THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

ANSWER HIM SOFTLY.

Answer him softly. You can not know,
In the depths below,
How sharp was the struggle, the fight he made,
Ere the price he paid,
And yielded his soul to the tempter's power
In a hasty hour.

Answer him softly; for it may be—
Like the sturdy tree,
Which tested in many a storm its strength,
To be rent at length—
He struggled full oft, and resisted well,
Though at last he fell.

Answer him softly, lest you be tried
On your weaker side,
And fall, as before you so many have done,
Who in thought had won;
Fall, too, ere temptation had spent its force
In its subtle course.

Answer him softly; for none can tell,
When the storm-clouds swell,
Whose bark shall weather the tempest, or whose
Its venture shall lose.
Speak gently; the weakest may stand the gale,
The stoutest may fail.

—*Boston Traveller.*

DISAPPOINTED HOPE.

She was waiting at the lattice,
Where the snowy plumed clematis
Translated for her gratis
What the breezes sung and sighed;

And the dainty tendernesses
Of the sunbeams on her tresses
Left her traced in the caresses
Of the golden morning tide.

The linnets were a-cooing,
And the dapper bees a-wooing,
And the dews were interviewing
All the flower-covered fays;

While lightly from the dingle,
The zephyr, lone and single,
Came up to intermingle
In the leaf-entangled maze.

She waits another coming,
Her heart its riches summing,
Till suddenly a drumming
From the gravel walk arose,

A hope triumphant filled her,
And clear the words that thrilled her:
"Look here, you, Jane Matilder—
Come and knuckle them ar clothes!"

—*N. Y. World.*

BRIDGET'S VALENTINE.

The postman rapped sharply on Mrs. O'Donohue's door (this door belonged to the back room on the third floor of a tall, narrow, dingy house in a long, narrow, dark street containing many other tall, narrow, dingy houses) on St. Valentine's morning. His sachel and his left hand were filled with letters and valentines, and in his right hand he carried a pretty blue-and-gold paper box—a little battered, as paper boxes are apt to be when they come by mail—tied with a blue satin ribbon, and smelling like roses.

A young girl wearing a soiled calico dress and shoes down at heel, but with her rough curly hair piled in huge puffs on the top of her head, and a pair of cheap tawdry ear-rings in her ears, holding a torn and crumpled novel in her hand, opened the door.

"Miss Bridget O'Donohue?" asked the postman.

"That's meself," answered the girl.

"Then here's a valentine for you," he said, handing her the box; and turning quickly, he was down the stairs and out of the house in a twinkling.

Mrs. O'Donohue was washing, and the windows of the room were dim with steam. Bridget went to one of them, wiped a couple of panes dry with the skirt of her dress, and opened the box. A howl of delight burst from her lips.

"An' what in the worruld is it, Biddy dear?" cried her mother, rushing from the wash-tub, her arms covered with soap-suds to the elbows.

"Kape away! Don't come near it wid the soap-suds!" screamed her daughter. "It's one of thim Kitty Crowley was a-tellin' about last night—a valentine. And och! ain't it lovely? Niver sor I the likes before."

Mrs. O'Donohue put her arms behind her and looked over her daughter's shoulder. "Bless us and save us!" she exclaimed; "it makes me think of the fairies. Sure it looks like some of their worruk; it do entirely."

"Niver in all me life sor I the like before," repeated Bridget, and I don't believe she ever did. It was a beautiful valentine. A sheet of creamy, satiny paper, on which were delicately painted the loveliest white roses and snow-drops and blushing moss-rose buds, and in the center of which was fastened a pretty gold ring, and beneath the ring this verse was written in a plain and handsome hand:

I offer roses pure and white—
Emblems of girlhood's happy days—
And sw.et moss-buds by Cupid plucked
To deck Love's ways;
And snow-drops—Hope's own dainty flowers—
That whisper you may yet be mine,
Dear girl with sunny hair and smile—
My Valentine!

These lines Miss O'Donohue spelled out slowly, mispronouncing many of the words, and making sad nonsense of what was rather nonsensical already; but her mother listened with as much delight as though the reading were perfect—as, no doubt, she it thought was—exclaiming, as her daughter finished, "That bates Tom Moore intirely! But, Biddy darlint, you haven't sunny hair; you hair is like the night."

"They mostly put that kind of hair in songs," said her daughter; "an' I wish you wouldn't call me Biddy again. Bridget's bad enough, so it is, an' I'll change me hull name whin I git married, so I will. I wonder who in the wide worruld represinted me wid this beautiful valentine?"

"Bridget O'Donhue," said her mother solemnly, at the same time looking at her with admiring eyes, "some young gintleman has fallen dead in love wid you, an' you only three months in this blissid country. An' I don't be surprised at it, for since you put them puffs on the top of your skull, an' I bought you thim illigant ear-rings, you look like a princess. An' sorra a doubt I have but that he'll be wantin' to marry you in a year or so—I was married meself at fifteen—an' I hope you'll not be desartin' your old mother whin you're a foine lady."

"I wouldn't so demane meself," replied Miss Bridget, with a toss of her head, "if you bees only a washer-woman. I'll buy you a silk dress an' a hat wid an oarstrich feather, an' a goold watch to wear whin you comes to see me. But you mustn't be comin' too often. He mightn't like it."

"Shure I'll niver interfare between you an' him, me brave gurril," said her mother. "Mothers-in-law do be doin' that too much, they do; but I'll kape me place, niver fare. An' now, Biddy—I mane Bridget—darlint, your frinds must see this valentine, goold ring an' all, an' larn the prospects that has arose before you. But it won't do for you to be runnin' about from house till house wid it as though you'd niver had the like before at all at all."

"Shure I niver had," said Bridget.

"Whist! no nade tellin' the same," said her mother. "For all they know, you had hundreds in the old country. Put on your Ulster an' your new hat, an' go an' ax your frinds here to a tay party. For a tay party I intend to have at four o'clock this very afternoon, an' while you're away, I'll put aside the washin' an' red up the place. An' you'll have to go widout the lace hankerchy I promised you till next month, for the money I've saved must go for the atin' an' drinkin'."

So in a short time Miss O'Donohue, in a Pinafore hat sat jauntily on the back of her head, and a gray Ulster coming down to her feet (thereby concealing the very much soiled calico dress) was knocking at various doors in the house in which she lived, the house next door, the house across the way, and a house around the corner, delivering verbal invitations to her friends to a tea party to take place at her residence that afternoon, all of which invitations, albeit Miss O'Donohue was no great favorite, on account of her silly airs, were accepted, with loud expressions of pleasure.

"It's me birthday party," she explained to the invited guests.

"But, Bridget, I thought your birthday was last December, just after you come over," said Kitty Crowley.

"It was," said Bridget; "but me party was postponed for raisons."

And at four o'clock precisely a dozen or more young girls, with several of their mothers, grandmothers and aunts, gathered around Mrs. O'Donohue's hospitable table, and devoured biscuits, cold ham, pickles, peanuts and cake, and drank vast quantities of lemonade and tea, with much gossiping and giggling. Mrs. O'Donohue thought they never would stop handing her their plates and tumblers and cups; but at last, to her great satisfaction, they did, and the opportunity for which she had been impatiently waiting arrived. And pushing the tea table back against the wall, she called out, as though the idea had just occurred to her, "Bridget, dear, perhaps your frinds would like to see your valentine."

"An' did you git a valentine? Oh, you sly thing, to say nothing about it!" said Kitty Crowley.

"Is it a comical one?" asked Mary Lee.

"Bring it out this minit!" commanded Annie Pheeny.

And as Miss O'Donohue pretended to blush and hesitate, all the girls shouted in chorus, "The valentine! the valentine!"

And at last, with an air of great pride and importance, the valentine was produced. Its extreme beauty and costliness for a moment struck the group of girls dumb with astonishment. And then there was another chorus of "Splendid!" "Beautiful!" "Iligant!" "Must have cost tin dollars at the very laste!" "Who sint it to you, Bridget?"

"I ain't sure," said Bridget, with a simper and her favorite toss of the head, "but I mostly thinks I know. A young gintleman wid beautiful black eyes and a big dimant pin, that lives in a iligant house near the baker's. He sits in the windy an' smiles at me ivery day whin I goes for bread."

"An' you'll be marryin' him some fine day, an' forgettin' all your old comrades," said Kitty Cowley.

"I'll not be *forgettin'* thim," said Bridget, with emphasis.

"But you'll be forsakin' thim?" suggested Annie Pheeny.

"Shure an' I suppose he'd make me," replied Miss O'Donohue. "I'd have to 'sociate wid me own class thin. But I'd spake to ye all whin I met ye," she added, in a patronizing manner.

"Indade, an' I'm obliged to you for your great condescension," said Annie.

"An' so are all the rest of the gurrils, I'm sure," joined in Mrs. Crowley, Kate's mother. "You always thought yourself above them, Bridget, dear, but, faith! I niver could see the differ."

"Me child's shuparior style an' beauty is the differ," announced Mrs. O'Donohue; "an' so I tell you, Mrs. Crowley, ma'am."

"I don't take in washin' to give shuparior style to me Kate," retorted Mrs. Crowley.

"An' no dacent girl would want 'style' whin her mother had to find it in the wash-tubs," declared Kate. "But I suppose the wash-tubs will be burned whin Biddy"—purposely using the obnoxious name—"gits the young gintleman, an' lives in the iligant house near the baker's."

"Indade an' they will, Kitty Crowley," said Bridget, her voice trembling and her ear-rings jingling, "an' ivery thing else belongin' to this low place; an' as for the low, common, jealous folks I've been forced to know here, I'll wash me hands of thim for iver and iver."

Just then there came a loud knock at the door.

"Maybe it's black eyes an' dimant pin comin' to see his bride," said Mary Lee. "If it is you needn't introduce us, Biddy, dear. We won't be offended."

But no young gentleman met Mrs. O'Donohue's gaze as she threw open the door. The postman confronted her. "I left a valentine in a box here this morning," he said.

"You did," replied Mrs. O'Donohue, in a faint voice.

"It was a mistake," he went on, hurriedly; "and I've nearly lost my situation on account of it—the young fellow that sent it raised such a row in the office. It's for Miss Bridget O'Donovan, who lives at the same number in the next street. Being used to bringing letters here, and the names being so much alike, I mixed things a little."

And, sure enough, there was the direction on the cover of the box as plain as could be, though Bridget and her mother (the latter for a very good reason, however,) had neither of them noticed it.

Mrs. O'Donohue handed the valentine over in perfect silence. But as soon as the postman departed, such a Bable as there was!

"Shure, Biddy, 'twill be too bad if he don't let you 'sociate wid us." "Don't burn the wash-tubs yet a while, me dear." "I thought that ring a little too genteel for anny of me lady's fingers." "Smile at us from the windy of the big house whin we go to the baker's anny how, that's a darlint."

"I'll be thankful to yez all if ye'll lave me house this instant, an' niver inter it again," said Mrs. O'Donohue, in a quiet rage.

"We're goin', ma'am—yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Crowley. "Thanks for your intertainment, ma'am. It's plisint to come where there's so much style an' beauty, ma'am, an' where the young lady is goin' to be married to a rich young gintleman, an' wash her hands of all her comrades for iver an' iver, ma'am. Sind for us whin ye have another valentine to show us, ma'am. Good-avenin' ma'am. Good-avenin', Miss Bridget O'Donohue."—*Harper's Weekly.*

—Sometimes spots will accidentally get upon papered walls that deface them badly. If it should be a grease spot, a paste of hot laundry starch made very thick and spread on, while boiling hot, quite thickly over the surface of the spot, and left till dry, then rubbed off with a soft cloth, will remove all the grease and not deface the paper. An ink spot or other dark stain can be cut out with a sharp pen-knife, pulled off, and a bit of new paper matched and pasted over, which may save the trouble and expense of repapering the whole room. For this purpose always have a piece of paper laid away at the time the papering is first done. When the paper is dingy with smoke, take a quart of wheat bran and tie up in a thin bag loosely and rub the walls with it quite hard. Shake up the bran occasionally, and you will be quite surprised to see how clean and nice it makes the paper look, well paying for the labor of cleansing.

—Henry James, Jr., has written a novel for the *Parisian*. It is in the form of letters written from a French pension, by an American girl from Bangor, Me., an English girl, a German professor and a Frenchman.

—The late Prof. De Mille left a novel which is soon to be published; it is called "A Castle in Spain."

The Paradise of Insects.

None but those who have traveled on the Upper Amazons can have any idea of the number and voracity of the insect torments which work their wicked will on the bodies of the unfortunates exposed to their attacks. The "sancudos," or small sand-flies, form by far the most important section. In the villages, round which the forest is cleared away for some distance, the sancudos are generally pretty quiet during the day, except where darkness prevails; there they are ever busy, and are a perfect plague. The triumphant note of a sancudo which has made his way under your curtains is more annoying than even his bite; and should you have been careless in getting into bed, and been accompanied by two or three of these blood-suckers, we will defy you to sleep until you have exterminated them.

In the forest and on the river the sancudos are always busy. Men sometimes get into the vessel's tops, and there cover themselves with sacks, notwithstanding the heat, rather than remain below exposed to their attacks. Fortunately they can not stand a current of air, and so when under way the vessel is comparatively free from them, but when at anchor these pests are something awful. To get rid of them is next to impossible. Creosote will keep them off, but the remedy is as bad as the disease. Whitewash will drive them away, but when dry its power ceases; and the only thing to do is either to cover all exposed parts of the body with black pigment *a la mode Indienne*, or else to "grin and bear it."

Scarcely less troublesome than the sancudos are the mosquitoes, although they have the negative merit of biting only by day. They are minute creatures, not much larger than a pin's head; they prefer the backs of the hands to any other spots for their attacks. But, unlike the sancudo, which, when undisturbed, gorges himself until unable to fly, and becomes an easy prey to your avenging finger, the mosquito never seems to take too much to prevent his escape on the slightest appearance of dangar, being evidently just as wide-awake when full as when empty.

Everywhere in long grass lurks the "moquim," a little red insect so small as to be almost imperceptible, but which fastens on the legs, causing the most intolerable itching.

There is a fly which burrows in the skin and deposits an egg, both in human beings and animals. This produces a maggot, similar in shape to that of the common blow-fly, but much larger, probably analogous to the Guinea-worm.

Then there are "chigos," which burrow mostly in the soles of the feet. You feel an intense itching, and on examination find a little thing like a pea just under the epidermis; this is the bag containing the young chigos, which must be carefully picked out with the point of a knife, and the cavity left filled with tobacco ash.

Huge spiders abound, whose very appearance inspires a wholesome dread of a nearer acquaintance, but which are harmless enough if let alone. In fact, on board the steamers, almost every cabin is tenanted by one large spider, whose presence is tolerated on account of his being a deadly foe to cockroaches, which abominable creatures swarm on board. Sometimes he is not visible for a fortnight or more at a time; but he leaves tokens of "having been there," in the shape of the empty husks of cockroaches, from which he has carefully abstracted the interior. These spiders have the power of springing upon their prey from a distance, and some of them are so large and powerful as to kill and devour small birds.

In passing through the narrow forest paths it is necessary to be on the lookout for the wood-ticks, which are very difficult to get rid of if once firmly attached; also for the huge black ants, an inch and a half in length, with stings like a hornet's; and the sauba ant, without sting, but armed with nippers like a pair of surgical bone-forceps, which are running about everywhere. One may sometimes chance upon a column of the dreaded "fire-ants," marching in regular military order; and if he does, the only thing is to bolt at once, for neither man nor beast may withstand the fire-ant and live. When at length the traveler stops to rest, he must take care to examine the camping ground to see that neither centipede nor scorpion is there.

Frequently both centipedes and scorpions are found on the steamers, introduced, no doubt, in the wood used for fuel. One day, while the writer was watching the hands taking wood from canoes longside, from one of the logs pitched on board was dislodged a scorpion, which fell on the naked left arm of a man keeping tally at the gangway. Astonished by his sudden flight through the air, the animal remained perfectly still. The man never moved a muscle, and quietly raising his right hand, flipped it away with his fingers and thumb. It was very neatly and coolly done; and he thus escaped a sting, which he no doubt would have received had he tried to brush it hastily away.—*Harper's Young Folks.*

San Marino.

The Republic proper stretches over a territory seventeen miles long and about half that width, and has a population, all told, of about 6,000 people, the capital, where we were, having about 900 of them. They are governed by a Council of Sixty, which is a close corporation, nominally composed of twenty Princes, twenty of the middle class and twenty of the peasant class; but in point of fact, as I afterward learned—and, indeed, as might be inferred from the fact that they themselves filled all vacancies, and the people had no more to do with the choice of the members of their Council than of our members of Congress—all were nobles, and if you were to address one otherwise than as "nobilissimo," you had better not have addressed him at all. I gathered that the real distinction was that twenty were taken from the landed gentry, twenty from the town gentry and twenty promiscuously from any part of the territory.

This Council, independent of all human control from above or below, elects two executive officers, who are called Captains-Regent; it designates all executive committees, imposes taxes—in fact, conducts the Government. When I asked if the people had no elective franchise of any sort, the Count B—— said, "No, none;" but they may respectfully address the Captains-Regent by petition. If I had known him better I should probably have taken the liberty of saying to the Prince that the privileges of the people of San Marino reminded me of those which the Minister Calonne proposed to yield to the Assembly of Notables near the close of the last century, and which were cunningly caricatured by the picture of a ministerial orator addressing a flock of turkeys as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have called you together to ask you with what sauce you would prefer to be eaten."

"But do we not wish to be eaten," was the ungracious reply of the honorable birds of freedom in congress assembled.

"You dodge the question," was the retort of the imperturbable minister.

The government of this so-called Republic, therefore, is simply a close corporation vested with indeterminable power to fill all vacancies occasioned by death or otherwise. Their Council is even less popular in its composition than a hereditary legislature, because no third power like that of a sovereign, to which the people have access, has any thing to do with filling the vacancies that occasionally occur in its ranks. Two Executives or Captains-Regent, one for the town and one for the rural districts, are chosen by the Council every six months—in April and October—and may not be elected for two consecutive terms. They may be, however, and frequently are, re-elected after an interval of three years. Some of them have thus been rechosen four or five times. Count B—— told me he had himself been Captain-Regent three times. It must be remembered, however, that San Marino is a small Republic. The Regents receive no pay—another evidence that San Marino is not a Republic, after cisatlantic ideas, at any rate.

My readers are doubtless already impatient to know something of the army, which for 1,300 years has defied the manifold elements of disorder that have been so fatal to so many dynasties and dismembered so many larger and more populous territories in Europe. The military defense, then, of the Republic of San Marino is committed to a regular army of thirty men, who are supposed to be always ready to respond to the calls of honor or of patriotism. A police, consisting of five or six persons, protects the property of the territory and gives peaceful slumbers to its honest burghers. In emergencies the militia of the country may be called in aid of its unconquered regular legions. They have two Judges, who are, however, required by law to be taken from without the territory, and are changed every three years. But all cases of appeal are decided by the court of cassation or review, in the neighboring cities of Bologna, Padua, Turin, or wherever that tribunal may chance to be sitting at the time. The currency in use among them, also, is that of the Italian Government. They had once some sous coined, the equivalent in value of our cent—my host at the inn gave me two or three of them, but they were not coined in the Republic. Their number was very restricted and they are rarely to be met with except in the collections of numismatists. It is certainly one of the eccentricities which distinguish San Marino from all other countries that it puts its litigation out as some families put out their washing and trades exclusively with the currency of foreign States. The country which buys and sells with a currency over which it has no control and submits its differences to foreign tribunals for adjustment, gives pretty heavy bonds to keep the peace with its neighbors, whatever be the title it gives to its form of government.

The expenses of their Government will not seem large to an American. They never exceed 25,000 francs—say $5,000—army, navy, post-office, education, prisons, police, diplomatic service, representation, all included. This revenue is raised out of the profits realized by the Government from the purchase of some 600,000 pounds of tobacco in the leaf, which it manufactures to sell at a small advance; from the sale of about 800 sacks of salt, and a trifling stamp tax of three cents on notarial, judicial and other legal documents. The health of the Republic is looked after by one physician and one surgeon, employed by the State, who are required to attend and prescribe for all who send for them, but who are not expected to resent the offer of a gratuity from those who can afford to pay for their advice. These functionaries receive some $500 a year each from the State. The Judges receive the same. San Marino has not only never been afflicted with a newspaper, but no printing press has ever stood upon its territory.—*John Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine for February.*

A White Negress.

The practicability of converting a nigger into a white man has usually been placed in very much the same category as that of changing the Ethiopian's skin or effacing the spots from a leopard. It will, therefore, be somewhat surprising to non-scientific readers to hear of the case of Celine Henry, which was recounted lately to a society of anthropologists by a certain Dr. Smester. This woman, who was a native of Hayti, and was about thirty-five years old, began in the year 1860 or thereabouts to notice that the color which she had always supposed to be natural to her skin was slowly fading away in many places, and being replaced by a hue resembling that of a white woman. Far from being pleased with the transformation scene which the fairies were thus working upon her, she entirely objected to the proceeding, and took every imaginable step to prevent the completion of a freak of Nature which her enemies might make bold to call *experimentum in corpore vili*.

Doctors were called in, and the native sorcerers were all consulted; but nothing seemed to arrest the progress of the malady, which the astonished negress was at last fain to consider as a disease. For fifteen long years the detested tin of the white European encroached steadily upon the frontier lines of the African black, until in 1877 there was no more of the original color left than a few spots, which, if all added together, would not as much as cover a man's hand. The affliction which caused so much terror and chagrin to Miss or Mrs. Celine Henry is, however, one which is not unknown to physiologists. It is no other than a disease commonly called vitiligo, which is occasionally congenital in the African and other dark-colored races, and is sometimes developed in an accidental shape in Europeans or white men. The name is, of course, derived from the Latin *vitulus*, a calf, and is meant to express that color which is best known as distinguishing the flesh of these animals. It appears to cause no pain whatever, and to have little or no effect upon the general health; and if the fair Celine, as she may now most fairly be called, had not been dominated by an extravagant fear, she would not have had much cause to lament over her conversion from black to white.—*London Globe.*

Level-headed Advice.

Our farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight and nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, then rises at five or six, because of the teaching of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against his own soul. There is not one man in 10,000 who can afford to do without seven or eight hours sleep. All the stuff written about great men who sleep only three or four hours a night is apocryphal. They have been put on such small allowance occasionally and prospered; but no man has ever yet kept healthy in mind and body for a number of years with less than seven hours sleep. If you can get to bed early, then rise early; if you can not get to bed til late, then rise late. It may be as proper for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to at five. Let the bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motions to the pulses. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising.—*Troy Times.*

THE Ute Chief, Jack, who has figured in recent troubles in Colorado, is said to be a Mormon, having been educated by Bishop Heber.

—Herr Kurth, a Professor at the University of Liege, has prepared a "Life of Sitting-Bull" in 400 pages.

THE warmer the stables, the less feed required for the milkers.

FARM TOPICS.

TREATMENT OF DIFFERENT SOILS.

Soils, while naturally depending for their material elements upon the source from which they are themselves derived, at the same time often rely more upon artificial treatment than the original source for their fertility. There are, indeed, few lands of such character as to be permanently independent of the aid of applied fertilizers; therefore the necessity for knowledge of the chemical constituents of a soil in order to know what crops it will best grow and what elements of plant food it requires.

Soils composed of coarse land, while they may be rich in mineral elements, are, in the absence of judicious treatment, a continual source of disappointment to the cultivator. They allow a rapid descent of water through them, are incapable of supplying moisture from below by capillary attraction and are deficient in the power of absorbing moisture or fertilizing gasses from the atmosphere. Fertilizers applied to these lands are of little or no use because they are not retained. The consequence is a failure of crops, especially in times of drouth. These soils, however, with proper management have their mechanical defects corrected and their value many times enhanced. Fall plowing when there is a clay subsoil within reach is very beneficial, because it brings up the clay to mingle with the sand surface by the action of frosts and rains. A green crop or two turned under further assists in stiffening the texture of the land, improving its capillary action and facilitating root action. When there is not a clay subsoil within reach of the plow, the use of lime in conjunction with vegetable matter turned under is advised as one of the most effectual and economical means for the amelioration of the land.

The successful management and cultivation of clay or stiff lands are much more laborious than the lighter soils. Clay soils under proper treatment, however, endure long and yield a great variety of crops. They are generally adapted to the cereals, make good grass and pasture lands and grow fine fruits. Clay lands are deficient in vegetable matter and are therefore greatly benefited by an application of the same. Lime is also beneficial to such lands, assisting to remedy their stiffness and tenacity. Any substances which serve as divisors, preventing the adhesion of the particles of earth both in times of drouth and excessive wet are of great service.

Good drainage is especially necessary for clay soils. Without drainage seasonable work can seldom be done in the spring. Every farmer knows how troublesome clay land becomes if run together and packed after having been plowed. Much needless work is caused by plowing such lands too early in the spring. Fall plowing is a great assistance; it adds humus through whatever growths may be on the farface, and the alternate freezes and thaws of winter break up the inert clods and grind down the soil into a more soluble mass. Cold and unproductive soils which have stagnant water sufficiently near the surface to be reached by the roots of plants require to be underdrained.

Alluvial soil may be said to have no distinctive character, being composed of successive deposits, continued through a long period. They partake somewhat of the soil of the country from which running waters have washed and deposited them. Alluvial lands, of course, are rich in humus and do not need the assistance of green crops turned under or the application in any form of vegetable matter. They are generally deficient in the mineral elements and are benefited by phosphoric acid, potash and other mineral plant-food. The same may be said of soils known as vegetable molds and containing a large per cent. of vegetable matter.

Loams are soils in which clay and sand unite, sandy loams being those in which the sand predominates and clay loams those in which the proportions of sand and clay are reversed. These must be treated according as the sand or clay predominates.

If all the crops annually produced upon one's land were returned to it the soil would annually improve in fertility. With this fact in view it is easy to understand that as a part, at least, of each crop is annually removed plant-food equivalent to that contained in the portion of the crops carried off must be returned to the land to secure its enduring fertility. It has been practically demonstrated over and over again that the roots of all plants, and especially the legumes, have a power of acting as chemical agents upon the mineral elements of the soil in a manner which renders them available as plant-food. This in part explains the desirable effects of the cultivation of peas, clover and the like.

While the general principles here laid down and already familiar to many farmers are the same everywhere, their application to practice must of necessity vary with the differing circumstances surrounding individual farmers. Certain practices which give admirable results at the North may fail to be of any avail at the South, and vice versa. Many of these differences farmers must learn from experience, though much knowledge may be gained by observation. The interchange of experiences from all sections of country through journals devoted to the farmers' interests, agricultural stations and farmers' clubs can not be too highly prized or encouraged. Every farmer who takes the trouble to promulgate facts coming into his own line and of general interest is soon rewarded for that trouble by some equally valuable fact, otherwise unknown to him, from another farmer whose opinions were called out, maybe, by his own communication.—*New York World.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Table.

—Never put a pudding that is to be steamed in any thing else than a dry mold.

—Ham or pork that is too salt should be soaked overnight in sweet milk, or parboiled in the morning in cold water. Fry or broil slowly.

—Many soups are better on the day after they are made, provided they are not warmed over too quickly or left too long over the fire.

—Tapioca Custard: One teacupful of tapioca dissolved in water overnight; beat three eggs and one cup of sugar together, and stir into the tapioca; then add one quart sweet milk; stir well; bake in pudding-dish until custard thickens.

—Cider Cake: Three cupfuls of flour, two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter, one of cider, one of English currants, three eggs, one teaspoonful of ginger, and one of soda. Stir thoroughly, and bake in deep dishes, as quick as may be without scorching.

—Tea Cakes: Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one egg, five cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sour milk, a teaspoonful of lemon extract, and a teaspoonful of soda. Knead hard as biscuits, and roll about a quarter of an inch thick; cut out with a fancy cooky cutter and bake quick. They are very good and look nicely on the table.

—A Wholesome Cake: One pint of raised dough, like wheat bread dough; one teacupful of sugar, one of butter, three eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of stewed raisins, and half a teaspoonful each of cloves, pimento, cinnamon and nutmeg. Roll the raisins well in flour before mixing up. This makes a very nice, wholesome cake. Let it stand in a warm place till it is raised light, and bake with a slow fire.

—Coffee: Put the quantity of ground coffee in an enameled pot and pour on boiling water, as much as required; set it on the fire and let it bubble up; strain through a canton flannel bag. Make the bag of the thinnest kind of canton flannel; wash it in clear warm water every time it is used, and do not dry it in the sun. Keep the coffee-beans in an air-tight box or corked bottle to preserve the aroma; grind the coffee just before using.

—Beef a la Mode: Take a piece of round of beef, about six or eight pounds in weight; lard it with bacon, dipped in salt, pepper, ground cloves and allspice; put the beef in a pot which can be covered tightly, with some bacon, two carrots, a piece of celery, three or four small onions, a few slices of lemon, two laurel leaves and dried champignon, to cover the meat with; half vinegar and water, or wine and vinegar; cover the pot closely and paste shut if you can and bake slowly four or five hours. Before serving, skim some fat off and take one tablespoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of sugar; fry this very dark brown, add to the meat, and boil up again; then take meat out, strain the sauce, and serve with potatoes and parsnip salad.

Miscellaneous.

—Cool rain water and soda will take machine oil out of washable goods.

—The water used in mixing bread must be tepid. If too hot the loaves will be full of holes.

—Iron-holders should have a cover of white cotton cloth made to fit nicely, and fastened on with buttons, and when it becomes soiled it can be removed, washed and replaced.

—To clean brass, immerse or wash it several times in sour milk or whey; this will brighten it without scouring; it may then be scoured with a woolen cloth dipped in water.

—A small piece of paper or linen moistened with turpentine and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day at a time, two or three times a year, is a preventive against moths.

—Hardening Candles: Take for four pounds of candles two ounces of white (or yellow) beeswax. Those who make candles will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in limewater and saltpeter, and dry them. The flame is clearer and the tallow will not run.

—In washing dishes, pots and kettles, a wisp of broom-corn with a small quantity of soapy water is handy and useful in cleaning them from all bits and grease, which are objectionable to the dish-cloth. The wisps are formed by tying the broom-corn into bundles as large as a broom handle, with two stout cords near the coarse ends, which form a handle.

—In attempting to remove grease spots the mistake is frequently made of applying benzine or spirits of turpentine with a sponge or a rag. This tends inevitably to spread the grease. The stained portion of the garments should be laid flat between two sheets of blotting-paper, and the upper sheet well soaked with benzine. In this way, if sufficient time be given, the whole of the fatty matter becomes not only dissolved but absorbed by the paper.

A Marriage for Money.

In New York City, a princely mansion was offered for sale a few years ago, about which hung a sad story. A man of enormous wealth lived to the the age of 60 without marrying, then he proposed to a beautiful, brilliant young girl, who belonged to a large put poor family. She hesitated long before accepting him; his habits, morals, person, were all obnoxious to her, for she was a girl of pure, refined taste. But to be the wife of a millionaire, to go to Europe, to reign like a queen in the city where she had lived on the income of a servant—these were temptations too strong for her, as they are for too many American women. She married him without a particle of love or respect; sold herself as absolutely for money as ever slave was sold. Her husband paid for his purchase. Before the marriage he built a magnificent dwelling; architecture, sculpture, painting, gave of their best to make it fit for the home of a royal lady; there was a Chinese room, a Persian room, a Hindoo room; there were conservatories, picture-galleries, dainty boudoirs. The plan was that the bride should spend one winter in this regal home, and in the spring go to Europe for a two years' visit. Two weeks after the wedding, the bridegroom was struck down with paralysis, and for fifteen years lay on his bed a helpless, querulous invalid, nursed by his wife. The mansion was closed excepting in the sick man's apartments, and resembled a gigantic tomb. By the terms of his will his wife would inherit nothing if she deserted him. She remained faithful, therefore, only to find after his death that his estate was as hollow a sham as her marriage, and that it was swallowed up in his debts. Not all marriages for money end as dramatically as this, but they are as tragic in reality. The young girl who sells her life for a price inevitably reaps disappointment and misery.—*Youth's Companion.*

The War-ship of the Future.

The acute German mind has already perceived the folly of building impregnable ships. The learned Prof. Loewenthal has become convinced that instead of building ships which can not be pierced by the guns now in use, we should build ships which would offer the least possible resistance to cannon-balls. He claims that the frigate of the future will be so constructed that the balls of the enemy will pass directly through her without inflicting any damage, and that she will attack her enemy, not with guns, but with torpedoes.

Herr Loewenthal selects for the material of his newly-invented war vessel India rubber of one foot in thickness. The whole hull to be made of India rubber, strengthened below the water-line with a light steel frame. The vessel will be driven by an ordinary steam engine, and will have no masts. At the bow will be a projecting spar, to which the torpedo will be affixed, and the entire crew, including the helmsman, will be on the lower deck out of the range of shot. When a cannon ball strikes the India-rubber ship, it will pass directly through it above the heads of the crew, and the hole made by it will instantly close. Paying no attention to such futile attacks, the India-rubber vessel will steam toward her adversary and explode her torpedo. The doomed vessel will instantly sink, while her elastic destroyer will be driven hundreds of yards backwards by the recoil following the explosion. Such a vessel, says the inventor, could easily destroy all the navies of the world, and after her work was done she could be made as strong as ever with the aid of two or three bottles of cement.—*New York Times.*

A LONDON paper, in tracing the mode n which 122 of the titled families of England have required lands, states that scarcely a dozen of the number get them by professional or commercial pursuits. The writer asserts that not one-tenth of the 5,500,000 acres possessed by the 122 was acquired for value received.

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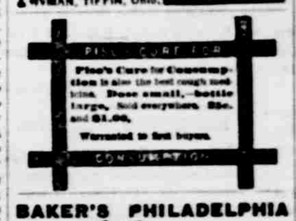

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