THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

IO VICTIS!

I sing the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of Nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer;
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper: "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?
The Martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CROOKED WAYS.

Like a good many other young men —and women too, for that matter—I was once badly afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi*. Of course greater evils might have befallen me: I might have been seized with a passion for whisky or gambling; but, still, my *cacoethes scribendi* was serious enough. During my college days the symptoms showed themselves plainly; but the malady did not really assume its true and awful proportions until after I had taken my degree. Then, forsooth, it fastened upon me like a leech, and before many months had elapsed it overmastered me completely. In accordance with my mother's wish, I went to Dundas, ostensibly to read law with my uncle, but it was a mere pretense of law reading, for the mornings that I ought to have spent over Blackstone were devoted to the composition of a novel and the afternoons to the polishing of some poems. Uncle Dick shook his head gravely and remonstrated, sometime in sadness and sometimes in anger.

"That scribbling will never amount to anything," he would say, contemptuously. This was hard to bear; but my lofty aspirations sustained me, and, firm in my belief of ultimate success, I scribbled on and ever, and bombarded all the magazines in the country with my manuscripts. The magazines did not open their columns to me, and I fell back at last upon the weekly newspapers, and especially upon the Boston *Weekly Talbiclown*. The journal printed my essays, and a certain assistant editor, whose initials were "F. B. S.," sent me polite notes from time to time. It was something to see my productions in print; it would have been more had those productions once in a while brought in a check. But they never did; they elicited only polite notes from F. B. S. Finally, I wrote a letter to the assistant editor upon the subject, and by return post I received a reply. It was sent to my private box at the Post-office, but, to my great amusement, was directed to "Jane Bell," instead of "John." My handwriting was not very distinct, and perhaps a trifle feminine, and the signature, upon which I rather prized myself, certainly left it an open question whether John or Jane were meant. The note, too, began—

"MISS BELL: In reply to your question, I would say that this journal pays only its regular corps of writers. We are glad to receive your articles, and perhaps later may make adequate compensation therefor; but, as a young writer, it would be wiser for you to think at present only of securing a foothold. You have an excellent chance of success in the end; but much patience is necessary at the outset.

"Please say whether I shall direct future communications to John Bell, Miss Bell, or Mrs. Bell. At present I do not venture to give you any title. "Very truly yours,

"F. B. SCREVEN."

This letter at once amused and piqued me. It was pleasant and rather encouraging, but it was plain the writer set me down as an impecunious young woman, whereas the truth was I had a very fair income of my own, and was a six-foot, moustached specimen of masculinity. The idea of playing the *rôle* of Miss Jane Bell tickled my fancy, and therefore, giving my imagination free rein, upon the spur of the moment I sat down and wrote as follows:

"F. B. SCREVEN—At present I also am in a quandary, for I do not know whether I ought to address you as Madame, Monsieur or Mademoiselle. The last title is mine just now, although of course I feel at liberty to change it when I choose, or rather when the proper opportunity offers itself. Perhaps matrimony would be a more profitable speculation than literature. Do not, however, suppose that I am dependent on my pen for my bread and butter. In that case, I fear, the butter would be very thin, indeed. No; the fates have given me most of the luxuries of life; but these, of course, do not satisfy me. The reason why I wrote as I did about payment for the articles was simply because I thought if they were good enough to print they were good enough to be paid for. It seems I was mistaken; but to show you that I take your advice, I send you another essay. I will at least try to secure a foothold, and pray that greater success may follow.

"I am, dear Madame, Monsieur or Mademoiselle Screven,

"Sincerely yours,

"JANE BELL."

Laughing in my sleeve, I sent this communication off, and planned that, if the assistant editor sent me a friendly reply, I would open a correspondence in my *rôle* of Miss Jane Bell and fool F. B. Screven as never man had been fooled before. Judge, then, of my dismay when I received a letter in what I knew was Screven's writing, but not written on office paper, and signed Frances Bertram Screven. "A woman, by Jove!" I exclaimed there and then in the post-office, whereby a small boy, who was standing nigh, nearly swallowed in astonishment the postage-stamp he was carefully licking. I thrust the letter in my pocket and did not read it until I was safely at home. Thus the missive ran:

"DEAR MISS BELL: Your piquant letter prompts me to write you a reply, not as an assistant editor, but as a woman like yourself, who is toiling up the steep path that leads to Parnassus. I might have known you were a woman, and a young one at that, because, although there is a touch of masculine strength in your essays and poems, still there is, too, a sweetness that is only feminine. I think that women more often have this flavor of masculinity than men have anything of that tenderness which is essentially and purely feminine. Were I in a position of authority, I should very soon dismiss the cut-and-dried hack-writers whose contributions, although smooth and polished, lack the freshness, the spontaneity, which is characteristic of the contributions we sometimes receive from unknown writers, and notably from you. But, you see, I am merely an assistant editor, and a person of no consequence at all, except as I am useful to do the work, all the glory of which goes to the distinguished individuals whose names are emblazoned at the head of the paper. This sounds bitter, I am afraid; but my dear Miss Bell, the fates have not been so kind to me as to you, and it is not for fame I write, but for the wherewithal to keep me fed and clothed. What makes it perhaps harder is that I have known what it is to have my bread and butter fresh and sweet—ay, and honey with it, too—and, therefore, the thin slices that are doled out to me now taste the drier by comparison.

"Forgive me for boring you with so much about myself. Pray write to me again. Your luxurious stationery, with the faint, delicate perfume pervading it, is in itself a delight.

"Sincerely yours,

"MISS FRANCES BERTRAM SCREVEN."

As I read this letter I felt myself a scoundrel. My first impulse was to write a letter of confession to Miss Screven; but the desire to keep up the correspondence and try my hand at composing letters that should be sweetly feminine overcame my scruples, and I sent off the following reply:

"DEAR MISS SCREVEN—Instead of boring me, the glimpse you gave me of your life interested me more than I can tell. But, at the same time, the contrast between your life and mine made me envious. Perhaps your lot is a hard one, but it is at least brave and independent. Here am I, an only daughter, petted and spoiled to a shameful degree, and bound by fetters of luxury. Yes, I envy you. Sitting here this morning in my silly pink-curtained boudoir, with a Dresden shepherdess simpering at me from the top of my escritoire, I feel my idle, luxurious life hemming me in and overpowering me, as the perfume of tuberoses makes heavy and sickening the atmosphere of a room that should be flung open to the fresh air and sunshine. I would change places with you to-day if I could."

When I reached this point of my letter, I read over approvingly what I had written. "Arrived at the lines descriptive of my imaginary boudoir, I smiled as my glances fell on a boot-jack in one corner and the shaving-apparatus in another. Glancing at the place where the Dresden shepherdess ought to have been, my eye fell instead upon a pipe, which I took down and filled, and then resumed my writing with considerable complacency.

"This may sound to you rather school-girlish, and I may as well confess that it is not many years—perhaps months would be more accurate—since I left the precincts of a finishing-school. Finishing-school, indeed! Much I learned there besides the art of doing up my hair! However, the defects of my education I must remedy myself, and I try every day to devote a few hours to serious study. But it is very hard to seclude myself long enough to accomplish anything. People call; I must go to garden-parties; I must hold solemn conclave with the milliner and dress-maker; in short, I have constant demands of a most frivolous nature upon my time.

"All this you will probably laugh at; and, lest I write yet more foolishly, I will bring this letter to a close. If you are not quite disgusted with me, do write again soon.

"Faithfully yours,

JANE BELL."

I may as well confess that I thought this letter a successful imitation of some of the epistles that I had myself received from feminine hands. It sounded enthusiastic and very "Mi-sish," and I sent it off that afternoon with a bold heart.

"Jack," quoth my uncle, who met me as I came from the post-office, "I verily believe you are making an ass of yourself over some girl. I don't believe it is the muses you are courting; it is no muse; it is a miss." And with this he passed on, chuckling at his own wit.

As the days went on, however, my uncle's words seemed in a fair way to prove true. I thought only of Miss Screven. My novel I left untouched, and my rhyming dictionary accumulated dust slowly, but surely. Fled were my visions of astonishing the world with my genius. I lived only for the mail from Boston.

As I re-read the letters I received from Miss Screven, I can make some excuse for my infatuation. They were frank and outspoken, and sometimes, indeed, tinged with cynicism; but through them there breathed a sympathy, a tenderness, that touches me even now as I read them over. Finally, at my solicitation, she sent me her photograph, which showed her to be a regular-featured, large-eyed woman, of rather a serious cast of countenance, indeed, but with a lurking smile in the mouth that I could not but confess was a large one. She was not a beauty, I saw that, but she had an earnest, interesting face that grew upon me every day.

Little by little I gave myself up to thoughts of her by day and dreams of her by night. Her letters I awaited with a feverish impatience, and if one were delayed I was in a torment. I make no excuses for my folly, dear sir or madam; but pray do not forget that I was only one-and-twenty then, and had fed myself plentifully with novels and poetry.

The correspondence was kept up all the summer and autumn; but in December there befell what was to me an awful calamity. Miss Screven did not write. I sent imploring letter after letter, but no response gladdened me.

"Has she jilted you?" said Uncle Dick, heartlessly, when he noted my pale face. In truth, I could not sleep nor eat; I was consumed with fear and anxiety. What could have befallen her?

I endured it for just ten days, and then I packed my sachel and went to Boston. Bah! what a day it was when I arrived there! It had snowed a little, and then a thin, cold rain began to drizzle down despairingly. The weather suited me better than the garish splendor of the hotel, and I wandered forth that evening, half-unconsciously wending my way toward the street in which Miss Screven boarded. I found myself opposite the house. From an upper window a light struggled faintly between the closed shutters and thrilled me through and through. Perhaps she was there, ill and alone, uncared for, save by the mercenary landlady, or, worse still, by a slatternly servant. I went up the steps and rang the bell. A slip of a girl opened the door to me, and I handed her my card, saying mechanically: "Ask Miss Screven if she will see me."

I trusted that the name, John Bell, would perhaps lead her to suppose that I was a cousin or the father of her friend.

The slip of a servant-maid looked at the card and then looked at me. "Frances Screven?" she said, interrogatively.

"Yes," I replied. Then I took the card, ran my pencil through the engraved name, and scrawled my illegible signature below it. The servant took the card again and skurried away, leaving me standing there in the cold, dark entry.

It was several minutes before she reappeared, and then it was only to say in a sing-song tone, "Three flights up; first door to the right."

I went up the three flights and rapped at the first door to the right.

A voice called out, "Come in."

I entered a medium-sized, plainly-furnished room that was redolent of tobacco, with which was mingled a faint smell of whisky. There were two armchairs, a large table, covered with a faded cloth, and an old-fashioned horse-hair lounge, from which, as I entered, a young man rose. He was thin and hollow-eyed, and a beard of several days' growth made him look, to say the least, unkempt. "Mr Bell, I presume," he said, offering me his hand and then drawing up a chair for me.

"I have called to see Miss Screven," said I.

"Have you, indeed?" he replied in a nasty, sneering way.

It flashed through me at once. It was her husband! She had deceived me!

"May I ask if you are any relation to Miss Jane Bell, of Dundas, Washington County, New York, post-office box 462?" he continued, in the same sneering way.

I stuttered and stammered, tried to lie, and nearly choked myself to death. I wanted to be diplomatic; I wanted to shield her from his anger.

"Who the devil are you, anyway?" he exclaimed.

"I—I am John Bell," I answered; "and I have called to see your sister. Is she ill?"

"I haven't any sister," said he, nonchalantly; "that ... I am my own sister, and she has just escaped pneumonia."

The truth flashed upon me. "You are an impostor, sir!" I exclaimed.

"Your sister doesn't think so," said he, complacently.

"I haven't any sister," said I, in my turn.

He wheeled sharply about: "Who is Miss Bell, then?"

"I am all the Miss Bell that exists," I answered, grimly.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you are the petted darling who wanted to be a poet and an essayist and Lord only knows what all? You are the only child of wealthy parents? You are the lovely creature who sits in a pink boudoir and writes verses with a gold pen and on perfumed paper?"

"Yes," said I, desperately.

Screven dropped into a chair and roared. "A sell all round!" said he. And then he laughed until he cried, while I quietly stole away back to the hotel, a sadder but a wiser man.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Home Surroundings Out of Doors.

We wish to impress upon our readers the idea that out door surroundings have much to do with the education of our children, and hence, with the good or bad traits of character, which again adds to or takes from the sum total of what man is capable of enjoying. The love of the beautiful is planted in every soul. If the things which minister to its happiness are withheld, there is a lack of enjoyment, a hollow unfilled; ten thousand points of nerve life untouched by the mesmeric currents of hopes fulfilled, of joys consummated. Tumble-down fences, limbs torn from fruit and ornamental trees by the sportive horns of cattle out of their places, a sow and seven pigs rooting for potatoes in the garden; a dry, treeless, grassless door-yard, jar on the esthetic capabilities of a soul which years for objects of beauty, of sympathy, that sociability which reciprocates the outpourings from the full fountain of cognate souls. The natural clothing of the earth in the merry month of June the green grass and plants and trees the eye delights to look upon, and the soothing influence reach on other organs, and a silent prayer is wafted on the waves of divine magnetism to their divine author. Go to those door-yards and other surroundings where the yard is carpeted with lively green, where long-armed shade trees shut out the rays of the sun, where the gentle breeze soughs through the needle-shaped leaves of the evergreens, where the fountain yet sprinkles and cools, and the marble statue smiles from a sylvan nook, the representative of a nation once glorious in the annals of the world. There, amid the sylvan glories of this artificial arrangement of trees, flowers, fruits and fountains, sweet songsters bathe in the clear water and sing in joyousness among the cool, leafy branches overhead, as if rendering thanks to the provident hand of man and the creative power that spake into existence such glorious sources of enjoyment. And will not children thus fed the unequaled pabulum of nature in childhood's rosy days imbibe the God-given principles taught through the smiling avenues of nature, and impinged upon the soul exactly adapted to appreciate the immeasurable blessings everywhere profusely scattered for the use and enjoyment of finite man? It is here that the youthful soul drinks from the golden goblet of nature the ambrosia of the gods and learns to love and lean upon the loving Father of the universe. It is here the heart is melted in love to God, and sympathy for his fellow man embraces all tongues, nations and colors.

Thus do surroundings affect the soul and teach it lessons that otherwise it never would learn—teach it the source of enjoyment, the true relations of life and the duties incumbent on all. It is the green-clad yard with attractive flowers; trees laden with fruit, and a garden of small fruits and thriving vegetables that make the sons and daughters cling to home and parents and eschew the painted temptations so artfully set before them by those discontented spirits whose naked yards, a garden of weeds, dilapidated fences and buildings are going to decay for the lack of timely repairs. And there stands at the kitchen door the old mare stamping and switching flies, while a dozen ducks are playing in a very dirty pond of water near the well. Look at the corn but poorly tended and nearly swamped in weeds; and besides these discouraging looks and prospects the father and mother are sour and crabbed, all of which makes the children discontented and anxious to leave the parental roof. Is it any wonder under these dark and repellent circumstances that inexperienced youth break from such homes to brave the realities of a future strewn with flowers, or set with dangerous thorns? Oftener than otherwise, when they leave home they plunge into the whirling vortex of city life, where a thousand imps of Satan tempt them from the line of duty, and the violation of law racks the body with pain; or, conscience, true to her duties, lashes the soul to the full extent of the legal departure from duty.—*Western Rural.*

A Cheap and Simple Ice-House.

The cost of putting up a supply of ice will be more than saved every season in the saving of meat and vegetables, to say nothing of the luxury of cold milk for the table and a dish of butter which does not suggest oil. Butter-making is so much more profitable, too, when the milk can be cooled rapidly, as only ice will do it.

Our ice-house was a cheap experiment. We had a small building which was used to store hoes, spades and other small implements. It was merely a frame covered with clapboards. The floor was taken out of a part of this building, and the sides built up from the ground with plank making a deep bin. The ground was covered with rough planks, which were in turn covered to the depth of six or eight inches with dry sawdust. The cakes of ice were laid in layers, with a foot between the ice and the side of the building. Care was taken to fill all the interstices between the cakes with broken ice, which was made solid by pouring water over it. When finished, the ice was a solid mass. The space between the ice and the walls was filled with sawdust, crowded down very hard, and about ten inches of sawdust was packed down hard over the top. The ice kept well, and, with the exception of one year, when ice could not be obtained here, it has been used every season for ten years, and has never failed us yet.

If the drainage is perfect and the ventilation good over the ice, it is sure to keep as long as needed.

Care must be taken, however, to keep the sawdust firm over the top, and, as the ice is taken out and the sawdust from the sides comes down, it must be removed so that it may not become too thick over the top.—*Cor. Examiner and Chronicle.*

—There is a most disagreeable brigand prowling about in the neighborhood of Smyrna. He is the chief of a band of nine, who have committed many atrocities, and is described as a veritable savage beast. Some interesting details respecting the recreations of Khakirdji have been given by an unfortunate villager who shocked the officials at the Leodikeui railway station the other day by arriving there without either nose or ears, having just escaped from the bandit's hands, after being subjected to this horrible mutilation.

Winter Protection for Sheep.

The winter of 1880–81 proved to be a serious one to Western and Southern flockmasters. The losses were enormous and due largely to lack of proper shelter and a better system of feeding stock during wet, cold storms. The lesson was an expensive one, but not without its good effects. Not only will the winter now approaching find a more secure method prevailing on the extensive ranches of large capitalists, but the flockmasters of small herds as well will have provided better and surer accommodation for their herds.

At the North the most approved winter management of sheep demands sheds that may be closed on all sides, with windows and ventilators which open on the lee side. Sheds with half-open fronts that can be partially or wholly closed, as occasion requires, with a yard adjoining, are by many considered preferable to those which are made to be entirely closed. In estimating the size of the sheds for any given number of sheep the rule is to allow ten square feet of floor to each animal, when a yard adjoining the shed is provided, and twelve feet when there is no yard. Ample ventilation by means of boards at the eaves to let down, and trap-doors in the roof to be opened, is urged. Space may be economized and the expense of the sheds reduced by having a second floor for the sheep, which is reached by means of a sloping passage-way of planks upon which cleets are nailed crosswise to afford a foothold. A shed twenty by fifty feet will house about one hundred sheep.

Sheds are cheaply constructed of clapboard around the inside of the fence inclosing the stock-yard. Under these feeding racks can be placed. In addition to these shelters is often built a large shelter in the center of the inclosure. This may be made by simply setting posts in the ground and covering with clapboards, afterwards placing a row of clapboards, say four feet long, all around it, leaving the space between the ends of the boards and the place of shelter open so as to admit free ventilation. A steep roof to the shelter is less liable to leak and will afford a large storage for hay. Still another plan is to place the shed at one end of the inclosure, making one side and two ends serve the purpose of a fence.

Various expedients are resorted to for shelter in climates where flock-masters are not warranted in constructing permanent sheep-houses, and in localities where ordinary buildings are out of the question, for want of material. A plan of shelter that has proven effective in some portions of Kansas consists in sheds made of cotton wood poles and coarse hay, and surrounding an inclosure as long again as the width, say 200 feet long by 100 feet wide. Effectual sheep-shelters have been made on the plains by means of walls semi-circular in shape and constructed of stones roughly piled up or of sod cut from the plains and piled about five feet high. The outside of the curve is placed towards the north and northwest, the direction from which the prevailing winds blow. Where the flocks are small a few curved walls are erected in accessible places and where the configuration of the ground gives additional shelter, as for instance on the southern slope of a hill or where a grove helps to break the force of the storms. For larger flocks more elaborate semicircular shelters are erected.

Temporary frames of forks and poles, thatched with straw or corn-stalks, and opening towards the south, may be provided. Another economical plan consists in erecting a shelter at the junction of four fences where such a one exists. It will thus be accessible to all four fields.—*N. Y. World.*

The Railroads and the Farmers.

Colonel W. F. Vilas, the famous Wisconsin orator, delivered the annual address before the Minnesota State Fair, and chose for his theme the "Railroads and the Farmers," and tried to point out their reciprocity of interest. A few extracts from his admirable speech will interest the reader:

"Before railroads were devised, there was no extensive freight communication but by water. And that was valueless unless conveniently accessible. From this the agriculture of past ages gathered around the seas and lakes, or lined the river's margin. It girt the Mediterranean, and made famous the valley of the Nile. The unwatered world of the interior was left to the wandering nomad or the forest barbarian. It was the unknown region full of mysterious terrors. The great Hercynian wood was the home of beasts, brute and human, the latter the ever impending peril, and finally the destroyer of the civilization of the world. The reserve corps of barbarism lay back on the plains of Russia and Tartary, which nourished the fierce savages who could live on equine flesh and carouse on the milk of mares. So, too, water communication was slow and tedious, even when accessible. That is true, especially of inland navigation. It is weeks by water from St. Paul to New York, though the aid of steam be invoked; and in northern climes navigation is available for but half the year. Your magnificent wheat fields would mostly be unbroken, farmers of Minnesota, had not the invention and enterprise of other men, stimulated by your demands, laid the double-lined highway by which the freight-car bears your precious berry to the sea, and the Indian would still be master of the Territories of the West.

"Your lands derive their value, your industry its reward, your homes the luxuries and many of the comforts they exhibit, from the well-abused railroads of the continent.

"But while we do them justice, let us not forget there are doubtless many faults to be corrected and abuses to be reformed in the administration of these highways. Corporate powers and corporate values have advanced with a more rapid step than the invention of our statesmen and law makers. The agency of the corporation is comparatively modern, and, like the agency of steam, is a mighty power. Unless subdued by proper appliances of law sufficient to control it we are liable to disasters as ruinous to our welfare as the accidents which sometimes befall the train are destructive of life.

"But I must not protract this weary hour to discuss this problem foreign to my subject. Important as it is, we need not fear it. The railroad, rightly used, is the friend of the farmer and the whole people. It is the paramount interest of its owners that it should so remain. They dare not make it an enemy, and when we reflect that a single invention—the steel rail—has reduced the freight tariff forty per centum, we may trust somewhat to time and genius to relieve the inconveniences, and continue to enjoy its blessings with composure."

—H. A. Cooley, of Hartford, Conn., after drawing $500 from the bank the other day, lost $490 in bills through a hole in his pocket. Mr. Cooley was very busy for the next few hours. He retraced his steps, and every half hour or so some friend would hand him $60 or $70 which had just been found. From four men he recovered $280, one giving him $60, two others $70 each, and a third $80. Strangely enough he found the remaining $10 in the gutter.

—According to that excellent authority, Mr. Meehan, the proper way to prune a transplanted tree is not to shorten in all the branches, strong as well as weak, but to cut out the weaker branches entirely and leave the strong ones.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—According to the results of the experiments made at the Maine State Agricultural College, the pigs fed on uncooked meal grew better than those fed on cooked meal.

—Chicken Cream.—After boiling a chicken mince it and then rub through a wire sieve, mix well with the cream and a couple of eggs (or more if not too rich for an invalid); flavor according to taste with pepper, salt, etc., steam in a tin and serve hot.

—German Muffins.—Mix a quart of wheat flour with a pint and a half of milk a little warm, half a teacupful good yeast, two eggs well beaten, a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls melted butter. Set the batter to rise in a warm place, and when risen batter your muffin cups and bake quickly.

—Horace Greeley's Mince Pie.—A cup of raisins chopped fine, one cup of sugar, one of molasses, one of vinegar, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of cloves, one and a half cups of soda crackers, broken, not pulverized. To this add two cups of boiling water and a little salt.

—If it convenient to have a bottle of some material for scouring in the kitchen, where it can be ready for use at any moment. A simple and good thing for cleaning nickel-plated articles is made as follows: Take half a cup of whiting, fill it with water, put it in a bottle and add a teaspoonful or a trifle more of ammonia.

—Liver Cheese.—This is an excellent thing to have ready for an emergency when something extra is desired for breakfast. Boil a beef's liver, heart and tongue; remove all the hard and sinewy parts and chop the remainder fine; add to this half a pound of boiled pork also chopped fine; season it with sweet herbs, some grated nutmeg, a bay leaf, the flavor of an onion, pepper and salt; put it in a pan and press upon it a heavy weight. In a few hours turn it out in a solid cake for the table.

—Corn Cakes for Breakfast.—One cup of Indian meal, two cups of flour, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, a small teacup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two cups of rich, sour milk, one tea-spoonful each of soda and salt. Stir the butter until creamy, beat the yolks to a froth and the whites until stiff, and put together lightly. The salt and soda should be mixed thoroughly with the flour and meal. Next stir the butter into the middle, turn in the eggs and sugar and beat to a batter. Now, as this mixes, add the sour milk, stirring rapidly. Beat hard until smooth and light. Bake in hot gem-pans or small cake-tins.

The best material for cleaning coat collars and grease spots of all kinds is pure benzine. The article is sold at the principal drug stores in cities. That used by painters is not pure enough, and has a very unpleasant odor, which the pure article has not, and the little which it has soon disappears. If this cannot be obtained, strong alcohol (ninety-five per cent.) will clean collars very well. A mixture of strong alcohol and water of ammonia is also used. The trouble with all these liquids is that not enough is used; a small quantity only softens and spreads the grease spot, they should be applied in sufficient quantity and repeated to not only dissolve the foreign matter but to wash it out.

Fattening Chickens for Market.

Large numbers of chickens are reared and sold in all town and city markets throughout the country, but it is surprising to see how many are very inferior in quality and size. It is the exception, not the rule, to be able to buy a large, tender, well-fattened chicken. Yet there is an ever-increasing demand for such. Chickens always sell well, and an improvement in quality would greatly improve the demand. Fowls, like everything else, will not pay unless care is exercised in their management; but if well attended they are very profitable. A good breed should be secured. At the age of four months chickens—if of a large breed—should be grown enough for the table, and if they have been well fed and come of good stock, they will be. To prepare for market the birds should be penned up for a fortnight or three weeks, which ought to add at least two pounds to their weight. For a limited number of chickens it will be sufficient to provide a number of simply-constructed pens, each of which should measure nine by eighteen inches, by eighteen inches in height. The bottom should be made of narrow slats placed about two inches apart; these slats should have rounded tops. The partitions, tops and back must be of boards and should be so made that the birds cannot see each other. These pens ought to be placed about two inches from the ground, in a partially darkened place, free from draught. Fresh, dry earth should be placed each day beneath the coops to catch the droppings, which should be cleaned out daily. Cleanliness must be the rule, or the best result will not be had. As soon as an occupant of a pen is removed for market, its pen should be whitewashed all over the inside and allowed to get quite dry before another is introduced. This will prevent trouble from insect vermin; but should trouble be experienced from them, a little powdered sulphur rubbed well into the roots of the feathers will give immediate relief. In front of each apartment should be a ledge three inches wide, on which to place the food and water tins. The latter must be replenished once and the former three times each day. Care should be taken to keep both clean and sweet. After each meal the pens must be darkened for *half* the time until the next by hanging a cloth over the front. This cloth is best tacked along the top, when it can be conveniently hung over or folded back as required. Two hours of darkness ensures a thorough digestion, but it is *not desirable*, as most do, to keep the birds thus the whole time till the next meal. The chickens will have a better appetite by the plan we recommend.

The best food for fattening is buckwheat meal, when it can be obtained. It is to the use of this grain the French owe in a great measure the splendid fowls they market. If it cannot be procured, the best substitute is an equal mixture of barley and corn meal. Each bird should have as much as it will eat at a time, but no food left to become sour. A little barley may, however, be scattered along the ledge. The meal may be mixed with skim milk if convenient. A little chopped green food should be fed daily to keep their bowels in proper order. In three weeks the process should be completed. Fat only is added by penning a chicken; the lean flesh must be made before, and unless it has attained the proper standard in this respect, it is useless to attempt to fatten it; hence the importance of high feeding from the time of hatching. The secret of rearing chickens profitably is to get them ready for the table at the earliest possible period, and not to let them live a single day after. Every such day is a loss, as they cannot be kept fat. Once up to the mark, if not killed, they get feverish and begin to waste away. If extra weight and fat are wanted, the birds may be *crammed* during the *last ten days* of the fattening period, but not before. The meal is to be rolled up the thickness of a finger, then cut into pieces an inch and a half long; each piece must be dipped in water before it is put in the bird's throat, when there will be no difficulty in swallowing. For home use nothing is equal to those never fattened at all. If well fed there will be plenty of good meat. In any case let the chicken be fasted twelve hours before it is killed.
—*Farmers' Advocate.*

The Mounds of the Missouri.

Judge E. R. West, the veteran archæologist, who recently made a voyage down the Missouri River in the interest of antiquarian research, is engaged in the work of writing up the results of his explorations in Kansas and Missouri. The Judge says that Jackson County is prolific in relics of an age and race of people far ante-dating the first occupation of this country by the modern Indians, but that Saline County was, beyond doubt, the stronghold of the mound-building aborigines of the Missouri Valley. Near Miami are found innumerable mounds dotting the landscape in every direction over a region about two miles square. Around this ancient city had been thrown up massive earth-works, and the genius of the builder is shown in the admirable manner in which every weak point was made secure. Within this inclosure an army of men could successfully withstand the assaults of any enemy equipped with no other weapon than bows and arrows, or the equally ineffective javelins. Upon being opened the mounds are found to contain a chamber in which are arrow heads, spears, flint knives, a little pottery and the remains of the builders.

The Judge is convinced that the aborigines who inhabited the country north of the Missouri River were a less intelligent race than those living south of the river. The mounds of the south are entirely different from those of the north and evince more skill in their construction. During the whole voyage the scientist was unable to find any perfect skulls within the mounds, but unearthed a large number of well-preserved skeletons. Two of these skeletons, found side by side, measured respectively six feet ten inches and seven feet two inches.

The pictured rocks were an object of particular interest. The figures had been cut into the stone and painted red. There are three human figures in antique costumes unknown among the Indians of the later time, and a number of animal representations, including the bison, elk, panther, deer, etc. The heads of the men are decorated with peculiarly shaped crowns, and the whole collection is supposed to constitute a sort of commemorative picture. The interpretation of the hieroglyphics can not now be known, but they probably were written in honor of some hero or pagan god.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Cars Couldn't Kill Him.

Frank Kemp is a genius, physically speaking. It will be remembered that Frank was thrown from the trucks of a car on the St. Joseph & Western last spring. He had been in Kansas and was on his way home. Being out of money, he undertook to ride on the trucks, but fell asleep and then fell off under the wheels. When the train got through with him, he was in a very demoralized condition. Both legs were crushed into a mass, one of his ears was cut off, his nose was split open and half a dozen deep, ugly gashes were cut in his head. He was picked up and taken to the hospital in this city, where one leg was amputated below the knee and the other half way between the knee and hip joint. When Kemp was taken to the hospital nearly every one thought he would die, but the fellow was plucky and fought it through, with the help of the physicians. When his limbs were amputated he refused to take chloroform, and underwent the operation with heroic fortitude. When he became convalescent, through the kindness of the Judges of the County Court, he was conveyed to the County Poor Farm, where he remained until yesterday, under the care of Dr. France. Yesterday he left the Farm as fat and hearty as if he had never been hurt, and took the train for Logansport, Ind., his home.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.*

—The St. Louis police the other day recovered an elegant dress, supposably designed for a wedding outfit, from a raided "fence" house. The following description of the attire is credited to a Sergeant of the force, who was manifestly not designed by nature for a society reporter: "The dress is of white silk, cut en traine, with the corsage twisted bias, the waist gored and flounced with three plaits on the larboard side and a gusset stuffed under the starboard shoulder. Three rows of plaitings flute the skirt, reaching to the hips, while lace is distributed in profusion all over the eclat. The rescherche is bordered with white ruchings which drag down to the tout ensemble and are looped up under the ruffles which conceal the bon-ton. The sleeves, which are buttoned with black, cast-iron trouilles, stand out from the front of the skirt like the tail of a pointer dog. They are trimmed with gold lace and court boullion, faced with pate de foi gras and oysters on the shell. The waist measures five feet, while the bust stretches the tape line to six feet seven inches. Length of skirt two feet five inches, train nine feet."

—Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving.—*James A. Garfield.*

—A flirting belle of Akron, O., has caused a social excitement by having all the love letters she has received bound handsomely in a morocco volume for her parlor table, in place of an ordinary autograph album.

—Life does not count by years. Some suffer a lifetime in a day, and so grow old between the rising and setting of the sun.

—To laugh at folly is every man's privilege, but to excuse it is the prerogative alone of the good man.

—Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

THE boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spellbound.

"YES, my child," says the mother, having concluded her fairy tale, "there are people in the moon, just as there are on the earth." "But there can't be, ma." "Indeed, and pray why can't there be, Miss Lily?" "Because, where would they go when the moon gets so small you can hardly see it?"

HERE is a little story with a very piquant flavor of French sauce, though prepared by American hands: A splendidly gilt dining-room, with almost nothing on the table to eat, was the peculiarity of a Boston miser. A wag was invited to dinner on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant. "Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite according to my taste." "And pray what change would you make?" asked the host. "Well," he answered, "if this were my house, you know, I would have," looking at the ceiling, "less gilding," "and here he glanced furtively at the dining table, "and more carving."

AN Oil City boy was recently taken to the opera-house by his uncle. A few evenings subsequently there was company at his house, and the uncle and aunt were among the number. The lad was relating what he saw, and among other things said: "I was a little bit afraid, coz every time the curtain rolled down uncle went out to see a man, and left me alone."

"DID you observe that woman?" said a gentleman to a companion, as a sharp-featured female swept haughtily by them. The friend nodded to indicate that he had observed her. "Well, I'm indebted to her for the chief happiness of my life." "Indeed; I can imagine the gratitude you feel toward her." "No you can't; only her present husband can do that. Ten years ago I asked her hand in marriage and she refused me."

A CALIFORNIA child, having heard the barren spots in the fields called "alkali spots," came to mother one day, while an old bald-headed man was visiting her, and said in a loud whisper: "Mamma, that man has an alkali spot on his head."

—If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—*Webster.*

A Nocturnal Ramble and What Came of It.

Some genius—we suspect him to belong to the jovial order of humanity—has said: "The day to drone and dream, the night to learn and ramble." We do not propose to dispute this worthy's view of the matter, but present herewith the experience of a Philadelphia journalist, Mr. William H. Cunnington, 612 North Twentieth street, one of whose nocturnal rambles he thus refers to, beginning his narration rather peculiarly, however: "I am not a rheumatic, and have been troubled very little with bodily pains. Last Tuesday morning I experienced a very annoying stiffness of the neck, which grew worse as the day wore on. Toward evening it became very severe, and I could scarcely turn my head in any direction. Arriving home at tea time, it was with difficulty that I could eat my meal. My wife wanted to rub my neck with St. Jacobs Oil, but I refused, saying I thought the affliction would soon pass away. Tea over, against the remonstrances of my family, I left home to ramble toward the new Chestnut Street Opera House, about two and a half miles from my residence. I started in the midst of a heavy snow storm, and remained at the theater until the close of the performance, although I could feel my neck getting worse and becoming very painful. Leaving the play the trouble came to reach home. The storm continued; the car in which I was became blocked in nearly every square, a cold current of air swept through the car, and I did not reach my home until toward two a. m., by which time my neck had become absolutely rigid. Then I consented to the use of St. Jacobs Oil, which my wife applied two or three times before I arose. I continued its use that day and by evening I was free from pain, and the next morning I amused myself by twisting my neck in any direction that suited me, and not a vestige of stiffness remained."—*Boston Herald.*

IS IT a coincidence? Whenever the river rises there is a run on the banks.

IN a Cincinnati daily we notice that Mr. Tim Gleeson, ex-member of the Council from the Fourth Ward of that city, says he suffered terribly with rheumatism all last winter and spring. He tried all kinds of liniments and medicines without any benefit until he used St. Jacobs Oil, the first application of which insured a full night's repose, and its subsequent use entirely cured him. It is a great remedy.—*Akron (Ohio) Beacon.*

A ROMANCE in one couplet:
A lass—she loved a sailor.
And the sailor loved—alas.

"Made New Again."

MRS. WM. D. RYCKMAN, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months and find myself—what shall I say—'made new again' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

IT's the fashion now among church-going ladies to trim their bonnets on the congregation side.

Voice of the People.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully,
JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

IT takes just three people to keep a secret properly, but two of the three must be dead.

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