THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

TO ANNIE.

AT SEA, March 31.

MY LOVE:
This last of March arrives
While I sail on mid-ocean's rage:
Yet will I sing, tho' storm-wind drives,
The birthday of the best of wives,
Whose age—well, never mind her age.

Young April's folly stands next door,
Contrasting with the wisdom sage
Of March's queen, born just before,
Whose virtues and whose claims outscore
Her years—but I'll not tell her age.

At sweet sixteen she caught my heart,
And shut it fast in Cupid's care;
For three and twenty years her art
Has played for me the mistress part:
So, not for worlds I'd name her age.

When she was but a gentle maid,
Her life to mine she did engage;
Then seventeen springs had crowned her head—
Now, twenty-two more Junes have fled—
But hold! I must not breathe her age.

The child-wife of heroic mold
At nineteen years met parentage;
Two little ones have joined our fold,
Now, eighteen, twenty summers old—
They must not hint their mother's age.

I'm not afraid to own *my* years:
Just seven times seven stands on my page—
Full ten more than my darling's bears.
Accept my love, and have no fears
That I will e'er betray thy age.

Be thou assured, as when my bride,
And youth and beauty's arts didst wage,
E'en now thou art my heart's dear pride—
Thou'rt still one year the sunny side
Of—why! I almost told thy age.

Tho' half I write in jesting rhyme,
Since jests the ills of life assuage:
Doubt not my love till end of time:
To me thou'rt always in thy prime—
To me, sweet sixteen's still thy age!

ANS.

—*Chicago Evening Lamp.*

JACK HASTINGS' CHOICE.

To say the sun had been hot would not in the least do it justice. It had shone from early morning until night, not even the smallest cloud had interfered to moderate for a moment its heat; and now that the hour was come, when, according to established usage, it must set, it seems to have gathered all its energy for a final effort, and hangs in the western sky like a ball of fire, lighting up Nahant's beach for a long stretch and reflecting in the placid water an image almost as brilliant as the original.

The scene is really beautiful, but poor humanity has suffered so much from that luminary that it is totally unable to appreciate its parting salute. One poor mortal is devoutly grateful, and sits on the piazza of the principal hotel, his chair tipped back, his feet on the railing and a cigarette in his mouth, contemplating the sunset with decided satisfaction. At this moment another individual appeared on the scene.

"Hot, ain't it?"

"Confounded," replied our friend of the cigarette, and offers one to the new comer who takes it, pushes back his hat and assumes a position almost as graceful as our friend, and falls to contemplating the water and the sunset. The new comer is a man of about five and twenty years. His light hair falls on a broad, intellectual forehead, his mouth is proud and sensitive, and the upper lip is adorned with a mustache that men take genuine delight in. His eyes are quiet blue, in which there is a drift of humor; although the face is very pleasing and the large stalwart figure which accompanies it makes the man decidedly worth looking at. This is Raymond Leister.

His companion is entirely different. Jack Hastings' best friend never ventured to call him handsome. His eyes are large and dark and have in them a dissatisfied expression. He does not revel, as does Leister, in a fine mustache, his face is smooth, and his mouth is perhaps a trifle large, but his teeth are fine, and when Jack Hastings laughs one feels like racking his brain for something to provoke his mirth afresh.

Jack Hastings is a favorite, and this summer he is a decided hero, for he has a history, and all the young ladies are devoutly interested in him in consequence. Last winter the news came to Jack that an uncle in England had died and left him a considerable fortune on condition that he marry a niece of the old man, who had lived with her uncle ever since her infancy, and in case of his not complying the fortune reverted to the niece.

Now, Jack had never been over burdened with lucre, and the idea of having a fortune was not in the least objectionable to him, but the incumbrance was not all to his taste. Up to the time that the news came of the will, Jack had been heart whole, and his friends, however, thought him a lucky fellow, for Miss Hellen Isabelle Leighton was said to be a beauty, but as the young lady had never visited America it was rather difficult to say whence came this important information.

Jack had made no decided objection, so it was arranged that the young lady accompanied by her aunt, after a short tour through the continent, was to start for America and was expected to arrive about the middle of September. Miss Leighton's aunt resided in Boston, and shortly after her arrival in that city she was to give a reception, the purpose being to present Jack Hastings to his future bride.

Jack had been informed of all these arrangements, but had taken little interest in them. As he must become a Benedict he had determined to make the best of the time left him; but the fates were against him. A few weeks after his advent at the beach he had fallen desperately in love with a young lady stopping at one of the cottages. In consequence of this Jack fully believed himself one of the most deeply injured mortals on the face of the earth, hence, the dissatisfied expression in the young gentleman's eyes, as he looks toward the cottage which holds the object of his adoration.

"For a person who had just had a fortune thrown at his head, you are about as disconsolate as a fellow can be," said Raymond; but as the latter made no response, he continued, "I say, Jack, don't you like it?"

"Like it?" said Jack, turning fiercely on him, "I like the fortune, but who would like to have a girl thrown at his head; would you?"

"That depends altogether on the size of the girl," replied Raymond, smoothing his hair and laughing at his friend's eagerness, "but to be serious, Jack, I would not get entangled with anyone until I had seen Miss Leighton, and I should put a stop to my visits to the cottage, for pretty Miss Nellie's sake, if I were you."

Jack looked after the retreating figure and then utterly regardless of his friend's advice walked off in the direction of the cottage.

Miss Nellie Long had been expecting him. She lay in a hammock, her hands resting listless in her lap; white, soft hands that were strangers to labor. Her white dress just escaped the ground as she swayed lazily in the soft, summer twilight. Her head was covered with a shower of golden curls and her complexion was as fair as a baby's. Her eyes were large and blue, and just at present were fixed rather anxiously on the road where Jack would first appear.

He was late, and she had almost given him up, when the stalwart figure appeared striding along toward the cottage. A smile of satisfaction plays around the pretty mouth which breaks into a merry laugh as Jack leaps the low fence and stands by her side. Raising her eyes to his she says:

"You could not stay away, could you, Jack, dear?"

He stoops to kiss her, but she pushed his face away and says, gently, "You must not do it, Jack. I feel quite sure Miss Leighton will object."

"Confound Miss Leighton," says Jack, as he throws himself on the ground.

"That is what I say, Jack, but that does not alter in the least the facts of the case."

"I have told you, Nellie, a dozen times, that I never will marry her."

"I know it, but I am horribly jealous of her, and cannot get her out of my mind, night or day, and I know you think about her all the time, now don't you, Jack?" and she bends forward till her eyes are looking straight into his; and then as he made no reply, "I do wish you would smile, Jack, I am trying so hard to delude myself into the belief that you are handsome, and I never can if you look like that."

Taking no notice of her last remark, Jack straightened himself and says with decision, "I have made up my mind——"

"To marry Miss Leighton?" interrupted Nellie, doing her best to squeeze a few tears into her eyes. Nellie is a coquette, but to do her justice, she is very fond of Jack.

"I have made up my mind," repeated Jack.

"Well, you said so before," impatiently.

"I have made up my mind," again repeated Jack, slowly, "to write to Miss Leighton and tell her that owing to a previous attachment I am unable to comply with the conditions of my uncle's will."

"Jack, you dear, old darling," giving his hand a little squeeze, at which a smile lights up Jack Hasting's plain face, but it vanished on hearing her next words. "How about the fortune, Jack?"

"Hang the fortune, repeated the young man, and then as she looks dubious, "Nellie, you don't care about the money?"

"No, but —"

"But what?"

"A little money is very nice to have; but, Jack, I had ever so much rather have you," smoothing his forehead with her cool, soft hand.

"I know you would, Nellie; now when shall it be, dear?"

"Oh, not before you have seen Miss Leighton."

"But I never shall see her, she will not want to see me after she receives my letter."

"Oh, but I would rather you should. Just imagine your seeing her after our marriage and falling in love with her, I should die, Jack," and this time there are tears in the blue eyes, but whether of grief or with mirth Jack cannot tell. All his persuasion cannot move her, and so he leaves her.

As she watches his retreating figure her face dimples and smiles; she is quite sure of her conquest, now, and is a little less jealous of Miss Leighton.

The weeks sped swiftly by, and the second week in September had arrived. In two days Jack is to meet Miss Leighton, for, notwithstanding his letter, her guardian has sent word that he thinks it advisable for the young people to meet, as Miss Leighton is anxious to make some arrangement about the property, and next Wednesday is set for the meeting.

He has taken his farewell of Nellie, after swearing eternal fidelity; but she is not fully convinced. She has pictured Miss Leighton in glowing colors as a beauty, with dark flashing eyes and a stately figure, for since she is a relative of Jack's, Nellie cannot get the idea out of her head that she is a brunette, and is certain that Jack will fall in love with the young lady on the spot. She ends by asking him in pathetic tones, "What *will* then be left for me to do," adding to Jack's misery.

The night has at last arrived, and Jack has spent a longer time than usual on his toilet and feels in a dissatisfied mood as he rides along towards Beacon street. At last the carriage stops, Jack is admitted and shown into a small reception room by a servant in livery. He hears the low strains of a waltz, but his attention is instantly caught by a portrait which hangs over the mantel. It is the portrait of a lady; the face is proud and intelligent, the eyes large, dark and brilliant; instinctively Jack knows that it is a picture of Miss Leighton, and he laughs to himself as he recalls Nellie's description of her. He hears the rustle of a silk dress in the hall and the original of the portrait, only prouder, handsomer, if possible, is standing beside him.

For a moment, Jack remained motionless, his breath almost taken away by the suddenness of her appearance. All his fine speeches fly to the four winds.

"I—I believe you wished to see me," he stammered.

"Yes." Her voice is low and contrasting strangely with his. "Mr. Cary, my guardian, thought it best, as he wished you to know that it is over half a million that you are refusing when you refuse to—when you refuse the alliance."

A soft flush covers face and throat, as she speaks. She is very beautiful and so Jack must admit.

His thoughts fly back to a golden head, and not for a moment does he falter in his allegiance.

"I am unable to comply, as I am to be married to Miss Long in two weeks."

A smile curls the lady's lips.

"Yes, so Mr. Cary informed me, and we have decided to make over to you a portion of the fortune, for which I have had a deed of gift made out."

She said this in rather a sarcastic way, as she handed him the paper.

Something in the tone offends Jack, and taking the paper he deliberately tears it up and throws it into the grate. "I am obliged to you, Miss Leighton, but you must excuse me if I decline your gift."

Utterly unprepared for this contingency, the lady stands staring at him. Feeling rather awkward, and not knowing what to do, Jack bows and takes his leave. The lady hides her face in her hands and cries? no, laughs! Her mental observation is, that he must, indeed, be in love. Then she returns to her guests, not without a feeling of mortification that, not only has she been rejected herself, but her gift has been indignantly thrown at her feet by this haughty young man.

Jack has told Nellie everything, and Nellie, at last convinced of his constancy, is all the fondest lover could wish.

They are to be married in a week; Jack has bought a small house and furnished it as well as his means will permit. Nellie has been over it and declared it to be the loveliest, coziest little house in the world. The wedding is to be very quiet, they are to have a few friends at the house, among others, Raymond Leister, who mentally sets Jack down as the biggest fool on record.

It seems as if nature had made a particular effort on this day, or at least so Nellie thinks as she returns home from the church with Jack, now her husband, to their cozy little home. As they enter they are met by a servant who hands them two cards on which are written, "Miss Leighton and Mr. Cary."

Jack becomes dignified, feeling quite sure that they have come to renew the offer of the money as a wedding present, and he is fully determined to refuse it as bluntly as before. Nellie, for the first time in her life, is seized with bashfulness and begs her husband to go in alone; but he will not hear to this for a moment, and putting his arm reassuringly around her, walks into the room and up to Miss Leighton.

"Miss Leighton," he begins, "allow me to present you to—" when he stops. Nellie has slipped from his arm and is seated on the sofa laughing in anything but a dignified manner. Jack looks from one to the other in bewilderment. Nellie, finally taking pity on him, slips her hand through the lady's arm and leading her up to Jack, says, "Mr. Hastings, allow me to present to you my aunt, Mrs. Leighton."

"*And you*," stammered Jack.

"Mrs. Jack Hastings, at your service," making him a low curtesy, turns to the old gentleman, and taking both his hands, says gravely, "I told you, Mr. Cary, he should not marry me for my money, and I don't think he has."

Advice to Young Men.

Young man, what are you living for? Have you an object dear to you as life, and without the attainment of which you feel that your life will have been a wide, shoreless waste of shadow peopled by the specters of dead ambitions? Is it your consuming ambition to paddle quietly but firmly up the stream of time with many strokes against the current of public opinion, or to linger along the seductive banks, going in swimming, or, careless of the future, gathering shells and tadpoles along the shore? Have you a distinct idea of a certain position in life which you wish to attain? Have you decided whether you will be a great man and die in the poorhouse, and have a nice, comfortable monument after you are dead for your destitute family to look at, or will you content yourself to plug along through life as a bank president? These, young man, are questions of moment. They are questions of two moments. They come home to our hearts to-day with terrible earnestness. You can take your choice in the great battle of life, whether you will bristle up and win a deathless name and owe almost everybody, or be satisfied with scabs and mediocrity. Why do you linger and fritter away the heyday of life when you might skirmish around and win some laurels? Many of those who now stand at the head of the Nation as statesmen and logicians were once unknown, unhonored and unsung. Now they saw the air in the halls of Congress, and their names are plastered on the temple of fame.

They were not born great. Some of them only weighed six pounds to start with. But they have rustled. They have peeled their coats and made Rome howl. You can do the same. You can win some laurels, too, if you will brace up and secure them when they are ripe. Daniel Webster and President Garfield and Dr. Tanner and George Eliot were all, at one time, poor boys. They had to start at the foot of the ladder and toil upward. They struggled against poverty and public opinion bravely on till they won a name in the annals of history, and secured to their loved ones palatial homes, with lightning-rods and mortgages on them. So may you, if you will make the effort. All these things are within your reach. Live temperately on nine dollars a month. That's the way we got our start. Burn the midnight oil if necessary. Get some true, noble-minded young lady of your acquaintance to assist you. Tell her of your troubles and she will tell you what to do. She will gladly advise you. Then you can marry her, and she will advise you some more. After that she will lay aside her work any time to advise you. You needn't be out of advice at all unless you want to. She, too, will tell you when you have made a mistake. She will come to you frankly and acknowledge that you have made a jackass of yourself. As she gets more acquainted with you, she will be more candid with you, and, in her unstudied, girlish way she will point out your errors, and gradually convince you, with an old chairleg and other arguments, that you were wrong, and after she has choked you a little while, your past life will come up before you like a panorama, and you will tell her so, and she will let you up again. Life is indeed a mighty struggle. It is business. We can't all be editors, and lounge around all the time, and wear good clothes, and have our names in the papers, and draw a princely salary. Some one must do the work and drudgery of life, or it won't be done.—*Bill Nye.*

A Royal Trousseau.

The Viennese read with great interest the descriptions of the trosseau which the Princess Stephanie brought with her. It had been exhibited at the royal palace at Brussels, and the descriptions of its fairy-like materials, and the exquisite works of art in gold and silver embroidery and laces of marvelous delicacy, were most exciting. Amid all the bridal glories one table in the middle of the hall was heaped up with linen and household goods, which attracted the attention of the ladies. It may interest lady readers to know that the chemises are fringed with costly lace and with lovely bosoms of artistic workmanship. Then there were jackets, corsets, jupons, handkerchiefs, fichus, cravates and other most charming objects necessary to the feminine toilet. Near these were costlier presents of dresses and jewelry. The bridal dress was of the traditional cloth of silver, richly ornamented with embroidery designs representing oak, laurel and rose branches, intertwined with bouquets of orange blossoms, the whole, both for design and harmony of color, forming a robe such as connoisseurs declared was never seen before. The waist and arms were decorated with delicate silver lace, the train of the same material as the robe and embroidered to match. It was four meters long and four wide. The bouquets and designs in high relief on the train have occupied many industrious hands for over three months. The Queen of the Belgians wore a dress at the wedding which was composed of azure velvet, the train, with rich silver embroidery, falling over a similarly embroidered underdress of dead blue satin. It was very tastefully decorated with silver lace, and the draping and arrangements of this matchless robe were such as to send those who have seen it into ecstasies.—*Vienna Letter.*

Cunning of the Humming-Bird.

A friend has informed me of an instance in her experience where the humming-bird has shown more cunning than its little brain would seem capable of manufacturing. The incident occurred in Vineland, N. J. In an unused apartment of the house where the lady was staying, one of the huge spiders common in that region had built its strong web unmolested. Passing into the room one summer day, she spied a ruby-throat, which had flown in through the open vine-clad window, struggling frantically in the net of Dame Arachnid. The more the bird fluttered, the worse were its filmy wings tangled and fettered in the spider's meshes; and unless help had been given, there is little doubt how the catastrophe would have ended. The lady hurried to the relief of the piteous prisoner, and handling it with the utmost care, freed it from the coils fastened to its feathers and binding its feeble members. As the bird lay in her palm at the end of the operation, it gave two or three gasping breaths and was still. Every muscle relaxed as in dissolution. The kindhearted liberator suffered a pang of distress from the conviction that she had killed the delicate creature by too rude a touch. After some moments of fruitless mourning, she laid the limp body down and turned sadly away. Quicker than thought the little trickster unfurled its wings and shot out of the window. Had it swooned from fright in the lady's hand, and recovered with the change of position? or had it actually feigned death, in order to facilitate escape, as some larger birds are known to do?—*Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Hessian Fly.

There are two broods of these flies produced in one year, the first brood appearing in early spring, and the second a few weeks before the wheat is ready to be harvested. The flies of the second brood deposit their eggs upon the young winter wheat; hence, they can maintain themselves only in districts where this cereal is grown, while in localities where spring wheat alone is raised, they will be almost if not entirely unknown.

As a preventive against the attacks of this insect, many authors recommend not to sow the grain until all the flies have been killed by the frost; but this remedy will never be very generally adopted, as late-sown wheat is very apt to be winter-killed. Others recommend sowing the wheat that the flies will be enabled to pass through their transformations before winter sets in; but this plan will be objected to on the same ground as the first, as wheat too far advanced is about as liable to be winter-killed as the late sown wheat is. Farmers usually know the date for sowing winter-wheat so that it will be most likely to withstand the winter, and they are not willing to sow it either earlier or later than this date without very good reasons for so doing. One of the very best remedies for preventing the attacks of this fly is that of sowing a narrow strip of land around the field intended for winter wheat about three or four weeks before the time for sowing the regular crop. When the wheat in this strip is well up the flies in the vicinity will deposit their eggs upon it, and, after waiting a week or so for this to be accomplished, plow under this strip with the rest of the field. By this operation the progeny of all the flies in the immediate vicinity will be destroyed, and unless other flies make their appearance later in the season from adjoining fields the regular crop will enjoy perfect immunity from their attacks. It cannot be too strongly urged that all the farmers who grow winter-wheat in districts infested with this fly should adopt this method; for if only one here and another there adopt it, the flies from the fields of those who have neglected to do so will stock the fields of their more careful neighbors with eggs in spite of all the latter can do to prevent it, and thus the industrious and thoughtful farmer must suffer for the negligence of others.—*D. W. Coquillett, in Germantown Telegraph.*

Soiling Stock.

A writer in a recent number of the *Milch Zeitung*, on the danger to German agriculture from foreign competition, says that his own experience of fifty years has taught him that regular soiling of cattle is best for the farmer and for his fields, bringing in greater profit and maintaining the fertility of the land at a higher point; that twice as much fodder can be produced on a given surface when the forage plant is allowed to grow as a cultivated crop and reach a certain degree of maturity than when, as in pasture, it is continually cropped off and trodden down. He believes, as do all the best German writers on the subject, that the most successful system of agriculture, in the long run, is that in which a large quantity of stock is kept and fed well, and a careful rotation of crops is followed, in which the same crop is never put twice in succession on the same land. The soiling system makes it easier to carry out the second part of this programme, and the great variety of crops that can be raised on a long rotation provides a greater variety of fodder for the stock; so that these two features of the best modern agricultural practice work admirably together. The soiling system provides a more uniform ration in respect to quantity and avoids much loss of manure. It may be pretty safely affirmed that the droppings of cattle in the pasture are more than half wasted by drying in the sun, or by too strong dosing with manure in isolated spots, here and there. Where land is cheap and abundant, and cannot be profitably cultivated and carried up to a high degree of fertility, pasturage over a large portion of the farm may be allowed; but when high farming pays pasture-land is a poor investment and may eat up a large part of the profits from the cultivated fields.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Pastures.

A great mistake is too often made in the management of pastures. Though we call our pasture grasses perennial, yet they as really reproduce their roots every season as they do their tops. The early spring growth is largely given to the reproduction of roots for the summer work. The material for this root-growth is elaborated and prepared in leaf or blade, and if this be largely diminished while this material is being prepared, the root-growth is arrested, and with this the ability of the pasture to make a heavy summer crop, or to reproduce itself when pastured close, is proportionally impaired. Short pastures in May will insure short pastures the whole summer. If a good root-growth be secured in May, grass will hardly be short in August, though it be hot and dry. A portable fence is a great convenience in the management of pastures. By this stock can be confined to lots of desirable size and not suffered to range the whole pasture. An advantage of long pastures that is often overlooked is the fact that there is a constant ratio between the top and root of grass, and therefore the more the top is grown the greater the amount of vegetable matter contributed to the soil, as a fall crop of roots decay every year, to enrich the land. Pastures are generally left to take care of themselves, but if they are on land somewhat worn, a top-dressing of stable manure, or a mixture of one hundred pounds of bone and plaster, each, per acre, sown broadcast in the spring will pay a good profit.—*Home and Farm.*

Proper Care of the Orchard.

Speaking of poor orchard management, Mr. Barry says that he has seen trees standing in grass neither broken up nor manured for many years, making a feeble and stunted growth, and producing heavy crops of fruit, one-half or one-fourth of which may be merchantable, the balance hardly worth picking up. We find orchard after orchard in this condition. This will not pay. Trees may be kept in a vigorous and healthy condition by proper tillage of the soil, abundance of fertilizers, and judicious pruning. These involve labor and expense, but you cannot grow fine fruit without both, and a good deal of them. A fruit tree shows neglect very quickly. In his pear orchard, to lessen the chances of blight, he slacked off in both cultivation and manure. The result was, in two years, one-half his crop was culls. His trees, instead of making stout shoots twelve to eighteen inches long, made scarcely any growth at all. He had observed similar results in the case of other fruit trees. In some soils, especially in those of a light and sandy nature, a moderate top-dressing every year is necessary; in others, every second year will be sufficient. There can be no rule laid down. The trees and fruit will tell what is wanted.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—A Sunday-school teacher in Maine, who had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of Heaven, finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to Heaven?" A lively little four-year-old boy held up his hand. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher. "Dead ones!" the little fellow shouted.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A well managed fruit garden is a necessary adjunct to a farm.

—If you wish to produce a glue that will resist water boil one pound of glue in two quarts of skimmed milk.

—A cord of dry horse stable manure weighs about four thousand eight hundred to five thousand pounds.

—Grass seed will usually take well if covered with a bush only. But on dry ground a harrow and roller make a better job of it.

—To obtain a glossy skin.—Pour upon a pint of bran sufficient boiling water to cover it. Let it stand until cold and then bathe the face with it, only patting the skin with a soft towel to dry it.

—Raspberry Jam.—To every quart of ripe raspberries, allow a pound of the best loaf-sugar. Put sugar and berries into a pan, and let them stand two or three hours. Then boil them in a porcelain kettle, taking off the scum carefully. When no more scum rises, mash them and boil them to smooth marmalade. When cold, put them in glass tumblers.

—All kinds of dried fruit should be stewed long and slowly. Tiny bits of lemon and orange peel, together with the juice of two or three oranges and lemons, are a very desirable addition. Only the thin, yellow part of the rind must be used and care taken to take out the seeds. The sugar should be added when the fruit is about half done.

—Sink spouts are easily cleaned out when filled up with grease and other refuse without the assistance of a plumber. Dissolve four or five pounds of washing soda in boiling water and pour down the sink once every month. Lead pipes leading from stationary washstands should be occasionally washed down by pouring in a good strong solution of potash in hot water. Be careful not to get these mixtures on the hands or clothes.

—No attempt should be made to grow any crop in the orchard without heavy manuring, but if no crop is grown a heavy mulching will keep the trees in a thrifty condition until they come into bearing, providing the land was in good condition when the trees were set. When the trees begin to produce fruit, every few years the land should receive a good dressing of manure, which should be spread on the surface before mulching.

—Veal Stew.—Cut four pounds of veal into strips three inches long and one inch thick; peel twelve large potatoes and cut them into slices one inch thick; spread a layer of veal on the pot, sprinkle in a little salt and pepper, then a layer of potatoes, then a layer of veal seasoned as before. Use up the veal thus: over the last layer of veal put a layer of slices of salt pork, and over the whole a layer of potatoes. Pour in water till it rises an inch over the whole; cover it close, heat it fifteen minutes and simmer it an hour.

—The good luck in hatching eggs of a hen that steals her nest in a field, suggested the idea of placing earth in a box before setting hens in them. Hens certainly have good luck on ground nests. The nest should be made so large that the hen can just fill it, not very deep, and as nearly flat inside at the bottom as possible, so that the eggs may not lean against each other, or they are very liable to be broken, especially by the hens turning them. There is less trouble from vermin when nests are so made, and the hen being more contented is more likely to be successful in hatching the eggs.

—Scrap Pudding.—Put scraps of bread (crust and crumb) into a bowl, with sufficient milk to cover them well. Cover with a plate, and put into the oven to soak for about half an hour. Take it out, and mash the bread with a fork till it is a pulp; then add a handful of raisins and as many currants, six ounces brown sugar, half a pint of milk, some candied lemon-peel, and one egg. Stir it up well, grease a pudding dish, and pour the pudding in. Grate over a little nutmeg, put it into a moderate oven, and let it bake for an hour and a half.

—Wire worms are very destructive to corn and potatoes especially, and to grass. They are hard, shining, many-legged worms, which lie curled up spirally when at rest. They breed in manure and in decaying vegetable matter, and gather under stones, clods and lumps of manure. It is said that salt will kill them; summer fallowing will starve them when they are numerous, and an easy way to kill them is to poison them in traps consisting of pieces of board or shingles laid upon the ground, with a few small pieces of potato sprinkled with Paris green or other poison under them. When very numerous, summer fallowing thoroughly done, so as to permit no weeds of any kind to grow, is the most effective and cheapest remedy.

Miniature Irrigation.

Frequently persons have but limited space, but a plenty of time to attend to a few vines, such as cucumbers, melons, strawberries, etc., which by care can be made very productive, and some little device for suitable irrigation will produce magical results. An old barrel, which will hold water and which is not saturated with any agent injurious to vegetation, set down in the ground, the top level with the surface, is a prolific place to plant a hill of cucumbers. Fill the barrel half full with boulders, pebbles and gravel, then fill up the balance with strong, well-rotted manure and rich soil, well mixed. Plant your cucumbers in this, and keep the barrel half full of water, or to the top of the rocks and gravel, and more cucumbers can be raised from this than from a quarter of an acre of ordinary soil parched by the sun and winds of our summers. The same is the case with melons. Another good way is to make a rich mellow hill, by spading in rich manure eighteen inches deep and three feet wide. In the center of this hill set a tight nail keg, boring a row of gimlet holes close to the bottom all round. Fill it half full of rich manure. Plant a row of melons all round this keg three or four inches from it. When the melons are up and begin to grow thriftily turn a pail of water daily into the keg and let it pass through the manure out through the gimlet holes, being careful to have the holes just below the surface of the ground. In this way we have raised more melons from one hill than in forty of ordinary field culture.

There is another simple contrivance which will pay. If you have a few rare strawberry plants, and every one can and should have, take your useless empty oyster cans and punch a small hole through the bottom, close to one side. Set it at the side of your strawberry plant. Fill every day, or twice a day, and let the water escape slowly through the hole to the roots of the strawberry, and you will see such wonders in berries as you read of in the papers.

All of these things need an abundance of water at all hours during our dry, hot winds, and by the simple but cheap devices rich results can be attained. In cities where they have the advantage of water works a pipe with small holes all along it for the water to escape can be buried along a row of strawberries, and it can be regulated so as not to drown out the plants, nor allow them to parch in the sun. In this way almost any one can have this delicious berry in its prime, and many will be astonished at the quantity which can be produced from a row of vines twenty or thirty feet long. But there are other devices by which miniature irrigation can be accomplished, with satisfactory results.—*Iowa State Register.*

—Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, and not fail.

[New York Union.]
Did Him Good.

Mr. Charles H. Bauer, editor of the above paper and Notary Public, in a late issue mentions the following: Patrick Kenny, Esq., some time ago, suffered much from rheumatism and tried almost every means to rid himself of this painful evil, but in vain. He was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, which he did so successfully, that all pain has left him and he is as healthy and strong as ever before. Mr. Kenny is an enthusiastic advocate of St. Jacobs Oil, and it has done him good.

CIRCUS MEN turn everything to their own advantage—even a handspring.—*Boston Transcript.*

[Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan Co., News.]
We never saw any one joyous when suffering from pain;—neuralgia for instance. In relation to this malady Mr. George Guyett, Prop. Guyett House, thus informed our representative: I have used St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia, and can confidently recommend it to any one similarly affected.

A FLY is said to have 16,000 eyes. No wonder he is careless as to where he leaves his specs.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Worthless Stuff.

Not so fast my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and invaluable remedy." See other column.—*Philadelphia Press.*

YOUNG SWELL: I should like to have my mustache dyed." Polite barber: "Certainly, did you bring it with you?"—*College Journal.*

Efficient and Cheap.

Dyspepsia, bilious attacks, headache, and many other ills can only be cured by removing their cause. Kidney-Wort has been proved to be the most effectual remedy for these and for habitual costiveness which so afflicts millions of the American people.—*Farm and Fireside.*

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ALL grocers sell National Yeast. Try it.

A PAYING business—the cashier's.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"PAPA—"That picture shows the story of Prometheus and the vulture that fed on his liver. Every day the vulture devoured it, and every night it grew for him to eat it again." Sympathetic Child—"Poor, dear old vulture! How sick he must have been of liver every day!"

FOWLS are gluttonous; they take a peck at every mouthful.

"WHEN is spring like a young lady?" asked Henry. Lucy of course gave it up. "When it is a little forward," said Henry. "And I suppose it is like a young gentleman because it is the vernal season," replied Lucy. Tableau.

JOB was doubtless the first humorous paragrapher.

THE good old lady kept a private bottle from which she refreshed herself from time to time, as she felt the need, though none of the family knew it. One evening her daughter in rummaging through the pantry for doughnuts for her beau, spied the bottle and had the curiosity to draw the cork and apply her nose to the aperture, at which moment the old lady hove in sight and angrily demanded: "Well, are you any wiser than you were? What do you suppose it is?" "I don't know what it is, mamma," answered the shrinking maiden, "but it smells just like Charlie's mustache."

SPECIMEN OF SIGN LANGUAGE—"Walk in;" "Shut the door;" "If you don't see what you want ask for it."

IF you would shine in the world, be a bootblack.

IF fine feathers don't make fine birds, why isn't a crow as handsome as a peacock?—*Detroit Free Press.*

A YOUNG lady weighed herself in the early morning and again after dinner, when she found she had gained forty pounds. She ate very sparingly. It was not that. She had fill her hairpins in position. That was all.

ONE of Maud S.'s colts has been sold for $6,000. The little dear!

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