THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

SWEET MARJORAM.

A Thanksgiving Story.

A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; thy plants are an orchard of pleasant fruits; camphire with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices . . . which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.—*Solomon's Song, iv, 12, 13, 14; vii, 13.*

Margery's spice-garden was not exactly like the one planted for Egypt's daughter by the great Jewish Sultan, though the plants were, indeed, an orchard of pleasant fruits, consisting of a hedge-like row of currant bushes and a half dozen gnarled, stunted trees, that Bina Hutchins said bore the best "squinches" in all the township. The ground not occupied by the fruits was laid out in orderly little beds filled with "yarbs." Thoroughwort and motherwort, for the infusion of bitter teas, to be drunk religiously in the spring of the year, a penitential ceremonial seemingly handed down from the commemoration of the Passover, by the eating of bitter herbs. Other medicinal plants, more grateful to the palate—spearmint and peppermint, pennyroyal, catnip, and hoarhound—grew near by, with arnica for wounds and bruises, lavender for the linen chest, coriander and caraway for the good housewife's cookies, anise and saffron for spasmy babies, rosemary for perfume, thyme and sage for home-made "sassingers," tansy for batter puddings, with such mild aromatics as fennel and dill for the gentle stimulus to mental exertion needed by the ruminating old deacons, as they listened to the words of the good minister, which drifted down upon his hearers as soothingly as poppy-leaves.

As Margery sorted her herbs, that bright October day, passing some of them through coarse wire sieves, rubbing them fine, and packeting them away in neatly labeled paper bags, while others, not so dry, were tied in bunches and hung from the brown rafters of the attic, a stranger would have noticed a certain appropriateness between the girl and her surroundings.

Her presence seemed to diffuse just such a faint, pleasant perfume. Both the dried bunches of herbs and her pale cheek reminded you that, though faded now, there had been bloom there once. You felt that not very long ago she had seen June, with sunlight and song, warmth and perfume and life; and, though it had all gone from her as completely as from the withered leaves in the little paper bags, her mission, like theirs, was to do good, to give ease to the suffering, and even a mild spice, a cheerful flavor and perfume to all that was monotonous and distasteful about her.

Margery was not called an old maid by the school children. There was not a gray thread in all her wealth of auburn hair, she did not dress in antiquated style, or keep a cat, or drink tea, or belong to the sewing society, or show any of the usual characteristics of old maids. The cozy little parlor looked out upon the spice-garden from a bay window, which Margery had had built for her geraniums; and the flowers and the open piano—for Margery was a music teacher—gave the room a very pleasant air. Her music kept up with the times, like her dresses. Both were always modern and pretty. She went to all the parties and musicales (and did not go alone, either). She helped get up all the fairs and festivals and tableaux. Society at Baxter's, the little town where she lived, would have been at a standstill without her. In short, she was not an old maid at all; but only an old young lady. Margery was never slighted, and yet it was probably ten years since she had an offer. She had had her love story, of course; but that was fifteen years ago, and every body at Baxter's, including Margery herself, would have been very much surprised to have heard that she was going to be married. And yet every body and Margery were destined to exactly that surprise.

If you had asked the people at Baxter's for Margary's love story, you would probably have received two different versions. Some would have said that it was Jack Bogardus, and some that it was Fred Frothingham; but all would have agreed that she had been "disappointed."

Margery's story, so far as she knew it—for Margery herself did not know all of her story—was this: Jack Bogardus was an orphan and her cousin. He had been adopted by her father, and they had grown up together. But Jack was a willful boy. Margery's father did not understand him, and at last he ran away to California. Margery knew that he was going, and she did not discourage him. It seemed to her that this was really best for all. Jack had promised to come back some day, when he had "made his pile," and claim her for his wife, if she would only wait. Margary had waited, her father had died, and she was left alone. That same year Jack wrote that he had prospered and that he was coming home. The same mail brought her a little box, containing a ring of California gold. It came on Thanksgiving Day, and the day had ever since been a sad one for Margery; for, though Jack came back to the village, and others saw him, he did not even call upon her, and he returned to the West the next day, without leaving any message for her. There had been no explanation since. It was still the same cruel mystery that it had been fifteen years ago. She did not even know at the time that he was in town, for she was in great perplexity and trouble.

Fred Frothingham, the son of the wealthiest man at Baxter's, had been one of the first to enlist when the War of the Great Rebellion broke out, and it was now the second year of the struggle. On the eve of a battle, not knowing whether he would survive the terrible work of the next day, Fred wrote Margery a letter, telling her that he loved her and asking her, if he lived to come home, to be his wife.

Margery replied, telling him as kindly as she could how impossible it was. This letter Fred never received, for he was wounded in the battle, his father came for him, and he was brought back to Baxter's the day before the arrival of Margery's cousin. The journey threw him into a fever, and when he was laid upon his own bed, with his mother bending over him, he did not know her; but raved deliriously about Margery, calling her by all the sweet names that his disordered mind could supply.

Mrs. Frothingham imagined, from this, that Margery and her son were engaged. The possibility that Fred could love and not be loved in return never entered the head of the doting little woman; and so she wrote to Margery, calling her "my dear daughter," and begging her to come to Fred, for her presence alone could cure him. Margery had no mother or friend to consult, and to her the only thing to be done seemed to be to confide in Mrs. Frothingham; and, taking a little basket of poppy-leaves, to make a pillow for the sufferer, she hurried to the Frothingham mansion. The girl who admitted her told her that Mrs. Frothingham was tired out from watching all night with her son, and had laid down to try to take a little rest; but had left word before doing so that, if Margery came, she was to be shown directly to Mr. Fred's room. Margery drew back at this announcement; but just at that moment the village Doctor called to her from the head of the stairs, requesting her to help him administer some medicine to his patient, as he was quite wild. Margery did as the Doctor directed, and Fred received his medicine tractably from her hand. A few moments later Mrs. Frothingham came in; the Doctor went away, and she stumbled through her explanation, she hardly knew how, and left the fond mother tearful and indignant at her obduracy. It was not until weeks after that she learned that Jack had been in town on the very day when she had been so faithful to him, and had not even called upon her.

This was all that Margery knew. She had waited faithfully for some explanation; had written to him several times; but her letters came back to her through the Dead Letter Office, showing that Jack had never received them and that his present residence was not known at his former address. She never doubted Jack through it all. She was true, and she felt sure that he was too. There was some strange mystery between them. It might never be cleared up in this world; but it would be sure to be in Heaven, and they would have all eternity to understand one another in.

Margery could not grow old and sour, for there is always youth and sweetness where there is hope.

Margery was sorting her herbs in the sunny drying-room, which the school children called Miss Margery's herbarium, when she was called to the door by Bina Hutchins. Bina drove a provision cart, supplied in part at the shire town, five miles away, and supplying in its circuit as many villages.

"Mornin', Miss Margery," said the old man, cheerily. "I'm round taking my orders for turkeys for Thanksgiving. Nigh about disposed of the whole flock now. Miss Frothingham bought Suleiman Pasha; they took Achmet Pasha at the hotel; I sold Ismail Pasha and Mukhtar Pasha at the Corners; and the restaurant-keeper at the junction spoke for Mehemet Ali last summer, when he saw him struttin' about in our pastur'. I feel as if I owed a sight to you, Miss Margery, for naming them turkeys for me.

"The heft of the people in this section are interested in this war—leastways they pertend to be; and when I shewed 'em the names o' them turkeys on my order-book, there was een a'most a scrimmage to see who'd get his name down opposite the high-soundingest of 'em. Dickson, the restaurant keeper, hez it printed on the posters he'll hang in the station on Thanksgiving Day. 'Mehemet Ali beheaded this morning. This great Turk to be raffled for at our free lunch.' And Miss Frothingham told me she was going to put her turkey's name into all her invitations. She shewed me one of the *menoos* that that young lady who is stayin' there painted for her on white satin. She'd printed Suleiman Pasha in what she calls Turkey red, with guns and moons and little cupidses, in turbans and baggy trowsers, all around the border. They do say Fred Frothingham's going to marry her. She's some sort of relation to his fust wife. I say, Miss Margery, it seems kinder curus to me there shud be so many Generals in Turkey by the name of Pasha. The only way I kin account fur it is that it must have been the name of the last Sultan. They say that the Sultans have wives enough to fill a female seminary, and that the Sultan's crack regiment is made of his own sons. I don't know how I should have managed about naming my turkeys if it hadn't a-been for the Pasha family. A whole brood of turkeys came off after you sent me that list of names, and I called 'em Constantinople Pasha, an' Bagdad Pasha, an' Bosphorus Pasha, an' one on 'em Jerky-nek-off Pasha, though my wife said that was kind of mixin' things, fur it seemed to her that Jerky-nek-off sounded more Rooshan that Turkey.

"I did very well with the whole flock except in the Sultan, the very biggest and gamest feller of all. 'Ll weigh twenty-eight pounds easy, an' tail-feathers enough to make half a dozen handsome fans. I prided myself on the Sultan, but I'm going to lose money on him. You see the ladies of the Methodist church at B'thesdy Springs hed come to the conclusion that the tabernacle, though it was a good enough place for the summer boarders to git religion in, was too windy and chilly a place to get up any sort of religious warmth' during the winter; an' they'd voted to have a fair about Thanksgiving time to raise money to build a chapel. Well, after they'd engaged the Sultan of me, an' advertised him in all the papers as one of the attractions, what'd they do but conclude they couldn't afford to take him unless I'd donate him. The idee! When I'd been fattening him up all summer expressly fur them, an' declined him to Miss Frothingham and Mr. Dickson, who'd either on 'em have given a good price for him! And the most aggravating thing about it is that Elder Dusenbury has sold 'em his six-year-old lame gobbler; and that every one that tackles him will think it's the Sultan, and my turkeys will lose their reputation.

"I declare, now, Miss Margery, the idee just strikes me that the Sultan is just the turkey for you. It would please me fust rate for you to have the best bird in my lot. You must wear out a sight of wings a-dusting, you're so neat; and the Sultan's are strong enough to last a year. I'll throw off a shillin', seeing it's you, and take half out in dicker. One thing I came round fur was to get all the sweet majorum you can spare. There's allus a call for it about this season."

Margery had stood, while the old man was talking, beneath the little porch, whose pillars had been lifted out of the ground by the strong old vines that twisted about them in such snaky contortions. An amused smile had flickered on her face as she listened. "But, Bina," she expostulated, "the Sultan is entirely too large for a Thanksgiving dinner for only poor little me."

"I didn't know but you might have company," suggested Bina. "The old people from the Town House haven't had a regular Thanksgiving dinner since the one you gave them."

"Mrs. Dusenbury told me," replied Margery, "that whatever is left from the church festival is to be sent there, so that they are to be provided for this year. However, I will take the Sultan. You may shut him up in the dog-kennel. We haven't kept a dog since Cousin Jack went away. And you may have my whole stock of sweet marjoram; for I shall not kill the Sultan this year, and perhaps I shall give him away." And Bina drove away with the sweet marjoram, leaving Margery peering admiringly into the Sultan's prison.

All this time Jack was coming nearer and nearer to help her celebrate Thanksgiving; for Jack had his story too.

He had been unfortunate ever since his return to California. Every thing had gone wrong. And he did not care, for wealth was nothing to him without Margery. He had come back that autumn years ago to claim her. As he stepped from the cars, the first person whom he met was the village doctor, who shook hands with him pleasantly and offered him a ride.

"What is the news, Doctor," was Jack's first question.

"Every thing is about as usual," replied the physician. "Let me see. Fred Frothingham was a friend of yours. Was he not? He has come back from the war, wounded; but I guess we will pull him through. The sweet face of his little nurse would make any man well, even if he should not have the luck to be engaged to her, which Fred has."

"What, Fred engaged?" asked Jack. "And to whom?"

"Why, to your Cousin Margery, to be sure. I thought you would know of it."

"Doctor, are you sure of this?" asked Jack, a little unsteadily.

"Of course, I am. Mrs. Frothingham told me; and I have even more positive proof, for I have just left the house, and Miss Margery was nursing the young man."

After that Jack staid in Baxter's only long enough to see, from the door of the little shop opposite, Margery taking leave of Mrs Frothingham, at the head of the great flight of stone steps. Then he shut his sore heart up within an iron will, and went back to California.

The years that followed were a long and dreary desert in his life. Perhaps God permits us to live through such years of blankness and weariness to show us by contrast the exceeding preciousness of the joy he has in store for us. And so Jack lived on until the autumn of which we have been speaking. Then all his misfortune seemed to culminate. He could nowhere find employment and he was very poor. As a last resort, he accepted the position of bar-tender in a saloon. He was new to the business, and the proprietor proceeded to give him some instructions. The veteran in drinks first concocted a mint-julep, after some infallible recipe of his own.

"There!" said he. "Try that, young man, and own up that you never tasted any thing like it in your life."

"I would rather you would taste and see if it is right, sir," replied Jack. A proposition readily complied with by the compounder of intoxicating beverages, and followed by a frightful scene of choking and expectoration. "There is something wrong about the mint," he sputtered; and then, examining the pail of green spays upon his counter, he exclaimed: "Blessed if that stupid market-woman hasn't left me sweet marjoram instead of spearmint!"

The word sweet marjoram recalled to Jack the dear girl for whom it always seemed to him that the little plant must have been named. What would she have thought of his present occupation? And then and there he resigned his position as bar-tender, obtaining from his would-be employer the little bouquet of sweet marjoram and pressing it between the leaves of his neglected Bible. But now he had nothing to look to for subsistence, and he strolled disconsolately toward the depot, wondering what would be the next scene in the strange drama. The train from the mountains was just in, and springing from it Jack was surprised to see his old friend, Fred Frothingham. The two young men greeted each other pleasantly. Fred said that he had been spending the summer in California, and had invested in a fruit-farm, which he had hoped to visit once in two years, and that he was now in search of some one to keep it for him.

"I am the very man you want," cried Jack, impulsively. And then, as a sudden thought struck him, he asked: "Shall you bring your wife with you, when you come, Fred?"

"My wife died five years ago," replied Fred, gravely.

Jack staggered as though he had been struck. "Margery dead!" he exclaimed.

"Margery!" reiterated the other, in surprise. "My wife was Rose Bateman. I would not tell every one, Jack; but your Cousin Margery refused me, and after I met Rose I was not sorry for it."

And so it was settled that Jack should keep the fruit-farm for his friend. "There is a very pretty cottage on it," said Fred, "and, with all those pears and grapes, you will soon be a rich man." He was surprised that Jack was not willing to enter upon his duties at once; but the young man insisted on purchasing a ticket to Baxter's with the advance money which Fred gave him.

And this was how it happened that there was a Thanksgiving dinner that year at Margery's, and that the Sultan left his prison in the kennel, and was decapitated on the same evening with his generals of the oft-repeated name of Pasha.

"Dear me!" said Margery, in dismay, as she dressed the turkey, "and to think that among all my herbs, I haven't a sprig of sweet majoram for the stufling."

"But I have," replied Jack, as he brought forward his Bible with the little sprays pressed between its leaves. The tears stood in Margery's eyes as he told their story; and I do not think one of the precious leaves would have been used in the Sultan's stuffing had she not thought that nothing was too good for her wedding dinner.

Fred Frothingham was at the wedding. "And now you can understand," said Jack to him, "why I was so anxious to come East. Even in a land flowing with milk and honey one may long for cold water, and all your orchard of pleasant fruits could not make me forget a little garden of herbs."

"And you wanted to transplant one of its flowers to the Pacific Coast?" queried Fred.

"What flower?" asked Margery, unconsciously.

A peal of laughter ran round the table, and Jack passed up his plate (for Margery had insisted on carving the Sultan herself), with the demure request: "My dear, if you please, I will take Sweet Marjoram."—*Lizzie W. Champney, in the Independent.*

Something Like a Conservatory.

Probably the largest private conservatory in the world is that just completed for the King of Holland in the Schloss Park, adjoining his favorite country residence. Its dimensions are, indeed, enormous, for it contains above 46,000 cubic yards of space, while its glass dome is 90 feet in height and 180 in diameter. This imposing cupola is flanked by two lofty towers, resembling Turkish minarets in shape, which give an Oriental character to the whole structure. The hot-water pipes laid down for the heating of the gigantic greenhouse are no less than 15,000 feet long. Among the tropical plants which have been purchased by his Majesty for the adornment of his new conservatory are two huge palm trees, which arrived at Schloss in the early part of last week from the royal forcing-house at Enghien. Twenty-one horses were harnessed to the platform on wheels whereupon reposed the smaller of these magnificant trees, the trunk of which measures 40 feet in length and its crown of fronds 24 feet in diameter. This tree weighs two tons and a half, while its companion, a much larger specimen of the date palm, 60 feet in height, weighs nearly a ton more. They have been planted under the very center of the great dome, where there is plenty of room for them to grow as fast as they please for the next half century.—*London Telegraph.*

MRS. EMILY SMALLEY, widow of William Smalley of the 17th Ohio Infantry, the other day received $1,500 pension money. She deposited $1,000 in a bank, and took $500 with her to her home, near Lowell, where she intended to buy an additional piece of land, which she wished to attach to her little farm. Before leaving the city, however, she became fearful of some one following her, or robbing her at home, and purchased a new revolver. Arriving safely at home, she left the revolver lying on the table a few moments. Her youngest son, about 10 years old, who had, probably, never seen a revolver before, picked it up, and in handling it one chamber was discharged, the ball passing through his mother's heart, killing her instantly.

THE crops have been so bad in North Italy this season that emigration to South America has received a new and powerful impulse.

FASHION NOTES.

—The Indian cashmeres, embroidered in gold, cost $20 a yard before imported.

—Gold and silver are wrought into the white brocades used for bridal suits.

—Rich chameleon silks in contrasts of olive and gold are revived.

—Rosettes are preferred to loops for fastening the drapery of black silk dresses.

—Waists made with very sharp points are an odd design of French dressmaking.

—Bonnets of chenille and beads, both in black and in colors, will be worn this season.

—Thread lace of many colors has been imported for the use of the milliners.

—Black silver is fashionable, and rubies, emeralds or diamonds set in it have an uncommon luster.

—Silver bands for the throat are worn in place of necklaces and pendant brooches take the place of scarf-pins.

—Seal skin will be made into dolmans instead of jackets this year. The garments may be bordered with silver otter and lined with scarlet or old gold.

—The newest Parisian note-paper has the monogram set on a medallion of dark blue or black paper and pasted on the top of each sheet of paper and surrounded by a gold border.

—The stuffs prepared for hat and bonnet trimmings are very rich, both in color and texture. Shot goods, velvets with threads of a different color in the pile, printed foulard and brocade interwoven with gold threads, are among the new materials.

GENERAL REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

Paniers, instead of being more voluminous, are extremely moderate; and when plainer, smoother appearances are preferred, paniers are dispensed with. Princesse dresses, though long familiar, hold their place more firmly than fresher modes have done, and are chosen for full dress, and the general use of rich and showy fabrics. All of the peculiarities which distinguish new designs are those of harmonious combination; sometimes the best results are produced by the use of color, and again the beauty of the costume will be due to its tasteful trimming. Vests, basques, paniers, and a round waist with a tablier or apron front are each and all simulated upon the plainest princesse model. The rage for shirring, which seems to be on the increase, has extended to princesse dresses, and even the flounces are shirred at intervals in perpendicular clusters of two or three gauging threads, throwing the intervening sections into puffs. For the most dressy occasions such a princesse costume will be laced at the back, instead of closing at the front, the latter portion being opened in surplice form and filled in with point-lace and tulle, with a bouquet of some one flower at one side. The over-skirt drapery which forms part of such a dress consists of two folded scarfs which extend from the panier at the back and cross in front just above the flounces, the upper half of the skirt front having a panier scarf draped high over the hips and shirred widely at the center front. These draperies are all trimmed with lace, the scarfs upon both edges, the panier upon the lower edge only. The back of the skirt shows an extremely bouffant drapery composed of the scarfs which trim the front. The foundation of such a toilette, which is the chosen style for full dress, is the plain princesse, and this is made to represent the round waist, and is finished with elbow sleeves. The novelty of the season in polonaises is the design which is intended for ladies who do not select coats, basques, and jackets as their first choice. It is also intended for the street, and for formal visiting, in which case it is made of velvet, or the richest fabrics of silk and wool. The front, with one dart only, is double-breasted, closing with two buttons and sloping away at the waist, disclosing a long, slender vest, cut in a point at each side. The long front then forms a curved drapery with the plaits caught within the seam which unites the side-forms to the center; the remaining drapery extends full length over the skirt of the costume. Coat-sleeves, large pockets, and a masculine collar and lapels are harmonious points used in finishing this seasonable and stylish garment, which is sometimes made of vicuna cloth, or camel's-hair suiting, and worn over velvet, corduroy, or a skirt made to match the polonaise itself. Basques are now of every possible form and kind, according to the uses for which they are intended. Vests, narrower than they have been, are generally plastrons—that is, made by laying a vest-piece directly over the centers of the basque proper, and are cut to a point; or they have a point upon each side-front. The backs are cut square like the habit coat and habit basque, and fans are inserted in the side-form seams, even when these same side-forms are turned back to make revers. Panier effects are still admired upon basques, and these are either included within the design itself, being formed by extending the side-bodies, etc., or else they are supplementary pieces which are placed under the pointed front, and carried over the hips in plaits or folds. Two kinds of round waists now prevail: one is the simple shirred waist with rows of gauging at the shoulders and the waist; the other is the plain round waist with a habit or coat-shaped extension at the back. The first is universally accompanied by an overskirt with shirrings in the center-front; the second is used as taste may require, and ladies make a simple shirred fichu of the trimming or the combination fabric used in the toilette, and wear this with the waist.

Water in the Cars in India.

At the principal stations the native passengers are served with water by a Brahmin, from whom, being of the highest caste, all persons may take without defilement. He goes along the train with his brass vessels; a sudra, or low-caste man, stoops, and in his open hands placed together and raised to the level of his mouth, receives the precious liquid. The vessel of the Brahmin is not touched, else he would be defiled. A Brahmin asks water, and is served with it in the smaller vessels, from which he drinks, there being no defilement between Brahmin and Brahmin.

AT a recent meeting of an English Farmers' Club, Prof. McBride spoke of the difficulty of administering medicine to a pig. He said: To dose a pig, which you are sure to choke if you attempt to make him drink while squealing, halter him as you would for execution, and tie the rope-end to a stake. He will pull back until the rope is tightly strained. When he has ceased his uproar and begins to reflect, approach him, and between the back part of his jaws insert an old shoe, from which you have cut the toe leather. This he will at once begin to suck and chew. Through it pour medicine, and he will swallow any quantity you please.

SPICED APPLES.—Eight pounds of apples, pared and quartered; four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of thick cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves; boil the vinegar, sugar and spice together; put in the apples while boiling, and let them remain until tender (about twenty minutes); then put the apples in a jar; boil down the sirup until thick and pour over them.

SOME enemy of a Minnesota sawmill owner drove spikes into the logs, so that $500 worth of saws were spoiled.

THANKSGIVING RECIPES.

OYSTER PIE.—Cover a deep plate with puff paste; lay an extra layer around the edge of the plate, and bake nicely. When quite done, fill the pie with oysters; season with pepper, salt, and butter, dust over a little flour, and cover with a thin crust of puff paste. Bake quickly. When the top crust is done the oysters should be. Serve as soon as baked, or the crust will absorb the gravy.

TO MULL CIDER.—If your cider is hard, reduce it with water to a palatable strength, and set it on the fire to boil, with the addition of a few grains of allspice. To each quart of cider take eight eggs and beat them in a large pitcher, with as much sugar as you may deem sufficient. By the time the cider boils the eggs will be light; then pour over them the boiling liquid, and continue to pour it from one pitcher to another until it has a fine froth on it. When you put the cider into glasses, grate nutmeg over the top.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Get the largest and finest oysters, rinse them in clear water, and dry them quite dry in a cloth. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, and thin with half a gill of milk. Dip each oyster into the egg and milk, and then into very finely powdered cracker-crumbs. Let them lie an hour, and dip them in the egg and cracker again, and then fry them in plenty of melted butter and lard, which must be so hot that it will brown them at once. They must be turned over in the boiling fat, and the whole operation must not take over five minutes.

TO MAKE A NICE PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut a solid pumpkin in quarters, remove the seeds, then bake until soft. Pumpkin is much sweeter baked than stewed, and not so watery. When done, scrape out all the meat and rub through a colander. To every quart of the pumpkin put one quart of rich milk and a cup of rich sweet cream, two tablespoonfuls of molasses and sugar to sweeten to your taste. Mix in a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and the yolks of three well beaten eggs. Beat all well together, leaving no lumps of spice, and lastly add the whites of the three eggs beaten very stiff. Line a deep plate with rich paste, wet the edge and lay two strips of the paste around, then fill with the pumpkin and bake till you can put a knife-blade in the center without its running.

THANKSGIVING PLUM PUDDING.—Open and soak about a dozen large crackers in new milk the night before it is made, or use the same quantity of sliced bread. Some good cooks butter each half cracker. Use a tin or iron kettle that holds about a gallon. This should be previously swabbed inside with fat, that the pudding may turn out in good shape. Mix four beaten eggs with two cups of sugar—equal to a pint—a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoon each of ground cloves, allspice, and cinnamon, and one grated nutmeg. Half fill the kettle with alternate layers of crackers or bread, the egg mixture, and good Muscatel or box raisins, using a pound of the latter. Make the kettle three-fourths full with milk, if to be baked in a stove oven, as it swells and runs over; but it may be filled to bake in a brick oven. It requires three hours to bake in a brick oven and some less in a stove. (The baking capacities of stoves differ.) Cover it while baking if likely to burn. It is better cold than hot, but nice either way, and may be served with or without sauce.

ROAST TURKEY WITH OYSTER DRESSING.—Dress and rub turkey thoroughly inside and out with salt and pepper, steam two hours, or until it begins to grow tender, lifting the cover occasionally, and sprinkling lightly with salt. Then take out, loosen the legs, and rub the insides again with salt and pepper, and stuff with a dressing prepared as follows: Take a loaf of stale bread, cut off crust, and soften by placing in a pan, pouring on boiling water, draining off immediately and covering closely; crumble the bread fine, add half a pound melted butter, or more if to be very rich, and a teaspoon each of salt and pepper, or enough to season rather highly; drain off liquor from a quart of oysters, bring to a boil, skim, and pour over the bread-crumbs, adding the soaked crusts and one or two eggs; mix all thoroughly with the hands, and, if rather dry, moisten with a little sweet milk; lastly, add the oysters, being careful not to break them; or first put in a spoonful of dressing, and then three or four oysters, and so on, until the turkey is filled; stuff the breast first. Flour a cloth, and place over the openings, tieing it down with twine; spread the turkey over with butter, salt and pepper, kept in a tin for this purpose, and placed on the back of the range or stove. A swab, made of a stick, with a cloth tied on the end, is better than a spoon to baste with. Turn until nicely browned on all sides, and, about half an hour before it is done, baste with butter, and dredge with a little flour; this will give it a frothy appearance. When you dish the turkey, if there is much fat in the pan, pour off most of it, and add the chopped giblets, previously cooked until tender, and the water in which they were cooked now stewed down to about one pint; place one or two heaping tablespoons flour (it is better to have half of it browned), in a pint bowl, mix smooth with a little cream, fill up bowl with cream or rich milk, and add to the gravy in the pan; boil several minutes, stirring constantly, and pour into the gravy tureen; serve with currant or apple jelly. A turkey steamed in this way does not look so well on the table, but is very tender and palatable. It is an excellent way to cook a large turkey.

Teachers and Task-masters.

The public have not held teachers to their true responsibility. We send a young lad or a young girl to school, and find that, while we are paying out a great deal of money for them, they are gaining nothing. We complain, and are informed that our children are not industrious, that they do not seem interested in their studies, that they are absorbed in play, etc., etc. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred, our disappointment is entirely the fault of the teacher. He or she is simply incompetent for the duty they have undertaken. A first-class teacher always has good pupils. Lack of interest in study is always the result of poor teaching. We send a boy to college and find that he regards his studies as a grind—that he is only interested in getting good marks, and that he is getting no scholarly tastes, and winning no scholarly delights. We inquire, and find him in the hands of a young tutor, without experience, who really pretends to be no more than a task-master, and who knows nothing, and seems to care nothing, about the office of teaching. The placing of large masses of young men in the hands of inexperienced persons, who do not pretend to do more than to set tasks and record the manner in which they are performed, without guidance or assistance, is a gross imposition of the college upon a trusting public, and it is high time that an outcry so determined and persistent is raised against it that it shall procure a reform.—*Scribner for December.*

IN reference to the comparative periods of maturity of the various sorts of early peaches, Mr. J. J. Thomas gives the important reminder that "they are liable to vary greatly in different seasons, and sometimes there will be two or three weeks' difference in the same tree. Fixing dates for ripening must therefore be the result of several years of observation."

THE WINTER SKIES.

What May be Seen in the Starry Heavens these Clear Nights.

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

Those who wish to become familiar with the winter constellations should make observations now, so that they may note the changes that will occur by next spring, and also that they may learn some of the constellations that will soon disappear in the west.

The milky way, or galaxy, passes through the heavens from the northeast point of the horizon to the southwest. It passes to the north of the zenith. It may be seen to be double in the southwestern portion.

Along the line of this dense path of stars are located several well marked constellations. In the northeastern portion, just rising, is Auriga, marked by five bright stars forming a large irregular pentagon; the brightest of these is the beautiful star Capella. Next in the line of the galaxy, toward the zenith, is an arc of stars marking Perseus. Above Perseus, just east of the meridian and north of the zenith, is Cassiopeia, marked by five stars in the form of a rude M or W. Some distance to the west of Cassiopeia, in the galaxy, is the Great Cross, or Cygnus, marked by three bright and two pale stars, arranged in the form of a Latin cross. Further on, in the southern portion of the double part of the galaxy, is a bright star, Altair, having a paler star on either side of it, equally distant from it. These mark Aquila. Not far from Aquila, toward the zenith, is located a small rhombus or diamond-shaped figure, locating the dolphin, frequently spoken of as Job's coffin. Sagittrius has just passed into the haze of the southwestern horizon.

Just north of the western portion of the galaxy is the star Vega, the principal star of Lyra. Vega and Capella, or Auriga, are located on opposite sides of the north star, equally distant from it. They are of the same magnitude, and at this hour are of the same altitude. Ursa Major is low down in the northern horizon. Ursa Minor extends from the north star toward the western point of the horizon. Draco occupies the large space in the northwest, unmarked by any conspicuous stars. Hercules and the serpent-bearer occupy the region in the west below Vega.

Face the east and no one can fail to identify the planet Mars, the very large red star, midway between the eastern horizon and the zenith. Mars is in the constellation Taurus. Just to the left of Mars are the Pleiades (seven stars); on the shoulder of Taurus, and below the Pleiades, one-third the distance to the horizon, are the Hyades in the face of Taurus. The Hyades are marked by five stars forming the letter A. The brightest of these is Aldebaran.

Face the south and the great planet Jupiter is recognized, having passed the meridian nearly an hour before. Midway between Mars and Jupiter is a silvery star, much fainter than either of them, but much brighter than any star near it. This is the planet Saturn.

Saturn is in the constellation Pisces. The two fish are on either side of Saturn, the one midway between Mars and Saturn, the other midway between Jupiter and Saturn. They are not marked by bright stars. Jupiter is in Aquarius. Just north of Jupiter is a small triangle of stars with a star in the center. These locate the urn of Aquarius. On the east of Jupiter a great number of small stars form the Southern River, and a bright star just south of Jupiter is in the eye of the Southern Fish. Pegasus is in the zenith, located by four stars that form the Great Square. Andromeda is marked by the brightest of the four stars in the square, and three others extending in a line toward the northeast. The nebula of Andromeda is immediately in the zenith, and upon a clear, dark night is quite distinctly seen as a tiny mist or cloud.

The first hour circle, from which right ascension is reckoned, is a line passing through the north star, the westerly star of Cassiopeia, and the two easterly stars of the Great Square. This circle marks the vernal equinox by its intersection with the equinoxial. It comes to the meridian at 9 o'clock.

The line of the equinoxial, which is the intersection of the plane of the earth's equator with the sky, passes from the due east point to the west. Saturn is very near it, Jupiter is south of it, Mars is north of it.

It is desirable that those who wish to learn to locate stars and constellations learn the location of these lines. In trying to learn the constellations, become familiar with a few of the most conspicuous groups, and keeping these well in mind it will be easy to learn the more obscure.

By 10 o'clock, two hours later, the constellations mentioned will have moved 30 degrees toward the west. In the east Gemini will have risen just north of the east point, and Orion will have risen to the south of the east point. The Dog star will be just on the horizon nearly due east. By midnight the heavens will have assumed all the grandeur displayed by the early evening sky in winter.

Care of the Eyes.

A writer in *Harper's Bazar* has an article on the care of the eyes; but, as he fails to exhaust his subject, we add a few additional rules, and, if they succeed in exhausting the reader, we shall feel amply repaid for our time and trouble in compiling them:

Never read, write, or sew by gaslight. It is exceedingly hurtful to the eye. Always, when possible, use a kerosene-lamp—one low enough to enable you to sit with it immediately under your nose. Not only is this practice recommended by the worst oculists, but there is also the delicious perfume so grateful to a cultivated taste.

When outdoors, always protect your visual organs with colored glasses. Besides being a great ornament to the nose, they prevent the daylight reaching the eye. Nothing is so bad as daylight for the eye.

Of course you will remove your glasses when you enter an artificially lighted room. It is only natural light that hurts.

One of the very worst things you can do for the eyesight is to tell a man bigger than yourself that his veracity is doubted. One instance of this kind has often destroyed a person's sight for months.

It is also a dangerous practice to use the keyhole as an avenue of vision. The party on the other side may own a bradawl or squirt-gun.

To toughen the eye, it is recommended by good authorities that one sit in the steam-car beside an open window. This, to be sure, is heroic treatment; but, if persisted in, the eye will become so tough that nothing can penetrate it—not even light.

Reading at twilight is excellent practice. It accustoms the eye to the changeful gradations of receding light until complete darkness ensues. When blindness intervenes, this darkness is permanent and exceedingly restful.

In reading, always place your book on the table before you, and bend your face down over it. This will serve to concentrate your attention upon the volume. If you become short-sighted, as you probably will, so much the better. Your thoughts will not be likely to be distracted by distant objects.

It is a rule followed by all careful gunners to close both eyes when pulling the trigger. The danger of any detached pieces of percussion cap striking the eyes is thus obviated.

When an infinitesimal atom of dust strikes your cornea, immediately mop your eye with a coarse pocket-handkerchief. It will cause you to forget the pain made by the first-named foreign substance.

Space forbids giving the correct rules for removing a cinder from the eye. There are 473 of these rules, any one of them perfectly efficacious except in the case under treatment. As signs of rain fail in a dry time, so do rules for extracting cinders from the eye when there is one there.

Eyes are like good children, and should never be crossed.

Gentlemen should never look at a brilliantly beautiful woman. It engenders enervation of the eyelids, causing them to nictitate in an unseemly manner.

The eye is the most precious organ of the body.

President Johnson was notably fond of it.

He spelled it thus: I.

But eye am getting egyptistical.

Shall I stop?

Aye!—*Boston Transcript.*

Examination Day at the District School.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in speaking of the "examinations" at the district school, says: "These examinations were a study for the humorist. A day was publicly assigned for each school, and on that day the children were present in their best clothes; the benches were crowded, and a tolerable representation of parents and friends occupied the vacant spaces of the room. The committee sat upon the platform in dignified silence, and the teacher conducted the exercises over safe and familiar ground to a triumphant conclusion in some peculiarly unnatural bit of childish declamation. Then the committee were asked to gratify the children with a few remarks, which, it is unnecessary to say, were of a highly commendatory character. The whole thing was a sham. After it was over the committee knew nothing more about the school than they did before it began; and as for tests, there were none."

Six years ago, however, a change was introduced. The committee themselves examined the scholars. "The result was deplorable. The schools went to pieces." That is to say, the scholars who recited glibly by rote could not apply the rules which they repeated. This discovery led to a thorough reorganization of the system, and the result was not only instruction which was both intelligent and effective, but a method so attractive that the "whining school boy" became a willing disciple. And this was due to the selection of a Superintendent who understood that teaching was a science, and who had carefully trained himself in it by study of the best foreign methods. It is singular that in the land of common schools it should have been only recently discovered that teaching is a science for which training is as useful as for any other. With ruthless sincerity Mr. Adams says: "Very much as Bentham defined a Judge as 'an advocate run to seed,' the ordinary Superintendent is apt to be a grammar-school teacher in a similar condition. Where he is not this, he is usually some retired clergyman or local politician out of a job, who has no more idea of the processes of mental development or the science of training than the average school-master has of the object of teaching English grammar." The University of Michigan has recognized the necessity of training by founding a chair for teaching the science of teaching.

Massachusetts is regarded as a model commonwealth. One-fifth of the entire amount raised by taxation is expended upon the common schools, and they are supposed to be models. In many ways they are admirable; but Mr. Adams holds that from the want of a pervading and intelligent direction of school expenses some two millions of dollars a year are wasted, and the chief defect that he finds is the lack of trained superintendency. A few citizens of his energy and sagacity and public spirit, however, would spur any community to necessary reform. The details and statistics which he gives about the Quincy schools are worthy of careful study, and explain their reputation among the schools of the Bay State.—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

Uses of the Cactus.

The fruit of the cactus is eaten by Mexicans. One variety of cactus produces a yellow fruit, which is esteemed a delicacy; so is the white. They are frequently served with milk. The strawberry cactus yields a fruit resembling the strawberry in taste. It grows on the rocky, sterile hills which jut in upon the Rio Grande in Starr and adjacent counties. It is a delicious treat to the overheated and thirsty wayfarer. The apple of the common prickly pear is generally red. Some of them are esculent—others are poisonous. A ranger many years ago procured a dessert for din