THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

"AID YOURSELF, AND GOD WILL AID YOU."

"Aid yourself, and God will aid you"
Is a saying that I hold
Should be written not in letters
Wrought of silver or of gold,
But upon our hearts be graven,
A command from God in heaven,
'Tis the law of Him who made you—
Aid yourself, and God will aid you.

Aid yourself—who will not labor
All his work of life to pain,
But relies upon his neighbor,
Finds that he relies in vain—
Till you've done your utmost, never
Ask a helping hand, nor ever
Let the willful turn upbraid you—
Aid yourself, and God will aid you.

Aid yourself—you know the fable
Of the wheel sunk in the road;
How the carter was not able
By his prayers to move the load
Till, urged by some more wise beholder,
He moved the wheel with lusty shoulder.
Do your own work—your Master bade you—
Aid yourself, and God will aid you.

It is well to help a brother
Or a sister when in need,
But, believe me, there's another
Not-to-be-forgotten creed.
Better loved is never science
Teach a man than self-reliance,
'Tis the law of Him who made you—
Aid yourself, and God will aid you.

Aid yourself—be not like ivy
Clinging still to wall or tree,
That can only rise by striving
For support meet singly.
Rather be the oak, maintaining,
Heart and branches self-sustaining;
For this "the Great Task-Master" made you—
Aid yourself, and God will aid you.

—*J. F. Waller, in Cassell's Magazine.*

THE WORLD IS VAST.

The world is vast and we are small.
We are so weak and it so strong,
Onward it goes, nor cares at all
For us, our silence or our song,
Our fast-days or our festival.

We tremble as we feel it sway
Beneath our feet, as on we fare,
But like a ball which children play
God spins it through the fair blue air.
We are His own, why should we care?

—*Susan Coolidge, in the Christian Union.*

PHEBE CAR'L.

Laws! that's Phebe Car'l! Hain't you never seed her? I've knowed Phebe sence she was a little thing no bigger'n Mis' Bes's baby. She used to think she had a hard time, poor girl! Well, it *was* kind o' discouragin.' Old man Car'l he had a big family, and Mis' Car'l she never had no health, and Phebe bein' the only girl, the heft o' the work fell onto her. I've seen that there child, when she wasn't more'n 10 year old, puttin' out as big a day's washin' as many a growed woman could do. Mis' Car'l had the cancer, and she made a terrible sight o' washin', so she did. Then there was six hulkin' fellows, and menfolks' washin' ain't no light job, now I can tell ye! Of course they wore calico shirts and overhails, but they was careless boys, all exceptin' Jake. Jake, he was the proudest feller, an' he must have his starched white shirt for Sunday and his linen coats in summer, fixed up fit to kill! Hit didn't do him no good fer to fix up so fine, so it didn't. He married the wurthlessest girl of any of the boys, and they didn't none of 'em git much fer to brag on.

Well, Phebe, she done fer all of 'em, and they lived in the shacklin'est cabin down on that cross road, t'other side of the ole sawmill. The roof hit was al'ays a leakin' and spilin' the beds, and Phebe she'd have to move her mother round from one corner to the other to keep her in the dry, and them big boys loafin' round up at the store with their hands in their pockets. Sometimes they'd git a day's work to do, choppin' or haulin', but giner'ly they didn't do much but lay theirselves out to sun—and spit. Every one o' them boys an' the ole man chawed; and they didn't have no manners when they spit, and Phebe never could keep her floor nor her quilt clean. I've seed that girl put out a washin' o' quilts 'twould reach from here to the mill. She was awful industrious, and always a patchin' quilts, so she was. She made one snowball and one settin'-sun as perty as any quilts I ever laid my eyes on; then she had two log-cabins—one woolen and one cotton—and nine patches ——Laws! there was no end to the quilts that girl didn't make! But they never done *her* no good. *She* never got none of them, fer, when Mis' Car'l died, the ole man he married ag'in and jes' kept every thing. He married the tridlin'est ole thing in the country that nobody didn't think was scarcely decent; and fust thing she does is to up and order Phebe out of the house. And Phebe she went, and said she wouldn't go back there no more; and nobody didn't blame her.

Two of the boys got married before their mother died; and the rest of 'em they jus' hung 'round like they always done.

But Phebe, there wasn't no hang 'round in her. Jake told her she might come and make her home at his house, and she did, and, laws! if they didn't work her! Jake's wom'n she never lifted a finger if she could help it; and it was Phebe this and Phebe that, year in and year out. The girl never went nowheres, and she had less clothes than any body I ever seed! Jake he never got her nothin' to wear, except a linen suit one'c that he bought at the store and brought home, and every body thought he was goin' to make her a present of it. But, lo and behold ye! when she left, he ups and makes her pay fer it! *I'd* a-told him: "Mister, I've done your work fer nothin', and you hain't furnished me nothin' but vittles, and now if you don't pay the storekeeper for this, he kin sue *you* fer it." But she paid fer it, and didn't say nothin' to nobody, out o' the five dollars Abe give her after she worked fer him five or six months.

You see Abe's woman was one o' the bed-fast kind, like the fust ole Mis' Car'l. She was a reel pleasant woman when she wasn't ailin'; but I've knowed her to lay with the bone-airysip'lis a year and a half without never gittin' up out o' her bed.

They couldn't git no help, and Abe he couldn't a paid fer it if they had a got it—work in' by day's works, and not always havin' a job; and they had three children, so they had, and as sassy brats as ever went unwhipped. Abe's wife couldn't do nothin' with them; and there was the family to do fer, and nobody to do the work.

So Abe he ups and goes fer Phebe when his woman gits so bad she can't help herself no more. And nothin'll do but Phebe must come to his house. He made such a pitiful mouth that Phebe, poor thing, she couldn't say no. And that made Jake and his wom'n mad, now I tell ye! They'd been so used to have Phebe at their beck an' call, that it sot hard for any body else to git the use of her. Jake he did behave scandlous, so he did! He cussed and ripped around at her, and tole her she needn't look to him fer a home no more. She might go to the porehouse fer all o' him.

Pore Phebe, she felt mighty bad, but she tole him she guessed she wouldn't never go onto charity, fer she'd always been able to work. And his wife wouldn't say good-by to her, and he cussed and swore till she was out of sight. She didn't have no pleasure at Abe's house, now I tell ye! I never see sich sassy brats as them was, and all of 'em onto Phebe from mornin' to night. It nigh about tuck the life out o' her. But she took care o' Abe's woman and done a right o' work, and things went on fer about six months; and then the pore girl was clean out o' every thing to wear. She was jes' as nigh naked fer all kinds o' clothes as you ever see.

Phebe was awful keerful of her things or she'd never made her mother's old things last her so long. But old Mis' Car'l didn't hev but a few calico things herself. There was that girl nigh 25 years ole, and she'd never had a allywool or alpacky dress in her life. So she ups and tells Abe she don't want to leave him when he has sickness in the family, but somethin' to cover her she has got to have, and if he wont hear no till she gets her, she'll git a place among the farmers some'ers and work till she gits her some clothes. Abe, he growled around, but he knew it would never do to let Phebe go. He said it was perty hard fer a poce man like him to have to clothe sech a family as his'n and his sisters besides; and then he pulled out and borrowed five dollars and give her. You never see nobody pleaseder than Phebe when she got that money. She went to the store and paid for the linen suit Jake had give her and had charged up to her, and got some muslin and calico, and my girls helped her do her sewin'. So Phebe, she come out in her new things and felt spruce. She bought a straw hat fer sixty-two cents, too, and my girls, they p'suaded her to go to meetin'.

Phebe hadn't gone among the young folks none around here; she never had no time, and then the boys they was so rough. They never had no manners, but would go whoopin' and yellin' round, and on Sundays they'd pitch horseshoes and play ball and jump all day long. Now, when Phebe got some clothes on her—made like the fashions is now—she wasn't a bad-lookin' girl. Some women can look real perty in calico, and she was a good-shaped girl. Phebe was, for all she'd worked so hard and when she was so little. She was a big girl, but she had a good color, and her hair was as brown, so it was. And I went and stayed with Abe's woman, so Phebe she could go to meetin' after her clothes was done, and the girls said they never seed a colt let loose fuller of play comin' and goin'.

That was the first time, too, that Irish John war at meetin', and I do 'low them two fell in love with each other then and there. The girls, a good many of them, was settin' their caps for John. He was a very orderly kind of feller, and 'tended right to his own business. He didn't go much with the other boys, though he didn't seem to feel himself above nobody, but it wasn't in him to go a jumpin' and a howlin' round. His place was stiddy with one o' the farmers all the yeer round. He lived at North's and nigh about run the farm, fer ole man North he put all dependence in Irish John.

Some said he'd only been in the country a year, and some said he'd been over five years or better, and he'd worked with a farmer up above Kokomo, or round about Alto some'rs, afore he come to North's. But he was a very quiet feller and didn't have much to say fer hissef, and some o' the girls kind o' took a shine to him. He was reel good lookin', and straight as a Injun arry, fair-complected kind o', and he carried his shoulders back and didn't go hulkin' over like lots o' the fellers lookin' like their nose is hooked to their big toe, and their backs is bulgin' up to sprout.

Fust thing you know, him and Phebe Car'l was goin' together; I thought it did beat all when I heerd it for Phebe she never had no beau. Jake an' Abe and the rest had tied her down too clost fer that. I thinks to myself: "Now, Phebe is a good girl, but she's never had no comp'ny, and most likely this feller'll turn her head, and we don't none of us know *all* about him. He 'pears stiddy and well behaved; but he may have a wife in the old country, or even over here. And Jake and Abe, they's so all fer theirselves, they wouldn't keer what trouble Phebe might git into, and the other boys an' the ole man is that ornery they won't never look out fer her none. So," says I, "I'll kind o' keep an eye on her courtin'."

Well, they didn't gis much chance to court at Abe's house, 'cause there was Mis' Car'l always down, and them children yowlin' all over the house, and they didn't have only two rooms, the livin' room and the shed where they cooked. I'd a shook the breath out o' that Sary Jane, so I would—that's the oldest one. "Humph!" says she to Phebe after Abe had give Phebe the five dollars, "my papa don't owe you nothin', so he don't. He pays you fer your work." The ovtlacious little rip!

I goes over to Mis' Car'ls when they fust begun goin' with one another, to see how Phebe liked her beau. And I give her a sly dig or two, and that satisfied *me*. There never was a changeder girl than she got to be. I b'lieve my soul she worshipped the ground that feller walked on. And if any body'd speak about him her face'd git so red.

Him and her'd take their walks along the railroad Sunday afternoon, talkin' kind o' still and comf'terble together like old married folks. And that girl got reel perty, so she did. I used to run in and stay by Mis' Car'l a good deal them times, so's Phebe could git out with her feller.

Jake and Abe, they done jes' as much agin' it as ever they could. I 'low it made 'em mad to think Phebe might have a home of her own and not have to nigger for them no more. They called him all the names they could lay their tongues to, and she'd go out where she couldn't hear, her eyes full and her face a-burnin'. Phebe's spirit was kind o' slow, but when it was up once it was up. And onc'e when Abe was goin' on callin' John a dirty low bog-trotter and an Irish beggar (and fer that matter Irish John could a bought him out, cash in hand, then, fifty times over), she jes' took her bonnet and come over to our place. And Abe he had to cook the meals hisself, and 'tend to his woman and the young ones nigh about a week, 'fore she'd go back. He came 'round and talked mighty mealy-mouthed 'fore he could git her to go. So Abe he kind o' shut up after that. Only he acted like as if John was disgracin' the family by wantin' to marry into it.

Fer they got ingaged 'fore they'd went together long. They was desp't in love. It turned out that John was okally as bad struck as Phebe was. And I do 'low they'd a made an awful happy couple. But some folks is out out fer trouble, and if they see satisfaction fer a little, pears like they ain't let to get no hold on to it.

Phebe used to come and tell me her troubles in them days, and I felt mighty sorry fer the girl, so I did. But, laws! she war seein' satisfaction, too, fer there never was a man nigher crazy over a girl than he was over her, and she thinkin' the world an' all of him. John wanted to get married right off. And that stood him in hand, fer he had two hundred dollars saved, and ole man North 'ud give him house-room on the place, and let him farm on sheers, and jump at the chance.

But Abe's woman was gettin' worse all the time, and Phebe, she hated to leave 'em on that account, and she hadn't no way of gettin' nothin' to be married in, nohow. John, he offered her fifty dollars down to buy her things with. But, laws! she hung off, and I didn't blame her. If her own father and brothers wouldn't do nothin' fer her, after workin' her as hard as they done, she felt kind o' too proud to go onto the man she hadn't married yit fer clothes to marry in. So John, when he's in Kokomo, he gits her as pretty a cashmer dress patteign as you ever seed, and takes it to a dressmaker, and tells the dressmaker it's fer his wife; then back he comes and gits one of my girls to measure Phebe on the sly, and sends the measure in a letter. John could both read and write, and they say he figgered. Pretty soon here comes the dress all made, and directed to Mrs. John Cragin.

Phebe, she comes flying over to our place to show her dress and try it on; and, if you'll believe me there wasn't a wrinkle in it, and you never seed any thing so blikemin'. She looked like a lady, so she did. The cashmere was so soft and fine, and made her look so slim and white-skinned. Only it was black.

"Oh, Phebe!" says my Mary, "he ortent a got a black weddin' dress; it's unlucky."

"It's the pertiest thing I ever see," says Phebe, smoothin' it with her hand. And she was that tender 'bout John, I do b'lieve it hurt her fer Mary to say the dress he bought was unlucky.

Well, it was only two days after that that a man come ridin' down from North's like he'd kill the horse, fer a doctor to come and see John Cragin. It was thrashin'-time, and he'd got throwed in among the machinery some way, and 'bout killed. I won't say whether it war the machinery or the horses; some says one way, some says another. I 'low it was done so quick and skeered them all so they didn't know what happened. For he was out before any body could help him, and walked along a few steps white and laughin', and then he fell down and begin to bleed at the mouth.

One of our boys come runnin' from the store and told me, and I picks up my sun-bonnet and makes fer Abe Car'l's, fer I knowed ef Phebe heard it onprepared, it 'ud nigh about kill her.

But, laws! ill news does travel fast. I 'low one of Abe's young uns had been as quick as our'n. She was standin' in the middle of the floor bulgin' her eyes out at nothin', whiter than the dead. I don't think the girl had no sense left. She had the dish-rag in her hands, and she commenced wipin' her face with it, and that nasty little Sary Jane stood off and p'inted at her, and begun to yell and laugh.

"Shut up, you huzzy!" says I, givin' the young un a push; "you hustle 'round here and look after your mother. Your Aunt Phebe has got somebody else to look after now, besides sassy young uns."

I didn't know how Mrs. Car'l 'ud take it, but I never thought about that till afterwards. If John was a-goin' to die, the quicker Phebe got to him the better. I changed her clothes and put her black dress onto her, pore soul! And behold ye! as soon as she stepped foot out of house, there was North's buggy comin' fer her full tilt, fer John had sent for her, and I 'lowed they'd need help, so I got in and went, too.

Phebe, she seemed sort o' crazy all the way, and didn't do nothin' but wring her hands like she'd twist 'em off, and sort o' moan, "Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" like she'd die.

There wasn't no p'tendin' between them two. Some girls 'ud kind o' helt back from showin' they thought so much of a man they wasn't married to fer fear folks 'ud talk. But I don't think she thought of nobody in the world but John.

North's wasn't but a mil'd out o' town, and it 'peared like we got there in a minute. And the doctor and menfolks was round him workin' with him, and they wouldn't let Phebe go in. She kept on her feet and walked around jes' atwistin' her hands and sayin' "Oh, Lord!" and me and Mis' North, we cried like babies, and tried to pacify her, but it was like talkin' to a stone, so it was.

At last the docior he came out, and tole us we might take her in, but John mustn't be excited. And I ast the doctor, kind o' low, ef it was very bad, and he says there wasn't no hope; the man was hurt in'ardly and wouldn't live but a few hours.

I puts my arm 'round poor Phebe and goes into the room with her, to kind o' hold her back from makin' a noise. But, laws! she slips along as still as death, and, to my dyin'-day, I'll never fergit the look them two give each other. He kind o' spread his hands and she slipped down and put her arms round him. Then they kissed each other, and two of the threshers that stood by the window wiped their eyes on their shirt-sleeves, and kind o' crept out o' the room like they's shamed o' theirselves; and, before the sun went down, John and Phebe they was man and wife! He was bound to marry her, and nothin' would ye give her more satisfaction, unless 'twas dyin' with him. He didn't suffer much, his body was kind o' numb, and we wouldn't thought he was so dangerous by the way he acted, fer he 'peared as clear and lively. It was a mercy to Phebe, for every groan he give 'ud go through her like a knife.

One o' the threshers gits onto a horse and goes for a preacher and a license to Kokomo; and for a lawyer, too. John said he wanted to make a will; and he did, and left everythin' he had—'twas only about two hundred dollars, and how them Car'ls did fuss and try to git that away from her!

The preacher he come and tied the knot. I never seed such a solemn weddin': Her kneelin' by the bed holdin' his hand—it was a sofy-bed that they'd fixed up quick in the settin'-room fer him—and her arm under his head, and them two a-lookin' in each other's eyes like they'd die fer each other, and the preacher stannin off an askin', in a feelin' kind of voice, ef they'd take one another fer man and wife; and I noticed he didn't say till death does you part, fer it looked like *they* was gittin' married fer t'other life.

Ole man North and old Mis' North and me and the threshers all stood by, and to save my soul I couldn't keep from crying; but it was the pertiest weddin' I ever seed, and we all stepped up and wished them much joy; and John he answers pleasant, and says he, "All of you be good to Mis' Cragin." And we called Phebe Mis' Cragin. She sot down on the floor beside of his head, and never left her place that night, and they talked in whispers and kissed one another till he kind of sunk into a trance or sumpin, and laid that way all the after part of the night, and died about sun up. I staid up to help nuss him and look after her. We had to change cloths on his chist and give him drops to keep him quiet, and ole Mis' North she handled him like a mother. I don't think no one about the house ra'ly slept. He looked as perty as a child when he was layin' a corpse, and there sot Phebe, kissin' his hair and cooin' to him, till we drawed her away. She didn't make no loud to-do like we 'lowed she would, but she never left that corpse from the time it was dressed till it was put under ground. It was a big funeral, so it was. Ole man North he had the undertaker out from Kokomo, and every thing was done up nice, and Phebe she walked along right next to the coffin to the grave, a-holdin' to ole man North's arm, and lookin' like she was in a trance, and I b'lieve to my soul she didn't have her right senses fer many a day.

Why, laws! she'd walk two mile to that graveyard and set there all the afternoon by the grave, kind o' talkin' to John. Me and Mary was comin' home from Kokomo one day—I'd been agoin' some tradin'—and we see Phebe layin' there with her arms over the grave, agoin' on like John and her was havin' a good talk. I do 'low she thought he could hear her, and Phebe is crazy. Laws! how do we know?

She tuck the money he left and inclosed a big space round his grave, and a gate put to the fence, and all sodded. The graveyard was open-like, and the cows they trompled it. And she bought the pertiest monnyment you ever sot your seelu eyes on; and his name and age, and time he died'n all, was put on to it, and a verse of Scripter that says sumpin' about "Entreat me not to leave thee"—and I forgit how the rest of it goes. But all so perty.

Laws! how mad it did make them Car'ls fer Phebe to use her man's money that way. They called her all the fools they could lay their tongues to; and Abe said, after he'd hep' her as long as he had, he did 'low she might give *him* sumpin'; and Jake and his woman they cut up, and said now she was a widder woman she needn't come onto him for support, and the old man he didn'tsay nor say much of nothin' but jes' let her alone.

But laws! how they have changed their tune. You know John he left every thing, and not long after his death there comes news that some kinsfolks of hisn'n in the old country had left him a big fortune of ten thousand dollars, and Phebe she got it, every cent. There wasn't no lawin' nor nothin' about it. And there was Phebe a rich woman for marryin' Irish John.

The Car'ls they didn't never say another word agin him. And they'd jes' lick Phebe's shoes now, so they would, fer they know she won't never marry agin, and they think their young uns'll come in fer the property. Phebe she's good to 'em, but they're done drivin' her and tellin' her what she's got to do. And I think it always sticks in her craw the way they talked about John. She lives at Mis' North's jes' like an own daughter, and has her money in a nice farm, and gits the rent and sees to things herself, and comes and goes as she pleases. Many's the feller that would like to git her, but she won't change the name o' Cragin as long as *she* lives. Mis' North says she has John's ole room, and keeps his clothes and things a-hangin there, and she's a picter of him on the wall. And every Sunday of her life she's out by his grave, so she is. There never was a lovin'er soul drawed breath.

Well, this ain't gittin my work done, sittin' here and talkin' about Phebe Car'l.

—*Leslie's Weekly.*

EDISON'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.

He Declares It to be Practically Perfected—His Plans for the Future.

[From the New York Sun, Jan. 24.]

"When Sir Humphrey Davy, the famous English chemist, was apprised of the project of forcing carburetted hydrogen gas through a system of pipes for purposes of illumination, he laughed in derision. Nevertheless," continued Mr. Edison, "illumination by coal gas proved to be a great success. My project for the subdivision of the electric light is treated in like manner by all those persons who are profoundly ignorant of the system which I am day by day perfecting. It is a singular fact that persons conversant with the subject, after inspecting my laboratory, are ready to allow that I am all right as far as I have gone. I ask no more."

Mr. Edison insists that the only question now is of the perfect formation of the glass globes of his lamps. This, he says, will soon be brought about. Notwithstanding the occasional unfavorable reports of Mr. Edison's experiments, as published, the company of capitalists who are backing him seem not to lose confidence in the inventor's ability to do all that he has promised.

The proprietor of one of the private dwellings in Menlo Park, that are illuminated by the Edison lights, said last evening: "The lights seem almost perfect. They give us absolutely no trouble. When we retire we turn the little screws attached to each and the glow instantly ceases. Often during the day I turn the lights up. So far, nearly three weeks, they have not failed. The so-called scientific persons in New York and others who are continually condemning this plan for lighting as impracticable have a great surprise in store for them. They are sure to see their entire city lighted by these same jets."

A number of new lamps were set up yesterday in the Menlo Park laboratory. To the ordinary observer their intensity does not differ from that of those that have been burning for weeks. Examinations of the carbon contained in these latter, made by the photometer and galvanometer show their resistance to be unimpaired. That is to say, the amount of combustion that has taken place can not be measured.

It is thought in Menlo Park that some of the lights that were stolen during the first week of the public exhibition have fallen into the hands of Western electricians. Should similar lamps be manufactured and used, even without the improved dynamo machines, their introducers will be prosecuted by the managers of Mr. Edison's Electric Light Company.

A means of preventing the glass tubes containing the incandescent lights from cracking Mr. Edison says he has discovered, and will at once put in practice. At the point where the platinum wires pierce the tubes, a compound is applied having a fixed alkali for the base, and a conchoidal fracture. Several of these, he says, have been burning for eighty hours without the sign of a crack.

The following are the number of hours that each of the lights now set up at Menlo Park had been glowing up to last evening. It was made by Mr. Edison himself from the book kept by one of his assistants:

597, 465, 465, 515, 508, 501, 503, 517, 487, 487, 332, 190, 200, 208, 430, 380, 400, 267, 370, 350, 373, 332, 332, 332, 332, 332, 417, 326, 336, 283, 286, 294, 294, 300, 300, 280, 286, 301, 367, 215, 384, 238, 198, 193, 194, 194, 198.

This includes not only the lights in the laboratory, but also those glowing publicly in the streets and in the private houses.

Mr. Edison exhibited last evening a series of elaborate drawings which comprise the entire plans for the station that he says he will shortly establish in this city. The machinery is to be placed in a building 25x100 feet. In the cellar are to be five engines of 250-horse power each. The dynamo machines are to be in the second and third stories. Using the small horseshoes instead of those now in use, with the same resistance—100 ohms—Mr. Edison says he finds that he can obtain eleven and one-half instead of eight lights to the horse power. In this manner he believes he can generate 13,750 lights, each having a power of 16 candles. He says, further, that in the day time, when his lights are not used, he can hire out the power of his engines at great advantage. By means of copper insulated wires he can transmit the power generated, and distribute it among the manufactories within a radius of half a mile, although never more than 50-horse power to any one building. An agent whom he has employed to inquire among the manufacturers in the vicinity of his proposed station has just, he says, reported even more favorably than he anticipated. Mr. Edison went on to say that, although he could only deliver at the end of half a mile 65 per cent. of his 1,250-horse power, nevertheless, the profit would be enormous. It stands to reason, he argues, that you can run five 250-horse power engines cheaper than you can run forty-eight 25-horse power engines.

Mr. Edison added that he is now planing his light in a large steamship in course of construction by John Roach at Chester, Pennsylvania. The ship belongs to the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. Lights of three candle power will be placed in each passenger room. The engines will be entirely separated by means of a small dynamo machine connected with the donkey engines.

—More than one rough customer has never known how good he was until he killed somebody and heard the judge in charge of crimes and juries summon his virtues.—*N. O. Picayune.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Meats—How to Select and How to Cook Them.

In *boiling fresh meat* of any kind there should be always sufficient water to entirely cover the meat and to last until the meat is fully cooked. The water should always be boiling hot, and the vessel in which it is cooked so large that the meat will not touch the sides; using more than the water to entirely surround as well as more than cover it. Keep the lid on, closely covering the kettle, and it will require less time and fuel to cook the meat. There is no need of removing the cover at all except as it may be desirable now and then to look in and see that the water is not wasting too fast, and to remove the scum. When possible, use soft, filtered water. By putting meat into boiling water one secures more of the juices and rich flavor of the meat. If boiled too fast the meat will be hardened in cooking, and no boiling will make it tender. Let the water be boiling, not scalding hot merely, when the meat touches it; then remove the kettle from the hottest part of the stove to where the temperature will not be above 180° keep it at that heat and let it simmer till done. Half a cup of cold water poured in four or five times during the process of cooking the meat will help the scum, or coagulated blood, and all impurities to rise. This scum must be very carefully and thoroughly removed as it rises. Fresh meat will need longer time to boil than that a day or two old; a little more than a quarter of an hour to every pound is usually long enough. Never take up the meat with a fork, because by thus piercing it much of the juice and flavor flow into the liquor, making the broth (which should always be saved for soup stock) richer, to be surg, but detracting from the richness of the meat more than is desirable. A stout twine should be tied around the meat when first put into the water, and it can be lifted from the kettle, when done, by this string; a loop on the end will make it easy to lift out by a large iron fork. Do not add the salt to boiling meat until more than half done. The meat will be tenderer and juicier for leaving the seasoning until the last.

For stews, stone jars are much better than metal kettles or saucepans. The old brown or red earthen jar does not stand heat as well, and is also unsafe from the lead used in the glazing. This glazing is easily cracked by the use of salt, and thus the lead will be brought in contact with the contents of the jar; the stone jar is not injured by heat, which it retains longer than metal, and is readily cleaned. The lid should be fitted tightly, so as to prevent escape of steam. In buying meat for a stew, choose that which has been carefully dressed and freed from blood. Put into the saucepan or stone jar boiling water,—a quart to a pound of meat will make the liquor very rich. That is no fault; still, if richer than is liked, it can be weakened by adding a little boiling water when the salt is added—that is, when the stew is two-thirds done; about a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of liquor. Bring the water gradually back to the boiling point after the meat has been put in—of course, at first, the cold meat lowers the temperature. As soon as it boils, remove all scum that has risen; set the jar back where it will simmer and not quite boil, and let it remain in this state till the liquor is thoroughly filled with the flavor of the meat. Skim often and quickly, till no more scum rises; cover steam-tight immediately. Before adding the salt carefully remove all the fat. It is nicer to use for frying, or suet-puddings, before the salt is added. When no more fat rises put in the salt. A stew is very nourishing if prepared as above, and it is one of the most economical dishes; for although it is, of course, best when made of the choicest meat, yet any kind of meat may be used, either together or separately, as most convenient, and be exceedingly palatable. Those bits that can not be prepared nicely in any other way can, by judicious seasoning and careful stewing—keeping all the steam with the meat so that the flavor will not escape—be made into a most excellent dish. Almost all the odd bits and ends from meat which the butcher pares off, all gristly bits, shanks, knuckles and feet, can only be made fit for the table by stewing. Those pieces require longer time to cook tender than many other pieces; but a sensible woman, with any tact for good management, will put them on the stove as she goes about other work, and with very little care convert them—with a proper proportion of vegetables and judicious seasoning—into a most nutritious and attractive dish, more enjoyable than some of the more expensive joints. Housekeepers who are obliged to study economy will do wisely to watch the markets for many articles which will otherwise go to waste, but which if she has skill and intelligence can be prepared so as to be preferable, under the circumstances, to that which would cost much more money. Bones, for instance, which can be bought for five cents, contain much that is exceedingly nutritious. They should be cracked into quite small pieces, so that all the richness may be obtained. Just before a dish prepared from such materials is done, vegetables of all kinds can be cut small and added; carrots, turnips, cabbage, parsnips, onions, celery, beets, vegetable marrow—all of these can be used in a stew with effect, or, if preferred, may be cooked in a separate dish.

We have not space to speak of *broiling* as we would be glad to. But we simply give four rules, and wait for a more convenient season to speak more fully:

1. Be sure that the grid-iron is perfectly clean and the fire quite clear, and free from smoke; not built any higher than the top of the fire-bricks or lining.

2. Turn the meat quickly and often, and thereby prevent wasting the juice or scorching the steak.

3. Keep the platter on the side of the range, that the steaks may be taken to table quite hot, buttering each piece as it is laid into the platter.

4. The salt and pepper should be sprinkled on the last thing before the meat is taken from the fire.—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in the Christian Union.*

THE CLEMENT COTTON-MILL.

A Southern Invention of Great Value, But Not So Great as Many Think.

The village of Westminster, S. C., has, for sometime, been a sort of Mecca for editors, agriculturists and capitalists, the object of interest being the Clement Cotton-mill, which proposes no less a thing than to take the seed-cotton directly from the cotton-fields, and convert it into yarn of a superior quality. The verdict, thus far, has been altogether favorable, and many believe this little mill will supercede the cotton-gin, and cripple Northern and European factories, by shipping all the cotton in bales of thread, instead of bales of wool.

While we think the invention may prove a good one, we by no means look for such a remarkable revolution in the movement and manufacture of cotton. The cotton-gins of the South, in which about $[illegible] are invested, are owned mostly by the planters themselves, and will take five times as much money to install and put into operation enough of these mills to manufacture all the cotton produced at the South. Besides, these small mills, with unskilled labor, can more nothing but coarse cotton and the great bulk of the crops [illegible] be ginned as at present, for the finer fabrics the two questions of vital interest in reference to this mill are, "Will it pay capitalists to put their money in them?" and "Will it enhance the value of the raw material to the farmer?" We think both questions are answered in the following statement of liabilities and resources for the first year of the Westminster mill:

[illegible]

The entire cost of this mill was $1,500, and the net profit shows over 50 per cent. on the investment. This is enough to satisfy any person that a mill properly located and worked would be a paying institution. There should be a good water-power, in a neighborhood where enough seed-cotton could be secured for the year's consumption. If steam had to be used, it would require about $1,000 more on the investment, beside the outlay for fuel. This might be compensated somewhat by the increased rapidity with which the machinery could run. Large capitalists, however, would not invest in these mills, as but one in a locality could get a sufficient supply of seed-cotton, and it would be jeopardizing a man's interest too much to have so many small mills under so many superintendents. Men of small capital, however, might invest in them, and make it pay much better by taking the entire management upon themselves. But in the above exhibit there is no increase of the value of the raw material, so that the farmer receives no direct benefit. He receives only 2 3-4 cents a pound for seed-cotton, equal to 8 1-4 cents for cotton-wool, with the loss of his entire seed, which he would have to buy back at 15 cents per bushel, and haul home again. In ginning his own cotton, he would retain his seed (so valuable as a fertilizer) on his own farm, without the heavy expense of hauling, and would get as much or more for his cotton-wool.

The truth is, if these factories are put into operation to any extent, it will have to be done by Northern capitalists, as there are few cotton planters so independent as to be able to keep up their farms on a cash basis, much less invest money in other enterprises. These mill-owners, whether from North or South, will constitute a class of middlemen quite as exacting as the present race of speculators and cotton buyers, so that the farmers will have no advantage under the new arrangement. In one aspect of the case it would be a disadvantage. With his cotton ginned and packed, it becomes portable, and he has the markets of the world open to him. With no gin in his neighborhood, he is shut up to taking whatever the mill-owners offer him for his seed cotton, as he can not transport it to a distance, and they, having but little competition, can easily combine and keep the cotton below its real value. Even where the stockholders were planters themselves they would still be a class of middlemen to the rest of the farmers. While it is true that the introduction of these factories would have a tendency to increase the population and wealth of the rural districts of the South, it would have the reverse effect upon our cities which are built up largely by cotton merchants and manufacturers. All persons thus engaged would have to give up their occupations, or change their locations, which would tend to depopulate many of our most flourishing cities and the middlemen would only be transferred to the rural districts.

So, while the new enterprise seems hopeful at the first outlook, it is encumbered with difficulties which will necessarily require time to overcome, and thus save those immediately interested from the shock produced by so sudden a change in the movement and manufacture of the great staple.—*E. M. Pindleton, Atlanta, Ga., in Land and Home.*

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