THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.

I've just come in from the meadow, wife,
where the grass is tall and green;
I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine.
It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,
And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty years ago.
Many and many's the day I've mowed, 'neath the rays of the scorching sun
Till I thought my poor back would break ere the task for the day was done.
I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm,
Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow and the old pain come in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swinging the old scythe then;
Unlike the mower that went through the grass like death through the ranks of men.
I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and power—
The work it took me a day to do it done in one short hour.
John said I hadn't seen the half; when he puts it into his wheat
I'd see it reap it, and rake it and put it in bundles neat;
Then soon a Yankee will come along and set to work to larn
To reap and thrash it, and bag it up and send it into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it, but I said to the hired men,
"I've seen so much in my pilgrimage thro' my three score years and ten,
That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flying ship a-going most anywhere."
There's a difference in the work I done and the work my boys now do;
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the new.
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling days,
The fast young men of the present won't see till they mend their ways.

To think that I should live to see work done in this wonderful way!
Old tools are little service now, and farmin' is almost play;
The women have got their sewin' machines, their wringers and every sich thing,
And now play croquet in the door-yard, or sit in the parlor and sing.
'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by;
You riz up early and sat up late, a-toiling for you and I;
There were cows to milk, there was butter to make, and many a day did you stand
A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringing them by hand.

Ah, wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen,
For the heavy task and the long task is done with a machine.
No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower—there, I hear it afar
A-rattlin' along through the tall stout grass with the noise of a railroad car.
Well, the old tools now are shoved away; they stand a-gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I've seen put aside with only a crust.
When the eye grows dim, when the step is weak, when the strength goes out of his arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, although it has been tried
By men who have studied and studied, and studied, and worried till they died;
It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its dross—
It's the way to the kingdom of Heaven by the simple way of the cross.

—Philadelphia Press

THE NUT-BROWN CURL.

'Twas but a curl of nut-brown hair
That she gave me as a token,
But every shining silken thread
To me has volumes spoken
Of a summer's eve on the village green,
And a promise never-broken!

She said, "Now, Jamie, take the curl,
And from the hour we part,
Keep this lock near, near, and me within
Your memory and your heart!
And when your good ship plows the sea
And you roam in far off lands,
Let no other maiden claim the ring
With "the hearts and the true clasped hands."

Long years have come and passed away
To the bounce of faded ages,
But fresh and bright is memory's log,
No blots have stained it pages!
"Land ho! Land ho!" the look-out cries,
While echoes the misty morn.
Look, Jamie, look! I see the home
Where you and I were born!"
Ay, ay, my lad! far more than that
Can my eyes see this morning,
I see a lass on the village green,
For a nut-brown curl she's calling!"

—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE FACTS IN THE RATCLIFF CASE.

A Physician's Strange Story.

I.

I first met Miss Borgier at a tea party in the town of R——, where I was attending medical lectures. She was a tall girl, not pretty; her face would have been insipid but for the peculiar restlessness of her eyes. They were neither bright nor expressive, yet she kept them so constantly in motion that they seemed to catch and reflect light from a thousand sources. Whenever, as rarely happened, she fixed them even for a few seconds upon one object, the factitious brilliancy disappeared, and they became dull and somnolent. I am unable to say what was the color of Miss Borgier's eyes.

After tea I was one of a group of people whom our host, the Rev. Mr. Tinker, sought to entertain with a portfolio of photographs of places in the Holy Land. While endeavoring to appear interested in his descriptions and explanations, all of which I had heard before, I became aware that Miss Borgier was honoring me with steady regard. My gaze encountered hers and I found that I could not, for the life of me, withdraw my own eyes from the encounter. Then I had a singular experience, the phenomena of which I noted with professional accuracy. I felt the slight constriction of the muscles of my face, the numbness of the nerves that precedes physical stupor induced by narcotic agency. Although I was obliged to struggle against the physical sense of drowsiness, my mental faculties were more than ordinarily active. Her eyes seemed to torpify my body while they stimulated my mind, as opium does. Entirely conscious of my present surroundings, and particularly alert to the Rev. Mr. Tinker's narrative of the ride from Joppa, I accompanied him on that journey, not as one who listens to a traveler's tale, but as one who himself travels the road. When, finally, we reached the point where the Rev. Mr. Tinker's donkey makes the last sharp turn around the rock that has been cutting off the view ahead, and the Rev. Mr. Tinker beholds with amazement and joy the glorious panorama of Jerusalem spread out before him, I saw it all with remarkable vividness. I saw Jerusalem in Miss Borgier's eyes.

I tacitly thanked fortune when her eyes resumed their habitual dance around the room, releasing me from what had become a rather humiliating captivity. Once free from their strange influence, I laughed at my weakness. "Pshaw!" I said to myself. "You are a fine subject for a young woman of mesmeric talents to practice upon."

"Who is Miss Borgier?" I demanded of the Rev. Mr. Tinker's wife, at the first opportunity.

"Why, she is Deacon Borgier's daughter," replied that good person, with some surprise.

"And who is Deacon Borgier?"

"A most excellent man, one of the pillars of my husband's congregation. The young people laugh at what they call his torpidity, and say that he has been walking about town in his sleep for twenty years; but I assure you that there is not a sincerer, more fervent Chris——"

I turned abruptly around, leaving Mrs. Tinker more astonished than ever, for I knew that the subject of my inquiries was looking at me again. She sat in one corner of the room, apart from the rest of the company. I straightway went and seated myself at her side.

"That is right," she said. "I wished you to come. Did you enjoy your journey to Jerusalem?"

"Yes, thanks to you."

"Perhaps. But you can repay the obligation. I am told that you are Dr. Mack's assistant in surgery at the college. There is a clinic to-morrow. I want to attend it."

"As a patient?" I inquired.

She laughed. "No, as a spectator. You must find a way to gratify my curiosity."

I expressed, as politely as possible, my astonishment at so extraordinary a fancy on the part of a young lady, and hinted at the scandal which her appearance in the amphitheater would create. She immediately offered to disguise herself in male attire. I explained that the nature of the relations between the medical college and the patients who consented to submit to surgical treatment before the class were such that it would be a dishonorable thing for me to connive at the admission of any outsider, male or female. That argument made no impression upon her mind. I was forced to decline peremptorily to serve her in the affair. "Very well," she said. "I must find some other way."

At the clinic the next day I took pains to satisfy myself that Miss Borgier had not surreptitiously intruded. The students of the class came in at the hour, noisy and careless as usual, and seated themselves in the lower tiers of chairs around the operating table. They produced their note-books and began to sharpen lead-pencils. Miss Borgier was certainly not among them. Every face in the lecture-room was familiar to me. I locked the door that opened into the hallway, and then searched the ante-room on the other side of the amphitheater. There were a dozen or more patients, nervous and dejected, waiting for treatment and attended by friends hardly less frightened than themselves. But neither Miss Borgier nor any body resembling Miss Borgier was of the number.

Dr. Mack now briskly entered by his private door. He glanced sharply at the table on which his instruments were arranged, ready for use, and, having assured himself that every thing was in its place, began the clinical lecture. There were the usual minor operations—two or three for strabismus, one for cataract, the excision of several cists and tumors, large and small, the amputation of a railway brakeman's crushed thumb. As the cases were disposed of, I attended the patients back to the ante-room and placed them in the care of their friends.

Last came a poor old lady, named Wilson, whose leg had been drawn up for years by a rheumatic affection, so that the joint of the knee had ossified. It was one of those cases where the necessary treatment is almost brutal in its simplicity. The limb had to be straightened by the application of main force. Mrs. Wilson obstinately refused to take advantage of anæsthesia. She was placed on her back upon the operating table, with a pillow beneath her head. The geniculated limb showed a deflection of 20 or 25 degrees from a right line. As already remarked, this deflection had to be corrected by direct, forcible pressure downward upon the knee.

With the assistance of a young surgeon of great strength, Dr. Mack proceeded to apply this pressure. The operation is one of the most excruciating that can be imagined. I was stationed at the head of the patient, in order to hold her shoulders, should she struggle. But I observed that a marked change had come over her since we established her upon the table. Very much agitated at first, she had become perfectly calm. As she passively lay there, her eyes directed upward with a fixed gaze, the eyelids heavy as if with approaching slumber, the face tranquil, it was hard to realize that this woman had already crossed the threshold of an experience of cruel pain.

I had no time, however, to give more than a thought to her wonderful courage. The harsh operation had begun. The surgeon and his assistant were steadily and with increasing force bearing down upon the rigid knee. Perhaps the Spanish Inquisition never devised a method of inflicting physical torture more intense than that which this woman was now undergoing, yet not a muscle of her face quivered. She breathed easily and regularly, her features retained their placid expression, and, at the moment when her sufferings must have been the most agonizing, I saw her eyes close, as if in peaceful sleep.

At the same instant the tremendous force exerted upon the knee produced its natural effect. The ossified joint yielded, and, with a sickening noise—the indescribable sound of the crunching and gritting of the bones of a living person, a sound so frightful that I have seen old surgeons, with sensibilities hardened by long experience, turn pale at hearing it—the crooked limb became as straight as its mate.

Closely following this horrible sound, I heard a ringing peal of laughter.

The operating table, in the middle of the pit of the amphitheater, was lighted from overhead. Directly above the table a shaft, five or six feet square, and closely boarded on its four sides, led up through the attic story of the building to a skylight in the roof. The shaft was so deep and so narrow that its upper orifice was visible from no part of the room except a limited space immediately around the table. The laughter which startled me seemed to come from overhead. If heard by any other person present, it was probably ascribed to an hysterical utterance on the part of the patient. I was in a position to know better. Instinctively I glanced upward, in the direction in which the eyes of Mrs. Wilson had been so fixedly bent.

There, framed in a quadrangle of blue sky, I saw the head and neck of Miss Borgier. The sash of the skylight had been removed, to afford ventilation. The young woman was evidently lying at full length upon the flat roof. She commanded a perfect view of all that was done upon the operating table. Her face was flushed with eager interest, and wore an expression of innocent wonder, not unmingled with delight. She nodded merrily to me when I looked up, and laid a finger against her lips, as if to warn me to silence. Disgusted, I withdrew my eyes hastily from hers. Indeed, after my experience of the previous evening, I did not care to trust my self-control under the influence of her gaze.

As Dr. Mack with his sharp scissors cut the end of a linen bandage, he whispered to me: "This is without a parallel, not a sign of syncope, no trace of functional disorder. She has dropped quietly into healthy sleep during an infliction of pain that would drive a strong man mad."

As soon as released from my duties in the lecture room, I made my way to the roof of the building. As I emerged through the scuttle-way Miss Borgier scrambled to her feet and advanced to meet me without manifesting the slightest discomposure. Her face fairly beamed with pleasure.

"Wasn't it beautiful?" she asked with a smile, extending her hand. "I heard the bones slowly grinding and crushing!"

I did not take her hand. "How came you here?" I demanded, avoiding her glance.

"Oh!" she said, with a silvery laugh. "I came early, about sunrise. The janitor left the door ajar and I slipped in while he was in the cellar. All the morning I spent in the place where they dissect; and when the students began to come in down stairs I escaped here to the roof."

"Are you aware, Miss Borgier," I asked, very gravely, "that you have committed a serious indiscretion, and must be gotten out of the building as quickly and privately as possible?"

She did not appear to understand "Very well," she said. "I suppose there is nothing more to see. I may as well go."

I led her down through the garret, cumbered with boxes and barrels of unarticulated human bones; through the medical library, unoccupied at that hour; by a back stairway into and across the great vacant chemical lecture room; through the anatomical cabinet, full of objects appalling to the imagination of her sex. I was silent and she said nothing; but her eyes were everywhere, drinking in the strange surroundings with an avidity which I could feel without once looking at her. Finally we came to a basement corridor, at the end of which a door, not often used, gave egress by an alleyway to the street. It was through this door that subjects for dissection were brought into the building. I took a bunch of keys from my pocket and turned the lock. "Your way is clear now," I said.

To my immense astonishment, Miss Borgier, as we stood together at the end of the dark corridor, threw both arms around my neck and kissed me.

"Good by," she said, as she disappeared through the half-opened door.

When I awoke the next morning, after sleeping for more than 15 hours, I found that I could not raise my head from the pillow without nausea. The symptoms were exactly like those which mark the effects of an overdose of laudanum.

II.

I have thought it due to myself and to my professional reputation to recount these facts before briefly speaking of my recent testimony, as an expert, in the Ratcliff murder trial, the character of my relations with the accused having been persistly misrepresented.

The circumstances of that celebrated case are no doubt still fresh in the recollection of the public. Mr. John B. Ratcliff, a wealthy, middle-aged merchant of Boston, came to St. Louis with his young bride, on their wedding journey. His sudden death at the Planters' Hotel, followed by the arrest of his wife, who was entirely without friends or acquaintances in the city, her indictment for murder by poisoning, the conflict of medical testimony at the trial, and the purely circumstantial nature of the evidence against the prisoner, attracted general attention and excited public interest to a degree that was quite extraordinary.

It will be remembered that the State proved that the relations of Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliff, as observed by the guests and servants of the hotel, were not felicitous; that he rarely spoke to her at table, habitually averting his face in her presence; that he wandered aimlessly about the hotel for several days previous to his illness, apparently half stupefied, as if by the oppression of some heavy mental burden, and that when accosted by any one connected with the house he started as if from a dream, and answered incoherently if at all.

It was also shown that, by her husband's death, Mrs. Ratcliff became the sole mistress of a large fortune.

The evidence bearing directly upon the circumstances of Mr. Ratcliff's death was very clear. For 24 hours before a physician was summoned, no one had access to him save his wife. At dinner that day, in response to the polite inquiry of a lady neighbor at table, Mrs. Ratcliff announced, with great self-possession, that her husband was seriously indisposed. Soon after 11 o'clock at night, Mrs. Ratcliff rang her bell, and, without the least agitation of manner, remarked that her husband appeared to be dying, and that it might be well to send for a physician. Dr. Culbert, who arrived within a very few minutes, found Mr. Ratcliff in a profound stupor, breathing stertoriously. He swore at the trial that when he first entered the room the prisoner, pointing to the bed, coolly said: "I suppose that I have killed him."

Dr. Culbert's testimony seemed to point unmistakably to poisoning by laudanum or morphine. The unconscious man's pulse was full but slow; his skin cold and pallid; the expression of his countenance placid; yet ghastly pale; lips livid. Coma had already supervened, and it was impossible to rouse him. The ordinary expedients were tried in vain. Flagellation of the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet, electricity applied to the head and spine, failed to make any impression on his lethargy. The eyelids being forcibly opened, the pupils were seen to be contracted to the size of pinheads, and violently turned inward. Later, the stertorous breathing developed into the ominously loud rattle of mucous in the trachea; there were convulsions, attended by copious frothings at the mouth; the under jaw fell upon the breast; and paralysis and death followed, four hours after Dr. Culbert's arrival.

Several of the most eminent practitioners of the city, put upon the stand by the prosecution, swore that, in their opinion, the symptoms noted by Dr. Culbert not only indicated opium poisoning, but could have resulted from no other cause.

On the other hand, the State absolutely failed to show either that opium in any form had been purchased by Mrs. Ratcliff in St. Louis, or that traces of opium in any form were found in the room after the event. It is true that the Prosecuting Attorney, in his closing argument, sought to make the latter circumstance tell against the prisoner. He argued that the disappearance of any vessel containing or having contained laudanum, in view of the positive evidence that laudanum had been employed, served to establish a deliberate intention of murder and to demolish any theory of accidental poisoning that the defense might attempt to build; and he propounded half a dozen hypothetical methods by which Mrs. Ratcliff might have disposed, in advance, of this evidence of her crime. The Court, of course, in summing up, cautioned the Jury against attaching weight to these hypotheses of the Prosecuting Attorney.

The Court, however, put much emphasis on the medical testimony for the prosecution, and on the calm declaration of Mrs. Ratcliff to Dr. Culbert, "I suppose that I have killed him."

Having conducted the autopsy, and afterward made a qualitative analysis of the contents of the dead man's stomach, I was put upon the stand as a witness for the defense.

Then I saw the prisoner for the first time in more than five years. When I had taken the oath and answered the preliminary questions, Mrs. Ratcliff raised the veil which she had worn since the trial began, and looked me in the face with the well remembered eyes of Miss Borgier.

I confess that my behavior during the first few moments of surprise afforded some ground for the reports that were afterwards current concerning my relations with the prisoner. Her eyes chained not only mine, but my tongue also. I saw Jerusalem again, and the face framed in blue sky peering down into the amphitheater of the old Medical College. It was only after a struggle which attracted the attention of Judge, jury, bar, and spectators that I was able to proceed with my testimony.

That testimony was strong for the accused. My knowledge of the case was wholly post-mortem. It began with the autopsy. Nothing had been found that indicated poisoning by laudanum or by any other agent. There was no morbid appearance of the intestinal canal; no fullness of the cerebral vessels, no serous effusion. Every appearance that would have resulted from death by poison was wanting in the subject. That, of course, was merely negative evidence. But, furthermore, my chemical analysis had proved the absence of the poison in the system. The opium odor could not be detected. I had tested for morphine with nitric acid, permuriate of iron, chromate of potash, and, most important of all, iodic acid. I had tested again for meconic acid with the permuriate of iron. I had tested by Lassaigne's process, by Dublane's, and by Flandin's. As far as the resources of organic chemistry could avail, I had proved that, notwithstanding the symptoms of Mr. Ratcliff's case before death, death had not resulted from laudanum or any other poison known to science.

The questions by the prosecuting counsel as to my previous acquaintance with the prisoner, I was able to answer truthfully in a manner that did not shake the force of my medical testimony. And it was chiefly on the strength of this testimony that the jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of not guilty.

Did I swear falsely? No; for science bore me out in every assertion. I knew that not a drop of laudanum or grain of morphine had passed Ratcliff's lips. Ought I to have declared my belief regarding the true cause of the man's death, and told the story of my previous observations of Miss Borgier's case? No; for no court of justice would have listened to that story for a single moment. I knew that the woman did not murder her husband. Yet I believed and knew—as surely as we can know any thing where the basis of ascertained fact is slender and the laws obscure—that she poisoned him, *poisoned him to death with her eyes.*

I think that it will be generally conceded by the profession that I am neither a sensationalist nor prone to lose my self-command in the mazes of physico-psychologic speculation. I make the foregoing assertion deliberately, fully conscious of all that it implies.

What was the mystery of the noxious influence which this woman exerted through her eyes? What was the record of her ancestry, the secret of predisposition in her case? By what occult process of evolution did her glance deprive the toxical effect of the *papaver somniferum?* How did she come to be a Woman-Poppy? I can not yet answer these questions. Perhaps I shall never be able to answer them.

But if there is need of further proof of the sincerity of my denial of any sentiment on my part which might have led me to shield Mrs. Ratcliff by perjury, I may say that I have now in my possession a letter from her, written after her acquittal, proposing to endow me with her fortune and herself; as well as a copy of my reply, respectfully declining the offer.—*New York Sun.*

A Car-Conductor and his Bride.

The Chicago *Evening News* recently contained a romance from every-day life founded on the issuance of a marriage-license to James H. O'Brien, aged 26, of No. 539 Ogden Avenue, to wed Miss Fannie M. Farlin, aged 21, of Minneapolis. The essential points in this tale are as follows:

James H. O'Brien, the hero, was, until two years ago, a farmer-boy at Woodstock. At that time he came to Chicago and became a conductor on the Ogden Avenue line of street-cars, a position in which he has remained ever since, giving entire satisfaction to his employers, and, as the sequel shows, in an eminent degree to at least one of his fair passengers, a Miss Fannie M. Farlin, the adopted daughter of Leonard P. Chase, an insurance solicitor, residing at No. 395 South Leavitt Street. Miss Farlin was then 19, and a pupil in the high-school division of the Scammon School. An acquaintance sprang up between her and the conductor with whom she rode, which ripened into friendship, and then into love. She rode on O'Brien's car exclusively, and possibly oftener than was necessary, and the boys chaffed him about it. On one occasion one of them winked at a young lady sitting next to Miss Chase, and O'Brien, assuming him to be a rival, offered to wipe the ground with him, or words to that effect. On Sunday mornings they met at St. Jarlath's Church, and Sunday evenings, when the old folks were at church, they did their best to run up a heavy gas-bill and economize in the natural wear and tear of furniture. All went merry as a marriage-bell. But the stern male parent surprised them one Sunday evening, and O'Brien was forbidden the house. The young lady's determination to marry her conductor simply nerved Mr. Chase up to a state of greater determination that she shouldn't, if he could help it—and he thought he could. He gave his ultimatum. O'Brien would make a quit-claim deed to Miss Fannie's hand, or he, Mr. Chase, would see to it that O'Brien quit the railroad company's service. Mr. Chase evidently meant business. A few days passed, and then the crisis. Mr. Lake, Superintendent of the Company, received an anonymous note stating that O'Brien had for more than two years passed Miss Chase and other school girls over the Ogden Avenue line on his car without demanding and getting their fares, as the rules of the Company required. A suspension followed, and O'Brien was called up before Mr. Lake and requested to explain matters. He gave up the whole story—said he had paid her fares, and those of some of her friends, out of his own pocket, and that he would marry her if he had to go to the poor-house for it. Mr. Lake, very much relieved, told him that if he married the girl he would make it right for him and reinstate him. Last Monday the stern parent had to go out of town to remain a week. The lovers put their heads together, got the license above alluded to, and 8 o'clock that evening saw them one. O'Brien "got his car" again yesterday morning—No. 238—and, as he wields the punch and destroys all that is good, true and beautiful in a twelve-ride ticket, may now and then be heard to hum something that sounds like "The merry, merry maiden and the tor"—the conductor.

Butter Making.

The attention of farmers and dairymen is particularly called to the notices of the "Gilt-Edge Butter Maker" which are appearing in this paper from time to time. It is confidently claimed that the use of this preparation increases the amount of butter from six to ten per cent.; that the flavor is better and a beautiful color secured; that the time consumed in churning is greatly shortened, and that the keeping qualities are much improved—the natural consequence of all which being that butter made by it is always in demand at a handsome advance on the price of the ordinary article. Judging from the testimonials given, these claims are not extravagant, and the "Gilt-Edge" should prove a valuable acquisition to every butter maker.

—Emigration from England to Australia has been checked by the depression in the mining districts of the colonies, which has thrown a large number of laborers out of employment. Emigrants to New South Wales have recently returned, giving very gloomy accounts of the prospects for settlers who go there without a liberal supply of money. Increased interest is manifested in emigration to the United States all over the manufacturing districts of Great Britain, where low wages and scarcity of work are causing general discontent.

—The Grand Jury of the Superior Court at Greenfield, Mass., has indicted the inhabitants of a New Salem school district for failure to provide a suitable school-house for the children.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Table.

—Clam Fritters: Take 25 clams and stew them in their own liquor, salt and pepper them slightly; cook for 15 minutes slowly; drain the clams, chopping them as fine as possible, removing all the hard portions first; make a batter of four eggs, with a half-pint of sifted flour and a pint of milk; get it as smooth as possible; mix the clams with it; use butter for frying. A small addition of parsley is excellent.

—Buckwheat Cakes: A lady says: I first set a little batter, a day or so before I wish to use it, and as fast as it rises up, add a little more water and flour and stir down. Then, when I wish to use it, I turn out enough to use for that time, leaving enough in the batter dish to raise for the next morning, and never put soda into that. Avoid putting in too much soda, and yet use enough to sweeten; thin with a little sweet milk (which makes them brown nicely) and always have the griddle hot, and the cakes are fit for a king.

—Potato Salad: Cut ten or twelve cold boiled potatoes into slices from a quarter to half an inch thick; put these into the salad bowl with four tablespoonfuls of vinegar and six of best olive oil; also a teaspoonful of minced parsley, or, if that is not seasonable, the same quantity of celery seed. Mix to a smooth paste the yelks of six hard-boiled eggs with a little water, and add also a mustard-spoonful of mixed mustard. Add pepper and salt to your taste, stir it about, and let it stand an hour or so before eating. It is well to add some bits of cold chicken or turkey, and you can garnish either with rings of the white of egg or any kind of pickle you choose.

—Chicken, Southern Style: The Southern negro cook has an excellent and simple way of preparing young chickens. Cut them into pieces, sprinkle with pepper and salt and dredge with flour. Have ready a sauce-pan, with hot fat extracted from salt pork, in which fry, or rather sauce, the chickens, covering them, and watching that they may not burn. Take up, drain, and set aside in a hot covered dish. Pour into the gravy left in the frying-pan a cup of rich milk, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, add a lump of butter, some parsley and young celery plant minced, boil up, season to taste and pour over the hot chicken.

—Oyster Omelette: One dozen large fresh oysters chopped into small pieces, half a teaspoonful of salt sprinkled on them, and then let them stand in their own liquor half an hour. Beat six eggs, the yelks and whites apart, the former to a firm, smooth paste, the latter to a solid froth. Add to the yelks a tablespoonful of rich, sweet cream, pepper and salt in sufficient quantity, and then lightly stir the whites in. Put an ounce and a half of butter into a hot frying-pan. When it is thoroughly melted and begins to fry, pour in your egg mixture, and add as quickly as possible the oysters. Do not stir, but with a broad-bladed omelette knife lift, as the eggs set, the omelette from the bottom of the pan, to prevent its scorching. In five minutes it will be done. Place a hot dish bottom upward over the omelette, and dexterously turn the pan over with the brown side uppermost upon the dish. Eat without delay.

—Plum Pudding: One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, half a cup of cream, a cup and a half of milk, one cup chopped suet, one cup of currants and raisins chopped fine, half a cup of candied orange cut fine, six eggs well beaten, two grated nutmegs, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves, bread-crumbs. Beat the butter and sugar together to a cream. The bread-crumbs should be dried thoroughly, and passed through a sieve. Beat all well together before adding the bread-crumbs, then add enough of them to give proper consistency. Put the pudding into a tin mold, not quite filling it, and boil it four hours. Sauce: Use equal quantities of butter and sugar. Cream the butter, then add the sugar, beating them both until very light. Add then the beaten yelk of an egg, and a little grated nutmeg. Into a pint of boiling water stir this mixture.

Miscellaneous.

—In making any sauce put the butter and flour in together and your sauce will never be lumpy.

—Good flour is tested by the amount of water it absorbs. Good flour is not always the whitest.

—Newspapers are good for cleaning stoves, tinware, knives, spoons, mirrors, windows and lamp chimneys.

—Finely grated horseradish root, thoroughly rubbed up with white sugar and taken slowly, cures hoarseness.

—Equal parts of soft soap and quicklime, made into a paste and renewed often, is said to be a sure cure for a felon.

—Whenever you see your sauce boil from the sides of the pan you may know your flour or corn-starch is done.

—In cooking a fowl, to ascertain when it is done, but a skewer into the breast, and if the breast is tender the fowl is done.

—Cover kerosene stains with Indian meal, and when the oil strikes through remove and put on fresh; repeat this until the oil is removed.

—A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee immediately before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities.

—To Soften the Hands: Half a pound of mutton-tallow, one ounce of camphor gum, one ounce of glycerine; melt all together, and set away to cool. Rub the hands with this at night.

—A few drops of creosote added to a pint of ink will prevent mildew from gathering on the surface. The ink should be well shaken in order to thoroughly assimilate the creosote with it.

—If you wound the hand or foot with a rusty nail, smoke the wound with burning wool or woolen cloth. Fifteen or twenty minutes in the smoke will remove all pain from the worst class of inflammation.

—In washing windows a narrow-bladed wooden knife, sharply pointed, will take out the dust that hardens in the corners of the sash. Dry whiting will polish the glass, which should first be washed with weak black tea mixed with a little alcohol.

Venetian Marriages.

The Venetains have had a practical and strictly business-like way of arranging marriages from the earliest times. The shrewdest provision has always been made for the good of the State, private and public interest being consulted, the small matter of the affections has been left to the chances of association, and it does seem that Venetian society has ever dealt severely with husbands or wives whom incompatibility forced to seek consolation outside of matrimony. Herodotus relates that the Illyrian Veneti sold their daughters at auction to the highest bidder; and, the fair being thus comfortably placed in life, the hard-favored were given to whomsoever would take them with such dower as might be considered a reasonable compensation. The auction was discontinued in Christian times, but marriage-contracts still partook of the form of a public and half mercantile transaction. At a comparatively late period Venetian fathers went with their daughters to a great annual matrimonial fair at San Pietro of Castello Cilvolo, and the youth of the lagoons repaired thither to choose wives from the number of the maidens. These were all dressed in white, with hair loose about their neck, and each bore her dower in a little box, slung over her shoulder by a ribbon. It is supposed that there was commonly an understanding between each damsel and some youth in the crowd; as soon as all had paired off, the bishop gave them a sermon and his benediction, and the young men gathered up their brides and boxes and went away wedded. This going to San Pietro's selecting a wife, and marrying her on the spot, out of hand, could only have been the contrivance of a straightforward practical race. Among the common people betrothals were managed with even greater ease and dispatch till a very late day in history, and in the record of a certain trial which took place in 1443 there is an account of one of these brief and unceremonious courtships. Donna Catarussa, who gives evidence, and whom I take to have been a worthless, idle gossip, was one day sitting at her door when Pietro di Trento passed, selling brooms and said to her:

"Madonna, give me some nice girl to be my wife."

As Donna Catarussa thought at once of a suitable match, she said:

"In faith of God, I know one for you. Come again to-morrow."

So then both met next, and the woman chosen by Donna Catarussa was asked:

"Wouldst thou like to have Pietro for thy husband, as God commands the Holy Church?"

"Yes," she answered.

And Pietro, being asked the like question answered:

"Why, yes, certainly."

And they went off and had the wedding-feast.—*English Magazine.*

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