if used on any thing colored, it will remove the color as well. Ammonia will restore color taken out by acids.

—A mixture composed of one part of powdered borax and two parts of powdered sugar sprinkled upon the floor where cockroaches frequent will soon eradicate them.

"Laugh and Grow Fat."

This ancient bit of advice is well enough for "spare" people, but how about those that are already too fat? What is to become of them? So still, and I'll tell you. After many experiments, extending through months of patient investigation and toil, the celebrated analytical chemist, J. C. Allan, has perfected and given to the world Allan's Anti-Fat. This far in several hundred cases this great remedy has never failed to reduce a corpulent person from three to six pounds per week. It is perfectly harmless and positively efficient. Sold by druggists.

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